



Confraternity of Saint James

Bulletin



March 2014

No 125

About the *Bulletin*

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Cover photograph:
St James, in
St. Andrews
by Hugh Lockhart

Editorial

Gosia Brykczyńska

Visiting a few CSJ friends recently, I accompanied them to their local church, and the recessional hymn that blustery and rain-swept Sunday was none other than the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. I suddenly felt awoken and shaken, if not moved, from my winter hibernation – hit one could say by the sheer force and weight of the words and music – to go marching forth. After all, if my “God is marching on”, then the new pilgrim season must surely be upon us and it’s time to dust off the jacket and boots, poles and rucksack.

It might still be cold and raining outside but it’s definitely springtime according to the CSJ calendar. Both Miraz and Rabanal *hospitalero* committees are preparing their training days for wardens and advance working parties are being sent out to the *refugios* to get them ready for the new pilgrim season. In London and Scotland the CSJ is preparing Practical Pilgrim days and there is a noticeable increase in activities in the Blackfriars Road office.

In this *Bulletin* we have articles reflecting this early Spring / late winter time of year; with articles written by hospitaleros and pilgrims alike. And so from the perspective of a cold and wet *peregrina* – Mary Moseley tells us about her short but deceptively difficult Camino Inglés, while the experienced welcoming *hospitalero* Tom Freisen reminds us what it is like to be an alternative pilgrim in the service of others. Chris Slater in wet Galicia could be forgiven for looking longingly at the sun-filled adventures of Peter Walsh and his companion as they gaze at processional catepillars – who no doubt were hastily making their way to Switzerland and the Jakobsweg – a camino carefully explained to us by Bryan Stevens. It remains therefore for Seán Deany to carefully remind us that going on pilgrimage is not only a beautiful and wondrous calling, but can also be a difficult and tiring undertaking and naming a rucksack *Penance* may well represent more than just a passing joke. Meanwhile, for those looking for a pilgrimage route closer to home, the way to St Andrews may be a nice alternative.

I sing to myself to “be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet,” and I am starting to plan my next camino with joy and anticipation. Each camino we undertake may be our last camino, a reflection well pointed out to us by several contributors to this *Bulletin*; but I would like to add also, that we only know which camino that will be in retrospect. So meanwhile I wish you all a ¡Buen Camino! and ¡Ultreia!

Chairman's Report 2014

Colin Jones

There is a minor but flourishing industry offering advice, guidance and reassurance to potential pilgrims stating that the camino is “do-able”. Guide books, on-line forums, and pilgrim blogs cover every conceivable topic, theme and contingency – ranging from which is the best camino to choose for your pilgrimage to when is the best time to go, even whether to grow a beard or not on your pilgrimage (this being somewhat gender specific, I hope). With so much information and opinion available – and the two are not always the same even though they may at times appear so – the impression can be given to the potential pilgrim that the camino is predictable and every eventuality can be planned for. Experience suggests otherwise. The camino can and does spring surprises – mostly pleasant but occasionally not quite so.

For the CSJ, 2013 has indeed brought its share of surprises, mostly pleasant. To begin with, the pleasant surprises. Despite great pressure on his diary, the new Dean of the Cathedral Don Segundo Leonardo Pérez López accepted our invitation to participate in the 30th anniversary celebration of the CSJ. The book that he presented to the CSJ to mark this event is now in the library. The next day he visited both our office and St James Church Garlickhythe in the City of London, and had lunch at Southwark Cathedral – hosted by the Dean, the Very Revd Andrew Nunn, to which the Anglican Assistant Bishop of Europe, the Right Reverend David Hamid also came. Conversations during his visit were extraordinarily fruitful. There were discussions about churches with closed doors along the camino, conferences, and welcoming pilgrims to the cathedral. But what was the pleasant surprise? Then Don Segundo produced literally from out of his bag the new, re-designed and brightly coloured compostela that will be given to pilgrims as from this year. A delight to see and a very thoughtful gesture on his part.

During recent years the University of Santiago has offered a number of International Courses, one of which focuses on the art, history and architecture of the camino. I thought it right and proper that I should go on this course to experience what is being offered by the University. The second pleasant surprise! The course aimed to let us see the camino and the pilgrimage to the shrine of the Apostle through different eyes, and indeed it does. With consummate professionalism, ample lashings of humour, and only the occasional downpour of rain, our group looked again at the many aspects of pilgrimage. It was a very enriching two

weeks – and best of all, it involved an intensive, practical study of the gastronomy and wines of the camino in Galicia.

Those who have known the Cathedral of Santiago over the years will have detected a renewed approach to welcoming and receiving pilgrims in 2013. The cathedral web site is fresh and informative with pages providing guidance on the prayer and spirituality of pilgrimage, the liturgical life of the cathedral and information about the pilgrim office. The office itself has also undergone a transformation from being a rather cramped waiting area to a more spacious reception facility for pilgrims, supported by the welcoming Amigos volunteers. However, for me the biggest surprise was the welcome given to pilgrims at the beginning of the midday mass. Now, there is a brief word of welcome in the main languages of the camino. The welcome acknowledges that the cathedral is both the end of a pilgrim's personal journey and that it is a place of prayer; additionally groups and individuals are acknowledged and made welcome. My experience of this in October as part of the University study group was very moving.

There were also some less than pleasant surprises in 2013. The celebration of St James's Day was overshadowed by the terrible accident at Angrois just outside the city when the Madrid-Ferrol train derailed. The CSJ remembered the victims at our own gathering in London as well as sending a message of condolence and solidarity with the victims and their families.

On Christmas Day news broke that the Santuario da Virxe Da Barca in Muxia – which together with Fisterra – is the emblematic end of the camino for many pilgrims, had been struck by lightning, completely destroying both the roof and interior of this beautiful church. From this distance there was little to be done other than to record our dismay and send a message of support to the Archdiocese of Santiago. Both the Xunta of Galicia and Archdiocese have affirmed their intention to completely restore the building as quickly as possible.

However, the most surprising of the 2013 surprises and the most unpleasant sprang upon us in September. The Patrimonio department of the Xunta – equivalent to the Heritage Department here in the UK – published its proposals to define and recognise the various camino routes within Galicia. Within these proposals, and relating to the Camino del Norte, there was a very significant change to the current route through Baamonde – Sobrado – Arzúa. The new route would completely miss both our refuge at Miraz and the monastery

of Sobrado in favour of a new stage going directly to Santiago. This seemed astounding considering the generous support given to the Miraz project by the Xunta and the Xacobeo! A vigorous campaign of opposition by various organisations from Baamonde to Arzúa to this particular proposal is already underway. We are still awaiting a decision.

To conclude: 2013 has certainly brought its fair share of surprises. Yet, it is to the credit of members of the CSJ and especially those working in our office, and its various committees that we have been able to respond appropriately, whether the winds have been fair and pleasant, or whether wet and wintry.

PUBLICATIONS

Expertise urgently needed and offers needed

1. A new editor for the *Camino Francés* Guide-See Secretary's Note Book
2. *Camino Francés* Walkers; tell us where you stayed and which of the newer albergues are highly recommended
3. If you might be interested in becoming responsible for the whole of CSJ Publications and their future development. This includes looking after the online bookshop as well as considering the future of our light weight, affordable and well respected Guides.

El Camino Inglés, Autumn 2013

Mary Moseley

After every camino my walking partner and I say: “That’s it.” and then, “Well, just one more time.” So this time it was *el Camino Inglés*, just a short one. Although only 118 kilometres separate Ferrol and Santiago, we found it fairly challenging at times, with quite a lot of tarmac, some demanding ascents and descents, and far too much rain. It dates back to the 12C and in the 14C hostels were set up by the Sancti Spiritus religious order and various patrons, our favourite among the latter being the medieval Galician knight *O Bóo* (The Good One), also known as Fernán Pérez de Andrade. We visited his tower in Pontedeume, but sadly his hospital no longer exists. In fact most of the old hospitals used by pilgrims have disappeared or are in ruins.

We started from the bus station in Ferrol, in the rain. Having traipsed through the centre, asking a few locals for directions, we never managed to find the stone marking the beginning of the camino, so our first *sello* was in the Parador, where a very helpful receptionist pointed us to the camino – a couple of kilometres back the way we’d come! Like George Borrow, we felt no great affection for Ferrol, and were already very wet. After leaving the town we covered at least two and a half kilometres before we could leave the tarmac behind and get onto a woodland path. We passed the church of San Martín de Xubia, a remnant of the Benedictine monastery, but, like most of the churches we passed, it was closed. By the time we reached Narón we were more than ready to fall into the Hotel Kensington, where we were bid a very warm welcome, and just dried out.

By the morning the sun had come out, so we had a very pleasant walk to Neda, where we saw the tree that had been planted in 2004 by members of the CSJ. We had to clean the accompanying plaque so that we could read that the tree is placed next to the remains of a fifteenth century pilgrim hostel. It looks to be growing sturdily – the tree, that is. It rained on and off most of the rest of the day, and no matter how far we walked we could still see Ferrol across the *ría*.

As always, we met some wonderful locals to chat to. They were chopping and gathering firewood, collecting acorns, picking cabbages for the chickens (the only appropriate use of that green vegetable, my husband would say), and physalis and kiwi fruit for jam. Most

important to them, however, was getting the onions and leeks into the ground before the *real* rain arrived! The downpours may have been an inconvenience for us, but the rain was sorely needed for the crops after a very dry summer and early autumn. It didn't take long for the real rain to reappear, but we walked on, skirting the puddles, with our pockets full of delicious sweet physalis to help us on our way.

The bridge which gives its name to Pontedeume is certainly spectacular, but the *albergue* wasn't open and there was no chance of a bed until at least 7.30 pm, which was too late for us, so we took refuge in Café-Bar Luis – with beds! – and excellent food.

When we'd finished breakfast the following morning it was on with the wet-weather gear again, for a very steep climb out of the town. From under the hood of the ponchos it was difficult to appreciate how lovely the path was, lined by hydrangeas, grapes, corn, beans and a wonderful variety of trees: fig, apple, walnut, oak, pine and eucalyptus. There were plenty of fountains and washing places, (still used by the local people), closed churches and closed bars, and very few *peregrinos*, but good people to talk to along the way.

We knew that a newly opened *albergue* awaited us in Betanzos. We were escorted there and it turned out to be very comfortable and highly recommended. *El Rey del Bacalao* restaurant proved to be another excellent recommendation, as was the tomb of *Andrade the Good* – of Pontedeume – which you can visit in the church of San Francisco. When we eventually arrived, like drowned rats with blisters,

at Casa Julia, 18kms out of Betanzos, Santa Julia had the beers, the tureen of soup, bread, *cazuela de ternera*, *patatas fritas*, *ensalada* and *postre* waiting. A phone call to Antonio at the Pension Novo and he drove to collect us. It is



about 2km off the camino from Hospital de Bruma which only offers the ruins of the old Hospital and an *albergue*, but *Pension Nova* also offered us a chance to stay with Antonio's delightful family. For us, he and Julia were undoubtedly the "saints" of the Camino Inglés.

In the morning Antonio ran us back to Casa Julia, and took care of my friend's haversack so that we could walk back to Pension Novo for our second night there. Not only did Antonio do all that fetching and carrying, but he also made numerous phone calls and booked railway tickets for our onward journey from Santiago, which, due to the arcane workings of Renfe, had proved impossible for us. When we left, his mother – Purificación (what a wonderful name) – insisted on our taking oranges and bananas for the journey; and so the remaining twenty-nine kilometres to Santiago didn't seem so far.

The sun kept trying to break through and we were able to delight in the beautiful woodland paths, skipping round the puddles and over the fallen trees. The farmers were chopping the corn and preparing the animal's winter food, covering it with huge sheets of plastic. We kept meeting a pilgrim called Claudio, from northern Italy, who never failed to greet us with "Rule Britannia". We last spied him at an intersection, enjoying a solitary feast sitting on a convenient plastic chair under a tree, and taking photos of himself! When I offered to record him for posterity he put on a different hat, and I couldn't resist a photo for myself as well.

Having decided not to stop in Sigueiro, we called in at the Casa



Negotiating the terrain

Cultural for a *sello* and were recommended a good, cheap restaurant for a late lunch. *El Cortes* proved to be a great place, full of locals, and right on the camino itself.

We could, I believe, have continued along a motorway, but we took the scenic route, if



Plaque marking the tree planted by Patricia Quaife and Marion Marples on behalf of CSJ in 1996 on behalf of CSJ in 1996.

somewhat obscured by the rain, and made a five kilometre diversion to San Vicente. The proprietor of the four-star hotel tried not to look too shocked by our disreputable state, and bade us a warm welcome. That night we and two Italian pilgrims on bicycles were the only guests – the economic crisis seemed to be hitting. Leaving San Vicente we had to walk a short distance along the motorway. It was getting light, although, yes, still raining, but we were soon up onto a lovely path. It wasn't long before we saw the spires of Santiago Cathedral and passed the monument to *The Pilgrim*, a massive bronze sculpture by José María Acuña, on our way into the city. We had entered Santiago on three previous occasions (but along different routes); the city however was as beautiful as ever – and the rain finally stopped!

Queuing outside the Pilgrims' Office for over an hour to get our *compostela* was something of an anti-climax and it meant that we missed the beginning of the Mass, but we were there for the second half, and saw the swinging of the Botafumeiro. There was time for a quick lunch with Martin, the only English pilgrim we'd encountered on our camino, whom we bumped into on a side street. We had our *compostelas* laminated, bought the obligatory postcards and set off for the railway station. So, "This will be the last time;" as the song goes. Definitely – but do watch this space ...

Galicia: Rambling in the rain on the Camino del Norte

Chris Slater

The rain had been falling for three days, persistent but never dominant, like background music. The scattered farmsteads became sparser as I climbed; fields and stone fences gave way to lichen-encrusted granite boulders and open moorland reminiscent of those other Celtic lands to the north. A wind turbine loomed through the gloom, spinning sadly as if doomed to rotate to death in the service of man, its vanes appearing and disappearing methodically into the cloud. A milestone, always a comfort to know the exact number of metres to Santiago, brought me back to earth. Concentrate now, I told myself, this is no time or place to get lost.

Last night at Miraz we had a great concentration of pilgrims, whose collective jollity dispelled the oppression of the day, aided by the *hospitaleros* – Bob’s abundance of energy which seemed to spread through the building and Alison’s imperturbable, multilingual dispensing of nuggets of wisdom and knowledge. We were full, even overflowing on to a floor somewhere else; and this in dismal October, not hectic July. Aromas from the kitchen promised succour, significantly diminishing the anxieties of those of us who had failed to heed warnings of barren lands ahead, or who had missed the briefly-open store on Sunday night, in Baamonde. Perhaps we wouldn’t be dependent on little peanut-packets from Pilar’s bar after all.

A glorious cauldron of piping garlic soup emerged, somehow these most seasoned *hospitaleros* had concocted enough for all and seconds too, so bellies were filled and warmed simultaneously. Despite warnings that only the first plate was supplied, there were no signs that anyone had even needed a second plate.

But now that haven of cheer seemed a world removed, as the rain intensified and tilted to the horizontal. I gambled and took a short cut, described in confident detail in a Confraternity guide, forgoing the comfort of the milestones in the hope of shaving 2km off the soul-chilling rain. A few anxious moments but my luck held, and the views toward Sobrado emerged as promised. The land became populated again, and the milestones reappeared with even a bus shelter – affording the luxury of a dry seat.

At Sobrado the sun put in a cameo appearance only to deceive, as we rushed our washing in from the rain. And so we endured another steamy, “snory” night and set off for Arzúa and the conjunction of caminos to meet with the unwashed masses along the Camino Francés.



Why

*Why do they set out this mixture of folk
To tread long and perhaps in the sun?
Different reasons? Different thoughts?
That's true of everyone,
Adventure perhaps – can it be done?
This journey long and perhaps in the sun,
Is it the arriving – to say that it's done?
This journey long and perhaps in the sun,
Or something much deeper and unique to each one?*

By a pilgrim

On the Other Side of the Pilgrim Credencial

Tom Freisen

I have worked as a *hospitalero* ten times since 2006 in a wide variety of settings and find that the act of serving for half a month in one place widens and deepens my camino experience. The service I work for, '*hospitaleros voluntarios*' which staffs most of the *donativo albergues* in Spain, requires a weekend training after experiencing the camino as a pilgrim. I value both identities and often try to walk into or out of the *albergue* where I will serve as a *hospitalero*, bearing my pilgrim *credencial* and backpack. Just as pilgrims are changed and bonded by the camino, *hospitaleros* are linked by the experience of giving hospitality to people from all over the world. It transforms us and enriches the pilgrimage experience.

Firstly, part of the *hospitalero's* responsibility is to act as an ambassador between the townsfolk and the pilgrims. Staying in a single location gives us the opportunity to get to know and understand a place, its sights, cultural life, other volunteers and the residents who live there all year. The Spanish are often most active socially just as pilgrims are going to bed and being a *hospitalero* allows us to understand their sense of community more fully. Secondly, as we welcome pilgrims as guests into our *albergue* home, we are enabling the transition from tourist, hiker, cyclist or adventurer to pilgrim to take place. We also get to meet a much wider group of pilgrims ourselves. A favourite topic of pilgrim discussions is often *Hospitaleros – The Good, The Bad and the Beautiful*. Pilgrims should know that *hospitaleros* sometimes have the same discussion but from the opposite perspective. Just as *albergues* vary with the reception, rules, facilities and behaviour of the *hospitaleros*, each group of pilgrims arrives with its own personality and dynamic interactions. Some pilgrims appear at the door as a joy-filled team while others straggle in obviously labouring, sore and dehydrated. Leaders among them have sometimes emerged, based on experience, language competence, skill at first aid or way-finding; demonstrating leadership and force of personality.

It is not for me to judge who is a "true pilgrim" as I do not know what is in your backpack, what kind of shape you are in physically, mentally or spiritually or what kind of day or camino you are having. For *hospitaleros* to welcome the positive pilgrims, putting thoughts of non-pilgrim-like

behaviour aside, helps avoid the burnout that demanding, unpleasant or unreasonable “tourists” or freeloaders can put us through. Although the work can be exhausting and consume most of the day, I am genuinely delighted to see pilgrims arrive and often much more sorry to see them leave. You are the reason I have chosen to be there so even though you often arrive as wilted flowers, I am aware that with rehydration, a chance to clean up, rest and sustenance your true personality will often shine through. I would hope that all pilgrim guests are welcomed with flowers and fruit on the table, music in the air and a clean, bug free environment. I am also pleased that with interactions and smiles, pilgrims will leave feeling like parting family members in the morning.

If you come into my “home”, expect to be greeted as an honoured guest and I hope that you will behave in the same spirit. Since you are “at home”, please wash your own dishes. You may be charged a standard charge to enter although for me some of the best *albergues* are run on a *donativos* basis. This system of “give what you can” is my personal preference but *donativo* does not mean free or even cheap. I never check to see what each pilgrim has given as the welcome is intended to be equal for all without prejudice of any kind. I would note though that I have paid over 600 Euros in transportation costs from Canada to be there as an unpaid volunteer and as I hear the coins hit the bottom of the box from pilgrims wearing clothing and carrying equipment worth hundreds of euros, I will confess to feeling a sense of irony.

The *hospitaleros voluntarios* feel that by providing a positive model for how to welcome and treat pilgrims, we improve the whole camino experience for everyone. Accordingly, private *albergues* are not our competitors. Visitors to one place where I was working told us that owners of a new *albergue* (closer to the entrance of the town) had solicited their business by falsely saying that our parochial *albergue* was closed, full or without heat. My behaviour, if not my thought, was to offer to carry their garbage bag to the bin too as I was going by the following day. Please be aware that the *hospitalero's* day has begun long before the pilgrims arrive. Seeing last night's pilgrims off with a breakfast, cleaning up the washrooms, showers, dormitory, as well as shopping, banking or dealing with service personnel may have left little time to relax. Fortunately, I can keep smiling for half a month of late nights and early mornings but am completely in awe of private or

public *albergues* where the staff remain the same but offer a home-like welcome every day.

While the camino is by turns a physical, mental and spiritual experience, as a *hospitalero*, I try to create the transition to pilgrim by creating a *focal-living-experience* within the *albergue*. I have already mentioned flowers and fruit on the table and with friendly introductions all around, music in the air, prayers for us to share in multiple languages at dinner and/or breakfast, singing songs from our own country and a possible brief vesper gathering; there can be magic in the experience. For me, witnessing and having any part in your transformation into a pilgrim, makes all of the effort to get there and hard work well worth it.

For more information on *focal-living-experiences*, see the books by Arthur Boers: *The Way is Made by Walking* (2007), and *Living into Focus* (2012).

For information on 2014 courses for *Hospitaleros Voluntarios* see www.caminosantiago.org

Processionary Caterpillars – A walk on the *Ruta de la Lana*

Peter Walsh

In April 2013 I set off with my long-time walking companion Bernie on the *Ruta de la Lana* so called because it was historically a major droving route for moving sheep. This is a little used camino that runs for about 750km in a NW direction from Alicante on the SE coast of Spain to Burgos. Here it joins the *Camino Francés* and the popular trail west to Santiago. Bernie and I were by now retired and well used to walking the old religious paths in Spain and in Southern France. You could say the camino had become a passion for us. We were now seeking the challenge of walking a quiet camino and the chance to see Spain at its most rural in an area we had not travelled through before.

Our appetite for such a walk had been whetted by our experiences two years earlier when we walked the feeder route for the *Via de la Plata* from Cádiz to Sevilla. We soon discovered there was a dearth of information in English on the Wool route and we had to rely on notes in Spanish which we were able to locate on the internet.

The route is yellow-arrowed, so we reasoned that with our 40 years-



Bernie padding across ford

plus experience of hiking together we would, with ready use of a compass, be able to find our way. At our age we did not fancy carrying tents and camping wild, so we assembled a rough list of places to stay. It was clear that to the few *albergues* would have to be added *hostales*, *casas*

rurales, beds in religious establishments and floors in civic buildings. Only once did we have to sleep rough – more of this later.

We set off from Alicante in high spirits and warm sunshine. The huge Moorish Castle there was just the first of a whole succession of similar

fortifications we passed on the way, for the *Ruta de la Lana* was one of the main routes for Muslim invaders to travel North into the heart of Spain. We found the first day a tough one, for in places the camino degenerated into a faint path through a 'badland' of scrubby low ridges and dried up river beds (*arroyos*), before it settled down into more familiar tracks through farmland.

Certainly I needed to get into my camino stride, and as the days passed I could feel my body tone up and become accustomed once again to the simple life of walking, eating and sleeping. I needed to tone up my mind too, to de-clutter it. I am sure fellow *peregrinos* will agree with me when I say that with this shedding aside of many of the daily concerns of modern life comes a re-sensitisation, a renewed appreciation of all that is true and meaningful. Every morning I would say my prayers, and these would be a constant source of comfort for me. I would hesitate to call this 'walking meditation' in the Buddhist sense (my mind flits around far too much for that), but as I put one foot in front of the other these prayers gave me strength and purpose. St Paul spoke of the body being the *temple of the spirit* and nowhere have I found this more true than on the camino.

So the days passed into one another. We soon accustomed ourselves to the absence of any fellow *peregrinos*. In the 31 days it took us to get to Burgos we only met one other walker – a likeable Spaniard called Hernando who was walking much faster than us. We spent two evenings in his company before he went ahead of us, but later we learnt that he had given up on account of blisters.

Most of the *Ruta de la Lana* is in Castilla la Mancha, the land of Don Quixote and the most economically depressed part of Spain. Certainly from walking through it the evidence is plainly visible in the form of not just abandoned farms but abandoned villages and forlorn towns full of derelict buildings. They reminded me of disused Hollywood film sets, our footsteps and voices echoing eerily in the empty streets and plazas. Even Galicia and Extremadura did not present us with such evidence of rural depopulation. Mechanised farming practices mean that today there is perhaps the need for only five percent of the workforce that was required a century or more ago. Given the lack of alternative occupations people have over the years just drifted away to look for work elsewhere. We happened to catch a TV news item one evening in a local bar, and it showed a village full of rejoicing because the first baby had been born there for 45 years!

Spain has any number of historic buildings and settlements and those located away from areas of mass tourism, are hardly known to visitors from abroad. I shall never forget when walking on the *Vía de la Plata* discovering

Mérida for the first time – with its impressive Roman remains which I found to be a true delight. So it was on this camino. Before I walked along it I had never heard of Alcalá del Júcar before, or Cuenca, or Sigüenza, yet these are quite remarkable settlements, full of beauty and history. In the north the camino criss-crosses the way of El Cid, the hero of Spanish resistance to the Moors – indeed we met three Spaniards following this route in a Southerly direction, the only time we shared an *albergue* with anyone other than Hernando.

The *albergues* we stayed at on the camino were unmanned, so to speak, but the volunteer local *hospitaleros* such as Luis in Cuenca were kindness itself. He gave us invaluable local advice about the walk in the coming days, and on our walk out of town he joined us for a mile or so. He made a point of taking us into an old church dedicated to San António. Inside was a lovely carving of San Roque and his dog, and high above the outside doorway was a stone relief of the tau symbol, one of the earliest signs of the cross. We felt a warm reassurance that all would be well for us in the weeks ahead. Our walk beyond Cuenca took us through yet more abandoned or half-empty villages and it was rare indeed to find a bar for a morning coffee. Thus we were deprived of one of the special treats of walking the caminos in Spain, and we had to resign ourselves to the reality of rural decline and the loss of such amenities. At least we had the wild beauty of the Spanish countryside in spring to lift our spirits, as we walked for mile after mile with the trail all to ourselves – snowy peaks in the distance, birds and wildflowers all around, rabbits aplenty, deer, foxes, a wild boar (dead alas) and, most thrilling of all, a line of 60 processional caterpillars nose to tail, heading in our direction as if on a pilgrimage of their own.

At Villacanejos (Rabbit-town!) we had the good fortune to meet Pepe, who looked after the *albergue* that was attached to a local church. As on so many occasions I had to be grateful that Bernie could speak Spanish, for on the *albergue* door was simply a mobile phone number to ring, and Pepe himself spoke only Spanish. He was a true son of rural Spain, strong, hardworking and extremely hospitable. He owned a smallholding where he grew vines and vegetables. He took us into his *bodega*, a cave dug into the hillside where he made his own wine. By good fortune his wife owned the local butcher-shop. He expertly lit a fire in the cave, put some prime cuts of meat, plus home grown asparagus, on the griddle, and poured some of his home-made wine for us. He told us that he had once done the same thing for another pilgrim, only to find out she was vegetarian – oh well, at least she was able to eat the asparagus!

When we left Villacanejos the fields were white with frost. We had hoped Pepe would come to see us off and give us a *sello* for our *credenciales*,



Caterpillars

but he was not around. Then, about two hours later, as our path crossed over a road, we noticed a car parked nearby. It was Pepe's! He apologised for not being around earlier, so he had driven all this way just to say farewell, and to give us our precious *sellos*.

It is moments like this that made our camino so special. I remember on an earlier camino, when walking behind a *peregrino* who was singing hymns to himself, an old man coming the other way stopped and lovingly got hold of the pilgrim's cheek and shook it gently. It was such a tender moment it brought tears to my eyes.

Even in the 21st century, Spain is not like Northern Europe – it has its own ways. The spirit of *duende* still shows in its music and dance, and some might say in its bull-fighting too. Of course there are things that can seem a little baffling at times, and even irritating. Who has not had problems with Spanish officialdom, with Spanish locks and keys, or with Spanish electrics? At one of our stops the electricity fuse-box was situated not in the *albergue* itself but in the makeshift village bar above it. So whenever the electricity cut out (which was often) we had to go upstairs and ask the barman to switch it back on for us. This was definitely irritating!

When we arrived in Salmerón, a truly lovely old town, again half-abandoned, we went into a bar, only to be told that the *hostal* had closed down, and there was nowhere else to stay. Then, the young bar lady disappeared through a door only to return with the news that she had

found rooms for us in a nearby house. This sort of hand-to-mouth existence – of finding a place to stay – was however problematic at times. In another small town, Mandayona, we had the address of a *hostal* only to find that this too had closed down. The barman nearby was very kind in making phone calls on our behalf, and after a three hour wait a local official appeared with keys for the Town Hall. We had to sleep on a wooden floor, but we were grateful for that. There were only two occasions when our walk through this idyllic, half-forgotten region of Spain was rudely intruded upon. Rounding a bend one day we were suddenly confronted by the sight of a nuclear power station with two huge cooling towers down in the valley below. It was a most unexpected and in a way rather shocking discovery for us, as we had known nothing about it.

The other occasion was when we arrived at the gates of a huge upland farm (*finca*) and it was immediately obvious we were not welcome there. Pepe had forewarned us about this – the millionaire landowner had blocked off access and re-routed the camino so as to keep his estate private. Beside the ruins of an old village he had built a modern *palacio* for himself. Any thoughts of following the old route were quickly dispelled by the sight of two really huge guard dogs, thankfully chained, at the gate in the perimeter fence. So we skirted his estate along the new path that had been crudely cut across fields of wheat, bright green at this time of year. We were momentarily alarmed by the sudden appearance of two motorcycles, their engines revving threateningly as they negotiated the rutted path – were these the millionaire's heavies come to warn us off, or do us over? Thankfully they rode straight past us, the roar of their engines faded, and we were left only with the sound of birdsong once more, plus the throb of our rapidly beating hearts!

Midway between Cuenca and Burgos the camino takes a detour from its established route. Indeed the new route now seems the preferred option for, though longer, it takes in the medieval city of Sigüenza. We dropped down from a high limestone plateau dotted with trees to pass a truly massive castle which is now a classy hotel (a *parador*). We chose to stay in a rambling old Christian centre tucked away in a cul-de-sac in the old town. Close by was the cathedral, whose huge and austere façade seemed to echo the form of the castle itself. Early the next morning, as we walked out of Sigüenza, we looked back to see the castle and cathedral bathed in horizontal rays of golden sunlight beneath a generally cloudy sky. The sight was quite magical, even ethereal.

One of the highlights of the *Ruta* is when it winds through a large canyon. The path proved a little tricky in parts, but was not dangerous. It did involve four separate crossings of a large stream, either by stepping

stones or by wading. That night we had to sleep rough for there was simply no accommodation to be had. We found a flat grassy area outside an old *érmita*, but then it started to rain. What to do? We decided to investigate an old Moorish watchtower high on a hill that overlooked the valley. Though a little dirty inside it had been restored and had within it several wooden floors linked by ladders. We swept the lowest floor as best we could, using a branch from a nearby bush and settled down to sleep.

A few days later and we were within reach of our destination – Burgos, whose magnificent cathedral, the burial place of El Cid, is a world heritage site. For the third time on this camino the *hostal* we had planned to stay in had closed down. Fortunately we knew about this in advance, so we were up before dawn to walk what we knew would be our longest day of the whole camino. We were however fit now, and we covered the 36km required – quite comfortably – arriving just before huge shower clouds built-up and the rains fell. A street thermometer recorded just three degrees the next morning, but the cold did not trouble us. We had completed the *Ruta de la Lana*, **our** *Ruta de la Lana*.

It was strange and almost a culture shock to be in a city again, to see *peregrinos* in such large numbers, and to hear English spoken by anyone other than ourselves. Clearly we were now on the *Camino Francés*, which we had walked along ourselves some years earlier, and it was with some reluctance that we gave ourselves up to the throng.

It was now time to return home to our long suffering wives and families, who we liked to believe had missed us as much as we had missed them. Nonetheless Bernie still managed to come back in the autumn to walk again from Burgos to Santiago. I have to admit that walking caminos is, in the best sense of the term, somewhat addictive. It provides companionship, an opportunity to discover new places and landscapes, physical exercise and a sense of spiritual renewal. It gets into your blood and into your soul.

It is now our usual habit in the dark nights of winter to sit by the fire and reminisce over a glass of wine about the caminos we have done. We sometimes get muddled in our memories about the names of people we have met, the places we have stayed in....a sign I think of our advancing years! But our enthusiasm remains, and soon our conversation will turn again to walks still to be done. It is time to pour another glass of wine, get the maps out once more and plan our next camino.

Walking the “Jakobsweg” through Switzerland

Bryan Stevens

In July 2013, having completed the Camino Francés, my wife and I decided to walk the *Jakobsweg* across Switzerland, from Rorschach (on the *Bodensee* facing Germany) to Lausanne (on *Lac Lemman* with France on the far shore). Carla, though living most of her life in England, is Swiss by birth and wanted to explore her roots. As any pilgrim knows, there is no better way to do this than on foot. The *Jakobsweg* is extremely well marked so it is almost impossible to get lost. There were very few pilgrims – we met no more than a dozen in three weeks – and apart from one Korean, all were either Swiss or German. This gave a sense of adventure in marked comparison with the crocodile of pilgrims approaching Santiago. The Reformation began in Switzerland and the whole route is peppered with charming small pilgrim chapels both Protestant and Catholic, which are always open – lovely places to rest and pray. One we remember especially well was Maria zum Schnee just outside Stans, built in the 18th century in gratitude for being spared from an avalanche.

Wherever possible, we stayed in pilgrim refuges, and once in a Salvation Army Hostel and a religious house. But often we went to B&Bs, always clean and comfortable, but never cheap! Indeed, the main drawback of the walk was cost. Switzerland is a very expensive country, and there are no bargains to be had comparable with those in Spain. However, as compensation for the cost, we had almost perfect weather and the scenery was never dull, often stunning and sometimes breathtaking. The view of the sun-capped Jungfrau from Interlaken and the turquoise blue of the *Brienzersee* will stay with us forever.

We started in St Gallen which has in the ancient abbey a magnificent library with one of the finest collections of medieval Bibles in the world. In Wattwil we found ourselves in the midst of a yodeling festival before passing the night at Rapperswil on Lake Zurich. Everywhere there were lush alpine meadows, magnificent wild flowers and the constant tinkling of cowbells. Einsiedeln is traditionally the main pilgrim centre of Switzerland – with a very large abbey and Gothic Cathedral containing a Black Madonna, the chief object of veneration. From here we reached the Haggeneegg Pass, the highest point on the whole route

at 4,200 ft. Schwyz is where the Swiss Confederation was founded in the 14th century and today it is a bustling town with many charming medieval buildings. From Brunnen, a few miles beyond, we caught a boat across the *Vierwaldstattersee*, and then a funicular to Selisberg – as recommended in the *Jakobsweg* guide.

The second highest point on the walk was the Brunig Pass with its very friendly *Naturfreunden Haus* near the summit; then a VERY steep descent to the *Brienzersee*, which has an almost seaside air and feel to it. From Brienz the map shows a path along the shores of the lake to Ringgenberg and the next day we headed to the *Pilger Begleitung* in Merlingen on the *Thunersee*, a religious house run by a Protestant German group, the *Kristustraeger*. The house itself is very large with spectacular views over the lake. It is both a retreat and a conference centre. Brother Thomas, who was in charge, had spent three years in the Congo and in order to help himself ‘return’ to Western living, he had walked the *Jakobsweg*. Near here, Amsoldingen is a small village with a very special Romanesque church – perhaps the finest of the whole route. We spent some time there enjoying the beauty and the silence. In this region, dominated by the spectacular Stockhorn mountain, we walked through magnificent deep woods with gurgling streams and ice cold springs which were very welcome as the temperature rose.

Then we crossed from German to French-speaking Switzerland at Fribourg (not to be confused with Freiburg in Germany). It is a delightful town with very steep streets and a wonderful Gothic cathedral. Next door is the 13th century church *Eglise des Cordeliers*, said to be the oldest Franciscan church in Switzerland. Our final destination,

Lausanne is a fantastic city, set back from *Lac Lemman*, on three levels, and spanned by road bridges. It is dominated by the magnificent Gothic cathedral with charming squares and cafes.

Our original plan, based on CSJ’s description of the *Jakobsweg* as a



Swiss waymark



Romanesque church at Amsoldingen

“350km historic route”, was to continue to Geneva, but the pedometer was already registering 400km, so we decided to call it a day, with the misty French mountains on the opposite shore of the lake. We spent two restful days in Lausanne, took the train to Geneva and flew home. Our plan for 2014 (which is also my 80th year!) is to return to Lausanne and to walk from there to Le Puy.

PRACTICALITIES

The route is 400 km (with an average 21km per day). The CSJ notes are very helpful (except for their predilection for underestimating the distances!). Although there are no printed guide books in English, there are good English translations of the whole route on the website www.jakobsweg.ch. Here there are also excellent accommodation guides of each section. Additionally there are four small but very helpful leaflets (in German) called *Unterwegs Sein*, available at most tourist offices along the route (Route 4). It is wise to buy a Swiss SIM card for booking your B&Bs. Switzerland uses its own three point round electric plug which you will also need to buy as neither the UK, US nor usual European plugs will work here.

Travels with *Penance*: Lessons learnt on the Chemin d'Arles

Seán Deany

It's a known historical fact that many an ancient pilgrim would make the arduous peregrination to Santiago de Compostela as a form of repentance for his or her sins. Today, in a world of comfort on demand and instant gratification, for many there seems to be little meaning beyond pleasure and satisfaction. On my 2013 walk from Arles towards the apostolic Jacobean city, I too was self-indulgent with all the necessary mod cons in my pack.

The day before heading out on a flight from Paris for a three month trek through wet and remote country, I began packing, unpacking and repacking a well-designed rucksack. There was a thermos flask for the cold and a coffee dripper for the morning rush, a sleeping bag and a self-inflating mattress for the occasional romantic pilgrim experience of dossing on church porches, a compact high-end digital camera to capture RAW moments and a *Diana* plastic camera with seven rolls of film for more arty shots. Then there was a pair of rugged sandals for anticipated hot weather (which never arrived) and a large plastic kitchen box for numerous food items – a necessity in *remotest and rural* France. However all these items didn't fit, and yet, sitting in my bedroom corner a large and looming orange/black elephant spoke to me like a demon: "Carry me mere mortal, and I shall guide you on your way."

My first steps and thoughts on that bitterly cold March morning walking out of Arles were filled with excitement, but also some apprehension. I soon came to know my 16kg backpack as *Penance*! Along the Petit Rhône trail, graceful white Camargue horses looked up at me in astonishment as if wondering how this horseless pilgrim managed. I stopped for a coffee break, conveniently on ready supply from my thermos. Twenty-two tiring kilometres later I stood in awe at the porch of Saint Giles-du-Gard. I secured a room on the little square overlooking the church, and that evening met my first fellow pilgrims in the dining room downstairs. A Swiss woman said that she had a Swiss woman said that she had noticed me earlier in the day from a distance, and wondered what was I carrying. At Montpellier, the Swiss and I were the only two pilgrims at the *Sanctuaire Saint-Roch*. In this vibrant university town the venerated Saint Roch was born. His statue

is instantly recog-nisable from the way he reveals a wounded thigh



when succumbing to plague and a faithful dog brings him a loaf of bread. During the weeks ahead I would make every effort to visit a church known to have a statue of Saint Roch and there were many along this Way. He thus became my patron saint. The picture-book village of Saint Guilhem-le-Désert was already full of tourists when I arrived and heavy

downpours flooded the streets. The church allegedly has a fragment of the true cross. I attended the evening mass celebrating Maundy Thursday where we all partook in washing the hands of our neighbour – instead of the traditional washing of the feet. My sore feet could have done with a hot bath!

A few days later, I was just getting into the rhythm of things, when going down a small step at the *gîte* at twilight, I noisily popped a thigh muscle. The pain was horrific, and I was in tears over the disappointment that my pilgrimage was possibly over. Penance of one kind or another was certainly being executed. However the *gîte* owner kindly drove me next day to a pharmacist, who recommended Arnica oil, painkillers and a minimum of two days rest. Also a little prayer to Saint Roch! So I was taken to the bus station from where I would travel on to Saint Gervais-sur-Mare for a rest in its spacious *gîte d'étape*, all to myself. I posted my thermos and *Diana* camera back home, which lightened my load by 1.5kg. A token effort at the very least, but many other items over the coming weeks would follow. A book I was tired of reading, a woollen shirt too hot for comfort, and my faithful self-inflating mattress were left as donations at Auch. Even in a place

associated with Armagnac and D'Artagnan (of the three musketeers fame) – there might be a need! The trouble with long duration travel in Europe for non-EU members is the Schengen visa restricting travellers to a 90-day maximum period, so I had to keep to a tight schedule, and if I fell ill I had to make up time with the use of public transport or even a taxi! Nonetheless, I eventually walked a total of 1388Km between Arles and Santiago de Compostela.

I had been recommended to reserve a place at the remote gîte d'étape *Les Clèdes* run by the reclusive Monsieur Christian Edel. After a painful hike through the rain, snow was beginning to fall when I arrived at his hidden abode. I was greeted first by two scruffy dogs, and then by the man himself. I was in for a night not easily forgotten. On rare occasions he has offered weary pilgrims accommodation in his hermitage making every effort to be hospitable. A big pot of soup was placed on the fire, a hot shower prepared (which came from a garden hose rigged up to a makeshift water heater) and many a bottle of liquor was placed on the table for my enjoyment. Christian turned out to be quite entertaining himself, and although he spoke not a word of English and my French remains appalling, we managed very well. He had been a magician in his youth, and still had a few magic tricks up his sleeve. It was all too clear he led a lonely existence as he was well off the route. It was only a day later that some people told me the true, sad story. About ten years before, his ailing mother had left the house one snowy winter's evening for a walk, and never returned. This had clearly left its mark on the man.

During the following days I was a lone pilgrim once more out in the cold and snow. Shops were often closed and water was almost unavailable during the long stretches between stops. I tramped my way silently through the forest with nothing but the call of the common Cuckoo for comfort, for spring had indeed arrived. The European spring of 2013 is said to have been the coldest on record but once I neared Toulouse, the weather improved and more pilgrims were evident. Most spoke only French. In all the five weeks it took me to reach the Pyrenees, I only met about half a dozen people who spoke moderately good English. I wished I'd done a crash course in French in the months before departure.

This of course all changed on that memorable day when I tramped down Calle Mayor, Puente la Reina, with *Penance* on my back (who had steadily becoming lighter over the past weeks). The street was filled with pilgrims speaking a multitude of languages, some at café

terraces and others just milling about with their little neatly packed rucksacks. The Camino Francés is not without its hardships, but the modern-day pilgrim traveller is spoilt for choice and convenience, especially when the warmer months have arrived. It was no longer necessary to carry three days' supply of food, and convenience stores were now quite frequent, catering predominantly to these travelling hordes of pilgrims. There was little opportunity now for silent and meditative days of rambling along the Way.

Penance, now back in the corner of my room at home, stands as a reminder of lessons of all sorts learnt along the Chemin d'Arles.

Ed Note: To view pictures and read more on Seán Deany's peregrinations along the Chemin d'Arles go to his blog site www.caminoaustralia.blogspot.com.au

More than golf and golden sands

Hugh Lockhart

St Andrews, on the Fife coast of Scotland, overlooking the North Sea, became famous in medieval times as pilgrims in their tens of thousands arrived from all over Europe to pay their respects to the relics of the Scottish saint in its great Cathedral. Today St Andrews offers two faces to visitors. The first, familiar to golfers, is that of comfortable Victorian hotels overlooking miles of famous golf courses and golden beaches. Some never see more than that but stray outside that zone and the visitor is quickly confronted with an older and much uglier face for St Andrews suffered badly during the Reformation.

Just uphill from the Old Course is a monument to the Protestant martyrs who were burnt to death. Among these was George Wishart, for whom a special iron mask was made with an iron mouthpiece so that the poor man could only suffer his terrible agonies in gagged silence and not inspire the watching crowd to take pity. The mask is now in the newly restored museum at Abbotsford, home of Sir Walter Scott. Further up the hill from there is the Witches Lake, where many women were executed

after being found guilty of witchcraft by zealous Presbyterians.

But there is much more for the modern pilgrim to St Andrews than these miserable reminders of misplaced zealotry, and for those who wish to meander at their own speed through nearly 1500 years of history there is now a special circuit which will be posted in the spring on the pilgrimage website



Caption?

<http://www.thewayofstandrews.com>

There are also physical tours which start at the Westport, one of the eight original gates of the city. There, today's pilgrim can first rest and eat at a ancient inn rather better than he would have done over 500 years ago when pilgrims were served gruel, oatmeal soup, from a large pot. Walking up South Street, the tour passes Blackfriars Chapel and other religious buildings harking back to the pre-Reformation history before arriving at the great ruined Cathedral complex consecrated in the presence of King Robert the Bruce in 1318. Nearby is the simple home of Mary Queen of Scots, a frequent visitor to St Andrews and an early and enthusiastic golfer.

St Andrews also has a university dating back to the 15th century with many rich undergraduate traditions. There is the cobblestone memorial to Patrick Hamilton, who was martyred in 1528, and any student stepping on the "PH" cobblestone will, by popular tradition, fail to gain a degree. More hilarious is the joke played on many *freshers*, a hole in the cathedral wall through which the young student is invited to shake hands with St Andrew. Another student is lying in wait on the other side to provide a handshake – and a nasty fright.

As a reminder of the welcome that St Andrews provides, everyone is welcome to finish their evening with a visit to the 12th century St Leonard's Chapel and the candlelit service where the choir sings the ancient office of Compline.

St Mary/St Michael Pilgrims' Way Group Pilgrimages

Richard Dealler

Our project is inspired by the vision to create a walking pilgrimage route across southern England, from the cliff tops of west Cornwall to the east coast of Norfolk. It links a whole series of locations which have been pilgrim destinations in the past, both Christian and pre-Christian including St Michael's Mount, Glastonbury, Avebury and Bury St Edmunds. Along the way are many other sacred sites including holy wells, stone circles, burial chambers and a rich scattering of parish churches. This is all set within a rich and ever changing landscape, a pilgrimage both across more than 500 miles but also through 5000 years of history.

Along with developing the route and writing guidebooks to support pilgrims following the way we also lead a number of guided group pilgrimages each year. Here is a flavour of one such pilgrimage we led last spring.

In early May 2013 a group of 17 people set out on a 4 day pilgrimage walk across Dartmoor. Each day we walked from one pre-arranged camping spot to another where our support vehicle which carries our tents and gives us the flexibility of a mobile kitchen would be waiting, usually with the hot water urn on the go for reviving cups of tea essential for weary pilgrims. The whole journey was blessed with excellent weather, a real bonus and on the third day some even braved the cold water of the East Okement River for an admittedly brief but exhilarating swim.

Although we walk in silence, at various points along the way, there is sharing, sometimes a story, poem or ceremony. For example amidst the twisted oaks of the atmospheric Black-a-tor copse we created a temporary "mandala" of objects gathered along the way. Individual contributions together produced something of beauty and significance to those participating in the pilgrimage.

In the evenings there are camp fires, music and one thing I have noticed is the ease and warmth generated as part of the shared pilgrim

experience. In the mornings before heading off on the next day's walk, there is the opportunity for Chi Gong and meditation.

On the final day of our Dartmoor pilgrimage we completed by walking to Scorhill stone circle before breakfast. Within the circle, surely constructed in part for such communal gatherings, there was a memorable experience as everyone spoke of their personal journey of the previous few days. For many walking in silence with others was unfamiliar, but all recognised the space this gave to connect more deeply to themselves and to the landscape through which we walked.

The Beltane pilgrimage was the first of a series of such journeys offered in 2013. It was followed by a week long walk of just under 60 miles which began on the summer solstice on the cliff tops of West Cornwall, whilst a third in early August followed the pilgrimage route up through mid- Cornwall and across Bodmin Moor.

Each part of the route has a very different flavour, in some cases literally – for example the west Cornwall pilgrimage gave us the opportunity to harvest seaweed which was incorporated into our diet, a particular revelation for me.

Our project's intention is to create the opportunity for people to step out of their day to day lives slow down to walking pace and through pilgrimage experience the simplicity and deeply nourishing benefits of a spiritual journey which I believe has value not just to those who participate but also restores a sense of harmony in our relationship with the earth.

We have a programme of group pilgrimages for 2014, with the first beginning at the end of April.

If you feel inspired to participate or want to know more about our project, e-mail Richard Dealler at contact@marymichaelpilgrims.org or visit our website www.marymichaelpilgrims.org. where you can watch a short film made "on location" during our Dartmoor pilgrimage of 2013. Our Facebook page also has regular updates and a selection of comments and feedback from those who have participated in our pilgrimages over the last year.

Refugio Gaucelmo news

Julie Davies

WORKING PARTY MARCH 2014

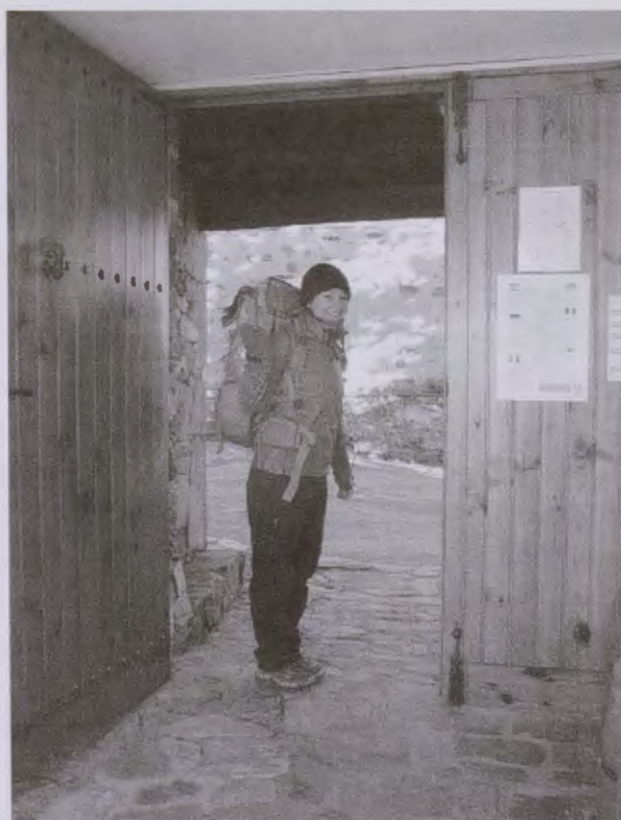
Dave Arthur (Property Co-ordinator), Brendan Nolan, Paul Murray, Peter Garlick, Liz and Dick Crean

FIRST HOSPITALEROS OF 2014:-

Dave Arthur (UK), Cyril Morrin (UK)

Having extended the season by an extra month in 2013, it became apparent that it was too late in the year to organise an official “working party”. The weather was not conducive enough to allow the completion of the tasks needed to be done at the close of the season.

However, the two *hospitaleros* doing the last duty: Dave Arthur (UK) and Alison Raju (UK) were able to combine the role of *hospitaleros* with closing down Gaucelmo and achieved an amazing amount of work. To name but a few:- broken paddock rail replaced;



new smoke alarms fitted in the kitchen, main dormitories, barn and top of stair well; new well cover made; new bins purchased with lids for the kitchen and outside washing areas; plastic plugs fitted on bunk bed legs; new Bosch washing machine purchased and fitted; painting of the wooden floors in the *hospitaleros*' quarters and the 4 bunk bed room; 3 new kitchen tables replacing some old wobbly ones; blankets washed and stored; etc etc

Laura, last pilgrim in 2013, leaving Gaucelmo

etc.

As 1 April approaches a new “working party” is getting ready to set off and prepare Refugio Gaucelmo for the 2014 season. The building will be fumigated by Dermes who will return



New kitchen tables

during the last week of March to clean out the water system. Mattresses will be placed on beds from their store and, Gaucelmo will gradually emerge as a Pilgrim Refuge thanks to the efforts of Dave, Paul, Brendan and Peter. The village party will be organised by Liz and Dick Crean when they arrive later in March. They will also attend the El Bierzo meeting with Paul and Dave.

The rota for 2014 has been completed for quite some



New well cover

time, but due to an injury, a vacancy occurred for the first duty of the season. Luckily Cyril who attended the training in London on the 15 February has gallantly stepped in and taken on the duty. Fourteen new hospitaleros attended the training which was led by David Garcia, supported by Maggie Gardener and Paul Murray. The weather was appalling that weekend but the new volunteers battled through – we even had two who had travelled from USA and Australia. Gaucelmo will be in good hands with such an enthusiastic group.

Thanks to Paul Murray's efforts and the generosity of CSJ Members many weeks this season at Gaucelmo have now been sponsored. Their reward is a scintillating and interesting letter sent by the hospitaleros doing a duty on the nominated sponsors week. If you are interested in being a sponsor then either contact Paul Murray or Marion.

Follow the season at Refugio Gaucelmo on Facebook – catch the pilgrim highs and lows, hospitaleros' comments, village news, camino stats and much more



CSJ February 2014

News from Albergue de Miraz

Richard Jefferies

The spirit of Carnaval is aflame in Miraz. As highlighted earlier, the local partnership (Amigos de Etapa 31) for the stage from Baamonde to Sobrado is active in promoting and sustaining the hospitality for pilgrims. Its impact stretches as far as Lugo and Arzua where the Carnaval meal took place. Despite many challenges in 2013 our friend Helena from Witericus has kept the stage torch alight. A number of demonstrations have occurred this year in true Galician style to influence the developments in the vicinity; the largest flecha amarilla arrived in Santiago and now Carnaval has said goodbye to memories of last year. The winter has been harsh in Galicia even by its standards. Heavy rain and even snow has become a regular feature in the weather.

The building has been kept homely by the support of Pilar's husband and Luis our refuge's factotum. Keeping facilities fit for purpose remains high on the agenda for Ted and Averil Jones. Their working party, joined by new committee member Trevor Hockey, is ready to open the doors in Holy Week which is somewhat later this year. Ironically our plans for a new bore well are advanced yet the action will have to await more settled weather. We continue to maintain our Sponsor a Week campaign. This was promoted by Priscilla White at the AGM and we are grateful for her leadership in this area. A few spaces remain for the summer months. Please contact Priscilla through the CSJ office with your support. We will keep you updated on the events of your week.

entroidada POLA DEFENSA DO CAMIÑO NORTE



ORGANIZA A ASOCIACIÓN AMIGOS DA GRAPA 51

LUNS 3 DE MARZO DO 2014

Percorrido a pé dos tramos
do Camiño Norte: Baamonde, Sambreixo,
Sta Locaia, Miraz, Sobrado, Arzua e
Santiago de Compostela

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982183480 - 678415728.

Members' Pages

From Sandra Collier

Pilgrims in Sydney is an informal support group for camino pilgrims. All prospective and returned pilgrims are most welcome. Our group meets monthly and aims to provide a vehicle for support and planning of pilgrimages. Returned pilgrims have walked to Santiago de Compostela along many of the pilgrim routes in France, Portugal and Spain.

Meetings are held at 7.00pm on the 1st Wednesday of the odd numbered months (i.e. January, March, May, etc.) and at noon on the



Pilgrim lunch, Sydney

1st Saturday of the even numbered months (i.e. February, April, June, etc.). See photograph of happy pilgrims. For further information about our group or for the location of our meetings, please see our website <http://www.pilgrimsinsydney.org>

From Doreen Hansen

St James's Church, on the banks of the River Wye, in Gloucestershire, was built in the 12th century but has pre-Norman origins. It has been disused for almost 150 years since the hamlet of Lancaut – which had 10 houses in 1306 – was abandoned by its inhabitants in 1865.

The Forest of Dean Buildings Preservation Trust now plans to spend up to £50,000 to restore the church.

Jim Chapman, the chairman of the Trust, said "The church authorities

sold it to Gloucestershire Heritage Trust, but for some reason that disbanded, so ownership was lost and it all reverted back to the Crown.” We had to go through an old feudal system of how the Queen gave away her land to the noblemen at the time and we had to petition the Queen to create a new title to this church.” Mr Chapman said it was not quite as easy as just handing over a pound, and the group had to pay the legal charges, which came to about £2,500. But he said it was worth it to protect “a lovely romantic ruin” in a “forgotten part of Gloucestershire”. “You can only get there by foot, along one of the Wye Valley walks,” he said.”There is also tremendous historical interest; it is a Celtic church in Gloucestershire.”

The trust bought the building from The Crown Estate on the condition that it restored it.

From Maurice Hickman

Sunday 4 May I am organising a walk along the River Thames. We will meet at St Peter’s RC Church in Marlow for the 11am Mass (with a chance to see the relics of the hand of St James) and then walk along the riverbank to Hurley for a pub lunch at *Ye Olde Bell Inn* or *The Rising Sun*. Return to Marlow by a different route, total distance 8 miles. Anyone interested in coming along please contact CSJ office for more details.

From the South West/Bristol Group

Saturday 10 May we are organising a walk in the Wiltshire Cotswolds, starting in Ford on the A420 and following a circular route of about 8 miles via Castle Combe. We shall visit the 800 yr old Church of St James in North Wraxall to see its beautiful Norman Arch with statue of St James the Pilgrim and even the Jerusalem wall paintings inside. Timings and maps are still in preparation so please ring Liz 0117 973 4502 for this information any time after 25th April

East Anglia Group

There has been a good initial meeting and if anyone in the area wants to be informed of any future events please email Diana Alston on dalston999@gmail.com

Book Reviews

The *Via Francigena* – Canterbury to Rome Part 1 and 2 2011/2014, Alison Raju

Cicerone Press; ISBN:1852844876 / 1852846070, paperbacks, pp 240/336
Vol 1 £14.95, Vol. 2 £16.95

The *Via Francigena* (the way through France) was formally adopted by the Council of Europe as a European Cultural Itinerary in 1994, and it has grown steadily in popularity ever since, but only now – 20 years later – is there a dedicated walking guide to the route.

Alison Raju, a wise and scholarly long-distance walker, has written up the way in two pocket size volumes, *The Via Francigena, Pilgrim Trail - Canterbury to Rome* (Cicerone). Until the arrival of these landmark books, those seeking to follow the 1,900 kilometre pilgrim route from Canterbury to the tomb of St Peter had to rely principally on three burdensome volumes written for cyclists, horse riders and walkers – the euphemistically named Lightfoot Guide.

Volume 1 of the Cicerone Guide (2011) takes the journey as far as the Grand Saint Bernard Pass and Volume 2 (2014) encompasses the entire Italian section from the Alps to Rome. Raju, who has a number of well thumbed walking guides to her credit, broadly follows the route taken by the English Archbishop of Canterbury, Sigeric, on his journey to Rome in AD 990. Sigeric left an account of his return to Canterbury, which is preserved in a manuscript in the British Library, and the 79 stages of that journey – among them Arras, Rheims, Besançon, Lausanne, Aosta, Pavia, Lucca, San Gimignano and Siena – form the basis of today's *Via Francigena*.

The author combines a selection of high quality and captivating photographs, maps, distances, route descriptions and directions, historical and cultural notes, and practical information on where to eat and sleep. Raju also helpfully notes benches on which to sit and fountains and taps from which to fill water flasks. The itinerary is intentionally not broken down into stages – leaving each walker to choose his or her daily distance. The route from Canterbury to Dover mainly follows the North Downs Way and is well waymarked, but on some sections in France the waymarking is either 'work in progress' or inconsistent, and there are still gaps in Italy. In both France and Italy local associations have marked up some stages – or are in the process of waymarking them – into longer, more rugged routes, and Raju has sensibly given practical alternatives. She appreciates that long-distance

walkers prefer to walk in straight(ish) lines, and not over too much broken ground. In contrast to the *Camino Francés*, the *Via Francigena* involves a fair amount of road walking.

The sections ironed out with more direct variants include the first leg in France, with an option to head inland from Calais rather than following Sigeric down the coast to Wissant, the descent from the Jura to Orbe in Switzerland, and on the more challenging ascent to the Col Grand Saint Bernard, although Raju fails to include the option of bypassing Bourg St Pierre and ascending to the col from Orsières in one go with the River Dranse kept on the left all the way.

In Italy, Raju gives alternatives in some two dozen sections, chief among them through the Aosta Valley, over the Cisa Pass and on the exit from Tuscany, either via Radicofani or Abbadia San Salvatore.

“In instances where the route has not been designed with long haul pilgrims in mind, and where routes would not be safe in all types of weather, this guide provides alternatives,” Raju writes.

The detail of the information she presents is impressive, but there are unavoidably some minor errors – the distance from Lucca to Rome, for instance, is incorrectly stated in Volume 1 (though corrected to 375 kilometres in Volume 2), and Raju is wrong to say that there are no hotels in Berceto. I stayed there twice in the *Albergo Rino*, whose restaurant specialises in delicious dishes of mushrooms. But overall this is a gem of a guide.

Raju pens a thoughtful introduction – placing the *Via Francigena* in its historical context, and demonstrating a sympathetic understanding of the complex mix of motives behind contemporary pilgrimage, both secular and spiritual: “Pilgrims in the 21st century are of all ages, from all walks of life and, nowadays, from all parts of the world, not just from Western Europe.” Raju also gives sound advice on many different aspects of the walk – from when to go, and which, if any, companions to chose, to finding suitable accommodation and giving yourself ‘de-briefing’ space at the end before returning to normal routine. She recommends that it is best to walk the route in one go; it will take the average walker about three months. But, given the relative loneliness of the route and the difficulty of finding accommodation, she cautions: “You need to be very self-reliant if you walk to Rome.”

BRIAN MOONEY

Available from the Confraternity bookshop (plus postage)

Ed Notes: Brian Mooney walked to Rome in 2010 and back from Rome in 2012. His books *A Long Way for a Pizza* and *The Wrong Way for a Pizza* tell the story of these two walks.

Encounters on the Camino de Santiago: Natural, Human and Divine 2012, William Beahen

General Store Publishing House Inc.; Renfrew, Canada. ISBN 9 78-1-77123-007-0

William (Bill) Beahen's book is an account of his 2008 lone walking pilgrimage from St Jean-Pied-de-Port along the *Camino Francés*. At 60-ish, he is at a crossroads – faced with imminent retirement from a fulfilling career and about to remarry – Bill (a committed Roman Catholic) embarks on a month in Spain as a way of reflecting and preparing himself mentally and spiritually for these two life-changing events.

The resulting book is a very intimate and honest story of his actual and metaphorical journey. We get a real sense of the slog mile after mile after mile through extremes of heat and muddy downpours; the physical relief and simple comfort of finding a bed for the night and food and drink to sustain him. We learn much about his numerous human encounters along the way and the value – emotional, practical and spiritual – of these exchanges. Too much detail perhaps? Even assuming that those fellow pilgrims named agreed to their very personal stories being recounted here, I at times felt a bit uncomfortable to be almost voyeuristically engaged in hearing such intimate details of their lives and problems. Detail is certainly the author's forte! We learn about his sustaining custard tarts and Coca Colas, the washing routines in many *refugios* and the physical illnesses he and some of his fellow travellers suffer – all graphically described. As the reader, I found myself wanting him to stop recounting quite so lovingly every detail of what he himself calls 'mundane events' (p156) and perhaps generalise more – some judicious editing and pruning might have avoided some of the at times (sorry for the pun) 'pedestrian' pace and style.

That said, the account certainly carried me along and I felt I was in the company of a sincere and committed man, who found a 'deeply personal connection' with his God on his pilgrimage, sustained in particular by a significant confession and absolution undertaken during the journey. In a moving conclusion he reflects on his experience and accepts that those without his faith will emphasise the human, rather than divine, interventions met with on the road. He rejoices in the beauty of the natural world, the human companionship and wisdom shared and finds his beliefs and spirit enriched.

This is an interesting and readable example of how the camino can focus the individual and help them to face the challenges and joys of their post-pilgrimage world.

HELEN WILLSON

Obituary

Laurie Dennett

Domingo Enrique Sánchez Alvarez

26 October 1957- 9 November 2013

Domingo Sánchez was the President of the *Asociación de Amigos del Camino de Santiago del Bierzo* from 1990 until June 2013, when ill-health forced his retirement. As such, he was colleague and friend to many of us in the Confraternity who have been involved in the running of Refugio Gaucelmo in Rabanal.

Domingo was proud of his ancestral ties to the Bierzo and to Ponferrada, having been born and grown up steps away from the Camino de Santiago on its way through the historic city centre. He was closely associated with the charitable work of the Basilica of La Encina, and so came into contact with the pilgrimage to Compostela when interest in it was reviving during the 1980s.

Domingo's work in hospital administration allowed him time to devote to the *Amigos*, based in Ponferrada, from its formation. He presided over the association during a period of great pioneering activity, helping to waymark the route and establish albergues in the Bierzo, produce and fund the review *Osmundo*, and build up the nascent Spanish Federation of jacobean associations. Among the many activities in which Domingo took a leading role were the recuperation of the ritual of the Holy Door of the church of Santiago in Villafranca del Bierzo, and the organization of the Federation's eighth international conference, entitled *Camino de Santiago, Puente Hacia una Nueva Europa*, which took place in Ponferrada in 2005. One of the happiest moments in a long and varied career of service to pilgrims came in June 2012, when the *Asociación de Amigos del Camino de Santiago del Bierzo* was awarded the Xunta de Galicia's prestigious *Premio Elias Valiña*.

The Confraternity has valued Domingo's committed participation and long experience on the joint committee that administers Refugio Gaucelmo. Twenty-two years is a long time indeed, and he will be missed. Our condolences have been sent to Domingo's wife Maite and daughters Patricia and Elena, and to the *Amigos del Camino del Bierzo*, whose former vice-president Roger Morán De La Cruz has been elected president.

From the Secretary's Notebook

AGM and new Committee

I am delighted to report that the Trustees and officers of CSJ remain the same for 2014. Please read Colin Jones's Chairman's Report in this issue if you were not able to be at the annual meeting.

New CSJ Leaflet

At long last we have managed to produce a fine new CSJ leaflet, thanks to a young Polish designer, Elzbieta Frankiewicz, who managed to turn our vision into reality. If you would like copies to display in local churches, especially churches of St James or places where there is an interest in pilgrimage, please contact the Office for a batch to be sent to you.

Christian Hospitality Conference

II Congreso Acogida Cristiana, 28 April-1 May. Colin and I will be attending this conference in Santiago. We hope to have an opportunity to express the CSJ experience of welcoming pilgrims in Gaucelmo and Miraz.

Updates on Guides and Routes for 2014

THE CAMINO FRANCÉS 2014 GUIDE is now available, still only £7! Unfortunately, due to moving house and being unwell, William Bisset was not able to bring the Guide together this year, so with the help of feedback received at the office and miam miam dodo en el Camino francés I updated the Guide for this year. We shall however need a new editor for 2015. If you are walking the camino this year and would like to be part of a discussion about the future of our important and unique Guide, and to help with next year's edition, please contact me at the office. We give very grateful thanks to William for editing the Guide for 9 years.

PARIS-PYRENEES

In 1995 Marigold and Maurice Fox produced the first Guide in English to this route. Since then, the local French Associations have identified and waymarked the routes through their areas. However, there has been a lack of dedicated pilgrim accommodation, especially between

Paris and Bordeaux. In 2012 Marigold returned to Paris to try and write a new Guide, but found that there were huge problems with accommodation and refreshment. Many small family run hotels have either closed, or are full in the week with itinerant workers, and there are long distances to be walked with very little pilgrim infrastructure. On the website we have a list of resources for pilgrims wanting to walk or cycle on this route.

VÉZELAY ROUTE

Since the recent illness of Monique Chassain the Voie de Vézelay Association have been putting the Guide on to their website. You can find the first section from Vézelay to Gargillesse (both northern route via Bourges and southern route via Nevers) on Vezelay-compostelle.eu. The information can be found in the French language section only at present; they hope to upload the English in due course. The southern, combined, part of the route can be found on www.compostelle-limousin-perigord.fr

PARIS-VÉZELAY

A new association has been formed to encourage pilgrims wanting to link Paris and Vézelay (250kms). The website in preparation is www.paris-vezelay-compostelle.org

LE PUY

The updating of the Guide is still very delayed. The 2006 edition is available.

New Clothing Range

We have new polo shirts, green or blue, with CSJ logo and yellow arrow. Sizes S, M, L and XL; also a new design of Miraz T shirt.

See our Bookshop for all other CSJ guides as well as the Guides from other publishers in our bookshop.

Hospitalero Courses

CSJ runs training days for our own hospitaleros at both Refugio Gaucelmo and Miraz. The Gaucelmo rota for 2014 is more or less complete but enquiries are still welcomed for Miraz this year. If you speak Spanish you might like to consider one of the Spanish *Hospitaleros Voluntarios* courses to be found on www.caminosantiago.org, email contact hosvol@caminosantiago.org There are still places in

Bilbao 9-11 May or Cercedilla (nr Madrid) 30 May-1 June.

Muxía Church

Many people have discovered the delightful *Sanctuario da Virxe da Barca* at Muxía, a stage to the north of the famous village of Finisterre. This is where the final scenes of *The Way* were filmed. Sadly, the church was struck by lightning on Christmas Eve and the interior burnt out. Happily, the Archdiocese of Santiago have committed to rebuilding the church, with the assistance of the Xunta de Galicia.

Greenbelt Festival - Travelling Light

We hope to have a stand in the G-Source area of the Festival from Fri 22-Mon 26 August. It is being held in the grounds of Boughton House, near Kettering in Northants. The aim for us is to bring the pilgrimage to the attention of the wide age range of people who attend the festival and hope to translate this interest into CSJ membership in due course. We are getting help to produce a professional looking stand and a team so far of c 12 people who will camp or camper van for the duration of the Festival. Thank you to the several people came forward after reading the Note is Bulletin 124. We shall be glad however, of more people to engage with Festival goers and tell them why the camino is such a life enhancing experience

If you would like to join the team for at least a 2 hour 'shift' on Friday, Saturday, Sunday or Monday, please contact the office. See www.greenbelt.org.uk for more general information. There will be more details later about obtaining tickets etc

CSJ Events

Sat 29 March

Office Open Day

Drop in session for shop, advice and Library at 27 Blackfriars Road, SE1 8NY 10.30-3.30pm

Sat 26 April

Office Open Day

Drop in session for shop, advice and Library at 27 Blackfriars Road, SE1 8NY 10.30-3.30pm

Sunday 4 May

Marlow walk

A walk along the River Thames with a pub lunch. Walk starts after 11am Mass at St Peter's RC church in Marlow, Surrey. For more information see Members' Page.

Saturday 10 May

Cotswolds walk

Bristol CSJ members are organising a walk in the Wiltshire Cotswolds, starting at Castle Combe, including a visit to St James' Church in North Wraxall. See Members' Page for more information.

June tbc

Two walks on the St James Way

Mortimer-Pamber (nr Basingstoke), Eastleigh-Southampton.

Fri 25 July

St James Day

Tapas lunch at Don P  p  . Mass St James Spanish Place, 7pm

Fri 22-Mon 25 August

Travelling Light

- stand at Greenbelt Festival, Boughton House, Northants

Sat 26 September

Office Open Day

Drop in session for shop, advice and Library at 27 Blackfriars Road, SE1 8NY 10.30-3.30pm

October/November

Returned Pilgrim Day

Sat 25 October

Office Open Day

Drop in session for shop, advice and Library at 27 Blackfriars Road, SE1 8NY 10.30-3.30pm

Sat 27 November

**Office Open Day
and Storrs Lecture,**

Drop in session for shop, advice and Library at 27 Blackfriars Road, SE1 8NY 10.30-3.30pm. Lecture, 4pm

LOCAL GROUPS

Monday 10 March, 19 May

Wessex Group

11am, Cathedral Hotel Salisbury.

Friday 25 July

St James Day

3pm at Cathedral Hotel followed by Evensong in Salisbury Cathedral. The group hope to arrange walks to churches of St James in Dorset and Wiltshire . They have also commissioned a pilgrim stamp for Salisbury Cathedral. Contact Carole Vose on carolevose@btinternet.com for details

Sunday 13 July

Midlands Group

All welcome and anyone interested in walking the pilgrim routes: short talks on various topics including:

- The many routes from Portugal to Santiago de Compostela
- Walking from U.K. to Santiago and Rome

There will be plenty time for discussion and opportunities to seek advice.

Holy Trinity Church Parish Hall, Wordsley, Stourbridge, DY8 5RU, which is close to the church, 2pm.

Please bring some item for the Bring and Share tea – coffee tea and soft drinks will be provided. If you intend to come, contact Dave Jones 07713249661.

Other Events

1 May and 30 August 2014

Sing the Camino

Two opportunities to walk for twelve days singing along the camino; staying in hotels and with luggage back-up. For more information on this unique experience go to:

<http://www.singthecamino.com> or contact info@singthecamino.com

6 to 14 July

Ely Cathedral choir: Le Puy to Auch

Between 6-14 July, Ely Cathedral Choir will be singing at services and giving concerts at selected locations along the Via Podiensis from Le Puy to Auch between 6-14 July. There will also be an accompanying group of pilgrims who will travel as far as St Jean-Pied-de-Port, joining in the worship and attending the concerts. For more information contact: *www.elycathedral.org/music*

16 -19th July

**Summer Course at the University of
Santiago**

7th International Jacobean Studies Course on: The Tradition of S. Francis of Assisi's Pilgrimage to Santiago; 150 places - courses gives credit towards a degree

Cost €120 - €70 for students, unemployed or retired plus €14 insurance. For more information contact by email:

secretaria.leccionesjacobeas@gmail.com

Sat 9-Sun 24 August

**Arundel and Brighton
Pilgrimage**

The annual Arundel and Brighton Walking Pilgrimage starts in Liverpool and walks via Preston (11/12 Aug), Lancaster (13-15 Aug), Ambleside (18 Aug), Keswick (20/21 Aug) to end in Carlisle. The theme is Peace-the way of St Francis. Full details see *www.thepilgrims.org.uk* All welcome, the organisers would particularly welcome some priests of any denomination to join them on the way.

New Members

Information is provided for members' personal use only

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| Mr. D J Dudding 116 Calabria Road, London N5 1HT | 020 7464 5120 |
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| Ms. L Jackson | 0064 96 209420 |
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Confraternity of Saint James

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Honorary President H E The Spanish Ambassador

Secretary Marion Marples
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Pilgrim Record Secretary *Please apply with SAE (quoting membership number) to:*
Stan Hawarth, 45 Finedon Road, Irthlingborough, NN9 5TY

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Members wishing to borrow slides should make their selections from the catalogue four weeks in advance.
Digital Library Manager Michael Krier, Hyde, Temple Guiting, CHELTENHAM, Glos GL54 5RT
krier@btinternet.com

Confraternity of Saint James

2014 DIARY

See also Bulletins & eNewsletter for other and local meetings

- Sat 25 January** **AGM, Talk and Party:** Baldwin's Gardens, EC1
- Sat 22 February** **Practical Pilgrim Day:** London SE1
- Sat 8 March** **Practical Pilgrim Day:** St James's Church, Coatbridge
- Mon 10 March** **Wessex Group,** Cathedral Hotel, Salisbury, 11am
- Sat 29 March** **Office Open Day,** 10.30-3.30pm
- Sat 26 April** **Office Open Day,** 10.30-3.30pm
- Mon 19 May** **Wessex Group,** Cathedral Hotel, Salisbury, 11am
Carolevose@btinternet.com (also 25 July, 3pm)
- Weds 11 June** **Walk-St James Way:** Mortimer-Queens College Arms
- Fri 13 June** **Walk-St James Way:** Eastleigh-Southampton
- Sun 13 July** **Midlands Group,** Holy Trinity Hall, Stourbridge,
Portuguese routes, Walking from the UK, 2pm
Dave Jones, 077132 49661
- Friday 25 July** **St James Day**
Tapas Lunch, Don Pepe, Frampton St, W1
Patronal Mass, St James Spanish Place, 7pm
- Fri 22-Mon 25 August** **Travelling Light** –stand at Greenbelt Festival, Boughton House, Northants
- Sat 26 September** **Office Open Day,** 10.30-3.30pm
- October/November** **Returned Pilgrim Day**
- Sat 25 October** **Office Open Day,** 10.30-3.30pm
- Sat 27 November** **Office Open Day and Storrs Lecture,** 10.30-3.30pm
27 Blackfriars Road, SE1 8NY, Lecture, 4pm

For all details contact **Confraternity of Saint James,**
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