

Jerusalem Diary - 1977



SOME PERSONAL MEMORIES OF TRAVEL STUDY IN ISRAEL, 25 YEARS LATER

By TOM RUE



A full quarter of a century has passed since the half-year that I spent in Israel as a teenager. The present date is November 2002. With the memories that the experience left engraved in my mind still bright, I have to say that the experience changed my life. It was during those six months that I chose to pursue a career in education, influenced in part by the example set by the professor of religion who led the travel study group as program advisor, the late Dr. A. Gary Andersen of the Brigham Young University department of religion. That decision evolved from the initial thought of the idea of teaching religion to Mormon youth to the actuality of going on 20 years as a professional counselor outside of the church. Despite a number of turns in the road since 1977, it remains clear to me that the spiritual that I had experiences in Israel helped to shape many important decisions that form my present self. I remain grateful for the life-changing opportunity that I had to study in Israel, and for the broadened understanding that the experience gave me of other cultures and countries.

Conditions have changed in that country since that year, when the peace process was still in bloom. Now, that idea of peace seems to be hibernating in the minds of Palestinians and Israeli brethren, if it has not in fact been killed by the evil work of terrorists and mindless politicians. It was in 1977 that Anwar Sadat visited Jerusalem to meet with then Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin. The Egyptian president's visit came as a surprise and was shrouded in secrecy. I recall seeing his black limo zoom by without stopping on Ben Gurion Boulevard on his way to meet with the Prime Minister.



My journal on November 19, 1977, the first day of Sadat's historic visit to the holy city makes no mention of that important event or of the euphoric feeling among the citizens. Instead, I had some reflections on scriptural readings unrelated to the events of the day. I do remember a discussion with my grandfather's first cousin, Gershon Kirshner, an elderly native of Tel Aviv, who reveled in the fantasy that he might one day be able to drive his Volkswagen bug from his home in Tel Aviv across the Sinai peninsula to Cairo.

On Sadat's second day in Israel, I described how I learned of the explosion of a bomb outside the Old City which injured a Palestinian child. An Arab named Kiyad who was part of the staff at the Vienna Hotel, where the study group of which I was a part was based, invited me to walk with him to the Old City. We went into a bakery and he bought me a *namora*, my favorite semolina cake baked with honey and almonds. I hadn't eaten all day, I wrote, and it was now dinner time. (This was a fairly regular occurrence, which explains the ten pounds that I lost during my six months in Israel.) On the evening of November 20, 1977, recalling the day, while in the bakery with Kiyad, I wrote:

"... Several Israeli soldiers came in and arrested an Arab. The Arab laughed as he was being dragged out. I don't know what he thought was so funny. Later on, Patti Baldwin and Sue Kimball were near the Damascus Gate and they saw a bomb go off at the gate to Solomon's Quarries. They said that they saw an Arab boy whose arm was severed and who was badly wounded in the stomach. In Patti's words, 'his guts were hanging out.' She said that just as he [the boy] opened the gate the explosion went off -- apparently the gate was wired. When Kiyad and I passed by there (the bakery we went to was on the street to the right inside Damascus Gate), I thought of going into the quarry, and might have done so if I had not been with Kiyad."

Not yet knowing of the explosion, I asked Kiyad what the man in the bakery had done to be arrested; he shrugged and told me, "Nothing. It happens all the time." Even in so-called peacetime, the military was (and still is) highly visible in Israel. Soldiers with M-16 rifles were a common sight in residential neighborhoods. Palestinians were constantly reminded of their second-class status in the Israeli society. In Israel, it seems that peace is not possible, perhaps because of the various religions' conflicting ideas about what peace is. Linguistically, Islam itself purports to be peace. In reality, though, Islamist radicals stirred the pot of violence all the time, just as they do today. The heavy-handed tactics of the police, uniformed thugs really, against the Palestinian populace in

general offended me nearly as much as senseless terrorist attacks. The best that one can do to cope with the feelings of anger that comes from injustice is to try as best I can to understand both points of view.

Bombings were relatively unusual in Jerusalem during the months that I was there. Since I did not witness the explosion I wasn't traumatized by it, though the first-hand story told to me by the girls who saw the dismembered Arab boy left an impression. This Palestinian child was clearly not anyone's targeted victim. The information that I heard was that the gate to King Solomon's Quarry was "wired" to go off by whoever opened it. It seemed totally random and ironic that the Arab child was most likely injured by a Palestinian terrorist.

Coming away from Israel, my sense of the civil conflict there was that both Jews and the Arabs had merit to their claims, and neither side was blameless in the perpetuation of violence. From the conservative Christian orientation which characterized that time of my life, the Jewish belief that all of Palestine was promised to them as a people chosen by God was entirely acceptable to me. I believed the Mormon teaching that Judah's restoration to the land of Israel was a sign that we were living in the last days prior to the second coming of Christ, looking forward to the time when the Mosque of Omar would be destroyed and be replaced by a third Temple to be constructed by the Mormon church. These seem like odd views to me in retrospect, but they are sincerely held by many.

On September 26th, while meditating on the side of the Mount of Olives "which is before Jerusalem on the east," I made the following journal entry:

"I have spent the entire day sitting under a small grove of pines behind and to the north of the Russian Orthodox church in the Garden of Gethsemane . . .

"Jerusalem is a beautiful city to look upon from a distance. From this spot I have a very good view of the old city and can see most of the eastern wall. The Mosque of Omar, or Dome of the Rock, is indeed majestic. It stands out against the brown buildings behind it with its rich hues of blue and gold. I wonder what provisions will be made for it when the Temple is built...

"I think of the great times ahead when the Savior shall "set his foot upon this mount" (D&C 45:48) to rescue the Jews from their enemies, and they shall "see him as he is" and worship and love him. I look out before me and see literally thousands of graves--graves that will be opened at his coming. That will be something to see."

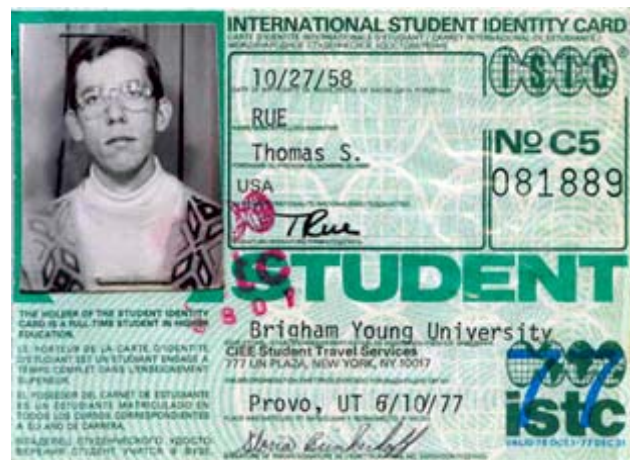
Indeed. But in the real world, my observations of life in east Jerusalem, in a hotel staffed by Palestinians, led me to sense that Arabs were treated unjustly by the Israeli government who, despite or perhaps in part because of the historic and cultural imprint of the holocaust, somehow unwittingly assumed the role of an oppressive occupying force in order to retain order and social control. Due process rights that, as an American, I took for granted did not apply to Palestinians under Israeli law. I doubt that matters have improved since then in this vein, and if anything the situation has gotten worse since the *Intifada* began about 10 years after my visit.

At one point during our stay, one of the student rooms in the Vienna Hotel was burglarized by an unknown stranger. This particular room was occupied by a married couple, Don and Karen Hansen. They awoke in the night a dark figure leap from the terrace of their room. Missing were Karen's purse and the Don's pants. When a complaint was made to the proper authorities, soldiers appeared armed with machine guns and hauled the entire hotel staff off "for questioning." When they returned, more than one bore visible signs of having been beaten during their interrogation. These Palestinians had become our friends. Personally, I felt as outraged by the conduct of the police toward the hotel staff as toward the idea that a room had been burglarized. To the best of my knowledge, an actual burglar was never charged, and there was no apparent reason to suspect anyone on the hotel staff (all of whom we considered to be our friends). The victims in the offense, the couple who had their property stolen, said they would have thought twice before calling the authorities had they understood the impact that it would have on the innocent staff. We were told by hotel staff that this incident was typical of the treatment that Palestinian men of all ages often received.

The tension that existed between Israel and its Arab neighbors was evident well before we crossed in the land of Israel. The itinerary of the travel study group of which I was a part took us by air from Salt Lake City to Paris, and from there to Egypt, thence to Jordan, and finally on to Jerusalem. While traveling through Arab countries, we were advised by university officials to exercise caution in who we told of our destination. However, it may not have been as well guarded a secret as we were led to believe.

In the late afternoon of July 6th we arrived at Cairo Airport on time for our flight to Amman, Jordan, but our plane wasn't as prompt as we were. For more than 12 hours, we were kept waiting on the main concourse, told all the while that the jet would be arriving "any time now." Unrelated to the cause of our delay (which was never explained to us), during the night an electrical fire broke out in the ceiling nearby. Most of us slept through the resulting commotion, sprawled on the grimy floor. To make matters worse, when we were finally able to leave, the Egyptian authorities charged us each five dollars for the privilege of using their airport. Finally, after the long wait during which we were offered no amenities whatever, an airport official approached where we were seated and signaled in a loud voice, "Jerusalem group, this way!" So much for secrecy.

Jordan was a welcome relief from Egypt. The hotel we stayed at in Amman was centrally air conditioned and had a refrigerator and a television in every room. We toured the city and drove to the top of Mount Nebo to look out over the Promised Land.



The next morning, after a visit to the ruins of Jerash, our charter bus headed east toward over the Allenby Bridge (also called the King Hussein Bridge, or the Al-Karameh Bridge) and over the Jordan River. We all disembarked and carried our luggage over the border on foot, eyeballed by uniformed soldiers with machine guns flanking the river where Jesus was baptized.

Once we were in Israel, customs officials searched our belongings. Seemingly at random, some among us were selected for intensive search, while others (such as me) received little more than a quick once-over. The official assigned to search my luggage, however, was quite friendly, and spoke with a thick Brooklyn accent and seemed reassured by the statement that I was born in New Jersey. Some members of my travel group received more thorough searches than the rest. I recall some of our young women having their underwear taken from their luggage and shaken piece by piece, while soldiers ran pencils through spools of thread and squeezed the toothpaste out of tubes as part of a more exhaustive search of people's belongings.

The following procedures and advice from a Jordanian government website sound the same as that which existed in 1977:

Once across the bridge there is an Israeli passport check before you arrive at the immigration terminal on the West Bank. There your luggage and person may be searched, and you will receive an entry stamp. Although this stamp does not present a problem when entering Jordan or Egypt, if you wish to visit Syria, Lebanon or any Arab country which has not signed a peace treaty with Israel, you should explicitly ask to get your Israeli entry and exit stamps on separate pieces of paper, not in your passport. Likewise, you should ask the Jordanian authorities to stamp your exit and entry from any crossing point connecting Jordan with the occupied West Bank or Israel on a separate sheet of paper as well. Source:

The above text does not describe (nor would I expect it to) is one fact that stands out most in my memory about the Allenby Bridge crossing. That is (or was) the condition of the public rest rooms. It seems that neither government tended to the accommodations. The toilets were of the "squatter" variety common in many Arab and other eastern countries, but with the running water was shut off there were mounds of decaying feces in the stalls, with flies buzzing around. The floor was covered in about an inch of liquefied filth continuously replenished by a couple of "toilets" in reverse ooze mode. The atmosphere had an ammonia content about equal to that of Venus. It was absolutely the worst rest room that I had ever seen – and certainly changed the standards by which I would judge gas stations in the states, and certainly was in that state due to the state of tension between Israel and Jordan.



We were met at the bridge by LDS branch president Dan Rona, district president Ivan J. Barrett, and elders quorum president John Tvedtnes. Students Cheryl

Baumgarten, Carol Campbell, Dan Wendelboe, Camille Wilcox, Lisa Thorpe, Stacy Vance and I rode to Jerusalem in the van with Brother Tvedtnes. He apparently had a sinus condition and was consistently blowing his nose and had the handkerchief hanging on the rear-view mirror outside to keep it dry, which grossed out the girls. We stopped to photograph a shepherd boy, but he wouldn't let us without pay, so we decided to skip it.

In the late afternoon on the 7th of July, as we finally pulled up to the Vienna Hotel along *Wadi El Joz* in east Jerusalem, I felt like I was coming home. After I received my room assignment with Matthew Wright, I went up to unpack and then out for a walk around the Old City. In spite of being tired after all the travel, I didn't get much sleep that first night.



Our group was the last of several from BYU to stay at the Vienna Hotel. Dr. S. Kent Brown (1995) of BYU offers this chronology of the BYU programs in Jerusalem:

In the early days, BYU students who came to Jerusalem were housed in a variety of facilities. In my memory, the program began in earnest in 1968 when LaMar Berrett and Keith Meservy and Daniel Ludlow brought students here. They were preceded by Robert and Kathy Taylor who had visited Jerusalem before 1967, and had begun to dream about a study abroad program in this land. Robert Taylor was then the Chairman of the Department of Travel Study at BYU. It was actually under the sponsorship of Travel Study that the program began in Jerusalem, not as with other academic programs which grew under the banner of Study Abroad on campus.

Students first stayed in the City Hotel in East Jerusalem. After four years or so, the program moved to the Vienna Hotel in nearby Sheikh Jarrah. I first became involved with the program at the Vienna Hotel when my wife Gayle and I came with a group of sixty students in the winter of 1978. It was our student group that vacated the Vienna Hotel for good in March of 1978.

and, after going to Galilee for a few weeks, returned to Jerusalem, and moved into dormitory facilities at Kibbutz Ramat Rachel.

At Ramat Rachel, students lived in small dorm rooms with bunk beds and a common shower for women and a common shower for men. The library was kept in very small room. There were only one or two rooms in the whole complex which would accommodate our classes. Even at that, it was a step up from the City Hotel and Vienna Hotel. Students remained at Ramat Rachel from 1978 to 1987 when students were moved from the Kibbutz to the present Center.



Life in the Vienna Hotel was not as primitive as the lifestyles of many of the people that we saw around us. We met Bedouins in the desert who lived in tents, and saw Palestinians living in hovels, so it didn't bother any of us much, I don't think, not to have amenities like washing machines at our disposal. In the absence of mechanical facilities, those of us with plenty of

spending money had their laundry professionally laundered down the street. The rest of us did our own washing in the bathtub and hung our clothes out the window to dry. My own laundry is pictured at right.

Our first few days in Jerusalem were devoted to orientation and getting the machinery of the LDS branch moving. In those days, the Mormon church's presence in Jerusalem consisted of a small number of permanent residents, augmented by groups of 60 or so college students who would come for periods of six months and rotate back to the states. For the duration of my stay I served the church as branch and BYU librarian, and also as genealogy coordinator for the church.

This second job went with my academic major, and also with the six credit hour independent project I had been given by BYU, under the supervision of Dr. Norman Wright of the Family and Local History Studies Department at BYU in Provo, Utah. My independent project was to make a general survey of genealogical sources available in Israel pertaining to the state itself, and to Jews worldwide.

Other endeavors were not as successful, like my attempt to conquer the Mediterranean. On the 15th of July we all drove down to Beer Sheba, and on the way back stopped at Ashkelon for a swim. Twenty to 30 of us charged out of the sweltering bus and into the surf. In our excitement we didn't notice the lifeguards blowing their whistles and yelling in Hebrew for everyone to get out of the water. Several of us were out up to our necks before we realized that we were being pulled out to sea by a powerful undercurrent. It wasn't until later that I was told about the Hebrew instructions

of the lifeguards.

There was a moment when I resigned myself to the probability that I would drown, but then I reminded myself that if that's what I was going to do, I could have done it just as well at home and not come all this way. With the help of one of the other students, I made it back to the shore all right. Nancy Allred, however, along with a few others, was treated for shock. Miraculously, no one was hurt, but as soon as I was ashore, I lay on my back and promptly fell asleep. For several days, I could barely walk. That night I wrote home to my parents an account of the day's activities, beginning with, "Lo, I am become a deep shade of scarlet. Mine arms and legs do ache exceedingly, and unto the Lord have been my cries." A faint distinction in color, where the line of my clothing was that day, remained visible on my arms and legs for the next few years.

Our stay in Israel was made up of a collection of smaller trips to various points of interest, until we covered most of the country from the Golan to Ras Mohammad, or as it is written, "from Dan to Beer Sheba." One such trip, the longest of them, began on Sunday July 31st (Mormons in Israel celebrate the Sabbath on Saturday, along with the political majority.) and went well into August. For the entire duration of the trip through the Sinai I wore a loose-fitting ankle-length off-white robe, which I had purchased in Egypt, and a full-length muslin *kufia* to protect me from the sun. Although the strange-looking outfit brought some catcalls from a busload of American Jews traveling with us, it was much more comfortable than jeans or even shorts and a t-shirt would have been in the heat. It amused some of the Arabs who saw me to see an American dressed in their style, but I was more interested in feeling comfortable than I was in the few people who said I looked funny it funny. One of the girls quipped that I "ought to wear a slip with that thing" – but that was something I wouldn't do.



As hot as the weather was, our only mode of transportation through the desert was an outdated school-bus with no air conditioning, via pothole ridden dirt trails. This led to a song sung to the tune of the Beatles' "Yellow Submarine". The first line began, "We all live in a red Israeli bus." In the same vein, I adapted the following verse from the hymn .Redeemer of Israel. in my journal:

How long we have wandered as strangers in Zin
And cried in the desert for thee!
Our driver's rejoiced when our sorrows he's seen,
But Ephraim will shortly be free. (7/31/77)

A few days later I recorded the following: "Somebody from the group of Jews on the other bus wrote in the dust on the back of this bus, "Morons". Dan Wendelboe crossed it out and labeled us, 'Ephraimites.' I long for the day when Judah shall no longer vex Ephraim." (8/2/77)

Both of the above entries refer to the Mormon belief that members of that church are either blood descendants of Ephraim or are "adopted" into that tribe for purposes of birthright. Jews who understand this are sometimes intrigued by the claim that Mormons make to also being Israelites, but some are offended when it is pointed out that the last chapter of Genesis makes it clear that the birthright in Israel was passed to Ephraim, not Judah.



Dr. Anderson observed that everyone who has ever traveled in Sinai has murmured – the children of Israel under Moses, Laman and Lemuel, and our group!

Laman and Lemuel, the Book of Mormon says, were sons of a Hebrew prophet named Lehi who traveled together from Jerusalem to the Americas around 600 BCE. Their descendants, collectively known to Mormons as Lamanites, are commonly known as American Indians, whom the Book of Mormon asserts to be of the Israelitish house of Manassah, Jacob's older son who lost his natural birthright to the younger Ephraim.

One thing about that area that no one murmured during our trip through the desert about was the snorkeling in the Gulf of Elat and Red Sea. I myself had never seen such beautiful coral formations and large, colorful tropical fish as at Dahab or Ras Mohammad, at the southern-most tip of the Sinai Peninsula. While I was taking a shower after swimming on one of these occasions, someone stole my wallet, which contained 55 Israeli lira (about \$5.50 at that time). A month later my mother wrote in a letter, "A letter arrived

from Israel that had a bunch of cards in it, including your student ID card. There was no letter of explanation." My father advised, "Consider it a fairly inexpensive lesson."

The highlight of the trip south was climbing Mount Sinai on August 3rd. The entire group camped out together at the base of the mountain the night before. We tried to get to sleep early since we'd have to begin our hike at midnight in order to avoid the heat of the day. We arrived at the summit right at dawn, just on time to see the sun rise with purple wings on the eastern sky. It was a spiritually charged moment for the 60 collect students who sat together on a rock atop "the Lord's holy mount" listening to songs from the LDS hymn book echo back to us from the surrounding hills.

A few days later we were back in Jerusalem, ready to resume classes. During the six months we were in Israel, I completed 22 credit hours with an A average in subjects including religion, archaeology, sociology, as well as the genealogy project previously mentioned. Although I learned a lot from the opportunity to read my fellow students' work as a teaching assistant, sometimes students would object to my grading. This only occurred a few times, and when it did, I simply tried to refer the person to Professor Anderson.

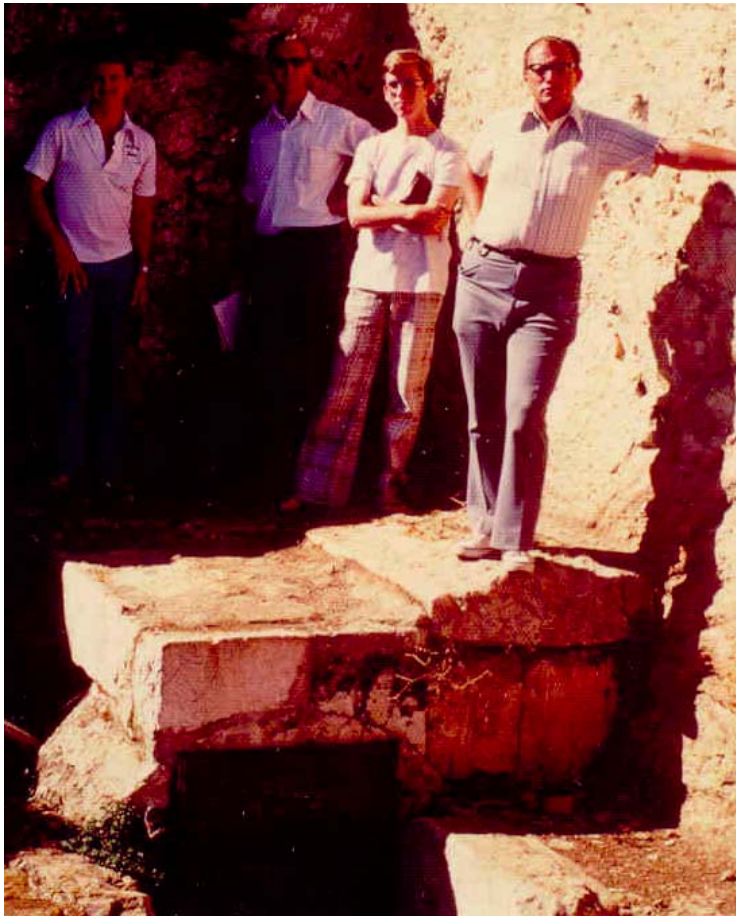


Class work was by no means all of what we did when we were at home in Jerusalem. The city itself offered nearly as much to see and do as the rest of the country combined. Often we would take short trips as individuals or in small groups to such nearby cities as Bethany or Bethlehem, the birthplace of Jesus. The Church of the Nativity offered what I thought was an interesting perspective into the beliefs of some Christians. A visitor is led down a passageway to a dark basement and told that Catholic tradition is that Jesus was born on the exact spot marked on the stone floor. A priest places a small wooden doll on the star, pronounces a blessing on it, and sells the figure at a high price. I wrote:

This morning Rodger Graham, Steve Fairbanks and I went downtown with the intention of catching a bus to the Dead Sea and Qumran for further exploration, but we decided against it when we realized how long it would be before the next bus would leave: we went to Bethlehem instead. We visited the Church of the Nativity, which I found absolutely gross. We went down into the basement -- the supposed manger and saw a long line of people waiting to kiss a silver star on the floor. One married couple had a small wooden idol of the baby Jesus that they waved several times over the star and then touched it to it, apparently believing that some magical powers would thus be transformed to the doll. I was reminded of the passage in Isaiah (44:15-19): "And none considereth in his heart, neither is there knowledge or understanding to say, I have burned part of it in the fire; yea also I have baked bread upon the coals thereof; I have roasted flesh and eaten it: and shall I make the residue thereof an abomination? shall I fall down to the stock of a tree?" (13 September 1977)

A favorite spot of our study group was the Garden Tomb, just outside the Damascus Gate in Jerusalem. Its peaceful solitude offered a marked contrast to the comparatively garish Church of the Holy Sepulcher, which in addition to housing the purported spot of the crucifixion and burial of Jesus supposedly marks the grave of Adam. No gold or silver adorns the area of the first century Jewish burial chamber known at Gordon's Calvary, or Garden Tomb, but rather a wide variety of those creations which scripture says that "Solomon in all his glory" failed to match, together with timeless olive trees often known to live one to two thousand years.

After visiting visit to the empty tomb, I wrote that it felt difficult to doubt the literal reality of the resurrection. In August 1977, Rev. Bill White, the Anglican caretaker of the Garden Tomb, presented our group an interesting and convincing lecture and slide show supporting the genuineness of both the tomb and the Shroud of Turin.



The same afternoon of the fireside I received a request from a woman that I home taught, Yvonne Hanson, who had been unexpectedly hospitalized, to come give her a blessing. Yvonne was a permanent resident of Jerusalem, rather than a student. This was the first time since my ordination the previous spring that I was asked to provide a priesthood blessing of this type. Jeff Smith accompanied me and anointed her with oil, and I sealed the anointing. When we went into the hospital, Yvonne said she had experienced severe chest pains and partial paralysis of one hand. Before we left, she was conversing normally and without distraction, in addition to having full use of both hands. She was discharged within the next few days after being observed by her physicians.

At the end of August we toured northern Israel, visiting Haifa, Caesera, the valley of Armageddon, tel Megiddo, Mount Carmel and En-dor, the home of Saul's witch. We spent the night at a kibbutz at the foot of Mount Gilboa, where King Saul was killed in battle. Our tour guide, John Tvedtnes, was an accomplished linguist and LDS scholar. Despite the wealth of information in his head, he had a tendency to be petulant and

grandiose, and not always a very good teacher of youth. On August 23rd, during our tour of the northern plain, I wrote:

In Haifa we visited the Templar cemetery and saw two gravestones of missionaries John Grau and his wife. Brother Grau, a German, was the first convert to the Church in Palestine. In that city, Brother Tvedtnes got very upset with the lack of respect with which he was being treated. He screamed at the group, "I'm hungry too! Stop complaining." Several of the girls said, "Awwwww," whereupon he grabbed his briefcase and stomped out of the bus while we were stopped at a traffic light. He got several blocks away before Brother Anderson could convince him to get back on the bus. When he got back aboard, he snorted, "I didn't come back for you, but for me." He was still very upset. I asked him later if I had contributed to the antagonism. He said no.

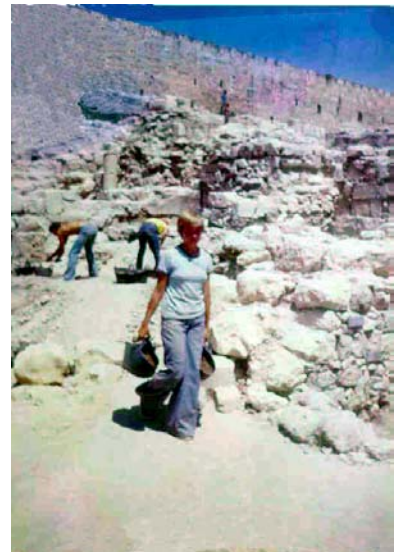
After dinner, I went out with Rodger Graham, Cheryl Baumgarten, Ron Ashcroft and a few others, across plowed fields in search of "the hill of Moreh" mentioned in Judges 7: 1, on which Gideon and his small group of three hundred defeated the army of the Midianites. We knocked on a few doors to ask directions, but no one we asked had ever heard of the hill, although they seemed pleased that a group of Americans who weren't even Jews would be so interested in their country. Even though the place wasn't marked, we did find a hill that we decided could have been the one. Sitting around together under the moonless sky, it wasn't difficult to visualize the story as we recounted it to each other – how Gideon and his men with trumpets and torches in hand had terrified the army with their battle cry, "The sword of the Lord and Gideon!" When we got back to the kibbutz, it was almost three a.m. and everyone else was asleep.

Rather than spend the rest of the night in a stuffy cabin, I drug my sleeping back up into the woods on Mount Gilboa and slept by myself in a small clearing. When I awoke in the morning I recorded a dream I had about my great grandmother's brother, John A. Flood.

Other night dreams left me looking for meaning, sometimes psychological, sometimes spiritual. One time I dreamed that I was lost and all the road signs were in Hebrew. Another I recorded in my journal on September 2nd:

Last night I dreamt that David Galbraith [a church official in Israel] and I were standing beside the Salt Lake Temple. He was cutting pieces of granite from it for the purpose of building the Temple here in Jerusalem. He turned to me and said, 'The tribe of Zebulon doesn't know anything about this.' I looked to my right and behind me, toward Ensign Bank, and found myself in Jerusalem in the Kidron Valley looking up at the Temple mount. I saw the great Temple which is not yet built with the waters flowing out from beneath it. Its architecture was somewhat similar to the Hawaii Temple.

When I went down for breakfast this morning, I was sitting at the table eating when Brother Anderson came and sat down next to me. He asked, 'Have any interesting dreams last night?' (Odd question). I inquired as to why he was asking and he said, 'No reason.' I told him, 'As a matter of fact I did have one.' I didn't say anything for a few moments and he asked, 'Was it anything like Nebuchadnezzar's dream?' I recounted it to him and he replied, "That's the kind of dream to have.'



Normal classes resumed when we returned to Jerusalem. One class was a little different than the others. It sounds dry on the transcript, "Archaeology 103 --

Introductory Archaeology Lab.” This “lab” was an actual dig, overseen by staff of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, at the base of the southern wall of the ancient Temple compound, near the Dung Gate. I found the work difficult, but interesting and rewarding. Following is my summary of and reaction to our first day of digging:

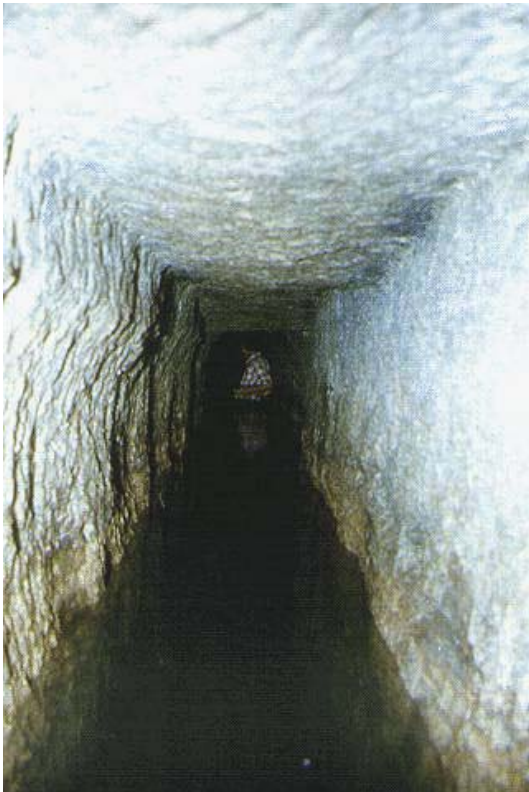
We arose this morning around six with the intent of beginning a week-long archaeology dig, which we did. We are excavating *Beth Millo* (or “House of the Fill”), so named because of the terracing found on the hills in the area, my hands didn’t blister, as many did, but my arm muscles are very sore.

I started out the morning digging, and found a variety of pieces of pottery, many of which were rims, bases and handles, which, unlike ordinary pieces, are ascribable to a specific time period, we were told, thus facilitating the dating of the different levels of earth. I found one small pot that was almost entirely intact. Harry, our supervisor, got very excited about that one.

One group made an interesting discovery. They were digging when suddenly they came upon a cavity in the ground. They dug as if some more and found that it was an old cistern. They weren’t allowed in if however, since they couldn’t tell how deep it was, or ascertain the pit’s safety.

After digging most of the morning, I moved rubber buckets full of dirt. After that I moved dirt in wheelbarrows (a promotion!) Then I sifted dirt through a framed sheet of mesh, watching for potsherds – working first with Brother Anderson, then with his son Hal, and then with a non-member German girl. (29 August 1977)

The young German mentioned above wore a loose-fitting blouse with a low neckline and nothing underneath, which I pretended not to notice. To describe her as a “non-member” meant that she was not a Mormon, and was from a university other than BYU. From my conservative religious orientation, why a woman would volunteer hard labor seeking to unearth sacred Temple objects dressed as she was seemed incomprehensible, but in reality it simply reflected a difference in cultural attitudes toward the body – particularly women’s bodies. My reaction, in retrospect, showed naiveté as well as the sheltered Mormon life to which I had become accustomed.



The next day I wrote:

The dig has been interesting and very educational, but also extremely difficult. Yesterday (the 30th) I left in the middle of it at break time, but after a few minutes of thinking about it, returned. I didn’t come all the way to Israel to cut out early. I went back and worked even harder. Several times during the morning I felt as though I were ready to pass out, I’ve never worked so hard. (31 August 1977)

I was taken with some of the masonic achievements of the various kings of Israel, such as the underground “gutter” through which it is said that David first captured his city from the Jebusites, and which was expanded centuries later by King Hezekiah to secure a supply of drinking water inside the walled city of Jerusalem. On another occasion, I went with a small group into a cavern near the Damascus Gate where the

workmen of King Solomon are believed to have cut stone for the first Temple. On September 5th I wrote:

This morning with four other people I went through Solomon's Quarries (vaulted caverns under the Old City). A few weeks ago I went twice through Hezekiah's Water Tunnel. In both places I went off by myself for a while and sat in silence and absolute darkness, sensation foreign to me. In fact, it wasn't silent (for is no such thing to one in spiritual light), but I listened to and heard such things as I never have before.

Associations and preoccupation with place are common in the holy land. On November 24th, I wrote in a letter to family at home:

Right now, I'm sitting on the southeast corner of the wall of the old city of Jerusalem. Six inches from my right knee is a drop of about 1,500 feet. Two thousand years ago this was the highest point of the Temple -- the "Pinnacle" mentioned in Matthew 4:5. It still is the highest part of the old city wall. The only people around are the ones on the road and the ones working on the archaeological excavations below. Behind me is the huge domed blue mosque, the 'Dome of the Rock, or the Mosque of Omar, built on the site of Herod's and Solomon's Temples. In the center of the mosque is a large rock that was used anciently as the sacrificial alter of both Temples. Tradition says that it is the stone on which Abraham laid Isaac (the Muslims say Ishmael) to sacrifice him to the Lord (Genesis 22). The Muslims also claim that Mohammed ascended to heaven from the rock on his white horse El Barak. El Barak even left a hoof-print in the stone!

It's well nigh impossible not to be carried away by impressions of sacred space in Israel, regardless of faith or affiliation.

The above mentioned archaeological dig was one of the few associations we had with Hebrew University, but in the beginning of September I saw an announcement in the paper that Alex Haley, the author of *Roots*, would be speaking on campus on the night of the sixth. I went, and came away very impressed with his talk. He told the audience that he had been inspired by a higher Source to research and publish his family history. He also made reference to a personal belief in both a pre- and a post-mortal existence. I suppose it was due to the fact that Haley was an American that no one from the group wanted to attend the lecture with me. I guess they figured they would have other opportunities to hear him speak back in the States.

On the same day that I heard Dr. Haley, I visited the Israel General Archives and met an archivist by the name of Michael Plotnik. He helped me for about three hours, translating Arabic censuses from the Turkish period. Shortly before I left, he asked what I was doing here in Israel. When I told him I was with a group from BYU, he asked if I was LDS. I answered that I was, and he informed me that just last week he finished reading *The Articles of Faith* by James Talmadge. He said he was favorable impressed with the Mormons as "Christian Zionists," referring specifically to the Orson Hyde dedication of Palestine for the Jews' return. I promised to bring him a Book of Mormon and a calligraphic edition of the Hyde dedicatory prayer soon. I tried several times to contact Michael again, but was never able to. Finally, I left the literature with another archivist who promised to see that he got it.

Rather pursuing a career in professional genealogy, as I had planned, I was beginning to consider the possibilities of becoming a religion teacher in the LDS Church

Education System. When I mentioned to my parents, my mother made some constructive remarks:

You sound as if you've been giving some serious thought to your academic pursuits that sound sensible. Most people take time beyond the entrance of college to determine what pursuit is right for them. Some of us take longer than that to find out what we want to do when we grow up. Since I assume that your endeavors will be closely aligned with the church, I'm not in a position to offer much advice. If you choose to go into education (which of course Daddy and I both consider a worthy pursuit) I hope you'll check out what the job opportunities really are in the future. Teaching positions have really closed out in New Jersey, and I don't know if what you have in mind might in any way follow that trend. Teaching certainly has many rewards, as well as many frustrations. At any rate, I would hope your plans work out for a 4 yr. degree. Once you have that, it's much easier at any future point to make redirection to suit whatever needs present themselves. (Letter, Ann Rue, Trenton, NJ. 21 September 1977)

Shortly before that, my mother added: "I hope you're able to take some courses that relate to your writing skills. I think you have a real ability in that area and could easily use your college experience to develop it" (letter, 8 August 1977). Well, maybe. I'll have to think about that one.

On September 11th we made a one-day trip down to the Dead Sea area to visit the excavations at Qumran and Masada, followed by some relaxation at the spring of En Gedi. I was impressed by the ruins of Masada and the story behind them. It seemed to me that rather than suffering defeat, Eleazar ben Jair and his Zealot followers enjoyed a victory.

From my journal:

"The ash remains of the heroes testify to this day of their valor and determination to serve their Lord unfettered; of their love for God and freedom above their very lives. If one listens hard enough, he can almost hear the glorious words of Captain Moroni echoed through the surrounding countryside, "In memory of our God, our religion and freedom and our peace, our wives and our children." (Alma 46: 12) * * *

"I sincerely hope that "the mountains around us" will ever resound with zealous cries of faith and praise and that, with both Moroni and Eleazar, we may truthfully say when the time comes that we have lived our lives "in memory of our God." (11 September 1977)

There were other activities the same day to the south of Jerusalem:

[We then went] to Ein Geddi where Brother John Tvedtnes, Ron Ashcroft, Rodger Graham, Robert Jensen and myself went to the cave in which David cut the hem of Saul's garment and did not kill him when he had the opportunity to do so (1 Samuel 24:3-11). I then ran down to the Dead Sea and jumped in, just to take the opportunity. I've never swum in a body of salt water -- the GSL included. Actually, I didn't swim. I sat in a lotus position in water over my head for about five minutes, bobbing about like a cork. Then I got out, took a shower, and made it back to Ein Geddi just before the bus left.

Earlier, we hiked along a hilly trail above the Dead Sea which took us through a pool of clear water with a high fresh waterfall emptying into it. As we waded through the pool I placed my Hebrew wristwatch in the breast pocket of my shirt to protect it from the water. It was not until we got to a cliff above the pool and we paused briefly to rest that I realized my watch was not in my pocket. I looked down from the top of the cliff and could see my shiny watch at the bottom of the

pool. I ran back down the path, waded out to where I had seen the glistening watch in the pool, and picked it up. It was still running! I then rejoined the group.

While walking along the trail we came to a gazelle whose cloven hoof was caught on a barbed wire fence. Several of us managed to free the thrashing animal as it hung from the fence by one leg. As soon as it was down, it quickly ran away, stopping briefly at a safe distance to turn around and look at us as if to say thanks. "Gazelles are the animals most loved by G-d... because a gazelle harms no one, and never disturbs the peace" (Midrash Samuel 9).

Looking back, the historic and archaeological sites that I most enjoyed visiting were ones that took some adventure and some exertion to reach, such as Mt. Sinai and Masada. Hezekiah's water tunnel in Jerusalem was another.

On Sunday, September 18th I wrote a letter to my grandmother in Michigan describing an excursion that morning into a cave above Bethlehem:

This morning the Elders' Quorum had an outing at the Cave of Adullam where David and his army (it's a very large cave) hid out from King Saul (See I Samuel 22:1-2). We spent three hours in the cave itself exploring. Quite often we (I was with about four others) would come to a place so small that I could barely fit myself through it, and that's really saying something! We would squeeze through the hole and find ourselves in huge rooms, some of which could probably accommodate the army in themselves. The cave entrance is situated high on the face of a cliff out in the middle of the sticks. Some of the people in the group were rolling boulders down the hill and over the edge. A few times they almost hit some Bedouin shepherds and their sheep at the bottom. One of the shepherds apparently thought it was a game -- he laughed and started playing his flute. Actually, the people who were rolling the rocks didn't even know they were down there. After they he'd been doing it for a while an Army helicopter appeared out of the blue and flew down very low, close to the rollers of the rocks. I've never seen a helicopter come so close to the ground without landing. They waited for the helicopter to leave, and began rolling them again. Once Joseph Smith said that he was like a rolling stone: every time he hit against something hard a rough corner was knocked off and he became more and more perfect. I thought of that as I watch c those boulders leaving behind pieces of themselves as they neared the end of their course.

Despite some muscular soreness that lasted several times, I wrote in my journal how much I enjoyed this meeting, despite nearly getting in trouble with the Army as a result of the poor judgment of some of my associates. One of the students who was rolling boulders down the hill toward the Bedouin shepherd mentioned above, on another occasion upset some local residents when he tossed water balloons from the roof of the Vienna Hotel and hit a well-dressed Imam who changed to be was passing by. After mumbling an obligatory apology to the Muslim congregational leader, under orders from Brother Anderson, the student privately commented that he had no regrets for dousing the "rag-head".

In addition to reliving the ancient history of forbears, I was able to meet and get to know several living, albeit distant relatives in Israel. The first was my grandfather's first cousin Gershon Kirshner and his family in Tel Aviv. I had dinner with them a few times before Rosh Hashanah (September 12th), when Bob and Harriet Fyndesz invited me to their house in west Jerusalem for a traditional celebration of the holiday.

A few weeks later I also stayed overnight with Ellen and David Bullock at their home in Nes Ziyonna, south of Tel Aviv. Ellen was looking through my genealogy binder when she noticed that my maternal grandmother's name was Mary, and was of Irish

descent. Up to that point she had assumed that I was Jewish. She said that it seemed odd to think that she had a relative who was Christian. I laughed and told her that in a couple of months it would seem even stranger because she'd have a relative who was a missionary. I soon realized, as I should have already known, that that was something I should considered more carefully before saying. She appeared annoyed and I felt that the hospitality that my cousins had shown me up to that point was about to end, but she seemed to calm down a bit when I told her I would be preaching Mormon doctrine primarily to other Christians. Before I left the next day, David asked me to mail him a Book of Mormon, which I did as soon as I got back to Jerusalem. I intended no disrespect to my Jewish relatives and hosts. I think they understood this once they remembered that, unlike them, I was not born Jewish.



Jews on the whole, and especially those living in Israel, are suspicious of missionary work, citing the persecution they as a people have endured over the centuries from Christians like the crusaders and Hitler, and feel the same way toward intruders in their relatively recently founded Jewish state who try to lead them into what they consider apostasy and spiritual death. We were lectured more than once by LDS church officials about the

diplomacy the church had engaged in to allow us to be present. District president Ivan Barrett and branch president Daniel Rona repeatedly reminded us not to directly approach others (especially Jews) in Israel about the Mormon church, contrary to the practices of LDS missionaries elsewhere in the world. They did encourage us, however, to carry a Book of Mormon with us, and to drop information into conversations that was designed to elicit questions in response to which we could then explain Mormonism. On the whole, the policy was similar to “don’t ask, don’t tell,” but if information was requested, it was all right to present our religious beliefs.

Several different orthodox rabbis who lectured in our classes on Judaism. One Rabbi Isaiah Gaffney, who seemed to know relatively little about Mormonism, after explaining that first century Christianity had begun as a Jewish sect with as much official recognition as the Sadducees, Pharisees, or any of the others, expressed the belief that because of all the persecution by Christians over the ages, there was no way the two religions could ever become one again. When he opened the time up for questions, I asked him to consider a hypothetical possibility: “Suppose that the Rabbi Jesus did possess the authority of God, and he was who he claimed to be, but that evil men had changed his teachings and distorted even the most basic truths and commandments – “broken the everlasting covenant,” if you will (Isaiah 24:5), and as a result the Lord had withdrawn His authority From them, leaving them to their own devices. Suppose also

that centuries later God were to raise up a prophet through whom he would restore the true meaning of his word, giving back to the earth the original message brought by His messiah ages before. Do you think that it might be possible for world Jewry to unite under the direction of such a modern prophet?" The rabbi smiled and said he considered it quite likely, adding that he was looking for just such a latter day prophet to officiate over the rebuilding of the Temple at Jerusalem and to restore the true mode of Temple worship and sacrifice, which he admitted had been lost. He also agreed that the general Christian world of today does not teach even a vague resemblance of the message that Jesus, the carpenter From Nazareth taught two thousand years ago.

In addition to the normal class work, I busied myself at the beginning of October with extra studying for New Testament class. I wanted to get all my assignments out of the way a month in advance in order to have more free time during our three week stay in the Galilee. By cloistering myself in my bedroom at the Vienna Hotel for four and a half solid days, I was able to complete a semester's curriculum in a much shorter period of time, and still get an "A" for the course from Brother Anderson, who encouraged my acceleration plan.



On the 9th of October we left Jerusalem to spend a week at kibbutz Degania Aleph on the southwestern shore of the Sea of Galilee. For want of space I won't go into the philosophy of kibbutz living here, but I we were told by LDS church leaders in Israel say that the emphasis on personal freedom, or "free agency," put the kibbutz concept closer to the practice of the United Order as practiced by early Mormons in Nauvoo and Utah than to communism as practiced by the Soviets and others.

At the time of our visit, Degania Aleph was primarily a farming community, though some of the residents were also employed in the business of industrial diamonds. Our group worked in the fields the banana groves, as well as harvesting dates and grapefruits. The food served in the dining hall at Degania Aleph was particularly good.

On the 16th of October, we left the kibbutz for a youth hostel a few miles north, but still on the lake, by the name of Kare Deshe. Once we were off the kibbutz I had a lot of free time to myself, since I had finished all my class work before leaving Jerusalem. I spent many hours hiking and enjoying the rural scenery, or sitting on the beach looking out at the water. On the 24th of October I walked most of the way around the Sea of Galilee, though I did accept a few rides when they were offered. The road on the northern side of the lake was unpaved, overgrown with brush, and sabra cacti were

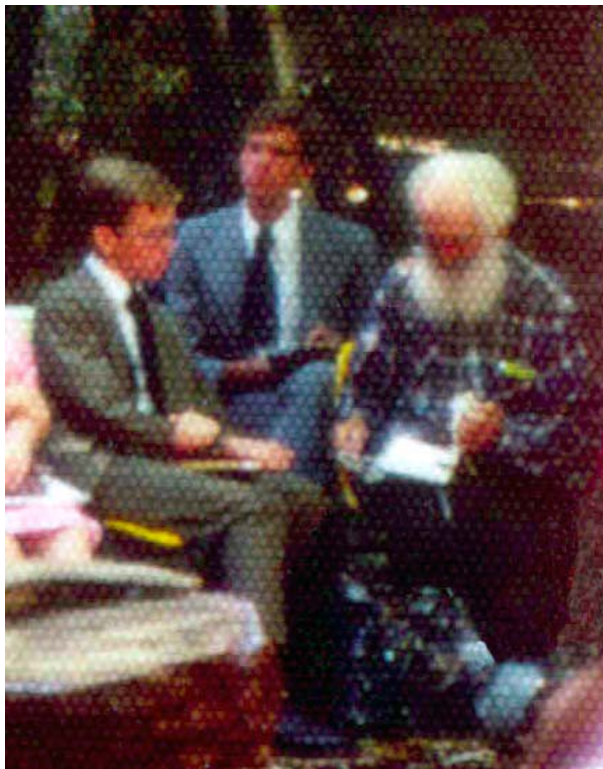
common. Sabra is native only to Israel and has a sweet, bulbous Fruit with seeds similar to a pomegranate. Native-born Israelis refer to themselves as “sabras”, comparing themselves to this indigenous sweet but prickly fruit. I decided to try one, but didn't have a pocketknife with me. I wound up with scores of tiny barbed prickles in my hands and mouth that didn't work their way out for several days.



When I arrived back at the hostel, a couple hundred people were there. BYU travel study groups from London, Paris and Salzburg had arrived for a short visit in the holy land. That night we had a large bonfire on the beach and entertained each other with skits, stories and songs. Several people remarked that the Jerusalem group seemed to have a group unity and special love for each other that the other groups didn't possess. That may have simply been my perception.

On October 23rd, at Kare Deshe, about ten minutes into our priesthood meeting, we were joined by an unexpected visitor.

"I looked up and an old man with a long white flowing beard holding a walking stick was standing a few feet behind the brother who was conducting. He asked in a thick accent, 'Do you mind if I join you?' Once he was invited in, he sat down beside me. After the meeting was over we talked a little while. His name was Alexander Finne. He's been here in Israel for 'two or maybe three years now.' His daughter, he said, who works for the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, is writing a dissertation on oral history and is supporting him financially here. Walking around the country, he stops and talks to people and visits with them. He takes an awful lot of pictures -- all of people. He is 77 years old! The way he acts he could physically keep up or ahead of most 20 year olds. Today he walked here from Sefat, which is about 30 kilometers! Brother Anderson seemed to have met him before and he asked him, 'Well Alec, have you found anyone to go to St. Catherine's with you yet?' He said no. He's been looking for someone to walk down to



St. Catherine's Monastery at the foot of Mt. Sinai. With his personal recommendation from the Pope, he wants to spend a lot of time in their library which, he said, is second in its field (ancient illuminated manuscripts and books) only to the Vatican. After thinking about it for a while, I asked him if he would like to go together with me. He answered, 'Oh yes. I'd like that very much,' getting very excited. What we would like to do is to take the first two weeks in December and walk, hitchhike, bus or whatever, down to Mt. Sinai and stay for a day or two. I'm certain that I could learn a lot from him. He speaks about all sorts of things -- often in parables. His language is very simple -- never having been to school a day in his life, so he says. Another thing -- He says that he is very impressed with the LDS Church and maybe he will join the Church when he goes back to the states. I hope that I would be able to tell him those things that he needs and wants to know in relation thereto. One thing that I really admire about him is his ability to talk to people and make friends. I walked with him for about a mile or two on his way back to Sefat. He gave me his address as a post office box in Sefat."

The idea of walking across the desert to Mt. Sinai with this white bearded gentleman, documenting oral history all the way, was appealing to me, but it did not work out. I don't know if Alec made it to St. Catherine's or not. His name does not come up in present-day queries of Internet search engines.



A few days later, on the 27th of October, I turned 19 years old. Someone made a large card that was signed by all of the girls in the group. We did several hours of traveling that day, and nearly every time I got on the bus or approached a group of people, they broke into a chorus of "Happy Birthday." The most enjoyable experiences that I had in Israel, I wrote in my diary, and the most valued, were the friendships with the other students and the Anderson family.

On my birthday the BYU group had its second baptismal service in the Jordan River near Degania Aleph near the spot where Jesus is widely believed to have been immersed by John the Baptist. (The first was for a member of our group, Carol Campbell, on the 9th.) An Arab by the name of Rezik, and a Jewish immigrant from the USSR named Isaac Patlov were admitted to the Kingdom of God (aka the Mormon church) and confirmed by Elder Boyd K. Packer of the Quorum of Twelve.

At the start of the service Elder and Sister Packer began to sit down next to me on a rock by the river. Before she sat, I offered Sister Packer my journal book to place under her dress so it wouldn't get dirty. After the meeting, Elder Packer approached me, and without saying a word, took the book from me and wrote in it a short note: "We have enjoyed an inspiring event here on the Jordan River in this baptism. Blessings to you. B.K. Packer." He added, "Thank you for being so good to my wife."

That afternoon we toured the Golan Heights, where much violence had taken place just a few years before. One student, Dan Wendelboe, decided to collect some spent shells home for souvenirs, and before anyone could stop him, he leaped over the barbed wire and started across a live minefield. By the time someone saw him, he was rummaging around on the floor of a bombed out jeep. Fortunately, he was able to retrace his steps without mishap.

In what may have been my first home visit in anything resembling social work, on November 17th I described meeting an aged American dancer who had a sick dog. She proudly display a battered newspaper clipping that she carried in her purse showing her at a formal affair with former U.S. Vice President Hubert Humphrey. The lady lived in Bethlehem and needed some help carrying a large bag of bones and carrion home to feed them. Dan and I helped her on the bus and went with her into a filthy home that was overrun by dogs. There were dozens of them, mostly of mixed breed, in all sizes. All of them appeared underfed and dirty. I wrote in my journal:



This afternoon Brother Anderson asked me to go with an old woman whom Dan Wendelboe met in a charute on the way to Tel Aviv, to the veterinarian about her dog whose leg was broken. When we got there, the doctor said that the leg was broken too long ago -- she waited about two weeks -- and it had healed itself in a bad position. She also had another dog (a very small one) with an open sore exposing the muscle of its left ear about 5 inches in circumference. The doctor examined it and said, "I am sorry. There's nothing I can do." After a considerable amount of debate between the two of them, I told her that I agreed with the vet that the dog should be put to sleep (17 November 1977).

On the morning of the above experience, I stopped in at the office of a local Armenian photographer to have a souvenir picture taken in the local style.



At the beginning of December we all began to realize just how close the end of the trip was. On the eleventh we had a combination farewell and Christmas party in a secluded shepherd's field outside of Bethlehem. If wasn't the field that is advertised by the Catholics to be "the very one" mentioned in the gospel of Luke, but it was good enough for our purposes. Actually, it was better. We roasted hot dogs and marshmallows and reflected

back on the last six months over the bonfire, voicing gratitude for our experiences and the friends who were present. No angels were visible to us that night, but the warm feeling between and among group members was undeniably real.

Before dawn on the morning of December 12th we left the Vienna Hotel for the last time, on a bus for Lod Airport outside Tel Aviv. It was with mixed emotions that I boarded the plane. Although I was sorry to leave, and could not believe that I would not be seeing the sights of Israel again, I was eager to get back on American soil.



IN MEMORIUM



A. Gary Anderson

Born 8 April 1933 – Died 21 January 1995

Pictured with his wife Annette



Ivan J. Barrett

Born 4 April 1910 – Died August 19, 1999

Pictured with his wife Minnie



Credits

- ❖ “History of BYU Students in Jerusalem As Remembered and Recorded by S. Kent Brown” (1995) on the personal website of Ray & Joanne Linford, <http://www.mech.utah.edu/~dlinford/rhl/jerucent.shtml>]
- ❖ Portrayal of “squatter” toilet at Dahab, Egypt from “Toilets of the World”, website by Bob Cromwell (2002) at <http://www.cromwell-intl.com/toilet/Index.html>
- ❖ “Fact Sheet” (2002) from a website of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan designed to be “a living tribute to the legacy of King Hussein of His Majesty King Husein bin Talel” (1935-1999) at <http://www.kinghussein.gov.jo/facts2.html>

Related Links

LDS Church – <http://lds.org>
Brigham Young University – <http://byu.edu>
BYU Jerusalem Center for Near Eastern Studies – <http://ce.byu.edu/jc/>
BYU Jerusalem, class of 2000 page – <http://jerusalem.jlcarroll.net/>
By David Galbraith - http://www.lightplanet.com/mormons/daily/education/BYU_JC_EOM.htm
Jerusalem Center safe amid conflict – <http://newsnet.byu.edu/section.cfm/JERUSALEM/>
Holy Lands Revealed with Dan Rona – <http://www.israelrevealed.com>
International Student Travel Confederation – <http://www.istc.org>

The State of Israel – <http://www.info.gov.il/eng/mainpage.asp>
The Palestinian National Authority – <http://www.pna.org>

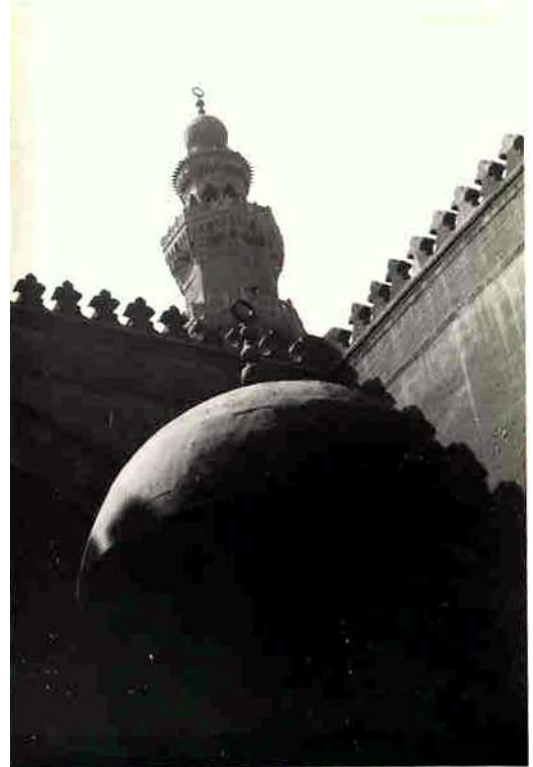
Book review: *Covenant and Chosenness in Judaism and Mormonism* (Jospe, Madsen & Ward, 2001), Fairleigh Dickinson University Press
<http://www.aml-online.org/reviews/b/B200233.html>

Internet Sacred Text Archive – <http://www.sacred-texts.com/index.htm>

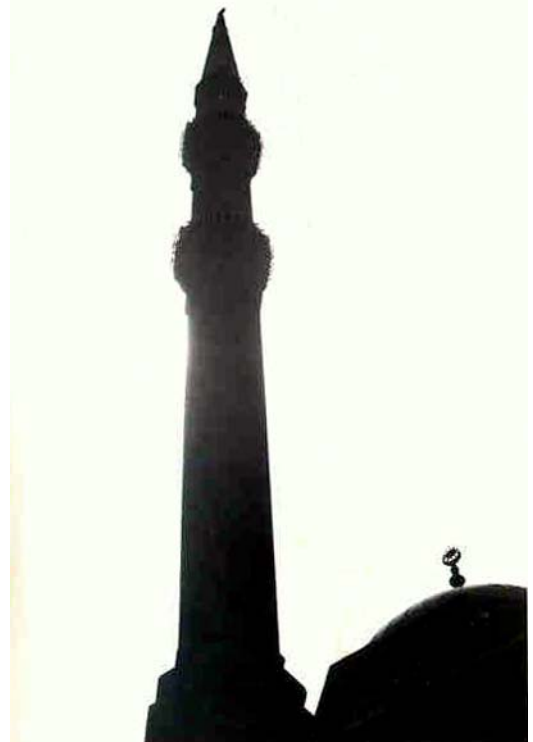
CAIRO, EGYPT



Photos by TOM RUE – 1 to 2 August 1977



Cairo is home to hundred of mosques.





Carol Campbell outside the Alabaster Mosque



Ramses II at the Cairo Museum



Professor Joseph Yacuv, Cairo University



Hieroglyphics at Giza



A lioness in need of a nose job (thanks to Napoleon, it's said)



Giza



Rue at Giza



Riding the ass of an Egyptian entrepreneur, who grabbed my camera, physically placed me on his animal, snapped a bad photo, then demanded *baksheesh*! He didn't get any.