

The Confraternity of  
Saint James



BULLETIN

December 1998

Nº 64

*President*  
H.E. The Spanish Ambassador

Contributions to the Bulletin are welcomed from members. They should be typed or word-processed on A4 paper on one side only, with double spacing. IBM-compatible disks are also acceptable, with a printed copy. Articles and shorter items should be sent direct to the editor, Patricia Quaife at:

57 Leopold Road,  
East Finchley,  
London N2 8BG.

### **NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS**

The Confraternity is happy to send you up to 5 copies of a Bulletin in which a piece of yours has appeared. As this cannot be done on the first dispatch, you are asked to telephone the office on (0171) 403 4500 if you would like some extra copies.

# Bulletin 64

## Confraternity Events

**For the full 1999 programme please see the card that was despatched with the AGM papers. Details of Practical Pilgrim Sessions on 6, 13 and 20 March are included in the AGM papers.**

### **Holy Years and Holy Souvenirs**

Places are still available for this weekend school to be held at The Friars, Aylesford, Kent from **Saturday 20 to Sunday 21 February.**

The programme will start with coffee at 10.30 on Saturday.

**Dr Geoff Egan** of the Museum of London will speak on Pilgrim Badges in the morning and there will be lectures by **Laurie Dennett** on The Origin of Holy Years and Compostelas, **Francis Davey** on the Pilgrimage of William Wey in 1456 and **Patricia Quaife** on Some Curiosities of Medieval Holy Years in the afternoon. We hope Sunday's programme will consist of a historic film of a pilgrimage to Santiago made in 1950, videos from the Confraternity's Library collection and short talks on other routes in France and Spain. There will be an opportunity to visit the village of Aylesford and the surroundings. The programme will end by 4pm on Sunday. Accommodation will be in the new Guest House in single or twin rooms (1 double and 1 3-bedded room available). Cost £40 per person sharing, £42 single, to include accommodation, lunch, tea, supper on Saturday, breakfast and lunch on Sunday. Please complete the form at the back of the Bulletin and return with a deposit of £20.

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## Other Events

### **Thursday 11 March 1999**

*The Musical Road to Santiago de Compostela*—Mary Remnant's celebrated lecture-recital, with the Confraternity Choir. This is an event organised by the Friends of Westminster Cathedral. **7.30 pm** at Westminster Cathedral Hall (next to the Cathedral in the piazza off Victoria Street, London SW1). Entrance: £15 to include full buffet supper.

### **1-7 March 1999**

3 day pilgrimage from the Abbey of Bonneval (near Espalion) to the Abbey of Conques and 3-4 day spiritual retreat for past and future pilgrims at Conques. For further details write to *Hospitalité St-Jacques, rue du Collège, 12190 Estaing* or *Abbaye Ste-Foy, 12320 Conques.*

**6-8 May 1999**

*Conference on Nursing, Hospitals and the Camino*, to take place in Gijón, Asturias.  
For booking details contact the Office.

**Graduate Centre for Medieval Studies**

Faculty of Letters, University of Reading

**Art and architecture lectures: Technology and Techniques**

This series of lectures will take place on **Thursday afternoons at 2 pm** in Room 128 in the **Faculty of Letters, University of Reading** followed by tea in the Centre.

Further details of the Centre's activities are available from:

The Secretary to the GCMS Dr B O'Callaghan

Centre for Continuing Education

The University of Reading

London Road, Reading RG1 5AQ

Tel: 0118 931 6653

Fax: 0118 975 3507

e-mail: J.B.OCallaghan@reading.ac.uk

or from the Director's Secretary

Mrs Elizabeth Berry, Department of History

Tel 0118 931 8148

e-mail: E.L.Berry@reading.ac.uk

**29 April 1999**

*Faith and Gravity: why Gothic architecture remains standing*

Dr Nicola Coldstream *London*

**6 May 1999**

*The Brick and the Building*

Dr John Goodall *English Heritage*

**13 May 1999**

*Panel, plaster and cloth: the materials and techniques of painting*

Dr Catherine Reynolds *London*

**20 May 1999**

*The Chemistry of Colour: silver stain in medieval glass*

Dr Brian O'Callaghan *Reading*

**27 May 1999**

*The use and significance of gold in manuscript illumination.*

Dr Anne Lawrence

**3 June 1999**

*Issues of page design in English manuscript illumination*

Dr Anne Lawrence

## British Archaeological Association

**5 May 1999**

Millennium Review Lecture Series – 1

*'Romanesque wall painting in England and Scotland: discoveries and research since 1990'*

David Park.

*The lecture will be followed by the President's Reception*

The meeting will be in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries of London, Burlington House, Piccadilly, London W1V 0HS. Tea is served from 4.30 pm and the Chair is taken at 5.00 pm. Non-members are welcome to attend lectures but it would be appreciated if they would telephone the Hon. Director, Philip Lankester, beforehand (work: 0113 220 1878, home: 01904 613615).

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# Letter to the Editor

From: John Revell

## Normandy Footnote

For those inspired by Judith Bennett to take pilgrim staff in hand and make for Normandy (see Bulletin 63), it may be of use to follow on from her final paragraph with the assurance that there is an ideally situated *gite d'étape* on the GR223 six kilometres east of the causeway crossing to Mont-St-Michel. The postal address is 50220 Courtils (tel. + 33 2 33 60 13 16) and the situation of the *gite* is west of the village of Courtils at a point where the D275 becomes the D75. The precise location is at la Guintre which might, with gentle exaggeration, be called a hamlet but which in reality exists in the form of two road signs (one welcoming and one farewelling) and very little else. I stayed for two nights at la Guintre in the late autumn of 1994 and found that the intervening day gave a splendid opportunity to make a slow approach to the Mont, viewing as I walked the superb light effects on the Baie and the ever-changing perspectives of the Mont and its satellite island of Tombelaine. The quiet flatlands convey a feeling of great tranquillity which it is necessary to hold in memory in order to combat the tourist throng generally encountered on the Mont. And afterwards there is always the homeward trek to restore one's perspective.

# From the Chairman

## **The Bulletin**

I am most grateful to members who have expressed an interest in becoming editor of the Bulletin when Pat Quaife steps down after issue no. 65. The final decision will be made early in the New Year and will be announced in the next Bulletin. However we are still looking for one or more people who would be willing to report from time to time on Confraternity events they have attended for the Bulletin, or, if they have not been able to attend, to ask someone else to do so. This is not an onerous job: it only becomes so when it too falls to the Editor because there is no-one else to do it. So if you enjoy Confraternity events, whether in London or elsewhere, and would like to help in this way please contact Pat Quaife or Marion Marples at the CSJ office (details on back cover).

## **Holy Year Appeal**

You will have already received the leaflet giving details of the Holy Year Appeal that will be formally launched at the AGM. The 'desire to give something back to the Camino' is often cited as the motive that helped us to turn an abandoned ruin into the delightful and restorative Refugio Gaucelmo. Now we are moved, in the same way, to 'give something back' to the village of Rabanal by undertaking the repair of the church tower. Apart from the practical necessity of the repairs and the unlikelihood that they would be effected by other means, the intention is to benefit the village as a whole, and to express our gratitude to the bishopric of Astorga for ceding us the parish house for the refuge in the first place. The Committee and the Refugio Gaucelmo Sub-committee are confident that we can meet our commitment to raise £8,000 in the course of the 1999 Holy Year.

We therefore need *ideas*. The 1999 calendar was one idea, our new set of postcards derived from Gillian Clarke's evocative *Ruta Jacobea* wall hanging was another... but we need more! So it's thinking caps on again, please, and pen and paper to hand, just as in the days when our Maragato Pilgrim figure was inching his way along the map of the Camino and the Refugio Gaucelmo was a dream on the horizon. Thanks, in advance, for all and any good ideas sent to me or Marion at the office, preferably before the AGM.

**Laurie Dennett**

# From the Secretary's Notebook

## **Personal**

I arrived safely in Santiago on Tuesday 6 October, St Faith's Day, having been on the camino for 40 days and having walked about 680km. Apart from blisters causing me to rest for two days (in Santo Domingo de Silos) no major disaster befell me. I met many CSJ members both new and old, walkers and cyclists. I was very touched by the number of friends attending my Farewell Mass and Pilgrim Blessing and felt truly supported by everyone's thoughts and prayers along the way. The support of all the Confraternity was included in my massive hug for St James!

## **Help from Galicia**

The Confraternity has been extremely fortunate in gaining the services of Arturo Lezcano, a Media Studies graduate of Santiago University, who has won a Bursary from the Xunta de Galicia to work and study in London for one year. He assisted the volunteers during my absence and has been invaluable in the dispatch of all the calendar orders. We are trying to help find work which uses more of his media skills!

## **Committee Changes**

The Committee is pleased to announce the co-option of two new members of the Committee from May 1998. They are Francis Davey and Francis Garcia. In the AGM Papers which accompany this Bulletin you will read an appeal for new nominations for the Committee for 1999.

## **Membership Renewal**

Papers for the renewal of your membership for 1999 have been sent with the AGM papers. Please check the code on your envelope and make sure you renew promptly remember – 28 February is our cut-off point. All members who do not already do so are asked to consider paying their subscription by Covenant to enhance the income we receive.

## **New Publications 1999**

Updating booklets have recently been prepared by Marigold and Maurice Fox for their Pilgrim Guides to 1. Paris and 4. Arles. Anyone needing a copy (free) is asked to send an sae to the Office, marking the envelope 'Paris' or 'Arles'.

### **International Center of Medieval Art**

The Confraternity's 1999 subscription has been paid as always by Ronald R Atkins in memory of the late Dr William Melczer, Professor of Medieval and Renaissance Studies at Syracuse University, New York.

### **New Altar Frontal**

The Kent church of St James, Bicknor recently commissioned ecclesiastical embroiderer Jacquie Binns to make an altar frontal. Jacquie was amazed to receive briefing material which included CSJ Bulletin 62 with details of my impending pilgrimage in it. Over ten years ago she made for me an icon of St James and a large scallop shell, which I sewed on to my rucksack for my pilgrimage. The altar frontal, which depicts the head and shoulders of St James, was dedicated at a Christingle service at Bicknor on Sunday 20 December at 4 pm.

### **Good News at Stoke Orchard**

St James, Stoke Orchard, Gloucestershire is an Honorary member of the Confraternity because of its unique set of 12th century wall paintings depicting the life of Saint James. These have long been in want of conservation, but the parish has always had more pressing financial demands. The Confraternity was represented at the Friends of Stoke Orchard Church by Stephen Badger. After Stephen's untimely death late last year, his wife Katharine asked that the collection at the Thanksgiving Service for his life should be given to the Friends to commission a Technical Report on the state of the paintings. Once the survey had been requested the Council for the Care of Churches offered to pay most of the cost, so the money donated will now provide the basis of a conservation fund. We have heard recently that the PCC has accepted the estimate for the work by Tobit Curteis of Cambridge. We hope that work can at last start towards the preservation of these paintings.

### **Pilgrimage routes to and in Normandy and Brittany**

We have been receiving a number of requests for information about the pilgrimage connections between England and Normandy/ Brittany. We have also recently acquired in the Office the map and notes prepared by an early member of the Research Working Party, the late John Halliday, who researched extensively on both sides of the Channel. In order to put people in touch with each other I am preparing an informal Newsletter to be sent to anyone interested in exploring these links. Please send an sae marked 'Normandy' to the Office if you would like to be included in the Mailing, and state if you are happy for your name, address and interest to be circulated.



### **Advance Warning**

Canon Robert Llewelyn tells us there is to be a major three day conference on Pilgrimage at the Cheltenham College of Higher Education from 14-16 September 2000.

### **Book Notice**

*Europe at Walking Pace*, Ben and Betty Whitwell, Third Age Press, 1998, 258pp, £9.25 (copy in CSJ Library). Ben and Betty Whitwell retired, rented out their house and set off along Europe's footpaths. This book is part diary of the walk through France, anticlockwise around Spain and Portugal following the Camino and part of the GR65 in reverse, and part practical advice for others who might want to do the same.

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## Refugio Gaucelmo News

### **The Wardens' Year—1998**

The year before Holy Year. Would it be busy? Perhaps a bit flat as pilgrims decided to wait for 1999? In the event, to our surprise, it was the second busiest year ever, second only to Holy Year 1993.

Perhaps the task that all wardens most dislike is to turn pilgrims away because the *refugio* is full. Happily we now have an alternative for them in the *refugio* run by Serafin and Esperanza in the square near Chonina's bar. They too have been busy this year so the number of pilgrims staying in Rabanal must have almost doubled. In Holy Year 1993, Refugio Gaucelmo accommodated 6447 pilgrims. This year Gaucelmo alone welcomed 5,995 pilgrims from 44 countries including three 'first timers', Pakistan, Bulgaria and Polynesia.

The wardens send the monthly statistics to Walter Ivens and myself as well as our El Bierzo colleagues. The analysis of the raw figures is carried out by David Wesson and this is an opportunity to thank him for marshalling the 'stats' so well.

Our wardens have had a strenuous year and deserve our grateful thanks for their devotion to our pilgrims and to Refugio Gaucelmo. The 1998 wardens were: Etienne and Nelly Van Wonterghem-Teirlink (our very first wardens in 1991 from Belgium), Veronica Mathew, Susan Quarrier, Anthea Hopkins,

Judy Foot, Irmgard Churchill, Roger Cocks, Bonita Toms, Alison Raju, Maureen Wakelin, Barbara and Osmund Overby (United States) and Max and Ida Ritler from Switzerland.

You will be reading elsewhere of the Rabanal Church Belfry Appeal. When you contribute, try to add a little more than you might usually give, as a gesture of thanks to all those who have acted as wardens since 1991 and who have made a major contribution to the success of Refugio Gaucelmo.

As ever we are indebted to our neighbours Charo and Asumpta for their help in every way and to our friends in the village who, in various ways, make life a little easier for the wardens.

What of Holy Year 1999? We have a nearly full complement of wardens. Another fluent Spanish speaker for August would be welcome and perhaps one more for May. It is going to be a very strenuous year.

JM

### **Gaucelmo Working Parties**

We are anxious to introduce new blood to the Working Party teams and hope to attract CSJ members who have a soft spot for Rabanal, either having been there as a pilgrim or through hearsay. The normal period for the visit is about one week towards the end of March to prepare the hostel for the season and the arrival of the wardens. You are required to pay your travel costs, but your meals are covered at Rabanal, and though there is plenty of work and some DIY skills would be useful, you are free to choose what you would like to do and it tends to become a friendly party in every respect.

The 1999 Spring Working Party, 21-29 March, is nearly complete but please let us know if you are interested. If next spring is not suitable, there may be a need for a working party in the autumn, and we would like to have your name available for the future. So please contact Walter or Mary Ivens (address and phone number below).

### **Replacement of Rabanal Co-ordinators**

Walter and Mary Ivens and Joe May are all hoping to retire at the end of 1999 from their present posts on the Refugio Gaucelmo Sub-Committee as, respectively, Rabanal Co-ordinator, Appeal Secretary and Wardens' Co-ordinator. These can be made into two posts as Rabanal Co-ordinator (who would take over the Appeal Secretary functions) and Wardens' Coordinator. Whilst we have approached one or two potential candidates, if there are CSJ members specifically interested in either of the posts we would like to hear from them and provide them with more information. Please contact any of the Walter and Mary Ivens or Joe May at the address given on the next page.

## Six Weeks in Rabanal

**Walter and Mary Ivens**

1 Airlie Gardens, London W8 7AJ

Tel.: (0171) 229 2624

**Joe May**

5 Ayot Green, Ayot St Peter, Welwyn, Herts AL6 9AB

Tel.: (01707) 333 178

### **Donors—February to November 1998**

Tony and Diana Bambridge, Alan Howard, Kathleen Howard, Lilley Women's Institute (John Dickinson), James Maple, Joe and Pat May, T W Morgan, Aileen O'Sullivan, Jocelyn Rix, Janice Tostevin, West Sussex Walkers, Yhain Fell Walking Group.

WJI

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# Six Weeks in Rabanal

Alison Raju

I spent six weeks as a warden in the Refugio Gaucelmo this summer, from the middle of July, when I joined Roger Cocks (he had already been there since the beginning of the month) until September 1st. Maureen Wakelin was with me for the whole of August and Barbara Overby for the first part, before she returned with her husband Ozzie to take over for the whole of September. And as it was my third stint as a warden I inevitably compared this year to my previous visits, especially to mid-July – mid-August 1994.

To say that we were “busy” would be the understatement of the year. Fifty to sixty pilgrims every evening, nearly all on foot, night in, night out, with at least that number, and often more in the other two *refugios* in the village—the excellent El Pilar, run by Isabel and her family and the municipal one in the old school in the main square, now undergoing substantial improvements. Not to mention the (often huge) groups who camped in the field by the road—as many as 250 on one occasion—and the innumerable others who used us as a place to rest up a while before continuing, on to Manjarín or El Acebo. In July 1348 pilgrims slept in “our” *refugio*, 1372 in August, and this year there were more pilgrims than in any previous year apart from 1993, when we put up 1657 in July and only 1276 in August. Many people told us that they had decided to “do the *camino*” this year as they wanted to avoid the avalanche expected for the 1999 Holy Year.

Four years ago we took in (almost) everybody who arrived in the village—walkers, cyclists, pilgrims on horseback—so with 1099 in July, 1180 in August and fewer beds to put them in anyway we had to “pack them in” where best we could: on the floor, in the meadow in the open air (our “record” one night in July was 114 such “sardines”...). This year, though, with the other two *refugios* (and one with a large barn for groups), with a second 18-bed dormitory in our own barn, with Antonio’s hotel now open for people who prefer such accommodation and with stables for horses elsewhere in the village, we were still just as busy but in a different way. We don’t take groups of more than six to eight anyway, we never take pilgrims with a backup vehicle, we only take individual cyclists later on if there is any room left so now our statistics no longer reflect, for example, the total proportions of different nationalities on this stretch of the *camino*—only those who stayed in Gaucelmo. New this year (for us, at least) were pilgrims from Bulgaria, Polynesia and Pakistan and we noted, too, an increase in the numbers coming from Hungary, Poland and other former Iron Curtain countries. As to the proportions of people of different nationalities who stayed with us each night, this varied a great deal; some nights we were completely full with Spanish-speaking pilgrims, on others we heard nothing but French or German all around us while on others Gaucelmo was like the proverbial Tower of Babel.

Other changes? Rabanal now has a food shop and as a result we noted an enormous increase in the numbers of pilgrims cooking full meals. (And the kitchen, now modernised, was of course a great asset.) Some two dozen trees were planted in the meadow in the spring and, assiduously watered, either with the pump or by hand when it hadn’t rained enough (many pilgrims helped us with this), they should provide much needed shade in future years for *siestas* for those moving on later in the (relative) cool of the evening. And the pilgrims themselves? It is difficult to say but with the extensive publicity given to the *camino* recently we often felt that many of them were not really *peregrinos* but only *turigrinos* or *perituristas*, very definitely on holiday rather than on a pilgrimage as such, interested primarily in whether our showers had hot or cold water and seeing *refugios*, in general, as youth hostels or cheaper options than a hotel, rather than what they were originally designed for: alternatives to sleeping rough.

St James’s Day was spent much as usual though there was a Mass in the village on the evening of the 24th and a big open-air one on Sunday the 26th up at the Cruz de Ferro, with stalls, folk-music and dancing and a general *fiesta* atmosphere. The “big news” of the summer in Rabanal and the

surrounding area however, was the sawing off of the cross itself at its base, on the evening of July 23rd. This event received extensive media coverage all over Spain and nobody quite knows who the *loco* (crazy person) was that did it or why, but it was obviously calculated so as to give the action maximum publicity. The cross itself wasn't taken away as a souvenir, though, so a new pole was speedily organised by Tomás from the refuge in Manjarín and a group of helpers, and the cross replaced in situ. Since the only suitable item available in such a hurry was a former telegraph pole, however, the new cross was now one metre lower than the original, though doubtless few pilgrims realised that.

Disaster never strikes singly and a few days later the cross was cut down again, despite the Guardia Civil and a relay of pilgrims and others keeping watch over the spot at night. Not at its base, this time, so it could be repaired, rather than replaced. And then, incredibly, it happened a **third** time ... It appears that the Junta de Castilla y León plan to replace the temporary pole with a proper one, in oak, for next year. In the meantime those who pass by will see the bandaged version.

The village *fiestas*, held annually for the Assumption from 14th to 16th August, were a muted affair this year, following the death in October 1997 of Chonnina's youngest son Miguel Angel. They began, as always, with a *chocolatada* in the square at midnight on the Friday (a drink more akin to hot blancmange than English-style cocoa, as those who have sampled it will know) and included dancing throughout each night, games and activities for children, a football match between *solteros* (bachelors) and *casados* (married men) and a Mass both on Saturday evening and Sunday morning until the festivities ended promptly at 7am on Monday morning. There was none of the usual *Maragato* music and dancing, that Miguel-Angel and his family had always been so involved in, though, and Maxi didn't play his pipe and drum as he normally does either.

It has sometimes been said that we operate not one but two *refugios* in Rabanal. The relatively quiet, peaceful and rarely full one open from the end of March to the end of June and again during, September and October and the "sardine tin" that functions during July and August. Prospective wardens who have made the pilgrimage themselves, who like meeting people, have a lot of energy and—this is absolutely essential—speak reasonable Spanish (with so many pilgrims there are inevitably a lot of crowd-control type duties when a great deal of tact is often required) shouldn't be discouraged from applying for this period, though. They may be run off their feet all the time but meet a lot of very interesting people of all ages, nationalities and walks of life.

Importantly, too, the warden's perpetual nightmare has now been removed: with the opening of El Pilar we do have somewhere else to send pilgrims when we really are busting at the seams. So—if you feel you have a “debt” to the *camino*—come forward and “pay it off” next year!

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## A Holy Year Autumn in 1993

Jocelyn Rix

1993 was a good year for me, with visits to Tuscany in the spring and pilgrimages to Santiago and to (rather than from) Vézelay in the late summer and autumn. On August 20th I boarded a coach in London and 30 hours later got off, stiff-legged, in Santiago de Compostela to join about 15 other Confraternity members. We were to walk from La Coruña to Santiago, the first group pilgrimage, we thought, since medieval times. In the Middle Ages pilgrims could sail from ports such as Southampton, Poole, Plymouth and Bristol to La Coruña and a series of smaller ports along the northern and Atlantic coasts of Spain. From La Coruña, which was by far the most frequented of the arrival points in the 14th and 15th centuries, pilgrims could walk the 75kms south to Santiago, along what came to be known as the *Camino Inglés* or *Antiguo Camino Real*, the name preferred by the American, French, Maltese, Polish, Scottish and Cornish members of our 1993 party.

It took us three days, setting off from La Coruña in dismal grey wetness. The weather improved half-way through the second day, when we had a picnic lunch by the chapel of San Lourenzo in the hamlet of Hospital de Bruma. For our arrival in Santiago it was hot and sunny, particularly welcome for those who had never been there before. Our accommodation was in San Martín Pinario, directly opposite the north (Azabachería) door of the cathedral. We were able to enter the latter by the Holy Door at the east end, which was open because St James's Day, July 25th, fell on a Sunday, the first time this had happened since 1982.

A few days later I set off to walk 85 kms west to Finisterre, ‘the end of the earth’, like Cap Finisterre in Brittany and Land's End in Cornwall. My brother Paddy and I went there in 1982 after our pilgrimage to Santiago that year, but

on buses round the coast not on foot. Since then a cross-country route has been pioneered. I spent the first night in Negreira, but between there and the coast the area is mountainous and sparsely populated with nowhere conventional to stay; so the second night was spent in a hut in the cemetery surrounding the tiny chapel at Santa Marina Maroñas. Luckily there was some expanded polystyrene there which insulated me from the concrete floor.

Great excitement on the evening of the third day as I came out onto a viewpoint or *mirador*. Far below me was the sea, and across the bay, the characteristic shape of Cape Finisterre itself, like a Bactrian camel jutting south, with the sun about to set behind it. Just after 9 pm I saw the beam of the lighthouse start to flash its warning, and the lights of Finisterre village, which lies between the 'humps' on the sheltered east side, begin to twinkle. Down to the shore and Ézaro where I spent the night in the Hostal Stop. The fourth day's walk led round the coast—the last two kilometres were magical, paddling along the beach of Anchoa, a wonderful treat for the feet, watching my destination coming closer. I spent two days there which included a wonderful swim at the Beach of the Open Sea. Nothing but ocean between there and America.

F.E.V.E. stands for Ferrocarriles España Vía Estrecha, the narrow-gauge railway which runs along the north coast of Spain. I travelled its entire length from Ferrol, the maritime town near La Coruña, to Bilbao, stopping off to visit Oviedo and the Visigothic churches on its outskirts, and Santillana del Mar near Santander, where the whole village, famous for its sponge cakes and milk, is a national monument.

September 13th 1993 was a Red Letter Day. I set off to walk from the 11th-century bridge at Puente la Reina, just south of Pamplona, via the Pyrenees, Bazas, Périgueux, Limoges and Bourges to Vézelay in Burgundy, about 900 kms away. In contrast September 16th was more of a Black Letter Day—I got horribly lost in the Pyrenees crossing into France, despite clear weather and a map, although I must admit the latter lay unopened until it was too late. This makes my crossing from north to south in 1982, in thick mist, even more miraculous! The five weeks from September 21st felt as if they were the wettest France had ever known. Again I was lucky on two counts. In 1982 I didn't have proper boots or waterproofs and it rarely rained. This time I did and it did, but often before I set off or after I had reached my destination. On a day of rest near Bergerac, the people I stayed with told me that in the 15 years they had lived there, it was only the third time they had experienced such a downpour. First it was wet, then it was wet and cold, then cold and dry, and finally there was an Indian summer in very early November when I

walked in a tee-shirt once more, to the great surprise of my arms which weren't expecting to see the light of day again until next spring.

Accommodation on the way to Vézelay varied widely from the night shelter (*abri de nuit*) in Issoudun to real *chateaux* (N.B. plural!). Sometimes I knew where I was going to stay, for example in the youth hostel in Périgueux, but usually once I reached my destination, between 20 and 25kms from the previous night's stay, I had to find somewhere. I always had a roof over me and nearly always a bed under me. Sometimes the Church gave me shelter. I met a nun who teaches yoga and a priest who wears motorbike leathers under his vestments. Sometimes I stayed in the *mairie* (town hall) which of course doesn't have beds, but apart from the first one, I always managed to find a piece of carpet or carpet tiles which softened a table or floor. I think it helped being a lone foreign female as I was often taken into people's homes, once their initial suspicion had turned to curiosity. They were very hospitable, particularly a couple who have a pet swan as well as dogs, horses, hens and ducks.

It must have been the weather which made me more conscious of rivers. Among others I crossed the Garonne at La Réole, the Dordogne at Bergerac, the Creuse at Argenton and the Loire at La Charité, all full of fast-moving brown floodwater. Poor medieval pilgrims! Faced with the same conditions, they must have been permanently wet, muddy and worried. Would the bridge still be there or had it been washed away? Would there be a ferry? Would the ferryman be honest or would he try to rob them in midstream? How long would they have to wait for the water to subside before they could cross it by stepping stones or a ford? Delay might increase the dangers that lay ahead.

France is enormous, particularly to anyone *à pied*. Most people live in towns or cities, Limoges being the only large one on my route. This meant that I was mainly walking through acres and acres of empty farmland or woods. The woods were mostly deciduous: oak, beech and the famous sweet chestnuts of the Dordogne. If only there had been more sunshine to bring out the colours of their autumn leaves. Usually I had to walk along roads, where possible minor ones, or lanes. Occasionally I was able to use GRs, the famous *grandes randonnées* or long-distance footpaths, marked with red and white flashes, but never more than a few kilometres at a time. Most memorable was a long morning on the GR4, from Maisonneux north to Saint-Goussaud; perfect autumn weather, the path well marked and much less muddy than I had expected. I climbed steadily but always through woods, so when I finally turned round and saw the view I was amazed to find myself high above the distant blue horizon. GRs appeared on my IGN (Institut Géographique



National) maps, with a scale of 1cm to 1km, as dotted red lines. Black lines denoted footpaths or cart tracks which I used more frequently during the last fortnight, first crossing the wheat belt between Argenton-sur-Creuse and La Charité-sur-Loire, which coincided with the cold dry spell, and then in the wooded hills leading up to Vézelay during the Indian summer.

At Bourges I joined a group of people, who had been attending a European conference on stained glass, on a guided tour of the cathedral given by an American professor. The medieval glass is wonderful, had recently been cleaned so that the colours glow once more, and, best of all, much of it is at ground level. You don't get a stiff neck looking at just a kaleidoscope of colour and can see the figures in detail. The tour began at 9.45 and soon I was thoroughly engrossed. Four hours later it ended and I realised I was absolutely frozen. It took me the rest of the day to thaw out! At last I started using IGN map number 28 on which my destination—Vézelay—appears. A mixture of emotions on seeing it in print—glad that I was nearly there but sad to find it reduced to reality. Suddenly my eyes flicked across a word which I knew well. Checked again ... RIX! Yes, there to the west of Vézelay is a small village which shares my surname although my paternal ancestors came from Holland. Quelle surprise! Well, I had to do a detour, didn't I? A phone call to the *mairie* to tell them I was coming. When I arrived I found a room festooned with decorations, and the remains of a party. 'They might have waited', I thought, as I cleared a sleeping-bag length of table, found the carpet tiles on top of a cupboard and helped myself to a celebratory *Orangina* from the well-stocked 'frig. 'Oh, we put the decorations up for the first party we had in there and we've never bothered to take them down.'

My first sight of Vézelay made me gasp. There it was at last, on a hill crowned by the basilica, about 2kms away as the crow flies, framed by two ancient apple trees. I scrambled downhill to the edge of the ancient little town, then steeply up the narrow main street, across the square and into the Romanesque basilica of the Madeleine where the body of Mary Magdalene was believed to have been buried in the Middle Ages. There above me was the tympanum of Christ giving the gift of tongues to the Apostles at Pentecost, flames emanating from his fingers to their heads. Listen and you can hear the rushing of the mighty wind blowing their garments.

I stayed with the Franciscan nuns who live at the top of the street, just opposite the south-west corner of the basilica—very appropriate since I had been approaching Vézelay from that direction for eight weeks. From my bedroom window I could see the top of the west front and the tower and was delighted to discover that the whole building was illuminated all night.

After three days I left, using public transport for the rest of the journey: visiting three more places in Burgundy, Autun, Taizé and Cluny. Taizé, with its centre for Christian reconciliation founded by Frère Roger (now in his mid-eighties) after the Second World War, is now well known but Cluny, just 10 kms away, is a shadow of its former self. In the Middle Ages Cluny was an extremely powerful Benedictine monastery, which used its wealth and influence to promote the pilgrimage to Santiago. The church was the largest in Christendom until St Peter's in Rome was rebuilt. Now only the south transept stands, to give one an idea of its original splendour. Cluny was a beacon of Christianity extinguished for many centuries. At Taizé nearby, the flame has been rekindled.

In Paris I stayed with a couple I had met in Saint-Palais in mid-September. They were setting off hoping to walk to Santiago de Compostela. My first question on arrival *chez eux* was the obvious one. No, they hadn't made it and had been forced to stop in Sahagún after a week of dreadfully cold, wet weather. By chance that whole evening on TV was devoted to legs and included an hour-long programme about the pilgrimage to Santiago. The first person to appear on the screen was a lady from Lyon who had cycled to Santiago where Paddy and I met her on St James's Day, 25 July 1982. From being straight lines in opposite directions, this gathered my two journeys into a full circle.

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# The Pilgrims' Way: A Short Walk to Canterbury

Priscilla White

I have walked a thousand miles along the Way of St James, from Le Puy-en-Velay to Santiago de Compostela, but here on my doorstep is the great medieval pilgrim's road to Canterbury constantly travelled over the centuries. Once you leave the urban sprawl of Greater London, you can envisage how the countryside must have looked. Here is the ancient track, broad and well trodden, winding through the beech trees and sheltered from the wind as it hugs the base of the North Downs. No knights or millers of course, just the continuous roar of the motorway, sounding like the sea as it drags back over the shingle.

The ups and downs of long-distance walking, of trudging through the rain, of losing your way and cursing your rucksack, only to come across a rare plant or a sudden sweep of sunlight on the hills ahead, create a strong bond of camaraderie between fellow walkers. To me, this is one of the most important aspects of any pilgrimage, the friendships lasting long after the journey has been completed, links forged out of shared experience.

We left London on a warm October morning, with just a hint of mist on the fields, stopping at Otford for a glass of beer before climbing up on to the North Downs Way. The Weald of Kent stretched out below us, dotted with small farms and oast houses bathed in the early autumn sun. We stopped to eat our picnic lunch on a bench, thoughtfully placed at the top of the hill—by a fellow walker I would like to think.

The Pilgrims' Way is not well marked at this point and we made slow progress, unsure of the correct route. It was dusk before we reached Snodland on the Medway, and the damp from the river chilled us to the bone. In times past, pilgrims arriving here could take a boat across the river, but nowadays you have to divert seven miles up or downstream before you can find a bridge to cross. Faced with fading light and nowhere to stay, we took a taxi to Aylesford where the 13th-century Friary still welcomes pilgrims. I liked the idea of arriving by the medieval bridge, as Chaucer's pilgrims might have done, and the Friary appealed as well, but sadly no room. We found a bed-and-breakfast overlooking the river with an old pub next door, both of

which were perfect for our needs. A bowl of soup, a bottle of wine and a hot bath seemed reward enough for our endeavours of the day. We sat chatting contentedly about past times and other journeys.

The following morning was chilly and overcast and my new boots pinched my toes as we left Aylesford behind us, walking stiffly after yesterday's exertions. We met an old man cycling along in the guise of the ancient mariner. "Rain before mid-day", he muttered with lugubrious satisfaction as he passed us, and how right he was.

There were no other pilgrims that we met, just a few horse-riders. One of them pointed out some pre-Christian dolmens standing in a wheat field, unnoticed by the people surging down the motorway. It started to drizzle as we headed towards Hollingbourne, the rain turning into a steady downpour, trickling into pockets and down the back of your neck. The track, which yesterday had been firm and dry underfoot, was now a quagmire of white mud. I blessed my stick and cursed my boots with equal vigour. I noticed the shell of St James, so familiar to me on my journey to Santiago, painted on to some of the signs along the Pilgrims' Way, and that symbol of medieval pilgrimage was rather comforting in the downpour.

There are pubs all along the Pilgrims' Way, but few of the publicans know anything of its history and they looked askance at our muddy boots and dripping jackets. The temptation to linger in the warmth is very strong, but the road always beckons you on, whatever the weather. Near Lenham we passed a huge cross cut into the hillside, commemorating the dead of the two World Wars. It is just a few minutes in the car from this landmark to Charing, but of course on foot, it was a further weary hour before we arrived at the lane which leads down to the village. Like three wet abominable snowmen, we descended the hill, praying to find somewhere to stay. There in front of us was a restaurant called the "Pelerins" and, cheered by the sign of three smiling pilgrims above the door, we rang the bell. The owner appeared and eyed us dubiously when we asked for a table for dinner. He relented when we told him we were pilgrims and pointed us to a pub close by where he said we could get a room for the night.

The publican spent a full three minutes peering at an empty reservations book before deciding that he could accommodate us, and with that we commandeered the radiators, draping our sodden clothes along the corridors. On returning to the "Pelerins" an hour later, we were not sure whether to be pleased or disappointed when the owner failed to recognise us without our pilgrim's camouflage of muddy jackets and boots. Clean hair and a bit of make-up dramatically change one's appearance!

Our final day was a distance of some seventeen miles and we set off on one of those magical mornings of warm sunshine and soft light. We passed the local vicar who wished us Godspeed, as his predecessors would have done throughout the ages. The sea was glinting in the distance and the trees were turning to gold as we climbed through the woods towards Chilham. They are planted with chestnut trees, used as poles to train up the hops, and our feet crunched on the nuts as we walked along. This really is the garden of England abounding with fruit trees of all kinds, which led us into petty larceny. We could not resist munching on the odd apple as we walked through the orchards.

The sun was dipping behind us in flames of glory, when there rose ahead the great limestone Cathedral of Canterbury, standing majestic above the city. Weariness and aching muscles were quite forgotten. There it stood, its massive Norman structure dominating the surrounding buildings in the fading light. We quickened our pace, threading our way through the narrow streets until we reached the Cathedral Close, stepping through the archway as darkness fell. The towers loomed foursquare above us, unchanged and unchanging in the beams of the floodlights.

We had arrived, and I felt a mixture of elation and achievement at reaching my journey's end. The reasons for pilgrimage are complex, but the impact of seeing that great symbol of Christianity, with all its historical and religious implications, rising out of the darkness, is in no way diminished by the incursions of the late twentieth century.

I can feel the urge to put on my boots again and walk.....

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## La Fundación del Santo Milagro de O Cebreiro

Laurie Dennett

**T**wo years ago, with the Xunta de Galicia's grant of a substantial sum for repairs to the church in O Cebreiro, one of the original objectives of the Fundación was achieved without any effort on its part. It was thus decided that henceforth the Fundación would concentrate on its other declared objectives:

attention, and particularly spiritual attention, to pilgrims, and the promotion of the locality in educational and cultural terms.



O CEBREIRO

UN extraordinario acontecimiento dio nombre a este lugar: un campesino de Barxamaior asciende al Cebreiro



con gran tempestad para oír la misa, que estaba celebrando en esta iglesia un monje benedictino (¿s. XIV?). El celebrante, de poca fe, menosprecia el sacrificio del campesino. En el momento de la Consagración el monje percibe cómo la Hostia se convierte en carne visible a la vista y el vino en sangre que hierve y tiñe el corporal. La fama de este milagro se extendió por el Camino e hizo de esta iglesia paso obligado de los peregrinos.



O Cebreiro Bookmark

The Fundación has been ceded the use of one of the vacant and disused *pallozas* by the Xunta and is in the process of applying to the responsible authorities for a grant for some minor restoration that would enhance it as a meeting place. For the second summer, the FSM has sponsored the presence of three young Franciscans from A Coruña in O Cebreiro during the months of July and August. They customarily celebrate the Divine Office in the candle-lit *palloza*, beginning at 6.45 a.m. During the day they are available to talk to pilgrims, and in the evening, before and after the Mass, they hold get-togethers for pilgrims in the church at which the meaning of pilgrimage and the Camino, together with individuals' experiences, are debated and shared.

Each pilgrim is given a bookmark—weighing nothing, but bearing a resumé of the history of O Cebreiro and the Miracle, a consideration of the meaning of the pilgrimage, and the prayer of St Francis of Assisi—and a small booklet of readings and prayers. These seem well appreciated and the distribution of the bookmarks on our part in the Jatos' refuge in Villafranca del Bierzo, a day's walk before Cebreiro, meant that many more pilgrims knew about the morning Office this year. While numbers were small at first, only 10 or 12, by the end of August 1998 some 60 to 70 pilgrims were attending lauds each morning. This was too many to squeeze into the *palloza*, so Lauds was sometimes celebrated outside as dawn was breaking over the

surrounding mountains and valleys—an even more uplifting way to begin the day's journey. The evening gatherings, as one might expect, attracted more pilgrims. Last year the average was about 50, this year about 80, but in both summers there have been occasions when some 130 to 150 were present. The Fundación hopes to expand these activities in the busy months of Holy Year, with the *palloza* made fit as a gathering place, and, if possible, a few more

Franciscans. The ones we have had have become firm friends with everyone in the village, and they hope to return in 1999. Reactions to them have been overwhelmingly positive: as one French pilgrim said in halting Spanish after Lauds one morning, 'I have walked all the way from Le Puy and seen the way all kinds of money has been spent on the Camino, some wisely, some wastefully, but this simple service is the first thing that I've felt was really being done for us, not as tourists, but as pilgrims'.

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## *Cofradía (Confraternity) of St James the Apostle of La Coruña*

Earlier this year, the Archbishop of Santiago, Monseñor Julián Barrio, signed the decree which authorised the setting-up of the *Cofradía del Apóstol Santiago de La Coruña* and approved its constitution. Among the aims of the *Cofradía* are the promotion of the cult of St James and of pilgrimages, particularly on the *Camino Inglés*, to bring together all residents of La Coruña who have made the pilgrimage, especially those who have gained the *compostela*, and to make the religious, cultural and artistic heritage of the Jacobean phenomenon better known. The *Cofradía* is based in the Church of Santiago of La Coruña, in the old town; its founder members include Manuel Veiga Castiñeira, parish priest of the church, Joaquín Vílas de Escauriaza, a Confraternity member, and Jesús Angel Sánchez García-Tizón, president of La Coruña en Bici, an association which also promotes the pilgrimage. The president of the *Cofradía* is Manuel Mora Pita da Veiga and the first official event took place on 25 July in the church of Santiago: during the 12.30 Mass the president made an invocation to St James, to which the priest responded. Both referred to the links between the church and sea pilgrimages to Compostela and to the fact that from the former pilgrims who had landed at the port of La Coruña began their route on foot to the tomb of the Apostle, following the *Camino Inglés*. After the Mass, diplomas were presented to the initial 52 members of the *Cofradía*. This was followed by the singing of the Hymn to the apostle, and the traditional hug for the Apostle, behind the high altar, just as happens in the Cathedral at Santiago. Apart from

the Cathedral it seems that the only place where the ritual of hugging the Apostle takes place is the church of Santiago of La Coruña, although only on 25 July (St James's Day) and other important occasions.

The new *Cofradía* will be having an audience with the Archbishop and while retaining its independence, wishes to be associated with the *Archicofradía* of Santiago itself and to establish links with other Jacobean confraternities and associations, including the Confraternity of St James, which shares its interest in the *Camino Inglés*. With the Compostelan Jubilee Year of 1999 approaching, the *Cofradía* intends to set aside a day or two each month to sign and present *credenciales* (pilgrim records) to pilgrims leaving from La Coruña. Members will also talk to pilgrims about the spirit of the pilgrimage and the latter will receive a blessing before starting their journey to Santiago.

JVE

## A View of the *Camino* from the End of the Journey

Arturo Lezcano

*Then, after crossing León and over the passes of Monte Irago and Cebreiro, you come into Galicia, a well-wooded and well-watered region with rivers and meadows and fine orchards, excellent fruit and clear springs, but with few towns and villages or cultivated fields.*

This was Galicia in the words of Aymeri Picaud in the 12th century. In eight centuries many things have changed but pilgrims still follow the *Camino de Santiago* for the reasons that led Picaud and so many others to this 'well-wooded and well-watered land'.

We start now at the present time. At the gateway to 1999 both the Cathedral of Santiago and the Xunta de Galicia have already launched their campaigns for the last Holy Year of the second millennium. Using the slogan: *Xacobeo '99 – Galicia: Pórtico da gloria*', the secular authority hopes to spread knowledge of the *Camino* outside Galicia and, in so doing, to publicize the final stretch of the pilgrims' road. Six years earlier, the *Xacobeo '93* was also



used abroad as a symbol of Galicia, and had helped to strengthen the presence of the *Camino* within the region. For although 100% of Galician people know of the *Camino*, not everyone has done it, or at least its complete length, among whom I am included.

There was a real controversy in Galicia as to whether this move by the regional government was appropriate or not. The only truth is that the *Camino* has now experienced a real revival for most Spaniards. But in Galicia the pilgrimage to Santiago has always been present for us. At school we were taught how important the *Camino* was for Galicia. We studied the architecture, the literature, the music and all the new ideas and concepts the pilgrimage brought to Galicia, as well as the role it plays in our history and our own identity. The multitude of foreign people who walked through the green hills of Galicia helped to enlarge the heritage of that 'remote corner' as the Celts, the Romans and even the Moors did in their time.



1999 Logo of the Cathedral of Santiago

It is a cliché to think of Galicia simply as ‘the place where the land ends’, but this commonplace of Galicia as a terminus, as a Finisterre, is necessary if we want to understand its reality. We should think about the Middle Ages, when the only link with the outside was the sea—and the *Camino*. The rough terrain and with poor communications have contributed to the way of life of Galicians and to the image that other Spaniards have of them. The *Camino* acted as the link with the Castilian *meseta* and so it has exerted an important influence on Galicia.

The Middle Ages passed, the Renaissance, then the Protestant Reform and its aftermath, the Spanish War of Independence in the nineteenth century, the Civil War in the twentieth, but the *Camino* survived and its spirit remained in the collective memory of the people. What once was Lavamentula (Lavacolla) is now an international airport, but a Jacobean statue reminds the walker, the cyclist and the visitor arriving by plane where they are. Monxoi is not a lonely and inhospitable hill any more: now pilgrims can rest at the end of their walk there in comfortable beds. There are no horses trotting down the Rúa de San Pedro but this street is still used as the main entry for pilgrims on the *Camino francés*.

Nowadays, a group of women, typically dressed in black, has replaced the medieval *concharii* who spent their lives selling scallop shells and medals to pilgrims in front of the Obradoiro. Also, the students of the University do not wear old-style robes and hats but they still hope to become graduates one day. Once Santiago and Galicia, we were told, were highly important centres of culture in Europe. By the year 2000 Compostela will be one of the European Capitals of Culture for the millennium year.

We can say that Santiago and Galicia have maintained their traditions as well as being willing to accept all the innovations that have come from outside during the second half of this century. The pilgrimage has always been there to confirm this. Now it is time to see how long the *Camino* will continue to exert its creative power on Santiago and Galicia, and vice versa. I hope at least that the rain continues to be an art-form in Santiago: that is eternal.

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## Pilgrims' Map

It's sharp out here; though we are not so high  
now glittering stars blaze through frosty air,  
their brightness undiminished by the damp,  
or dust-carrying clouds; clear as our goal,  
our compass-bearing west, to Compostella.  
Near enough, they seem, for me to reach them  
from this concrete path that borders campsite,  
encloses trees and a duck-drowsing pond;  
stretch up and pull them down, burnish the silver,  
set them in their twinkling constellations,  
dip fingers in the pearly band that leads  
the eye westering.

Its separate lights  
shimmer, merging in a milky signpost  
that points us clear along St James's Way.

Jane Moreton

## A Macaronic Christmas Song (its origin desconocido)

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the *casa*  
Not a creature was stirring, ¡*jaramba!*, ¿*que pasa?*  
*Los niños* were all tucked away in their *camas*,  
Some in long underwear, some in *pijamas*.  
While mother worked late in her little *cocina*  
*El viejo* was down at the local *cantina*,  
Living it up with *amigos*, ¡*caracho!*  
*Muy contento*, ¡*y un poco borracho!*  
While hanging the stockings with *mucho cuidado*  
In hopes that old Santa would feel *obligado*  
To bring all the children, both *buenos y malos*  
A nice batch of *dulces* y other *regalos*.  
Outside in the *patio* there arose such a *grito*  
That I jumped to my feet like a frightened *cabrito*.  
I ran to the window and looked out *afuera*

And who in the world do you think that it *era*?  
Saint Nick in a sleigh and a big red *sombrero*  
Came dashing along like a crazy *bombero*!  
And pulling his sleigh, in the place of *venados*,  
Were eight little *burros*, approaching *volados*.  
I watched as they came, and this quaint little *hombre*  
Was shouting and whistling and calling by *nombre*  
—*¡Ay, Pancho! ¡Ay, Pepe! ¡Ay, Cuca! ¡Ay, Seto!*  
*¡Aha, Chato! ¡Ay, Chopo, Muruca y Nieto!*—  
Then standing erect with his hand on his *pecho*  
He flew to the top of our very own *techo*.  
With his round little belly like a bowl of *jalea*,  
He struggled to squeeze down our old *chimenea*.  
Then, huffing and puffing, at last in our *sala*,  
With soot smeared all over his red suit *de gala*,  
He filled all the stockings with lovely *regalos*,  
For none of the *niños* had been very *malos*.  
Then, chuckling aloud, seeming very *contento*,  
He turned like a flash and was gone like the *viento*.  
And I heard him exclaim, and this is *verdad*,  
— Merry Christmas to All! *¡Feliz Navidad!*

Thanks to **Janet Richardson** for supplying this Christmas song.

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## Pilgrim Biscuits

Howard W. Hilton

The Scallop Shell biscuits at the AGM drew some amused comment and seemed to be enjoyed, so I thought you might like to know how they were made. Let's start with the shape: In our kitchen we have biscuit cutters which will produce round ones with serrated edges, or hearts, the ace of clubs, moons, stars, or ducks—but no scallops. The posh kitchen shops of the area could not help. Nor could the massive suppliers of equipment to the catering trade. However, we have a tin opener of the sort which opens scissors fashion, clamps on to the top of one of Mrs Baxter's best broths, runs a little wheel

round the side of the can, and slices off the top—leaving a clean edge of thin tinfoil metal at one end, and a convenient cylinder to grip. (Note: the 425g size, three inches diameter, is plenty big enough.) With a pair of narrow-nosed pliers, it was fairly simple to bend the metal into the shape above—the metal is thin, so the knack is to think first and to be gentle but firm. My first effort did not emphasise sufficiently the squarish part at the top, which is what distinguishes the shape; the serrated edge is simple. Clean everything to the hygienic standards required by the European Union, and off you go.

On first pressing it on to the pastry, I found it cut well but generated flatulence and unseemly belching which disturbed adjoining material, because air was trapped inside the cylinder. My Swiss Army Officer's knife has a vicious looking spike among its various fittings (for a purpose that only Swiss Army Officers know) which soon made four or five holes in the top and solved the problem.

We now turn to the recipe. My wife suggested a favourite of hers, for Shrewsbury Cakes, originally from the *National Training Cookery Book* of 1880, so I adopted that, but modified it a little. Ten ounces of butter were creamed together with nine ounces of caster sugar in a warmed bowl, and the grated rind of one lemon and half a teaspoon of vanilla essence were added. Fourteen ounces of plain white flour were sieved into another bowl, together with two ounces of cornflour, half a level teaspoonful of salt, and one level teaspoonful of baking powder. (Note: this is half the quantity of the original recipe, because I didn't want them to rise too much and become puffy.) One teaspoonful of this was added to the creamed mixture, then an egg was dropped into the same mixture and it was beaten thoroughly. The dry ingredients were then added and the whole stirred into a soft dough. (I was not afraid to sift in a little more plain flour if it seemed too sticky, to get a nice mixture which came away from the side of the bowl.)

Next it is helpful to spread a sheet of baking parchment over the work top and flatten out a lump of dough on that before rolling it out to about the thickness of two two-pence pieces on top of each other. Cut the scallop shapes, and if you slide a knife under them they can be lifted on to your greased baking sheet without losing their shape. I found three rows of three was about right—when I put them closer together they spread and stuck to each other. Next put the curve of a fork gently onto the square part of the scallop and roll the tines towards the outer serrated edge to give an impression of the grooves on the shell—I found three goes sufficed, one in the middle and two angled outwards. An added refinement is to press a small piece of candied orange peel into the “ears” of the shell to simulate the holes we make there for

the cords we use to hang them.

You will know your own oven, but I baked two sheets at a time, one above the other, in the middle of the main oven at 170 degrees Centigrade; I timed them for five minutes and swapped them over, then gave them another five minutes, took them out if they seemed golden brown enough, then fish sliced them onto a wire rack to cool. The quantities above make about thirty. Have fun!

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## Going home

Paul Whiteside

*The story of a solo mountain-bike tour of Northern Spain from Bilbao to Santiago de Compostela, 26 July to 9 August 1997.*

Cycling slowly westwards along the Camino de Santiago, cross-wind crippling strongly through rolling fields of wheat, brightly-coloured July flower verges spiked with stunted red hollyhocks, bathed in burning sunshine, I have gulped down four Coca-Colas in two hours.

What excellent cycling, a freedom previously unknown—so wonderful to be away from work ...

As a teenager I used to sing a Leonard Cohen song about 'passing through', sing it now on my metallic red mountain-bike, on my relentless pilgrimage across the top of Spain: "I saw Jesus on the Cross on a hill called Calvary". "Do you hate mankind for what they done to you?"

He said: "Talk of love not hate. Things to do—it's getting late. I've so little time and I'm only passing through." [And the Chorus.] "Passing through, passing through. Sometimes happy, sometimes blue. Glad that I ran into you. Tell the people that they saw me passing through." (Leonard Cohen, 'Passing Thru', from *Leonard Cohen: Live Songs*, CBS Records, London 1972).

A cycling life is one long journey, made up of many shorter journeys. There are many ways of organising a solo cycle tour by mountain-bike: mine was to plan everything meticulously, with detailed written plans, and then to throw it all away and to take things as they came ...

## Thursday 13 February 1997

Well at last I've done it and bought the plane ticket for Spain. I have thought about it for months, have changed my mind many times, have made many excuses. But there is this strong desire to do something special, to go on a voyage of self-discovery, a pilgrimage: I am troubled by too many thoughts of death, am unsure about my belief in God. My journey began when I was knocked off my racing bike in June 1996, and bought myself a mountain-bike with the compensation money. For the first time I cycled off-road, over upland trackways, down bridleways beside fields, glorying in new-found freedom. An adventure suggested itself to me. But the real journey began when I lived in Gibraltar as a child and we drove into southern Spain at every opportunity, and there I saw the gilded churches, the masked solemn parades, saw the bull-fight and spilled blood. From Bilbao there is a hard slog up into mountains (Puerto de Barazar, 604m), and a swift descent to Vitoria-Gasteiz, then across the plains to Burgos and on to León. I have decided to follow the main 'N' roads, preferring the faster, safer 'traffic-free' cycling along the 'hard-shoulder'. On day six I head for Oviedo by mistake when it should have been Origo, cycling ever upwards (Alto del Rabizo, 1160m) and on through jagged-tooth mountains, and two (unexpected) road tunnels through the limestone rock: one is very long and dark, dripping water in the middle—suddenly so dark and noisy from lorries roaring in behind me—I have no lights, but walk through slowly huddled into the edge, stumbling over loose rock and depressions of wet mud. I think about death, about perhaps never seeing my family again: the only time I felt scared on the whole two-week trip. What a day—up higher mountains and still brilliant scenery—tunnels a fright—more and more then misty clouds coming across the road, like smoke (beyond a wild moors railway station)—on and on, up and up, pushing bike for more than an hour through dense clouds, in misty, trickling rain, cold wind blowing up and over the mountains—silence apart from the sound of lorries crawling distant. I cross the summit at the Puerto de Pajares (1379m), get ready for a swift descent back through the clouds.

After a wet night in Pola de Lena, in the Asturias mountains, the afternoon is very hot with a clear blue sky: the Devil attracts me to the summit before me (the first), and then another and another, and I continue upwards, pushing my bike, noting cars, tiny, distant above me; cars that passed me some time before. Up and up, through 'alpine' meadows, and yet more mountain crests piled on, higher and higher, to the loftiest, jagged Pico Torres (2,109m); mountains so sharp, so green below their light-grey peaks. I drink two Cokes at the Puerto de San Isidro (1,520m). Nothing but hazy wildness before me,

I descend swiftly, look again for the road to Oviedo. Saturday night: the noisy Pension 'Bar Vista', Puerto de la Espina (650m), strange, I can hear Leonard Cohen music, 'Suzanne', and I have have been singing 'Passing Thru'. Time goes so fast when walking pushing a bike, when cycling, a sort of trance-like state. I feel very refreshed and relaxed despite being tired. Life at home will seem so strange. From Mondoñedo, more hills, more rain, downhill past dripping chestnut trees towards the coast—around a bend and suddenly here is the sea beyond the drizzle and the wind (Cabo Busto), along the coast road to Ribadeo and then back inland to Lugo and Palas de Rei.

### **Tuesday 5 August (evening)**

Santiago de Compostela (altitude 260m, 35 km/22 miles from the sea), said to be the rainiest place in Spain. So this is it, the end of the pilgrim route. It is a lovely place, like a great dripping monument carved out of a solid block of stone; ancient capital of the old kingdom of Galicia. The streets are narrow, paved with granite slabs. The large and imposing Cathedral shows off its Baroque transformation outside.

I stay the night in a fairly cheap *hostal*, have a good night's sleep, get my hotel receipts together and document an itinerary for my *compostela*. Leaving the *hostal*, raining, It takes me 20 minutes to find the Pilgrim Office—there are others waiting outside. It opens at 10.00 am after the sounding of the Church bell. Although I have no *sellos* (stamps) in my pilgrim record, I have faith that mine has been a true pilgrimage. I explain my journey briefly, show my evidence, get the Pilgrim Office stamp and receive my *compostela*—a piece of paper worth all the world to me. I am so pleased.

In the evening, I take a walk around inside the Cathedral, the 13th-century statue of St James above the richly decorated high altar, gold-encrusted cavern, where I place my hand over the gold scallop shell behind. And then I sit in with a group for evening Mass in a side chapel, letting my thoughts wander in time. I feel strong on my own and very confident, but would love to share it all with someone close.

### **Saturday 9 August**

I feel a mixture of joy and sadness—joy to be going home, yet sadness that the adventure is almost complete. I can just see the tip of an aeroplane tail edging along behind the tree-covered earth bank before me. And so I leave as I arrived—a pilgrim—will start a new adventure from the moment my plane touches down in England, will spend the rest of my life going home...



### Postscript

The plane trip back to Heathrow was brilliant, more delicious food. But my bike got a puncture on the plane, and the front wheel was jammed round backwards (I was given £60.00 compensation by Iberia—will fly with them again). I cycled more than 900km (565 miles) on this trip, and will tour southern Spain next year where it never rains. The pilgrimage will never stop for me... with special thanks to my wife, Vivienne, the Cyclists' Touring Club and the Confraternity of St James: membership of both groups has given me so very much.

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## A Different Pilgrimage

David Elliot

I joined the Confraternity a few years ago, but have stayed rather on its periphery. I sing in Mary Remnant's choir; in 1996 I enjoyed helping to shepherd a number of heroic walkers across Hampshire, and more recently another party along the Thames-side path in London to Lambeth Palace. But I don't see myself walking or cycling to Santiago.

I have my own pilgrimage. Ever since I lived as a boy in the United States, I have been in love with America in general and its railroads in particular. All my life I wanted to follow the tracks across the continent, especially where they crossed the great western mountain ranges of the Rockies, the Sierra Nevadas and the Cascades, and the deserts and forests which separate them. Now that I am retired I have the time to do so, and for the last five years I have flown to a Western city every spring, rented a car for a month and with a friend explored the West a state at a time, following the main lines of the railroads (which luckily often run alongside the roads).

We have seen some wonderful country, met many interesting people and driven to many remote places following the lines and trains across California, Utah, Washington, Arizona and Colorado. Seeing the rugged mountains and arid deserts of the West, I can understand why the Spanish conquistadores, priests and settlers felt at home there—much of the West reminds me of what I know of Spain. Probably only dedicated train-watchers (I got my Golden

Anorak years ago) will understand the thrill of standing by the track high in California's Donner Pass (which has its own tragic history), seeing the headlights of an approaching train slowly brighten, and then feeling the ground shake as the roar of engines fills the canyon and four huge diesel-electric locomotives heave a mile-long, ten-thousand-ton train up to the summit. When we visited Promontory, that desolate place in Utah where in 1869 the Central Pacific and Union Pacific Railroads joined rails and completed the first transcontinental line that connected the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and looked at its small museum, I felt an emotional thrill and sense of awe that perhaps the pilgrim feels when he or she at last sets eyes on the cathedral at Santiago.

There are plenty more states in the USA to explore, and I plan to go on exploring them. But I do feel a little envious when I hear about that sense of satisfaction that the Confraternity pilgrims feel when they have made the arduous journey to St James's resting place. My practical sister, Mary Ivens, said "Why don't you make a pilgrimage your way—by train?" I think I may do just that. I'll have two James to guide me—James Hatts' excellent booklet about the FEVE, and articles written by an American railroad friend, James Warsher, on rail travel in Spain. If I can work the timetables right, I'll stop at places like León and Astorga to get a feel of the real *camino*—I might even walk a few miles of it! And if, when I finally see the swinging, smoking *botafumeiro* in the cathedral at Santiago, I am reminded of a steam locomotive of the Denver and Rio Grande Western storming out of Durango in Colorado, I hope that St James will smile tolerantly on my eccentricity.

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## Confraternity Activities

St James Day—25 July 1998

St James Day for me started in the church of Our Lady and the English Martyrs in Cambridge at the 10 am Mass. I had not made any arrangements for the Confraternity to worship together on this day, so I was very surprised to see that the intention of the Mass was the Confraternity. This, I later discovered, had been arranged by Anna Yandell on our behalf.

After Mass I was met by Janet Richardson who transported me and Gosia Bryckczynska, to remote Denny Abbey, 5 miles north of Cambridge, where Confraternity members streamed by car and bicycle. This fascinating building has a complex history, having been part of Benedictine and Templar monasteries and then housing Franciscan nuns. It became home to Mary de St Pol, the wealthy, young and pious widow of Aymer de Valence, who converted some of the monastic buildings to her own private residence.

After a good tour we processed in convoy to nearby Cottenham and the Three Horse Shoes, home of our Treasurer, Timothy Wotherspoon. The narrow streets of the village soon became completely blocked as we all tried to find first the house and then parking spaces. We partook of a splendid picnic lunch, masterminded by Timothy's parents and spent the afternoon gossiping, admiring the building work done on the 16th-century part of the house, playing croquet and enjoying the sunshine. The highlight for Confraternity friends must have been the Pilgrim Hat competition, suggested by Jocelyn Rix. Eight members came with expertly decorated pilgrim hats and paraded before the judge, Mrs Ann Grice, a hat expert. She declared the winners to be Shirley Snell, with a straw hat decorated with pictures of St James, Barry and Sue Mather, with complementary hats, created by Barry, depicting landmarks of the Camino, Jocelyn herself, with a hat decorated with pink scallop shells and three lucky horseshoes and the Secretary with a practical white cotton hat adorned with a jet scalloped necklace.

Afternoon tea followed and all went to the nearby church of St Mary to enjoy the first performance of the newly discovered Vespers of St James from the *Codex Calixtinus*, given by the Schola Gregoriana of Cambridge, directed by Dr Mary Berry. We hope that the Schola will record this work soon. The music was over all too quickly, but the enjoyment continued at a meal and impromptu birthday party given for Gosia (birthday 25 July) and Marion (birthday 26 July), complete with birthday cake made and transported from Wolverhampton by Jocelyn.

On the Sunday a smaller group of walkers met at Waterbeach station to walk along the banks of the river Cam to Ely. Unfortunately no one had been able to try out the walk first so we relied on our combined map reading skills and an attractively produced booklet obtained from the Tourist office. For the first time ever, the CSJ managed to be on the wrong side of the river for both of the pubs passed on the way! However, Joe Cheer had been given two enormous M&S chocolate birthday cakes by his hosts, the Emmaus community at Waterbeach. These he somehow managed to hide in his rucksack until we consumed them eagerly at our picnic luncheon. We arrived

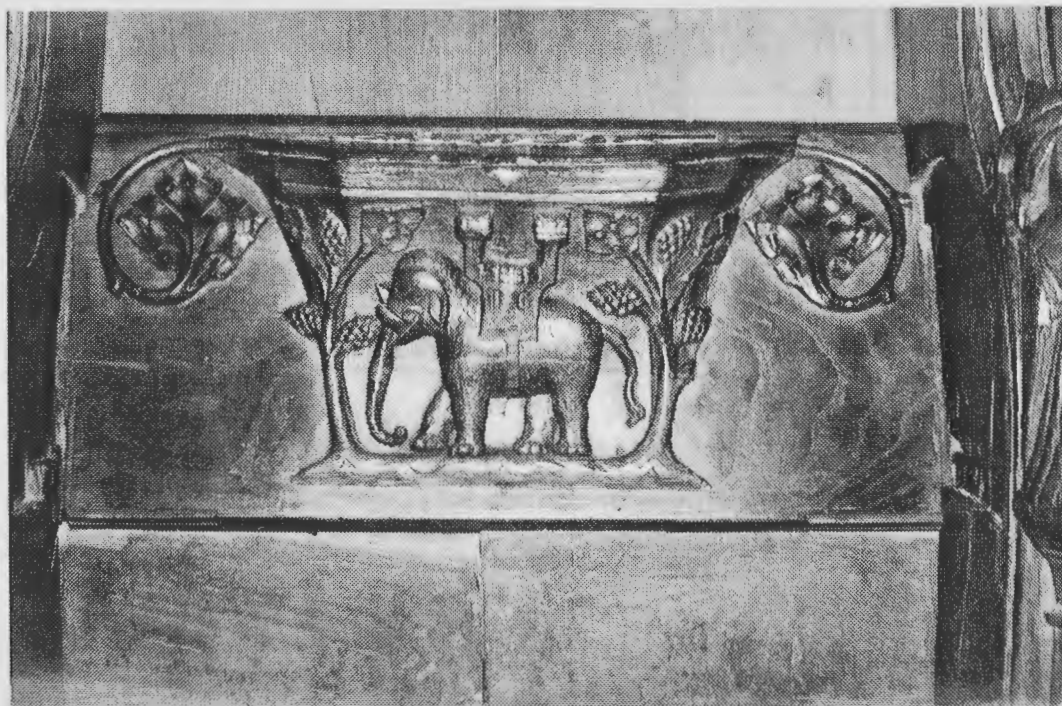
at Ely Cathedral for the end of a special Evensong to mark the centenary of the birth of C.S. Lewis.

The Confraternity would like to thank Timothy Wotherspoon and Peter Tompkins for their generous hospitality at the Three Horse Shoes and in organising the concert of the Schola Gregoriana.

**Marion Marples**

## Research Working Party

**T**he Research Working Party met on Saturday 14 November in the Minster Parish Hall, Beverley. It was good to see Prof Brian Tate recovering well from recent surgery and to share views and opinions with some members new to the RWP group. Ann Clark presented a short paper on St James' dedications and monuments in Yorkshire. On Sunday, after worship at St Mary's church, home of a medieval guild of musicians, and the Minster, the group went to Hull and visited another St Mary's Church where we identified the successor of a medieval altar of St James, of which the local congregation had been unaware. Our thanks go to Ann Clark for organising a very interesting weekend.



Misericord depicting an elephant, St Mary's, Beverley (15<sup>th</sup> Century).

Photo: Francis Davey

## 1998 Confraternity Visit to Galicia (province of A Coruña)

Nineteen people set out for La Coruña (now officially A Coruña) on 25 October for a week-long visit to the province of this name, staying in the city of A Coruña itself, in Finisterre and, of course, in Santiago. Janet Richardson (JR) and Pat Quaipe (PQ) share their impressions and feelings in shorthand form below.

### Sunday 25 October

This is not a walking holiday but the distance at Barcelona airport between international arrivals and internal departures is at least a quarter of a mile. One person walked even further as she started off in the wrong direction. At

Alvedro (A Coruña airport) it was good to see our 'micro-bus' and friendly driver, Ángel Serén, who was with us for most of the week. (PQ)

### Monday 26 October

—on the *Camino Inglés*

Wrought-iron gate in O Burgo churchyard (a graceful scallop shell) and umbrellas parked in the vestry. (JR)

The tiny church of San Lourenzo and equally tiny pilgrim Hospital de Bruma, still storeroom-cum-kitchen where don Emilio and his wife doña Esclavitud hang their lard and smoke their sausages, with an enormous corner fireplace like a four-poster bed, trimmed



The scallop-shell gate to the Church of Santiago  
at O Burgo. Photo: M. Wood

with as blue and white frill. (JR)

Churches with St James in all his guises: apostle, pilgrim, equestrian, Moorslayer. (JR)

The contrast in Betanzos (town of Santiago, Santa Maria, San Francisco and others) between the peaceful mid-afternoon streets and the press of soberly dressed Galicians swarming towards the church of Santiago for a funeral at 5 pm. (PQ)



Don Emilio and Doña Esclavitud at Hospital de Bruma

(Photo: J. Richardson)

## Tuesday 27 October

### —our day in A Coruña

Meeting new friends and old: Barry McGinley Jones (known as Mac), an Australian who has lived for many years in the city, accompanied us round A Coruña by bus and on foot, starting with the spot at Elviña where Sir John Moore fell in January 1809. Lunch with Antón Pombo, historian and journalist and chairman of the Amigos del Camino de Galicia, and a cycling afternoon with CSJ member Joaquín VÍlas, secretary of La Coruña en Bici. (PQ)

Sir John Moore—the bluff overlooking La Coruña where he was mortally wounded defending a Dunkirk-style evacuation—his tomb in a quiet garden square on which Aileen O'Sullivan laid a wreath of poppies from the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. The man on La Coruña's waterfront who lectured me at

length by the statue of Galician poet and anti-slavery fighter Curros Enriquez about the man, Communism, the Civil War, Jesuits, Sir John Moore etc ... etc ... (JR)

Cycling all round the harbour and beaches of A Coruña on the new *paseo marítimo* in late afternoon sunshine—with thanks to Joaquín for organising this for four of us. (PQ)

Blue skies and calm sea at La Coruña—twenty-nine cats basking on the rocks by the port. (JR)

The Church of Santiago, departure point for pilgrims on the *Camino Inglés* to Santiago, with its large 13th-century statue of the Apostle which is hugged à la Santiago on St James's Day and other important occasions. (PQ)

### **Wednesday 28 October**

—from A Coruña to Finisterre via the *Costa da Morte*

Vistas of the sea, especially near Laxe with its fortress church of Santa Maria de Atalaia. Hard to believe on a sunny day that so many shipwrecks have taken place on this coast. (PQ)

Unreserved lunch at Vimianzo (known for its castle and for changing buses to Finisterre) — four groups, each headed by a Spanish speaker, set off to see what they can find, and all come back replete and satisfied. Leader sighs with relief. (PQ)



Castro: O Borneiro (La Coruña)

Photo: J.Richardson

Grey mist and rough seas with wild waves and breaking spray at Muxía, on the Coast of Death (death to ships on its rocks)—the Virgin reputedly sailed here in a stone boat and its sail and hull are among the massive boulders on the foreshore. (JR)

The Castro de Borneiro—an amazing Celtic village, not Romanized, that was inhabited from the 6th to the 1st century BC. (PQ)



Santiago de Cereixo, Ponte de Porto Photo: J. Richardson

The village church (dedicated to Santiago) of Cereixo, off the beaten track—our driver had never been here before—with its south tympanum showing an early Translation of Santiago Apostle. (PQ)

### **Thursday 29 October**

#### **—In and around Finisterre**

The mayor of Finisterre opening the church of Santa María das Areas for us, and arranging for the famous lighthouse (*faro de Fisterra*) to be opened in the afternoon; going up the spiral staircase in small groups of four or five to the top of the lighthouse, right beside the lens itself. We explained to the *ayuntamiento* employee who looked after us how Finisterre was mentioned every night on Radio Four's shipping forecast. (PQ)

The little girl in Finisterre who tried out her English on me and called her mother to witness it. (JR)

Last—and best—at Finisterre, the walk up and over the hill from the lighthouse to where the hermit San Guillermo once lived in the shelter of a



rock and where, much earlier ancient peoples had raised an altar to the sun—high on a cliff with sky and sea all around. (JR)



Photo: M.Wood

The Calvary at Finisterre (village)

A pre-dinner *tertulia* for the whole group (a free drink ensured a good attendance) at which Leslie Smith talked about rural Galicia, followed by a sea-food banquet. (PQ)

### Friday 30 October

– journey from Finisterre to Santiago de Compostela, via Muros, Carnota and Nola

Maize awaiting harvesting—cut in swathes—stubble ploughed in—stalks stacked like haycocks—corncoobs glimpsed inside *hórreos*. (JR)

Women with bucket, detergent and scrubbing brush sprucing up the church graveyards for the feasts of All Saints and All Souls. A profusion of flowers too, in Santiago's bustling food market the next day. (JR)

Buying some new trainers in a small shoeshop in Muros which I hadn't been able to find in London—an experience which stretched my Spanish—and buying fresh cheese and newly picked grapes in the market. (PQ)

Fish—fishermen—brightly painted boats —nets—lobster pots. (JR)

The parish priest at Carnota, whose conversation ranged over *hórreos*, their sizes and origins, Galician agriculture and wines, to the alcohol content of Bolivian hooch (90%)—his brother is a priest there. (JR)

### Saturday 31 October

—In Santiago

Simply the pleasure of being in Santiago again—a gentle walk round, Pilgrim Mass at 12 noon (but without the *botafumeiro*), lunch with the CSJ's correspondent in Galicia, Magdalena Stork de Yepes, shopping, wandering,

drinks at the ever-hospitable Suso's followed by a grand *paella* dinner at El Estanco restaurant, with much merriment. (PQ)

### **Sunday 1 November**

#### **—All Saints' Day In Santiago**

Glistening rain on the granite this morning but a splendid 10.30 Mass with the *botafumeiro* in top form and singing to match. Too soon the taxis are due, the plane awaits us and suddenly we are back at Heathrow, but our hearts still in the *rúa del Villar*. (PQ)

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## French Rural Crosses

*Croix Rurales et Chemins de Pèlerinage dans l'ancien diocèse de Chartres* is Humbert Jacomet's latest scholarly work, published by the Société Archéologique d'Eure-et-Loir. More than 30 crosses of St James, seven pilgrim crosses and two 'Montjoye' crosses have been discovered during a study of the cult and iconography of St James the Greater in the old diocese of Chartres. What meaning is to be assigned to these crosses, the names of which appear to be attached to nearby and more distant pilgrimages? Do they simply indicate the route followed by pious travellers or *marcheurs de Dieu*? In fact their real function is closely related to the village in or near which they stand, like a liturgy of pilgrimage with its departures and returns home.

Humbert Jacomet's text analyses the phenomenon of pilgrimage and faith which for several centuries played an important role in the Christian West. The book is the outcome of a vast amount of documentation and contains notes on folklore and history without interrupting the flow of the text.

*Croix Rurales ...* has 200 pages (with illustrations) and costs 140FF plus 30FF postage and packing; copies are available from the Société Archéologique d'Eure-et-Loir, 1 rue Jehan Pocquet, 28000 Chartres, tel.: +33 2 37 36 91 93.

# Members' Page

Commiserations to the **Revd John Mitson** of Dedham, Essex who not only suffered the indignity of falling from his bike going to post a letter prior to his cycling pilgrimage to Santiago, fracturing his pelvis and ribs, but had the accident reported in the *Sunday Telegraph* as well. We are glad to note that he is gradually recovering and is planning to walk or cycle part of the camino next year.

Congratulations to **John Hitch**, the present Master of the Glass Sellers' Company in the City of London, who completed his cycle pilgrimage to Santiago in 12 days in August/ September and raised more than £ 8,750 to be shared equally between the Cancer Research Campaign and the Organ Fund of St James, Garlickhythe. John was amazed at his achievement, particularly as he had not ridden a bike for 50 years.

Chorley member **Michael Fisher** has an audio visual presentation of The Spanish Pilgrimage which he offers to groups for fundraising events. The slide show combined with a taped commentary lasts for about 45 mins, with a short break in the middle. Terms can be negotiated with Michael. Contact Michael Fisher on 01257 483811.

Warmest congratulations to **Rafael Arias** who was ordained priest in Rome in September, having studied at the University of Pamplona for several years. In the 1993 Holy Year Rafael worked in the Archbishop of Santiago's Press Office and was of great assistance to the Confraternity.

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# Notes and News

The *Accueil St Jacques*, opened three years ago by les Amis de St Jacques des Pyrénées Atlantiques at 39 rue de la Citadelle, St Jean Pied-de-Port, provides an opportunity for anyone interested in spending a holiday week meeting and helping pilgrims (and improving their French no end!). The *Accueil*, we hope, will be open from mid-April to mid-October in 1999, and like everyone else on the pilgrimage route, we expect greater numbers of pilgrims than ever in the Holy Year.

This then is an appeal as well as a suggestion to Confraternity members: we need volunteers. You would be expected to make your own way to St Jean, and to pay for your food while there, but there are three or four bedrooms above the *Accueil*, and a perfectly adequate kitchen. The volunteers—who are on duty from Sunday to Sunday, for a week at a time—welcome pilgrims passing through St Jean, or starting here, help them find accommodation (e.g. in the refuge, which should be enlarged in time for the Holy Year, or in a private refuge which opened during 1998 at no 40, rue de la Citadelle), advise them about the stage over to Roncesvalles, and about the rest of the *camino francés*. They also tell the many curious visitors to St Jean about the pilgrimage. It tends to be a busy, often demanding week, but one which is full of rewarding contacts. English-speaking volunteers are very welcome, it helps to have passable French, and some German and/or Spanish can also come in very useful. A volunteer from the Confraternity would always be placed with someone from the area.

**Howard Nelson** tel: 0181 693 7252 or  
e-mail: georges\_nelson@compuserve.com)  
would be happy to tell you more.

Otherwise write (in French) to:

**Bertrand Saint Macary**, Clinique Sokorri, 64120 St Palais, or  
**Jean-Claude Nogues**, Quartier des Serres, 64300 Baigt-de- Béarn,  
who organise the volunteers' rota, offering, if possible, a first and second choice of week.

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## HOLY YEARS AND SOUVENIRS WEEKEND

21-22 February 1999

### AYLESFORD FORM

Name: .....

Address: .....

.....

..... post-code: .....

Telephone: .....

I / We would like to attend the weekend at Aylesford from 21 to 22 February 1999.

Room Requirement (please tick):

Single       TwinDouble       3-bedded

If no singles are left are you willing to share a twin room with another CSJ participant of the same sex? YES / NO

Any special dietary needs? NO / YES .....

I / We will be travelling by \*car / train (delete as appropriate)

Deposit: I / We enclose a deposit of **£20** per person, with a cheque payable to the *Confraternity of St James*.

Please return this form, with a s.a.e. to:

Confraternity of St James,  
1 Talbot Yard,  
Borough High Street,  
London SE1 1YP.



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# New CSJ Members Autumn 1998

(Interests in brackets)

## LONDON

- 98326 Ms Barbara Abraham 0171 722 3224  
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(Walking)
- 98311 Ms Patricia Chipps  
12 Diamond Terrace, Greenwich, London SE10 8QN
- 98343 Mr Michael Donovan & Mrs Liz Donovan 0181 6936059  
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- 98362 Ms Barbara Dryhurst 0181 299 4694  
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(Pilgrimage planned June 1999)
- 98307 Dr Anthony Du Vivier & Dr Judith du Vivier 0171 935 6465  
26 Regents Park Road, London NW1 7TX
- 98306 Mrs Pam Gilfrin 0171 834 1066  
13 Vincent Square, London SW1P 2LX
- 98332 Ms Carole Grace & Mr Will Lyons  
170 Valetta Road, London W3 7TP  
(Pilgrimage)
- 98308 Rev & Mrs John Hall Rosie 0181 884 0617  
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- 98305 Mrs Liza Jones 0171 8341066  
13 Vincent Square, London SW1P 2LX
- 98321 Mr Sean Lavin  
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- 98347 Miss Rosy Scott 0181 932 2497  
40 The Grove, Ealing, London W5 5LH  
(Working in Refugios; Pilgrimage; Via de la Plata.)
- 98327 Miss Margaret Watson 0171 582 2540  
16 Wilkinson Street, London SW8 1DB

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- 98338 Mr Jerry Coffey  
18 Mapledurham Walk, Maidenhead, Berkshire SL6 7UL
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Oxford Brookes University, Centre for Sport, Cheney Lane Headington, Oxford OX3 0BD
- 98330 Mr Simon Watts 01189 469414  
10 Ridge Hall (Close Flat), Caversham, Reading Berkshire RG4 7EP  
(Walking; Spain generally.)

## HOME COUNTIES SOUTH

- 98371 Mr James McMichael  
Heath Hill, Old Park Lane, Farnham, Surrey GU10 5AA
- 98313 Ms Jackey Morgan  
23 Swanfield Road, Whitstable, Kent CT5 4HL

## CSJ New Members List Autumn 1998

### SOUTH

- |       |   |              |
|-------|---|--------------|
| 98312 | Mrs Jennie Daniels<br>108 Bargates, Christchurch, Dorset BH23 1QP   | 01202 463094 |
| 98303 | Mr Tony Henderson-Thynne<br>Sans Souci, Newtown, Sixpenny Handley, Nr Salisbury SP5 5PF<br>(Walking pilgrimage October 1998)  | 01725 552279 |
| 98335 | Mr Chris Radford & Mrs Brenda Radford<br>8 Myrtle Close, Hurdle, Lymington, Hampshire SO41 0YE<br>(Religion and Architecture) | 01425 620991 |
| 98304 | Mr Paul Varney<br>Lilac Cottage, Buttons Lane, West Wellow, Romsey, Hants SO51<br>(Walking pilgrimage October 1998)           | 01794 323720 |

### SOUTH WEST

- |       |  |              |
|-------|--|--------------|
| 98359 | Mr Peter Dickinson<br>42 Bonville Crescent, Tiverton, Devon EX16 4BN<br>(Walking and Romanesque churches.) | 01884 256211 |
| 98345 | Mrs Elizabeth Posnett<br>Lower Shalford, Charlton Musgrove, Wincanton, Somerset BA9 8H                     |              |
| 98317 | Ms Susan Thomas<br>2 Lewis Avenue, Tiverton, Devon EX16 4HN  |              |

### WALES

- |       |   |               |
|-------|---|---------------|
| 98374 | Mr Christopher Armstrong<br>Y Rheithordy, Llangwnnadr, Pwllheli, Gwynedd LL53 8NU<br>(Walking and pilgrimage routes in Wales and borders) | 01758 770250  |
| 98318 | Mr John Cunnane<br>11 The Dell, Tonteg, Pontypridd CF38 1TG<br>(Wishes to make pilgrimage in 1999 from Arles)                             | 01443 207836  |
| 98372 | Mr John Gray<br>38 Lawson Road, Colwyn Bay, North Wales LL29 8HE<br>(Hill walking and cycling.)   | 01492 534835  |
| 98323 | Mr Elfyn Owen<br>Mellteyrn, Maesderw, Llanfechain, Powys SY22 6XN   | 01691 829 024 |

### WEST MIDLANDS

- |       |   |              |
|-------|---|--------------|
| 98353 | Mr Reg Ledger<br>52 Bankhouse Road, Trentham, Stoke-on-Trent ST4 8EL                      |              |
| 98329 | Dr Harriet Murphy<br>2 London Road Terrace, Moreton in Marsh, Gloucestershire GL56        |              |
| 98355 | Messrs Coleman & James Whitelaw<br>98 Old Ponkrudge Road, Cannock, Staffordshire WS11 1HY | 01543 304932 |

### EAST ANGLIA

- |       |  |               |
|-------|--|---------------|
| 98316 | Mr Gerald McDonagh & Mrs Theresa McDonagh<br>94 Cheriton Avenue, Clayhall, Ilford, Essex IG5 0QL<br>(Walking from St Jean in May 1999) | 0181 550 2053 |
| 98369 | Rev David Underwood<br>St John's Vicarage, 37 Well Street, Bury St.Edmunds IP33 1EQ  | 01284 754335  |
| 98370 | Mr Matthew Vinall<br>49 Beeches Road, Chelmsford, Essex CM1 2RX<br>(History of the Crusades.)  |               |
| 98348 | Miss Jane Young<br>21 Woollards Lane, Great Shelford, Cambridge CB2 5EZ  | 01223 842963  |

## CSJ New Members List Autumn 1998

### NORTH EAST

- 98350 Mr John Burnett  
2 Brancepeth Terrace, Willington, Crook, Durham DL15 0ES
- 98375 Mr Conway 0189 0781696  
Redhall, Nr Eyemouth, Berwickshire TD14 5SG
- 98315 Mrs Patricia Dinnen 01756 798496  
10 Belgrave Street, Skipton, North Yorkshire BD23 1QB
- 98337 Mr David Dunscombe 0191 2750861  
13 Gibside Gardens, Newcastle upon Tyne NE15 7PP  
(Personal pilgrimage, Spanish language and history.)
- 98334 Ms Lynne Griffin & Mr Nigel Smith  
8 Bowood Road, Sheffield S11 8YG  
(Pilgrimage)
- 98365 Mr Ian Hall & Mrs Pam Hall 01642 488057  
10 Delamere Drive, Marske by Sea, Redcar TS11 6DZ
- 98360 Mr Peter Hoppe 0191 2859867  
44 Alwinton Terrace, Newcastle-upon-Tyne NE3 1UW  
(Pilgrimage April 1999.)
- 98349 Mr Thomas Tasker 0113 2584560  
32 Oliver Hill, Horsforth, Leeds LS18 4JF
- 98331 Miss Sophie Weston 01943 609423  
7 Hebers Grove, Ilkley, Yorkshire LS29 9JR  
(Historical, religious, possible future walk.)
- 98356 Mr Gerald Widnall & Mrs Hazel Widnall 01423 887091  
44 Jesmond Road, Harrogate, North Yorkshire HE1 4SA

### NORTH WEST

- 98320 Mrs Nicole Buckley & Mrs Farida Wilson 01260 270605  
Coppice Edge, Blackfirs Lane, Somerford, Cheshire CW12 4QQ
- 98344 Ms Chris Calvert 01524 61684  
42 Park Road, Lancaster LA1 3EJ  
(Pilgrimage)
- 98310 Mr Anthony McEntee 017687 73727  
Solway, Crosthwaite Road, Keswick, Cumbria CA12 5PG
- 98309 Mr James Pearson 017687 71314  
3 Brigham Row, Keswick, Cumbria CA12 4JT  
(Pilgrimage)
- 98342 Mr Tony Regan 01772 335455  
31 St Saviours Close, Bamber Bridge, Preston, Lancashire PR5  
(Religious, historical.)

### SCOTLAND

- 98354 Ms Patricia Eady 01828 633521  
9 St Andrew Street, Alyth, Blairgowrie, Perthshire PH11 8AT  
(Cycle pilgrimage May/June 1999)
- 98339 Mrs Jane Moschini  
6 Scotland Street, Edinburgh EH3 6PS

### USA

- 98363 Mr Michael Brennan +1 610 3887278  
317 Edinburgh Road, Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania 19317 USA
- 98357 Mr Mike Kennedy +1 207 633 4551  
PO Box 335, Murray Hill Road, East Boothbay, Maine 04544 USA  
(Walking from Le Puy.)

## CSJ New Members List Autumn 1998

98314 Rev Dr James Straukamp PhD  
2525 5th Avenue, Sacramento CA 95818-3503 USA

### EUROPE

- 98373 Ms Christine Durrant +33 5 45 24 52 72  
6 Rue du Champ de Foire, Montmoreau 16190 FRANCE
- 98364 Mme Marty Marty  
17 Avenue de Mirande, Bordeaux 33200 France
- 98328 Mr William Browne  
Roseville, Knocklye, *Killorglin, Co Kerry,*  
(*Ireland.*)
- 98322 Dr Paul Caffrey +353 1 6604544  
16 Burlington Gardens, Dublin 4, Republic of Ireland
- 98352 Mr Barry McGinley Jones +34 981 25 17 54  
Los Amigos de Sir John Moore, Apartado de Correos 460, La Coruña, Spain  
(Chairman of the O Camino Inglés)
- 98368 Mr Uno Uddhammar & Mrs Lillemor Uddhammar +46 8 755 0840  
Bergavagen 4A, S-182 53 Danderyd, SWEDEN
- 98366 Mr Carl-Magnus Wiklund & Mrs Ulla Wiklund +1 46 8 820710  
Infanterigatan 3, S-17159 SOLNA, SWEDEN  
(History, Culture, Spirituality.)

### CANADA

- 98336 Mrs Carol Bradley +1 902 798 5658  
121 Dill Road Ext, RRI Windsor, Nova Scotia, BON 2T0, Canada  
(Partial route in 1999.)
- 98361 Mr & Mrs Michael Hann Lavinia +1 705 688 0484  
Unit 10, 216 Copper Street, Sudbury, Ontario P3E 6E8 Canada  
(Pilgrimage April 2000)

### MEXICO

- 98351 Mr David Yonker-Stewart +1 52 5 520 2547  
Apartado Postal 10-838, Mexico, D.F. 11000, Mexico  
(To support CSJ as a source of information for others.)

### AUSTRALIA\NEW ZEALAND

- 98346 Mr Leslie Craven +1 64 9 6293674  
309 Mount Albert Road, Sandringham, Auckland 1003, New Zealand
- 98333 Ms Juliette Hall +61 2 95234873  
PO Box 975, Sutherland, New South Wales 1499, Australia  
(Pilgrimage)
- 98358 Mr James Maher +61 247 822 500  
46 Freelander Avenue, Katoomba 2780, Australia  
(Pilgrimage in honour of my Patron Saint.)
- 98340 Mrs Jenny Prentice +61 7 33961988  
PO Box 5222, Manly, Queensland 4179, Australia  
(Pilgrimage)
- 98367 Ms Karin Uddhammar & Mr Andrew Masters +61 8 9339 0789  
50 A Cleopatra Street, Palmyra 6157, Western Australia  
(Have walked sections of the Camino from Le Puy.)

### AFRICA

- 98319 Miss Sandi Beukes +27 31 293434  
25 Rouken Glen, 381 Musgrave Road, Berea, Durban 4001, South Africa  
(Pilgrimage planned)

# Confraternity of Saint James

Registered Charity No: 294461

## IMPORTANT NOTICE

please save your Bulletin address label for reference

## MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL FOR 1999

### NOTE

Membership of the Confraternity of Saint James runs for the calendar year January to December. Technically, all subscriptions fall due on the day after the AGM (23 January 1999 ) and must be renewed by **28 February 1999** at the latest. The Committee is strict about this cut off date and members who fail to renew by this date and wish to continue their membership will be charged a new Joining Fee. Cases of genuine hardship are considered sympathetically; please contact the Secretary.

**Please read carefully!**

**Your Bulletin label has a code denoting your membership status and your membership number on the first line. If there is no code printed before your membership number you have paid until Dec 98 and you need to renew your subscription for 1999.**

## **Bankers Orders**

You need take no action provided you have amended your Standing Order to the current level of subscription.

## **Covenants**

**Because of its charity status the Confraternity benefits from the Covenanting of Subscriptions. If you do not already pay by Covenant we are enclosing a Covenant Form for 4 years subscription from January 1999. At no cost to you, the Confraternity can receive about a third more in subscription. We should be grateful if you could complete this form, regardless of the way in which you pay your subscription**

## **Other Membership categories**

**Payment in advance (envelope codes A99, A00)**

No action required. A98: you now need to renew.

**Honorary/Honoured Members (H, HD, HX)**

No action required.

**Members joining after September 98**

You are coded as P99 and your membership is paid until 31 December 1999

## **NB all members**

If you are over 70 and have been a member for 10 years or more, please inform the Membership Secretary so that you can become an 'Honoured Member'. No further subscriptions will be required

**Membership payments should be sent to  
Vincent Cowley, CSJ, Bramble Cottage, Primrose Lane,  
Shelton, Norfolk NR15 2SJ**

# Membership Renewal Form

## (December 1998)

Please complete in BLOCK CAPITALS

Membership Number: \_\_\_\_\_

Title	Initials	First Name	SURNAME(S)
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\_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Postcode \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone No (with code) \_\_\_\_\_

### UK and Europe

Category	Current rate	tick here		
Individual	£15			
Joint	£20			
Institution	£20			

### Overseas (now Airmail only)

Category	Current rate	tick here		
Individual	£20			
Joint	£25			

European and Overseas members ONLY may pay by VISA/MASTERCARD please see overleaf.

I enclose a £ sterling cheque payable to the Confraternity of Saint James for

£ \_\_\_\_\_

please complete and send to Vincent Cowley, CSJ,  
Bramble Cottage, Primrose Lane, Shelton, Norfolk NR15 2SJ

VISA/MASTERCARD accepted for European & overseas renewals ONLY

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exp date \_\_\_\_\_

Card holder's name and address (if different from above)

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