

Today, in my octogenarian years, I often find myself sitting in my comfortable chair reflecting on my youth. Before 1948 and for a few years thereafter, I lived as the fifth child of the family in my parents' house, situated in one of the meandering streets of Jerusalem's Jawalidah Quarter that ran from the College des Freres at New Gate down to the portal of the Latin Patriarchate's main entrance, encompassing the northwestern section of the Old City.