

The Court of the Ancient of Days

You sit in your cell, alone, afraid, still struggling to grasp reality. For decades you wielded power - commanding armies, holding nuclear fire in your shadow, bending presidents and parliaments to your will. Now the silence of stone walls presses heavier than any army. For the first time, you are powerless.

The door opens, and I enter. You look at me, suspicious, tense. Perhaps you expect hatred, perhaps violence. But I tell you the words you do not expect:

"Be afraid, but not of me. I have not come as your executioner. Be afraid of the trial that awaits you. Be afraid of the judgment of the court, of the Jewish people, of the nations, of history itself. And be more than afraid of what awaits you after death."

The Trial of Nations

You will sit in the courtroom not as a leader but as a defendant. Behind glass, diminished, unable to command the stage. No microphones to amplify your propaganda, no cameras to sculpt your lies. You will not silence the witnesses.

The first will be a father. He will tell how he went to fetch a birth certificate for his newborn twins, joy in his hands, only to return to rubble - his wife and infants buried beneath it. His voice will tremble, but the truth will not.

Then the children will speak. Orphans who lost not only parents and siblings, but also the walls that sheltered them. They will tell how their orphanage, the one place of refuge they had left, was reduced to dust. Their voices, fragile yet unbroken, will bear witness.

You will sit powerless, as their words pierce the silence. No army will drown them out. No editor will cut them short. And when the gavel falls, the verdict will seal you.

The court will condemn you. The nations will turn away. In synagogues, Jews will pray not for your redemption but for forgiveness - forgiveness for having been deceived by your words, forgiveness for allowing the covenant of life to be desecrated. And history will brand you, as Hitler was branded before you - the villain of an age.

You will spend the rest of your life in a cell, fearfully waiting for death. And when that day finally comes, your trial will not be over - it will only have begun, for then you will stand before the Court of the Ancient of Days.

The Court of the Ancient of Days

You will be brought before the greater court, the courtroom of eternity. Daniel saw it long ago: *"As I looked, thrones were set in place, and the Ancient of Days took his seat. His clothing*

was white as snow; the hair of his head like pure wool. His throne was fiery flames, its wheels burning fire. A river of fire flowed and came out from before him. Thousands upon thousands served him, ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him. The court sat in judgment, and the books were opened" (Daniel 7:9–10).

You will stand before this throne of blazing fire. You will see the angels arrayed in ranks, holding the books of your deeds. The books will be opened, and nothing will be hidden.

The witnesses you silenced will rise. The father murdered while searching for food for his starving family will speak against you. Sha'aban al-Dalou will rise from his hospital bed, burned alive, the IV still in his arm, and he will testify. And the multitudes, the nameless and the forgotten, will roar like the sea, their blood crying out as Abel's once did.

And when the verdict draws near, you will be tempted to do as you always did. On earth, you accused the ICC of antisemitism when it pursued you. In heaven, you would accuse even God of the same - if only your tongue were free.

But your tongue will not save you. *"On that Day We shall seal their mouths, but their hands will speak to Us, and their feet will testify to what they used to earn"* (Yasin 36:65). Your tongue will fall silent. Your hands will confess the orders they signed. Your feet will testify to the paths they carried you. Your very skin will rise against you. You will be condemned not by accusation, but by truth - by your own body itself.

The verdict will fall. You will be severed from the covenant. For the sages said: *"All Israel has a share in the world to come... except those who have no portion therein: those who deny the Torah, those who deny the resurrection, and those who cause the public to sin"* (Sanhedrin 90a). *Gehinnom* is for the weak, who stumble but may yet be purified. But you desecrated the Name of God. That is not weakness, but rebellion. And for rebellion, there is no share. Your claim to represent Judaism will be stripped away by God Himself.

Then the sentence will be carried out. The Qur'an warns you: *"Death will come to you from every quarter, but you will not die; and before you lies an unrelenting torment"* (Ibrahim 14:17).

And Revelation confirms it: *"And the devil who had deceived them was thrown into the lake of fire and sulfur where the beast and the false prophet were, and they will be tormented day and night forever and ever"* (Revelation 20:10).

You will be cast into that lake of sulfur - fire that punishes without consuming, torment without end. You will beg for death, but death will not come.

The Return to the Cell

I turn toward the door, lowering my voice to a final warning.

"So be afraid, not of me, but of this. Be afraid of the trial you cannot silence, the history you cannot rewrite, the eternity you cannot escape. Be afraid of Truth itself."

The door closes behind me.

And once again, you sit in your cell. The silence is heavier than ever. For the first time in your life, tears run down your face. You weep quietly - and there is no one to comfort you.