

Conclusion

And the curtain was raised, revealing a majestic and terrifying scene, filling souls with awe and tearing hearts apart with sorrow and grief: a vast abyss whose depths could scarcely be discerned. Toward it advanced, in fear and uncertainty, a burdened and stumbling Ministry, so weary that whenever it tried to rise it faltered again. Meanwhile the gates of heaven had opened, and the air between earth and sky was crowded with spirits ascending and descending, all of them filling the heavens with mingled voices—some sweet beyond measure, others bitter beyond endurance. The spirits descending from heaven were angels bearing to mankind the breeze of mercy and comfort, the light of hope and expectation. In gentle and captivating voices they called out: “Do not despair of God’s mercy, for none despair of God’s mercy except unbelieving people.” The spirits rising toward heaven were angels carrying with them the complaints of the afflicted, the tears of mourners, the grief of the sorrowful, the misery of the destitute, and the pain of those crushed by calamity and tested in themselves, their children, their fortunes, their dignity, and their honor. These spirits ascended in compassion and tenderness, begging for God’s mercy upon humanity and imploring His justice against the cruel and oppressive. And that deep abyss, whose bottom could scarcely be seen, was filled with hideous and monstrous specters, colliding violently among themselves while their terrifying voices mingled in dreadful confusion. These monstrous specters were all burdens, stains, sins, and crimes, each branded in letters of fire that dazzled the eyes. Some were called “Contempt for the People,” others “Oppression of the People,” others “Squandering the Wealth of the People,” others “Delivering the People to Foreign Domination,” and countless other names beyond enumeration. These hideous spirits whirled violently within the vast abyss, accompanied by a roaring sound both powerful and terrifying. The spectators looked upward and saw the descending and ascending spirits, and their hearts filled at once with fear and reassurance. Then they turned again and saw the burdened Ministry advancing with the slow movement of a chained prisoner—trying to halt yet driven forward, trying to retreat yet forced onward—while it approached the edge of the abyss and the abyss approached it in turn. The spectators’ hearts and souls became wholly absorbed in this astonishing spectacle and in this magnificent struggle between truth and falsehood, justice and tyranny, fairness and oppression, mercy and cruelty, blessing and misery. Then suddenly the voices of the spectators rose together in a cry that filled the heavens and the earth alike—a cry wholly of joy, wholly of exultation, wholly of sacrifice for the nation. And when the spectators cast their eyes once more toward the abyss, they found it sealed shut as though it had never existed at all, while the earth before them lay level and clear. God is greater than every great power, mightier than every mighty ruler, stronger in authority and more exalted in dominion than any tyrant or sovereign could ever resist. May God forgive the resigning “Prime Minister.” He gathered his forces, summoned his strength, prepared himself, and leapt toward power. Once seated upon the throne

of government, he lifted his gaze arrogantly toward the heavens and cast his eyes disdainfully upon the earth and upon those around him. Then with confidence and determination he declared: "It shall be ten years—no less, and perhaps even more." And so he governed with the certainty of one who feared neither time nor events. Why should he fear time or reckon with events when he had imposed himself upon both for ten full years that "would not diminish and might even increase"? Let him therefore continue confidently month after month, year after year, secure and tranquil until nine—or more than nine—of those years had passed. Only then, perhaps, might he begin to think of reckoning or measure the danger of events. Until then, the road appeared smooth before him, the winds favorable, the sky serene, and the sea calm. As for the voices rising around him and around his friend the "High Commissioner"—voices of protest, complaint, warning, and anguish—they were, in his eyes, nothing more than the croaking of frogs. And when, after all, had great statesmen and mighty rulers ever troubled themselves over the croaking of frogs? The resigning "Prime Minister" marched onward surrounded by violence and force, accompanied by oppression, contempt for the people, arrogance toward them, and mockery of their concerns, while his friend the "High Commissioner" watched him with eyes full of sympathy, encouragement, and support. Meanwhile the croaking of the frogs continued without interruption, growing harsher and louder as the days advanced. At last it became unbearable to the ears, intolerable to the hearts. The frogs, therefore, had to be silenced. And what could be easier than silencing frogs? A simple gesture to the soldiers and police, and tongues were tied, mouths sealed, and the air around the "Prime Minister" filled with nothing but songs of victory and triumph. The police ran wild, soldiers struck brutally, blood was spilled, lives were taken, and people were driven toward actions they hated. Men were tempted to sell their consciences, and once the bargain was complete and consciences sold, those who sold them were humiliated and received their payment in shame and submission. The "Prime Minister" and his followers opened their ears hoping to hear hymns of triumph in the air, yet they heard only the endless croaking of frogs—unceasing, growing stronger and harsher with every passing day. Then orders were given to police and soldiers to intensify their violence and oppression. Then the great leaders and rulers placed their fingers in their ears. Then they raised thick barriers between themselves and the people around them. Yet despite blocked ears, the croaking still reached them. Despite the barriers and curtains, the agitation of the frogs remained visible. Their voices overwhelmed everything, drowned everything, swept over everything. And gradually the resistance of those rulers and leaders weakened. Little by little their endurance failed until they could no longer bear it. Then the resigning "Prime Minister" became too ill to work. Then the "High Commissioner" was forced to cross the sea back to England. And those who had plotted against Egypt gathered secretly and openly in their clubs asking themselves: how can we escape this impasse? How can we free ourselves from this suffocating trap? Cry out then, O frogs! Raise your voices in croaking! For those Englishmen who once believed you to be frogs are beginning to awaken to the

truth: that you are no frogs at all, but the eternal Egyptian nation which no minister—not even Sidqi Pasha—can conquer, and which no empire—not even the British Empire—can humiliate. Raise your voices, O frogs, for in your croaking there is a lesson for whoever wishes to learn and a warning for whoever wishes to understand. Raise your voices and let them echo, for though they may shatter only a few ears, they revive millions of loyal sons of the nation. Raise your voices, for your cry is the anthem of liberty and faith in liberty; the anthem of independence and devotion to it; the anthem of dignity and determination to preserve it; the anthem of steadfastness and defiance no matter how great the oppression of tyrants. Raise your voices, for yours is the voice of hope driving the darkness of despair from the hearts of the weak and oppressed. No man is truly Egyptian who trembles before oppression. No man is truly Egyptian who fears aggression. No man is truly Egyptian who despairs of Egypt's power to live with honor, dignity, and triumph. Glory be to God! Barely fifteen days have passed since the resigning "Prime Minister" announced that he had consulted his doctors and found himself capable of remaining in power, and that he had consulted his conscience and resolved to sacrifice his health for his country. Indeed, not even a week has passed since that tea gathering at the home of the "Minister of the Interior," where reconciliation supposedly restored harmony among friends, and already the news spreads that the doctors' advice could not permit the resigning "Prime Minister" to bear the burdens of government for more than two weeks; that the dictates of conscience could not sustain his final sacrifice beyond two weeks; that the tea of reconciliation could not enable him to smile upon power for more than a single week. And now the "Prime Minister" submits his resignation to His Majesty the King, and His Majesty in mercy toward his people accepts the resignation of this Ministry, which inflicted upon Egypt every form of anxiety, sorrow, grief, and despair, while also granting rest to the "Prime Minister" himself from the burdens of rule. Glory be to God! Victory has been granted to Egypt so long as Egypt believes in its rights, stands firmly for them, and endures the trials suffered in their defense. Glory be to God! From its ancient glory and its modern awakening He has granted Egypt the strength that enables it to remain faithful, endure steadfastly, and triumph in struggle. Smile, O Egyptians, at your coming life. Take pride, O Egyptians, in your ancient glory. Beware lest hardship drive you to despair, and beware lest victory make you arrogant. Know that your affairs will ultimately return to your own hands, whatever the circumstances, because you desire it and are determined upon it. They will tell you that the ordeal is not yet over and may indeed continue for some time. But you have already borne its heaviest burdens, endured its harshest cruelty, and emerged victorious from it. And whatever new hardships may confront you, you will never again encounter evil equal to what you have already endured. Your enemies from this day onward possess only the cunning of the weak and the malice of the defeated. Trust therefore in God. Await from Him support and victory. Remain faithful to your covenant with the nation. Struggle nobly in its cause. Preserve sincere devotion to the ■■■■ ■■■■■■, and await from him wise guidance, prudent care, and generous compassion.

