

driving on the way back. Luckily we had no more flats. I forgot to say that one of the main reasons I decided to undertake the trip was because suddenly a request I had put in some weeks previously for a permit to travel to Sinai was granted, and I got a pass good for two days, namely August 4 and 5, and it seemed to be some sort of a sin not to utilize the pass.

It is always good, even glorious, to get back to Jerusalem. It is a continuous adventure to wake up in the beautiful city and look about one. Every glance, every ride, every walk is a new experience. The Old Post Office is down and a completely new section of the Old City Wall is visible. And looking at it is always the equivalent of a new revelation. There was a shopkeepers' strike in the Old City the other day, and walking through it, with the crowds thinned out to a trickle, was again something completely new. I walked down to the Via Dolorosa to call on my friends, Fathers Saller and Spijkerman, at the Monastery of the Flagellation to confirm a date I had previously made with them to bring our Summer Institute over there for the talk that I mentioned above. On the way over, on lower Mamillah Road, I stumbled over a pile of sand in the middle of the sidewalk. That sandpile dumped there had bothered me every time I passed, till suddenly this time I realized why it and other sandpiles were dumped on the sidewalks. When the shooting began on June 5, and perhaps before, trucks of sand were brought to various places for the residents to put into bags and build up defensive positions at the entrances of their houses. Incidentally, on the way down to el-Arish, one still sees white flags fluttering forlornly from almost every house along the way.

On Tuesday, August 7, the day of the shopkeepers' strike in the Old City, my friend Musa Beidun, who with his father and brothers runs a big antiquity shop on the Via Dolorosa, appeared at the HUCBASJ and asked to see me. He and his family live in a series of excellent, modern houses in upper Siloam village. He had driven over, and insisted that I come with him to his house to see a collection of pottery he and his father had bought the day before from some Ta'amireh Bedouins