Twitter Thread by #Reality before #Ideology ■■



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@madcanadian2017

I was asked to tell my story. so here we go. Long story short version.

1)My Muslim neighbours. 12 years. The 1st few years were good. Broke bread. Many discussions over coffee on the deck. Kids were young, in school. Then the oldest boy married a girl from Lebanon, had children, who I loved with all my heart. And they loved me.

2)Oldest girl off to University in Edmonton. Social Justice studies. THAT'S when things started to change. Went to work for Omar Khadr's lawyer. I noticed things. The little ones were not allowed to come and visit me. Hug me. They would whisper in Arabic right in front of me.

3)I was like WTF is going on here? Then 2nd son married a Russian Muslim. Many problems with getting her here to Canada. Offered a lot of moral support through that. When I welcomed her and her child, she turned away and went in the house. ■■■■

4) I talked with my other neighbour about the changes. She had been a VERY good friend of Zalfa's. Zalfa did not wear a hijab, wore jeans, sweatshirts. THEN. New Imam. Over night. Hijab, Arabic dress, etc. Wouldn't go to her house. Kids not allowed over if they had eaten pork.

5)This was the same for other kids in area too. THEN, Bill the Dad, got increasingly vocal about Palestine. Rabid almost. Yelling. I was, again, WTF? I did not engage, just walked away. THEN, Zalfa, who I considered a dear friend, started ignoring me.

6) I was very hurt. I did not understand. I tried to approach her, but she would scurry away. I was very hurt that Little Willy was no longer allowed to visit. He would jump out of van and run to me. Yelling:" I missed you!" He was grabbed by the arm and taken in the house.

7) then Bill posted on my Facebook after I had shared an article(can't remember what now) "Sharia Is looking better all the time?" I was like what? I ignored it, and took a screenshot. All these little events. Clip from 7 years ago now.

8)that I had let roll off my back, shrugging off, all added up when the 3rd daughter posted the announcement of Muna's engagement to Omar. I was stunned, shocked, appalled. Never felt so betrayed in my life. I immediately blocked all of them. I was crushed.

9) I had followed Omar's story from the beginning. Knew about his family under Chretien. Don't give me this crap about child soldier. It's bullshit. Needless to say, I was incredibly upset about it. My other neighbours were shocked, angry, and hurt as well.

10) This 3rd generation family, borrowed my Canadian flags, chairs etc. for their business EVERY Canada DAY! Which made no sense. Buy your own I thought. Went "home" to Lebanon 3-4 times a year. I always questioned that. Made no sense to me.

11) Then. 1 day, I looked out my home office window, and there was Omar. In my backyard. Looking in my window. I went ice cold. My dogs had been acting weird all morning. My phone started ringing. My neighbours. Can you see him? Why yes, YES I CAN FUCKING SEE HIM!

12) OMG, hubby was so angry. He is so laid back and easy going. Got home from work, went and told Bill right off. "How could you let your daughter marry a murderer?" The look on Bill's face said it all. He knew. He knew what his family had done to all of us. Betrayed our country.

They have all left that little town now. Bill and Zalfa divorced. Their business was finally sold. Even some of my other Muslim friends shunned them. They treated their Filipino and Indigenous employees like SLAVES! So the last tweet. I am sure this story about Omar is not over!