

At about 6:30 Josue and Sharon showed up in the lounge. Josue informed me that they had decided to cancel that night's class, for whatever reason, I'm still not sure. Anyway, I responded by saying that by doing away with the remainder of the syllabus schedule, he really ought to consider cancelling the rest of the semester. His response was that if I felt that way about it, he could always find someone else to take the remaining class periods until the end of the semester. At that moment, I knew it was over.

They left to head back to their offices, probably to make final preparations to get ready for their function. I followed a few moments later, after standing in the hall thinking about the gut-wrenching decision I was about to make. Sharon was just unlocking her door and entering when I walked up. Josue took a couple of minutes to go to the restroom right across the hall. I had my badge and key in hand and extended it to give them to Sharon. She had a sad look on her face, almost conflicted, because she knew what I was doing before I said a word. She asked that I wait so that we could talk about it, but I replied that after what I heard downstairs, the talking had already been done. Josue then walked up, to which I immediately said, "I resign." Josue looked somewhat stunned, but with almost a twinkle in his eye he said, "Oh. Can we get that in writing?" I said, "Sure." Sharon then said if I wanted to address the students to explain what I was doing; I declined. It hurt badly enough anyway. So, I told her, "You do it. Just tell them the truth. They're adults. After all, that's all I ever tried to do." I turned around and walked. My life was over as a professor at TCC.

Final Comments

To [redacted] and [redacted], your actions betray your true characters. Not only did you act shamefully, despicably, recklessly, and carelessly, you provided the perfect illustration of what happens to those who really and truly follow Islamic principles. Lying, cheating, and stealing all for the sake of Allah. Surely you must be proud. My heart breaks for you.

To all the students I leave behind, thank for you allowing me to be your professor. Through adversity—which included that first exam and all those fun "gifts" I kept giving you—you have performed admirably. You are the reasons that made what I did not a job, but a blessing from God. May God bless each and every one of you in the days, months, and years ahead. And when you reach the end of the path of life, may you stand before Him and have Him say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

To my immediate colleagues and co-workers I wish you all the best in your professional careers. Justin, thank you for hiring me. Thank you for the latitude to teach as a teacher should. Lien, my friend and person I adored the most, you're the best (even though you would never return my phone calls J). John and Mark, thanks for going out of your way to fill in for me when I needed to be gone. Bright, sharp, intelligent, TCC is fortunate to have you both. Sharon, thanks for the numerous conversations and confidence you placed in me. I'm sorry things turned out the way they did, and how you were put in the impossible spot that somewhat compromised our friendship.

To the TCC administration—Barbara Coan, Josue Munoz, and Rusty Fox—who mishandled this case terribly, what a disappointment you have been. You all were given the opportunity to serve God, but chose to serve mammon instead. And by choosing to protect your bellies, you jeopardized, and will continue to jeopardize, every other student and employee associated with TCC. In fact, the precedent you set by failing to act appropriately in quashing this terroristic act of jihad by these two Muslim students may cost someone his/her life someday. God forbid if that happens. Nevertheless, if it does, you won't have to look far to see the bloodletting, because it will already be on your hands. But, then again, maybe it will be your head they will want next, so it won't matter then, just like it doesn't matter to you now. You will have your reward and so will they.

Mr. Munoz, you wanted my resignation in writing, well here it is, to the best of my recollection. I resign. May you and those who placed me in the position to have to resign, enjoy the notoriety of having your name Googled and to have to explain your actions. Just remember, if and when you have to, "Tell them the truth...After all, that's all I ever tried to do."

References

- ¹ A. Guillame, *The Life of Muhammad: A Translation of Ibn Ishaq's Sirat Rasul Allah* (Oxford: Oxford, reissued 1967), 287-88; Martin Lings, *Muhammad: His Life Based on the Earliest Sources* (Rochester, VT: Inner Traditions, 2006), 139-40; Muhammad b. Umar al-Waqidi, trans. by Rizwi Faizer, *The Life of Muhammad* (London: Routledge, 2011), 8-11; Maxime Rodinson, *Mohammed* (New York: Pantheon, 1971), 163; Ali Dashti, *23 Years: A Study of the Prophetic Career of Mohammad* (Costa Mesa: Mazda, 1994), 86-87; David S. Margoliouth, *Mohammed and the Rise of Islam* (New York: Cosimo, 1905), 244-46; Karen Armstrong, *Muhammad: A Biography of the Prophet* (London: Phoenix, 1991), 170-71.