PETRA, JORDAN
ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELDSCHOOL
2013

Student Daily Summaries and Comments
Compiled and Edited by Dr. Jennifer Ramsay

Figure 1 Petra Garden and Pool Complex Team Photo 2013
Overview

This four week six credit course centers on the tools and techniques employed in discovering the history and material culture of ancient Jordan during the Roman, Byzantine and Islamic periods and introduces students to the historical geography of the region. The course consists in field work, lectures, and field trips. During the day, the methods and techniques used by archaeologists to reconstruct ancient cultures and history are examined through participation in the excavation of the Petra Pool and Garden Complex.

In the evening, lectures by professional staff members and expert guest lecturers address various topics in the fields of archaeology, history, geography, and culture, as well as technical aspects of the excavation.

On weekends, the students travel to the Dead Sea, are introduced to the history and geography of Wadi Rumm and spend a night in Aqaba.

*Cover photo of team photo by L. Bedal

Petra Garden and Pool Complex 2013 – Team Members

Field Staff:

Dr. Leigh-Ann Bedal (Director)
Dr. Jennifer Ramsay (Fieldschool Director, Archaeobotanist)
Dr. Jimmy Schryver (Assistant Director, Supervisor)
Pamela Koulianos (Ceramicist)
John Rucker (Supervisor)
Alex Zarley (Supervisor)
Fawwaz Ishaqat (Surveyor)

Support Staff:

+ 12 Bedouin workers and house staff from the family of Dakhilallah Qoblan

Students and volunteers:

Ilona Dragos (SUNY Brockport)
Geoffrey Hedges (SUNY Brockport) (Petra 2011, 2012)
Sean Kipybida (SUNY Brockport)
Nicole Kurdziel (SUNY Brockport)
Kirstie Richardson (SUNY Brockport)
Jill Stewardson (SUNY Brockport)
Elizabeth Strange (Penn State Behrend)
Megan Upfield (University of New England, Australia)
Sarah Wenner (NCSU)
Nicole Wilson (SUNY Brockport)
Russell Winters (Penn State Behrend)
Petra, Jordan Archaeological Fieldschool 2013
Student Daily Summaries

Day 1 - May 22\textsuperscript{nd} - Arrive in Jordan

Day 2 - May 23\textsuperscript{rd} - Pack the bus and trucks, drive from Amman to Petra and set up the Dig House!

\begin{figure}[h]
\centering
\begin{subfigure}{0.49\textwidth}
\includegraphics[width=\textwidth]{john_and_alex_packing.png}
\caption{John and Alex packing the bus}
\end{subfigure}
\begin{subfigure}{0.49\textwidth}
\includegraphics[width=\textwidth]{packed_bus_truck.png}
\caption{Ready to go – the packed bus and truck}
\end{subfigure}
\caption{Figure 2 a) John and Alex packing the bus, b) ready to go – the packed bus and truck}
\end{figure}

\begin{figure}[h]
\centering
\includegraphics[width=0.5\textwidth]{daklala_dig_house.png}
\caption{Figure 3 Daklala’s Dig House}
\end{figure}
Figure 4 - Girls arriving in Haroun’s house for the first week.

Day 3 – May 24th – Walk through the Siq and tour some of the sites of Petra – The Treasury (El-Khazneh), the Roman Theater, Royal Tombs and the Roman Street.

Figure 5 - Group at the Obelisk tomb at the top of the Siq.
Figure 6 - Approaching the Treasury

Figure 7 - Some of the group at the Roman Theater
Day 4 – May 25th – Cleaning the site.

![Image](image1.png)

Figure 8 a) Jill weeding the site, b) Kirstie and Sean weeding

![Image](image2.png)

Figure 9 - Pam and Sarah checking out some ceramics

Day 5 – May 26th – Begin real work in the trenches!

![Image](image3.png)

Figure 10 Dr. Bedal and our DOA representative Ta'al
Figure 11 - Work starts in Trench 26

Day 6 – May 27th – Getting used to the daily schedule

Figure 12 Dr. Bedal recruits them young! Bashar learns the family trade early.

Figure 13 Ibrahim, Ilona and Tayeh demonstrate a unique excavation style.
Day 7 – May 28th – Russ Winters

Today was the first day we really got down to digging in Trench 24 (Fig. 15). The last two days have been spent trying to reconcile the final top plan made by the 2011 team with reality, as there were several anomalous factors in the previous drawing. Our trench was ten meters by ten meters, and contained a cave that was roughly three meters cubed, along with several walls outside the cave. The trench had originally been only seven meters by seven meters, so a new, expanded top plan would have been required anyway. The most obvious example of error in the previous season’s drawing was that the cave appeared only half as deep as it actually is, an error we deduced was caused by an accidental switch from 1:20 scale to 1:50 scale.

Figure 14 Popsicle break during pottery washing on the roof.

Figure 15 Work at Trench 24 begins in earnest.
Our team is already three members down today, two from some sort of stomach problems, and one from fever that was likely brought on by dehydration or sun exposure. No one seems to be seriously incapacitated though, and I believe they should all be back in the field within a day or two. I still feel fine, which I’m very thankful for, as I would not want to miss any work, especially not this early in the season. I probably eat healthier here than I usually do at home, as most meals consist of some kind of chicken or fish with rice, cucumber-tomato salad, yogurt, and pita. There is usually some sort of hummus involved as well. The meat alone is likely far healthier, as one can tell from the size that is not pumped full of growth hormones the way meat, and particularly chicken, is in America.

I’ve already been in Jordan for almost a week, and so far I am very impressed. The people here are kind, hospitable, and often very funny. I’ve already begun making friends with our Bedouin workers, and have taken to sitting with them at tea and breakfast breaks. Most of them speak at least some English, which they have primarily picked up from tourists. In particular, I have made friends with the three workers who work in Trench 24: Ibrahim, Tayeh, and Ali (Fig. 16). They have dubbed me Swailim, as I guess they traditionally give Arabic names to all of the students.

![Figure 16 Tea break with the local Bedouin workers.](image)

*May 29th – Megan Upfield – A Week Gone.*

The trip is already flying by when I notice a whole week has passed since my arrival in Jordan, with today being our fifth day in the field. When I realise how fast this experience is going by, I decide to pay attention to the smaller things. The cool fresh air against my face on the
drive down to the site, the camels that greet me each morning, the smiling locals offering their donkeys on my daily walk from the trench to the bathroom... I make a mental note of the little things I promised myself I would never forget. One idea is that with each day in the field comes a new learning experience. Although I had read about fieldwork in archaeology textbooks for many years, I never really understood the amount of work that went into executing a dig. I am excited to understand the paperwork, the drawings and the technique of using a trowel (Fig. 17).

![Figure 17](image1.jpg)

**Figure 17 Megan learning paperwork on the ipad.**

As things become more comfortable and friendships grow, the work becomes more fun and full of laughter. I form a bond with the dig dog Shelley who sits and watches us work each day (Fig. 18). Today was special because the local workers began opening up and sharing their lives. They taught me Arabic, I taught them English. We talked about our families and discussed what made us happy while we brushed the dirt from the ground to reveal a new layer of history. This experience starts to become just as much a cultural experience as an archaeological project. I am happy about this realisation.

![Figure 18](image2.jpg)

**Figure 18 Megan bonding with Shelley in the field.**
Back at the house, and facing my pile of dirty clothes (which could easily be confused for a pile of dirt), I realise just how lucky I have been to have lived my whole life with access to a washing machine. I consider it a good idea to spend part of my afternoon break washing my clothes but did not realise that it would take me the majority of my break to work through the pile I had built up. Using a very limited amount of water, I rinse my clothes in a bucket with just a sprinkle of washing detergent. After this, I give them a quick rinse and let go of the idea of wearing clean clothes. Instead of pristine clean, my new goal is purely to not smell like the camels outside my window. I’m okay with that. Just when I thought I was done with cleaning for the day, it was time to head to the roof for pottery washing. It’s a good opportunity to sift through the pottery finds of the day and enjoy the view of the village we are living in.

The day has felt full but there’s some more learning to be done before we rest our heads and call it a night. We were treated with something special tonight when we all got to attend the lecture presented by Dr. Cynthia Finlayson of BYU. We were introduced to her teams work at Ad Deir and I was blown away by the things they were learning and the hi-tech equipment they have been using. I was inspired as I got a glimpse into the future of archaeology. We all got a chance to get up close and personal to their equipment after the lecture and left the experience feeling uplifted and wondering what technology has in store for archeology next.

May 30th – Elizabeth Strange

It is our first Thursday. Here Thursdays are like Fridays and we are happy to see it come. After a week in the field we are both mentally and physically tired. This week was particularly hard because there was so much new to us. We have been learning what is important to keep, what needs to be done in the trench and how to fill out the paperwork for it. The most important lesson we learned was how much water to drink. Both of my fellow cohorts in the trench, Jill and Sean, fell victim to the effects of dehydration leaving me to suffer through paper work alone. Today, though, we are all a little worse for wear but we are healthy, so we are going to enjoy our respite from the odious lectures and dreaded pottery washing.

Our relaxation time is delayed, though. First the girls have to move out of the first house we lived in. Leaving it was the hardest part of the week. In this house we are lavishly
accommodated compared to the house we moved into. In this house we had several bathrooms that each had bathtubs and all of the rooms had comfy plush beds. I packed hurriedly so that I could take one last shower in our cleaner, nicer abode before I had to face the next house (Fig. 19). I think having the nicer house first really helped us girls divert a greater shock from being away from more modern amenities, so staying there for a week wasn’t bad it just was sad to go.

Figure 19 ‘Yay, I was dirty’! Elizabeth's dirty shower water...nice job!

After settling into our new home our next task was to nap (Fig. 20). Midday naps in the hottest part of the day are important. However, I think they are the reason everyday feels like two days in one. Nap times are never long enough and I wake up feeling groggy. Still, I am a better person through the rest of the day and my cranky monster stays at bay. If anyone says otherwise I don’t know what they are talking about.

Figure 20 New room, old roommate.

After our nap we quickly prepared and Bedal and Ramsay took us into town. We split into groups and roamed the town a bit. I stayed near a tourist trap and delighted in food my
mouth could understand. I had come into town with the mission of finding a bucket I could use for washing my hair, but ended up staying in the trap to further indulge. At the end of the evening I caught a cab with Sean, Jill, and Kirstie. Jill is pretty good with the locals. I liked the way she negotiated with the cab drivers and she made sure she was understood. It wasn’t a haggle of prices she bluntly said, “I will go no higher than 4 JD” and it worked we got a cab for the cheapest we could. We also were told by our trench supervisor after the fact that I probably offended the cab driver by sitting up front. If a guy is with the group of girls the guy sits up front dually noted and now I am going to bed

May 31st - Jill Stewardson

Today was an off day for everyone. A group of program members went on a trip to the Dead Sea. The trip was a 3 ½ hour drive each way. We were able to see different sites along the way. One such site was when we stopped and saw the biblical stone that was said to be the wife of Lot that had turned into salt. Once at the Dead Sea, some of us went into the Sea and had a relaxing time. We enjoyed the “floating” experience (Fig. 21). This was interesting to feel since the immense amount salt in the sea allows people to be very buoyant. It was actually hard to try and sink. Also we were able to experience putting Dead Sea mud on ourselves and reaping the benefits of the mud. The trip to the Dead Sea was a nice way to relax after a long work week. White at the Dead Sea our group met a group of American Marines who were stationed in Jordan. We sat together after getting out of the Dead Sea. While talking with the Marines I realized that some Americans have an ethnocentric view towards other countries. The Marines said that we should yell at the Bedouins who work with us. I feel that while we have been working with the local Bedouin people we have come to appreciate this culture and to respect them for their hard work. The Marines were not respectful and it just made me realize that we are lucky to have this experience. Once the Dead Sea experience was done, our bus driver, Ahmed, took us back home.
One event that was special was that our bus driver Ahmed invited us to have tea with his family since they lived close to our host home. He drove us to a small place among some trees and introduced us to multiple members of his family (Fig. 22). Even though they didn't have enough cups, they gave us each some tea and we just shared our cups. That showed that even if they don't have much, they are willing to share what they do have and show us the warm Jordanian hospitality that we have come to know. This is one experience, along with others, is something that I have been surprised to learn being in the country of Jordan. Everyone we speak with is extremely pleasant, willing to make you feel comfortable, and just full of hospitality like Ahmed's family. Before coming to Jordan I was just warned that the Middle East was a place where people are not to speak with and I expected them to be aloof. While it is still important to be careful while traveling, I have come to know all of the Jordanians I have met as wonderful people, and the most hospitable I have ever known. This day was just another example of how experiencing a culture first hand really shows you the true nature of a people.
May 31st – Nicole Kurdziel

After working for a few days it was nice to have a break. Although my mind was still on how much dirt was stuck under my nails and what locus we were opening the next dig day, I tried to put it all behind me for the day. So after waking up early and boarding the bus I figured I would sit back and enjoy the ride to the Dead Sea. I got some reading done and caught up on sleep while we were on the bus. The bus driver, Ahmed was a nice man and stopped at a few places along the way for us to take some pictures.

I didn't plan on actually getting into the water; I know it's somewhat an odd thing, but I really dislike swimming in public places with a bunch of people I don't know. The water is filled with way to much dirt and sweat, so it freaks me out a bit. I was happy to know that Ilona and Kirstie both were planning on sitting out of the water, so we all hung out at our table and bathed in the sun.

Like everywhere in Jordan, we were able to rent a hookah to use, so I was trying to find someone to get one with me. When I thought all hope was lost Sean came out of the water with a few Marine friends that he had just met, and they were all for getting a hookah. After talking to them for about 5 minutes I realized they were possibly some of the most unintelligent people I have ever met. I suppose it's good to know what some of the fine men serving for our country are like. They were completely ignorant to the culture of the people in a country they were visiting. So once the hookah was out, so was I; and I returned to my table.

After getting some food and chilling out for the day the group decided it was time to head back to the house. We boarded the bus and I almost immediately fell asleep. I woke up to Ahmed driving up a narrow road on a hill. I was confused, and really thought that we were about to be kidnapped. Then I realized that everyone else on the bus seemed calm. It turned out that after hanging out with us for the day Ahmed wanted us to meet his family. So we pulled up to an area outside and it looked like they were having a picnic. It was possibly one of the most surreal experiences that I have ever had. We drank tea, played with the kids, and talked to the family.

Finally we returned to the house. After we settled in at the house a group of us walked up the street and got some shawarma at a small shop. We ate at the store and headed back to the
house. I was absolutely exhausted so I immediately fell asleep once I out my head on my pillow. Surprisingly I find it quite comforting to sleep in the heat of Jordan.

June 1st – Sean Kipybida

Today is Saturday and it has been another successful day of work here in Petra. My group made significant progress on the West Trench of the Pool Complex. We began work on Locus 04 and made it all the way to the southern end of the trench. While Jimmy aided one of our group members with the finishing touches on the SW Trench, I supervised and aided in the progress of the West Trench (Fig. 23). Our Bedouin counterparts seemed to be in high spirits today, joking and laughing while still working quickly and efficiently.

As we progressed in our trench, I was able to measure and sketch a small part of Locus 03. Utilizing my former engineering skills, I made a rough sketch of the layer and its dimensions. I tried to place the positions of the rocks but only used 90 degree angles in the first sketch. This turned out to be a colossal mistake as it equated to an extra 21cm on the northern edge of the locus that did not exist. To fix this issue, I altered my sketch to better show the orientation of the stones of the locus and their angles in relation to their dimensions. Once the angles of all the stones had been taken into account and their measurements taken, we went from 21cm in excess to 3 cm unaccounted for. Clearly, the latter is a much more manageable number to work with in
terms of accuracy. The East-West dimensions, having been fixed, and the North-South dimensions being off by 1 cm total, my sketch of the top of Layer 03 was complete. I shall begin measuring the bottom of Layer 03 first thing tomorrow morning and have made sure to include the angles of the stones for accuracy purposes. If nothing else, this has certainly been a learning experience.

Of greater interest was the lecture that we had after pottery washing. Professor Bjorn Anderson gave an interesting lecture on the foreign influences present in the ancient architecture in Petra (Fig. 24). These influences included Greek, Roman, Egyptian, and Assyrian. One structure which displays almost all of these foreign influences is Al Khazneh. Al Khazneh, which is probably the most recognizable structure in Petra, clearly shows Roman, Greek, and Egyptian influences (Fig. 25). On the first level on the right and left of the doorway are two figures which are thought to be Castor and Pollux mounting their horses. Above them, on the next level up, are women wielding axes. These are thought to be Amazons from Greek mythology. Above them is Isis, the wife of Osiris from Egyptian mythology. All of these influences are clearly visible on the face of the structure. However, Assyrian influences in architecture seem much greater when one examines the crenellations on tombs and other structures in Petra (Fig. 26). The crenellations, adopted from Assyria, give a pleasing aesthetic pattern to surfaces which may have otherwise been flat. All told, Petra's blend of architecture from around the world makes it unique.

Figure 24 Dr. Bjorn Anderson giving a lecture at the dig house.
June 2nd – Nicole Kurdziel – mistakenly did May 31st – see above

June 3rd – Ilona Dragos

Like other days, we were greeted by dogs as we approached the site (Fig. 27). They ran around for a bit and then left once they realized we had nothing for them. At the site, I asked John how many pottery buckets he thought we needed for the day. I thought 3 might be good, given our previous progress. He said 2 would be fine, and I am glad he did. We only finished excavating locus 77 due to other activity at the site, and the North Ridge excavation lecture. It is annoying to bring up supplies and not need them. However, it is just as annoying to need them and not have them, so I am not upset by the extra bucket situation.
The first thing Russ and I did at the trench was draw the soil profile of the west-most face of locus 77 (Fig. 28). There was a previous profile from the 2011 season. However, the previous profile did not record the lower layers reaching to the bedrock floor of the cave, which was what originally prompted the profile drawing. Drawing this was somewhat difficult as many recorded stones in the previous profile had been removed days before. Thus it took a while to determine where the previous profile ended and our record of locus 77 to the bedrock floor would begin. It was at this point we realized there was a difference in the scales used to draw the profiles. The previous season apparently used a 1:32 scale. We had been using a 1:20 scale. Attempting to do conversions to a 1:32 scale was annoying, as our scale ruler did not have a 1:32 scale. After struggling with the conversions for a bit, John allowed us to use the 1:20 scale and to make note of the difference. A locus was then removed, resulting in some pottery being recovered. There were bones and a marine shell recovered as well. Part of a small bowl was found early, so we sifted carefully to find any more sherds (Fig. 29). We also looked for metal, as this was the locus below where our metal object from yesterday was recovered.
We attempted to use the dumpy level to take the elevations within the cave when the locus was fully removed. We were only able to record 2 points before we were forced to go back to the line level, as the roof of the cave was too low for the dumpy to be properly used. I suspected as much, but it was nice to attempt an easier method of elevation taking. As we were working on elevations, military helicopters flew overhead, distracting everyone. Then, goats invaded the site and Dr. Bedal chased them away (Fig. 30). I was still in the cave for most of the chase, but from what I saw of it, goats are difficult to drive off. They manage to go almost everywhere but where you want them.

We ended in the field early for a site lecture on the North Ridge. Dr. Parker showed and taught a bit on the city wall and surrounding features (Fig. 31). Domestic structures, inside and
outside of the city wall, were showcased. Some shaft tombs were shown as well. Dr. Parker described some of the finds from the tombs, including gold, despite being robbed in years past. It was an interesting lecture, and I definitely liked the fact we were actually on the site instead of only hearing about the place, or having to recall it from memory.

![Dr. Parker giving a tour of the North Ridge at Petra](image)

*Figure 31 Dr. Parker giving a tour of the North Ridge at Petra*

*June 4th – Kirstie Richardson*

By the morning of June 4th, I felt much better than the previous day. We had all gathered downstairs waiting to go down to the site. I went to go jump into the back of one of the trucks but we were advised to go into the house. We waited about 5 minutes or so and opened the door only to shut it again. I had no idea why we were waiting but it turns out that the insecticide truck was making its rounds that morning. Once down at the site, our trench guys had already gathered the tools we needed for the day. I began with the mini pick in the closure to remove a few centimeters of dirt as well as removing the already loose stones in order to flatten the area and to better define the larger stones that were not going to be removed yet (Fig. 32). So far, our part of the wall is not symmetrical with the pool west wall. Next, I troweled the loose dirt both the yellowish brown, which we believe was a shallow pool of water settling, the reddish brown dirt and the various colors made by the sandstone. It was moist and it attracted flies.
After first chai break, I learned that Sean and Nikki would be trading places because Sean could lift the heavy stones. Shortly after learning this, Sean, Megan, Alex and I began talking, mostly about which movies and songs made us cry or sad and which Disney movies were the best, while working. We had a blast even though we were in the hot sun and the time seen to pass so fast. A few of the stones inside the enclosure forming a smaller enclosure against the bedrock while other large stones part of the tumble on the western side had a ton of dirt in between and it had to be removed, it was literary between a rock and a hard place (Fig. 33). That was my job. Unfortunately, after 20 minutes or so I had to quit because I was too big to effectively remove dirt without using any of the stones for support and it was slanted down making really hard to squat and lean forward. I told Alex my predicament so he placed Megan, who is a lot smaller than I am. Megan had a difficult time but was a better fit in between the stones.
The time passed so fast that second breakfast and second chai break seemed to pass within an hour of each other. The last half hour working in the field, Megan and I cleaned the massive stones forming the larger enclosure and the large stones inside as well so that the following morning pictures could be taken and we Though It was not in our area, a small talisman that had a coroneted top and what looks like a little face was found and also a piece of plaster that looked strangely like coral perhaps as a design.

June 5th – Sean Kipybida

Today is Wednesday and it has been an excellent day here in Petra. Work went exceedingly well in the field today and the house is buzzing with excitement about the two-day trip to Wadi Rum and Aqaba beginning tomorrow. Much has changed since my last report including my being “traded” to another trench. I was informed that I would be moved to the trench that Alex, one of our trench supervisors, was running. One of the girls from his trench was moved to my former trench, in turn. From what I’ve been told, I was switched mainly because Alex’s trench needed someone who was able to help the Bedouin move big and heavy rocks. Naturally, I was more than happy to oblige (Fig. 34).

Today was my second day in the new trench and as I stated previously, it was an excellent day. There was no shortage of large stones to lift today and I loved every minute of it. After first tea, Alex put me and some of the Bedouin to work on an extremely rocky trench. Progress was slow for the first hour or so but it increased shortly after breakfast. I should note
that I was worried about coming to Alex's trench because his workers liked to take a lot of breaks during the day. Today, however, was completely different. Each man took about two 5-minute breaks to catch their breath, smoke, or drink some water. The men worked harder than any I've seen since beginning this excavation. At one point, we developed an efficient system in the trench with the right division of labor to the point that we were able to move dirt so quickly that the wheelbarrow runner, Ibrahim, had trouble keeping up. I think the workers like me (so far); I push them hard, but push myself even harder. I try to set an example by taking as few breaks as possible, working quickly and effectively, and never asking them to do something I am not willing to do myself. I hope that these qualities will earn me their respect while I am here. I feel that they have already paid off. Alex mentioned how he'd never seen the guys working that fast before; and Megan, one of the girls in the trench, remarked that the workers seemed to like me. I suppose only time will tell whether this switch is good or not, but if today was any indication, I imagine that this will be a wonderful experience with lasting impressions on my life (Fig. 35).

Figure 35 The trench 26 team

June 6th – Megan Upfield – Children, Doctors and the Desert.

After a restless night of battling with an allergic reaction on my hands, I roll out of bed at 5am for another day in the field. I took elevations to prepare for the opening of a new locus in Trench 26. We are now halfway through the field school and I have become more comfortable with what to do. When I finish recording elevations, I take a seat to start working on the number
log for the day. Bashar, my apprentice archaeologist, sits with me and I pass him a pencil so he can draw on his own (Fig. 36). Bashar is such a tiny boy with the biggest smile I have ever seen. He has a talent of bringing joy to all of those around him.

![Figure 36 Megan and Bashar doing paperwork](image)

Despite my urge to stay, I can feel my hands getting more painful so I take my first visit to the local doctor where I learn about “Bedouin time”. Bedouin time means people are so relaxed, that actual time almost doesn’t matter. Of course it can be frustrating when you’re the one waiting, but on reflection, it’s a fairly simple way of life that we often forget about in our busy lives. After seeing the doctor, getting some cream to help with the itching, I am treated to some fresh pita bread that I can still smell when I close my eyes. Little did I know at this point that this doctor’s visit would be the first of many encounters with doctors.

Considering the events that followed for me, I thought it was important for me to come back to this entry and address my dermatologist appointment and three hospital trips that followed after this first doctor’s visit. From spider bites, to rashy hands (which led to me receiving many great nicknames from my new friends which will stick with me for life), to concussions - I got an understanding of health care in Jordan. Not only can I now provide information on the archaeology of Petra, but I can also direct those in need to a great dermatologist, and I know exactly how much one should budget for shots and x-rays. All I can say is thank goodness for Dr. Ramsay who became my nurse, and my Mum #2 on this trip!

Back to the events of June 6th. The joy of starting your day at sunrise is that you can dig in the field, complete paperwork, play with children, go to the doctors, eat three meals, and it’s still the morning. I go home to rest knowing that in a few short hours, I will be boarding the bus
on our trip to Wadi Rumm. After a scenic bus ride from Petra to the desert, we arrive and begin our tour. Our jeeps stop for us to take hikes up sand dunes, climb rocks to see spring waters, and squeeze through gorges to view ancient petroglyphs carved into the rocks (Fig. 37 a &b). Back at camp, after watching a picture perfect sunset, we devour a delicious meal that has been cooked in a giant hole in the sand. The day has been long and my tent which offers a view of the night sky is calling my name (Fig. 38). The view of the stars from my bed is so wonderful that I fight the urge to go to sleep. As my eyelids become uncontrollably heavy, I drift off into the most peaceful rest.

Figure 37 a) Sarah and Megan in Wadi Rumm, b) The group in Wadi Rumm

Figure 38 Sleeping tent in Wadi Rum
**June 7th – Nicole Kurdziel**

After a night full of excitement in Aqaba, I woke up to my roommate tossing and turning in her sleep at 7 in the morning. Since we were already up we went to the breakfast that was provided by our hotel. I had high hopes for this meal, unfortunately my dream of a pleasing hot breakfast was shut down. Breakfast was pita with cucumber and laughing cow cheese; the exact thing I did not want to eat. Although the food was not to exciting, we chose to enjoy our meal outside under a pavilion. Suddenly I saw a cat jump in to the flower bushes behind our seats. I looked where the cat went to lie down and to our surprise there were 5 kittens that weren't big enough to be more than a day or two old. The mother looked very frightened but we managed to snap a beautiful photo of her and her new family.

After we finished our breakfast I was still extremely tired. So Jill and I went back to our room to fall back asleep. I couldn't believe that we slept until 10:30 in the morning. That was the first and possibly the only time I actually slept in while in Jordan. It was fantastic. I now value sleep more than I ever had before. We chilled out at the hotel for the rest of our time in Aqaba and at about 4:00 pm our bus showed up; of course we had the same bus driver, Ahmed. Seeing as I either slept or read the entire bus ride, it seemed like an uneventful ride; with the exception of the breathtaking view.

After the long ride back to the village I decided to go on a walk up the street with a few people. We ended up running into some of the Bedouin workers from our site. We sat and talked with them for a few minutes before we went back to the house. I then took a relaxing shower and Skyped with my family before I went to bed.

**June 8th – Russ Winters**

Today was day two of our mid-season two day weekend. While it was nice to not have to get up quite so early and work, it certainly did not mean that we were idle. We had headed by bus to Wadi Rum after work on Thursday, where we the rode around the desert preserve in the backs of covered beds of trucks. We toured a series of Wadi Rum’s attractions which included several interesting natural features such as rock formations and natural springs. One particularly interesting spring had stairs leading down to a small subterranean reservoir. Wadi Rum is also home to numerous petroglyphs carved into large rocks and cliff sides. After seeing these sites, we were driven to a Bedouin tourist camp. Having arrived just before nightfall, we climbed up a
nearby rock formation to watch a memorable sunset. After that the Bedouin cooked a chicken dinner by burying and cooking the meat, in a container, in the desert sand. It was an excellent evening made better by a night spent sleeping under the stars.

Saturday morning we were up by 7, had a quick breakfast and some tea, and then went back to the town at the Entrance of Wadi Rum, where camels were waiting to take us on an hour long ride (Fig. 39 a & b). I had been waiting the entire season for a chance to ride a camel, and was very excited. Mounting and dismounting proved a little problematic, but I was too excited by the prospect of riding a camel to mind much. Some of the camels tended to stray off course going after shrubs and try running away while we dismounted and inattentive. When we made it back to town, we got back on our bus and headed to Aqaba, a city on the Red Sea.

![Riding camels in Wadi Rumm](image)

Aqaba was a pleasant hour-long drive from Wadi Rum. We arrived around eleven and were dropped off at our respective hotels, some at the Radisson, and another group, which included me, at the Bedouin Garden Resort. The Bedouin Garden was a nice little hotel with a pool, a restaurant, and peaceful sitting areas. After getting showered and changed, the six of us who were staying there went out into town, though not before making the acquaintance of a British man named Phil Allen who was currently staying in Rome and operating a jazz club. We ended up spending a significant part of the evening talking to him later in the night. When in town, I went to a McDonalds where I had an interesting creation called a Chicken Big Mac (Fig. 40). Afterwards we wandered around the city and did some souvenir shopping. We ended up back at the hotel for a few hours during which I relaxed by the pool and talked to Phil. We
eventually went back into town, met back up with the rest of the excavation team for a dinner at the Rover’s Return, an Irish pub downtown.

![Image of MacDonald's in Aqaba](image)

**Figure 40 MacDonald's in Aqaba**

*June 9th – Jill Stewardson*

Today was the first day back to work after the group went out to Aqaba to have a nice weekend (Fig. 41). We have been told that often people come back sick due to the extreme temperatures in Aqaba, which can dehydrate you easily. Everyone surprisingly was ready to go back to the field and resume the work we have been doing (Fig. 42 – and drink lots of water!).

![Image of Nikki with thumbs up](image)

**Figure 41 Nikki had an unfortunate trowling accident and Dr. Ramsay taped her head**
In our trench of Pool West, we were able to take down the floor until we hit the bedrock. We have left 3 different locus to show how the floor was layered and when it was laid. The floor shows that there is a water channel which diverts through the floor to the pool. The floor was originally bedrock. The water channel use was discontinued at one point. Then it was covered with capstones to stop the water flow. The bedrock was then covered by a mortar layer and then by a layer of plaster. The plaster seems to level out the floor since the mortar layer was uneven.

![Figure 42 Jill drinking water and resuming excavation in PSW](image)

We were supposed to do trench tours today, but it ended up becoming very windy. Unlike most places, here in Jordan it doesn't rain much but the chance of a dust storm is high. By the end of the field day the winds had picked up and the dust was starting to get noticeable (Fig. 43). As seen in the second picture included, by the time lunch was over it was very unclear due to dust. Pottery washing was a task as the winds on the roof of the house were very high. When this happens we just need to be diligent on keeping all pottery baskets one level high so sherds don't spill over. Also we learned that after a long weekend the pottery washing takes a long time. We had pottery from Thursday as well as pottery from today. This teaches us that trying to get some pottery done before leaving for the weekend is probably a good idea.
Today our trench also learned about the Bedouin humor. One of our trench workers Jamal played a trick on us. He informed us he was leaving and that his brother would be coming to work. Our trench supervisor informed us (he was in on the joke) that his brother was an identical twin and that he did not speak much English. We believed him and today his “twin” brother came. He was very quiet and mostly spoke Arabic. We found out of course he was joking and it just shows that the Bedouin have a great sense of humor. I have noticed that many of the local workers tend to joke a lot and keep the atmosphere a humorous and happy one. They tend to always be happy even when sick. This always helps the work day go by faster and smoother. It is a great honor and wonderful experience working with the Bedouin people.

*June 10th – Elizabeth Strange*

It’s a Monday, but unlike the Monday in the states, where we are just getting back in the grove, we are already in the grove. Well, sort of. Over the weekend we went to Wadi Rumm and Aqaba so I am having a longer recovery time. I enjoyed the long showers and the beach in Aqaba but I really did not enjoy it as much as I thought. Wadi Rumm was more of an experience. Either way, though, the long weekend left me more exhausted than a work day.

In the field today Jimmy has been laying out the warning signs that we will have to do scale drawings and we have begun to pick up the pace on our paper work in the field. Jimmy has
continually been warning us that the pressure will continue to increase on us as we head into the final stretch. I like his constant foreshadowing. I like to know what is ahead of me and I may complain about it, but I am not turned my surprise into a full monster.

We have also switched up our trench alliances. Sean doesn’t get along with Rashit, one of the Bedouin boys that helps us with our work. Well honestly I don’t think anyone gets on with the Rashit boy but we can ignore him. Sean on the other hand can’t so we traded him to another trench to keep the peace. We gained Nikki or Nicole in his stead and she fits well in our trench. The workmen like her and she is good with paper work. However, she likes to do my favorite job, which is taking elevations with the dumpy level. I’ll let her do it, though, no need to stress over anything. Over all in the field we didn’t find anything as interesting or as intact as we had found the previous week but we will be getting to the plaster layer in pool west soon. We have been seeing a trend that we find a plethora of artifacts from this layer so I am looking forward to getting to that on the other side of our trench.

At home my roommate, Megan, and I share 2 bedrooms. She keeps her stuff in one room I keep my stuff in the other room but we sleep in the same room. I have a feeling she wants to move away from me though. I don’t mind her having her space I just don’t want to sleep by myself in one of these rooms. I can see she is having a hard time, too. Bugs keep biting her at night and Alex has come in to spray her mattress. A spider has bitten her hands and has caused her hands to become red and itchy and that has been irritating her for a few days now, so I hope she can feel better soon (Fig. 44).

Figure 44 Megan trying to let Dead Sea mud help her hands
The highlight of today for me was a few wisps of clouds coming by while we washed pottery (Fig. 45). It is silly, honestly, but sometimes seeing things you miss boost the mood for the rest of the day.

Figure 45 Clouds during pottery washing

June 11th – Kirstie Richardson

Waking up at five in the morning is still difficult, but this day ended up being a good one. Since I have learned how to properly fill out the paperwork, it has been somewhat enjoyable. I started on working on the space between feature 6 (southern wall) and the bedrock by cleaning and sweeping the area, which took up until first chai break. Afterwards, I moved over to the where the plateau was, were everyone else was working, the opposite side of the bulk line. We cleared a few centimeters of the yellowish red and brownish red dirt. The tumble that had fallen in that area had to be removed. They were too heavy for me to move but I helped clear the dirt around them to loosen them. After the stones were gone, I began troweling near the bedrock to remove the dirt clinging to the bedrock but I did not make a difference because the guys kept alerting me to bones, glass and shell fragments that needed to go into their respective bags, so I moved the bags in between but even that didn’t matter since the bags filled up quickly (Fig. 46).
I gave up on doing manual labor and began working on the logs and labeling the bags. We ended up finding a large spiral shell and egg shells, a ton of bones, a rusty metal nail and what seemed as an endless supply of pottery. At the very end of the day, we found the wall on the plateau side of the bulk, but only a small portion of the wall. It looks strange considering it curves into the bedrock instead of continuing straight. It is definitely not symmetrical only making the mystery more frustrating. Dr. Bedal came over to see our progress and when we showed her the wall, she seemed annoyed that the wall was not what she was hoping it would be. There was a considerable amount of space between the wall and area where the bedrock curves. We figured that the space between the wall and curving bedrock must be where water was being held, like a cistern but we really have no idea what the space is for.

*June 12th – Ilona Dragos*

Today we started in the field with cleaning, as we usually do. It is amazing how much dust is constantly in the cave. After cleaning, we took elevations of the new loci. Because the loci were finally outside of the cave, between the 2011 excavation feature 2 and where feature 21 once stood, we were finally able to make use of the dumpy level. I used the sight, taking down the measurements and doing the calculations while Russ used the stadia rod. I am apparently
now the math girl for the trench, which I do not mind. I am not good with the heavy lifting, so this makes up for it somewhat.

I was put in charge of the locus, which I am uncomfortable with, although I can see why John gave me the responsibility. It gives me an opportunity to learn and expand my skill set, as well as get used to situations I do not like. I am more used to receiving orders or being left alone to work on things. Managing a group of people my age and older is stressful. I still have John to guide me and make the main decisions, so it should not be as bad as I feel it will be this first day.

We found quite a few objects today in the trench. There were eight coins and a bit of metal. There was also pottery, like always. We have found more coins in the past loci, but eight is still considered an unusually large amount. At least according to John and Geoff, who both claim the current trench has yielded more coins than either of them have found in a single trench over their seasons. Dr. Ramsay found a bit of old wood, not contamination as far as we can tell, and an eggshell while sifting (Fig. 47)

![Figure 47 Ilona and Russ sifting](image)

In the lower locus, much to the overall trench’s annoyance, we found a sherd of what was field-read as Islamic period pottery (green glaze) (Fig. 48). As rodent bones were recovered from the locus the sherd was found in, we are currently attributing the sherd to burrowing. If this is not the case and the sherd was deposited in the layer without the animal interference, then it presents a strange situation. Our previous loci on higher elevations have had more early Nabataean pottery than later sherds. There have been a few later sherds, and many of them have been in the lower loci, presenting a strange situation where the earlier pottery is on top. The
earlier sherds may have been washed in over the years. I hope so, because we are at a loss as to how to describe the situation otherwise.

![Figure 48 Pottery from the day with one piece of Islamic (green glaze) period pottery](image)

The end result of the day, loci fully removed (Fig. 49).

![Figure 49 View from above of locus fully removed (bottom of photo is north)](image)

**June 13th – Nicole Kurdziel**

In America a person's 21st birthday is one of the most important. It symbolizes becoming an adult and since the drinking age is 21, it's customary to go out to a bar and have a few drinks. Unfortunately for me, I was not in America to celebrate this event in my life.
Luckily for me my birthday ended up being on a Thursday, which is like Friday in Jordan. While we were at the dig site, Liz told me horrible news; there was a surprise lecture that night, so all our plans for my birthday were ruined. But something seemed fishy to me and I was hoping this wasn't some sort of joke and we're really doing something for my birthday. But then at lunch, Dr. Ramsay made an announcement about the guest lecture, and it was up at the Monastery. I'll admit, I was somewhat upset; and my family forgot that they were supposed to Skype with me on my birthday as well, so I really didn't want to go to this lecture.

I decided I should go to the “lecture” anyway and try to enjoy myself. When we were leaving I noticed that Russ was dressed a bit fancier than usual, and Dr. Bedal and Dr. Ramsay weren’t coming to the lecture. This made me start thinking more. But I kept going along with the ruse, and we started walking up the mountain to the Monastery.

After we got some way up the mountain I saw one of our Bedouin friends walking down dressed in his white robe with his donkey. He said since it was my birthday, I shouldn't be walking and he let me ride the donkey the rest of the way up the mountain. At this point I had figured out that there was no lecture, and we were on our way to celebrate my birthday. On our way up to the Monastery a woman stopped us and gave me a bracelet from her shop as a birthday gift. It was silver and orange, to match my shirt. When we finally got up to the Monastery I saw a group of my Bedouin friends cooking dinner. There was chicken, rice, humus, vegetables, and some other foods.

While they were cooking a group of us climbed up to the top of the Monastery; the view was incredible. I could see so much, and it made me feel so small. I loved it, and I still think of how beautiful the view was. The food was some of the best food I had eaten when I was in Jordan and I feel honored that everyone put so much effort in to making the day special. Salem even carried my birthday cake up the mountain, because you can't put a birthday cake on a donkey, it will fall off. I'm so happy to have spent my 21st birthday this way (Fig. 50). It was the best birthday I have ever had and I wouldn't have changed any part of it.
Today has been an altogether tiresome day. Russ, my roommate for this trip, and I decided that we should go visit the shrine on Jebel Haroun (Aaron's Mountain). The trip was planned hastily and without much consideration of all factors and possibilities. We felt that it would be more of an adventure to go to the tomb without a guide. Dr. Ramsay and John (who told us to get a guide and be more prepared) dropped us off at the work site, where we would begin our walk, around 8:30am. It was at this point that Russ and I admitted that we had no clue whatsoever on how to reach the tomb on the mountain. After pointing out our foolishness in not hiring a guide or bringing a map of any sort, John gave us directions on how to reach the mountain on which the tomb sat. It wasn't long after beginning our walk that Russ and I realized how bad of an idea it was. Nevertheless, we were in high spirits and determined to prove to John that we could make it without a guide and so we pressed on. After an hour of walking aimlessly, we ran into a Bedouin man who pointed us in a better, though still incorrect, direction. As the sun rose, Russ and I grew tired and it became my job to get to the top of the nearest cliffs and look for the mountain during water breaks. Eventually we found it. Encouraged, Russ and I began walking toward the mountain with renewed enthusiasm. We followed the paths to the mountain but quickly discovered that there was no path leading up the mountain. After following a wadi to the base of the mountain, Russ and I found a large pile of rocks, and some donkey...
bones, leading onto the mountain. Little did we know that this would be the first of many climbs up the mountain that we would make that day (Fig. 51 a & b). We climbed the mountain for hours, choosing our paths carefully. It wasn't until we'd made it halfway up that Russ divulged his fear of heights. Regardless, we climbed until we came upon stairs leading to the top (Fig. 52). When we reached the tomb we took yet another water break and looked out from the mountaintop. We could see for miles in all directions and felt as if we were on top of the world. This feeling alone made the trip worthwhile. Sad to say, but the tomb by comparison was unspectacular.

![Figure 51 a) One of the mountain paths on Jebal Haroun, b) A glimpse of the tomb](image1)

![Figure 52 Russ at Jebal Haroun (Finally!)](image2)
Having taken pictures and letting the scenery sink in, we happily descended the mountain; this time we used the stairs. After returning to the house we all went to Wadi Musa for pizza and shared our days' adventures. If nothing else, the journey was a success because it allowed Russ and I to learn more about each other and served as a good “team-building” exercise but also because it made for a great story and served as an outline for what not to do.

_June 15th – Jill Stewardson_

Today we went back into the trenches after our off day of Friday. There were a few causalities that happened. A few of our group members were not in tip top shape after a long day of hiking on Friday. We have learned that it is very important for us to drink water even when not in the field. It is very different than at home for most of us who don't live in extremely hot temperatures. Here in Jordan the weather can be tricky because of the low humidity in the area we live. Your body doesn't really sweat that much and therefore you don't notice you are getting very dehydrated. You must drink water no matter what you are doing. Sometimes when you are not in the strict schedule of the trenches, you forget that you are not drinking and then it can take a toll on your body with a little Gatorade and water you can get better quick. Luckily when someone is at the house due to illness there is plenty of paperwork to be done (if they are ups to it). Then you can still be useful while not in the field.

Once back in the trenches our group took down another locus in our Pool Southwest area. We are working to get down to a layer that we can leave there for the season, as our season is coming to a close soon. We might leave the layer of plaster since it can protect the area till another group comes back. Also, we had some fun during our tea time. Sometimes the local workers and some of our group members stay in our trench under our shade tent for tea. It is nice to talk and play games with the workers and learn new things that as Americans we don't have. I learned a new game similar to tic tac toe. It was a little harder but fun. Also often we listen to music during our work. During today's second tea time our trench supervisor, Jimmy, and one of our workers, Khalid, decided to show us their dance skills (Fig. 53). They were surprisingly good dancers. It is always nice to relax a little and let loose while still getting the work done.
After our day was done we had an early lecture from Dr. Tom Paradise (Fig. 54). He spoke about the different geologic aspects of the area we are working in. It was interesting to hear him talk about how flooding (very rare) affects the area. Often once it rains, it only takes a little while for the water to dry right up and then there is no trace of any water left. Also, once there is a rain, many people start looking for coins that have washed up from the sediment in the area.
June 16th – Elizabeth Strange

I wished I had gotten a picture of Bedal all wrapped up in her white scarf. She looked like an old fashion movie star and she descended the stairs and got in the truck. I have never seen a movie star drive a truck, but she pulled it off well. On site the nova crew was less of a distraction than what I had thought they would be. They took Bedal and a few trench supervisors away from work, but we have been at this long enough now to know what to do ourselves. For instance today we are taking out the wall in pool south west and before we would let the workers take down the wall Jill, Nikki, and I made sure a picture of the wall was taken (Fig. 55). Oh yeah, we are awesome (Fig. 56). Well at least in getting our trench work done.
Today also had its lows, though as our trench seemed to make every social slip up of the day; first it was me. Ibrahim a worker from one of the other trenches came over, so I tried joking with him. I had gone to his trench once and he had joked about me not belonging there so while he was in my trench I asked him what he was doing there and he should go back. I didn’t realize he misunderstood and had taken it as an insult until it was too late. I angered one of the nicest Bedouin guys on our site I feel so bad about it (Fig. 57). Jill also did something that she didn’t realize would be taken as a slight. She had given her gloves to one of the workers and another worker took the gloves from him so she took the gloves back and handed them directly back to the worker. The Bedouin men are so tough, but sometimes I feel like they are emotionally weak.
They are kind but are easily offended and seem to get their feeling hurt over some of the simplest of things. Oh well things have a way of working themselves out I just have to be politer and if I get the chance I hope he accepts my apology.

At Home thing are actually a bit easier. We have been staying on top of our paper work so it hasn’t built up or become overwhelming yet (Fig. 58). Jill does of the paper work though and she does end up working longer into the night than we do. I feel bad when I hear she has had to stay up later but for some reason I don’t feel bad when I hear Jimmy had to stay up long past any of us. Poor Jimmy. I feel bad for my roommate too. She is still suffering from the spider bite and has had to suffer several doctors’ visits to no avail. It is our last week hopeful things can pick up.
Today we had guests in the trench. Elizabeth, Nikki, and Jill were sent over by Jimmy to learn how to draw wall profiles (Fig. 59 a & b). In the meantime, Jimmy and the workers moved large stones in their trench. It was different not being the only girl in the trench, although that could have been attributed to multiple other things. Their presence changed the whole atmosphere of the trench. It might have been more to do with them being strangers to the trench instead of being women. They also had a reluctance to learn. I can easily see their viewpoint. Drawing profiles seems simple, just take the measurements and draw. Why should they have to be sent to another trench to learn how to do something so simple? It was also early in the morning, and they are definitely not morning people. Part of the reluctance could have been the fact that John asked them to help clean. It is part of our morning ritual in the trench, and we can do basically nothing in the trench before the leftover dust from the previous day and overnight is cleared away for photos. It also provides a clearer picture of the wall to be profiled.

When the cleaning was complete, they helped place the line and level, so they knew how to do it when they returned to their trench. They each took a turn measuring and drawing the exposed 2011 feature 2 wall. As with any new skill, they each had varying degrees of success.
It is very hard to do something well the first time if you are overconfident or are thoroughly reluctant to accept the fact it is harder than you first thought. They managed to draw a few courses by the time Jimmy was ready for them to return to his trench. I feel they did well, under the circumstances, and they allowed me the time to help with paperwork and understand more about the trench, which is still confusing.

From what we can see, there are at least 3 phases to the 2011 feature 2 wall. Most likely, we will split the wall into different features based on possible sequence of construction. This we will likely determine by looking at the style of stone used (e.g. Fig. 60), the presence of the collapse layers in relation to the location of the wall, and the abutting of regions of the wall by loci and other regions of the wall. Once this is determined, it might help explain what was going on in the past. The wall itself will explain very little in my opinion. It will only be when we mix this information with the other evidence that any explanation can be made.

Figure 60 An example of stone masonry style

Due to our drawing, very little pottery was recovered from our trench. Geoff was still excavating in the southwest corner, so we did get a little (Fig. 61). I was asked to help with paperwork once we got back to the house. I sketched another fragment of the copper alloy twisted wire. Nikki was asked to come over and sketch the glass Janus juglet, but Dr. Bedal intervened and told her not to handle the glass. It is a fragile piece, after all. Instead, Dr. Bedal took quick measurements using calipers before safely wrapping the piece up for transportation. It was wrapped in toilet paper and put into a Tupperware container for transport. I find this somewhat funny, as it is such a simple solution. Personally, I feel as though the Janus juglet was far less fragile than the copper wire and the copper container that were handled for drawing.
Then again, neither of those were in such good condition or nearly complete. They were corroded and falling apart, where only a few fragments were missing from the juglet.

![Figure 61 Geoffrey finishing his section of Trench 24](image)

**June 18** – *Russ Winters*

By our last week of excavation, the dig had begun to take a toll on everyone, and I was no exception. My problems had started Friday when I went on a hike to the tomb of Aaron, the Biblical brother of Moses, with Sean, another student. The mountain on which it is situated is known locally as Jebel Haroun and has been traditionally associated with the Mount Hor of the bible. This adventure was motivated more by Jebel Haroun’s fantastic view of Petra and the surrounding landscape on my part, regardless of the Mountain’s identity. While I took three bottles of water with me, I sweated most of it out on the hike, probably got dehydrated, and certainly got very sore. It was a good hike though, and the view was certainly worth the trek.

As I said however, by Monday I was no longer feeling particularly well. While I made it through the day in the field, I began feeling sick to my stomach, causing me to miss the evening pottery washing, paperwork and dinner.

Tuesday, I went into the field in the morning, but needed to go back up to the house at breakfast break due to my stomach. I think I definitely was not drinking enough water and simply got dehydrated. I was disappointed about missing field time, as prior to this final week I had been feeling quite healthy and had hoped to go the whole season without missing a day at the site.
The time I did spend in the field was spent drawing up our final top plans and baulk drawings, as we had finished our excavation of the cave by Monday. Our final week of excavation had been fruitful and I wish we had had more time to continue. By the beginning of this week we had begun digging down at the mouth of the cave, where the bedrock slopes down. Sunday was our last major day of excavation in the cave, and likely our most interesting, which was excellent timing due to the presence of a camera crew from Nova. We found a group of objects including an ivory crochet or knitting needle of something, a bronze bracelet, a small bronze box, and a glass vial with two faces on its lower portion.

Tonight was our farewell dinner from our hosts, Dakhilallah Qublan and his family. It was a good time and gave me an excuse to where the black thobe, a kind of traditional robe, that I (affordably) had had tailor made a few weeks previous (Fig. 62). Luckily I was feeling healthy enough to eat. On Friday we will be going back to Amman, where I have a flight out of Jordan at 2:30 A.M. Saturday. While I have thoroughly enjoyed my time in Jordan and at Petra, I am excited to go home and see my parents and friends though. I will however, sorely miss the friends I have made in Jordan, and will never forget this amazing experience.

Figure 62 Dinner with Russ, Jimmy and Geoffrey in their Thobes

June 19th – Kirstie Richardson

Today is the first day of clean up and I was glad to find out that we would not be back filling in out trench after hearing some stories for John. We went down at 5 am as usual and we only brought a few tools up with us. The day before I began my line drawing and would be
finishing it today. I was very proud of my drawing because drawing is not my strongest point. All of my measurement added up perfectly and I was proud of that too. The most difficult problem I had while drawing was telling the difference between the stones of the wall and the mortar holding them together. In places the mortar would cover the stone and other places it wouldn’t. I was like guessing if it’s the same stone on either side of the mortar. It was difficult drawing the tiny stones in the mortar but besides that it was just rounding out the stones, and getting the right shape. It was mainly detailing until second breakfast. Afterwards, Sean and I went over to Jimmy’s trench to help Liz and Nikki with their bulk drawings (Fig. 63 and 64 a & b).

Figure 63 Kirstie, Dr. Ramsay and Salim working in Trench 26

Figure 64 a & b Sean drawing
My stomach bothered me since first chai break but the sun made it worse so I went up with Dr. Ramsay, Alex, Megan and Jill. While the rest of the day I spent in bed reading game of thrones, I did go to the wedding even though I thought dancing wouldn’t be very wise. The music was great and very energetic. It was a combo of traditional and modern rave beats mixed together. As soon as we arrived we were mobbed by a lot of little girls who wanted us to dance with them. It was kind of a nightmare because I can’t stand kids but I figured it’s just for a little bit. One little girl in particular became my dancing partner for the entire night. Other little girls tried to dance with me but she was not having it, she pushed them all away. They were pretty aggressive for kids. These girls, and the women too, can dance. Holy crap! My little girl tried showing me how to dance but let’s just say I need practice. Around 9:30 pm, both Liz and I were super tired and our little girls kindly escorted us back to the house. I didn’t realize until it was too late but the girls followed us up to our floor. I figured that the best way to get them out was to give them some cake left over from dinner as a thank you for escorting us. It worked, they thanked us and they returned back to the party. I was right about the dancing not being a great idea as my stomach bothered me again.

June 20th – Megan Upfield - The Final Day, A New Me.

Today is the day when our life in Petra comes to an end. There are a flood of mixed emotions in the house. We are sad that we will soon have to say goodbye. We are happy that we will soon have to say goodbye. We are stressed when thinking about the amount of work we have to face before saying goodbye. Perhaps most importantly, we feel grateful for all that we have learned, and the lifelong friends we have made. However, before we can properly address these feelings, it’s work time. We spend the day drawing artifacts, copying locus forms into dirt stained laptops, drawing top plans and making sure everything is done before we depart tomorrow morning. Today is a time to focus and ensure that all the work we have done for the past month is properly documented. For me, it was also a time to be proud of how great I had become at drawing rocks in the past month. A skill I did not ever think I would be so excited about.

After a long day of paperwork with the sound of screaming donkeys as our motivational music, we close the books and head into town to enjoy some pizza. We all sit together and think about the month that has been. I realize that I have not yet experienced Petra by night (Fig. 65).
Petra by night is an event that occurs a few times per week. The Siq is illuminated with candles and the opportunity is offered to embrace the beauty of this magical place by night. Although I have been here for a month, Petra seems different now. I feel a strong bond with the people, the sand, and the history. I make my way down the Siq for the final time on this trip and once again, I am face to face with the grand Al Khazneh. It looks different tonight than it looked on my first encounter a month before. I know it is not only the night sky that is causing this change in perception; it is because I am different.

In addition to this being our final day in Petra, today is my birthday eve. A few hours before I enter life as a 24 year old seems like a good time to reflect on not only this trip, but to take inventory of my life. I start to wonder about what I have done, what I haven’t done and what I should be doing moving forward. With a racing mind, only one thing is truly clear. What is clear is that coming to Petra has been one of the most important decisions in my life so far. It has not only confirmed that pursuing archaeology is what I want to do, but it has also taught me that comfort can be found just as soon as I let go of my own ideas of what is comfortable. Although I had more than my fair share of medical emergencies (see June 6th entry), I will always cherish my experience in Jordan.
Some student comments and observations on their time in Jordan

Jill Stewardson:

- The experience of being in another country with another culture was one of the best experiences of my life. I know for sure I want to travel a lot more.
- I have also learned that I can be more independent than I thought. I was able to live in another country (of course with some help) for a month and survive.
- Another thing I have learned is how to disagree with another culture but be able to respect and still be in awe of their culture.
- Also, I have learned that we should not take for granted what we have in the US. While in Jordan it was hard for me not to be able to just go to a Target and get whatever I needed (like when my boots died). I realized that we have it so easy here and I should be grateful for that.
- Another difference is that of how women are treated. In the US (at least my area) women have a lot of freedom to do what they want. In Jordan women are much more subdued. Even for Americans, it is better for women to go out with a man. Also, men and women in Jordan are not as chummy as in the US. I remember when we went to see Ahmed's family that the one guy would only shake the men's hands, not the women's. It is not offensive, but just different for me.
- Another difference I have noticed is shopping. In America, it is not as easy to negotiate price. In Jordan, many items never have price tags, and then often you are given a discount anyways. I can't count the places that the store person gave me one item for free, or a huge discount (“just for me” haha). I enjoyed this very much.
- I have a whole new perspective that I never thought I would. It has made me a stronger person and helped me to change a few things in my life that needed to be changed. It was well worth the experience.
- I don’t think that a field school is necessarily a requirement, but if it isn’t, it should be. The experience is nothing like what you learn in school.

Megan Upfield:

- I learned how to live without the comforts I am used to ("unlimited" water, comfortable bed, my own bathroom etc).
• I learned how to live and build friendships with complete strangers.
• I learned that even if you do get sick overseas and need to go to hospital, everything will always be okay.
• Life at home is rushed. At home, we glorify busy. In Jordan, the people know how to really enjoy themselves and their friends. They know how to relax.
• I don't think I ever really realized how much we waste water at home. In Jordan, nothing is wasted. They are resourceful and find a use for everything. They take what they need and do not live in excess like back at home.
• There is a big difference between children at home and children in Jordan. Children in Jordan have much less fear and their parents give them a higher level on independence at a young age than back at home. They are able to play safely outside at all hours.
• After connecting with people who had done the project in the past, I knew it was a good decision as I was consistently told it was the best dig people had ever been on.
• I took two really important things away from the experience:
  • 1. Let go of my own ideas of comfort and I can be comfortable anywhere.
  • 2. I love archaeology just as much as I thought I did. I enjoy fieldwork and I know this is what I want to pursue my career in.

*Kirstie Richardson:*

• Anyone can sit in a classroom and take notes and pass an exam but actually going out on the field, getting your hands dirty and using the tools is different and can really tell you if archaeology is what you truly want to be doing and even if that is the region of the world you want to be in.
• I consider taking this trip the best decision I’ve made and I wouldn’t have minded staying longer.
• I love to travel. I love seeing the sites and attractions but I’m more interested in seeing the real places, the real shops and restaurants, instead of the ones that cater towards tourists.
• While getting pizza is a treat, the food our hosts so graciously made for us was much better.
• Jordan is not America! In fact, it’s far away from America and that’s a good thing. There are two parts to why this is a good thing, first, I wanted to know how I would feel knowing full well that I cannot hop on the nearest highway and head home whenever I pleased. I was half a world away and I felt fine.
The second reason is that it’s a new place that I never thought I’d get to go to. I’ve been “stuck” in America my whole life, with the exception of visiting Canada numerous times but I can hardly see the difference. I have only been down the East coast as far as Florida. I’ve always been jealous of classmates that went overseas or anywhere for vacation because I never had the chance, so I figured I better go while the opportunity is right in front of me. I’ve thought of my life as very boring until this trip.

One of the biggest differences I’ve noticed while in Jordan was that sleeping outside was very common. Everyday there were one to four people sleeping just outside of Dakhlallah’s house and then there were a few sleeping on roofs, and I’ve noticed a couple of the workers sleeping at the Great Temple.

Another difference I noticed was about the children. Despite the working at their shops at the site alone, the children are a lot tougher. I’ve seen them fall and fight and expected at least a whine, but I haven’t heard a peep from them, thank goodness.

Lastly, I noticed the treatment of animals. The first two weeks or so, I hated seeing the dogs and donkeys getting hit by anyone and I wanted to feed the cats and dogs because they looked so skinny but I didn’t say or do anything. I realize the Bedouin view animals differently than Americans do but it took me a bit to get used to it.

Ilona Dragos:

- I learned how to travel abroad and what airport customs is like, which will be helpful for future trips.
- I learned that people, no matter where they are from, have the ability to be prejudice against others, even if they are very similar to one another, such as rifts between the bedouin and the farmers (or Jordanian Arabs), or even just between Bedouin tribes.
- I learned that even though Jordan is predominately desert, there is still much greenery to be found, and that there are even forests in Jordan.
- I learned how to properly ride a camel and how to tie a keffiyeh.
- One of the most important things I learned was how people live in a region with little water, which was something I had never experienced before.
- The most interesting differences between life at home and in Jordan was not being able to flush toilet paper, animals freely roaming the streets, and the constant offering of tea, sometimes even by strangers.
- The most important thing I took away from it was the experience gained from working on an excavation in a country where the language is not my own. It made communication a tad difficult, but it also increased my skill and toleration for those different than me.
Sean Kipybida:

- I learned quite a bit about Jordanian culture, both in the rural areas as well as the urban lifestyle. The pace of life seems to be slower than Americans and Jordanians seem to live in the moment. While I do like this idea, I'm not so sure that it is transferable into American life.
- I learned that no matter where you are or what country you are in, you can always make new friends and meet some truly interesting people.
- Some of the most interesting differences between life at home and in Jordan is the separation between men and women. While it was expected, it is something that is foreign to me. At home men and women usually do the same things and are usually encouraged to be around the opposite sex. In Jordan, I very rarely saw men and women hanging out in groups or doing the same tasks with one another.
- Also the separation of men and women at weddings was interesting. In America, everyone parties together and the guys usually get drunk and crazy but so do the women. In Jordan, the women have a party and get crazy (apparently) and the guys will sit in a tent down the road and sing traditional songs and do traditional dances. The men are more tame than the women are. These differences between our cultures as I said was not unexpected and yet were still surprising in the extent to which they applied. This was by far the most striking difference between life at home and in Jordan, in my personal opinion.

Nicole Kurdziel:

- The most important thing that I got out of the excavation was that there is a world outside of the US. It is the best thing to explore that world and learn about other people and understand as well as accept these differences.
- Life at home is completely different than in Jordan. For instance, my first observation was the children run around with basically no supervision and they seem to have more freedom than American's would give their children. Another major difference that I noticed was the hospitality; no matter where I went there was always someone giving me tea or offering me something.