



Confraternity of Saint James

Bulletin



September 2013

No 123

About the *Bulletin*

ISSN 1755-1617

Editor	Gosia Brykczyńska
Proofreader	Liz Crean
Production Editor	Liz Keay
Production Coordinator	Marion Marples

The *Bulletin* is published quarterly in March, June, September and December.

The deadline for copy is the beginning of the preceding month.

Contributions for the *Bulletin* are welcomed from members – please contact the editor via the office (see back cover for details).

Please send copy by email to office@csj.org.uk and a hard copy by post if possible. Hard copy alone will necessitate retyping and delays will occur.

If you send an attachment please make sure that it contains the title of the article and the author's name.

Please present your copy as simply and clearly as possible. Please take care with the spelling of personal and place names and ensure that accents are included correctly.

For further guidance email the office for a style guide.

All views expressed in this Bulletin are those of the author and not necessarily of the Confraternity of Saint James.



Confraternity of Saint James

Bulletin

September 2013

No 123

- 2 **Editorial**
Gosia Brykczyńska
- 4 **Companions**
Marj Winter
- 7 **Ode to a Bug – a poem**
Chris Slater
- 9 **Why Santiago de Compostela**
Part III
Alexander Woollcombe
- 17 **Pilgrimage to St Andrew's**
Christopher Dyot and Fiona Mitchell
- 19 **A no small miracle of St James**
Michael Jordan
- 21 **Walking into happiness**
Suzanne Schubert
- 26 **Refugio Gaucelmo News**
Julie Davies
- 30 **Albergue de Miraz News**
Richard Jefferies
- 32 **Members' Pages**
- 35 **Obituaries**
- 38 **Book Reviews**
- 41 **Film Review**
- 43 **From the Secretary's Notebook**
- 46 **CSJ and Other Events**
- 49 **New Members**

Cover photograph:
St. James, Spanish
Place, London W1
by Colin Jones

Editorial

Gosia Brykczyńska

We are now in the ‘*season of mists and mellow fruitfulness*’, and summer pilgrimages and adventures seem to be all but a distant joy and a far gone memory. In June the CSJ organised two great walks along sections of the St James Way from Reading to Southampton and a great time was had by all who participated. The Winchester section of the walk culminated in attendance at Evensong in the cathedral; but for some weary walkers however, memory of that solemn occasion is somewhat blurred due to the overwhelming awareness at the time of painful and swollen feet, this being the first major foray into the Great-English-Countryside of the year.

Now, as I write this editorial at the end of the summer, news has reached us of the death of the great Irish poet Seamus Heaney and I cannot but help feel deeply touched by this news. His poems have always resonated with me, and as a pilgrim I cannot but agree with his insightful and yet at the same time pragmatic comments that

*“... we lost all hope of reading the map right
And gathered speed and cursed the hellish roads.*

*Next morning on the way to Piedras Blancas
I felt like a soul being prayed for.
I saw men cutting aftergrass with scythes,
Beehives in clover, a windlass and a shrine,
The maize like golden cargo in its hampers.
I was a pilgrim new upon the scene
Yet entering it as if it were home ground...”**

This feeling of familiar serendipity in the presence of new camino experiences is something Susanne Schubert also observes for us in this edition of the Bulletin, recalling her recent pilgrimage; while Marj Winter reminds us that while on the camino you never walk alone. But all experiences of the camino would be totally hypothetical had it not been for the very real existence of apostle St James (albeit subsequently

surrounded by legend, myth and folklore). Michael Jordan however does not need any explanations as to the specialness of St James – as he explains in several revealing photos. Alex Woollcombe meanwhile continues with his study of reasons for the spread of the cult of St James and the pilgrimage in medieval Europe and finally, our Scottish members remind us that many a good pilgrimage starts right at home – here in Great Britain – as some of our members discovered this past June!

Many years ago as a young student of the Russian language I read with much delight Mayakovsky's satirical play *The Bed Bug*. Since our class was putting on the performance, I was asked to paint a fitting poster announcing the play for the student union. In those distant days before computerisation I remember looking high and low for an illustration of a *Cimex lectularius* in order to draw it and having to finally resort to the use of a scruffy diagram supplied by a rather odd looking fellow from the entomology department! At that time, as far as I was concerned, bed bugs were considered to be something from the realm of Soviet fantasy (not realism) – or just possibly something my parents were acquainted with in the far flung corners of Siberia, (which amounted to much the same, ie Soviet idiocy) but not a serious threat to one's present physical and social well-being in genteel Europe.

Little could I have imagined that several decades later, the little blighters would become a very *real* topic of discussion and angst for genteel *hospitaleros* along the camino! Neither could I have imagined that I would be smiling over a poem concerning these pesky insects in a journal about pilgrimaging in the 21st century! I do hope you too enjoy Chris Slater's poetic contribution in this Bulletin and that the collective ministrations and hard work of all our CSJ *hospitaleros* has managed to keep these intruding bugs at bay in our *refugios*.

*From: The Little Canticles of Asturias from 'Electric Light' by Seamus Heaney

Companions

Marj Winter

Enjoying the walking depends on finding the right rhythm. This may change from day to day, or time of day. But hurrying to catch up or looking over your shoulder always to a fellow *peregrino* who is struggling to keep up is not conducive to bonding with the way. Thus it was, leaving Bodenaya at the same time, we spread out as a fan in time, and our paths intersected only at *fuentes* and cafe-bars. A solo *peregrino* on the Camino Primitivo can remain solo for a very great part of a day.

Come evening, there would be a gradual assembling of *peregrinos* at the albergue. There would be new faces, who may have started either from an albergue not so far from the evening's stop but walked slower, or started further away and walked faster. On the morrow, these new faces might well walk slower or faster again, and so be lost. Over the period of a few days some faces become more familiar; camino brothers almost, who keep pace with you.

Thus it was that I fell rather naturally into the company of Jorge, Jonny and Emilio. Over the course of the first week, in spite of a near total absence of a common language, bits of their lives revealed themselves. Emilio ran a pub – *The Evening Star* I think, somewhere on the south coast of Spain, not far from where Jorge and Jonny lived and worked in the docks. Emilio is close to my own age, short, stocky, balding, though that defect, if defect it be, is compensated by an astonishing abundance of thick black hair on his arms and legs. His pack is enormous, and his knees give him trouble. Jorge is a cheerful lanky man with a big smile with perfect teeth, self-taught English and a swollen ankle with five stitches from falling over while hanging up his laundry (dangerous activity) in San Juan de Villapanada. His English is my link with the other two, although Emilio and I try to converse in Spanish, usually without success.

Jonny drives the cranes. Think of him, as you see trailers pass; somewhere there is a man in a little cab on high, connected by radio to a hard hatted pair beneath, guiding with patient precision containers into the bellies of ships. Again and again, and he doesn't get it wrong. Ever. He loves his job, and carries a video of the view from the cab on his phone.

Jonny presents a frightening exterior. Commonly visible parts of his body are so far covered with tattoos that there is little space left for future artists in that genre. The subjects too are alarming. On one arm an angry woman, mouth open in a mute shriek. Evil eyes keep watch, and challenge other eyes to turn away. But amidst these fierce images, the cross of the Knights Templar, and (revealed only after several days on the road together) across his sternum on an otherwise unadorned chest is the cross of St. James. It is a way of faith with which I am not familiar, yet somehow, since we share the way, not alarming. Indeed, there is some sense of protection from the aggressive images he wears on his skin.

These then, are my companions on the way. We don't walk together, they invariably arrive before I do. But they look up and nod when I come in, and go back to whatever they were doing with an apparent sense of satisfaction that the party is complete.

There is one day when *the way* comes with a strong caution that it is not to be attempted solo. It goes for 15 kilometres over the high ridges, where no one lives. Walking under the blazing sun it is difficult to believe warnings about mists and bad weather, but advice is advice, and we are strangers here. We agree therefore, that we will walk it together, the four of us. Emilio and I arrange to send some of our pack by taxi to the next albergue.

As luck would have it, that day was the first that was other than unbroken sun. We set out from Campiello in the grey, walking towards Borres, and then on up the valley to the ridge. I was very soon on my own. Anxiety gripped me. This was not "walking together" as I had understood it. Still, the path was clear and visibility good. Leaving the farmed land behind, the hillside opened up before me, and there were the reassuring jackets on ahead, and not that far. It would appear they were enjoying a smoke break. Jonny always carried a water bottle one quarter full of evil looking black liquid – water, into which he scrupulously tapped the ash from his cigarette. Jorge offered me a banana, which I ate and was grateful for. It is OK. On and on and on and up, separating and meeting up, and separating again, the mist closing in and lifting and closing in again.

Finally, once high on the ridge, the mist lifted and the sun won out. Above the farmed land there were herds of wild Asturian horses. Emilio put down his pack, and cautiously edged towards them, trying to get close enough to photograph them as individuals. Jorge was ahead, and Jonny seemed a bit tired, lagging behind a bit. I caught up with Jonny, he

stopped for a puff, and I passed him. In this way, casting an eye forward and back, not trespassing on each other's thoughts, we climbed, together and not together.

At the top there are the ruins of two *Hospitales* within half a mile of each other – ancient albergues for pilgrims. Enough is left of the second one to gain an impression of an austere existence, rough stone walls speaking eloquently of essential but minimal shelter. The booklet said that in bad weather the church bell would be rung continuously to guide pilgrims through snow or mist. It required an exercise of imagination to see the snow driven against the walls of the low shelter, an image I was glad to replace with the sharp clarity of September sun. It was nonetheless a place where the footsteps of those who had been this way before paced their presence forcefully beside my own. Do not walk this way alone. I promised. I didn't.

The way down is not kind on knees but I suffered less than most in this respect and travelled faster, carefully trotting along, wary of the loose stones that made the path. Thus it is that on the very first smooth patch of green turf I take my eyes off the treacherous earth – and go over on my ankle. That's torn it. Gently, gently get up, test it, yes, it takes weight, yes, it moves, but careful not to test the limits of its range. This is where two sticks come in handy. It'll work. Jonny catches me up. It'll work. He looks questioningly at me, I nod, he nods and walks on. Three feet one foot three feet one foot. Three kilometres to go.

In the end I am too late to get a bed in the official albergue, but I learn that my three companions too have gone on to the private albergue at the far side of the village. I arrive – again the nod and the smile – no more, no more is needed. Now I lay me down to sleep, fourteen angels watch do keep. Well, three anyway, now snoring gently in bunks three, four and seven besides me. No more do angels say, and yet they watch.

In the morning I get up to find that Jorge has already made coffee and has bread for toasting for all of us, not just the four, but all who spent the night in the albergue. Take, eat, there is plenty, drink this all of you, it is hot and sweet and there is more. We compare ankles; Jorge's is undoubtedly the bluer, but mine is a promising red. It will do. We grin – *gracias* – thanks for the coffee.

Pack and go, the way leads on. Thus I learn the meaning of the word 'companion'. Two days later, in Lugo, I make a rest day, and Emilio, Jorge and Jonny walk on. It is the last I see of them. There will be others. Look in the dust at the prints of many boots. Four, fourteen, fourteen hundred angels watch do keep. Silent, but on the camino you do not walk alone.

Ode to a Bed Bug on the Camino de Santiago

(with apologies to R.L.Stevenson)

*Little bed bug, chinche too –
What a bon vivant are you!*

*You have pilgrim blood for food
Variety for every mood
Delivered free to your front door,
You couldn't really ask for more.*

*Spanish, German, French and Swiss,
What a recipe for bliss.
Irish, Australian and Dutch*



*Careful you don't drink too much!
Belgian, Scandinavian
They try to hide from you in vain.
But English blood, you should beware
There may be streaks of blue in there.*

*American is suspect too
Their fatty diet is bad for you –*

*By day you hide in crevice deep,
A perfect place in which to sleep.
But when night falls and lights are out,
Out you emerge to wave your snout.
It's time for you to make a start
Menú del noche or à la carte.*

*So choose your dish, no need for haste
To satisfy your latest taste -
Bellies, thighs, and buttocks too,
Whatever comes into your view.
No vampire had it quite so good
As you, when savouring your food.
I'm sure when you begin to suck
You cannot quite believe your luck,
And when red juice begins to flow
I wonder, do you really know
What agonies of legs and feet
Have brought to you this splendid treat?*

*Then, if you tire of the décor
Just take a stroll across the floor.
Many a back pack there will do
To hitch a ride to pastures new.*

*Your ancestors were nourished, too
For centuries they learned to do
The things you specialize in well
From Roncesvalles to Compostelle.
Your place in history's assured
As you gorge on the pilgrim horde.*

*Little bed bug, chinche too
How I wish that I were you!*

Chris Slater

Why Santiago de Compostela: Part III – The French Connection

Alexander Woollcombe

The cult of St James was unique in that the journey there was as important as the destination. It didn't matter how you got to Jerusalem and the Holy Land, only that you got there. Compostela was different with a network of shrines starting from four major starting points in France: the 'Via Turonense' from Paris, the 'Via Lemovicense' from Vézelay, the 'Via Podense' from Le Puy and the 'Via Tolosana' from Arles. The idea of linking each shrine to the next as part of a greater, joined-up pilgrimage was a new development in the eleventh and twelfth centuries and one that encouraged mass pilgrimage.

How did this network come into being? France was the coming power in the Golden Era of Compostela. With increased power came increased opportunities to project this power. In a period where the Church and ecclesiastical orders wielded, in many cases, more influence than kings and nobles – in large part because they often owned more land and were thus richer – the Abbey of Cluny was the most important. These were not monks cut off from the world living a simple life of prayer and abstinence (although some of them might have done). Those who ran the Abbey of Cluny were forward-thinking and ambitious. Cluny was the first international order to devise a social, political and cultural plan. It was autonomous and responsible for radical ecclesiastical reforms as well as having great influence on the papacy. Both Pope Gregory VII and Pope Urban II, the man who declared the First Crusade which was to have such a dramatic effect on the Middle Ages, were Cluniacs. Urban II called Cluny, not Jerusalem, "the light of the world".¹ Calixtus II, the twelfth century pope most closely associated with Compostela, was crowned at Cluny. By this time the story of St. James had become the mechanism by which Cluny spread her ideas.²

1 cited in Costen, "The Pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostela in Medieval Europe" in 'Pilgrimage in Popular Culture', ed. I. Reader and T. Walter, p. 151.

2 G. López in J. Rubia Barcia, Américo Castro and the Meaning

Cluny was not the only religious Order to be involved in the growth of Compostela, many others helped maintain the Camino. Because of its dominance and its successful self-promotion others have been forgotten, even though they were much used by twelfth century pilgrims. The Augustinians, for example, maintained hospitals and chapels for pilgrims.³ Visigothic monasteries that pre-dated those of Cluny continued to support pilgrims throughout the Middle Ages. There were also a great many hermits who lived in caves away from the Camino Francés but who maintained bridges and roads for pilgrims.⁴ It is difficult for a hermit to get the recognition he is due, particularly if he has taken a vow of silence.

However, none of the other Orders were involved to the same degree as Cluny. The success of the relationship between the cult of St. James and Cluny lay in the fact that it was mutually beneficial. Cluny linked separate, regional shrines into the greater Jamesian network and “provided the spiritual ferment that kept enthusiasm for pilgrimage high”.⁵ In return for spreading the fame of St. James, the cockleshell, symbol of St James, was put on their coat of arms⁶ and Cluny was handsomely rewarded. Spain during the ‘Reconquista’ was an expanding frontier for Christianity as the Muslims were gradually pushed south and this was an opportunity that the monks of Cluny seized.⁷ Furthermore by spreading the fame of the pilgrimage east, everyone travelling from central Europe would have to cross France which would profit Cluniac monasteries both in their homeland and Spain. Cluny could control the pilgrimage to Compostela⁸ in a way they could never dream to do with regard to Rome, the only other shrine which boasted an Apostle and therefore equivalent prestige. Compostela, through its popularity, lessened the power of Rome which had long been a priority of French Bishops and ecclesiastical

of Spanish Civilisation, p. 95.

3 At Tours, Poitiers, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Roncesvalles and León, amongst others.

4 H and MH Davies, *Holy Days and Holidays*, p. 71.

5 H and MH Davies, *Holy Days and Holidays*, p. 52..

6 *ibid.*, p. 53.

7 A. Castro, in J. Rubia Barcia, *Américo Castro and the Meaning of Spanish Civilisation*, p. 101.

8 “In the reign of Alfonso VI, 1065-1109, Cluny obtained a firm grip on the Church in North-Western Spain”, J. Sumption, *Pilgrimage*, p. 135.

Orders,⁹ while at the same time providing financial and political benefit to France.

The first steps towards French involvement in the pilgrimage came from King Sancho El Mayor of Navarre who, not content with unifying the Christian kingdoms of Spain¹⁰ in the early eleventh century, also began to repair the pilgrim route and developed what has been known ever since as the 'classical' Camino Francés.¹¹ Bridges and roads were rebuilt. This was vital, as many rivers in Northern Spain were impossible to cross for much of the year. Most had been constructed by the Romans and fallen into disrepair. While this made pilgrimage possible it also facilitated trade and enabled Sancho to move troops around his kingdom and better collect taxes.

Sancho became a *socius, familiaris*¹² of Cluny. Spanish monks were sent to train in Cluny and Cluniacs arrived in Spain where they were given important positions.¹³ Sancho's son Fernando I granted Cluny an annual 'census' of 1,000 gold pieces which his son Alfonso VI doubled.¹⁴ As the Christians expanded southwards, and got richer, donations to Cluny increased, "the Cluniacs were expert at prayer for the souls of sin-laden kings, and Sancho's dynasty was to become very rich".¹⁵ Essentially Alfonso paid protection money – historically Toledo was the head of the Spanish Church, and should have become so again after the Muslims were defeated in 1085. Alfonso was worried that if Toledo regained its former position it might pose a threat to

9 "Bishops of Gaul and Cluny and Clairvaux were always on the lookout for ways of counteracting the hierarchical preeminence of Rome". W. Melczar, *The Pilgrim's Guide to Santiago de Compostela*, p. 19.

10 From Aragon in the East to Castile and León in the West.

11 According to the 11th Century text the 'Historia Silense' cited in J. de la Peña Solar, in *Las Peregrinaciones a Santiago de Compostela y San Salvador de Oviedo en la Edad Media*, p. 290.

12 Socially familiar, friend-type chap.

13 Abbot Paternus reformed San Juan de la Peña in Huesca, Catalonia, in the style of Cluny, with the same guiding principles: a focus on divine service through charitable undertakings such as hospitals. It became the head of a chain of monasteries along the 'Camino' and set trends that other Spanish monasteries followed. The monk Robert reformed Sahagún on the Cluniac model. It became the Castilian centre from which Cluniac methods spread, in the same way that they had done from San Juan de la Peña, but on a grander scale.

14 2,000 gold pieces was a vast sum of money at this time

15 R. Fletcher, *St. James's Catapult*, p. 30.

him, and he wanted Compostela – which he controlled – to remain in charge. In 1086 a Cluniac was appointed Archbishop of Toledo and Alfonso got his way. He also linked Compostela to France through dynastic marriage – his daughter Urraca married Raymond of Burgundy who he made Count of Galicia. Raymond's brother became Pope Calixtus II. This was therefore not a takeover of the pilgrimage by Cluny or anyone else but a deliberate move by the Spanish royal family. However, as Sancho's dynasty weakened these other powers were able to increase their influence.

Cluny was successful because it adapted to changing circumstances. The Church prior to the eleventh century was somewhat removed from the people. Monks stayed in their monasteries and were scared and contemptuous of the peasants. With the growth of popular penitential piety, as shown by the development of parishes and mass pilgrimage, Christianity became a religion of the people for the first time.¹⁶ This troubled many orders of monks, but Cluny managed to harness the enthusiasm for popular pilgrimage into a model within which their monasteries and hospices became indispensable. They did not cause the growth of pilgrimage, but they helped make it happen on a mass popular scale.

The Medieval EU

Working out how much power Cluny had over the pilgrimage is very difficult, and it is no easier to get to the bottom of what form this power took. There are hardly any surviving sources, only their buildings provide a tantalising glimpse of past glory and it is hard to evaluate a religious Order's total social and historical influence. This is because in the context of the Middle Ages any attempt to untangle religion from economic, political or military concerns is impossible. Authority for these areas was controlled by the same people who were both extremely pious and often extremely violent. What else but pious fervour would explain regularly setting out for the Holy Land in a sailing dingy to recapture Jerusalem? How else does one explain thousands of pilgrims risking their lives to walk across Europe, for years, when most people never left their parish?

It is all most perplexing, much like the European Union. Both have power, but no one knows quite how much. Nor is anyone sure where this power resides, or who wields it and for what reasons. Both have excited fear and anger in some quarters for being rapacious, with

16 M. Angold, in conversation, October 2003.

expansionist threats while others maintain that they bring progress, harmony and improved social values. Both are influenced by the French to an unknown degree and although both claim to want to spread their benefits across their spheres of influence there is a feeling that this might once have been a good idea but isn't any more.

Both the EU and the Abbey of Cluny claim the transformation of Spain as one of their greatest success stories. Cluny helped set Spain on the road to expansionist success by bringing the fledgling Christian Kingdoms into greater contact with the rest of Christendom. Through its network of monasteries, hostels and hospitals it created the infrastructure that allowed northern Spain to develop and facilitated immigration from France which brought in foreign money and men to seize control of newly reconquered lands. This strengthened the Reconquista which led directly on to the voyages of Columbus. Since joining the EU in 1985 Spain has gone from one of the poorest countries in Europe to its fastest growing. EU money has paid for much of the modern network of communications and infrastructure that has made Spain so successful. It has also enabled large numbers of Europeans to retire to southern Spain. Like Cluny, the EU has also invested in the pilgrimage to Compostela and many of the public hostels in Galicia have big signs saying "funded by the EU".

In the twelfth century it seemed as if Cluny's influence would last forever and yet looking back at it from the twenty-first century, the Abbey's achievements don't appear to matter that much. All that remains as a reminder of its power is the odd tower in forgotten villages in the middle of nowhere, like Sahagún. It wouldn't hurt some of our more self-important European Commissioners to take an afternoon off from strutting like peacocks around the shiny (ivory) towers of Brussels and go down to Sahagún and take a look at what happens when you become irrelevant. The folly of the Euro might well have parallels with the excessive granting of indulgences which killed off pilgrimage in the late middle ages and led in part to the Reformation.

Conclusion

Each era has beliefs that are enjoyable to believe in and are not widely questioned. In the twenty-first century such a belief might be 'democracy'. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries there seems to have been a culture of willingness to believe in relics and shrines. This development was certainly linked to and affected by political, financial

and ecclesiastical factors but ultimately these shrines grew because people believed that a pilgrimage to Compostela was important and valuable in their lives. Explaining their beliefs is impossible for there would have been a broad spectrum of motivations then as there are now. The multiplier effect initiated by Spanish kings, and given impetus and international prestige by religious Orders from France, put Compostela at the heart of the greatest single period of pilgrimage that Europe has ever known.

Compostela became so special because it epitomised what penitential pilgrimage was all about. It grew from nowhere, as did mass pilgrimage, and through skilful promotion came to be identified with all that pilgrimage meant. The twelfth century was Compostela's Golden Age, but it was also the Golden Age of popular pilgrimage, a time before pilgrims became tainted with indulgences obsession. Within this Golden Age the shrine of St. James was unique and had an aura of novelty. The Apostle, of whom so little was known, had a completely malleable image. The mysterious, and dubious origins of the cult, which should have been a weakness, became a great strength. St James was a wandering pilgrim far from home who had forsaken his simple life as a fisherman for his love of God. At the same time he was the brother of Christ in glory, a crusading knight who epitomised Christian Spain and the inspiration to Charlemagne – the great heroic icon of the age. All of this was untrue in a Biblical and historical sense, but it was powerfully portrayed all along the Camino and through word of mouth across Western Christendom. It did not matter that it was untrue: it was believed. Those who travelled home having seen the seat of the Apostle were convinced he was all of the above and more.

Pilgrims embark on a physical and mental experience which feels unlike anything they come into contact with on a daily basis. The interior journey is reflected and amplified by the camino itself. Much of the scenery is beautiful and untouched. In a world of superstores, industrial estates and urban sprawl (examples of which are all too present around any major European town) many parts of the camino achieve a balance between human influence and nature that is as harmonious as it is rare. Walking through Galicia I felt I had been transported into 'Cider with Rosie' – Laurie Lee's magical depiction of a childhood in Gloucestershire just before the arrival of the motor car ruined everything: a world where people are still physically and spiritually in touch with the place they live in.

Those responsible for the cult's medieval popularity created a

world that makes pilgrims feel special. After nearly a thousand years and long periods of obscurity, the camino remains more than just a beautiful walk. That is why the idea that the rediscovery in recent years of the camino is only because of a surge interest in the outdoors seems to me to be a gross over-simplification. Recreational pilgrimage might be motivated by a love of a good view but I haven't met a single pilgrim who viewed their experience purely in those terms. There are plenty of empty spots of natural beauty across Europe, some of which are pilgrimages but the camino was never intended to be one of them. The standard moan of old camino hands (and old people generally who are bitter that they aren't young anymore but can't face admitting it) that "it was much better twenty years ago" is illogical. Their view that there are too many people on the camino now doesn't make sense in the context of a major pilgrimage. If you want to get away from people don't walk along Europe's best established pilgrimage route. There are other places to go and routes to take. The explosion of interest in the camino is a renaissance of what it was meant to be like: people squashed into hostels, walking together in their thousands, uplifted by being part of something that is bigger than themselves: more like Glastonbury than *Seven Years in Tibet*.

Making the camino and St James attractive and relevant to different people for different reasons was important in the growth of the shrine and still is. Christianity was at the heart of the pilgrimage although many would have been motivated by other reasons. This remains true: the camino is as religious or spiritual as the pilgrim wants it to be. This diversity of experience is permitted by the ambiguity of the camino which has always been at its heart and is the cause of its consistent relevance over the last 900 years. Unlike Mecca, Varanasi or Jerusalem, Santiago de Compostela was not defined by how it was established. St James acquired a new persona in order to boost the popularity of his factually dubious shrine. The place itself was not important and so its promoters had to create something that people wanted. This is why it has been easier to co-opt ideas of New Age spiritualism into the myth of Compostela than it would be in other major centres of pilgrimage.

In the Holy Year,¹⁷ 1999, 154,613 pilgrims received the 'Compostellae', a document that has been issued by the Cathedral as proof of achievement since the thirteenth century. It declares,

notum facit: (pilgrim's name) hoc sacratissimum Templum

17 Year in which a Plenary (full) indulgence is given because the Feast of St James, 25 July, falls on a Sunday.

pietatis causa devote visitasse.

This is the same analysis of pilgrims' motivations that the Cathedral has given for the last 800 years. In 2004 more than 200,000 pilgrims journeyed to Compostela. At a time when church congregations are plummeting across Europe, this is little short of miraculous. The intellectual and spiritual motivations for these pilgrims are very different to the ones that impelled their twelfth century ancestors to step onto the Camino Francés. How many of them will truly be motivated by the *pietatis causa* which is the stated purpose on their *Compostella*? It is impossible to guess.

However, on a very basic level, the reason for the journey is the same. It is a pilgrimage where all the support and aid one could hope for is present, word of mouth reports assure potential pilgrims of its restorative and rewarding properties, and it has a high profile across the known world. Nowadays that means advertising Galicia's natural beauty and good seafood in the Travel sections of Sunday newspapers. Eight hundred years ago they spread miracle stories. Pilgrims went to Compostela because it provided a range of experience that nowhere else could compete with; a location, within a network, that was unique.



Stamps issued by French post office 2013 illustrating the main French routes

Pilgrimage to St Andrews – forging a route from Aberdeen...

Christopher Dyos and Fiona Mitchell

Starting from scratch – *Pilgrimage to St Andrews*, Hugh Lockhart's article in the June CSJ *Bulletin*, described the enthusiastic, undaunted efforts of pioneering pilgrims to re-establish pilgrimage routes to St Andrews. Encouraged by these 'pioneers', we'll describe here a little of how we went about setting up one of these new routes, 'from scratch', from Aberdeen.



Our route to St Andrews forms part of what will become a longer route, starting at the Highland town of Tain (Gaelic: *Baile Dubhthaich*, that is, 'Duthac's town'), passing through Aberdeen on its way to St Andrews, which we are calling *St Duthac's Way*. The shrine of St Duthac at Tain was an important pre-Reformation pilgrimage destination in its own right, and was famously often visited by King James IV.

Early on a Monday morning in May, five of us set off from St Mary's Cathedral in Aberdeen to walk to St Andrews. Although we had spent several weekends over the previous year researching individual sections – a process not without much trial and error – we felt very much like 'pioneering pilgrims' trying out a newly completed route for the very

first time. Inspired by the excellence of CSJ route guides, we constantly checked, amended and added to our draft route guide as we went, “as there will be no yellow arrows”, we told ourselves.

Suitably clad and light of load, complete with scallop shells and pilgrim passports, we set off towards our first day's destination, Stonehaven. Subsequent days saw us make it to Inverbervie, Montrose, Arbroath (the Abbey here, famous for the Declaration of Arbroath of 1320, was once the richest in Scotland), Dundee and finally (our sixth day) to St Andrews, (via the fine Romanesque church of St Athernase at Leuchars), a total distance of about 150 km (93 miles). The route we have put together is mainly on minor roads, tracks and footpaths, but inevitably there are one or two short sections where main roads could not be avoided.

As Hugh indicated in his article, finding suitable accommodation is inevitably more of a problem than on the camino. We stayed mainly in B&Bs, but we have made some contacts at local churches along the route with a view to their potential hosting of future pilgrims groups. The daily stages we are suggesting are inevitably driven by accommodation opportunities, but we think that the six days we took make it manageable by most reasonably fit walkers, and certainly by any camino veterans!

We were, on the whole, blessed with good (un-Galician, un-Scottish even) weather, with only a bit of wind, cold and the odd shower of rain and hail to contend with (well, this is Scotland after all!) before arriving in St Andrews in glorious warm sunshine. A pilgrim's experience on arriving at their destination here is of course somewhat different from walking into Santiago. We found however that the ruins of what was Scotland's largest and most magnificent church can still provide a place of peace and serenity, and for prayer and thanksgiving at the location of the former shrine of St Andrew. We would encourage also a visit to the nearby Catholic Church, fittingly dedicated to St James the Great.

We have thoroughly enjoyed making our little contribution to the revival of an ancient pilgrimage, and would encourage anyone to give one of the routes a try. May St Andrew continue to inspire everyone involved in the development of 'Scotland's Camino' . . .

The Aberdeen route will soon be appearing on the Way of St Andrews website <http://www.thewayofstandrews.com/> or details can be found at <http://www.stfrancisaberdeen.org.uk/resources/St+Duthacs+Way+2.pdf> with a map at <http://www.bikemap.net/en/route/2179928-aberdeen-to-st-andrews-pilgrimage-route/>

A (not so small) miracle of St James

Michael Jordan

This year in March I walked from Saint Jean-Pied-de-Port to Burgos and I would like to tell you (and illustrate for you) a little miracle.



Photo 1 Shows me with a statue of St James on the camino near Ventosa, and as we know, St James is recognised by the scallop shell. Now every year I do a week of stone carving in Wexford with a master stonemason, and this year I decided to carve a figure of St James.

Photo 2 Shows the original block to be carved – a piece of limestone from the mountains south of Kraków in Poland, and is probably about 300 million years old.



Photo 3 Illustrates my finished statue.

This particular stone however had a fault in it, which meant that a hole appeared in the back as the limestone crumbled away. But amazingly, inside the hole was a tiny scallop fossil.

Photo 4 Shows the embedded fossil.

I am not a geologist but it is just possible that this scallop is as old as the stone itself and to think that it just happened to be in the back of the piece that I had decided to carve in honour of Saint James! Needless to say it now sits in pride of place in my garden here in Glasgow.

Walking into Happiness

Susanne Schubert

When I lost my beloved mother to cancer in November 2009, my world fell apart. I always thought she would be there “forever”, but within eleven months she was gone. Although I had lived already for eight years in South Africa, and she in Germany, my home country, we were very close and in touch with each other almost every single day. Little did I know how long my journey of grief would take and how I would come out “on the other side”. Through time and bereavement counselling I got back onto my feet and at the end of 2011 the idea formed in my head to walk the *Camino Francés* of which I had heard, but did not know much. From the beginning I purposefully chose to make it a happy walk and to celebrate my mother’s life and our lives together. It would be a walk of remembrance and reflection, yes, but as well a walk of lightness, love and joy.

The following months were filled with preparations of all sorts. I kept a progress diary with all my travel arrangements, list of content for my rucksack, inspiring quotes, advice and information I received from fellow pilgrims, some of whom I have not even met in person. Most of all, I completed my equipment, did a few walks in Table Mountain National Park, looked after my feet and refreshed my basic Spanish. I think there was not one single day that I have not used the word *camino* from the beginning of January 2012 until I left that August!

Of all the advice I heard, two things stood out: travel light and walk alone.

And after weeks and weeks of preparing and thinking and dreaming and imagining what it all would be like, on Tuesday 21st August 2012, on a lovely warm summer’s day, I arrived with the local train from Bayonne in the beautiful medieval town of Saint Jean-Pied-de Port. It was there and then that I fell in love with my camino. I had no clue how my journey would turn out, but it just felt so right. I had not pre-booked any accommodation, with the exception of my first night, and I am glad I did. *L’Auberge du Pèlerin* was a great choice: friendly, clean, spacious and the host Danièle served tasty French food at the communal dinner table in the evening.

My best memory is the nap in the afternoon, lying in a hammock in the garden amidst orchards and colorful zinnias with a view on the

Pyrenees in the backdrop. Early the next morning, with much excitement and anticipation, I left for Roncesvalles in the company of Anne from England and Roland from France.

I think it is due to the amazing people I met along the Way that my camino became so special and yet, at the same time, it was walking in solitude, being by myself and allowing my thoughts to expand. When former pilgrims had told me that I would walk for hours without seeing a single soul and suddenly, in the next village at the bar, be surrounded by my



new friends, I thought ‘How is this possible?’; but it is true and it certainly forms part of the magic of the camino. I am inclined to believe in a higher power and that while walking, one meets people for a reason, sometimes just to share a meal and sometimes to have an inspiring conversation.

So many people stood out and left a lasting imprint on my camino memory: Tomoko who came all the way from Japan for the third time, for only a week, gave me advice I will never forget, “to listen to the sound of the wind”. After that, I paid attention to the rustling of the leaves and the chirping of the birds! I was impressed by Mia and Jacques from Belgium; he closed the door of his house, as other people would for a day, sometime in June to walk all the way to Santiago! His wife joined him somewhere in the south of France and I would often see them walking side by side, each immersed in their own thoughts. There was another woman from Belgium in her early seventies who walked with her teenage grandson; it was her 7th camino and his first. Later I found out that he had autism. I admired their special bond and her courage. Birgit from Germany with whom I only spent a few hours told me how she came to do the camino. Like almost every German I came across before during and after my camino, she had read the book by German comedian Hape Kerkeling: *Ich bin dann mal weg (I’m off then)* in 2006 and a seed started growing in her heart. After she retired, not knowing what direction to take next, she decided the best solution would be to walk the camino; and this in the face of disbelief by her son who thought she wouldn’t make it. Annika, also

from Germany, got infected with a virus, even before she set out. When I met her first in Astorga and the next day in Rabanal, she had fever. Ending her camino was not at all what she had in mind, and it certainly was the hardest, but wisest decision to take. What I learned from this brave young woman was that sometimes one has to acquiesce and change plans, even if one wishes to go on with all one's heart. When I think of Igor from Slovenia, it always puts a smile on my face. We met in Grañón on Day 9 and arrived with one day apart in Santiago, often having stayed in the same albergues along the way. Despite our limited language skills, we got to know each other and shared so much laughter. Sometimes it does not need many words to feel happy and at ease in someone's company!

I love languages and am happy I can communicate fluently in German, English and French. My Italian and Spanish are rather basic, but I was grateful for every word I have ever learned. Although the most prevalent language of the camino is English, a few words in another language are always welcome and a great start into a conversation. At the end I counted that I could say "Good morning" in ten languages: German, English, French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Afrikaans, Japanese, Slovenian, and even Polish. And then of course, there is the universal pilgrim greeting "¡Hola!" and "¡Buen Camino!" which one says to complete strangers, creating an instant connection. How I miss this friendly conversation opener in my day to day life!

The words I practiced without a doubt the most and with never-ending enthusiasm were: "café con leche" and "bocadillo con queso" or "jamón". I am convinced that without my daily supply of coffee and cheese sandwiches I wouldn't have made it so happily to Santiago! Often I would leave early in the morning without breakfast to savour the freshness of the first hours of the day, to walk 10km or so until I reached "my" bar, which I had located the previous evening thanks to my fantastic guide book by John Brierley. Robin from England whom I met in the most wonderful albergue *Santa Brígida* in Hontanas, nestled in the beautiful Meseta, said to me much later in Furelos where we met for my second breakfast ('elevenses'), "You like your cheese, don't you?" Yes, very much! But it was not only the *bocadillos* and tasty almond pastries (especially those from Astorga) I indulged in, it was also what nature provided for me all along the Way. My whole memory of the camino is forever connected to wild blackberries. They seemed to be growing everywhere in Northern Spain. It brought back the sweetest childhood memories from my parent's garden and thus created a bond with my mother. And then there were the figs, ripe and pink, ready to be eaten from the trees. The abundance of

God's gifts all around me was magic. The generosity of people impressed me also very much. One very warm day when I had walked for hours, starting early in O'Cebreiro to the impressive monastery of Samos, in the last kilometre I came across a fruit basket placed on a chair in the narrow street with a handwritten sign "Fresh Fruit Free" – *Cógela Librementemente*.

I am grateful for the support shown by my husband Alex who wholeheartedly supported my journey. Sometimes I sang. Prior to leaving I had learned two German hymns. Singing them immersed in beautiful peaceful nature was therapeutic. My arms were not wide enough to embrace the world. I often prayed to God. Either in the many Spanish churches I visited for the evening mass or while walking. So, not only did I nourish my body, I also nourished my soul. When I sat down in the evening to write in my diary, I thought to whom I would like to dedicate my next day. My focus was on my mother as it was in loving memory of her that walked the Way. I thought intensely of my father too who died much too young when I was only fourteen. While walking the ancient pilgrim path I relived so many memories with people dear to me, happy and sad, and thousands of thoughts entered and left my mind. That is the advantage of being constantly in motion, one cannot get too attached to one thought or feeling as one carries on, and this is what life is all about.

Wherever I could, I stayed in small villages. If my guidebook indicated a population of a hundred or less, then this is where I would try to find a bed for the night. I think it is really great that thanks to the camino, dilapidated houses get lovingly restored and historic places come to life again. I treasure my memory of tiny San Xulián, where I slept in an old stable transformed into a small bedroom with two bunk beds. To go to the shower I had to cross the village square and walk through the bar into the bathroom. I loved it! The same applies for my choice of route; whenever I could I preferred to take the more scenic and remote route. My three favourites were: the out-of-the-way *Via Romana*, the old road to Villafranca del Bierzo through vineyards and the steep ascent, rewarded by amazing views, via Pradela to Trabadelo through chestnut forests. It was only nature and me. The *Via Romana* taught me an important lesson: patience and acceptance. Although beautiful, the path was rough, the sun was hot and the flies in my face drove me nuts. I gesticulated widely to get rid of them, I cursed, but to no avail until I realised this is how it was going to be and there was nothing I could do about it.

There are a lot of things happening on the camino and afterwards it is difficult to pinpoint what changed where and when. Renate from Austria who walked the Way for the second time told me, 'The first part

is physical, the second emotional and the third spiritual'. I guess I had a similar experience. Right in the beginning I battled with blisters, my rucksack did not fit properly, my sleep was disturbed by snorers (despite super ear plugs) and I had a few encounters with bedbugs. When I got into my rhythm of walking the next day, everything seemed to be falling into place. *Cruz de Ferro* was a turning point. Thanks to a heartwarming stay the night before at the *Refugio Gaucelmo*, run by the London based Confraternity of St James and a conversation with one of the monks in Rabanal, I was ready to confront the purpose of my journey. I had brought a stone from *Lion's Head* and a small item which belonged to my mother. I sat at the cross for a while. I cried. When I walked on, I noticed a change. I had released past pain. I felt immense relief and gratitude. And also a zest for life.

Arriving on Day 29 in Santiago de Compostela in the late afternoon was one of the many highlights of my camino, and the following day spent in this lovely bustling city one of the best days of my life. How do I describe the rainbow of emotions? I was so happy and proud. Like so often before, I cherished being surrounded by living history. Never will I forget the pilgrim mass, the chanting of the nun and the giant incense burner Botafumeiro swinging high above us in this beautiful cathedral. I met my pilgrim friends at every corner. Once again I indulged in Spanish delicacies, especially Tarta de Santiago and tried chestnut ice-cream for the first time. Out of curiosity I went into the pilgrim museum. When I saw digital images of the road just travelled, without warning, tears ran down my cheeks. I was overwhelmed by it all: I had fulfilled my dream, I had walked the camino. The evening was light and fun: Joe from Ireland, Robin and I had tapas and wine and chatted until late in the evening when it was time to say goodbye.

Will I walk again? YES!!! Without a shadow of a doubt. Fellow pilgrims told me that the *Chemin du Puy* or the *Camino Portugués* are beautiful. When the time comes, I will pack my rucksack again, put on my boots and leave for my next journey.

Refugio Gaucelmo Report

Julie Davies

A Moment in Time

HOSPITALEROS:

JUNE

Sue Hemmings (UK), Rowena and Bob Macdonald (UK);
Pirkko Timonen (FIN), Hope Nicholson (UK), Stewart Bliss (UK)

JULY

Denise Lapore (UK), Gerard Lenaghan (IRL) Pat Slater (Scotland),
Tricia Griffiths (UK), David Garcia (UK)

AUG

Gilbert Cabergs (BEL), Liz Grant (UK), Paul Murray (UK)

There are two parts to walking a camino. The pure physical effort that is needed to walk a number of miles in a day, and the emotional side of meeting and adjusting to new people. It's very similar to being a hospitalero - without the same degree of movement, and the different numbers of pilgrims one meets is much larger.

Up to the end of July from 1st April, 2013 there have been 2,865 pilgrims received at Gaucelmo. That makes a grand total of 132,344 since opening in June 1991. We have welcomed pilgrims from 50 countries this year - including our first from Manchuria (on the border of Russia and China). That would have been amazing if they had walked from home! There were no new countries in July, but we did have a pilgrim from Uganda - only the second to ever cross the threshold. Pilgrims this year have also come from Moscow and Beijing! (Thanks to David Wesson for his brilliant stats).

For hospitaleros during June, there was a dramatic change in the weather. Earlier the bitterly cold winds and driving rain, had taken its toll on pilgrim stamina. Suddenly the weather broke, blue skies, sun and warmth made such an impact on everyone. There was an explosion of colour in the surrounding countryside and the birds emerged to the delight of hospitaleros. The rain and the cold did return for a while and hospitaleros at the end of June had to put the heating on to warm the building. However, that is the price one pays for having a Refuge at 1149 metres (3770ft) in altitude!

Such was the demand on our wood supply that another two tons

of wood was ordered and delivered. Sturdy pilgrims volunteered and stacked away the logs . . . their reward ice cold beers bought for them by the grateful hospitaleros. Optimistically the wood burning stove was cleaned at the end of June, hopefully not to be used again until at least September!

During June we had three horses use the paddock at Gaucelmo. Two of the horses and their riders had ridden from St Jean. When they left Rabanal they were heading for Ponferrada where the horses would take a two day rest. Unfortunately, we later learnt one of the horses was unable to continue, and the lady riders completed their pilgrimage on foot. The paddock was appreciated as a safe environment for the night, the grass was eaten right down, and Father Pius had extra “goodies” for his compost heap. The horses became the focal point for pilgrims when visiting the huerta, and no one wanted them to leave.

The relationship with our excellent neighbours at the Monasterio San Salvador de Monte Irago is one which pilgrims and hospitaleros often remark upon. The awesome look on the faces of pilgrims, at the sight of a monk sweeping in for tea and a chat (however not all monks enjoy our English tea!) is amusing. Pilgrims from Gaucelmo, whatever their belief, have told us they find Vespers and Compline, with the pilgrim blessing, extremely moving and important in their camino. Hospitaleros also have the support of the monks, whether it's Father Pius helping to tie up the flopping roses on the wall or a tired hospitalero needing to unburden a concern.

Volunteers who have returned year after year, regard the monks as their special friends in Rabanal. Sadly, Dugald, one of our hospitaleros died during August. His gentle, unassuming manner was remembered by Father Javier in a celebratory mass for Dugald's eternal rest, and also for Betty and relatives, in August.

This year, Saint James's Day was a quiet, reflective time at Rabanal. The traumatic train crash at Santiago left a subdued atmosphere around the village. However, for pilgrims, there was a cushioning effect – as many did not realise what had happened. The world of the camino can be like a cocoon, protecting pilgrims from the rigours of the “real world”.

All pilgrims are interesting, but there a few who stand out.

- A barefoot Korean pilgrim - walking very slowly!
- A pilgrim from the UK, walking from Canterbury to Jerusalem, his journey taking three years.
- A Dutch pilgrim, one and a half hours into his walk after leaving

Rabanal, returned to Gaucelmo after receiving news about his brother-in-laws death. The hospitaleros comforted him and helped make arrangements for his journey home - his camino halted for the moment.

- An American pilgrim convinced her i-pad had been stolen at Gaucelmo, only for the hospitaleros to find it plugged into the socket being recharged. With no address or anything to be able to contact the owner, a clever hospitalero, was able to send a message from the i-pad informing her it had been found. The i-pad was brought back to England by a very conscientious hospitalera, and eventually was posted back to USA and the owner.
- An American couple sending a donation to the Confraternity in London, as they had run out of cash at Gaucelmo.
- And many more.....



Pilgrims on horseback leaving Rabanal

Occasionally, there is the odd “unhappy” pilgrim like the German who refused to get out of bed in the morning and the Belgian who complained that there was no butter at breakfast. However, positive remarks vastly outweigh the odd comment. Henrik Tarp, the Danish Camino Guide author, made his 12th visit to stay at Gaucelmo. “Pilgrimsvejen til Santiago de Compostela” is widely used by Danish pilgrims. Henrik thinks Gaucelmo is one of the best Refuges on the Camino.

In early August a dramatic event for one of the hospitaleros involved a “mercy dash” to Astorga. A young boy in the village came off his bike near Gaucelmo and received a very serious head wound. An Italian doctor staying at Gaucelmo and a young English pilgrim accompanied the hospitalero and the boy’s father to Astorga Health Centre. The hospitalero was able to translate as the Italian doctor spoke good English but no Spanish. During the journey all attempts were made to keep the boy awake, as he was bleeding profusely, vomiting and falling in and out consciousness.

Eventually, the boy was flown by air ambulance to León where he was operated on and put into an induced coma. Meanwhile back at Rabanal, the boy’s mother and relatives of both pilgrims were distraught as no one knew where they were.

The boy is improving and the grateful grandparents insisted on buying dinner for the hospitalero and pilgrims involved. They are convinced that the life of their grandchild was saved by their actions. Understandably, it was a traumatic experience for the hospitalero, but the ending is a positive one. Life as a hospitalero at Gaucelmo is certainly never mundane!

Miraz Report

Richard Jefferies

Miraz is having a successful summer with record numbers of pilgrims enjoying its hospitality. They have come for Galician sunshine from all parts of the world . In fact our first arrivals on Palm Sunday were a family from Japan. Recently we hosted visitors from Uzbekistan, Belarus and the Philippines. One Italian family stayed: their children aged 3 and 5 had little buggies as transport. Numbers to 20th August were 2018 compared to 1598 the previous year.

Miraz is a model modern refugio after its development in Holy Year 2010. This enables us to serve with a full range of facilities that are really appreciated from a solar panelled heating system to a well equipped kitchen. However we are finding that safety and hygiene standards are rigorously enforced by the authorities. This summer inspections from the Xunta have kept us up to scratch. We are in the process of updating the garage and wood store to provide more space and a bicycle store. A fundraising campaign has already raised 1200€ and further donativos are sought.

This summer I visited the Punto de Apoyo Witericus run by Helena (on the Camino about 6km before Miraz). As I outlined the pressures of higher pilgrim numbers issue, it became clear that she was alert to the need for collaboration by all parties involved in the Etapa 32. More capacity is planned in the vicinity. However it is unlikely to come on stream fully this summer. To this end she called a meeting of 15 interested stakeholders in early April. A number of short term solutions have been identified to cope with the summer pressures. This issue is unlikely to go away.

Our hospitaleros too come mostly from all over the UK with a few from Canada and the United States. They find remote Galicia a challenge with little close facilities apart from Pilar's Bar. There are signs of economic growth with a second grocery store in Parga and we can now get grocery delivered from Friol. This enables them to explore the countryside and gastronomy. Being on duty for a fortnight requires a little rest and relaxation. We are grateful for their service to our pilgrims.

Our finances have looked up with levels of income increasing to enable us to keep the refuge under repair. Ted Jones leads our working party and together with Averil has commissioned the systems and

equipment. The two Kens, Spittal and Davies are also seized with their plan to develop the huerta. This will take a lot of their care and attention with the aim of creating a garden fit for recreation. With 4000 pilgrims each year an area for relaxation is a necessary part of our welcome. In addition an iconic sculpture has been produced by the local sculptor, Senor Chacon. I feel a celebration coming at Il Refugio de Peregrinos en Miraz in 2014.

Miraz is run by a committee and sadly we are losing two members this year, Bruce Hunter and Maureen Young. We thank them for their great contributions over many years. In addition we have decided to increase the numbers of wardens to three throughout the peak season. So you can see that we are looking for new enthusiasts to join the refugio's cause. Alan Cutbush is recruiting for 2014 already and would like to complete his schedule by the end of this October. Please contact Alan on alan@cutbush35.fsnet.co.uk. or Gosia on gosia.brykczynska@talktalk.net

The Confraternity's decision to establish a second refuge is paying off with its excellent reputation on the Camino. The numbers and patterns of pilgrims are changing as people become aware of its challenges and inspiration. At this time we are facing important strategic issues (see above) and the Committee is wrestling with these challenges over the winter period. More in the next issue of the CSJ *Bulletin*.

Members' Pages

From Jane Bradshaw

St Arilda's walk and picnic took place this year on 20 July, and we had an unusually large turn-out of over twenty, including four clergy and a handsome retired greyhound. St Arilda is the patron saint of Oldbury on Severn, some fifteen miles north of Bristol. She is said to have been a hermit, murdered in defence of her virginity by the well where



she lived at some period before the Norman invasion. She was celebrated at Gloucester Benedictine abbey, now the Cathedral, with a hymn and collect on her feast day, and is believed to be still buried somewhere in the Cathedral precinct.

We walked the mile and a half from the church at Oldbury to the well, which still has stones stained with her blood (for the literal-minded it's a freshwater alga). We sang her hymn and said her collect, and then shared a picnic, with local cider supplied by Matthew, who brought his two sons as well as his cider, one of whom was celebrating his birthday. A good time, as they say, was had by all. We also dedicated a bench overlooking the well in memory of the Revd. John Suddards, our local vicar, who was murdered in February 2012.

I am sorry I failed to get the St Arilda celebrations, which included a Catholic Mass and the Anglican patronal festival, into the *Confraternity Bulletin*

I will try to do better next year!

From Marigold Fox

The wedding of past CSJ Chairman Dr William Griffiths and Miss Lucy Boyce took place in Wimbledon on 27 July and the wonderful occasion

was witnessed by several CSJ members. (See accompanying photo of radiant couple) Dr Mary Remnant played *Dum Pater Familias* on the



Chime bells and one of the readings was proclaimed by the Rev Colin Jones, our present Chairman. People came from far and wide to share the beauty of the occasion with the happy couple. The CSJ wishes them much happiness and joy in the years ahead.

From Gosia Brykczyńska

It has been brought to the attention of the CSJ office that there is much rubbish left along the camino by thoughtless pilgrims. Does the membership have any ideas what can be practically done about this and if we decided to promote a clean-up campaign what might be its nature? Please send your suggestions to the office by email or in writing – stating clearly as the subject: Camino clean-up campaign.

From Helen Willson

A scene from a medieval re-enactment: musician and juggler at Chilterns Commons special event at the Chilterns Open Air Museum in Bucks. See accompanying photo.

The medieval musician was a bagpipe, drum and reed instrument expert and her cockleshell badge indicated that not only had she done the pilgrimage in her medieval life, but in her 20th century guise too! She wore badges from Canterbury and Walsingham so 'have pilgrim hat, will travel'...



From Pat Quaife

WHO WAS RICHARD OF LINCOLN?

In 2010, Francis Davey brought William Wey to the attention of pilgrims and scholars with the publication of *The Itineraries of William Wey* (Oxford, Bodleian Library Publications).

Three years on he has just published his *Richard of Lincoln: a Medieval Doctor Travels to Jerusalem* (Exeter, Azure Publications), based on a manuscript in The Wellcome Library known as *The Physician's Handbook*. Unlike William, Richard, a doctor and astrologer who was travelling in 1454, did not go to Santiago de Compostela but concentrated his efforts on Jerusalem. The pilgrimage text is in fact the middle section of the long *Physician's Handbook* and Francis has translated the 16 Middle English folios in which Richard describes his journey. The translation is completed by a scholarly introduction and notes, together with reproductions of the original folios for which the Wellcome Library gave permission.

The normal retail price of *Richard of Lincoln* is £10-50, but Confraternity members may purchase a copy for £7-50, plus £1-50 postage and packing (£9); for overseas postage, please add £3-00, not £1-50. Copies are available from Francis Davey at 1 North Street, Topsham, Exeter, Devon EX3 0AP. Cheques should be made payable to him, and any queries directed to (01392) 873251.

Obituaries

Terence Morris RIP 1931-2013

Although he joined the CSJ in 1990, Terence never actually arrived in Compostela. As a busy professor of criminology at the LSE he had explored routes in France and the Basque Country by bike, always carrying his pilgrim shell. When last year, severely incapacitated by motor neurone disease, he wondered if his shell could somehow arrive in Santiago, even if he never did, we were able to arrange for cyclists Peter Toon and Yvan Fontanel to carry the shell with them to Santiago Cathedral from Arles.

As a member of the congregation of St Peter's RC church in Winchester, Terence helped to recover and reclaim the St James' Burial Ground. This was originally the churchyard of a Saxon church of St James, located just outside the West Gate of Winchester and an important 'station' in the Palm Sunday procession of the monks from the Old Minster. The church was demolished in 1396 and the land subsequently given to St Cross Hospital. A famous burial was that of recusant Sir Nicholas Tichborne, who died on St James's Day in nearby Winchester gaol in 1587.

From the 17th century the ground was used for Catholic burials, particularly of the parish priests and a community of nuns who lived in the parish. Having been one of the team who physically cleared the burial ground of trees and helped to record all the memorials, Terence requested permission to be buried there. And so he was, his hearse splendidly accompanied by a contingent of cyclists from his much loved mid week cycling fellowship following the hearse up the Romsey Road hill.

He may not have completed the pilgrimage to Santiago, but he did lead a CSJ cycling pilgrimage from Winchester to Canterbury in May 1993. He described the experience as being 'like a destroyer shepherding a convoy' and there were many incidents eg a broken chain and multiple punctures. The cyclists met with a walking group who started from Reading, led by Stephen Badger and all went together from Aylesford Friary. All met together in Canterbury cathedral for an ecumenical Holy Year service, devised by the then Provost of Portsmouth Cathedral, David Stancliffe.

Terence's funeral, which he planned himself, bore witness to his strong sense of social justice, concern for the poor and marginalised and devout faith. His scallop shell was buried with him.

MARION MARPLES

Dugald Francis MacDougall, BVMS, PhD, MRCVS

Dugald died unexpectedly on August 8. Many of you reading this will know Dugald through his work as a hospitalero. However, before becoming involved with the CSJ, Dugald was a doctor of Veterinary Medicine who qualified from the University of Glasgow in 1966, and later developed a speciality in veterinary pathology. He was ordained Deacon in Leeds Cathedral on December 8th 1996 after moving from Newmarket because of his work. He was then appointed to St Joseph's, Wetherby.

Dugald was a loving husband to Betty, father, grandfather and brother. Dugald and Betty joined the CSJ in 2004. In January 2008 they attended their first hospitalero training day. They went on to be hospitaleros at Gaucelmo in 2008, 09, 10, 11, 12 and this year did one of the coldest duties of the year. So pleased was Hotel Gaspar's at seeing Dugald they put rice pudding back on the menu after remembering it was his favourite.

Dugald was a humble man with a discreet smile. Being a hospitalero was never about himself but always about meeting the needs of others. He was always quietly there and pilgrims took with them all the best he offered.

Dugald and Betty built up a special relationship with Gene and Rosann from the USA and the four of them regularly did a duty together at Gaucelmo. Dugald was equally good at practical and human first aid. When Rosann fell in the barn, it was Dugald with Betty's help who patched up the wounds. They all shared the same work ethic about keeping Gaucelmo pristine and ready for the new pilgrims. When Betty and Dugald were on duty, one knew that everything was going to operate efficiently and with much love and concern for Gaucelmo and the pilgrims.

Dugald's empathy and sensitivity was also in evidence when in 2012 he and Betty volunteered to be Amigos at Santiago de Compostela. During the two weeks they were there the two of them welcomed 21357 arriving pilgrims. In doing so they both commanded the respect and affection of staff and pilgrims alike.

Whilst at Gaucelmo they formed a special friendship of many years with Father Javier. Father Javier celebrated a mass for Dugald's eternal rest in the little church of Santa Maria, opposite Gaucelmo.

"We loved Dugald and will certainly miss him. He was kind, forthright, caring and conscientious." (Gene & Rosann McCullough)

At his Requiem Mass there were many references to his being a

pilgrim all his life, always challenging himself and trying to go deeper in his understanding of his faith. Everyone knew Dugald to be a good listener, kind, thoughtful and dedicated to helping others. Dugald will be greatly missed by all those who had the good fortune to have met him.

JULIE DAVIES

Magdalena Stork de Yepes RIP 1923-2013

Magdalena Stork de Yepes, of joint Scottish and Spanish origin, and a long-standing CSJ member based in Galicia, has died in La Coruña just three weeks short of her 89th birthday.

As the author of 'Jakobsland', an account of the history and legends of St James in Galicia, Magdalena had for many years a great interest in the pilgrimage to Santiago, a city she came to know well, along with her late husband, Valeriano. A fluent English speaker, she was a tower of strength to the Holy Year pilgrimages made by the Confraternity on the Camino Inglés in 1993 (from La Coruña) and 1999 (from Ferrol).

On a wet day in August 1999, a bedraggled group of CSJ walkers had assembled in the tiny village of Hospital de Bruma, close to where the La Coruña and Ferrol routes meet, in the *concello* of Mesía. After a display of local dancing we all went into the church of Hospital where the mayor presented me with a large, heavy wooden shield to commemorate the occasion. But we were on foot, so what to do with the memorial shield? After the local dignitaries and dancers had left, Magdalena provided the solution: 'I shall take it back with me to La Coruña and look after it as long as necessary', she said. And this she did for many years until 2011, I think, when she made the sensible suggestion that it should go back to Hospital de Bruma, to be looked after by her cleaning-lady's aunt who lived in the village. So there rests the shield, and honour was salvaged from a potentially awkward situation.

Magdalena was a good friend to the Confraternity and to me for many years and I shall miss her, as will other CSJ members who met her in Galicia on different occasions. Our condolences to her whole family, particularly her daughter Silvia and her sister Carmen, who worked in the British Embassy in the past and who had made the acquaintance of Walter Starkie, author of *The Road to Santiago* in 1957.

PAT QUAIFFE

Book Reviews

Catholic Reading – a Pilgrimage Trail

Scallop Shell Press, Reading, 2013, 52pp, ISBN 978 0 9572772 1 2.

£3.99 inc p+p from www.scallopshellpress.co.uk or CSJ bookshop

This full colour booklet has been produced by John and Lindsay Mullaney of St James's Church, Reading to celebrate the 2012-2013 Year of Faith and coincidentally the 175th anniversary of the laying of the foundation stone of St James's church.

After an interesting brief chapter on the Catholic history of Reading, including the Abbey, devotion and pilgrimage to St James and St James's church, the authors have devised short walking pilgrimages through central Reading to link places of historical significance.

The Abbey walk includes the abbey ruins, cloisters and abbey mill arch. It then continues to take in places connected with the return of Catholicism in the 18th and 19th centuries.

As well as the Abbey and associated sites there are routes to explore the area around St William's church near the University, Our Lady & St Anne in Caversham, (also a site of medieval pilgrimage), the English Martyrs church and the history of the Carmelite monastery and present day schools.

The nearby villages of Tilehurst, Whitley and Earley and their churches contribute to the picture as well as a chapter on the post war Polish community based at Sacred Heart church in Watlington Street.

Catholic Reading extends its reach to the nearby Woodley Lodge, Whiteknights, Ufton Court, and Mapledurham, the families being Recusants and as such an intrinsic part of the way the Catholic church survived and thrived in the Reading area.

The booklet is a useful handbook to Catholic history in Reading for the visitor, with some surprising new snippets of information – for me anyway. For example, the owner and editor of the Reading Mercury paper from 1762-1809 was Anna Maria Smart, wife of the poet Christopher Smart; she smuggled in some of the first priests from France to Reading in 1792.

MARION MARPLES

An Uncertain Age

Ulrica Hume, Blue Circle Press, 2011 365pp, ISBN 9780966919356

This is a debut novel by Ulrica Hume who is an award winning writer having had work appear in the San Francisco Examiner, Poets and Writers Magazine and The Bloomsbury Review and elsewhere. As I am not a fan of short stories her work came as a very pleasant surprise and I eagerly await her next novel.

This book took me by surprise as being not so much a story about physical pilgrimage to St James's shrine as more about spiritual searching by the narrator Justine, for a new way of life, through meeting people who are Hindu, Buddhist, lapsed Christian and agnostic. The characters are well drawn, rather eccentric but I thought believable.

It develops into a mystery story and keeps one turning the pages in the hopes of being led to Santiago. Americ Picaud makes an unexpected appearance and helps to compound the mystery. As the title suggests, it is a book about being at the crossroads of life and finding a new path. In this way it is very much about a personal pilgrimage and therefore similar to the state of mind of many people who take the road to Santiago not really knowing where it will lead them.

I found it an easy read and apart from the weight of the book. It is a good one to take on holiday with you if you haven't had one already this year!

CHRISTINE PLEASANTS

Murielle's Angel

Mary J Howell, Cinnamon Press 2013 ISBN 978-1-907090-83-7

£8.99 (£6.99 from Amazon)

The cover of this paperback shows a delicate painted image of a white pathway which leads on towards the horizon between golden fields, inviting the reader into a novel set against the backdrop of the Camino.

The protagonist, Rosemary Wallace, is going through a midlife crisis and as a rather reluctant lone pilgrim sets out with considerable trepidation to see if she can cope with the Santiago experience and find a 'new way'. This is the account of her journey of self discovery with a cast of other pilgrims whose stories are woven into her long walk across Spain.

This is a good, easy read and has of course the added pleasure for those who are familiar with the Camino, of being a guessing game of 'where' and 'who', with its vivid descriptions of landscapes, towns and cities and the introduction of those universal pilgrims' frustrations, pains, issues and pleasures. The pace of the book is good and the pages turn over fast as one

follows the pilgrims' relationships through their lived experience from Saint-Jean to Galicia, as the landscape and their own 'burdens' impact on their own and others' lives.

I found it hard to fully relate to the inner and outer lives of the main characters; at times I felt that the author was trying too hard to people her book with her own 'Camino Show' – a cast of colourful, multifaceted individuals with lots of action and incident – but didn't *quite* pull it off. The result is writing that, in places, is laboured.

Numerous basic typos of spelling and punctuation were an irritation throughout – such a shame that the proof reader or editor didn't amend these.....ie *'..to tuck ..the paper into one of her boots the colour and pallor of her face.....p64; Lets p 103, 'Refelction' p159, Reigning in p121*

The observant reader will soon find themselves noticing these errors – and it doesn't make a book look good (or read smoothly) – I do hope that these can be put right in any future editions!

Some inaccuracies also jarred (surely the botafumeiro swings across the transept, not *'from one end of the nave towards the other'* p201...?) as did some odd usages of vocabulary and some unconvincing purple prose and infelicitous phrases....(*'the swear words flooded her veins'* p121) which for me detracted from the otherwise overall pleasing flow of the story. The use of French and Spanish could add a real sense of authenticity to the novel but again many words were misspelled, for example:...*'à veau l'eau', 'joi de vivre', 'matamorros', 'arcobispal', 'bone fide'*. A shame!

'Murielle's Angel' is a lively and evocative read, set against world events such as the Iraq War, which help to anchor it in the 'real' world. There is a real sense of urgency and moving on through the landscapes of Northern Spain and of the physical and emotional 'journey' that any pilgrim undertakes. Mary Howell has taken great pains to try to bring to life the everyday scents, sounds and views experienced by travellers and relate these to the internal and external experiences of her pilgrim characters.

The pleasing metaphor of Stefan's light meter through which Rosemary tries to *'see the world anew'* holds some hope that she – and her companions – can draw strength to move into their post-pilgrim lives. I'd recommend this to anyone who would like a good read about imaginary people walking the very real Camino Francés.

HELEN WILLSON

Film Review

Eivind Luthen of The Pilgrim's Society in Norway

Dreaming of the Camino

Director: Erlendur Sveinsson, Iceland 2012

This is a warm, philosophical and sincere film. It provides a rare and convincing picture of a pilgrim's progress along the Way of St James to Santiago de Compostela. We encounter both depth and intimacy. *Dreaming of the Camino* is one of the best films I have ever seen on this subject. I am giving it my best recommendations.

In 2005, Thor Vilhjálmsson (1925-2011) wandered as a pilgrim to Santiago de Compostela. This was the fulfillment of a 40-year long dream for the author, who is regarded as one of Iceland's most famous writers, ranging just behind Halldór Laxness. Thor Vilhjálmsson has been awarded many literary prizes, the most prestigious being The Nordic Council's Literary Prize.

A film crew followed the author on his 800 km trek from Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port to Santiago. Thor Vilhjálmsson is wondering about the camino, how will it affect him? What kind of people will he meet along the way? He will also experience the camino through his own books, his own writings. The Way will acquire its own life seen through ancient texts taken from Icelandic (and Nordic) saga literature. But Thor Vilhjálmsson is not an eccentric island-dweller, he is well versed in English, Italian, Spanish and French. He is securely anchored in European culture; his pilgrimage is also a journey of enlightenment. When meeting Italian pilgrims it's natural to discuss both Dante *and* Snorre Sturlasson.

In the film we get to know the pilgrim Thor Vilhjálmsson well, but without becoming too intimate. The pilgrim likes to take it easy in the mornings, he is an old man, he has turned 80 and has no need to hurry. The journey has become a goal in itself. If he doesn't find a bed in a hostel, he sleeps at a hotel. Thor Vilhjálmsson takes the time he needs to study the details, to enjoy the short meetings along the camino. It's a slow low-pulse walk. He can feel the presence of the many people who have walked the camino throughout the centuries.

The method of parallel editing gives us an impression of two separate, yet concurrent stories. The pilgrim's progress in Spain alternates with scenes from Iceland; we see the rucksack which is much

too heavy, we see glimpses of snowy landscapes. His composer friend Atli Heimir Sveinsson sits at the piano at home and accompanies him with pleasant music. The story teller drops in from time to time to comment on and to question the pilgrim's actions.

The film *Dreaming of the Way* is characterized by its lyrical shifting landscapes and the churches with rich Gothic ornamentation. There is also time for the day-to-day conversations in cafés. In Spanish restaurants the television set is always on. The *Star Wars* movie flickers across the screen, giving us associations to St James Matamoros' star wars with the Saracens.

We hear reflections and thoughts; this belongs to the inner life of a pilgrim, his journey into himself. Siesta-time is a challenging time.



The sun is at its highest, the pilgrim is thirsty, he is tired, he is lonely. A drink from a cold fountain slakes the thirst of the soul.

The music is also worth a mention as it shifts from the sacred to the profane and brings out the tender atmosphere in the film, almost an invisible dimension, a backdrop you can't really see. Thor Vilhjálmsson's writing is also marked by an existential loneliness, the depth of the soul. The pilgrim seeks the same horizons. Perhaps it's better to replace loneliness with solitude, the feeling of peace, that you can be on your own in a private place? It gives the pilgrim a breathing space, a time to reflect. An important goal of pilgrimages is to heal oneself, a form of psychotherapy, perhaps?

From the Secretary's Notebook

St James's Day 2013

The celebration of the Feast of St James this year was sadly overshadowed by the news of many deaths in the Santiago rail accident. Although the festivities in Santiago were cancelled, nearly 50 people met for a delicious tapas lunch at Don Pepe's Galician restaurant just off the Edgware Road in London. We then walked down in sultry heat from the relative heights of Maida Vale through Marylebone to St James's Spanish Place. Fr Christopher Colven told us of the church's historic Spanish connections and we were able to get splendid views of the magnificent Gothic style building by climbing up to the triforium and organ loft. The group then adjourned to a nearby pub for tea and other refreshment, returning to St James for a splendid but sombre Festival Mass, given in memory of those who had so suddenly died. The Spanish Ambassador, our Hon President, was also present and joined everyone for excellent fizz and refreshments in the crypt. Many thanks to Mary Moseley for planning an excellent day.

Scottish Gathering

One of our new Trustees, Ken Spittal, will be attending the Scottish Pilgrimage Gathering on 27 September in Dunfermline. There will be presentations on Faith Tourism by Visit Scotland and contributions by Peter Yeoman of Historic Scotland and Ian Bradley of St Andrews University. New pilgrim routes are being pioneered including the Fife Pilgrim Way and Two Saints Way and there will be opportunities for discussion and feedback. See www.scottishpilgrimagegathering.co.uk for more details and to book.

St James Liverpool: new life

This prominent city centre church, built in 1775, had been in the care of the Churches Conservation Trust for c 40 years, suffering from the decline of the local neighbourhood. Now returned to the Diocese of Liverpool it is part of plans to regenerate the Parliament Street area, with worship at 4pm each Sunday.

The nearby Anglican cathedral is built on St James's Mount. The hill is Triassic stone and has been extensively quarried to build the City Hall, St John's Church and the Corn Exchange among others. When the best stone was exhausted in the 1820s, the space was developed into a fine cemetery, with ceremonial ramps and catacombs. In 1936

the cemetery was full and the space turned into a public park. I discovered this wonderful cool oasis on a hot July day after visiting the Cathedral.

More snippets of local St James information

The Wessex group, meeting monthly in Salisbury, is planning to visit as many churches of St James in the Diocese as possible ie in Wiltshire and Dorset. Contact Carol Vose carolevose@btinternet.com if you would like to join them.

Pilgrimage Series : BBC4

This year a series of three programmes on Pilgrimage has been made for BBC4. The first will cover pilgrimage in the UK, including Walsingham, the second the routes to Santiago and Rome and the third will be on pilgrimage to Jerusalem and the Middle East. As with all this type of programme these days there will be a celebrity presenter, Simon Reeve. The CSJ has been extensively consulted on the text so I hope that we have helped to make an interesting and absorbing story. The transmission dates have not yet been announced, but do look out for it. We shall announce it on our new facebook page CSJ-UK and on twitter when we have the details,

1200 years of Pilgrimage to the tomb of St James in Santiago de Compostela:

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF ASSOCIATIONS AND CONFRATERNITIES OF SAINT JAMES, KRAKOW, POLAND

Gosia Brykczynska and I have just returned from an excellent conference in Krakow. There were participants from 16 countries, including Japan, Slovenia, Hungary and Italy/Sardinia. It is good to hear how these much younger organisations are energised and encouraging knowledge of the camino both in Spain and on the home territory. It was especially pleasing to be present at a glorious Sunday Mass at the church of St James, Wieclawice Stare, just north of Krakow. Not only has this church been recently declared to be a Sanctuary of St James, but several members of their Malopolska Confraternity have been enrolled into the Archicofradia in Santiago, and Parish priest Fr Richard Honkisz has been a Senior Brother in the Archicofradia. The Malopolska Confraternity has also been charged with the decoration of a pilgrim chapel and two ante-chapels in the new building

of the John Paul II Church and Study Centre just south of Krakow. There will be further details from the Conference in the December *Bulletin*. There are a lot of photos from the event on CSJ-UK facebook page.



Hiroko, Marion, Padraig and Gosia at the International Conference of Associations in Krakow.

New Pilgrim Record Secretary

We are pleased to welcome Stan Hawarth as the New Pilgrim Record Secretary. His details are on the back of the Bulletin and he will take over from Tony Morwood-Leyland during October.

New Librarian

After many years of setting up and developing our Library, Howard Nelson is stepping down as Librarian. We are very grateful to him for the many years of care he has spent on the Library, not least our world class on line cataloguing system. Our new Librarian is Margaret Simonot, who has been taking over during the summer and acquainting herself with the collection, its presentation and maintenance.

CSJ events

Saturday 28 September

Office Open Day

An Open Day to meet pilgrims planning their journeys and returned pilgrims, buy Guides, use the Library etc at 27 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 8NY, 10.30-4pm

Saturday 5 October

Returned Pilgrim Day

Share your pilgrim experiences this year at St James's Priory, Bristol 1, 10-4pm

If you've completed a CAMINO this year or are about to walk one, you are invited to the Returned Pilgrim's Day in Bristol (St James' Priory) on Saturday 5th Oct 10am - 4pm. for a chance to talk to other pilgrims, find out more about other routes and hear Flakito on his accordion singing about it! The Priory is next door to Marlborough St Bus Station and is Bristol's oldest church with its own historic pilgrimage links. Please let us know on office@csj.org.uk if you are planning to come. Also, please bring something to eat or drink that can be shared and anything you'd like to read out (or sing) that relates to your pilgrim experience.

There will be a cost of between £5-10 but it'll be fun!

If you know others who have been on the camino recently and have not yet joined the CSJ, this would be a chance to invite them.

Sunday 22 October

Thanksgiving Service

In the presence of the Dean of Santiago Cathedral, D Segundo Pérez López, give thanks for 30 years of CSJ, our two refuges and all that has gone before us, with rededication of ourselves as pilgrims as we look at the next 30 years! To be held at St Mary's RC church, Clapham, SW4. Please let us know if you would like to read, pray, sing or participate in any way. Contact office@csj.org.uk There will be a meal afterwards but the venue is tbc at the time of going to press.

Fri 25-Sun 27 October

**Walk the Saints Way,
Cornwall**

The Saints Way is c 44km long and links Padstow on the N Cornish Coast to Fowey in the south. It is believed to have been used by pilgrims travelling by ship to Spain from Wales or Ireland to avoid the treacherous rocks around Lands End. Accommodation in B&Bs or private accommodation can be found, also transport will be available for reaching the start and returning at the end of each day. NB The concert, originally scheduled for Sunday afternoon) will now be on Saturday evening.

Friday 25 October

Please make your own way to Padstow for a 9-10am start (tbc) (*Night Riviera sleeper dep 23.45 Paddington arr 6.21am Bodmin Parkway, bus to Padstow or onward transport will be arranged from the station*)

Saturday 26 October

Walk to Llanivet

dep Llanivet 9.30am to Fowey

7.30 pm Concert at St Neot Church (west of Liskeard).

Programme includes

John Read: Pilgrimage Cantata – 11 movements describing the highs and lows of pilgrimage

Bob Chilcott: Jazz Mass

Performed by Canoryon Lowen.

Sunday 27 October

9.00 RC Mass Scleder Abbey (nr Looe);

11.00 am Sung Eucharist St Neot

12.30 Pilgrim Lunch in St Neot

Opportunity for pilgrim networking and sharing

St Neot church has a fine series of early 16th century stained glass windows depicting the life of St Neot and a unique series of the life of St George. There is also a St Neot holy well close to the church.

Contact the office in good time if you would like to be part of the weekend, would like to walk or can offer car or accommodation support.

Saturday 26 October**Office Open Day**

An Open Day to meet pilgrims planning their journeys and returned pilgrims, buy Guides, use the Library etc at 27 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 8NY, 10.30-4pm

Saturday 30 November**Office Open Day**

An Open Day to meet pilgrims planning their journeys and returned pilgrims, buy Guides, use the Library etc at 27 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 8NY, 10.30-3pm

Saturday 30 November**Storrs Lecture**

Chartres Cathedral, Pilgrimage, and St James Lecture to be given by Dr Tom Nickson, Courtauld Institute at the Bankside Community Space, 18 Great Guildford Street, London SE1 0FD, tickets on the door or in advance, £5, 4pm

2014**Saturday 25 January****Annual General Meeting,
Lecture & Party**

11am -7.30pm, St Alban's Centre, Baldwin's Gardens, London EC1N

Other Events**Fri 11- Sun 13 October****Camino Weekend**

A weekend to explore historical and spiritual aspects of the pilgrimage through meeting and fellowship, with a showing of the film "The Way", a walk from Monmouth to Tintern via Penalt; believed locally to be a Camino route; a talk on the Camino; and another about the practicalities of being a pilgrim. To be led by recently returned pilgrim Patrick Thomas. Llansor Mill is a beautiful small scale venue near Caerleon in South Wales.

Cost max £210 for S room, camping possible. llansor@btinternet.com or tel 01633 450638, www.Llansor.org

New Members

Information is provided for members' personal use only

Greater London

Mrs. D M Baker	07976 247977
22 Waldemar Avenue, Ealing, London W13 9PY	
Ms. M. Cassar	01845 550529
80 Lichfield Grove, Finchley, London, N3 2JN	
Mr. A. Danilovich	07837 641361
13 Pelham Crescent, London, SW7 2NP	
Mr. I. Eysteinsson	
59 Hillcourt Road, East Dulwich, London, SE22 0PF	
Mr. A F Hunt	07976 845965
5 Willingham Close, Kentish Town, London, NW5 2UY	
Ms. A M Mosley	020 7265 0469
127 Riverside Mansions, Milk Yard, Wapping, London, E1W 3SZ	
Mrs. M J Reddington	07980 100875
4 Ashtead Court, Windlesham Grove, London, SW19 6BJ	
Ms. G C Tracey	
Flat B, 9 Alexandra Grove, Hackney, London, N4 2LQ	
07760 106474	
Mr. A H Woollcombe	07912 242416
3a Prospero Road, London, N19 3QX	

Home Counties

Mr. S F Alban-Davies	01892 663892
Summersales House, Crowborough, TN6 1UT, E. Sussex	
Mr. J L Capell	01494 715636
"Early Mist", 9 New Road, Great Kingshill, Bucks. HP15 6DR	
Mr. A P Collins	07968 777752
18 Beaufort Road, St. Leonards on Sea, TN37 6QA, E. Sussex	
Mr. N S Comley	07837 757437
31 Gawcott Road, Buckingham, MK18 1DR, Bucks.	
Ms. A M Davis	01227 71986067
Blackthorn Road, Hersden, Canterbury, CT3 4GA, Kent	
Mrs. R I Gardner	01635 44992
79 Newtown Road, Newbury, RG14 7DD, Berks.	
Mr. S. Harris	01753 521492
35 St. Elmo Crescent, Slough, SL2 1NN, Berks.	
Mr. P. Laraway	07771 347963
50 Rignals Lane, Galleywood, Chelmsford, CM2 8QT, Essex	
Mr. T. Linley	07425 312817
Wind Whistle, Garden Close Lane, Newbury, RG14 6PR, Berks.	
Miss. L A Martin	
Broadstone, Park Road, Forest Row, E. Sussex	
RH18 5BX	

Rev. R C Paget	01892 722140
The Vicarage, Brenchley, TN12 7NN, Kent	
Mr. J P Palmer	07802 698151
9 Half Moon Hill, Haslemere, GU27 2JW, Surrey	
Mrs. H. Powell	01483 727347
33 Brewery Rd, Horsell, Woking, GU21 4LL, Surrey	
Rev. P S Rennie	020 8668 4016
46 Higher Drive, Purley, CR8 2HF, Surrey	
Mr. R. Snape	01245 328633
116 Celeborn Street, Chelmsford, CM3 7AW, Essex	

South-West

Mr. R M Archbold	07941 645981
225 Dovercourt Road, Horfield, Bristol, BS7 9SE, Avon	
Mr. N. Belton	01626 899153
48 Heywood Drive, Starcross, Exeter, EX6 8SD, Devon	
Ms. M. Hill	01297 443069
Little Orchard, Hill Road, Lyme Regis, DT7 3PG, Dorset	
Mrs. S A Mapson	07969 205951
4 New Building, Fishponds, Bristol, BS16 2BT, Avon	
Mr. & Mrs. B E Matheson	01840 230322
Glencove, Dizzard, Bude, EX23 0NX, Cornwall	
Miss J A Singleton	07581 254453
119 Wimborne Road, Corfe Mullen, Wimborne BH21 3DU, Dorset	
Dr. & Mr. P. H. Watson	01872 276592
10 Prospect Place, Truro, TR1 1HW, Cornwall	
Mr. R B Winter	01225 465791
24 Manor Road, Weston, Bath, BA1 4BN, Avon	

South

Mr. & Mrs. N J Burden	01225 811341
21 Pitts Croft, Neston, Corsham, SN13 9ST, Wilts	
Miss S M Foster	01962 844547
Ground Floor Flat, 9 St. Peter Street, Winchester, SO23 8BW, Hants.	
Miss. N. Kausihan	07954 435866
Flat 90, The Crescent, Gunwharf Quays, Portsmouth, PO1 3SZ, Hants.	

Wales

Ms. I. Ford	01348 874561
13 Hamilton Street, Fishguard, SA65 9HL, Pembrokeshire	
Fr. M J Gollop	01291 622064
The Vicarage, St. Arvans, Chepstow, NP16 6ET, Monmouthshire	
Mrs. A. Harman	01597 829363
Llygaid Glas, Brookland Road, Llandrindod Wells, LD1 6DB, Powys	
Mr. E. Scourfield	01639 884305
Sixth Form Centre, Newton Avenue, Neath Port Talbot, SA12 6EY, W. Glamorgan	

Midlands

Mr. G J Banfield 01291 621450
19 Laurel Park, St. Arvans, Chepstow, NP16 6ED,
Monmouthshire
Mr. K B Black 01942 720189
39 Heath Street, Golborne, WA3 3BS, Cheshire
Revd. C D Dean 07772 714388
4a Harrowden Road, Wellingborough, NN8 5BJ,
Northants.
Mr. P. Holliday 01242 678496
6 Deacons Place, Bishops Cleeve, Cheltenham,
GL52 8UQ, Glos.
Mr. B. Hunter 07543 012634
13 Langport Green, Corby, NN18 0DX, Northants.
Mr. M C Jeffries 07561 177077
13 Fieldgate Road, Bishops Cleeve, Cheltenham,
GL52 8JJ, Glos
Mr. & Mrs. I D Jenkins 01633 772652
11 Jubilee Drive, Bredon, GL20 7QJ, Glos.
Mrs. S O Minton 01788 816497
4 The Crescent, Calverstone Road, Rugby, CV22 7FG,
Warwicks.
Mr. J P Navarro 07860 369461
49 Stanhome Drive, West Bridgford, Nottingham,
NG2 7FU, Notts.
Mr. P G Sutton 01298 812855
8 Danesway, Chapel-en-le-Frith, High Peak,
SK23 0JH, Derbyshire

North

Mrs. P E Aldous 01765 641255
Brookside, Main Street, Wath, Ripon, HG4 5EN, N. Yorks
Miss. R. Bavin 07724 332224
Flat 5, Brincliffe Court, Netheredge Road, Sheffield,
S7 1RX, S.Yorks
Mrs. C. Johnson 0191 586 1849
136 Beverley Way, Peterlee, SR8 2AY, Co. Durham
Miss. F. Mafullul 07724 248516
204 Houldsworth Mill, Waterhouse Way, Stockport
SK5 6DD
Mr. D E Maguire 01904 422533
134 Stockton Lane, York, YO31 1BX, N. Yorks
Dr. & Mrs. J. Richardson 01535 642543
Sykes House, Sykes Lane, Leeming, Oxenhope,
BD22 9SH, W. Yorks
Mr. P. Roberts 01516 700806
44 Grosvenor Road, Prenton, Birkenhead, CH43 1TL
Merseyside

Ms. K P Turner 0191 1534 4212
Holy Family Church, Glanmore Road, Sunderland,
SR4 9PS

Scotland

Mr. & Mrs. A P Campbell 01557 330271
15 Woodlands Avenue, Kirkcudbright, DG6 4BP,
Dumfries & Galloway
Mr. & Mrs. J. Harding 07977 295196
24/4 Valleyfield Street, Edinburgh, EH3 9LR
Mr. & Mrs. P. Merchant 0131 653 2939
9a Bush Street, Musselburgh, EH21 6DB, Lothian
Mr. & Mrs. L. Wood 0131 337 5119
29 Ormidale Terrace, Edinburgh, EH12 6EA

Europe

Mrs. A-C Anvret 0046 705 523472
Vinhundsvägen 109, Sköndal, 12862 SWEDEN
Mr. R. Cachia-Caruana 0035 621 454088
3 St. Roque, Medina, MDN1120 MALTA

North America

Mr. J. Monk 001 519 657 4927
474 Hibiscus Avenue, London, ON N6H3N9 Canada
Ms. K D Moorhouse 001 360 378 5515
P O Box 1363, Friday Harbor, WA 98250 U.S.A.
Mr. C R Slater 001 828 251 5356
171 Woodland Road, Asheville, NC 28804 U.S.A.

Australasia

Ms. J. Cowie 0061 414 397090
69 Seaward Loop, Sorrento, WA 6020
Mr. & Mrs. T A Gallette 0061 402 115109
2805/1 Kings Cross Road, Rushcutters Bay, NSW 2011
Mr. R T Goss 0061 418 356527
Apt. 606, 65 Beach Street, Port Melbourne, VIC 3207
Mrs. E. Hassett
4 Torrington Road, Strathfield, NSW 2135
Fr. B. Hughes 0061 393 113091
17 Drummartin Street, Albion, VIC 3020
Mr. K. J. Hunneybell 0061 298 252998
35A Infantry Parade, Holsworthy, NSW 2173
Mr. & Mrs. C. Kelly 0061 358 833422
28 Berrigan Road, Finley, NSW 2713
Mrs. J K Mollah 0061 419 271459
P. O. Box 453, Redcliffe, QLD 4020
Mr. & Mrs. J M Pollard 0061 494 109947
14 Castor Bay Road, Castor Bay, North Shore, 620
Mr. M J Sayles 0061 402 367265
15/24 Wisbeach Street, Balmain, NSW 2041

Confraternity of Saint James

Registered Charity number 1091140

Company limited by guarantee, registered in England & Wales, number 4096721

Information and Publications available from Registered Office:

27 Blackfriars Road, LONDON SE1 8NY

usual opening hours Thursday 11am to 3pm (other times by appointment)

telephone (020) 7928 9988 email office@csj.org.uk website www.csj.org.uk

Honorary President H E The Spanish Ambassador

Secretary Marion Marples
45 Dolben Street, LONDON SE1 0UQ

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

Committee 2013 Charity Trustees and Company Directors

Chairman Colin Jones, 13 Dunsley Drive, Wordsley, STOURBRIDGE, West
Midlands DY8 5RA pacharan@btinternet.com

Vice-Chairman Gosia Brykczynska, 148 Carlyle Road, LONDON W5 4BJ
gosia.brykczynska@talktalk.net

Other Members Ruth Abrahams, Tom Barton, Alan Bibby, Dick Crean, Liz Crean,
Paul Graham, Richard Jefferies, Mary Moseley, Ken Spittal,
Clare Taylor, Tony Ward, Priscilla White

Rabanal Committee

Chairman Dick Crean, Balcony Flat, 38 Cornwallis Crescent, BRISTOL BS8 4PH
thcreans@btinternet.com

*Wardens' Coordinator,
Refugio Gaucelmo* Julie Davies, West Wing, Down Hall, Bedford Place, BRIDPORT,
Dorset DT6 3ND (01308) 427295 julie@rogerdavies.go-plus.net

Other Members David Arthur, Liz Crean, Laurie Dennett, Maggie Gardner,
David Garcia, Peter Garlick, Michael Krier, Marion Marples,
Paul Murray, Alison Raju

Miraz Committee

Coordinator Richard Jefferies, Magnolia Cottage, Westwood Lane, Normandy,
GUILDFORD, GU3 2LG rjefferies@hotmail.co.uk

Other Members Alan Cutbush (*hospitaleros*), Colin Jones, Ted Jones,
Ken Spittal, Tony Ward, Priscilla White

Other Officers

Finance Manager Vacant

*Treasurer
and Company Secretary* Tony Ward, Syracuse, ST NEOT, Cornwall PL14 6NJ
Work (01579) 343215 mail@tonyward.biz

Librarian Margaret Simonot

Website Manager Colin Goodier web@csj.org.uk

Slide Librarian John Hatfield, 9 Vicary Way, MAIDSTONE, Kent ME16 0EJ
(01622) 757814
*Members wishing to borrow slides should make their selections
from the catalogue four weeks in advance.*