

Reading 19

The ride felt long, and the belly of the old bus growled and sputtered on the winding roads until we arrived in Jerusalem. We took a second bus to Ramallah. A third took us to the edge of the gravel road where everyday I had waited for my father to return home after work.

Now we would discover the answer to our most dreaded question. Had our house been destroyed? At first, we hesitated. We said the prayer of the desperate, “Yah rah!” asking God that He might be kind to our hopes. Then we raced toward the answer until it was before us. There, bathed in the setting October sun, was our house. Still standing.

(p. 69)

Reading 20

We dropped everything and rushed up to it. We touched it. We kissed the stones and threw open our arms and pressed our chests and cheeks to it. We were home.

(p. 69)

Reading 21

Our house stood on top of a hill. On three sides there was nothing. On the fourth lived the Mahasreh, a cluster of related families who had moved to Ramallah upon the takeover of their town, Beit Mahseer, in the war of 1948. They were aloof and kept to themselves.

(p. 70)

