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Pilgrimage To The Holy Land,

September

1962.

"O pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
they shall prosper that love thee."


The
HOLY LAND
Mt. Hermon
The
Great
Sea
Sea of
Galilee
GALILEE
Nazareth
Samaria
SAMARIA
River Jordan
PERÆA
Jerusalem
Bethlehem
JUDÆA
Dead Sea
N
W
E

Departure:

Sunday 9th September 1962.

A grey, blustery day. Miss Fitzgerald and I sailed from Dún Laoghaire at 9.0. o'clock that night. It was quite dark by then, and all the lights of Dún Laoghaire were lit as we moved slowly away. We saw the ghostly yellow lights of Clontarf gleaming across the bay, and as we passed into the open sea, the bell of a rusty buoy jangled crazily, as it was tossed about by the dark waves. We remained out on deck for an hour. The further out the boat proceeded the rougher it became. Finally we became cold and we reeled inside, [it was difficult to walk steadily on the heaving deck]; draughts blew through an open door and kept us from smothering. A continuous stream of sea-sick passengers tottered to and fro from the deck. The sight of their bilious-green faces made me feel decidely uncomfortable. Miss Fitzgerald, however, kept our minds occupied by keeping up a continuos discourse all the way from Dún Laoghaire to Holyhead; on the appearance of a would-be sick passenger, she renewed, with much intensity and vigour, the theme of conversation.

Several times I felt I would have to leave her; but for her admirable conversational powers, I would have been forced to join the ranks of

Monday 10th September, 1962.

retching "land-lubbers".

Having arrived at Holyhead at 12.30 A.m., we boarded the 1.10.A.m. train to London. We each had a seperate sleeping compartments; they were beautifully compact and clean. We ordered tea and then retired to bed. I slept badly on the train; the jolting and rattle of rails and engine shattered any possible sleep. Miss Fitzgerald, however, slept very well. We reached London at 8.30 A.m. and had breakfast at the Euston Hotel. We then drove to the Park Gate Hotel, Bayswater Road, and left our luggage in our rooms.

We met some of our fellow pilgrims at the hotel:- Dr. Mitchell [the Bishop of Down] and his wife, his sister, [Mrs. Warick], and his sister-in-law, [Mrs. Egar], also Mr. Braun [head of divinity school T.C.D.] and Mr. Martin, [a young Belfast clergyman].

Miss Fitzgerald and I visited the Tower of London that morning. We took an underground train to it. We walked up streets and across them for ages. We walked by long alleys of warehouses; we asked a dozen policemen the way and finally found it. As Miss Fitzgerald remarked "Well anyway we took a more unusal approach to it." - We certainly did; when we arrived outside its walls, we

walked along the road overlooking the moat, trying to find a gate into the grounds. We went as far as Tower Bridge, and as far as we could see the only way down to the grounds was to leap over the wall, which incurred the risk of impaling oneself on the railings.

We walked back along the same road and eventually found a gate into the gardens. Having paid the admission fee into the tower, we first visited the Bloody Tower, where we saw the prison room occupied by Sir Walter Raleigh.

The Tower of London : The Bloody Tower.

We visited the Armouries in the White Tower next. We spent over an hour looking at suits of armour, swords, pistols, powder-horns and daggers. Many of the pistols and powder-horns were beautifully inlaid with ivory, enamel, mother-of-pearl, silver and gold; the work was mainly German and Italian.



Tower of London: Armouries. Armour of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, favourite of Queen I, made at Greenwich.

London.

We lunched at Lyons and after lunch we paid a visited to All Hallows - By - The - Tower [Toc H Church]. We also visited Westminister Abbey taking special note of the poet's corner. Having dined at the National Book League Club we met up with the other group of Irish fellow pilgrims at the Haymarket. We saw School For Scandal which was an excellent production; the cast included Sir Ralph Richardson, Margaret Rutherford, Anna and Daniel Massey. We met Mr. Jenkins there, - the Archdeacon of Dublin.

Post Card - Quote

10th Sept. 1962

" Just a line to say we arrived safely. Very many people were sick as it was a very rough crossing; but Miss Fitzgerald and I managed to hold out. Miss Fitzgerald kept our minds occupied talking from Dún Laoghaire to Holyhead! Well, London is as noisy and as crowded as ever. We saw the tower, all Hallows - By - The - Tower [the guild church of Toc H] and then saw School for Scandal [very good indeed]. I am writing this at 12.5. and am tired. I did not sleep very well on the train, though the cabins were lovely. We have met up with six of the party for the Holy Land. No more till I reach Beirut - God Willing -

Lots of Love from

Patricia.

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Tuesday 11th September, 1962.

The Irish contingent left Park Gate Hotel for Victoria Station Air Terminal ; there we met the rest of the pilgrims : -

The Bishop of Fulham, The Right Rev. Roderic Coote - Leader.
The Rev. Johnson, clergyman of Barbados.
Mrs. Siddons, retired school teacher.
The Rev. J. Brown, head of Divinity School Trinity College.
The Rev. Turner, Vicar of Belfast.
Mrs. Turner, wife of Rev. Turner.
The Bishop of Down, The Right Rev. F. Mitchell.
Mrs. Mitchell, the Bishop of Down's wife.
Mrs. Warnock, the Bishop of Down's sister.
Mrs. Egar, the Bishop of Down's sister-in-law.
Miss Geraldine Fitzgerald, Librarian of Church Rep. Body. Library
Mrs. M. Dobbs, daughter of Archbishop Dobbs.
Mr. Gordon Cambell, graduate of Cambridge.
Mr. Jenkins, the Archdeacon of Dublin, Chancellor of St. Patricks.
Mrs. Garret, retired English teacher
The Rev. James Harlin, Belfast clergyman.
Major Garret, server at altar, keen gardener.
Miss Dorothea Johnson, sister to the Rev. Johnson
Mr. Clarke, from Glasgow, keen photographer, non-conformist
Mr. Helmick, the American
Miss Sasse, retired school-teacher
Miss Edith Morphie, retired school-teacher

Fellow - Pilgrims.

Miss Enid Morphie, retired civil servant.
Mrs. Farrell, probably oldest member of pilgrimage
Joan Farrell, daughter to Mrs. Farrell.
Miss Maud, crippled lady
Miss Maud junior, sister to crippled lady.
Miss Barker, private teacher of languages
Mr. Hammond, Verger of St. Mary's Church, Battersea.
Miss Start, retired hospital matron.
Mr. and Mrs. Bamburry, from Bristol
Miss Patricia Ledbetter, student.

After we had displayed our passports and bought bus tickets we boarded the Airport bus. I sat beside the major, who lit his pipe continually all the way to the Airport. After the usual delay at such places we finally reached our plane. We had been waiting for fifteen minutes for the take-off, when a message came that a technical hitch had occured. All passengers had to leave the plane; we were presented with cards entitling us to a light meal. Within an hour we were back on the plane, which took off swiftly and smoothly. Middle East Airlines was the Company whose plane we flew in; the plane was a jet comet and flew at a rate of 500 miles an hour, reaching an altitude of 30,000 feet.

Frankfurt

We landed at Frankfurt for 40 minutes, where we purchased a basinful of water and piece of soap at a shilling per head. We boarded the plane again; we had lunch as we flew over Italy and the Alps. We also passed over Hungary and the River Danube, Greece and its islands, in the Aegean Sea, the Mediterranean Sea. The sun sank in a golden sky pierced with spears of fiery red. On one side of the plane the sky was a deep violet blue, the evening star glittered like a silver tear in its depths; while on the other side of the plane the sky was still golden pink and pale blue.



Frankfurt Am Main

It was quite dark when we arrived at Beirut at 9.0. oclock. Before landing we circled above a sprawling city bespangled by thousands of lights. As we left the plane a blast of hot air hit our faces, and we thought it was the engines of the plane that were cooling after the long flight. But it was not the engines of the aircraft that was causing the increase in temperature; it was simply Beirut! We had some delay at the customs, but finally we were bundled onto a bus with all our luggage.

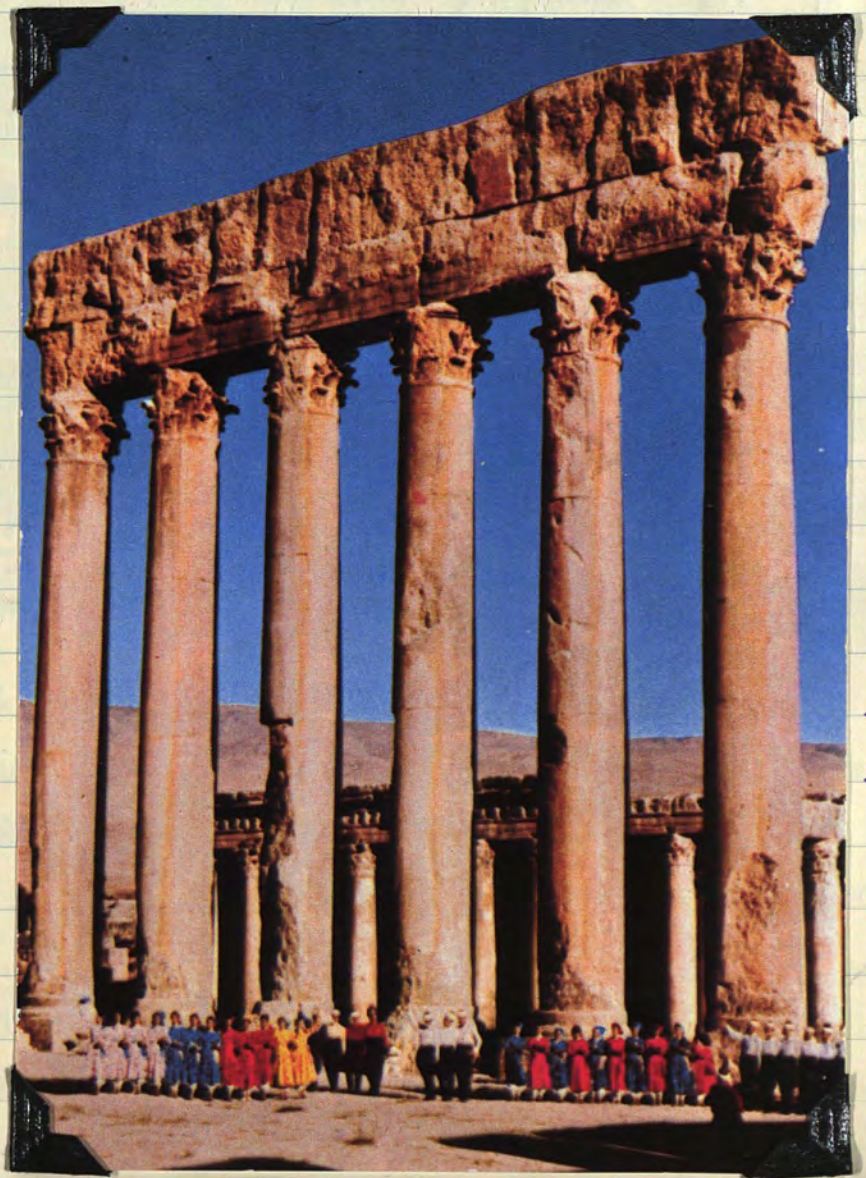
We were brought for an hours drive through Beirut; my first impression of the city was that of a huge, dusty and very eastern settlement with long roads of rust-coloured dust, [or so it appeared in the head-lamps of the bus], which were bordered by tall stately palms; here and there great lumpy mounds of melons rose in dark humps beside the road, and people could be seen sitting outside their houses at tables having a meal, by the dim light of a lamp.

Our overnight stay was to be spent at the Staffhouse Hotel, Mok Dusi Street. We were all presented with cold fruit drinks, and carnations in silver foil were handed to all the ladies. After we had been alloted our rooms we assembled in the lounge, where a film was shown of Beirut and Lebanon in general; we were each presented with a large envelope

containing literature on Lebanon. Then we had dinner at eleven. Dinner consisted of a rather greasy soup full of meat shreds, [chicken and barley], veal with lemon, peas, lettuce, tomatoes and carrots, iced pink melon and coffee. Everybody retired to their bedrooms after dinner: the heat was humid - just what I imagined me would feel in a jungle forest. I shared a room with Dorothea Johnson of the West Indies; - we got on very well together during the pilgrimage.

Wednesday 12th, 1962. Beirut

I Awoke at six o'clock having slept all night with the bedclothes thrown back, the windows and doors, out to verandah, wide open. Even at that early hour the heat was tremendous. People were walking the streets in the brilliant sunshine - it was not the time nor the place to be abed. Within half an hour a group of us took to the hot, bright streets for a stroll before breakfast.



Baalbek :- The Dramatic Art + music Festival takes place there in July-August

After breakfast we took the bus back to the airport where we boarded the plane for Jerusalem Airport [Kalundia]. It was an hour's flight to Jerusalem and on the journey we passed over some of the most barren land I have ever seen. The hills had a dry red baked appearance and were folded and cut by cracked fissures; nothing living was to be seen on the miles of hot, simmering waste.

On arrival at Jerusalem airport, I was nearly blinded by the white light of the sun, and hastily replaced my sun-glasses. At the customs I made a fatal mistake of showing my Israeli passport instead of my one for Jordan, and there was a very long moment of tension as a result. For officially the two countries are at war with each other, and we were later to experience something of the tremendous hatred, suspicion and easily aroused wrath of the Arabs against their Jewish enemies.

However they realised I was only a foolish pilgrim and entirely disinterested in political matters of either side, and it was not long before we were shown into big American saloon cars, which sped over the bumpy roads to the Claridge Hotel, the same cars were our means of transport for the next eight days. Our first view of Jerusalem was momentous; all doubts and fears

of its being very commercialised, very modern and very Westernised were absolutely blown sky high. Jerusalem lay below in the same setting as I had hoped, but thought impossible, it would look like - it is <u>impossible</u> to describe it.



<u>Panorama Of Jerusalem.</u>

Our home, for eight days to come, was the Claridge Hotel on the Hill of Scandal [the hill where King Solomon built a palace for his many wives]. We were first shown to our rooms. Our room commanded a splendid view of the old city; the golden Dome of the Rock, a Mohomedan Mosque, caught the eye from amongst

the many flat-roofed, sand-coloured buildings surrounding it. To the right of the window a hill of cypress trees and gardens stood, this was the Mount Of Olives.

After lunch we visited St. Georges for a short opening service to our pilgrimage. We then drove to the Mount of Olives to watch sunset over Jerusalem.



General View Of The Mount Of Olives

In the Chapel of the Ascension the following reading was read:-

"And when He had spoken these things, while

they beheld, He was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight. And while they looked stedfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel. Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven. Then returned they unto Jerusalem from the mount called Olivet, which is from Jerusalem a sabbath day's journey."

The place of the actual Ascension is marked by a small mosque; enclosed and imprinted on the rock is a footprint :- the traditional footprint of Christ at the time of his ascension, [shown below].



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All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Matt. 28 : 18.



From the flat roof of a building beside the Chapel of the Ascension we watched our first sunset over Jerusalem; the same sunset over the same old city that Jesus often must have watched long ago. We saw many buildings of interest from this rooftop; - the Dome of the Rock, the San Antonio Tower, the Lutheran Church, the Church of the Holy Sepulchure, the Golden Gate and many other mosques and minarets. The sunset was very beautiful, and the golden dome of the Dome of the Rock caught the fiery glint of the setting sun on its gilded roof.



Ancient Jerusalem and the Mount Of Olives.

Jerusalem By Night

We had dinner at 6.30.p.m. and then sat and talked in the lounge till 9.0. when a short evening service was held, - [Compline] - a perfect ending to a perfect day. And so to bed. My room-mate Miss Johnson was very devout, and as I bounded into bed she asked me as to whether I had said my prayers. I told her that I said my prayers sometimes, and when I said them I did so in bed. Before I knew where I was she pulled me forcibly to my knees by the bedside and closed my hands in prayer. After five minutes I ventured to ask her if I might kneel by the open window instead, as I found more inspiration for praying looking at a starry sky than burying my head in the hairy blankets. She consented and I knelt on the step by the window, having draped a sheet in toga style around me. Jerusalem by night was very lovely; thousands of lights twinkled from the straggling groups of houses sprawling higgledy-piggedly on the hills and in the hollows. The Mount Of Olives looked very mysterious in the moonlight; the cypress trees stood like stiff black stalagmites around and on top of the mount. I could almost picture a ghostly figure in white appearing from among trees, the figure of Christ or one of his disciples walking and praying - which reminded me that I had been kneeling for over

quarter of an hour and had not even started. I glanced over my shoulder into our dark room. Dorothea was still praying, so I said my prayers and spent a further five minutes looking at the night sky. Never have I seen so many stars, the whole sky shone like silver while here and there black patches of heaven hung like dusky leaves.

By the time I had finally crept to bed, Dorothea was already in bed asleep and snoring slightly. I clapped my hands and the snoring stopped simultaneously. I laughed to myself as I lay thinking of things people had said that day – then I drifted into sleep – sleep the death of each days life".

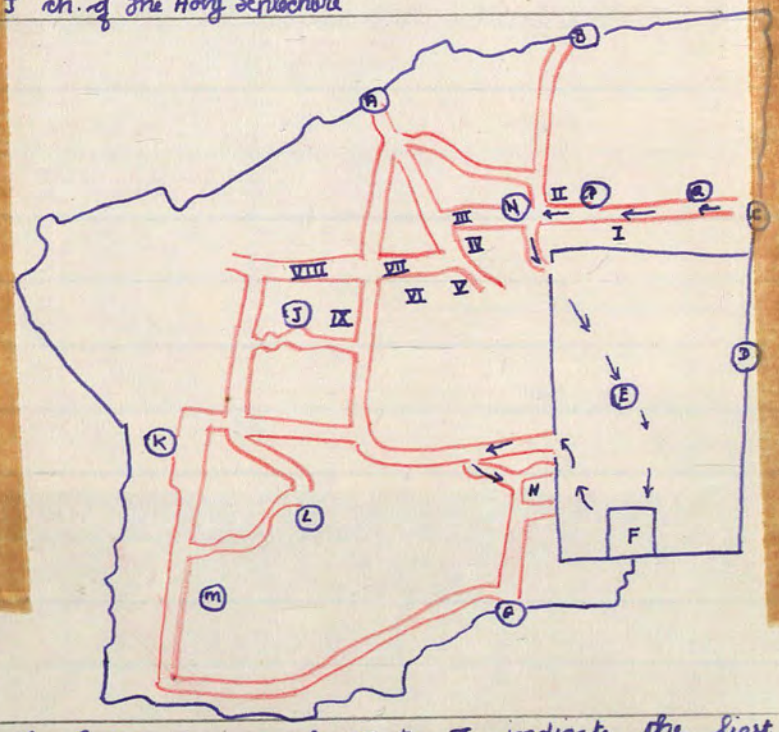
I woke with a start at four o'clock the next morning; I heard a strange sound and a very loud singing. In my confusion I tried to get out of the wrong side of the bed, but having knocked my hands head and toes off the wall on that side, I stumbled out the other; whereupon I tripped over the sheet which had wound itself around my feet and legs like a winding sheet. The thump on the floor and all the commotion outside awoke Dorothea. She explained very patiently that the singing or rather the weird unearthly chanting was merely a Mohomedan holy man summoning his people to prayer!

Thursday 13th September, 1962. # The Temple Area.

We rose at 6.30. and after breakfast we left the hotel by car. We drove to the gate of St. Stephen.

KEY TO MAP.

A. Damascus Gate
B. Herod's Gate
C. St Stephens Gate
D. Golden Gate
E. Dome Of The Rock
F. EL AQSA MOSQUE
G. DUNG GATE
H. WAILING WALL
I ch. of the Holy Sepulchure
K. Citadel
L. Syrian ch. of St. Mark
M. Armenian cathedral
N. Ecce Homo Convent
P. FLAGELLATION CONUENT
Q. BETHESDA and Church of St. Anne.



The Roman numerals I to IX indicate the first nine "stations" on the "Way of the Cross". The remaining "stations" X to XIII are inside the Church of the Holy Sepulchure

We walked passed the Via Dolorosa and on to the Temple Area. The sun was extremely hot and pleasant.

The [~~Mosque Of Omar~~ Dome Of The Rock] was being repaired at the time, and though there was much scaffolding up, we could see that it was a remarkably well proportioned and beautiful building.



This Dome covers the traditional place where Abraham offered Isaac. It is the earliest example of Arabic architecture in existence today.

" The building is octagonal in shape; a magnificent dome surmounted with a crescent crowns it. The base of the exterior of the building is covered with grey veined white marble and the upper part with fine porcelain Kashan tiles inscribed in arabesques, and verses from the

Qur'an inscribed in interwoven characters of blue and white."

The floor inside the building was paved with marble. There were many pillars and columns which were richly encrusted in gold and mosaic work. The stained glass windows were very beautiful and shafts of brilliant coloured lights struck the walls and floor, making pools of rainbow. It was quite dark inside and except for the metallic chunk of the workmen's hammer from some obscure part of the dome, all was still. The holy rock lay gleaming dully, like a huge mound of cement, in the centre of the mosque.



Interior of the Dome of the Rock.

King Solomon's Stables.

When we had seen all that was visible, of the great mosque, through the framework of iron scaffolding, we were brought by our guide, David, to the further end of the courtyard. Here we descended down into the depths of the earth by means of a rough, hewn staircase of stone. After the hot, dry air of the atmosphere outside, the air inside seemed very clammy and moist. It was difficult to breathe properly and, though it was not exactly cold down there, the air made us shiver.

As far as the eye could discern, a huge high empty hall stretched a far way into a black obscurity; a colonade of tall, stout pillars formed three long rows supporting the ceiling. The floor was of rock and the lofty roof was of stone. This was Solomon's Stables. As many other buildings, this particular one had fallen below the level of the rest of the city. The few shafts of daylight that penetrated this massive and gloomy hall gave the faces of those standing around me, an unearthly pallor.

Mr. Martin's remark that "he would not like to be locked up" in this tomb-like building voiced the opinions of many others. He told me then of a friend of his who was an organist; he said that this man had been practising the organ one night and by mistake had been locked in with the church mice,

ghosts and other spiritual occupants of the church. Instead of ringing all the church bells to draw attention to his plight, or of bedding down as comfortably as possible in a church pew, the unfortunate man sat on his organ stool in complete darkness for the whole night. "A little meditation did him the world of good, no doubt," added Mr. Martin.

The last building we were shown in the Temple Area was the of the mosque of aksa; this mosque was formerly a Christian church, built it is said for St. Mary by the Emperor Justinian. We just stood outside and stared in at the Muslims prostrating themselves in worship, on beautiful Persian carpets..



The Mosque Of Aksa.

The Wailing Wall.

We visited the famous Wailing Wall of Jerusalem, the Hebrew of which is הַכּוֹתֶל הַמַּעֲרָבִי

- Israel Guide, Zev Vilnay Ph.D.

- " the Wailing Wall one of the holiest of Jewish sites is near the western entrance to the Temple Area. A relic of the western wall that surrounded the Temple Court in olden days, it is called in Hebrew - Kotel Hama'arabi - the Western Wall.

The tiers of large stones date from the Second Temple. In the course of the centuries, however, debris of successive wars and destructions was thrown here, and ultimately a great part of the wall was covered with soil, so that a large portion of it is hidden beneath the ground's surface. The lowest part may actually date from the time of Solomon's temple. For generations the Jews have been making pilgrimages to the Wailing Wall, particularly on the eve of the destruction of the Temple. Legend has it that in the dead of the night a white dove - the Divine Providence - appears and coos sadly with the mourners. At night the stones are covered with drops of dew, which legend declares to be the tears the Wailing Wall sheds while weeping with all Israel."

Now the Jews have been banished from Jordan, and no one weeps by the Wailing Wall of old Jerusalem. As the Bishop Of Fulham wittily remarked, the new Wailing Wall of the Jews is now at the tax offices of new Jerusalem, Israel.

Road To Bethlehem.

We walked back from the Wailing Wall to the cars. From there we drove on to the little town of Bethlehem. Though it may have been an optical illusion on my part, I found much of the countryside along the way strongly resembled County Clare; the terrain was stony and very rugged. Caves were pointed out to us in the sides of the rocky mountains where people dwelt and still dwell. Bethlehem is built on the lower slopes of the mountains of Judea.







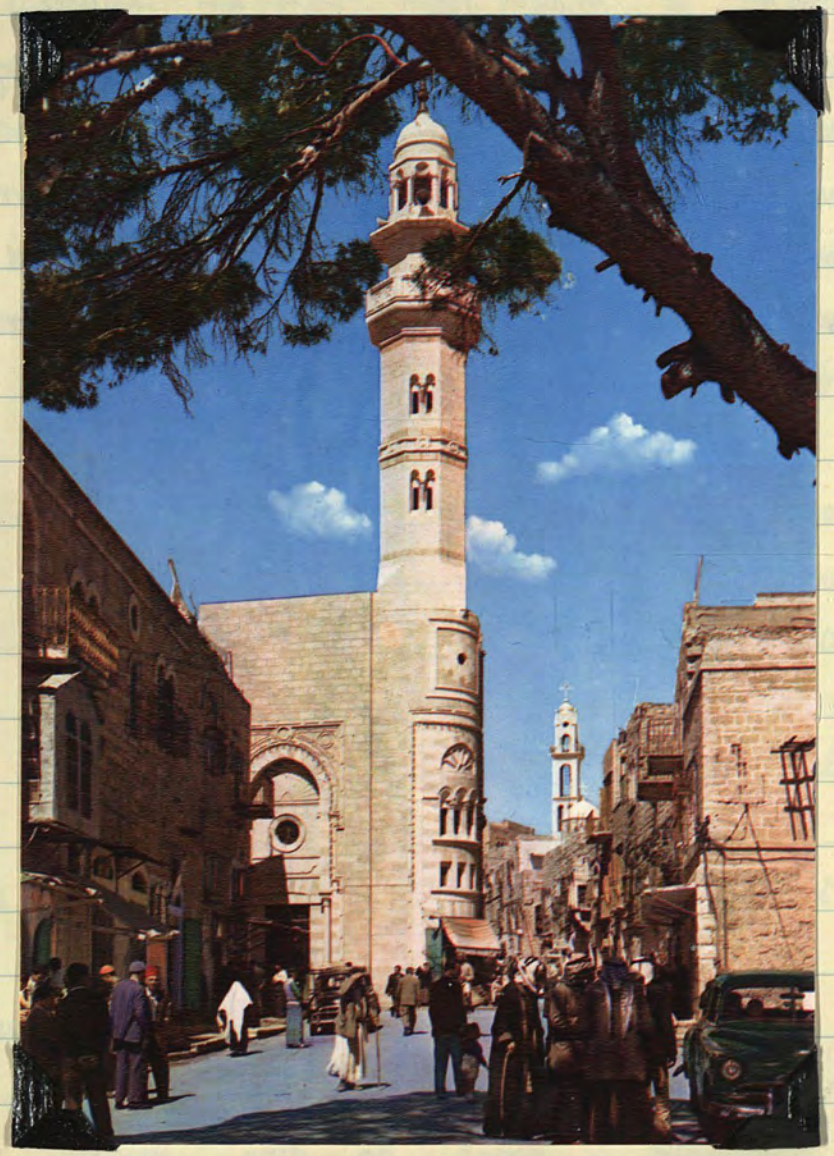


Bethlehem.

The Hebrew names means House Of Bread. Micha the prophet praises the city of Bethlehem, "Thou Bethlehem, Ephrath, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall

Bethlehem.

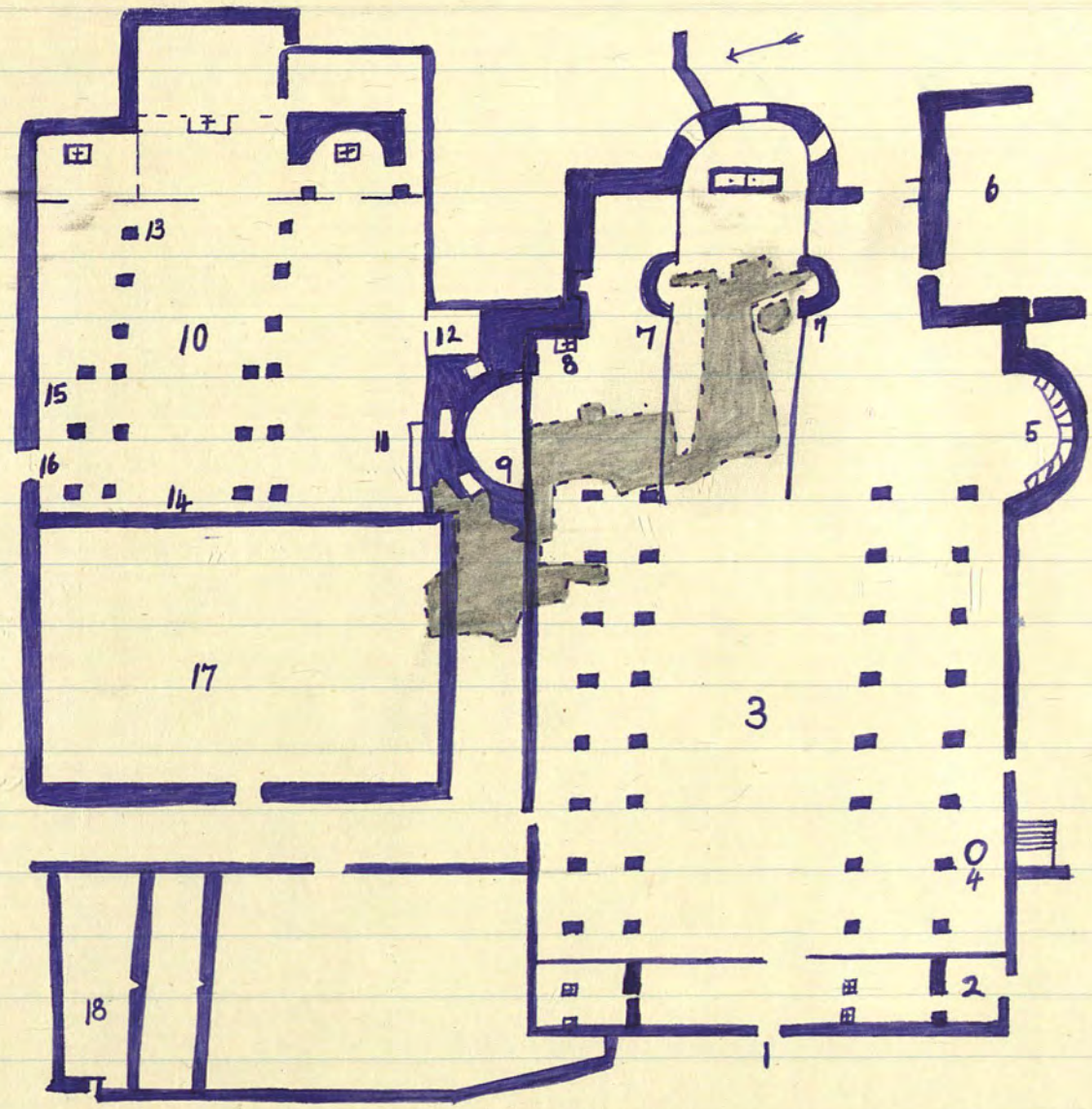
he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting".



Market Place in Bethlehem;

All the shopkeepers appeared from out of their shops and begged us to step inside and examine their wares. But our first destination was the Church of the Nativity.

Plan Of The Church Of The Nativity



1) Main Entrance. 2) Entrance to the Armenian monastery. 3) Prayer hall.
4) Stone font engraved with a Greek inscription 5) Exit to the Greek Monastery
6) Greek monastery 7) Entrance to the Cave of the Nativity 8) Chapel Of Armenians
9) Entrance to St. Catherine Church of the Catholics 10) Saint Catherine Church
11) Entrance to burial caves 12) Statue of Mary 13) Wooden pulpit
14) Confession cells. 15) Font 16) Exit to the Franciscan Monastery
17) Cloister 18) Exit to the public square.



The Birth Of Our Lord:

NB The Hebrew lettering given here does not form Hebrew words.

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. [And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria]. And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, [because he was of the house and lineage of David]. To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

The Church Of the Nativity.

Church Of the Nativity - Its History. "One of the oldest churches, [Christian], surviving. First built by Constantine about 326, it was rebuilt by Justinian after the Samaritan rising of 529. After that it escaped the destruction which more than once overtook other Christian churches in Palestine. Below the floor of the present nave can be seen large sections of the original mosaic floor of Constantine's church. In the Grotto of the Nativity below the sanctuary, a star set in the floor marks the traditional place where Jesus was born. From the adjoining [Latin] church of St. Catherine, one can reach other caves including the one where St. Jerome lived for some years at the beginning of the fifth century while translating the Bible into Latin. It is the bells of St. Catherine's which are heard at Christmas; the bells of the Church of the Nativity itself are not heard till January 7th, as the Orthodox Church still follows the old Julian Calendar, which is now 13 days behind ours."

We entered into the Church of the Nativity by the main entrance and found ourselves in what is known as the prayer hall. "The hall is traversed by four rows of monolithic columns of reddish limestone, erected in about the twelfth century. On some of them are paintings of Saints. The entablement which rests upon the columns, was richly adorned with mosaics and Greek inscriptions, in the (12, but now only portions have been preserved. The lofty wooden roof was once



The Prayer Hall : The Church Of the Nativity, Bethlehem.

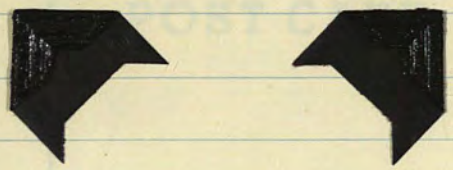
covered with lead, but in the seventeenth century the Turks decided that this same lead could be put to better use in the form of bullets ...

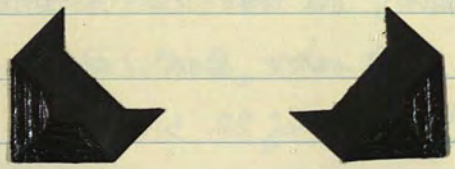


The Holy Manger Place : The Church Of the Nativity, Bethlehem.

The Church Of The Nativity

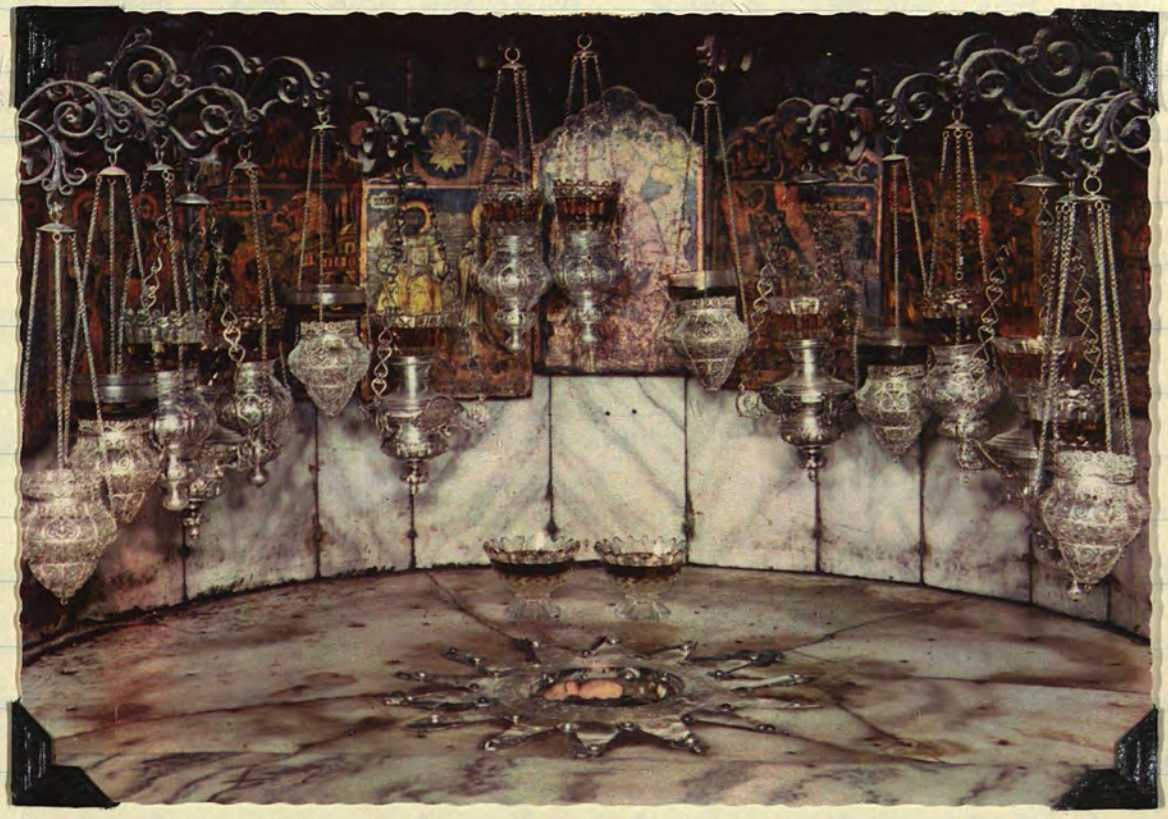
From the Prayer Hall we descended into the Cave of the Nativity where we saw the Holy Manger Place and Spot of the Nativity. The Cave was beautifully adorned with





tapestries of scarlet and gold, or blue and gold; the actual rough walls of the cave were hidden behind these tapestries. The cave was lit by many Eastern lamps of richly inwrought gold and silver. The atmosphere was very strange; the silence was unearthly and, but for the flickering of luminous blue flames in the wicks of the lamps, there was no movement. The Bishop of Fulham read the story of the birth of our Lord. I shall always remember the scene that day whenever I hear that passage about Christ's birth,

and especially on a dark and frosty Christmas eve.

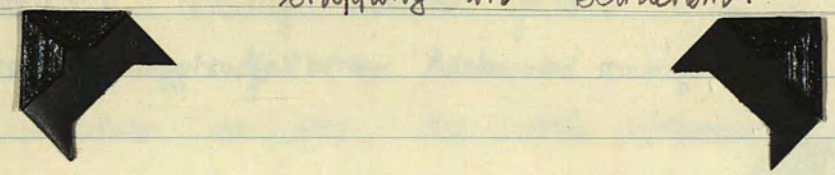


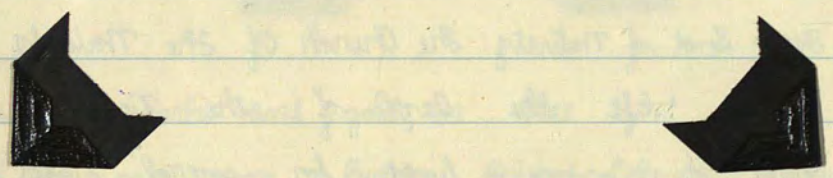
The Holy Star - Spot of Nativity: The Church Of The Nativity, Bethlehem.

We left the Cave of the Nativity and visited the cave where St. Jerome lived for several years. There are three churches in this one Church; - the Church of the Holy Innocents, Armenian, and St. Catherines of the Latins, and the third was of the Greek orthodox, being attached to the Greek monastery.

Three of us climbed the tower of St. Catherine where the Christmas bells are hung. We then went to shop in the streets of Bethlehem. Every shop we entered was packed from ceiling to the floor with every imaginable goods.

Shopping in Bethlehem.





A young Bedouin: ~~the~~ embroidered waistcoat and silver hilted dagger were often sold as souvenirs, among many other things.

The shopkeepers came to greet us half way down the road from their shops; they ushered us in like a herd of prodigal sons ordered cold drinks of fruit juice, and then before you could look around, they had either laden you down

to the ground with silver bangles, mother-of-pearl necklaces and brooches, rings of silver, gold and marquisite, rosaries of olive-wood beads or silver chains with crusader crosses studded with lapis lazulae; or dressed you from head to toe in embroidered silks of crimson or black velvets sewn with golden and silver threads or even gowns of finest white linen bordered with gold and copes trimmed with ermine. They were so friendly, enthusiastic and pressing that we could not resist buying as much as our purses could afford.

We left Bethlehem poorer than Samaritans, and drove to Solomon's Gardens where we had lunch, or rather a picnic lunch consisting of a very hard boiled egg, four slices of dry stale bread and one tough old tomatoe as bitter as gall. After this inspiring meal the scraps were collected, and I have no doubt that the remainder of the food gathered would have filled twelve baskets quite easily.

Hebron was the next stop on the way; here we entered the mosque of Al-Khalil, where Abraham, Sarah, Isaac Jacob, Rebecca, Leah and Joseph are buried. The mosque dates back to Old Testament times; its name means "the shrine of the friend". We removed our shoes before entering; and then padded softly around, over the thick soft Persian rugs of rich red and brown colours. The wall bore strange signs which were holy to Muslims. The only piece of furniture in the hall was a high wooden pulpit.

On the way home we stopped at Rachel's tomb near Bethlehem which was formerly a special place of Jewish pilgrimage. We also saw Philip's well where the women had come with their pitchers to draw water. We arrived back at the Claridge Hotel, tired but satisfied. Dinner was served at 6.30. and Complin at 9.0.o'clock. That night I stayed a long time by the window looking out at the night, up to the mount of Olives and down on the city of Jerusalem, asleep in the dark.

"I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world: again, I leave the world, and go to the Father."

John 16; 28.

Skull Gordon's Calvary:

Friday, 14th September, 1962.

Eight o' clock communion was held in a small chapel, attached to the church of the Holy Sepulchure. The chapel was very tiny; everyone crowded in forming a circle around the altar. Mr. Martin had to leave shortly after the service commenced, the stuffiness and effects of the drinking water were making him ill. The service continued without further event. I was rather surprised to see our guide David thrust his hands forward to receive the bread and then again clasp the cup of wine - for he professes to be a Mohomodan!

After breakfast we drove to the place called Golgotha - the Skull Gordon's Calvary - not the authentic hill of Calvary.



The Garden Tomb

We were shown in this garden a tomb of the third or fourth century which some people believed to be the tomb of Christ; archaeologists have proved that this is not so.



The Garden Tomb.

From this beautiful garden we were brought to the tombs of the kings. Buried in these tombs are the family of Queen Helena of Adiabene [Mesopotamia] who came to Jerusalem circa 45 A.D.

Tomb Of The Kings : The Pottery Factory.

a French Jewess bought this monument in 1874. After her death it came into the possession of the French Government. At one side of the entrance lies the portal, beside which stands the rolling stone which once sealed the mouth. There is a tradition that on a fixed date once a year the stone rolls away by itself exposing the entrance, it then rolls back into place. No person can move the stone. Several of us climbed down into the tomb rooms and examined the interior with lighted candles. The rooms were small and low, being built square, and flights of very rough stone steps descended into lower rooms. I slipped down into one of these smaller rooms. It was very small and stuffy ; the walls were covered by a sort of soft slimy fungae and in one corner the earth floor was damp. I was forced to crawl up the steps because of the low ceilings. We were all rather relieved to reach daylight and the world outside. Having climbed the long flight of steps back to the road, we proceeded on to a pottery factory.

Here we saw the whole process of pottery making. The several buildings were grouped around a courtyard, in the centre of which were two large, oblong troughs filled with an oozy grey clay. In one building the potter shaped the ugly wet mass of clay, on his wheel, into something sharply and beautiful, a vase or perhaps a bowl. In the next building the vases of newly

The Palestine Archaeological Museum.

shaped pottery were placed in a kiln and baked. They were then glazed, heated again and sent to the building where a group of young girls sat designing patterns on them and painting with great deftness and sureness that only a steady hand could accomplish. The painted pottery were again heated, cooled and then were ready for sale.

Several people purchased pieces of this pottery, before we moved on to the Palestine Archaeological Museum, which was full of the most extraordinary and wonderful things. But the time was limited and there was little time to stand and wonder at objects, some of which were as old as 200,000 years! The Dead Sea Scrolls were a great addition to this museum. The Archdeacon, Rev. Jenkins, was extremely kind and paid for Miss Fitzgerald and I to enter in; as he is an expert and authority on Hebrew and Aramaic and the Bible, he could tell us a great deal about the various texts, which resembled seaweed, and which would have meant as much as seaweed to us had we not the assistance of Mr. Jenkins.

It was with some reluctance we left for home, there was much we did not see, but I was very glad we had the opportunity of seeing those priceless fragments of the books of the old Testament dating back to third century B.C. After lunch those who wished would follow the stations of the cross; an opportunity not to be missed ....

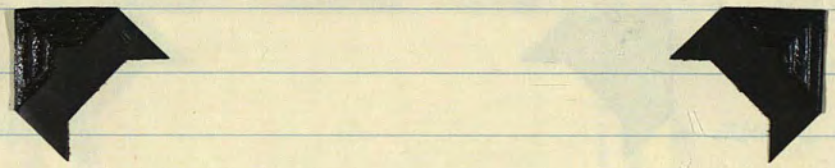
The Stations Of The Cross.

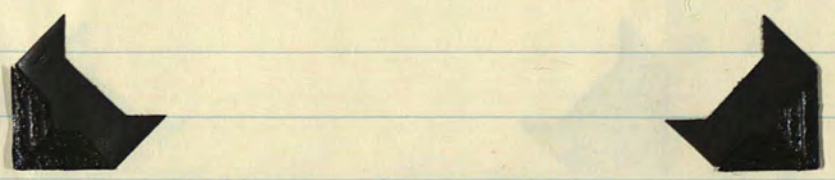


My God, My God, why
hast thou forsaken me ?

The Stations Of The Cross.

Every Friday at 3. p. m. the Franciscans lead pilgrims along the Way of the Cross or Via Dolorosa, the Way of Sorrows. That afternoon a huge crowd gathered to





The Via Dolorosa.

follow the stations of the cross. There were Germans, americans, Italian nuns, French nuns, Dominican fathers, Francisan fathers,

Greek orthodox priests and our own party consisting of English, Irish, Anglo-Irish and West Indian. Not only were there differences in races but also in creeds. There were Catholics [high-church] and Catholics [low church], non-conformists, Roman Catholics, Greek Orthodox, Armenian, Methodists and Presbyterians as well as a handful of Muslims. This was the band of pilgrims all setting out to follow the same service despite difference in race and creed. For once all these branches of the Christian church were united.

The first station of the cross, is observed at the Hawdat El Maaref building, near the Ecce Homo Convent - it is

I Jesus is condemned to death.

The following devotions were repeated at each station.

Adoramus te, Christe, et benedicimus tibi.

Quia per crucem tuam redemisti mundum.

Pater noster, qui es in coelis, Sanctificetur nomen tuum; Adveniat regnum tuum; Fiat voluntas tua, sicut in coelo et in terra.

Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie.

Et dimitte nobis debita nostra, sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris.

Et ne nos inducas in tentationem. Sed libera nos a malo.

Amen.

The Stations Of The Cross.

Ave Maria, Gratia plena, Dominus tecum, Benedicta tu in mulieribus, Et benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesus. Sancta Maria, mater Dei, Ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostrae.

Gloria Patri et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto: Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper, Et in saecula saeculorum:

Miserere nobis, Domine
miserere nobis.

Fidelium animae, per misericordiam Dei, requiescant in pace: Amen.



at one of the Stations of the Cross.

Judging by the mob that we had to fight our way through, in the streets, it must have been appealing for Christ to have not only dragged a heavy wooden cross along the winding slope, but to have to make one's way through such crowds must have been almost impossible. The streets were not too clean; foul smells of rotting food and garbage rose from different quarters all along the way. The shouting and bawling and clashing of metal vessels and general hum of activity in the shopping centre was deafening. The second station of the Cross -

II Jesus receives his Cross

III Jesus falls the first time under the weight of the Cross.

IV Jesus meets his blessed mother



At another Station Of the Cross.

The Stations Of The Cross.

V The Cross is laid upon Simon of Cyrene.

VI The face of Jesus is wiped by Veronica.

VII Jesus falls a second time.

VIII Jesus speaks to the women of Jerusalem.

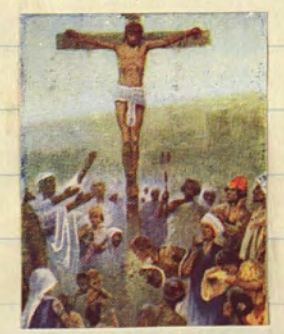
IX Jesus falls a third time.



-ch of S. Alvise - *Ascent to the Calvary,* by G. B. Tiepolo

X Jesus is stripped of his garments.

XI Jesus is nailed to the Cross.





THE CRUCIFIXION.

(After the fresco by Fra Angelico in the Convent of San Marco at Florence.)

Jesus dies upon the Cross....

"It is finished

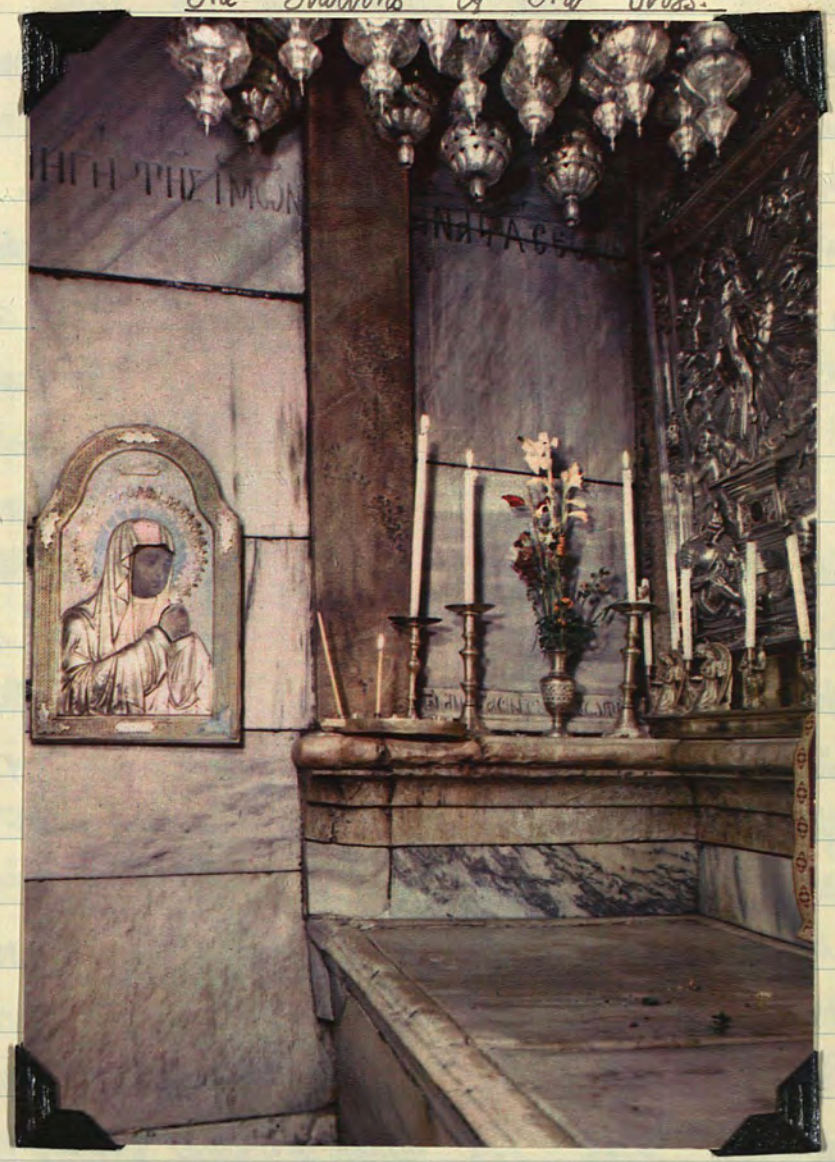
The Stations Of The Cross.



The Deposition

XIII The body of Jesus is laid in the arms of his Mother

XIV The body of Jesus is laid in the sepulchure.



The Holy Sepulchure.

And so it was that we completed the final stations of the cross in the majestic and decaying Church Of The Holy Sepulchure. This huge church is built over the hill of Calvery and the tomb of Christ. The roof is in the form of a dome from whose sides plaster and mosaic is peeling. Scaffolding supports its aged walls,

which date from the time of the Crusaders. [A full account of its history may be found at the end of this book.] There are many little chapels branching off the main part of the church, and down below there is the chapel of St. Helena who is said to have discovered the three crosses used at the Crucifixition of Christ. To reach Calvary in this church the whole party had to climb a dark narrow staircase. Calvary glittered within mosaiced walls of gold, scarlet and silver. Silver lamps gleamed brightly in the flickering of a thousand candles. Two alters occupied the complete length of the wall. Altar clothes were of pure white linen, richly embroidered with gold. The faces of many saints looked out from the pale shadows of the walls of mosaics. Above the most magnificent altar a mosaic figure of Christ on his cross was depicted. Below the altar the bare rock, containing a 3 ft. hole, is that into which the Cross of Christ was fixed. It was a strange feeling to kneel and put one's arm down, down into the hard cold rock, the same rock which supported the Cross of the World's Redeemer nearly 2000 years ago.

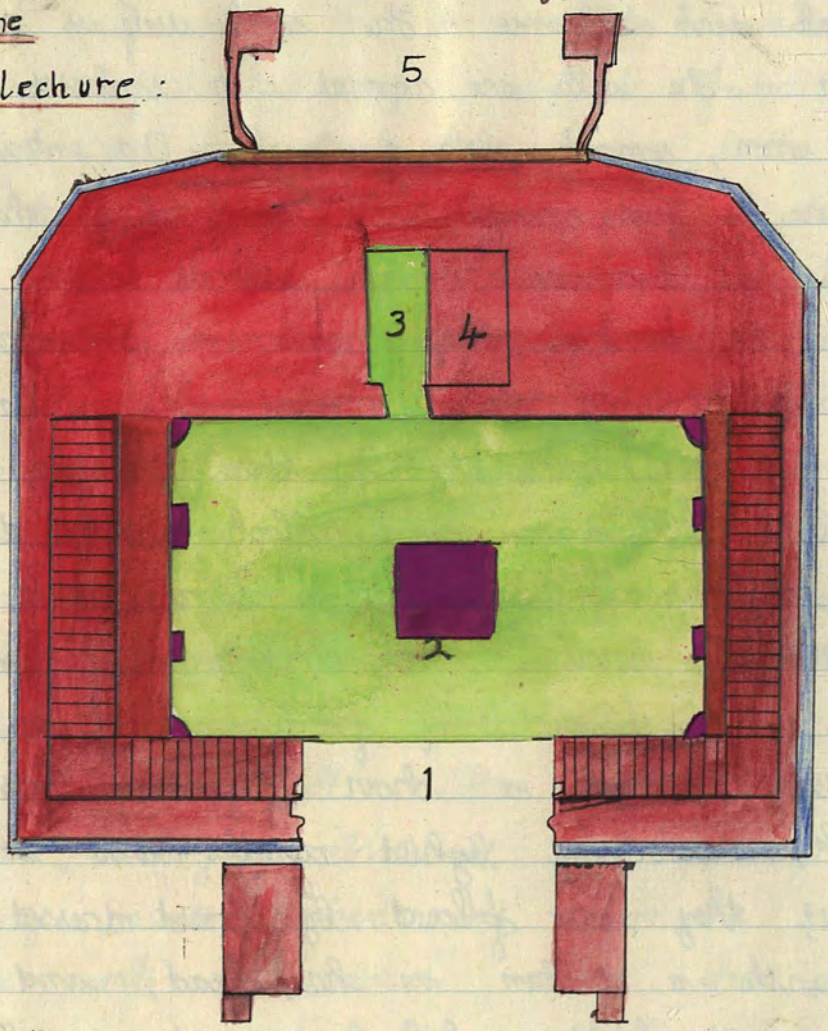
The last station of the Cross was repeated outside the tomb room of Christ. The room is reached through

a small dark entrance. The tomb itself is enclosed by a tiny room. The walls are covered with embossed silver and the tomb by worn, smooth slabs of marble. On entering the holy place there is just enough room to kneel by the tomb to repeat a prayer. A Franciscan monk stands in the dim light guarding the tomb. The maximum amount of people that could fit into the room at the one time was four.

While waiting for the others, to return from the Holy Tomb, I sat down on a block of stone that supported part of the scaffolding. From some part of the church the chanting of voices echoed through the vast stone building. Then suddenly from out of one of the long corridors appeared a choir of young boys dressed all in black, carrying lighted candles and singing some sort of prayer; they were followed by a priest dressed in white and gold, with a turban on his head, and holding a silver incense holder which he waved several times before the entrance of the Holy Tomb. They then disappeared swiftly into a side chapel whence their singing could be heard long after they were seen no more. The dying echoes, answering through the dark old church, were very beautiful.

The Church Of The Holy Seplechure :

Plan of The Holy Seplechure :



I) ENTRANCE FROM THE ROTUNDA

II) ANGEL'S CHAPEL

III) + IV) HOLY SEPLECHURE.

V) COPTIC CHAPEL.

The Church Of the Holy Sepulchure:



" The Holy Sepulchre is situated on the hill called Golgotha, a name derived from Hebrew - Gulgoleth, meaning skull. An ancient tradition relates that the skull of Adam was buried here: The Gospel writes: 'and he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha. The name was translated into latin: Calvariae, from Calva - skull:

The Church Of The Holy Sepulchre.

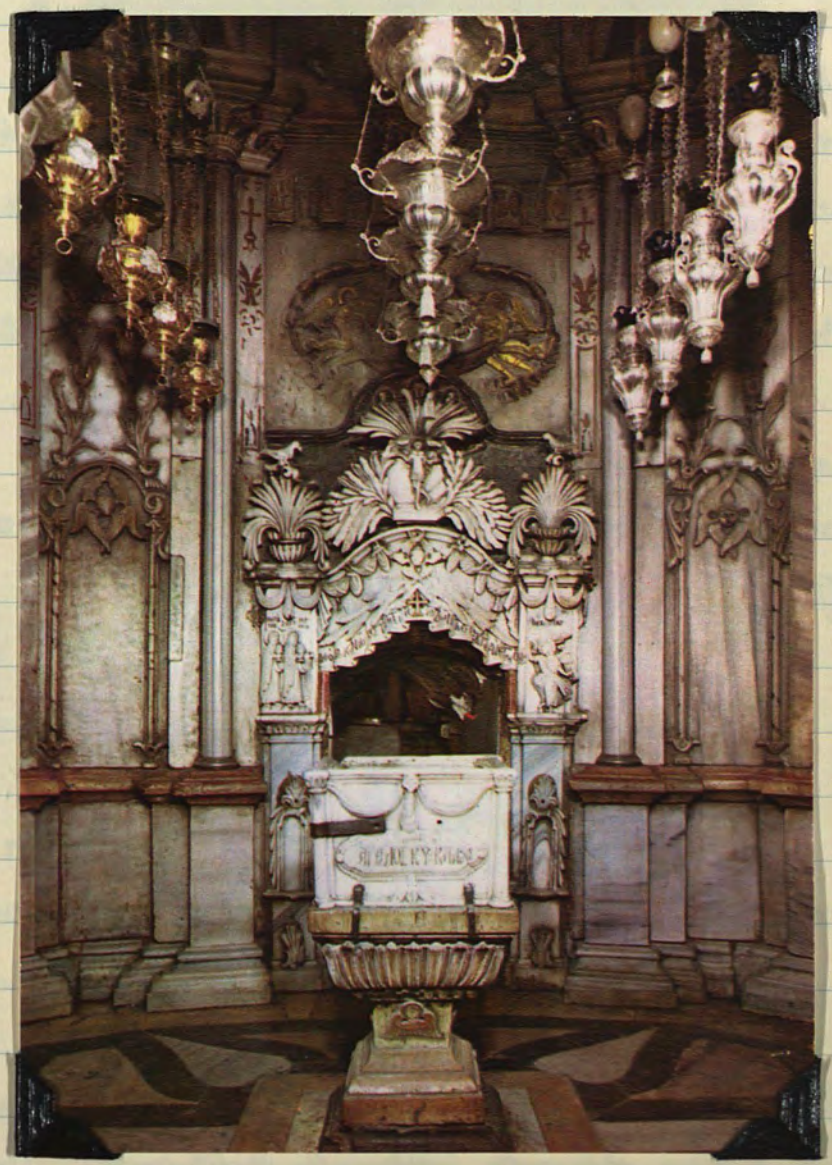
hence the English Calvary. According to a mediaeval legend, at the time of the crucifixion, some of Christ's blood flowed and touched Adam's skull and restored it to life for a moment.

Christian tradition claims that during the Second Temple period the hill of Calvary lay outside the city walls and it was thus possible to put Christ's body to rest there. According to Jewish law no one can be buried within the precincts of the Holy City. On the early Christian era a church was built on this site. The present one however dates from the time of the Crusaders. One of them is walled up. The lintel is adorned with reliefs portraying New Testament scenes. On the floor of the court to the right of the entrance, a large slab, protected by an iron grating, marks the tomb of Sir Philip D' aubigni, an English Crusader of the thirteenth Century.

You enter the interior of the church on the left and pass the cushioned recess of the moslem doorkeepers. The post of custodian of the the Church is hereditary in a Jerusalem moslem family which keeps the keys. Just past the entrance is the stone of Unction upon which the body of Jesus was anointed. Close to it is marked the spot from where the women witnessed the anointment. Next comes the circular hall with a high dome, the

The Church Of The Holy Sepulchre.

Rotunda. In the centre is the Holy Sepulchre and inside are two small chapels. The first is the Angels Chapel. At its centre a stone set in marble is said to be the one which closed the door of the sepulchre and which an angel rolled away.



The Chapel Of Angels.

Through a low door you next enter the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre

The Church Of The Holy Sepulchre

The burial place is covered with marble. Behind the Holy Sepulchre there is a small dark chamber with empty shaft tombs in the rock. Here you are shown the tomb of Josef of Arimathea who took Jesus off the cross.

The Catholicon - the Greek Cathedral, is the large hall close to the Rotunda. In its centre there stands a stone chalice which is said to mark the centre of the earth. From the Catholicon stairs you go down to an ancient chapel called after St. Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine. Christian tradition has it that in the year 326, she visited Jerusalem, and guided by divine inspiration discovered the cross of Jesus at that site. In the corner there is the chapel of the Invention [finding] of the Cross.

Returning to the Rotunda and thence to the Chapel of the Raising of the Cross 12TH Station, the Altar of the Stabat and the chapel of the nailing of the Cross.

The Chapel of Adam near the entrance has been erected in memory of the first man whose skull is allegedly buried here.

Close by a stone seat built on the site of a tomb of Godfrey de Bouillon. Opposite, another seat stands on the site originally filled by Baldwin the first. Both were Crusader Kings of Jerusalem.

During the Easter Holidays the Church of the Holy

The Church Of The Holy Sepulchre.

Sepulchre is crawded with visitors and pilgrims.



St. Helens Chapel.

The Emperor Trajan, in order to obliterate the site of the Holy Tomb and Calvary, built over them a Roman Temple. Instead of serving its purpose, the temple clearly marked the two sites. When Jerusalem fell into Christian hands again, the Roman Temple was destroyed and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre erected.

Claridge's Hotel

Claridge's Hotel was originally a monastery; many of the windows were barred as in monastic cells, and long bare corridors branched off from the lofty stone staircase. Despite the institutional aspect of the building, the rooms were comfortably fitted. Dorothea and I had a private bathroom complete with a shower. The only thing we objected to was the key of our bedroom. It took at least a quarter of an hour to open the door and another quarter to lock it again. It proved to be an embarrassment at nights; for if either of us came in late a long clacking, scraping and fumbling preceded the opening of the door. The early sleepers along our corridor used to remark about some "old fumbling fool" who spent hours trying open the door; they thought it was one of the hotel staff.

Dorothea was always up, washed and dressed by the time I had managed to open an eye; nevertheless she insisted on waiting for me - in order to make sure I said my morning prayers!

Before breakfast I paid a morning call on Miss Fitzgerald or if she had already gone downstairs, Dorothea and I proceeded to the dining-room. There we tried to conduct ourselves in a genteel manner - it was often difficult to appear solemn to

certain persons about whom we had been joking about in an outrageous way the night before.

Every breakfast consisted of bacon and eggs and tomatoe, with toast and tea with lemon or milk. The lunches were not very inspiring and the dinners at night were sometimes of a doubtful nature. Certain dishes that were entirely unknown to us were better left alone; though it was not often the case. The meat provided was usually served in a stew and also as ~~steaks~~ rissoles, and was thus difficult to define as to what animal it was of. I remember one night at dinner a particular person asking in earnest "Do you think it's camel meat?" I thought that a highly foolish question for a grown and educated person. Though I must admit that I wrote home, without any hesitancy, that we were fed on goat's meat. For such a statement I had no proof because we never were told, nor asked what kind of meat it was. I merely wanted to impress my parents by naming unusual foods - it would not have sounded wildly exciting if I had written "we have mutton every day in Jerusalem, [though I do not think for one moment it was mutton]. Though a rather domestic example, it does show how and why accounts of travellers of the same journey have, and do differ though the ages. One pilgrim writes home "we are fed

on camel-meat". While a fellow traveller writes with equal confidence "We are fed only on goat's meat".

After dinner everybody retired to the lounge until Complin. The events of the day were discussed and those of the next anticipated. Letters were read and postcards written. A small shop in the hotel was opened every night; the shopkeeper waited like a spider ready to pounce on those passing as if on flies. His shop was crammed with every imaginable goods except food-stuffs. He [the shopkeeper] kept up a continual discourse to all his customers; he persuaded them that they were gaining unique bargains after he had taken a couple of shillings off an article. He did his utmost to prevent people from leaving his shop without buying something. There were rugs which of course were made for "the Persian things"; scarlet, golden, purple and shimmering green silk woven into robes that only the royalty wore. Rings of silver gold and platinum studded with turquoise, rubies and lapis-lazulae, some of which dated from the "ancient Pharoahs", [with Horus Horus stamped on them] were strewn in profusion on the counters. Steel scimetars with bronze hilts and jewelled daggers of the "Crusader times" [1962] gleamed from the

surrounding walls. Metal goblets, little lead mummies, and ancient oil lamps "stolen from the pyramid of Tutankhamen", had provided a continuous income for the past five years! "Greek vases, Russian tea-spoons and French powder horns" were very numerous. There was never a more cosmopolitan shop to be found anywhere nor ever a more brazen-faced story-teller as that of the shop-keeper.

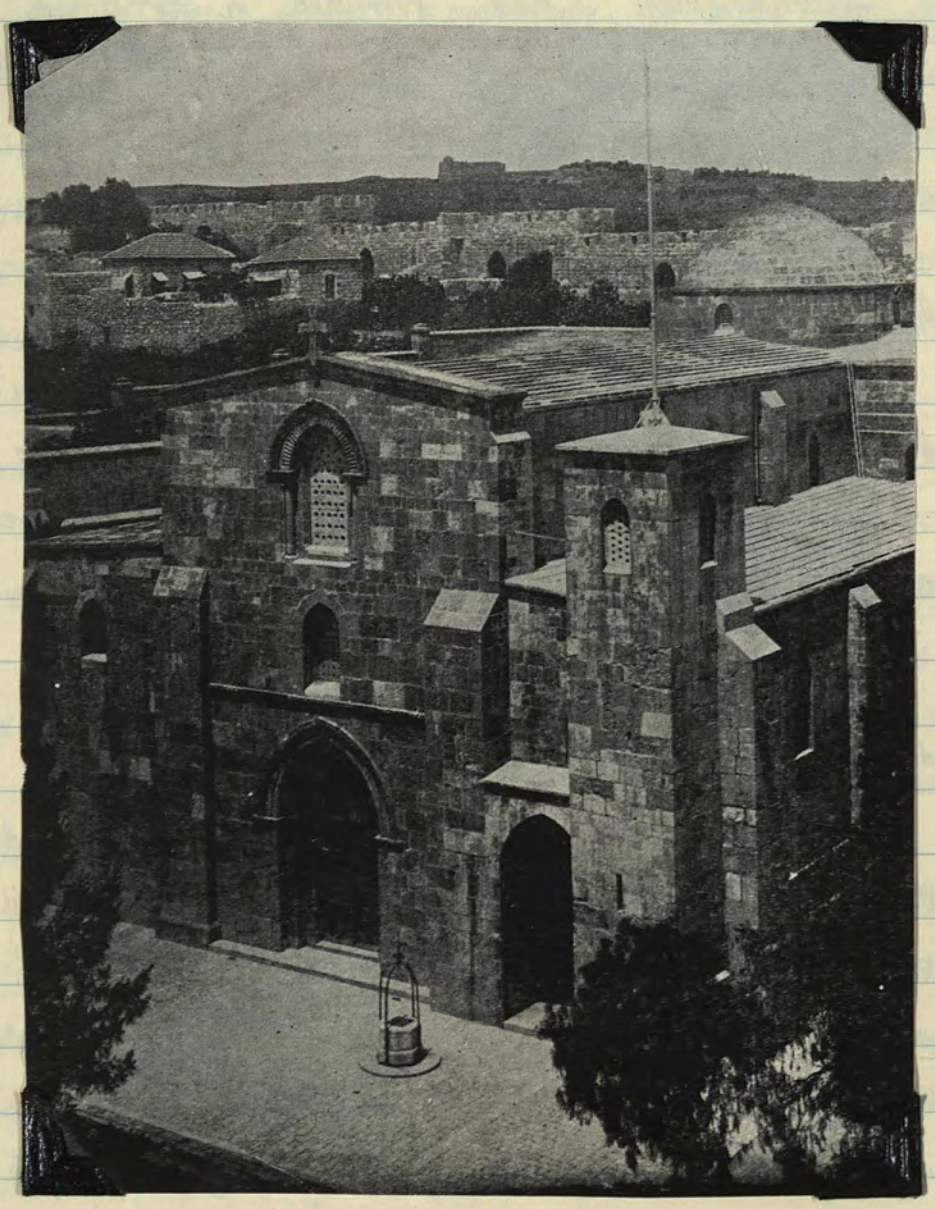
But despite everything our stay in Charidge's was highly enjoyable and we were sorry to leave. I personally preferred Charidge's Hotel to any of the other places where we were to spend the remaining time.

Saturday 15th September 1962.

After breakfast when the "All aboard" signal had been given everybody piled into the cars. We drove to the old part of the city to the pool of Bethesda and the Church of St. Anne. The area around Bethesda was being excavated and workmen were digging 100 ft. down in huge rectangular pits. We descended 150 ft down into the pool of Bethesda. It was covered in by a roof and the pool formed a huge hall which was damp and slippery. The actual spring had been sealed off during excavations and

Basilque Sainte-Anne.

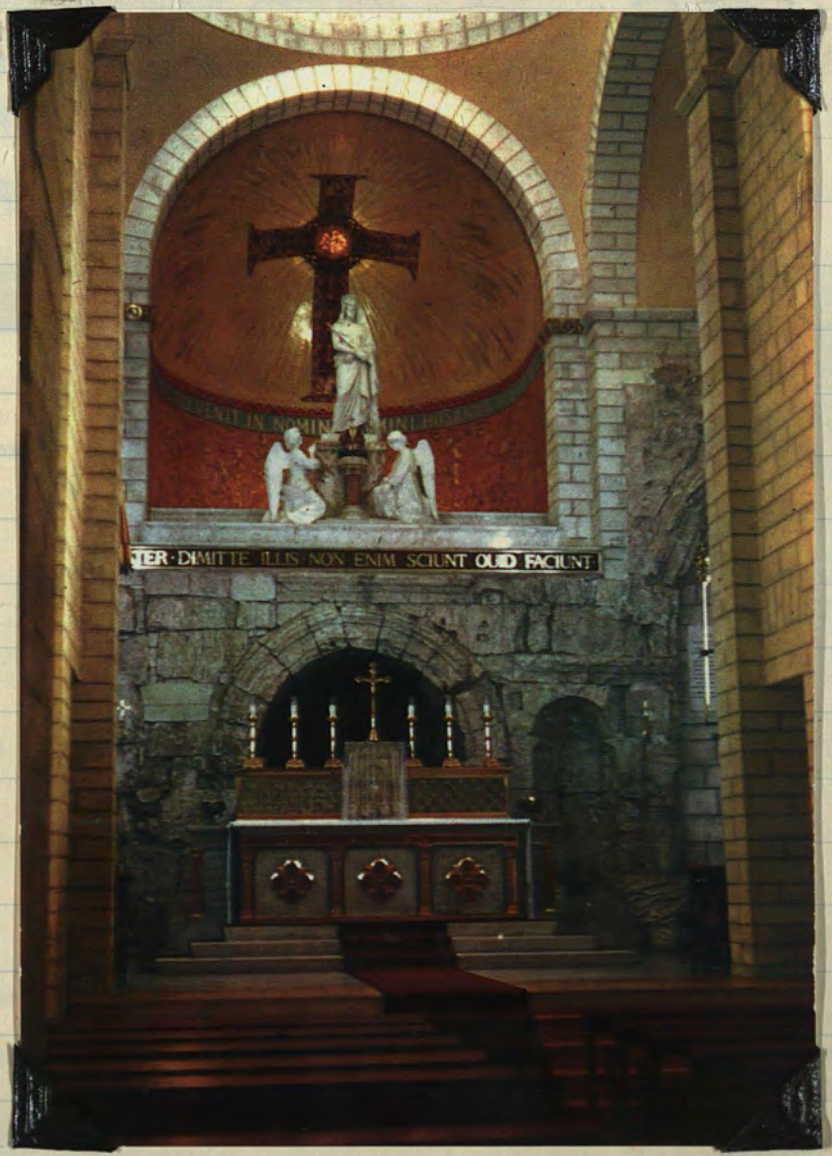
only the presence of a few damp patches in the earthen floor indicated a nearby spring. The large church of



Basilque Sainte - Anne.

St. Anne stood beside the pool. It overlooked the Flagellation Convent. The church was very impressive with its massive bare stone walls, lofty arches and dim

interior devoid of any ornamentation. The dome, which is visible on the right of the photograph, replaced the monument constructed in 695, the Temple of Solomon; it bears the name the Mosque of Omar - often confused with the building the Dome of the Rock. We proceeded down the Via Dolorosa to



the Ecce Homo Convent. The Chapel of the Ecce Homo Convent.

The Ecce Homo Convent.

The Ecce Homo Convent is run by the Sisters of Zion. It has been build over part of the Praetorium courtyard where Pilate tried Jesus. One of the nuns - the mother-in-Chief lectured, with the aid of models, on excavations and buildings inside and outside Jerusalem. She was an excellent historian, a graduate of Cambridge. Miss Fitzgerald said that she was the best lecturer she had ever heard. Such a statement coming from a person of miss Fitzgerald's experience cannot be overlooked.



a General View of the Courtyard of the Praetorium.

After the lecture we were shown the courtyard of the praetorium which lay several feet below the present ground level. Part of the original roadway of the "Way of the Cross" may still be seen. From this area Christ started the terrible journey to Calvary. The road is composed of large stone flags, some of which are cut by grooves to prevent horse's feet from slipping. In one part of the courtyard Roman games carved into the stone are still visible. One of the games described was that of the Game of the



The Game of the King - Roman.

King; the star of David with six points was carved on the stone and bone dices were used - it was a game similar to

present day snakes-and-ladders. The Roman soldiers played these games while waiting for the judge to pass judgement on a prisoner, when they stripped him for scourging or crucified him.

The Ecce Homo Convent had their own water system; their water came from an underground well and was stored in a huge stone cistern of Roman origin.

After we had left the Convent we visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchure for a second time. We spent longer exploring the Church and visited St. Helena's Chapel far below ground level. We had an early lunch and set off early after it for Jericho and the Jordan. I remember Mrs. Dobbs and I were sharing a table with Mr. Campbell a very serious but very pleasant Englishman. We filled him up with very absurd tales of the fairies, ghosts, banshees and ghoulies and lepruchauns that are found in Ireland. After listening patiently to fantastic stories, Mr. Campbell nodded his head slowly, "I see, I see," said he, "I am glad to know of these things, so that I will know what to look for when I visit Ireland." Our tales were evidently not too fantastic for Mr. Campbell!

Jericho.

The name Jericho was familiar to me from a very early age. Many a night I would call imploringly for a glass of water and would receive the odd reply "Oh go to Jericho!". Later on when I learnt of the geographical position and climate of Jericho, I was puzzled why Jericho was the place I was ordered to go to, in order to drink water. Later still I noticed that I was told to go there for other things than water, and I then realised that it was a polite way of saying "Go to H— .!" But, however when I informed several people that I was going to Jericho, they did not believe it till I sent them a postcard from that very place.







Jericho : City Of Palms.

Jericho

"A Canaanite city captured and destroyed by Joshua. Garstang's excavations [1930-35] confirmed the remarkable story of the walls falling outwards [Joshua 6, 20] and being afterwards burnt [Joshua 6, 24]. Joshua's curse [Joshua 6, 26] was fulfilled when Hiel the Bethelite rebuilt the city [1 Kings 16, 34]. It prospered again after the return from exile, and Antony gave it to Cleopatra who sold it to Herod the Great. Herod built a new city [the N.T. one] further south. By the time of the Crusaders this too was in ruins, and they built on a third site [the modern one] east of the other two. Within sight of ancient Jericho is a Greek monastery marking the trad. place of the Temptation of Christ."

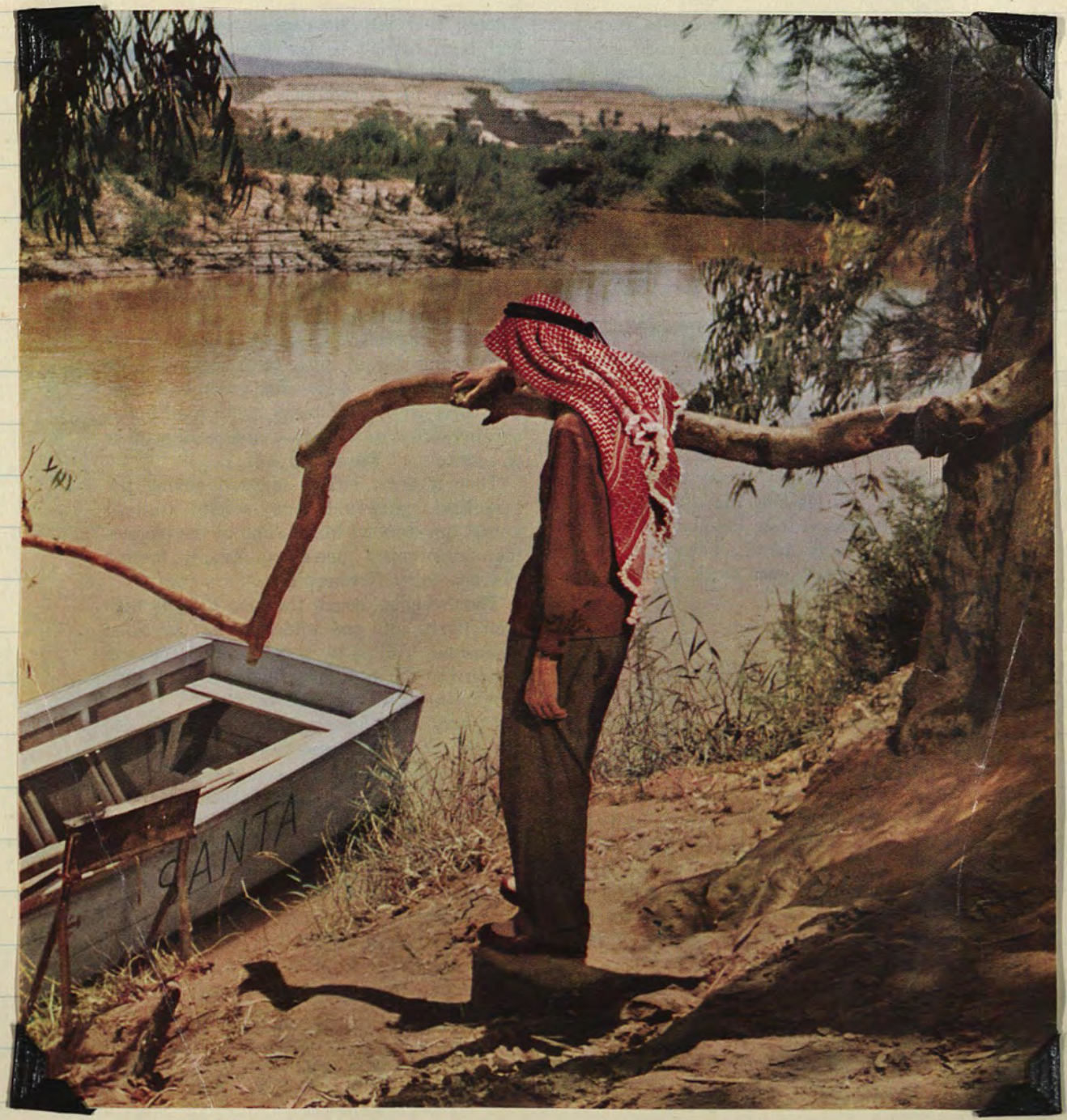


The Mount of Temptation:

Jericho:

Jericho




SANTA





Jordanian children roam the barren shores of the Dead Sea. The land of the Moabites, bitter enemies of the Israelites, shows on the far shore. Today Jordan owns most of the Dead Sea coast.









the meeting of our Lord coming from Jericho and the sisters Martha and Mary just before the resurrection of Lazarus. Indeed during the Byzantine period the main road going up from Jericho to Bethany passed over Mt. Olivet.

The several TOMBS found within the property of the Franciscan Fathers, and only a short distance from the Chapel, are of the more familiar type. They are excavated in the rock. Some are kokhim into which the bodies of the dead were pushed, or in which boxes containing the bones of the dead were placed; others are arcosolia with coffins. The entrance to the chambers was closed either by a round stone like the one that closed the Tomb of our Lord, or by a rectangular slab like the one that closed the tomb of Lazarus. These tombs date back between the time of our Lord and the Byzantine period.

The many CISTERNS, PRESSES, POTTERY and the abundance of other antiques give indication that this slope of Mt. Olivet, gently declining to the east, had a sizeable population.

Of all the Christian Shrines, that of Bethphage certainly is not considered one of the principal ones, however because of its memories and antiquities it merits consideration in view of the fact that its geographical position serves as a link between the events that transpired on Mt. Olivet and at Bethphage.

SHRINE AT BETHPHAGE

THE SHRINE AT BETHPHAGE

Prior to beginning His Sacred Passion, our Lord, desirous that the people's sincere esteem of Him be given free scope, made His triumphant entry on the colt of an ass. This was foretold by the prophets and thus fulfilled. The triumphal procession started at Bethphage where the disciples commandeered an ass and ended at the Temple amidst the acclamation of the people and the fury of the Scribes and Pharisees.

Like many other small villages of Palestine, Bethphage had been destroyed and rebuilt time and again. At present its memory is preserved by the existence of the Franciscan convent built among pine trees and olive groves on the lower eastern slope of Mt. Olivet. Built in the last century, the early tradition is maintained in so much as it is constructed over ancient foundations and surrounded by various ruins of cisterns, wine presses and tombs, all of which give testimony of the activities of the village in past centuries.

The massive walls of the CHAPEL clearly indicate its medieval construction which also served as a tower for defense. The construction of the apse made with squared stones serves almost as documentary proof of same.

What is of greater interest within the modest surrounding is the Stele of Bethphage which, despite the ravages of time, has preserved the memory of the Gospel events depicted thereon. With the restoration of the effaced parts carried out by the artist, C. Vagarini (1950) the subjects are clearly visible: on the south side is the resurrection of Lazarus coming forth from the tomb opened by others and our Lord witnessing the fulfillment of His command; on the north side, two disciples are bringing, by order of the Master, an ass and a colt with the villagers looking on; on the east side is the procession of palms with the people breaking off branches of palm from the trees or holding them in their hands and spreading their garments on the ground to honor Jesus in passing. This series of paintings is one of the very few dating back to the Crusade period. This stone was decorated with paintings because it was revered for having served the Redeemer in mounting the ass. The Chapel therefore records this incident, and it would seem that the history of this revered rock was the cause of its construction.

That the site holds in memory another Gospel event is inferred from the Pilgrimage of the virgin Egeria, written in the latter part of the fourth century, wherein mention is made of a church built there to commemorate

SOUVENIR

EGLISE
de SAINT-PIERRE in GALLICANTU

édifiée sur l'emplacement du

PALAIS DE CAIPHE

PAR LES PÈRES
AUGUSTINS DE L'ASSOMPTION

JORDANIE

JERUSALEM

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this is the Christian antithesis ! For its sake one faces with courage his brief earthy existence, sustained by the faith that when the latter flickers out, the eternal and blessed life is lit by the merits of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

The biblical facts are represented on the walls. In the lunette on the left : Jesus in the friendly family of Bethany ; in the central one : Jesus promises the resurrection ; in the one on the right : Jesus resuscitates Lazarus ; and above the entrance : Jesus at the supper given by Simon the Leper.

The mosaics based on pictures drawn by the artist Cesare Vagarini are the work of the well known Monticelli firm of Rome. Pagliano and the foundry of Bruni have produced the severe portal ; the sculptor Antonio Minghetti the two expressive medallions of Martha and Mary on the lateral altars ; the sculptor Aurelio Mistruzzi the reredos of the main altar ; the artist Armando Martet the crucifixes, the appropriate candlesticks and the tabernacle.

BETHANY

BETHANY

The new church of St. Lazarus at Bethany serves to commemorate not only the Saint's resuscitation from the dead but also the other facts which the Gospels relate regarding himself and his family, honored by the special friendship of Our Lord.

The shrine stands on the foundations of three older ones. Of the first, built in the fourth century A.D., one can see the apse and the mosaic pavements; the former beneath the pavement just inside the door, the latter in the courtyard. Of the second, built not long after the first, the visitor can see the apse behind the main altar, a piece of the mosaic floor close to the western arm of the church, two pilasters in the courtyard and masonry walls on all sides. Of the third, buttresses along the northern side and a few rough patches of mosaic floors bear witness. Other remains and the tomb of Lazarus are concealed by the mosque.

South of the church there are remains of the vast abbey built in 1143 A.D. by Queen Melisende for the Benedictine nuns in charge of the shrine.

The new shrine, by its isolation, its double axis, the austere severity of its architectural lines, its cupola set on an octagon and its solid bronze door, has the appearance of a funerary chapel. This character is maintained on the interior by the gray color of its walls and the grave proportions of its four arms, though enlivened by large mosaic lunettes and mosaic bands with texts explaining the scenes derived from the Gospels; and it is accentuated by the two lateral altars in the form of sarcophagi with two sculptured medallions of Martha and Mary and by the sculpture of the main altar on which two angels point out the empty tomb of Lazarus. Thus the architecture suggests the severe aspect of sombre death. But in contrast with this there is reflected a joyous spiritual light which is the resurrection of Lazarus and the blessed hope of all the faithful to reach eternal beatitude. And this light, "which is life", is represented in the cupola by its large open eye on high and by white doves winging their flight towards heaven; together with fiames and flowers they stand out on a background of gold in 48 small panels.

Darkness and light, sorrow and joy, death and resurrection, cross and glory



6th. September 1962.
New Jerusalem, Israel.

We are now staying at the Y.M.C.A. It is very pleasant and comfortable. We saw over the new Hebrew University and Dead Sea Scrolls. In the afternoon we saw St. Johns and the Church of the Visitation and Mt. zion, including David's tomb. Tomorrow we leave for Nazareth, via Caesarea. Till then Cheerio -
Love Patricia.

אכזיב — שקיעת השמש
ACHSIB – SUNSET
ARHZIV – COUCHER DU SOLEIL

MADE IN ISRAEL
5784

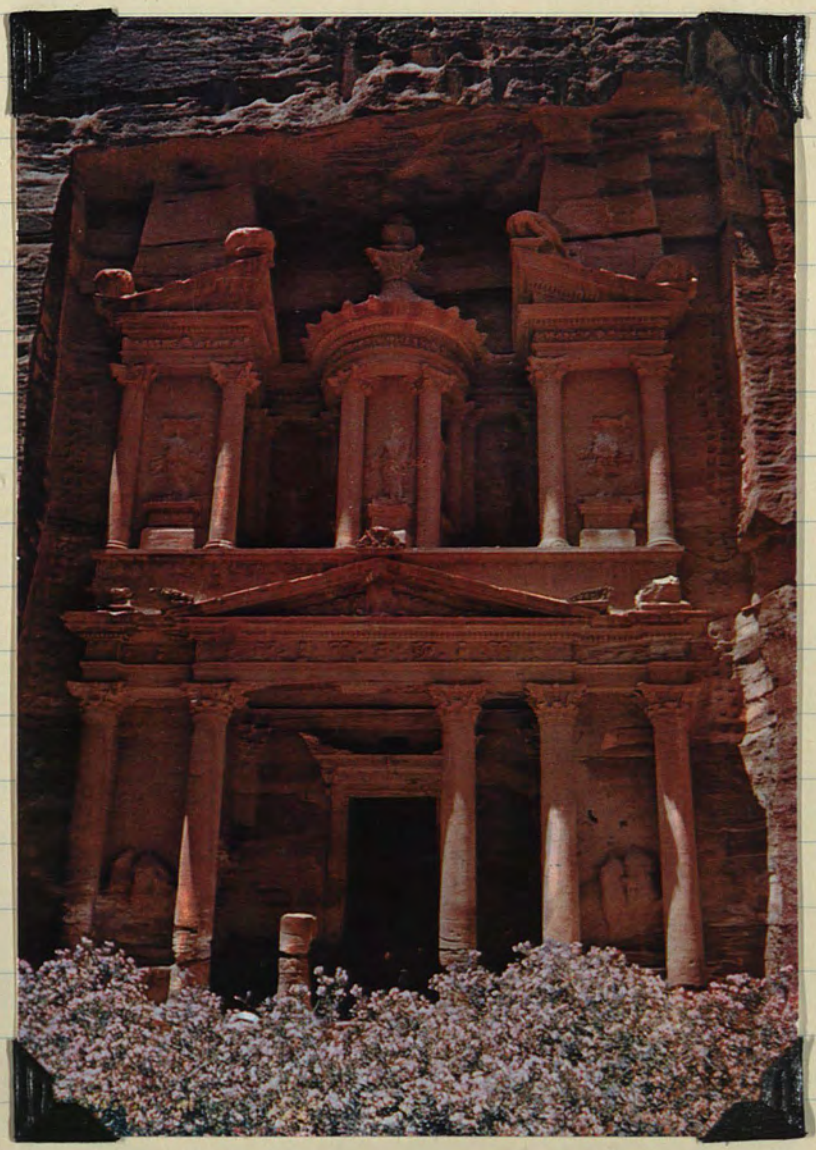
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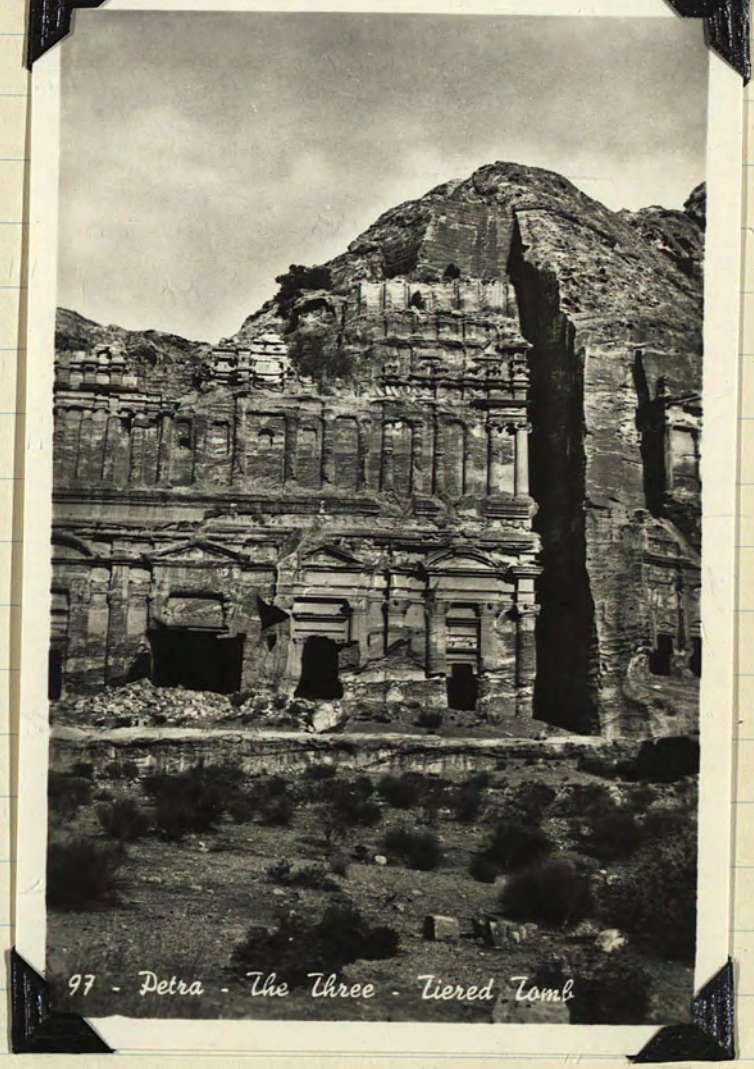
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NAZARETH 24.9.62

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Lebanon




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