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Lovelace Family Papers.

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Jared stay^led at his side but it was chiefly the Overseer who set all in order and hurried off those who were to hide. As at dawn, he ~~remained behind to direct the work of the men~~ ~~his supervision over the work~~ fussed, fluttered, frowned, pranced, his old splotched hands gestured wildly, he gushed commands. But even while all this ^s seemed to be bringing on chaos it created order. And at the end, ~~on the surface at least,~~ the Community looked as though no one had ever lived there except those oldsters who^l were staying behind.

Most of the young men went in silent obedience and this was natural because they had been schooled by the Discipline. Many went in prayer. A few, however, went in plain reluctance. Reluctance was especially plain in one Brother with a scar that cut from his right temple through the center of his mouth. It was said of him that before he entered the Brotherhood he had plundered travellers from one end of the North Road to the other. Although now vowed to peace and obedience, he was loath to climb to his cave without ^{striking} a blow ^{and} against those who scourged where once he had. So were a few others. This handful scrambled to inaccessible caves but ^{there} armed themselves in case the Romans scrambled after. They regained slings that they had cached on ^{or} entering the Community ~~and~~, lacking slings, found clubs. Scarface even brought out a long-concealed sword and spear.

"Let these Romans come," Scarface said. "Under white robes they will find red courage."

Jared's cave was not the most inaccessible, but it had

from it
 the needed escape hole and he studied the precipitous descent
~~xxxxxxx~~ to the waste land, and he found a club and it did not
 break against the wall of the cave. It would not be as good as
 a battle-axe, but it would do. He had never held a battle-axe
 and had seen only two or three.

He rubbed a smooth cheek and ~~found it was a smiling~~ ^{that recalled}
~~xxxx~~ one of his few clear memories of his father. In the bearded
 Community he alone shaved. He shaved because his father had.

His father had told him about a king who commanded
 his army to shave, not to offer beards to be yanked by their
 enemies.

"So," his father had said, "I offer none to be yanked
 by caravan robbers."

Jared looked southward toward the double file. It was
 no longer tiny, far-off columns of ants. It was files of
 legionnaires. But these still must cross a long stretch of
 desert and clamber down and up the ravine and go around by
 the Sea's shore to reach the Brothers' beards.

* * * * *

The century was only one sixtieth part of the all-sufficient
~~the~~ legion, ~~xxxx~~ myriad-legged monster with which Rome was over-running
 the world. But although so much smaller it was, by itself, a
 formidable whole and having reached the ravine it halted to
 await further orders with a confidence born of the knowledge
 that it had everything to carry out any order -- everything,

ant

ant

although in smaller units--^{that} ~~as well as~~ ^{had} an entire legion ~~could~~:
artisans, artificers, road-tr_onch-fort builders as well as
fighters.

A cohort, pushing south to reconnoiter Masada, now a
hideout for maurauding Jews, had dropped ~~the~~ ^{the} century off to
make sure ^{that} this reportedly peaceful ^{Brotherhood} ~~settlement~~ was not a ~~smaller~~

GILBERT

Supervisor

28% COTTON

hideout / dangerous to Roman search parties and foragers.

The Centurion eyed the clutter of buildings beyond the steep ravine, ^{and} ~~then~~ beckoned.

The Centurion was even more confident than his men; and none of them would have denied that he was, probably, more than the equal of any. A century trained specialists to swim rivers in full armor and, when the far bank threatened a hard fight, their centurion swam with them. ~~This~~ one had swum many ~~sixxxx~~ rivers.

"You'll be in charge," he said to his Optio. "Don't dawdle over the job."

"I won't dawdle," the Optio said, "But why are we here at all?"

He forced a smile. ^{It was} ~~It was~~ intended to show that he was ^{joking} not asking as a malcontent, ~~only joking.~~ But beneath the smile lay a surly contradiction. The Promotion list had passed him over twice. And now, after a few cups of wine, he was quick to tell cronies how unfair the lists had been.

~~"I'd make a better centurion than most," he would say.~~
~~"No. Optio carries out orders faster or better."~~

~~It was frustrating that~~ His own Centurion never showed any awareness of this well warranted resentment. He did not even ^{the} answer the question ~~his~~ Second had asked.

"Just a ^{here} routine inspection is all that's needed today," the Centurion said. "There isn't a real hiding place anywhere."

The Optio's nod showed a smug of indifference.

"This is a place of peaceful war," the Centurion said.

No can

The Optio's ~~quick~~ nod covered ^{an indifferent} a shrug of indifference.

"This is ^{supposed} ~~said~~ to be a place of peaceful men," the Centurion said. "We can count on them not to make trouble."

"Get your guard up when you count on a Jew for anything."

Optios did not ~~often~~ ^{usually} correct their centurions but this one risked it to ease his frustration. Every Roman had been saying pretty much the same thing ever since the Legions marched into Palestine.

"I have faced them for two years," the Optio said. "And I know. Even the meekest, the least likely, come at us with swords, spears, bows and arrows and worst of all, slings."

"The ones who call themselves the Sons of Benjamin claim to sling stones to a hairsbreadth," the Centurion said in professional approval of excellence.

"If trouble is so unlikely here, why did we wear out our boots to come?" the Optio said. The Legions had learned in Egypt that nothing wore out boots like sand. "I am paid ten times more than a private's few daily coppers but how can I afford boots on top of clothes, weapons, food, gear, the burial society and the levy for the annual bust-out?"

"Finish here fast and we'll be back in Caeserea in time for this year's saturnalia," the Centurion said.

The Optio remembered another grievance, ~~as legitimate as boots.~~

"And what food! Wheat or barley, more than likely mouldy, and whatever wilted vegetables are around and a little ~~lard and ending up in a soup wine wouldn't count over. And~~

mouldy, and whatever wilted vegetables are around and a little lard, all ending up in a swill pigs wouldn't grunt over. And for drink a little vinegar in a lot of water. Posca! Pah!"

"The hoopla at Caeserea will be like nothing our legion ever saw before," the Centurion said. "Titus has increased by half the money all six cohorts saved all year."

The Optio remembered another grievance.

"Those of us born Roman citizens are treated no better than auxiliaries who joined up to win citizenship. They retire after twenty-five years with enough bonus to buy their farm in the pick of the provinces. But isn't our enlistment as long? Is our bonus any bigger?"

"We need to hurry," the Centurion said.

He turned back to his men who were gossiping guardedly.

"Now hear!"

The files straightened.

"There are two ways past this ditch. Scramble down and up, ^{or go} along the shore of ^{the} ~~this~~ Salt Sea."

The files stiffened. They knew about the Salt Sea because of a thing Vespasianus was reported to have said.

We could toss a man in full armor and pack into this sea and really find out if it will float that much weight.

They looked at their centurion warily.

"I certainly won't take you down and up. Even a few Jews, hidden over there, could make ~~too much~~ trouble. We'll follow the shore beyond that graveyard. ^{Now} ~~But~~ look past the

graveyard to ^{The} ~~that~~ tower..You might be jumped there, also. Be ready."

The Centurion looked along the files of soldiers.

"Questions?"

There were none and he nodded to his Optio.

"Right WHEEL!" the Optio said. "MARCH!"

The leading file lurched off over slippery sand. The Centurion got alongside and nodded again.

"Route Step! MARCH!" the Optio said, *And*

Again free to talk -- to gossip, grumble, or ~~to~~ try to frighten one another with lurid exaggerations of lurking perils, the column snaked into loose gravel. Shortly the way grew steep and the men had to dig heels in. They came to where storms had flung ^{chunks} ~~blobs~~ of asphaltum to dry and harden. They ^{chunks} ~~blobs~~ were full of sand, ^{and} stones and ^{had such} brutal edges ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ so that whoever stumbled rose with bleeding palms and knees.

The Centurion ~~The Optio~~ cursed the stumblers and ~~the stumblers~~ glared *ahead* at the strangely blue, *staring apprehensively* ~~strangely~~ oily water, ~~and remembered~~ ~~Vespasianus's fancy~~ and grew apprehensive. This Sea might not ~~even~~ half float a man in armor and full pack.

The Optio, also, was remembering Vespasianus. How he would like to toss a legionnaire into this sea! *And* serve him ~~right~~ if he sank for good! He swung his spear at a ^{salty chunk} ~~dry~~ ~~hard~~ ~~blob~~ and thought how easily the blow would ~~have~~ cracked any head in the Century, *or* any in this queer Community they were ~~at last~~ approaching.

to have gone out of him

~~the old man~~ as sin certainly ~~had~~. In the desert tall plants grow which, after flowering, turn pith dry. That was what the Chaste One seemed to have done. His face above the white beard was full of tiny ~~wrinkles~~ ^{cracks}. He was so frail that even a playful Roman blow would undo him.

"I have a new commentary in mind, Jared," he said.

Jared wanted to hurry the return to the Tower but he could not, at once, decide how to do this so he only repeated the announcement.

"A new commentary?"

"A very small seed. But this sun will encourage it."

"Where are the others who remained in the Community?"

"In their rooms. Except the Overseer! He is on a last inspection to make sure nothing has been overlooked."

"Does he know you are here?"

"Does it matter where I am?" The Chaste One seemed mildly surprised.

X "It would matter to everyone of us if the Romans found and harmed you."

"If they find you they are likely to do you worse harm."

But he was rising and took Jared's arm.

"Let us covenant. You go back to the cliffs. I'll go back to my tower." He beamed. "Then I ~~shall~~ ^{both of us will} be saved from the Overseer's rebuke."

Jared adjusted himself to his companion's pace and they got to the Mall and the Overseer erupted around a corner, his robe

x billowing ~~about like smoke~~ like smoke.

"You shouldn't be here. Why aren't you in your cave?"

He aimed his irascibility at Jared but it included the Chaste One.

"Do not blame Jared. He left his own security only because ~~he~~ saw that I had strayed from mine."

The Overseer rose on tiptoes ~~and pointed~~ ^{hook} "he said."

Down along the shore the whole hundred Romans had turned westward and ^{were} ~~was~~ advancing. The Overseer ~~came down on his heels.~~

"T.H. ~~just take~~"

Jared would have escorted the Chaste One back to the Tower, but ~~the latter protested.~~ Jared said

"No, Jared! go!" "I'll go with The Chaste One. You

^{back} "Get to the cliffs!" the Overseer said. "Keep the buildings at your back and you will reach them without a Roman seeing you." ~~xixix~~

He set off with the Chaste One and Jared got behind the aqueduct where it joined the first of the Community's cisterns and then behind the stable, smelling mustily of donkeys, goats and sheep, but he did not race for the cliffs. He took off his robe, climbed the sloping roof and lay down in loin cloth and sandals. He was ready to run if he had to but meanwhile he looked, with only his black hair and eyes visible above the ridgepole and these only through a fringe of reeds and branchtops.

He was violating the Discipline. The Overseer had told him to be off and an order from any of the Fifteen should be ^{were Romans} ~~strictly~~ obeyed. But ~~Romans were~~ ^{report} as formidable as ~~any~~ ^{made out?} He wanted ~~in~~ a closer look.

They

The Optio said.

Abuse, the Centurion had learned, seldom got results from a Jew. It was likely to turn this one as stubborn as an ass.

"I'll talk to him," he said and briefly, thought of Jews with admiration. They were smart. They read a hand sign before you finished it. When you used words they were likely to get way ahead of you.

The Centurion had the words. Romans had picked up Jewish words and Jews had picked up Roman words and usually both had started with some Greek. The end product was a mishmash but it served remarkably well even though, the Centurion reflected, a Jew's first mouthful made you want to laugh in his face.

"I'll talk to him," he ^{said} ~~said~~ again. "Halt the Century."

"Century! HALT!"

The Optio ~~vented his frustration in a roar loud enough to have halted a cohort.~~ ^{in and}

Jared, flat on his roof, peering through reeds and branch tops, could not help admiring the precision with which the files stopped on sand and rock.

The Overseer came forward deliberately to give himself time to measure this pair whom he must mollify.

The Centurion was what Palestine had come to dread, a personification of Roman might, a leader of hated invaders who, although differently from Jews, also looked on themselves as a chosen people. Better than anyone else! Not, precisely, better fighters; ~~Jews~~ not always. Jews had smashed the Twelfth Legion a few years back; that defeat had brought on the aggression. Not

better builders, philosophers, merchants or mathematicians. Greeks were better builders and philosophers, Persians better merchants, Egyptians better mathematicians. Somewhere, your Roman would not bother to deny, others were usually better in specialties. It was in the large sense that Romans were always better. Didn't Rome rule the world?

The Overseer needed only the last step or so to measure the Optic. ~~A~~ Jackal! But, he decided as he bent in a slight bow which included both men, far more dangerous than the Centurion. *He's greeting*
was addressed spoke only to the Centurion. He had learned to identify Roman officers and now this came in handy.

"In the name of the Priest of Aaron who guides this Brotherhood I bid you welcome," he said.

"A Brotherhood!" ~~The~~ Centurion said. "What sort of brotherhood?"

"What one possesses all possess."

"And ^{you} ~~this~~ Priest of Aaron leads all?"

"Yes! The Lord has given him great wisdom."

"Fetch him!"

The Overseer shuddered. This grim Roman and his jackal would throw the Priest of Aaron into total confusion.

"The Priest of Aaron has sent me to show you whatever you wish to see. But he is at prayer. I beg you, let him remain."

"How many are you?"

(and begot children) "Fewer than you command. There were more but we do not marry often. We live in silence, praying, studying the law, making this poor land yield food. I will show you all that we have, if

that should please you."

X The Centurion looked at the low buildings and across
X the desolate graves ~~by the desert~~, always with the same lack of
expression.

"I believe our little stork is telling the truth, as
nearly as a Jew ever tells the truth to a Roman," he said.

"You'll trust him?" the Optio said.

"Well! You look the place over. Take twenty. I'll be
here if you need me. But you won't. We'll start back in less
time than we take now talking."

The Optio choose his twenty and they set off, follow-
ing the Overseer. This was exactly what the Optio liked. He was
in full authority, ^{and} ~~success would be his~~. He slapped his
spear elatedly across the meager buttocks of the Overseer who
lowered his eyelids to cover a look of outrage. The Optio
slapped again.

"Get along, you old bugger."

This slap was harder although ^{his} ~~the~~ tone was playful.

Now Jared, from his lookout, could catch more than
glimpses and was filled with helpless anger. The Overseer was
being spanked in ^a leisurely ^h rhythm. ~~Watching from the~~

~~later the blows were~~ through the Optio's ~~and~~
~~and this was only good natured fun~~ ⁴ The twenty got to the Mall
and to a number of big jars. Each was a third as tall as a man,
flat-bottomed for steadiness ~~and~~ with a collared neck and a
fitted cover to make it watertight.

The Optio said

"If these were a little bigger, they could hide a man,"
the Optio said. "What are they for? Why are they here?"

"They are for ^{storage} storing," the Overseer said. His voice trembled but his meager body was straighter than ever. "They are new from our pottery. This is a handy place to keep them until needed."

The Optio struck a jar with his spear, nodded when it chimed, struck harder, and harder and broke it. Pleased to have found the ^{right} ~~precise~~ blow ^{for the job}, he struck until all were broken. Then, laughing, he sent two men to check the courtyard and pointed to the Tower.

"One of our oldest lives there, a Brother who is of such purity that his thoughts always are holy, ~~He is too frail to harm anyone.~~"

"Look him over," the Optio said to two more men. "If he is as this old bugger says, come back. If not, you know what to do."

He jerked a thumb toward the kitchen.

"That is empty. But in a little the cooks will be about our evening meal. Just ahead is another room where a few are writing."

The Optio sent two more men.

"At the end of this mall," the Overseer said, "is the dyers' place, also empty. Against it is our Assembly Hall but no one is in that. Behind the Hall is a pantry holding only dishes."

"Look into the lot," the Optio said to two more men.

"There are also a workshop, a laundry and the stable."

"Look," the Optio said to two more.

He had sent off half his detail and, spanking the Overseer on ahead, he led the remainder ~~on~~ ^{slowly}

"Where are those you call Brothers?" ~~he said.~~

Each is in his own room, at meditations or writing or composing commentaries on what they have read or thought."

The Optio decided not to ask what commentaries were. He wanted to hurry. He was uneasy about the pace at which the assigned ten had moved off. Wouldn't they have moved faster for the Centurion?

"Bring the whole batch of Brothers out," he said to the Overseer. "Let's see this precious lot, so full of prayers, ^(u) and what have you."

The Overseer turned to obey but moved slowly and in pain. The Optio was sure the old bugger was trying to hold up the mission ~~that~~ the Centurion had assigned. Just like a Jew!

He hefted his spear. He meant to carry out the mission without delay. ~~Though~~, even so, the Centurion would ^{not} ~~never~~ give him any credit.

"Start them west," the Centurion would say. Or, "We'll never get to Caeserea in time." Practically accusing the Optio of having taken so long that the Century had lost any chance of getting to the wine before it ^{was} ~~had been~~ watered to tastelessness.

Taken so long! Who could have taken less? The Optio balanced his spear, ~~eying~~ the helmets of the detail. Why, he wondered, shouldn't he crack the heads of the ~~men~~ nearest of these ~~men who were slowing him up, and the old bugger's, too?~~

men who were ^{slowing} holding him up? ^{my cut} ^{mit L} ~~and the old bugger, too?~~

The Brothers began to appear. The Optio had never seen a crew so creaking, wrinkled, stooped, skin and bones. Although one with a pale ivory face ~~so~~ suggested a venerable Roman ~~klaxon~~ priest ^{and} ~~that~~ ^{the Optio for a moment} unconsciously ~~he~~ lowered his spear ~~for a moment.~~

The Overseer returned and made a -- something -- like the -- something -- he had made to the Centurion. Not a bow, ^{although} ~~though~~ passing for a bow. The Optio was certain it was not as respectful. Not respectful at all! He raised his spear.

"Are they all here?"

"All!" the Overseer said and the Optio noted the omission of any respectful title.

^U "S ~~would~~ this is all?"

"Every room is empty. Your own men will tell you there are no more."

"Where is your Priest of Aaron?"

The Overseer shuddered once more.

"I explained to your Centurion. You heard. The Priest of Aaron is at prayer. No one ~~breaks~~ breaks in upon the Priest of Aaron at prayer."

The Optio's temper had been shortened by the malicious slowness of the old bugger and by the sly attempts of his own men to discredit him with the Centurion, and now it broke. He had pictured the satisfaction of swinging his spear shaft against helmets, ~~and an old head.~~ ^{an} Now he swung at the old head.

He told himself afterward that he had aimed more at the

bony old back. The shaft fell, however, on an old pate with a sound very like ^{the sound of the blow} ~~that~~ which had cracked the jars.

Stretched out behind ~~the~~ reeds and branch tops Jared bit into his ^Iupper lip and pulled his knees up for a horrified, furious rush but reason stopped him. If he killed the murderer everyone in the Community would be killed. The Chaste One would be killed. He sank back ^{behind} ~~against~~ his cover and sucked ^{his} ~~the~~ bleeding mouth.

On the Mall a few Brothers sidled near the fallen Overseer and bent over and began to wail.

The Optio drew erect before his detail.

"Fall IN!"

The Priest of Aaron hadn't come but now, the Optio told himself, there was no one to tell him to come and anyway ^{it didn't matter. The} ~~the old~~ bugger had been told to show everything and he certainly had, so ^{Century would be able to} the ~~Century~~ could start for the Saturnalia in plenty of time.

The twenty had fallen in but all were looking at the Overseer and at the stain spreading around his nearly bald head and the Optio was sure he knew what they were thinking.

What good did it do to bang the fussy little old codger?

"Forward. MARCH!" he said and just did manage not to swing at the nearest helmet.

^{along the Mall and Aaron The said} The twenty marched back ^{to} the waiting Centurion.

"Detail! HALT!"

No Optio ever gave a more perfect salute.

"We made him show everything. But all we found was the lot of old men the bugger said we would find."

"I made him show ~~ever~~everything," he said, "But all they found was the lot of old men the bugger said we would find." He was having trouble speaking although he seemed uncontrollably eager to speak.

A subordinate reports a well performed mission without any uneasy feeling that he must go on and on saying something, anything. But the Optio, having said that he had done exactly as ordered, was aware of something held back. Oh! Nothing to indicate that he had not carried out orders. Nothing like that! Nevertheless, when the expressionless Centurion's face turned to the twenty, the Optio, turning also, saw in their faces the same question he had seen before they left the Mall and he could not ~~have~~ stop~~ped~~ talking.

"I told the old bugger to trot out his Priest of Aaron but he told me he couldn't break in ~~on~~ his priest's prayers. So I slugged him for disobeying a Roman." He began to laugh. "And ~~wha'd~~ ^{it made} you know? It sounded just like the sound when I busted some big jars these Jews were trying to store up."

The Centurion turned his expressionless face back from the twenty.

"I certainly ^{laid} ~~layed~~ the butt of my spear where it would do the most good," the Optio said.

The Centurion continued to look.

"Well, he asked for it. Right on the noggin! But that was his own fault. I meant to bang his back but he dodged. He'll never have another chance to disobey a Roman."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The clouds grew blacker and brought on a twilight dimness although it was still early afternoon when the four set out again. Even in sunshine their way would have been dim for they soon rounded the crest of the mountain, and on the western slope pines grew so thick that the travellers descended through deep shade over a carpet of needles which made their steps soundless. Jared's occasional cautious surveys from high ground revealed only a roof of pines ahead.

They walked in single file.

Jared had suggested that they might look more deceptive paired into two couples.

"Two husbands and wives or even what may seem, at a distance, two pairs of men may not arouse as much interest as one party of four."

Unexpectedly Rhoda had objected.

"No," she had said with a vehemence Jared could not understand.

"It may save us trouble."

"No!" She was unshakeable.

Jared was offended for Eben. Could any woman so misjudge him that in this emergency she would refuse to put her daughter into his care?

Eben drew Jared aside.

"You will have to give in," he said, smiling.

"Give in to such silliness?"

"It is not so silly," Eben said. "She told us this morning about a rabbi who was in Jerusalem early in the siege. He and his wife were penned up in a house with bandits. After they escaped, a court of priests ruled that the rabbi must put his wife aside. The court held that she could not have come in innocence through such an experience. The ruling was enforced, even though the rabbi swore he had never let go of his wife's hand."

"So it is not what you and Abigail might do off by yourselves? It is what another court of priests might hold Rhoda had done with me!" Shaking his head, Jared had given in, and now they walked one by one, as Elias had planned earlier.

Jared went first. Rhoda, walking behind him, was thinking of Amos. The embarrassing proposal to pair off had brought him close. Not Amos, the scholar of whom she was

so proud--learned, kind, devout--ever trying to live up to the ideals of the ancient prophets. It was as a husband that Rhoda thought of Amos now. She went back to the early days of their marriage and, tired as she was, smiled to remember a deception she had practiced then.

When they married and settled down in Jamnia, Amos, although splendidly bearded, had been starvation thin; and he had remained so over several years for he was as indifferent to his meals as he was devoted to his studies. A drink of water at dawn; a few figs and a crust of bread with watered wine at breakfast, and after sundown a little meat, fruit and, perhaps, a sweetmeat. This was all he ate and, naturally, he did not grow less thin.

"Shall I let them say I starve my husband?" Rhoda had asked herself, rebellious because she was, in fact, an excellent cook. The 'them' were those older wives of Jamnia, who were quick to whisper about the imagined faults of a bride. To discomfit 'them,' Rhoda had evolved a wonderful plan which had given Amos a contour admired by all.

He continued to eat his frugal meals, smiling on the wife of his choice, and, subsequently, on the daughter of his heart, but after breakfast it was his habit to shut himself up in his study; and while he sat thus Rhoda would steal in with an appetizing tray which she placed on a table

close to his hand. Amos never stopped reading, but how could his hand not grope when his nose was tempted by fresh bread, tangy fruit, savory lamb, succulent chicken, mouth-watering sweetmeats? Amos had, all unknowingly, achieved a rounder and rounder curve. He was not even aware that from time to time he needed a larger robe. Rhoda complacently provided a new one whenever her measuring eye warned that his ballooning front was about to hike the hem of his robe too far above his sandalled feet.

This continued through the years in which Abigail grew to be almost fifteen. Then Amos took his family up to Jerusalem for the Passover and, while they were there, the Romans encircled the Holy City.

"You and Abigail must leave," Amos had said. But going back to Jamnia was dangerous. All travel west of Jerusalem was dangerous. Jericho had seemed safer, so the two women were escorted to the small, obscure house in that pleasant city, which had ceased to be a refuge when the Egyptians came.

Jerusalem, Rhoda was thinking now, had been plagued by famine, and even after Amos had departed with Johanen, when that great teacher received permission to open his school in Jamnia, there had been no wife around, to keep a tempting trayful handy to his groping fingers. She had

worried about that, but she was not worrying now. After Emmaus--why, they would be almost home! Soon, soon she and her dear love and husband would be reunited. She would be taking care of him again. In spite of scratches on her legs, because of the tucked-up skirts, and a gnawing in her stomach, for she had not eaten since early morning, Rhoda smiled again.

o-o-o

Abigail, treading the descending trail after her mother, was smiling, too. The sadness occasioned by the death of Elias had blended into tender admiration of Eben: his courage against the Romans; his thoughtfulness in finding a proper grave; his kindness in explaining to Jared her mother's objection to journeying in this wilderness with a man not her husband.

Abigail remembered how, in the morning, Eben had caught her hand, just after it had been agreed they should walk in single file. He had not dropped it, either, when Elias called. She could feel his hard palm still.

She could still feel his arms when he had caught her, dropping down from Jericho's wall and when, back in the house, he had hugged her to keep her from killing him. Killing him? She felt herself growing faint. What if she had killed him, or even wounded him, with that knife? He

was so wonderful, so strong, so handsome, with hair the color of wheat at harvest. She turned to make sure he was safe, and he waved instantly. He must have been watching her! He waved again and she waved back and wished she might take off her turban since he was walking behind and a girl's hair was prettier than a cloth around the head.

"I will take it off when we get to Emmaus," she resolved.

o-o-o

Emmaus had been in Eben's mind when he first re-took the trail. Elias had longed to go to Emmaus! Crushed by his sandals, the needles underfoot sent up a thin aroma, and Eben remembered the smell of myrtle berries and how he and Elias had eaten the Lord's Supper together.

I am glad we did that!

He put two fingers to his girdle to make sure the map was safe and tried to determine, as he walked, where he would take the Writing after he had recovered it from the hiding place at Bethel.

He and Elias had discussed likely Christian centers. At Alexandria, Elias had said, there were many Christians but they were being ground down by the Egyptian priesthood. In Ephesus, there was another strong church but the pagans of that city had turned on its Christians after they thought Paul's preachings hurt their profitable sale of statuettes

376a
of the Roman Goddess Diana. In Antioch too, Eben had heard, Jews were being persecuted. This, however, was only a report, and might have been exaggerated. Antioch was probably the best place, he thought. He certainly must not take the Writing back to Rome. Elias's whole purpose in bringing it here in the first place was to make it known to Christians outside Rome.

I will do just what Elias planned to do, Eben decided. I will ask advice of Amos.

Amos! That brought his thoughts around to Abigail, and he wondered again, as he had wondered more than once since locking his arms about her back in Jericho, what he could do to impress her father and gain his approval of their betrothal.

It did not seem odd to Eben that he should be dreaming of betrothal as he had never dreamed while his parents diligently sought a bride for him in Bethel. True, he had known Abigail less than a day, but she was no ordinary girl. A man would not find her like again between the sweet waters of Galilee and the bitter Dead Sea. ^{like her, B right} ~~She was bright~~ as the noontime, luminous as the dawn, a star!

But was she, like a star, unattainable? Would her father, who certainly was able to choose from the very best, give her to a shepherd from little Bethel whose only

Virgin
begin here
at "ella
her"

376 B.
 recommendation was his defense of the Holy City and who, on the other hand, although a Jew, was one of the disapproved Christians?

"Of course not," Eben ~~(said aloud and)~~ set his jaw, and resolved not to show his feelings for Abigail again. "I will not hold her hand. I will not put my arm around her waist. I will do nothing except take her home to her father."

But at that moment Abigail, whose tall, slender figure he ^{was} ~~had been~~ regarding in grim renunciation, turned around, and, before he knew what his right hand was doing, it waved and waved again and she waved back.

Renunciation gave way to hope. After all, he was a good shepherd, as good as any in Bethel. Perhaps Amos could be persuaded to like him. He thought Rhoda did.

~~He was glad~~
 I am glad, he thought when Abigail turned back to the trail, that ^{he was} ~~I am~~ not pledged to celibacy as Jared ~~is~~. ^{was}.

He frowned.

^{was} What ~~is~~ the matter with Jared? What ^{had} happened at the Community to keep him from joining in a prayer for Elias?

o-o-o omit please

Jared was trying to forget the moment of laying Elias in his grave. He ~~had felt then a dread more overpowering even than what he had felt during the cursing.~~

Why? Why? he asked himself, striding beneath the

leave
no
space.

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 pines in steps adjusted unconsciously to the pace of the women, behind him. Why had he not been able to pray? Although he was no longer a Son of Light, he was still a Jew, and He still had Jehovah. *any Jew dared to pray to the Lord.*

He had committed, he acknowledged, a great sin. He had broken his vow. But how could he not have broken it, how not have been enveloped by that passionate fire encountered at Netophah? And had he not paid for it over and over? By his loss of peace, by his constant remorse, by the gnawing fear of his sin being discovered, and in the end by the terrible cursing, disgrace and expulsion? Why should guilt weigh him down even now, while he pursued this mission of rescue?

Looking back, through his life, he saw how completely it had centered on the Community. For more than twenty years he had lived in serene confidence that for him everything was bounded by the Community's walls. *and then he* It had been a good life, too, although he had, of late, been critical of its excessive ritual and the narrowness of its leaders. He had had the Scrolls, *a loved and* and they had been enough, a sufficient as well as a sacred duty.

Now, however, the Scrolls had been taken away *from him* and it was natural, he told himself, that he should feel adrift. The foundation of his house of life had been destroyed. He

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must find another and build anew.

He thought of Tamar, ~~her grace, her dignity~~, the sweet, faint song of her bracelets and anklets, her low laugh, the scent of her black, red-embroidered dress. He thought of her strong but yielding body, which he had enjoyed for so long.

My only chance for happiness lies with Tamar.

He remembered ~~the brightness of her eyes as she~~ ^{had} urged ~~that they go to far off cities.~~ ^{that} planned their visits to cities far around the world. He ^{still} remembered her words.

You will make a place for yourself . . . There aren't many like you, Jared.

It was true. In spite of his broken vow, he knew himself to be strong.

~~Like a man reacting from a stunning blow,~~ ^{in reaction from despair,} Jared began to plan. Which were ~~the cities~~ ^{places had she named? Crete,} Tamar had longed to see? Paphos and Salamis on Cyprus, Babylon. Athens and Corinth in Greece. He ^{too} longed to see them ~~too~~. And, with her gayety and warmth, what a companion she would be!

When would they go? When Jerusalem fell? But then, ^{perhaps} would come the attack on Masada, and ^{before Masada} the Romans would turn ~~off~~ ^{off} before they reached that defense point to raze the Community. Titus, ^{still} Simon had said, did not like such ^{still} brotherhoods of Jews.

Once again Jared struggled through a ~~waking~~ nightmare in which the precious ^{Scrolls} rolls, bearing holy truth, were used to feed supper fires. He could not forget the Scrolls.

But ~~they~~ ^{Scrolls} are no longer my concern, he almost shouted. They are of the Community, and the Community has rejected me. I could not go back to protect them, even if I would.

Fortunately, if Simon could hold Titus off even two days more, he and Tamar would be gone.

"As soon as we get the women to Amos, I will return to her, and we will get away . . ."

But before Jamnia came Emmaus, and before they came too near that crowded place, they ought to have their meal. Jared halted, and the others soon joined him.

o-o-o

Beneath the pines they ate all the food they had . . . the flat loaves of Rhoda's last baking and the figs, dates and cheese Jared had brought from Netophah. They drank the last of the wine, and started off with fresh strength.

The pines ^{start} began to give way to low brush, and rocks. The slopes ^{great} were chalky again, and the distant Great Sea was visible at times. Immediately ahead, under a sky heavy with clouds, they glimpsed the Valley of Aijalon. Aijalon, where Joshua said to the sun and the moon, "Stand thou still," was revered by all whose forefathers had come out of Egypt,

flaw 2
no space

and when Jared, Eben, Rhoda and Abigail first caught sight of its brown depths, they all bowed their heads. Rhoda, a scholar's wife, said a psalm, *chanting softly, not to be heard* ~~heard~~ *by a prowling patrol.*

"Praise ye the Lord," ~~she chanted softly, not to be heard by any enemy.~~

"Praise ye the Lord from the heavens, praise him from the heights" . . .

"Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons and all deeps;

"Fire and hail, snow and vapours, stormy winds fulfilling his word;

"Mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars;

"Beasts and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl;

"Kings of the earth and all people, princes and all judges of the earth;

"Both young men and maidens . . ." and here her glance turned to Eben and Abigail . . . "Old men and children.

"Let them praise the name of the Lord . . ."

They came ~~within sight of Emmaus, at the bottom of a stony descent; not a city, not ever a king's residence, but sizeable and at the moment~~ ^{still} ~~obviously full of busyness~~ ^{still} although ~~it was~~ ^{it was} so far off, that its busy inhabitants looked as ~~if~~ ^{if} ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~were~~ ^{were} ~~ants~~ ^{ants}.

~~small as ants.~~

"Now," Jared said, "we must find a hideout where you three can wait while I go down and look around."

"Why not just skirt Emmaus after dark?" Rhoda asked. The smallest delay in getting to Amos fretted her now.

"We will need food again before we reach Jamnia," Jared said. "Besides, I want to find out, if I can, what the Romans down there are planning."

"Why not let me go?" Eben ^{said.} asked. "You know I have friends there." He ~~did not wish to say so~~ ^{would not} in front of the women, but the visit to Emmaus was full of risk.

"You have the Writing to deliver," Jared said, "and ~~besides it is time I did my part.~~ ^{I have friends there too.} Besides, it was time he did his part. I know the town. I have friends there, too."

"Amos has a friend there," Rhoda ^{said.} interjected. "His name is Heth."

Jared's face lighted.

"I know Heth," he said. "Of all my friends in Emmaus, he is the one I most hope to see." On his previous visits, he and Heth had talked together of his Scrolls and other ancient writings.

"You will ^{find} meet him, ^{stet} no doubt," Rhoda said. "It is ^{anyone} not a large place." ^{can take you to him. all Emmaus knows Heth.}

They found a cave which began as an innocent-looking

^{stet} opening in the slope facing Emmaus, but, deep inside, led to another cave. The entrance to the inner one seemed no more than a crack, ^{squeezing in, they} but when Eben squeezed in he found a lofty, ^{hollow} narrow room with water-stained sides.

"All this was ^{made} done long ago when the earth shook," Jared said, ^{after words} looking around. "The rains soaked down from the hill above and left these stains, ["] after the shaking had opened up the inner and outer caves."

"Amos ^{says} told me that once the earth shook ^{stet} so hard ^{stet} that the threshold of the Temple, ^{stet} moved," Rhoda said, ^{she was} proud to be able to share in a discussion beyond most women.

"When the Anointed was crucified," Eben said, "the earth shook. ^{and} The very curtain of the Temple was torn in two."

^{"unless the rains comes in torrents, you could not be in a better place,"} "If I had thought I was stirring up talk about portents and wonders," ^{stet} Jared said, "I would never have mentioned the shaking of the earth." But he was smiling. "Now keep well hidden until I come back."

"Calling a partridge warning?" Eben said.

"Not at night," Jared said. "I'll be a nightingale."

^{"That's better,"} "A nightingale will be all right," Eben said. ^{and} "They

^{nightingales} don't leave for Persia until winter comes."

"Why not?" Abigail ^{was} asked, wide-eyed at such wisdom.

"Nightingales do not like our winter," Eben explained. ^{said,}

^{trying} ~~that~~ for an offhand manner. ~~but at least grew~~ ~~wide-eyed at such wisdom.~~

X X X X X asterisk X X

End p 373.

The walk
to Ebenezer
by bridge
from

not yet
complete

* * * * *

The black clouds brought on a twilight although it was still
early afternoon. ^{when the four set out again} Even in sunshine, however, their way would have been
dim. As they got over the mountain they found ~~xxx~~ pines so thick down
the western slope that they descended through deep shade over a
yielding, murmurous carpet of fallen needles. *see below. Then go to next page.*

They walked in single file; Jared had suggested that they
might do well to pair off in two couples, and had been amazed when
Rhoda objected.

"No! No!" she said ~~vehemently~~ and was unshakable.

"Two seeming husbands and wives would look less like yhe
four the patrols may be hunting," ^{Jared} he said, "We might save ourselves
trouble."

"No."

Jared was indignant for Eben. After all he had done, how
could Rhoda refuse to put her daughter into his care, and especially
when she would always be close by?

Virginia omit what is encircled and also what I am
initial below.

→ Merian, — If this is to be used, shouldn't
it have been earlier? Eben and Abigail
have gone hand in hand. Also! — at what
point had Rhoda given Eben the information
he quotes in the next page? If you don't
agree, restore see I have cut in.

451
~~465~~

374

~~"It may save us trouble."~~

~~"No!" She was unshakable.~~

indignant

~~Jared was offended for Eben. Could any woman so misjudge him that in this emergency she would refuse to put her daughter into his care?~~

Eben drew Jared aside.

"You will have to give in," he said, ~~smiling~~.

~~"Give in~~ to such silliness?"

"It is not so silly," Eben said. "She told us this morning about a rabbi who ~~was~~ in Jerusalem early in the siege. He and his wife were penned up in a house with bandits. After they escaped, a court of priests ruled that the rabbi must put his wife aside. The court held that she could not have come in innocence through such an experience, ~~The ruling was enforced~~, even though the rabbi swore he had never let go of his wife's ^{her} hand."

"So it is not what you and Abigail might do off by yourselves? It is what another ^{privately} court ~~of priests~~ might hold ^{that} Rhoda had done with me!" Shaking his head, Jared had given in, and now they walked one by one, as Elias had planned earlier.

Jared ^{went} went first, Rhoda, ^{step} walking behind him, ^{was} was thinking of Amos. The embarrassing proposal to pair off had brought ^{Amos} him close. Not ^{of} Amos, the scholar, ~~of whom she was~~

and see this

Virginia
begin here
Do not start a new TP w/ the Jared

374A

so proud-learned, ^{and} ~~kind~~, devout--^{ever} ~~ever~~ trying to live up ^{by} to
^{she +} the ~~ideals~~ of the ancient prophets. It was ^{of a} ~~as a~~ husband that
^{she} Rhoda thought ^{now} ~~of Amos now~~. She went back to the early days
of their marriage and, tired as she was, smiled to remember
^{he} a deception ~~she had practiced then~~ ^{see the times she used}
^{away in Jericho,} ~~When they married and settled down in Jamnia, Amos,~~
although splendidly bearded, had been starvation thin; and
he had remained so over several years for he was as indiffer-
ent to his meals as he was devoted to his studies. A drink
of water at dawn; a few figs and a crust of bread with
watered wine at breakfast, and after sundown a little meat,
fruit and, perhaps, a sweetmeat. This was all he ate and,
naturally, he did not grow less thin.

"Shall I let them say I starve my husband?" Rhoda had
asked herself, rebellious because she was, in fact, an
excellent cook. The 'them' were those older wives of Jamnia,
who were quick to whisper about the imagined faults of a
bride. To ^{or} discomfit 'them,' Rhoda had evolved a wonderful
plan which had given Amos a contour admired by all.

He continued to eat his frugal meals, smiling on the
wife of his choice, and, subsequently, on the daughter of
his heart, but after breakfast it was his habit to shut
himself up in his study; and while he sat thus Rhoda would
steal in with an appetizing tray which she placed on a table

Virginia
after
2.5 hrs. go.
to end of
next page

Used
earliest

453
374 B

29

close to his hand. Amos never stopped reading, but how could his hand not grope when his nose was tempted by fresh bread, tangy fruit, savory lamb, succulent chicken, mouth-watering sweetmeats? Amos had, all unknowingly, achieved a rounder and rounder curve. He was not even aware that from time to time he needed a larger robe. Rhoda complacently provided a new one whenever her measuring eye warned that his ballooning front was about to hike the hem of his robe too far above his sandalled feet.

Amos

Amos

This continued through the years in which Abigail grew to be almost fifteen. Then Amos took his family up to Jerusalem for the Passover and, while they were there, the Romans encircled the Holy City.

"You and Abigail must leave," Amos had said. But going back to Jamnia was dangerous. All travel west of Jerusalem was dangerous. Jericho had seemed safer, so the two women were escorted to the small, obscure house in that pleasant city, which had ceased to be a refuge when the Egyptians came.

~~all~~ ~~all this time in Jericho~~
Jerusalem, Rhoda was thinking now, had been plagued by famine, and even after Amos had departed with Johanan, when that great teacher received permission to open his school in Jamnia, there had been no wife ~~around~~ ^{& food} to keep a tempting trayful handy to his groping fingers. She had

Virginia
begins
here

~~4/16/8~~
~~4/17/8~~
374 e

worried about that, but she was not worrying now. After Emmaus^{-- why?} they would be almost home! Soon, soon she and her dear love ~~and husband~~ would be reunited. She would be taking care of him again. In spite of scratches on her legs, because of the tucked-up skirts, and a gnawing in her stomach⁻ for she had not eaten since early morning⁻⁻, Rhoda smiled again.

leave
no space

Abigail, ~~treading the descending trail~~^{trailing} after her mother, was smiling, too. The sadness ~~occasioned by the~~^{stet stet} death of Elias had blended into tender admiration of Eben^{o-o}. his courage ~~against the Romans~~; his thoughtfulness in finding a proper grave; his kindness in explaining to Jared her mother's objection to journeying in this wilderness with a man not her husband.

Abigail remembered how, ~~in the morning~~^{That}, Eben ~~had~~^{he} caught her hand, just after it had been agreed they should walk in single file. He had not dropped it, either, when Elias called. She could feel his hard palm ~~still~~^{stet}.

She could ~~still~~ feel his arms when he had caught her, dropping down from Jericho's wall and when, back in the house, he had hugged her to keep her from killing him. Killing him? She felt ~~herself growing faint~~^{grew}. What if she ~~had~~^{had} killed him, or even wounded him, ~~with that knife?~~ He

485
375

~~one so~~
~~was so~~ wonderful, so strong, ~~so~~ handsome, with hair the color of wheat at harvest. She turned to make sure he was safe, and he waved ~~instantly~~. He ~~must~~ have been watching her. He waved again and she waved back and wished she might take off her turban since he was walking behind and a girl's hair was prettier than a cloth around the head.

"I will take it off ~~when we get to~~ Emmaus," she ~~resolved~~.

leave no space

Emmaus ~~had been~~ in Eben's mind ~~when he first re-took~~ the trail. Elias had longed to go to Emmaus! Crushed by his sandals, the needles underfoot sent up a thin aroma, and Eben remembered the smell of myrtle berries ~~and how~~ he and Elias had ~~eaten~~ the Lord's Supper ~~together~~.

~~I am glad we did that!~~

He put ~~two~~ fingers to his girdle to make sure ~~the map~~ ^{of} ~~and~~ was safe and tried to ~~determine~~, as he walked, ^{wondered} where he would take the Writing after he had ~~recovered~~ ^{got} it from the hiding place ~~at Bethel~~.

~~He and Elias had discussed likely Christian centers.~~

At Alexandria, Elias had said, ~~there were many Christians but~~ ^{they} ~~were being~~ ground down by the Egyptian priesthood. In

Ephesus there was another strong church but ~~the pagans of~~ that city ^{is pagans} had turned ~~on its~~ Christians ^{against} ~~after they thought~~ Paul's preachings ^{cut} ~~hurt~~ their profitable sale of statuettes ^{a firm the}

Arrange this so
Arons will write, 499
499
Kinnon

452
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of the Roman goddess, Diana. In Antioch, ^{also,} it was rumored, Jews were being persecuted, ~~else~~. Antioch, however, might be the best place. He could not take the Writing back to Rome. Elias's whole purpose ^{it} is bringing the Writing here was to make it known to Christians outside Rome.

I will do just what Elias planned. I'll ask advice of Amos.

Amos! This brought him around to Abigail and he wondered again, as he had ^{many times} again and again since locking her in his arms back at Jericho, how to ~~impress Amos and~~ ^{her father's} win his approval of their betrothal.

It did not seem unusual to be dreaming of betrothal as he had never dreamed ^{when} while his parents sought a bride for him. He had known Abigail less than a day but where else in all the world could a man find another girl as bright as ^{noon time,} the sun, as luminous as the dawn, as wonderful as a star? ^{end here} The hitch was, ^{that such a} how to impress the girl's father ^{must have} who had the pick of all the bridegrooms in Judea.

Why would he choose a shepherd ^{and one} who was a Christian ~~and to lighten~~ ^{apart} ~~that~~ so heavy an encumbrance could offer only his trifling part, now ended, at Jerusalem? ^{when he was a Jewish} priest.

Eben saw that he must watch his step. Any slip would surely turn Amos against him. The smallest indiscretion, for example, over the rest of this journey, and trust ^{such a mother is} Rhoda to catch the smallest.

"I'll not touch her hand again, let alone hold it," he said aloud. ⁽¹⁾ "Nor put an arm around her waist. I'll do nothing except see her safe in her father's home."

At that moment, tall, slender, strong Abigail turned around and before his right hand knew what it was doing it waved and waved again

Abigail
go to her
of

+57
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~~If Eben could have acted instantly the others might have~~
~~seen his offending hand lying in the dust~~ ^{and} but then his proper pride
took over. After all, where was there a better shepherd, not only
in Bethel but in all Palestine. ^{and} He was pretty sure Rhoda liked him,
so why would Amos not? He was glad that he had not pledged to be a
celibate like Jared. That made him frown. What had happened at the
Community to keep Jared from joining in a prayer for Elias?

~~his callous feet in~~ *****

Jared was trying to forget, laying Elias on his funereal
shelf, ~~when he had felt a greater dread than he~~ cursing had bred.
Why? Why? he asked, striding beneath the pines ^{his} at a gait unconsciously
adjtsted to the two women,

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~~pin~~ ~~es~~ ~~in~~ ~~steps~~ ~~adjusted~~ ~~unconsciously~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~pace~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~
~~women~~ ~~behind~~ ~~him~~. Why had he not been able to pray? ^{step} Al-
^{step} though he was no longer a Son of Light, he was still a Jew, and
He still had Jehovah, ^{any Jew dared} ^{to} pray to the Lord.

He had committed, he ^{step} acknowledged, a great sin. He
had broken his vow. But how could he not have broken it,
how not have been enveloped by ^{that} ~~that~~ passionate fire ~~encoun-~~
~~tered~~ at Netophah? And had he not paid ~~for it~~ over and over?
By his loss of peace, by ~~his~~ constant remorse, by the
gnawing fear of ~~his~~ sin being discovered, and in the end ^{by} the
terrible cursing, disgrace and expulsion? ~~Why~~ should guilt
~~weigh him down~~ even now, while he pursued this mission of
rescue?

Looking back through his life, he saw how completely
~~he~~ had centered on the Community. For more than twenty
years he had lived in serene confidence that for him every-
thing was bounded by the Community's walls, ^{and in the end he} ~~it had been a~~
~~good life, too, although he had, of late, been critical of~~
~~its excessive ritual and the narrowness of its leaders.~~ He
had had the ^{care} Scrolls ^{as} and they had been enough, a sufficient
~~as well as a sacred duty.~~

Now, however, the Scrolls had been taken away and ^{from him} ~~it~~
~~was natural, he told himself, that he should feel adrift.~~
The foundation of his ~~house~~ of life had ~~been~~ destroyed. He ~~st~~

Virginia
End with
the love

st

459
379

~~473~~

~~must find another and build anew.~~

~~He thought of Tamar, her grace, her dignity, the~~
^{The} ~~sweet, faint song of her bracelets and anklets, her low~~
~~laugh, the scent of her black, red-embroidered dress, He~~
~~thought of her strong, but yielding body, which he had enjoyed~~
~~for so long.~~

~~My only chance for happiness lies with Tamar.~~

~~He remembered the brightness of her eyes as she~~
^{how she had urged} ~~planned their visits to cities far around the world. He~~
~~remembered her words.~~ ^{That}

You will make a place for yourself . . . There
aren't ^{few} many like you, Jared.

It was true. In spite of his broken vow, he knew
himself to be strong.

^{In brief reaction from despair}
~~Like a man reacting from a stunning blow, Jared began~~
~~to plan. Which were the cities Tamar had longed to see?~~ ^{places had} ^{named?} ^{Cyprus}
^{with} ~~Paphos and Salamis, on Cyprus. Babylon. Athens and Corinth~~
^{Greece, with}
~~in Greece. He longed to see them, too. And, with her~~
~~gayety and warmth, what a companion she would be!~~

When would they go? When Jerusalem fell? But then, ^{perhaps}
^{before Masada} would come the attack on Masada, and the Romans would turn
off before they reached that defense point to raze the
Community. Titus, Simon had said, did not like such
~~brotherhoods of Jews.~~

460

474

120

x

Once again Jared struggled through a waking nightmare in which the precious rolls, ^{full of} bearing holy truth, ~~were used to~~ feed ~~supper~~ fires. He could not forget the Scrolls.

^{were they any his} But they are no longer ~~my~~ concern, he almost shouted. They ^{were} ~~are~~ of the Community, and the Community has rejected ~~me~~. ^{him, he} I could not go back to protect them, even if ^{he} I would.

~~Fortunately, if Simon could hold Titus off even two days more, he and Tamar would be gone.~~

^{They} "As soon as we get the women to Amos, ^{Jamnia he would} I will return to her, and we will get away . . . "

But before Jamnia came Emmaus, and before they came too near that crowded place, they ^{should} ~~ought~~ to have their meal. Jared halted, and the others soon joined him.

~~STRT~~
0-0-0

~~Beneath the pines they ate all the food they had . . . the flat loaves of Rhoda's last baking and the figs, dates and cheese Jared had brought from Netophah, ^{and} They drank the last of the wine, ^{and they} and started off with fresh strength.~~

^{soon} The pines began to give way to low brush and rocks. The slopes ^{grad} ~~were~~ chalky again, and the distant Great Sea was visible at times. Immediately ahead, under a ~~sky~~ heavy ^{a little to the north and west} with clouds, they glimpsed the Valley of Aijalon. Aijalon, where Joshua said to the sun and the moon, "Stand thou still," was revered by all whose forefathers had come out of Egypt,

and when Jared, Eben, Rho^a and Abigail caught sight of its depths all bowed their heads. (Thoga, a scholar's wife, said a psalm.

Praise ye the Lord," she chanted, softly, not to be overheard by a prowling patrol.

"Praise ye the Lord from the Heavens...

.....

"Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons and all deeps:

.....

"Mountains and all hills.....

"Beasts and all cattle.....

"Kings of the earth and all people....

"Both young men and maidens...."

Her glance turned to Eben and Abigail.

"Let them praise the name of the Lord....."

They came in sight of Emmaus. ~~Not a city, not even a king's residence, but sizeable and full of busyness although far off, still,~~ ^{She it was still} so that its inhabitants, the few seen, looked like ants.

"Now, Jared

~~at the~~

where ~~xxxxxxx~~ one of the partridges ~~xxxxxxx~~ he would soon be
imitating to summon Eben fluttered away
from under which ~~fluttered~~ ^{fluttered} one of the partridges he would soon imitate to
summon Eben. ~~xxxxxxx~~

from under which fluttered one of the partridges he would soon
imitate to ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{alert} Eben.

from under which one of the partridges fluttered that he would soon
imitate to alert Eben.

476
462

~~small agents.~~

"Now," Jared said, "we must find a hideout ^{for} where you three ~~can wait~~ while I go ⁱⁿ ~~down~~ and look around."

"Why not just skirt Emmaus after dark?" Rhoda ^{said} ~~asked~~.
of ^{last minute} The smallest ^{that kept her from} delay ~~in getting to~~ Amos, ~~fretted her now.~~ ^{fretted}

"We will need food ~~again~~ before we ~~reach~~ Jamnia," Jared said. "Besides, ^{we should know} ~~I want to find out, if I can,~~ what the Romans down there are planning."

"~~Why not~~ let me go?" Eben ^{said} ~~asked~~. "You ~~know~~ I have ^{In Emmaus} friends ^{the same} there." He ~~did not wish to~~ say so in front of the women, but ~~the visit to Emmaus was full of risk,~~ ^{Even though Heth} ~~probably would be there to~~ ^{help}

^{Friends} "You have the writing ~~to deliver,~~" Jared said, "and I have ^{besides it is time} ~~I did~~ ^{his} ~~my~~ part. ~~I know the town. I have~~ friends ~~there, too.~~"

"Amos has a friend there," Rhoda interjected. "His name is Heth."

Jared's face lighted.

"I know Heth," ^{start} ~~he said.~~ "Of all my friends in ~~Emmaus,~~ he is the one I most hope to see." ~~On his previous visits, he and Heth had talked together of his scrolls and other ancient writings.~~

"You will ^{see} meet him, ~~no~~ ~~doubt,~~" Rhoda said. "It ~~is~~ ^{unless he has} ~~not a large place.~~ ^{been called away. Anyone will take you to him. All Emmaus knows Heth.}"
They found a cave which began as an innocent-looking

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opening in the slope facing Emmaus, ^{and} ~~but deep~~ inside led to ^{another} ~~another~~ cave. ^{photo} The entrance to the inner one seemed no more than a crack, but when ~~they~~ ^{They} squeezed ~~in~~ ^{through that they} he found a lofty, hollow ~~narrow room~~ with water-stained ~~sides~~. ^{Walls}

"[Ⓜ] This was made ~~all this was done~~ long ago when the earth shook," Jared said, [Ⓜ] ~~looking~~ ^{Afterward} ~~around~~. ~~The~~ rains soaked down from the ~~hill~~ above and left these stains, [Ⓜ] ~~after the shaking had~~ opened up the inner and outer caves."

"Amos ^{Jared} ~~told me~~ that once the earth shook so ~~hard~~ ~~that~~ the threshold of the Temple moved," Rhoda said, proud to be able to share in a discussion beyond most women.

"When the Anointed was crucified," Eben said, "the earth shook. The very curtain of the Temple was torn in two."

[Ⓜ] Unless rain falls in torrents, you could not be ~~in a better place~~ [Ⓜ] ~~if I had thought I was stirring up talk about por-~~ tents and wonders," Jared said, ~~"I would never have mentioned the shaking of the earth."~~ But he was smiling. "Now keep well hidden until I come back."

"Calling a partridge warning?" Eben said.

[Ⓜ] That's better, ~~"I'll be a nightingale."~~ ^{Jared} ~~said~~. ~~"I'll be a nightingale."~~ [Ⓜ] ~~nightingale will be~~ [Ⓜ] ~~right,~~ Eben said. ~~"They~~ [Ⓜ] ~~don't leave for Persia until winter comes."~~

"Why not?" Abigail ^{Jared} ~~asked~~, ~~wide-eyed at such wisdom.~~

"Nightingales do not like our winter," Eben ^{said and} ~~said~~. [Ⓜ] ~~birds~~ [Ⓜ] ~~grew~~ [Ⓜ] ~~wide-eyed at such wisdom.~~