

# The Confraternity of Saint James



## BULLETIN

December  
1993

No. 48

*President*  
H.E. The Spanish Ambassador



## CONFRATERNITY EVENTS WINTER/SPRING 1994

### **Saturday 22 January – 11th Confraternity AGM**

12 noon to 8pm at the St Alban's Centre, Baldwin's Gardens, London EC1. Details already circulated.

**Tuesday 8 February – 'Holy Year Pilgrimage'** – our honorary President, H E. the Spanish Ambassador, D. Alberto Aza Arias, will speak to us about his 12-strong family walking pilgrimage along the Camino from Roncesvalles during the height of Holy Year. His youngest son was only 11 at the time. After his talk there will be a chance for new members to meet each other and 'old hands' to exchange advice and information. Wine and nibbles will be available.

Please note venue: crypt of St Etheldreda's Church, Ely Place, London EC1 (nearest tube Chancery Lane). 7pm. Entrance: members £2-50, visitors £3.

**Saturday 12 March – 'Two for the Price of One' – Northern Group meeting in Leeds.** A chance to talk to those who have been to Compostella and pick their brains and a talk on 'Romanesque to Gothic – an engineer's approach' by Barry Humpidge. 11am at the Anglican parish church hall of St James, Woodside, Leeds. 11am coffee and finish with service at 3pm and tea at 3.30. Cost for the day: £5, to cover hire of hall and liquid refreshment. Bring your own picnic lunch. If you would like to attend, please send a cheque (made out to H.B. Humpidge) to Barry Humpidge, 2a Kingsley Park Grove, Sheffield S11 89HL. A map will be sent by return. NB Any surplus will go to Northern Group funds. If you have any queries please ring Barry on (0742)-350841.

**Saturday 19 March – Music from the *Codex Calixtinus*** by the Schola Gregoriana of Cambridge, directed by Dr Mary Berry. 7.30pm at the Church of St Bartholomew the Great, West Smithfield (corner of Cloth Fair), London EC1 (nearest tubes:

Farringdon and St Paul's). Tickets £7-50 and £5 available from Marion Marples, 45 Dolben Street, London SE1 0UQ. Please apply on form at back of Bulletin.

### **Saturday 16 April – Practical Pilgrim Day in Cambridge**

Our first visit to Cambridge and we hope a number of members from the city and East Anglia will be able to come to exchange views and information on the practical aspects of the walking and cycling pilgrimage. New and old pilgrims will be equally welcome. 11am at the Emmanuel United Reformed Church Hall, Trumpington Street, Cambridge. Bring a picnic lunch – soup and coffee will be available. 3pm: visit to Fitzwilliam Museum; around 6pm: early evening meal together. If you intend to come you are asked to complete the form at the back of the Bulletin.

**June (date to be announced) – Saturday visit to Reading and Caversham**, including Abbey Ruins, church of St James, new Museum of Reading, with reconstruction of Reading Abbey and facsimile of the Bayeux Tapestry. Details in Bulletin 49.

**Monday 25 July – St James's Day – early evening picnic or visit** (details to be announced).

**20 to 26 August – Pilgrim Walk from Bayonne to Pamplona** at the invitation of the Association des Amis de Saint-Jacques des Pyrénées Atlantiques. This walk, described in the Winter Newsletter 1993/4, is now full and we are establishing a waiting list. Any new members who are particularly interested are invited to complete the yellow form enclosed with that newsletter in case a place becomes available nearer the time.

## **Other Spring 1994 Events**

**12 March to 24 April – exhibition 'St Jacques de Compostelle, Mille Ans de Pèlerinage'** organised by the Swiss Amis du Chemin de Saint-Jacques at the Hotel de Ville of Yverdon-les-Bains (Vaud), Tues. to Sunday, 2 till 6.

**16 to 17 April – pilgrim weekend at Saint-Palais (Pyrénées Atlantiques), France** with the Pyrénées Atlantiques Association and the Navarre Association. Saturday: visit to Musée de la Basse Navarre and reception. Sunday: Mass and walk from Harambeltz to Saint-Palais.

**7/8 May – Inauguration of St Michael's Way (Cornwall) and walk from Lelant to Marazion**, organised by the Bredereth Sen Jago. Programme: Saturday, 10am (note time): Pilgrim Blessing at Lelant church, followed by official inauguration and guided 13-mile walk to Marazion; evening entertainment. Sunday: 11am, service in St Michael's Church on the Mount. If interested in taking part please contact Hilary Shaw, The Old Kiln, Falmouth, Cornwall TR11 5RJ and enclose s.a.e. for more details including bed and breakfast accommodation.

## From the Secretary's Notebook

### **New Rabanal Postcards**

Through the generosity of Mrs Emma Poe of Bridport, Dorset, we have been able to make a new postcard of Rabanal del Camino. It is a watercolour painting in greens and greys of the church tower and village as seen from the meadow of the Refugio Gaucelmo. Cards will be on sale for 20p each at the AGM.

### **Subscription Renewal 1994**

A pink renewal sheet is enclosed for members who do not pay by banker's order and who have not paid in advance for 1994. If in fact you have paid Walter Ivens already for 1994 please ignore the sheet. Rates for 1994 stay the same and if you wish you may pay for up to three years in advance, thus saving any increase that may occur in that period. Any enquiries about subscriptions should be directed to Walter Ivens on (071)-229 2624.

### **1994 Publications List**

It is hoped that a 1994 publications list will be ready for the AGM to be enclosed with this Bulletin. It will include Bettina



Selby's recent book, *Pilgrim's Road: a Journey to Santiago de Compostela*, the new book on St James from the Cathedral at Santiago and the Rabanal postcards. We also hope that the forthcoming *Pilgrim Anthology* compiled by Phinella Henderson will appear in time to be included on the new list.

#### **Publications - Advance Notice**

Paul Graham, the CSJ's publications officer, will be away in Australia in March so you are advised to buy your publications before then. Orders during March should be sent to me. News about the 1994 pilgrim guides (or updating sheets) in Bulletin 49 but the *Pilgrim Guide to Spain 1994* should be available around mid to late March.

**List of Tour Operators and Holidays in 1994** including the pilgrimage route and/or Santiago de Compostela. It is hoped this will be ready for distribution at the AGM. Otherwise it will be available to enquirers and enclosed with Bulletin 49.

### **Pilgrim Records**

When applying to Rosemary Clarke for your pilgrim record, please ensure that you state your starting point or the route through France where appropriate. This will help us ensure that you receive any additional information which may be available. Thank you.

### **Sponsorship Results**

**Emma Poé and her October pilgrimage group** raised the magnificent sum of nearly £90,000 towards Joseph Weld House, the new hospice in Dorchester (Dorset). **Hilary Shaw**, secretary of the Bredereth Sen Jago, was sponsored on her August 1993 Camino Inglés pilgrimage and raised £400 in aid of St Julia's Hospice, Hayle.

### **Philip Pickett CDs**

The CDs ordered from Philip Pickett arrived and were dispatched just before Christmas (just after for those going abroad). If yours have not arrived please let me know.

**Marion Marples**

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### **JOAN REMNANT (1902-1993)**

Mrs Joan Remnant, the Confraternity's oldest member in both senses of that phrase, died peacefully in the Chelsea and Westminster Hospital on October 25th 1993. She would have appreciated this date, exactly two years to the day since she and her daughter Mary put on a Rabanal party for members in their Chelsea home to celebrate the inauguration of the Refugio Gaucelmo.

Nearly eleven years earlier, on January 13th 1983, she and Mary had hosted the first of many Confraternity events, a small dinner at which the seven participants, unacquainted with each other until that day, agreed to set up an organisation to be called the Confraternity of St James. For the next two years, Confraternity meetings of up to 30 members were held regularly in the ground-floor room of Fernshaw Road, and those who attended both these and later celebrations will recall Mrs Remnant's gentleness, enthusiasm for life and generous hospitality as she unobtrusively provided refreshments and made sure all was well with her guests.

Born in 1902 Joan Remnant was one of that diminishing group of people who had survived two world wars and outlived most of her own generation. But her profession - she was a much-loved teacher of the piano - brought her into contact with several younger generations, and even after her first stroke in 1990 she was still, up to the age of 89, able to continue giving lessons at home to a small number of her regular pupils. Former students kept in touch with her to a remarkable extent, witness to the devotion she inspired and the friendship she offered. All who knew Mrs Remnant will have mourned her passing while giving thanks for her long and productive life.

**PQ**

### **ROBIN HOOD (1924-1993)**

Robin Hood spent his early years in the Wimbledon house which is now the apostolic Pro-Nunciature, and when the Pope stayed there in 1982 he slept in the room where Robin had been born. This was just another honour, albeit accidental, to add to the accolades conferred upon this reserved and spiritual man who spent his life doing good for his fellow human beings and for the Church.

After school at Downside (where his second son Martin is now Dom James Hood, OSB), he served in the war and later did a Spanish degree at London University. For a time he worked in the City and became a member of the Stock Exchange. From 1964-70 he was treasurer of the Catholic Housing Aid Society (CHAS) and in 1970 he joined the Catholic Fund for Overseas Development and was its administrator from 1977 to 1982. During his time at CAFOD he raised its income from £250,000 to £2 million. He was involved in many other societies and good works, and we were honoured when he and his wife, the Venezuelan historian Dr Miriam Blanco-Fombona de Hood, became members of the Confraternity.

Robin Hood was Knight Commander of the Order of St Gregory (Holy See), a Knight Commander of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre and a Member of the Venezuelan Order of Francisco de Miranda.

**MR**



# The Prehistory of Santiago and the Origins of the Cult of St James in Spain

Phinella Henderson

It has been said that the honest beginning to any enquiry about the origins of the cult of Santiago is to admit that we know nothing about it at all. The beginnings of the cult and the accompanying pilgrimage can be traced back to the discovery around 835 AD of the supposed remains of St James the Greater and his two disciples under the direction of Theodomir, bishop of Iria Flavia, on the site of what is now Santiago Cathedral. However, there are grounds for supposing that the location may have been treated as sacred in earlier times and records indicate that the connection between St James and Spain had already been made, albeit in tenuous fashion.

Sites considered to be holy generally continue in use despite changes of religion. The Kaaba in Mecca was a pre-Islamic shrine, and in the Christian world one can point to Chartres Cathedral, built on a Druidical place of worship, and the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome, the site of a former temple to Cybele, the Magna Mater, as two examples among many. It would not be surprising if traces of pre-Christian worship at Santiago were found. Although this is pure speculation, it may be significant that Santiago is in the north-west of Spain. For the Celts, as for other Indo-European peoples, the west was the direction of death and the other world. In ancient Ireland, Munster in the south-west was the province of the dead and its people were described as being like bees, having a secret wisdom and hailing from Paradise. A belief of this nature, combined with the sense of being at the edge of the known world, close to the seemingly endless ocean, could have led to the foundation of a tribal holy place at Santiago in very early times.

The curious association in the Middle Ages of the scallop shell with the pilgrimage may be of ancient provenance. The medieval attempts to explain the association are inadequate; both the tale of the knight who emerged from the sea covered in scallop shells when the boat carrying St James's body was approaching the shore at Padrón and the claim in the *Codex Calixtinus* (Book I) that the two valves of the shell represent the two great commandments and the markings fingers with which to perform good works appear contrived. Scallop shells have been found buried by the sides of skeletons in the Roman cemetery at La Lanzada and in tombs excavated under the central nave of the Cathedral at Santiago and dated between 400 and 650 AD, showing that the talismanic significance of the shells dates back at least to the early Christian period.

Moving from speculation to archaeological and etymological evidence, in addition to the tombs already referred to, nineteenth-century excavations disclosed the foundations of a rectangular stone building beneath the sanctuary at Santiago, dated to the Roman or immediately post-Roman period. It has been suggested that this may have marked the grave of a local saint. The name Compostela is derived from the Latin *compositium*, meaning burial ground, and not from the more picturesque *campus stellarum* or field of the stars, which is the popularly attributed derivation. Clearly, the tomb found by Theodomir was not the only burial in the vicinity.

The Priscillianist heresy may also have played a part in the establishment of a holy site at Santiago. Priscillian, bishop of Lusitania, has the doubtful distinction of being the first person to be executed as a heretic by Christians. His heresy included Gnostic elements and denial of the Trinity. He and some of his disciples were beheaded at Trier in 385 AD and according to Sulpicius Severus his body was taken to Galicia, where he had many followers, and was buried there with much ceremony. The account has obvious similarities with the story of the arrival of St James's body in Spain. However, the Roman province of Galicia extended over a far wider area than its modern counterpart and the majority of Priscillian's followers were to be found in what is now Portugal.

If one turns from the prehistory of the site of Santiago to records of the link between St James the Greater and Spain, one discovers that early references are very sparse. According to an apocryphal gospel describing the dispatch of the apostles throughout the world, each apostle obtained the ability to speak a foreign language, and Latin was assigned to James, demonstrating that his missionary field was in the West. A seventh-century Latin text, the *Breviarum Apostolorum*, based on a Byzantine Greek original mentions St James as having preached in Spain and describes him as being buried in 'Achaia Marmorica' which has been identified as being in North Africa. It has been suggested that by scribal error the Latin name for Spain (Hispania) was transposed for that of Jerusalem (Hierosolyma) where St James was martyred in 44 AD.

The seventh century marks the beginning of references to St James in Spanish texts and inscriptions. A marble inscription found in Mérida and dated to the first half of the seventh century records the dedication of a church to the Virgin and the placing of a number of saints' relics beneath the altar, including those of St James, but it is not clear whether St James the Greater or the Lesser is meant. The theory has been advanced that the relics referred to were taken from Mérida to Galicia by clergy fleeing from the victorious Arabs and gave rise to the nucleus of the cult of St James, but like other theories this remains unproven and is contradicted by the account of the finding of entire skeletons by Theodomir in the ninth century.

By the eighth century the notion that St James had been active in Spain was gaining ground. St Beatus of Liébana, from the province of Santander, labelled Spain as St James's country in a map of the world illustrating the apostles' mission fields. He lived at the court of the King of the Asturias and during his lifetime the hymn 'O Dei verbum partis' was written, of which he may have been the author. The hymn is dedicated to King Mauregato (783-788 AD); it compares the apostles with twelve precious stones, enumerates their missionary areas and refers to St James as the patron of Spain. Beatus of Liébana lived into the reign of King Alfonso II who was ruling when the

presumed remains of St James were discovered, and he seems to have been instrumental in creating a climate in which the finding of relics would be greeted with enthusiasm. The discovery was also opportune politically, affording a rallying point for Christians against the Moors and was useful as a unifying force to the Spanish church, which was embroiled in the Adoptionist dispute and may also have been seeking to assert itself against Rome, from which it enjoyed a considerable degree of independence. There were marked differences between the Visigothic and Mozarabic rites used in Spain and the Roman rite: for example, according to the former, the feast of St James was celebrated on 30 December.

It is impossible to assemble a coherent picture from the fragmentary records which have survived the Dark Ages concerning St James in Spain or to establish a clear link between them and the inception of the cult at Santiago. The cathedral site may have been treated as a holy place before the ninth century, the time when conditions were propitious for the establishment of a cult based on St James, the apostle increasingly connected with Spain. If so the fortunate conjunction of a spot already possibly hallowed by tradition and the discovery there of relics of the first importance may have begun the process whereby Santiago became the third shrine in Christendom and the goal of pilgrims in their millions.

### References

- V. and H. Hell, *The Great Pilgrimage of the Middle Ages* (1966).
- J. van Herwaarden, 'The Origins of the Cult of St James at Compostela' (*Journal of Medieval History*, v.6, 1980, pp.1-35).
- T.A. Layton, *The Way of Saint James, or the Pilgrims' Road to Santiago* (1976).
- Edwin Mullins, *The Pilgrimage to Santiago* (1974).
- S. Portela Pazos, *Orígenes del Culto del Apóstol en España* (1951).
- A. and B. Rees, *Celtic Heritage* (1961).

# Winchester to Canterbury, the Cycling Pilgrimage 1993

Terence Morris

I'm not sure, now, how it was that Marion Marples prevailed upon me to organise the cyclists from Winchester to Canterbury but when, just after Christmas, people started to send in their Bulletin slips I realised that there was no help for it; I had a job on my hands. I had last ridden the Pilgrims' Way - Belloc's 'Old Road' - in 1946, arriving in Winchester soaked to the skin in a driving sou'wester.

## Forty Years On

This time, things were very different. In over forty years the motor roads across Hampshire, Surrey and Kent have changed out of recognition and the volume of traffic, even on country lanes, has increased exponentially. I began a reconnaissance of the route in three stages: Winchester to Holmbury St Mary, Holmbury to Aylesford and Aylesford to Canterbury, to discover how far it would be possible to follow the line of the Old Road. From Winchester to Farnham much of it is now under the tarmac of fast dual carriageway, totally inhospitable to cyclists save for teenage time triallists who seem impervious to anything the motor industry can dream up. Much of the rest is either now footpath, banned to cyclists and in any event beset with stiles and tracks across ploughed fields, or else bridleway alternately churned by horses into Flanders-like mud or baked into iron-hard ruts to daunt the hardest ATB fanatic. Across the Surrey stretch much has been lost altogether and it is only on the Surrey-Kent border, coming up on to the scarp of the North Downs that it is possible again to ride the true Pilgrims' Way, marked again and again with that evocative name. There are numerous diversions as a result of the building of the M25. We needed a route which was as authentic as possible, yet passable for the average touring bike. Such a route eventually emerged in a

form that each rider could carry in a map case or pocket and check against the appropriate OS Landranger sheet.

### **St Peter's Winchester to Holmbury St Mary**

We left Winchester after a service of blessing at St Peter's Church, one of the oldest Catholic parishes in the south of England there having been a priest at Peterhouse since 1674. Father Michael gave us an amended version of the blessing used at Roncesvalles, including the prayer that St Raphael would ward off every contrary and troublesome happening. Events later that day were to suggest it was probably his weekend off. We were eighteen in number, four on tandems and the rest on a variety of machines, mainly tourers. But it proved possible to allow people to ride at their own pace, to meet up with others and then ride on or fall back and at certain times to re-group at various points, mainly for refreshment. We averaged something over 10 mph over 140 or so miles. There were quite a few tortoises and only one or two hares, mostly to be found on tandems that could reach 40 mph downhill and seemed to go up gradients as if propelled by steam. And hapless were those selfish motorists who earned the warning of the Caddick fog horn.

From Winchester the way follows the gentle path of the Itchen; it was an idyllic morning and it was not until we reached Alresford that things began to go awry. Like a destroyer shepherding a convoy, I endeavoured not so much to keep everyone together as to try and remember where everyone was. Robert Ivens was missing. Then, as I was climbing the High Street behind them, Jane and Graham Caddick on their tandem came up all standing behind a van which had clapped on its brakes. Their rear chain broke. Leaving them in competent control of the problem I stormed on towards Bishop's Sutton, only to realise that Bettina Selby was adrift too. Not that I should have worried since everyone, save Jane and Graham, was waiting at the Chequers at Ropley. Robert had found the first puncture of the day and Bettina, marvellously free spirit that she is, had gone another way because she preferred it.



Graham Caddick, with tandem, and other cycling pilgrims leaving St Peter's, Winchester

From Ropley we took a southerly track to avoid the motor traffic and after a decent lunch stop near Alice Holt, we essayed the worst stretch of the day, the Farnham roundabout and the 'killer' section of the A25 through Runfold. The bypass is under construction but on this Friday afternoon late 20th century traffic was crammed into a section little wider than a broad country lane. Here, at Runfold, there is a statue of the Blessed Virgin, half life size and encased in a glass-fronted box for all the world like that in which the guardsmen stand by Buckingham Palace. Here, at the shrine which is known in our household as Our Lady of the Sentry Box, fate struck the hapless Robert Ivens again with his second puncture of the day, again in the front tyre! The pilgrimage transformed into a protective phalanx until he could get off the road and repaired.

We kept south of the Hog's Back, once more on the Old Road for some miles and then skirted Guildford to join the A25 near the Silent Pool. It was with some pleasure that we made our stop for tea at Gomshall Mill at that kind of teahouse which is the quintessence of Southern England. A clear trout stream flowed by, and we were near to our first night's rest at Holmbury St Mary.

### **Across the Downs to Aylesford**

Saturday began with a climb to the ridge of the Downs to find an authentic stretch of the Way as far as Dorking. Climbing back up to the scarp face of the Downs as we did several times that day was reminiscent of the initial pull out of Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port taking the *Route de Cize*. Then a stop for morning coffee at Reigate. Meanwhile, having thought it best to be at the rear, I experienced gear trouble which grew progressively worse, to be solved by the calm observation of Walter Ivens that I had nothing worse than a stretched cable that was attended to in the busy main street outside the coffeeshop. Redhill on a bank holiday Saturday was no more than a brief glimpse of a motorised Purgatory. I shall not forget the sight of another tandem crew, Brian and Marijke Morris, storming up Redstone Hill while lesser mortals wondered whether it would be quicker on the knees. We had a thoroughly good stop for lunch marked by Rob Walker's ancient Raleigh - bought at auction in Wandsworth and ridden to Santiago in a condition which can only be described as 'ripe for improvement'. Rob had simply locked his bike to the inn sign to indicate 'good pull-up for pilgrims'.

The way across the edge of the Downs to the Darent valley retains its ancient beauty. We stopped for tea in Otford and then plunged south to the Weald to avoid the motorway, returning to the line just west of Maidstone. In Aylesford village we found an excellent hostelry overlooking the river where wisely we refreshed ourselves. It was as well, for the fare provided by the friars at Aylesford left much to be desired. Later that night, in spite of the rain which had now come upon us, some hardy spirits returned to the village for further sustenance.



## **Fair Wind to Canterbury**

Sunday dawned with a wild sky and a stiff breeze from the south-west which gathered strength during the day. Negotiating the roadworks outside Maidstone some of us were greeted with taunts, jibes and sexual abuse from the youthful occupants of elderly Cortinas and their like who seemed like characters come alive from a canvas of Hieronymus Bosch; like an evil dream, they were gone as soon as they were come. On the narrow tarmac road which is now the Way, we met other pilgrims on foot who greeted us. Liz Keay, stopping to visit the church at Boxley, was welcomed with coffee in its porch, proof that the days of giving succour to pilgrims are not over. Impatient car drivers hooted at us, including one young woman who, in some fury, finally overtook and drove ahead only to strike a kerb and burst a tyre. She deflated with it, in tears of impotent rage. All morning the wind blew strongly, moving across the green corn like the breath of the Holy Spirit. This was, if we needed reminder, the day of Pentecost and it carried us along with its power, even up hill. At another splendid tea stop at Chilham we met up with the walkers and learned from them of a newly discovered unit of terrestrial measurement: to the Statute Mile and the Nautical Mile there has now been added the Badger Mile.

By now we were separated, and some had gone on to Wye, to make their own way to Canterbury. A small group of us followed the valley of the Stour and then climbed as far as we could to the summit of Harbledown Hill. The best viewpoint is now dual carriageway reserved for fast motor traffic but it is still possible to get the first glimpse of Canterbury and the Great Harry from this point. Here, on the old Watling Street, Chaucer's pilgrims would have had their first sight of the as yet unfinished cathedral.

## **The Connecting Thread**

Our feasting in the city that night is described elsewhere and the penitential qualities of the Canterbury Youth Hostel need no elaboration. Next morning we parked our bikes in the Cathedral Close and gathered for the pilgrim service in the crypt. It was as moving and powerful as had been the

Pentecostal wind that had been our constant companion on the previous day. As the Very Reverend David Stancliffe, Provost of Portsmouth and Bishop-elect of Salisbury, incensed the silver statue of St James, brought from Spanish Place, I was reminded that it was he who had arranged for the bones of the sailors raised from the wreck of the *Mary Rose* to be laid to rest according to the rite of Old Sarum. I reflected too, that at both Winchester and Canterbury where once were the shrines of St Swithin and St Thomas until they were plundered by the King's Commissioners in 1539, there now burns in each cathedral a simple light, testimony of that faith which may still accompany men and women on pilgrimage to holy places to this day. The centuries may pass but the connecting thread remains. When the crypt was filled with music and we sang *Ad honorem regis summi*, I minded too, how we had toiled up hill and raced down again and how we had laughed and sometimes thought ourselves lost and talked of all manner of things; recounted stories of other rides and drunk good ale, sharing that which belongs to all those who travel the road reliant only upon animate power; the companionship which comes as the especial privilege of those who go on pilgrimage

For anyone wanting details of the route described here, please send sae (8½" x 4½") to Terence Morris, 23 Eastgate St., Winchester, Hants SO23 8EB.

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## On Foot to Canterbury

Marion Marples

James and I joined the walking group at Aylesford Friary on Friday evening. Allocated rooms in the medieval wing we began to feel like pilgrims immediately. The first evening's talk nearly didn't take place but William Griffiths eventually appeared and initiated us into Belloc's *Old Road* and the ethos of the Pilgrims' Way to Canterbury.

After Saturday breakfast the walkers were led off by Stephen Badger back on to the Pilgrims' Way high above Aylesford and often the North Downs Way, visiting churches en route. We arrived in Hollingbourne in time for lunch. Slowing down in the afternoon heat the way opened out to a minor road that followed the line of the Downs through a series of attractive villages including Harrietsham. Saturday's walk ended incongruously at the Happy Eater carpark at Charing, with a pre-arranged car shuttle back to supper at Aylesford. Here we met up with the non-walkers who had visited Rochester for the day and the cyclists who had left Winchester two days previously and a party atmosphere began to prevail. In the evening Lt. Col. Dick Bolton from Canterbury give us an interesting and informative lecture about the stained glass of the Cathedral.



**St Martin of Tours, Detling, Kent**

On Sunday the car shuttle took us again to Charing and the cyclists had a relaxed start to their shorter day. By now we had become only too aware of the length of 'Badger miles'. The morning's walk took us past Eastwell Park and its ruined church to Boughton Aluph above Wye where we unsuccessfully tried to shelter in the pilgrims' hearth attached to the church and where we picnicked thanks to the kindness of car-drivers bringing some suitable bread, cheese and fruit. The afternoon's walk seemed endless, through the wood of Soakham Down, with a glorious, momentary view of the Cathedral spied through the trees, our Kentish 'Mount Joy'.

We were not to see the Cathedral again until we reached Canterbury. At Chilham we had a very welcome tea break where we met some of our relaxed cyclists. Choosing to enter Canterbury via Harbledown we saw the ancient pilgrim hospital (and its successor) in a suburban street before entering the city by St Lawrence's church and singing 'Ad Honorem' at full volume, to the dismay and disapproval of the few local people still out and about at 7.30pm. I'm glad to say that arrival for us later comers was just like arriving in Santiago - we kept meeting people we knew - notably Roger Tisseau who had come all the way from Paris and other Confraternity members from far and near.

We all re-gathered together at the south door of the Cathedral where William led us in a small ceremony of arrival and greeting to St Thomas. Mary Remnant arrived with fine timing and we sang 'Ad Honorem' again. The evening meal at the Pilgrim's Hotel was very enjoyable but tempered by the exhaustion of the walkers (later to be exacerbated for some by the tribulations of the Canterbury Youth Hostel, ed.).

The following day saw a guided visit round the Cathedral and preparation for the Ecumenical Service. A small CSJ choir assembled with Mary Remnant playing the organ and her organistrum. We were joined by Sarah Stancliffe and her husband, David, the Provost of Portsmouth Cathedral, who led us through a most wonderful and moving Pilgrim Service held in the Norman crypt chapel where St Thomas's body lay before it was translated to the shrine in the cathedral above.

Following the light of a candle we moved from the Cross, representing the hardships of the journey, to the Holy Spirit, who encourages us, to the Affirmation of Baptism, renewing us in faith as we were sprinkled with Holy Water. Finally we came to the shrine of St Thomas where, recalling St James as well, we responded, 'Lord be with us as we journey on' to the Pilgrims' Litany. Then, gathered informally round the high altar of the Jesus Chapel and the silver statue of St James, we concluded with the Salve Regina.

Many CSJ members joined us in this service. We were especially pleased that one of a small cycling group from Norwich, led by Canon Anthony Lathe, preparing for their Santiago pilgrimage, was able to assist David Stancliffe as a server, along with James Hatts who impressed everyone with his skill with the thurible.

The whole pilgrimage was completed by a hospitable pilgrim lunch provided by Mary Bard at the Eastbridge Hospital – so hospitable that she even let us explore her flat and its view on to the river, as well as the refectory, schoolroom and chapel.

All through the weekend the same question was asked, 'Why have we never done this before?' I don't really know the answer to that, but it was certainly worth waiting for and something worth repeating in a few years' time.

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## The End of the 1993 Holy Year

Mary Remnant

Santiago was lit up. The Christmas lights made shells in the Rua do Vilar, bells in the Rua das Orfas and the shape of the Cathedral itself, many times over, in the Rua Nova and on the front of the Town Hall. There were cribs and Christmas trees in public places, and in good weather the general scene would have been perfect. However, it rained hard for most of the time although that did not completely dampen the spirits of those of us who had come for the end of the 1993 Holy Year. My own visit was totally unprepared, as it had only been possible to fix it at short notice and I did not know what to expect.

I arrived on the evening of December 29th and went straight to the Cathedral, hoping that it would still be open. It was, and a concert was about to start, so I stood against a pillar

and had a very good view of proceedings. The programme combined Christmas music with that of the pilgrimage including the medieval 'Dum Pater familias' in an orchestral setting, the 'Marcha para abrir la puerta Santa' composed in 1799 by Buono Chiodi, works by Haydn and Mozart and various Christmas songs. The Capilla Musical de la Catedral and the Xoven Orquesta de Galicia were directed by Miro Moreira.

The next morning a visit to the ever-helpful Señor Ballesteros in the Tourist Office was rewarded by the appearance of the gloriously-apparelled Manuel Montero Rego of Mondoñedo, dressed in pilgrim garments of shining red and black, in contrast to the costume of the magician Merlin, in which he is sometimes to be seen.

When I reached the Cathedral a special Mass was taking place for the feast of the Translation of St James, and attended by the King's son, Prince Felipe. While much of the music for this was performed by a choir and orchestra, the evening Mass included more congregational singing. Before this and other events Don Antonio Suarez Carneiro rehearsed us in certain items over and over again, to the extent that in the end members of the congregation were adding their own appropriate harmonizations. He himself has a fine voice and his solo parts greatly enriched the services.

That evening I visited Suso's Bar and found there, not only the incomparable Suso himself but also the renowned restaurateur Pablo Payo from Villasirga and his wife and the entertaining German Barbara Preischoff, who knows so many languages that she cannot always remember which one she is supposed to be speaking ...

December 31st dawned in pouring rain, which seemed worse than ever and made rivulets in the streets. However, on arrival at the Cathedral for Mass I was lucky to get a seat on the edge of the south transept by the statue of Santa Maria Salome, where there was an excellent view. Several bishops were present, including the Apostolic Nuncio, Monsignor Tagliaferri, who read a message from the Pope.

We emerged to find unexpected bright sunshine, and although it did not last long the day remained mainly dry until after the ceremony of the closing of the Holy Door. This started at 4.30pm with a procession in honour of Our Lady, accompanied by the singing of 'Santa Maria del Camino'. It was followed by Mass, with much choral and instrumental music, the swinging of the 'botafumeiro' and eventually the procession emerging through the Holy Door in the order of *Fieles, Autoridades, Clero, Cabildo, Concelebrantes, Obispos, Prelado Diocesano, Delegado Regio y Primeras Autoridades*. The Archbishop blessed the stones which would fill up the door, the choir sang 'Dum Pater familias' to the ringing of the Cathedral bells and a brass band struck up Soler's 'Himno al Apóstol Santiago'. When the crowd had joined in singing it hundreds of noisy fireworks were let off from the roof, and continued for a very long time. When they had finally subsided a group of children, directed by an elderly man, played bagpipes, drums and tambourines, to the delight of the crowd. The procession, meanwhile, had returned to the Cathedral by the Puerta de la Platerías and were greeted inside by Handel's 'Hallelujah' chorus.

When it was all over a small group of people watched the filling up of the Holy Door from the inside, by men who also work on the 'botafumeiro'. Six large stones were pushed along a plank to lie one on top of each other and after that they were covered by the door which was screwed into position. The spectators applauded.

There were a few more fireworks in the town at midnight, but by that time it was raining again ...

\* \* \* \* \*

# 'It'll Be Quieter in September'

David Wesson

'It'll be quieter in September.' I had said it many times to a Diane who was not at all convinced that going to Rabanal as wardens in a Holy Year was an entirely sensible thing to do. 'It'll not only be quieter but it's a better class of pilgrim in September', I had continued, 'and there'll be plenty of opportunities to sit out in the warm sunshine of a Spanish September'. That at least was true, I thought, and in a normal year it would have been. 1993 was not a normal year. In fact it proved to be more abnormal than we could possibly have imagined.

## Reunion with Helmut

Things indeed began as though my confident predictions would be borne out. After a very cold and wet trip along the Costa Verde the sun came out as we crossed the Cordillera Cantabrica and by the time we had passed through Astorga the weather was as hot as we expected it to be. Not only were the first few days in Rabanal hot, but the numbers of pilgrims fell away to less than thirty a night. All indeed seemed set fair for another pleasant stay. There was even time and space enough to have my keyboard set up in the library. This worked out very well since one of our early arrivals was Helmut. Helmut is one of the great characters of the Camino. Every year he walks from his home in Düsseldorf to Santiago. But since he has been doing this for some years now he long ago grew bored with the 'direct route' and these days makes up his own variations. In 1992 when he came to see us he had come by way of Switzerland and Italy. His total walk that year was 5000 kilometres and, by the end, his page of stamps collected along the way was over four metres long. This Holy Year he had walked via Bruges and Paris. Helmut is not very tall but is instantly recognisable because his rucksack *is* very tall and towers over him; not only that but he also carries a large camera bag and a tripod. In his voluminous sack he carries



sheet music, for he is a church organist and usually gets to play the organ in the Cathedral in Santiago when he arrives. His stay in Rabanal in these past three years has given him the opportunity for a quick rehearsal as I set my keyboard to 'church organ'. The first year the problem was getting him off again, but he is more restrained these days, and the sound of him playing his somewhat esoteric music was yet another sign that all was set fair ... or so we thought. The gods, however, had other plans and were simply lulling us into a sense of false security.

### **A Chef and an Influx**

Things began to change after that first week, but not until after we had had a visit from yet another memorable pilgrim. When he arrived he was just another, rather plump, face amongst the mass of that day's arrivals. As soon as he was sorted out he informed us that he was a chef in Madrid and that he was going to cook dinner tonight. Instantly one could see him in his whites and with his tall chef's hat bustling about his kitchen, and indeed his restaurant, and he was no longer 'just another pilgrim'. He was as good as his word and later that evening a large party, including Diane and myself, assembled in the kitchen for an absolutely splendid dinner, conjured up out of seemingly minimal ingredients. That turned out to be the last relaxed evening that we spent in the Refugio during the whole time that we were there.

Two things happened in the days that followed. Firstly, the number of pilgrims increased substantially. The immediate practical effect of this was that every day we were full within not much more than an hour of opening. The problem with that was that we were filling up with people who had only just started that morning in Astorga, and we were having to turn away people like Helmut, ie we were filling up with 'tourists' rather than the 'pilgrims' that the Confraternity had in mind when they built the Refugio. Secondly, the weather took a decided turn for the worse. The temperature dropped quite dramatically, to the point that by the end of the second week there was snow on the neighbouring mountains! In Rabanal

itself this fell as rain, very cold rain (rain is virtually unheard of in that part of the world in September) accompanied by strong winds, again something that 'doesn't happen in September'. Cold weather, strong winds, rain – the classic ingredients for hypothermia. We had to keep reminding ourselves that we were in Spain, and not at home in the northern Pennines. It all exacerbated our problem of 'tourists' v. 'pilgrims' because the latter almost invariably arrive later in the day.

### **Rules and Remedies**

Desperate situations called for desperate remedies. We had to reintroduce rules that had been in force during July and August. Not only that, but we made them even more draconian. No-one who had started only from León, let alone Astorga, was allowed in at all and no-one on a bicycle was allowed in before 7pm, and we applied that rule firmly even when it was dark by quarter to eight. The reason? 1993 was the year of THE MOUNTAIN BIKE EXPLOSION. When Diane and I cycled from Vézelay in 1990 we met only six other cyclists in the 2000 kilometres to Santiago. This year several hundred passed through Rabanal *every* day. That is not an exaggeration. Every cyclist who stops off early, for whatever reason, takes a space that a tired, cold and wet walker would otherwise have had later that same day.

So what did all these quite drastic measures achieve? Well, we did succeed in looking after a very high proportion of 'pilgrims', but in terms of reducing numbers we achieved nothing at all. Despite the fact that we did not open until 4pm, quite deliberately in order to give our long-distance walkers a chance, we were still full to overflowing every night. By 6.30 at the latest the 'Full' notice would go up outside the main gates. In theory that should have been it. We should have been able to relax. The reality was very different. We had to stand outside the front gate turning any further would-be arrivals away. When you are cold, wet and tired you just do not want to see a sign that says 'Full' so they didn't. To avoid further problems we had to stop them at the gates,

## REFUGIO GAUCELMO 1993

	NATIONALITY	TOTALS
1	ANDORRA	3
2	ARGENTINA	7
3	AUSTRALIA	12
4	AUSTRIA	15
5	BELGIUM	82
6	BRAZIL	26
7	CANADA	9
8	CROATIA	1
9	DENMARK	27
10	FRANCE	134
11	GB	82
12	GERMANY	165
13	GUATEMALA	1
14	HOLLAND	100
15	IRELAND	7
16	ITALY	38
17	JAPAN	1
18	KOREA	1
19	MEXICO	4
20	MONTENEGRO	1
21	NEW ZEALAND	9
22	NICARAGUA	1
23	PERU	2
24	POLAND	3
25	PORTUGAL	3
26	RUSSIA	2
27	SOUTH AFRICA	1
28	SPAIN	5604
29	SWEDEN	1
30	SWITZERLAND	51
31	TAIWAN	1
32	U.S.A.	38
33	VENEZUELA	1
34	YUGOSLAVIA	1
	<b>ON FOOT</b>	<b>5116</b>
	<b>ON BIKE</b>	<b>1315</b>
	<b>ON HORSE</b>	<b>6</b>
	<b>TOTALS</b>	<b>6437</b>

## WHERE THE PILGRIMS CAME FROM

Statistics provided  
by David Wesson

until it was quite dark and there were unlikely to be any more arrivals. By that time of course we ourselves were just as cold and tired as anyone else ... and even if the fire was going full blast in the salón there was no chance of our getting anywhere near it because of inert pilgrims and their drying clothes. It was just as well really that we find Antonio's bar such a congenial place. It also provided a chance of comparing the day's notes with Amando who has the responsibility of the municipal refuge in Rabanal. 'Full again; loads of problems. How's things across the way?' 'Same as always, full to the top; problems. Let's have a drink and forget it, until tomorrow when the whole routine will be played out in exactly the same way'.

The thing is that everyone in England thinks that we just sit around in the heat of Spain all the time. 'My, you must feel the cold coming back here' they said. 'No, not really' we replied, 'it was the coldest and the wettest September in living memory'. 'Really, you wouldn't be very busy then. How many breakfasts did you serve?' 'One thousand, one hundred and forty-two!' ... Well, as I said to Diane before we went, 'It'll be quieter in September ...'.

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\* \* \* \* \*

*Particular thanks go to all our 1993 wardens, Roger Cocks (April), Etienne and Nelly van Wonterghem-Teirlinck (May and June), Caroline Crossley, Veronica Santorum and Stuart Goldie (July), Richard Hankinson and Spanish assistants (August), David and Diane Wesson (September) and Eric Talbot (October).*

\* \* \* \* \*

# Developing Modern Pilgrim Routes – the Importance of Feedback

John Hatfield

The Council of Europe and, more recently, the Xunta de Galicia, have published maps showing the medieval pilgrim routes to Santiago de Compostela from as far away as Poland. Whether or not they intended to do so they have thrown down the gauntlet for the potential supporters of pilgrims in the next century. Our ultimate aim must be to re-establish the entire infrastructure to enable modern European pilgrims to make the same journey. What a challenge that is, but if the pilgrimage routes to Santiago are to be a living entity for future generations it is our task to ensure that there is a living 'camino' for them to inherit.

The historians and archivists have presented us with a rich picture of the historical and artistic background of the medieval routes, but it is up to us, the grateful pilgrims, to contribute to the development of the modern journey. However, it is a tall order to lift a situation from the Middle Ages and to drop it on to the beginning of the 21st century and expect all the components to be there. Where there was a pilgrim hospital in 1300 one may well now find a ruin and a lamb.

Only on the Camino Francés in Spain is the infrastructure for the pilgrim on foot fully developed. In France only the Le Puy route, within the framework of the GR65, has been developed to a degree, particularly at Estaing and Conques, and it is encouraging to hear that mayors along the route are now also taking an interest. The other three main routes are in a very early stage of development in terms of support.

In 1989 when I made my cycling pilgrimage I was impressed by the number of young pilgrims from all over Europe who

were discovering their European identity and making lifelong friends. The roads to Santiago are a corridor of goodwill, with so much to offer to young people that they are worthy of development – in the best sense of the word. We must not lose any opportunity to assist and promote projects that contribute to the education of young Europeans in the pilgrimage.

The Times' recently published *Atlas of Medieval History* concludes, from its ivory tower, 'A thousand years ago, the unifying force in Europe was Christendom; now it is Political and Economic Power'. I believe the writer has forgotten a vital ingredient: the attempts we make at grass-roots level, when we stretch out our hands in goodwill across boundaries and build bridges. Without this Europe will never prosper. The journey to Compostella has so much to offer to 'bridge builders'.

With this in mind the first edition of the Confraternity's Vézelay route guide should be regarded as an initial document and a modest contribution towards the development of the journey to the Pyrenees. I am conscious that at present there are many gaps in the infrastructure for the pilgrim on foot. There is much to be done and our colleagues in France have the hardest task: that of educating and enthusing those who live along the routes so that the support infrastructure can come to life.

Feedback from pilgrims has been a crucial factor in the development of the *Pilgrim Guide to Spain* and more recently of our other guides. I have always believed that improving and updating information on the journey, particularly accommodation, can best be achieved if the feedback is carried out jointly. There will always be more French, Belgians, Dutch, Germans and Italians on the journey than 'Brits' and the amount and variety of the feedback is vital.

The French Société des Amis de Saint-Jacques de Compostelle is about to approach the Grande Randonnée organisation to ask for help in waymarking the route/s from Vézelay to the

Pyrenees. Knowledge of the accommodation infrastructure will be essential and that is the main contribution that we, the European neighbours, can make to the efforts of our French colleagues to establish a modern walker's journey. And the Grande Randonnée people are more likely to support the project if they know that it is a 'European' venture.

Accordingly, I have approached our Flemish, Walloon, Dutch and German colleagues to ask them if they would like to share the material in the Vézelay guide with their pilgrims and in turn ask the latter to provide feedback on accommodation etc. so that we can jointly develop a better second edition.

So far, our friend Etienne van Wonterghem-Teirlinck has agreed to be the focal point for the Flemish and Dutch confraternities and messages of support for the idea have been received from the Walloon and German associations. In addition the Walloons, with the support of the Belgian tourist authorities, have already waymarked the route from Aachen and Maastricht along the Meuse to Givet on the French/Belgian border. Thus there is also an interest in exploring the facilities between Givet and Vézelay which Etienne and I plan to look at this year. Heinrich Bahnen's party from Aachen used this route to go via Vézelay to Le Puy, so it is logical to investigate the latter as well in due course.

I am particularly grateful for the magnificent contributions made by CSJ members Julian Nayar, who walked from Vézelay to Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port, and Jocelyn Rix who did the journey in reverse, from Puente la Reina, to arrive in Vézelay in early November 1993. Julian kindly agreed to let me use his feedback as an excellent example of the kind of contribution we hope for from our European friends.

I have highlighted the efforts that are being made on the Vézelay route but feedback on all the other routes is equally important. So whichever one/s you follow please write back. Knowledge of what is on the ground is vital and will be appreciated not only by my fellow CSJ guide writers and future pilgrims but also by our European colleagues.

# St James and the Chesterbelloc

## Part 2

**Philip de Paris** writes: In his article in Bulletin 47 William Griffiths expresses the opinion that there must be mention of the Camino in Hilaire Belloc's *The Pyrenees*. In fact, and rather surprisingly, there is none whatsoever. Belloc is concerned with the topography of these mountains rather than their history, though the Romans and Charlemagne get brief mentions. A chapter on the road system considers the interests of motorists and cyclists, but the bulk of the book is concerned with travel on foot and gives detailed descriptions of itineraries. When I tried to follow some of his instructions over fifty years later I only succeeded in getting lost!

Another of Belloc's books does deal with pilgrimage rather more directly - *The Old Road* (1904). The 'old road' was the prehistoric trackway between Winchester and Canterbury, which took on a new lease of life in the 12th century, after the murder of Thomas à Becket, when it became the Pilgrims' Way. Although his main preoccupation was to trace the exact route of the Way, there is naturally far more attention to history in this book than in *The Pyrenees*.

**John Burgess** writes: Spurred by William Griffiths' article I searched out a copy of *The Pyrenees* by Hilaire Belloc from the reserve stock of a local library. There are at least three editions: 1909, 1916 and 1923 and the dedication gives the reader a taste of what is to follow:

To Gilbert Moorhead

In pious memory of Pamplona, Elizondo,  
the canon who shot quails with a  
walking-stick, the ignorant hierarch,  
the chocolate of the aged woman  
the one-eyed horse of the Pena



Blanca, the miraculous bridge, and  
the unholy vision of St Girons.

I can find no mention at all of the Camino or pilgrimages, but the book does contain interesting advice on walking in the Pyrenees. Belloc was much exercised by the quality, or rather lack of it, of the maps then available, and as a result writes at length on the possibilities of getting lost by mistaking the appropriate valley. Anyone who attempts to walk the GR10 footpath (Hendaye - Banyuls-sur-Mer) would do well to take note of his advice. If they do they will find that thankfully this book is free of the dreadful racism which occurs from time to time in Belloc's writing.

Through a curious quirk of fate I met Belloc's grandson, Dom Philip Jebb, on a train recently; Belloc enthusiasts may appreciate the significance of this meeting place, viz 'On Talking and Not Talking to People in Trains'.

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*Pilgrim's Road: a Journey to Santiago de Compostela*  
by Bettina Selby (Little Brown, 1994), 212pp, £16-99

reviewed by **Marion Marples**

Bettina Selby was a 'get-up-and-go' pilgrim; having unexpectedly found a space of two months in her busy diary she decided to cycle the Vézelay route through France to Santiago. However she did have the advantage of already being an experienced long-distance cyclist and had some background knowledge of the history of the pilgrimage. As far as I am aware hers is the first Compostella travel book where the journey is started in Vézelay, and although only four and a half of its fourteen chapters are devoted to the French side of the Pyrenees it may well inspire others to follow this lesser-known route.

The author nearly didn't leave Vézelay in the first place. Exploring the abbey church (not a cathedral, incidentally) before her departure, she and her husband found themselves locked in the tower while the workman with the key went off to his breakfast. After shouting themselves hoarse and with visions of perpetual incarceration, Bettina just manages to squeeze through an impossibly small opening - which she describes in graphic detail - to find herself 'looking down on the vast interior spaces of the nave'. Workman and key are duly found, husband released and she is free to start her pilgrimage.

*Pilgrim's Road* flows along smoothly with a good mixture of historical information entwined with personal reactions to people and places. Her encounters at Rabanal with Chonina, and the Refugio Gaucelmo's good neighbours, Charo and Asumpta, are a particularly interesting example of these two sides of the pilgrimage. She makes her most perceptive comments on the spiritual aspect of the journey - perhaps because these experiences were being encountered for the first time and contrast with an unpleasant part of her childhood that she recalls at San Juan de Ortega.

There are one or two unfortunate misspellings, including place names, and although the Confraternity is mentioned no contact address is given - a missed opportunity for those readers who will doubtless be inspired to make the journey themselves.

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### *Member's Note*

*Colin Jones, a Birmingham member, is planning to walk the Via de la Plata from Salamanca or Cáceres in September. If anyone else is walking or thinking about walking this route and would like an amiable, singing, Anglican cleric as a companion they are invited to contact Colin at St Barnabas Vicarage, Overgreen Drive, Kingshurst, Birmingham B37 6EY.*

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# Bells of St James

Adrian Gebruers

(Carillonneur, St Colman's Cathedral, Cobh, County Cork)

In 1989, as part of a U.S. carillon concert tour, I was invited to give a guest recital on the carillon of St James' Church in Danbury, Connecticut. Up to then, my only knowledge of Danbury was as the birthplace of the celebrated composer, Charles Ives. However I was attracted to accept the invitation for two reasons. Firstly it is one of the few carillons consisting of bells cast in America and secondly the church's letterhead proudly and prominently displayed a cockle shell. As a member of the Confraternity of St James I could not ignore such a coincidence; the voices of the acquaintances of his youthful slavery calling Patrick back to Ireland were hardly more compelling!

It so happened that in the summer of 1988 I had fulfilled a life-long ambition by visiting Santiago de Compostela. On hearing my story, a waiter in one of that city's many fine restaurants disappeared in to the dank recesses of the kitchen, quickly returning with a cockle shell which he proceeded to present to 'el peregrino irlandés'. Despite the fact that the appellation was perhaps something of an exaggeration (I was travelling in my own car and staying in quite comfortable lodgings) the gesture was deeply appreciated. However, I thought it only proper that a more deserving donee be found for the saint's emblem. Hence the recital invitation already mentioned seemed like an answer to prayer.

And that is how the Pastor of St James' Church in Danbury comes to possess a *pecten jacobus* from the fiords of Galicia. I was most warmly received in Danbury and found there a small but fine 25-bell instrument. The only problem was that it rained incessantly while I was playing. When I returned to give a second guest recital in Danbury in 1991 I brought with me not the pilgrim's symbol but an arrangement I had specially made of 'Ma Calebasse' one of the more rousing of the 18th century collection *Chansons de St-Jacques*.

Pour avoir mon Dieu propice  
fis voeu d'aller en Galice,  
Voir le Saint Jacques-le-Grand j'entrepris cet exercice,  
non pas comme un fainéant.

The sun shone brilliantly on this occasion!

\* \* \* \* \*

## ROUND-UP OF AUTUMN EVENTS

Space does not permit a complete round-up of the six major autumn events of 1993 but readers are promised a full account in Bulletin 49 of the historic Camino Inglés pilgrimage, with its attendant media coverage (in Spain at least), and of the October visit which took participants by mini-bus from Oviedo to Finisterre.

**Marion Marples** reports on the autumn lecture and concert programme:

In September **Professor Brian Tate** spoke about 16th century England putting the continuation of the pilgrimage to Santiago and pilgrimage in general into the context of church history. His thesis was that in spite of the changes of the Reformation there was still interest in making pilgrimages although there was a gradual shift from the physical journey to a more international journey of the spirit, as later exemplified by John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

October's speaker, **the Very Reverend David Stancliffe**, Bishop-designate of Salisbury, gave an extremely sensitive and challenging lecture on the spirituality of the pilgrimage, illustrated by well chosen slides. He linked the pilgrimage he and his wife Sarah had made on foot with the recurring themes of Christian life, concentrating on the personal experience of the road and architecture, teaching us a lot about ourselves and the Camino simultaneously. He had been particularly struck by the physicality of making the pilgrimage, how obsessed with feet the pilgrim becomes and how concern for food, warmth and shelter overrides more spiritual aspects, even if you have, as he has, the marvellous inner resources of the Anglican psalter, the Gospel of St Luke and co-authorship of a new liturgy book for the Church of England. Also striking was the way in which he gave a Christian interpretation to the pilgrimage, soundly and thoroughly based in the Jewish origins of the psalms and Old Testament scriptures.

For me it was surprising that he did not make much mention of the people and the fellow pilgrims met on the road for it is in these encounters than many people find their spiritual consciousness heightened. However by speaking of rather less tangible experiences of physicality, of openings, of Jesus the Way, I think he began to provide the subtle infrastructure in

which these personal experiences occur, leading us to a greater understanding both of ourselves and God on a mini-pilgrimage in the darkness of the crypt of St Etheldreda's.

In November our Holy Year lecture series was completed with an excellent talk by our chairman, **Pat Quaife**, on 'Camino de Santiago, Camino de Europa'. She reminded us of both the historic ways in which Europe was linked by the pilgrimage and the ways in which modern Europe could be united by the sharing in the fellowship of the Camino and the international cooperation exemplified in new projects started in Spain, inspired by the Confraternity's work at the Refugio Gaucelmo. Especially notable (and well illustrated on this occasion) were the restoration of the refugio at Azofra by the Deutsche Bruderschaft, the rebuilding of a 13th century hospital of San Nicolás in the middle of the meseta by the Italian association and at Santiago Cathedral itself the restoration of the Chapel of the Kings of France and its retable by the French society. These joint enterprises lead to a common experience of the pilgrimage and places on it which could be said to give the contemporary European Union a much-needed soul.

In late September the restored church of St James Garlickhythe in the City of London was the venue for a delightful recital of medieval and modern pilgrim music devised and given by **Jane Lofthouse** and a number of friends. The programme was entitled *James, Apostle of the Sea*, appropriately as Jane is Secretary of the Cornish Music Guild. The eponymous song of the title was written by Philip Knight, in Cornish, as the Bredereth Sen Jago's entry (the only British entry) in Xacobeo '93, the First International Song Festival of the Santiago Road held in Vigo earlier in September. This modern song, together with two by Samuel Barber, contrasted nicely with Dum Paterfamilias and other medieval hymns and songs from the Cantigas of Santa Maria and the Crusades. Other principal performers were Ian Cutts (harp), William Lewarne Harris (piano and whistle), Julia Ford (recorder) and the group In Nocte Musica. An excellent programme was produced by Richard Bowden-Dan and contributed to the enjoyment and knowledge of the highly appreciative audience.

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## Notes and News

### Attention Art Historians!

19 June to 3 July 1994 - a 15-day excursion/study tour organised by the Society of Architectural Historians (in the United States) led by Professor Annie Shaver-Crandell (City University of New York). From Paris to Santiago de Compostela visiting major shrines along the routes, including Vézelay, Bourges, Le Puy, Conques, Toulouse, Pau, Pamplona, Burgos, León, Villafranca del Bierzo and Santiago. Cost: flight New York to Paris, \$734, land journey \$2500 per person based on two people sharing a twin room with bath. Land cost includes coach travel, hotels, full board, but not tips or entrance fees. Single room supplement \$625. Also donation of \$300 to the Society of Architectural Historians. Details from Marion Marples, 45 Dolben Street, London SE1 0UQ (please send A5 s.a.e) or direct from Annie Shaver-Crandell, 39 Bond Street, New York 10012, USA, tel.: (215) 735 0334.

### Train and Bicycle in France - a note from John Hatfield

Members will be pleased to learn of the existence of the 'Mouvement Défense de la Bicyclette', 32 rue Raymond-Losserand, 75014 Paris, tel.: (01033)1.43.20.26.02 who have recently sent very useful documents to the Cyclists' Touring Club on 1) Sending your bicycle as registered luggage and 2) Trains transporting bicycles as accompanying luggage. From the timetables (valid until 28 May 1994) which show the trains on which bikes can be transported as hand luggage, it looks as if it is feasible to get reasonably close to Vézelay (Auxerre or Avallon) or Le Puy or Arles (Nimes or Avignon) with an overnight stop in Paris. The CTC Touring Dept does a useful information bulletin on French rail timetables and how to write a letter to the appropriate regional centre asking for timetable details. The CTC is currently negotiating with the Eurostar London/Channel Tunnel/Paris/Brussels train service on which it is possible that a limited number of bicycles, booked in advance, will be allowed. Details have yet to be finalised but the news is encouraging. Further information for CTC members from: CTC Touring Dept, 69 Meadrow, Godalming, Surrey GU7 3HS. Tel.: (0483)-417217.

### Have you a full passport?

No, not a CSJ pilgrim record but a full British passport, not a visitor's passport valid for a year and purchased at the Post Office. The question is raised because Spain intends to refuse entry to holders of British visitors' passports from a date, yet to be announced, in mid-1994. Press reports of mid-December say that the Spanish cabinet decision is awaiting formal ratification by the Cortes (parliament) and will come into effect six months from that date.

### International Center of Medieval Art (ICMA)

Thanks to New York member, Ronald R. Atkins, the Confraternity is a member of ICMA and receives quarterly newsletters and its annual journal, GESTA. The Fall 1993 newsletter gives details of an exhibition that winter visitors to New York will wish to see: The Art of Medieval Spain AD500-1200, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art until March 13 1994. Some 200 objects are displayed and one of the goals of the exhibition is to illustrate the cultural interchanges that occurred in Spain through the presence of outsiders like the Visigoths, Muslims and French from the 6th to the 13th centuries.

### Are you learning Esperanto?

Peter Pryer has recently translated the Confraternity's general leaflet into Esperanto. If you would like a copy of the text please send an s.a.e (A5 size) to Marion Marples.

### And do you want to learn Spanish?

Joanne Land has a Linguaphone Spanish language course which she would like to sell in aid of the Rabanal Appeal Fund. Consisting of course books, language cassettes and handbook the package normally costs £149-90 but Joanne will accept £50 for it, plus postage of £3-50. If interested please telephone her on (0985)-212473.

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