



Confraternity of Saint James

Bulletin



June 2015

No 130

About the *Bulletin*

ISSN 1755-1617

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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).

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Rodgers:
St James on Rood
Screen, Westhall
Church, Suffolk

Editorial

Gosia Brykczyńska

It's fast approaching mid-summer and as I am writing this editorial my thoughts (in-spite of all my efforts to the contrary) keep wandering off to reflect on and to recall my recent pilgrimage experience in Italy. It was a most interesting and rewarding time, even with its inherent difficulties. Every time I go on pilgrimage and return safely home, I swear never to go again; but I do spend months (if not years) recalling the event and sighing deeply for those open roads and fresh air and the sound of birds singing and the discovery of new churches and meeting strangers and delighting in new experiences. The pilgrimage was the culmination of a long held wish of mine to walk in the footsteps of St Francis from Assisi to Rome – but more about that adventure in the next Bulletin!

Meanwhile, as we know, summer is the prime time for undertaking pilgrimages, at least for most working and young people, and somehow the world's woes seem less, as pilgrims contemplate the beauty of nature and (for a few weeks) concentrate on other matters. There are many reasons for undertaking pilgrimages – as we have noted many times on the pages of this publication – but one of them must surely be to rid our minds and souls of the insidious pollution and corruption of our otherwise benign natures from the negative effects of our modern world. Somehow mother-nature has within her bounty, forceful healing powers which are hard to define – but clear for all to observe. So pilgrims continue to walk through ancient landscapes and continue to search for meaning, rejuvenation, and a sense of purpose. Many pilgrims also go to shrines to say thank-you for blessings received or to ask for a special favour – whatever the reason, the very fact of going on pilgrimage changes ones perspective on life and changes us – so we are not the same person coming back from pilgrimage that we were setting out. A sobering thought.

In this Bulletin there is an emphasis on caminos less travelled and pilgrimage ways less frequented. From the initial surprises and lessons learnt by Dermot Wynne as he first sets out by bicycle to Santiago, and from the solitude of Ruth Gibbs' pilgrimage to Santiago from her front-door in Derbyshire, to the need for quiet places where one can reflect and spend time in contemplation, as explained by Helen Willson.

This Bulletin is full of serendipity. Moreover, Heinrich Wipper, Owen McEaney, and Christine Rodgers all recount pilgrimages to places other than Santiago; reminding us that once we have returned home from Spain there are many other pilgrimage destinations waiting to be explored. Evan Rutherford adds an interesting historical detail telling us about the connection between The Carlist state and the Way of St James. So often we race down the camino, when if only we had taken a slower pace it would have revealed to us so much fascinating history; a thousand years of European history! Finally, Paul Murray recalls in a moving poem the recent tragedy of the Spanish train disaster, two years ago on the eve of St James' Day, in the suburbs of Santiago.

And so we prepare to celebrate our own St James' Day 2015, here in England – this year also being the day in which the CSJ will celebrate the thirty-three years of Marion Marples' association with the Confraternity and more significantly and specifically her twenty-odd years as secretary of our association!

Marion is retiring at the end of August 2015 and on the Friday 24th July there will be an opportunity to say thank you to her for all the hard work she has done over the years. (More information about that event on the CSJ Events page). The next day – St James' Day, there will be a walk around the city of London – another chance to meet up with old friends and to make new ones! In the September Bulletin there will be a full acknowledgement of Marion's contribution to the CSJ – but allow me start the process by formally stating, on the pages of this publication, my most heartfelt thanks for all that she has done for the Confraternity and all the help which she has given me personally.

It only now remains to wish you all a Happy St James' Day wherever you may be. May the saint guide your pilgrim ways; protect you and bring you back safely home.

Quiet pilgrimage

Ruth Gibbs

*The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.*

Thomas Campion

A pilgrimage from my own front door? Was it possible? How to begin? The first thing was to draw a line on a map from my home town of Dronfield in Derbyshire to Portsmouth. I noticed that the line passed with slight deviations near the homes of several friends and family members. That would be useful for accommodation. Also I would only have to walk through two large towns, Derby and Oxford. The rest would be through villages and countryside. A set of OS maps cut down to a mile or so of my route would direct my progress. The rucksack was packed with the barest of essentials and included my brand new super lightweight (less than a kilogram) Lasar Photon tent.

My family waved goodbye as I set out with some trepidation that Sunday afternoon of 1 May. The local area is well known to me as a walker. I chose the picturesque way to Chesterfield through woods, fields and the canal towpath. In town my friend was waiting with a hot meal and bed for the night. But before I turned in, I had one last job to do. The church of St Mary and All Saints is visible for miles around and is known as the Church with the Crooked Spire. James does not appear as such in the church but he must be one of the three apostles lost in awe and wonder of the Transfiguration, on the stained glass window. I bade him goodbye until we should meet again.

The next couple of days took me through our beautiful Derbyshire countryside to the heart of the city itself. By the River Derwent is the 14th century chapel of St Mary on the Bridge which is not quite on the bridge. One of the few surviving bridge chapels in England, it had provided travellers with an opportunity to pray for a successful journey and to give thanks for a safe return. It has a connection with St James. The year was 1588. The Spanish Armada was approaching and the country was in a fever of anti-Catholic feeling. Three priests had been arrested and tried for treason. There was no hope of a reprieve. The three spent their last night in the chapel which was used as

a prison. On the morning of 25 July they were executed and their bodies draped across the doorway.

South of Derby, it was a case of “water, water everywhere” and water from the sky as well. I followed the line of the Derby canal. Although the canal has virtually disappeared, the city has constructed a very easy footpath along its former route leading to the village of Swarkestone where an old grey church is dedicated to St James. Would this be my first visit to the saint? No, sadly the door was locked. The pub was also closed so I sat on a sodden bench in the dripping beer garden and ate my sandwiches. Ahead lay Swarkestone Bridge whose seventeen arches stride over the River Trent and the low-lying water meadows. It reminded me of the bridge at Hospital de Órbigo in Spain but that was a long way off. Crossing the bridge proved quite tricky as the road was narrow, there was virtually no pavement and traffic was hurtling past. However because it was still raining I was wearing my bright red poncho. At least I was highly visible. I found a camp-site on a fisheries enterprise. It would have been a delightful spot with a series of iris-fringed ponds if I had been able to see it properly without the veil of rain. I erected the tent and crept thankfully inside. This was the first time I'd used the tent. It was having its baptism. Total immersion even.

After Derbyshire came Leicestershire and the old market town of Lutterworth where the parish church contains the John Wycliffe memorial plaque. Here he translated the bible into English in the face of opposition from the church authorities of the day. Forty years after his death, the Council of Constance ordered his bones to be dug up, publically burnt and the ashes cast into the nearby River Swift. But the last laugh was on Wycliffe. The historian, Thomas Fuller, says that these ashes were carried into the Avon, then into the Severn and out into the sea thus spreading his words to the whole world. I know that there is a lot of theology involved in the whole vexed question but I for one am glad that thanks to people like Wycliffe, the trend began of reading the bible in one's own language. In my pack I was carrying the letter of St James which I hoped to get to know better along the way.

The stretch from Rugby to Oxford was about 50 miles and I was able to walk on the newly improved canal towpath. Narrow boats passed frequently and everyone gave a cheery wave. Camp-sites were available at nicely spaced intervals. The weather improved. Everything was going well but James was proving elusive. There was a church dedicated to him in the village of Claydon. It was reputed to have a stained glass window showing James as patron of pilgrims. Sadly the

door was locked.

I pushed on through Banbury and finally my persistence was rewarded in the village of Somerton where another church is dedicated to James. I pushed the door which opened with a creak and stepped inside. A stained glass window in deep blues and silvery whites depicts the risen Christ with St Paul and St James on either side. James has his staff, gourd and cockleshell. Although the church dates back to the 11th century this window was designed in the 19th century by Christopher Whall in the Arts and Crafts Movement style. Wonderful. Behind the altar is a reredos of the Last Supper in stone. James must have been there but the eleven apostles are indistinguishable (Judas has been broken off, says the church brochure). In a delightful little gesture one apostle is refusing a cup of wine. I was reluctant to leave this beautiful spot. I sat on the preaching cross in the neatly mown churchyard while my tent was drying draped over a headstone.

Along the way I met many friendly and helpful people. In a village just north of Oxford, a troupe of Morris men (and ladies) were performing with much bell jangling, drum beating, stick clashing, accordion playing and handkerchief waving. Some villagers came out to watch including a lovely old lady called Gillian. We got chatting and when the Morris men moved off to another location, she invited me into her cottage for tea and biscuits. This was brave of her as I must have looked somewhat rough having just waded along a footpath overgrown to waist height with wet greenery. While the kettle was boiling, I draped my tent drenched in overnight dew as usual and various items of clothing over her washing line.

The canal towpath led to almost the centre of Oxford. The hustle and bustle of the town came as a shock after the quiet of the countryside and five consecutive nights in the tent. The monks of Blackfriars Church provided a stamp for my pilgrim passport. It was only my fourth of the journey and twelve days since my last one in Derby.

I left Oxford on the Thames footpath which after a couple of miles of asphalt continued as a muddy track. This stretch was quite deserted except for a few fishermen. I soon veered off to the village of Radley where the church is dedicated to St James the Great. The door was open and I found James on the reredos behind the altar. This wooden carving in Gothic style was installed in 1910. In the centre is a Child Christ in glory between two angels. On the right is St Frideswide, patron of Oxford. On the left is a wonderful and unusual representation of

James. Because of the square-ish dimensions of the reredos James is shown sitting on the ground next to his horse which is also hunkered down. He is holding a staff with gourd attached and carrying a book with brass-coloured clasps. His cloak has a border of cockleshells and there is another on his hat all in muted shades of red, gold and brown. James cuts a dapper figure with curling hair and stylish Spanish beard. Inscribed on a scroll over his head are the words Sanctus Jacobus mayor apostolus. This was one of the highlights of the pilgrimage in England.

James didn't make an appearance at all in Hampshire. Nor was there much accommodation. However I'd gained in confidence along this walk and only felt the tiniest bit nervous when I had to erect the tent in open fields. I was constantly delighted by the kindness of complete strangers. Was it because I was a pilgrim on my own and a not-so-young one at that? One lady didn't have a vacancy in her B&B but came over at dusk to the field where I was camping with a mug of cocoa and a hot water bottle.

I didn't meet another pilgrim in England and only a handful of hikers. However I never felt lonely. There were plenty of people ready for a chat in pubs, shops, at garden gates and canal locks. Map reading took quite some time each day. Making one's own way, one has to be constantly vigilant. Even so I managed to get lost a few times, once in a pheasant wood. I had visions of never escaping, becoming a hermit and living on rich game soup.

I didn't walk huge distances. Ten miles a day is quite sufficient for a sixty nine year old with two hip replacements. Nowadays I leave the twenty mile hikes to the younger generation. After all there was so much to enjoy which a slower rhythm suited perfectly.

There were few downsides and to every problem there was a solution. A lack of village shops meant that I had to patronise pubs nearly every day. Accommodation was sparse so a tent was absolutely necessary. It didn't rain much but every morning my Lasar Photon was drenched in dew especially if the skies had been clear. It has been hung up to dry in quite a few unusual places.

After 22 days and 230 miles I reached Portsmouth. Husband and son were waving enthusiastically as I reached the agreed car-park. Tony fetched a welcome cuppa and I spread out the tent to dry for the last time. The following day provided a celebratory mass in Portsmouth Cathedral. It didn't have quite the excitement of Santiago but a kind sacristan found a nice little stamp for the pilgrim passport. And the overnight ferry to Spain took us onto the next stage of the pilgrimage.

A salutary lesson

Dermot Wynne

Any sportsman will be very familiar with the saying that ‘you should never play squash to get fit but always get fit to play squash.’ If, for example, you are sixty five plus and have decided to buzz off to southern France on some madcap scheme to cycle about 1800kms on a pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostela, then it is not unreasonable to assume that you will take heed of the above advice and get fit for the journey before you go. And that, of course, is exactly what I didn’t do.

My pilgrimage was to start at Le Puy-en-Velay and I had decided to travel to France with the excellent European Bike Express. Their nearest drop-off point was the motorway service station at Valence South. I had, therefore, the additional cycle from Valence to Le Puy-en-Velay and I quickly calculated that the distance was about 100kms, or 60 miles in English money. Sixty miles I thought was hardly a decent day’s cycle, but I reminded myself that I hadn’t done any training so I should allow two days for the journey. Four days later I arrived in Le Puy.

The European Bike Express coach dropped me at 4am at Valence South. After a fitful overnight sleep it was grand to smell the early morning air and particularly the early morning air of southern France. I quickly assembled my pannier bags and was off on what was going to be a memorable journey. I planned to make my overnight stay in the small town of St Agrève. I cycled the few miles north to the outskirts of Valence and then turned left over the mighty Rhone. I found the small road which was going to take me to St Agrève and Le Puy. As dawn broke, the sun rose and I heard the cock crow, the owl hoot and the fox bark, all within the space of a few seconds. It was a magical moment.

The day started to warm up nicely and I began to peel off several layers of clothing. Some of the climbs were beginning to get very steep and my progress began to slow. My plan was to get to St Agrève at about lunch time but as the morning wore on this plan began to recede. The day was getting hotter and hotter and the climbs steeper. By later morning I had reached the small town of Lamastre. My body was telling me that I had had enough for one day, but St Agrève was only a tempting twenty one kilometres away. With pilgrim stubbornness and optimism I decided to go for it and cycle to St Agrève. Had I known, or had the wit to read the

map properly that the next twenty one kilometres was all uphill I would almost certainly have taken a taxi! Other than St James, who would have known? The last few kilometres were exceedingly painful! To rub salt into the wound it seemed that the road between Lamastre and St Agrève is a regular cycle path for the veteran French cyclist. The healthy and jovial French cycling OAP's gave me, as they thought, great encouragement by shouting Gallic salutations: 'Courage', 'Bonne chance', 'Prenez la route' etc. All this, of course, as they cycled downhill whilst I was pushing my ton weight uphill! And then from blue skies to heavy rain, thunder and lightning. I did make some effort to protect myself, but it was hopeless. Fortunately there was no one else around to see me when I got some cramp in my thigh as I was struggling to protect myself from the torrential rain, all under my cycling cape. The resulting song and dance act resembled an exotic samba from a Come Dancing programme rather than a dejected pilgrim trying to get from A to B.

St Agrève would never come. Corner after corner produced another three hundred metres of uphill road. When eventually I arrived at the outskirts of the town and I saw a sign *Hotel 300m á gauche* – I could hardly believe my eyes. The hotel, Le Bois Sauvage, seemed an apt place to rest my beaten body. Hot water, good food and bed all seemed to have an added attraction. A hot shower and a change of clothes, not to mention a liberal application of Deep Heat, made me feel a new person. So this is what it's like to be a pilgrim on the road to Santiago!

The events of my first day on the pilgrimage had taken their toll and as a result I had decided to spend the second day 'resting' in the comfort of the hotel. It also proved a wonderful opportunity to practice my water-colour painting skills. I had, in addition, to come to terms with the possibility that I would not be able to complete the journey to Santiago on this occasion. Already I was beginning to formulate a series of fictitious natural disasters which I would feed to my family and friends in mitigation of my non-completion of the pilgrimage. However, as my body recovered so did my spirits and I was buoyed up by the legend of St Agrève which tells the story of Bishop Agrippa, who in the 7th century was passing through the area and was beheaded because he argued against the pagan rights of the local people. Before dying he said that wherever his head should roll after beheading, a spring would form. There is now a spring which marks the spot. Surely if a 7th century bishop can have had so much courage then a twenty-first century cycling pilgrim could have a little more backbone than to accept defeat on the first day?

Alvia 151

Paul Murray

*Many times from chilly Salamanca fair
Did the weary pilgrim have cause to swear
At the blue metal grille of the route thrusting AVE
Searing its way through town, hill and valley
With nary a nod to the many, a thousand years on,
Who still walk the thousand ks in the steps of the santo patrón.*

*Says Antonio to Francisco on the mobile, that Feast of Santiago eve,
Any chance of a stop at Pontedeume to let a family leave?
Sure, Antonio, you know on that platform you've no chance!
Alas one hundred seconds of chat with not a glance
At the speedo of the AVE blasting at two hundred....on the viaduct now...
Sleepy Angrois never expecting a row.*

*Alvia 151 mounts the bend at over twice its normal speed
And eighty blameless souls are lost forever to this totally needless deed
Of mobile distracting and automatic braking.
What braking? Greedy Xunta demanding
We want the AVE this, the AVE that, the AVE the other
While the shrine on the bridge grows for many's another mother.*

*To the grille is added a tiny Eireann pilgrim cross.
Rozas O Tere Bar a simple hostelry with a special loss
As down the bank the regulars cluster
No shortage of brave locals to muster.
And, through it all, angel Pilar
On duty stands, at the counter to comfort,
All Angrois' victims of every
hue and sort.*

**NB: On July 24 2013 the Alvia 151
derailed outside of Santiago.
Many people lost their lives.**



Angrois railway crossing

Discovering Austria through walking on St James routes

Heinrich Wipper

Translated by Angelica Schneider

The alpine republic of Austria boasts several way-marked St James routes thanks in a large part to the pioneer and driving force, Peter Lindenthal. Unlike Germany where there are way-marked routes in almost any larger town and area, the routes in Austria are easy to follow at a glance. The two most important routes are the Austrian route from east to west, crossing the whole country and a feeder route from the south which joins the main route at Innsbruck. Apart from these two routes there are other way-marked feeder routes: in the north is the 'Weinviertel' (the vineyard area) and others coming from Passau and Munich.

Jakobswege in Österreich



Jakobswegeoesterreich (Austrian Way)

The route from Vienna to Feldkirch

In the late 90s Peter Lindenthal established a St James Way from Vienna to the Swiss border that mainly follows historical paths. From Vienna to Linz the River Danube gives the direction. The Romans used this stretch to build their 'Donaulimesstrasse'. While the river meanders north up to Regensburg in Germany, the Roman road went west towards the Alps. From Linz to Salzburg, Lindenthal's route follows the Roman road between these two cities. This road was so well integrated into the landscape that even today the A1 main artery still follows it to a large part.

At first in the Tyrol it follows either side of the B312 (another main road) to Woergl in the Inn valley, then from there via Innsbruck to Landeck within safe distance of the roads and finally via the legendary Arlberg pass to Vorarlberg, followed by Feldkirch to Einsiedeln in Switzerland.



Tyrol

The route from Graz to Innsbruck

The route from Graz in south east Austria to Innsbruck is necessarily determined by geographical conditions: the valleys and passes of the Alps. That's the reason why Peter Lindenthal leads pilgrims for three days in the 'wrong'

southerly direction from Graz to

Maribor in Slovenia. Here the pilgrim reaches the Drau valley, one of the large valleys of the Alps with an east-west direction. From Maribor the way follows the river Drau (though not always close to it) for several days through Slovenia, Carinthia and the eastern Tyrol to Toblach in the southern Tyrol. Here the geological east west cut continues with the Pustertal between the central Alps and the Dolomites. From Brixen the route follows the Roman Road to the north via the Brennerpass until it reaches the valley of the River Inn. En route from Graz to Innsbruck there are a striking number of churches dedicated to St James. Pilgrims can enter a 'house of St James the Apostle' almost daily.

Further information

The 'St-Jakobus-Bruderschaft Düsseldorf' (www.jakobusbruderschaft.de) has dedicated the focus of their bulletin Nr 57 'Kalebasse' to the Austrian routes. The bulletin features an interview by Prof Dr Horst Degen with Peter Lindenthal. This is followed by detailed documentation about the Austrian routes put together by Heinrich Wipper, including the listing and rating of all currently available guide books. Film director Winand Kerkhoff provides some entertainment with his report from his pilgrimage from Innsbruck to Einsiedeln via the Arlberg-Pass, which he completed in the summer of 2013. The last contribution by Werner Kraus introduces 'his' route through the 'Weinviertel north of Vienna. Those who like wine and in particular the 'Gruenen Veltliner' will especially enjoy this route. This edition of 'Kalebasse' is available on loan from the CSJ library.

The Sanctuary of St Patrick: Lough Derg

Rev Owen J McEaney, Prior of Lough Derg

A place of pilgrimage with a powerful magnetism that is difficult to explain!

St. Patrick's Purgatory, Lough Derg, is among the oldest centres of Christian pilgrimage in Western Europe, supposedly dating back to the sixth century; making this sacred island part of not only Irish heritage, but also Christian tradition. Lough Derg lies about four miles north of the village of Pettigo in County Donegal, in the Diocese of Clogher. Station Island, (the location of the pilgrimage), is often referred to as Saint Patrick's Purgatory or simply Lough Derg.

This small lake-island, renowned in Irish Christian tradition since the time of St Patrick, has been receiving pilgrims continuously for well over 1000 years. Ancient writings have it that the first monks settled at Lough Derg in the fifth century, not long after St Patrick came to Ireland. While in a cave on the island, Patrick is said to have had visions of the afterlife in purgatory. Hence the place came to be known as St Patrick's Purgatory. There is a famous world map of 1492 on which the only place marked for Ireland is the penitential island of Lough Derg. The pilgrimage was very popular among Europeans at that time and there are records of pilgrims having travelled from Hungary (1363 and 1411), France (1325, 1397 and 1516), Italy (1358 and 1411) and Holland (1411 and 1494).

Nowadays the island, made holy by the prayers of millions of pilgrims down through the centuries, provides a safe haven for spiritual rest, personal reflection and renewal. The island shrine is a meeting place where God's healing grace is experienced in an intensity seldom encountered elsewhere, through its spiritual programmes, the companionship of fellow pilgrims and the sheer holiness of the Island.



Old map of Lough Derg
from 17century

The pilgrimage season runs each year from the beginning of May until the end of September; while the traditional three-day pilgrimage begins on the first weekend in June and pilgrims can start on any day up until the 13th August (*the last day to commence the Three Day Pilgrimage*). Pilgrims must be at least fifteen years of age, in good health and able to walk and kneel unaided. This is a deeply powerful experience that requires endurance and an openness to enter deeply into the spirit of the pilgrimage – surrendering to the tried and tested. The commitment is to undertake the pilgrimage programme of prayer and quiet reflection in bare feet, keeping Vigil (24hr Vigil begins at 10.00pm on the first day and ends at 10.00pm on the second day. Pre-vigil rest between 7.30pm and 9.00pm) and maintaining the Fast (fasting begins at 12 midnight prior to arrival). The period of fasting, one simple Lough Derg meal each day – black tea/coffee, dry wheaten bread & toast, oatcakes – lasts until 12 midnight on the third day.

Pilgrims usually arrive around mid-day on the first day of pilgrimage and stay two nights until the morning of the third day. Hostel style accommodation is provided and male/female accommodation is separate. Wash basins and foot baths are available. During the course of the Three Day Pilgrimage, pilgrims journey together in watchful prayer. Liturgies celebrated during the pilgrimage include the Eucharist, the Sacrament of Reconciliation and the Way of the Cross as well as other communal times of prayer – e.g. the *Station Prayers*.

Lough Derg offers opportunities for nourishment, healing and the celebration of God's love. Whatever brings people to Lough Derg, it is always a place of surprises. Over the centuries the island has witnessed countless moments of burdens lifted, wounds and hurts healed, and what can seem like unforgiveable sins forgiven. It is striking how Lough Derg continues to hold significant appeal in today's modern age. As one pilgrim put it during her Three Day Pilgrimage in 2014; "*Lough Derg is a special place, a hidden treasure. It is pure and untarnished. It is a place of beauty and rhythm, which provides sanctuary from much of the slavery of modern living – no mobile phones, no Wi-Fi, no TV just the sounds of the creatures of nature, the lapping of the lake water, and buildings and spaces which nourish the spirit.*"

More detailed information on the programme of retreats and the Three Day Pilgrimage can be found at www.loughderg.org or email info@loughderg.org. Direction to Lough Derg can be found on <http://www.loughderg.org/about-us/location>



Pilgrims praying at Lough Derg

This is an adapted and shortened version of an article by Prior Owen McEneaney

The Carlist State, the way of Saint James and the Archbishop

Evan Rutherford

On one of the most charming streets on the Camino, the Rua de Curtidores in Estella, 50 metres separate the Parish Refugio from the Museo de Carlismo (free entry to pilgrims with credencial). Details of re-enactments of Carlist battles – which move from year to year – can be found at the tourist office, further down the street in the Romanesque palace of the Kings of Navarre.

Estella was twice the capital of the alternative, Carlist state of Spain during the wars of 1833-40 and 1873-76. The Way of St James had an interaction with Carlism, in particular, with the personal deeds of the one-time Archbishop of Santiago de Compostela, Miguel de Payá y Rico. While Carlism is now little more than an exercise in historical nostalgia, it was a live force in Spanish politics for nearly two centuries. Technically it amounted to a struggle for the Spanish throne after the death of King Ferdinand VII in 1833, between his daughter Isabel II and his brother, the pretender “Carlos V”, and their respective descendants. However, the drive behind Carlism was an extraordinary survival of a counter-revolutionary ideology. In content but not duration, it matched other European ideologies in the early nineteenth century.

One could imagine a British analogy, in supposing that opponents of the 1832 reform bill might have started an armed rebellion under the Duke of Wellington, aimed at stopping the newly rich manufacturing classes. In the United States, a similar movement might have united under Secretary Hamilton, to keep power with the independent farmer settlers.

It would require an extreme feat of imagination to conceive circumstances where such movements could endure for any length of time. Spain was in the strange position where they did. The reason for this are summarized in the Carlist slogan “God, country, local rights, King”. Those who fought for Carlism felt that the Spanish version of “Liberalism” threatened all of these.

Military developments in both wars meant the Carlists were confined to Aragón, Cataluña, Navarre and the Basque country, with occasional raids to acquire material for their war effort. One such raid on the city of Cuenca in 1874 was led by the Carlist Princess Maria

de las Nieves de Braganza. The future Archbishop, at that time Bishop of Cuenca, confronted her in words related by the great novelist - and "crusader for Liberalism" - Benito Perez Galdós. Threatened with execution along with other Liberal prisoners, he is described as saying: "With such conduct, Madam, one gains neither thrones on Earth nor crowns in Heaven. Farewell, farewell!" He was generally held to have spoken for the whole Spanish people.

Later in his career, which concluded with his elevation as Cardinal of Spain, he took the lead in opposing Carlism as a political-religious force. He presided over the re-establishment of the relics of St James as a goal of pilgrimage in 1879.

The Museum of Carlism does not provide explanations in English but artefacts are named and dated so a reasonable idea may be formed of the sequence of events. Of the many reminders of Carlism in Estella the most prominent is perhaps the beautiful medieval bridge just off the Camino, immediately before the parish refuge. It is in fact a replacement, one century after the event, of a bridge destroyed by the Liberals in 1873. A thoroughgoing re-enactment of a Carlist pilgrimage would be the ascent of Montejurra, the military key to the town. During the Franco years this was the site of mass ascents by those who had fought on the Franco side and for that reason had limited licence to oppose him.

Small Pilgrim Places

Helen Willson

Some Bulletin readers, if they are familiar with driving west in the Chiltern Hills along the A40 from High Wycombe, will be familiar with the imposing and intriguing outline of the church of St Lawrence with its distinctive golden ball, atop the hill above the village of West Wycombe in Buckinghamshire. Most will probably not know that there is a second, less magnificent church in West Wycombe - but one with its own quiet charm. St Pauls is tucked away behind the High Street; a solid, small Victorian red brick building which is shared with a Serbian Orthodox congregation.

I spent most of my childhood Sundays there at Sunday School and at morning services with the bells and smells of high church communion and later, got married there. Revisiting recently, I was delighted and intrigued to learn that it is now one of a chain of special places called 'Small Pilgrim Places' - the only one in fact in Bucks, which makes it even more special. The network's website describes St Pauls as *'A quiet oasis of peace and prayer which welcomes visitors and pilgrims.....not far from a busy road but feels a world away. Candles can be lit and prayers left, and often are. A very special place which is often remarked upon for its prayerful atmosphere and simplicity. This is a church which is regularly prayed in and you can feel that this is the case. A place to sit and be quiet and to ponder'*

This is the essence of the pilgrim place network.....places where anyone on a journey.....of whatever kind...can pause and refresh themselves in a moment of quiet and reflection. The website says that these tranquil places are for *'all people of goodwill, from all faiths and none, as they pause on their journey; seekers and searchers and those asking questions about God'*. They are described as being *'Spaces for pondering, breathing, meditating, praying, and 'being'; small places, not those already on the map, well-known, or that draw crowds; simple, quiet and unpretentious, with the presence of the Divine; places of worship, gardens, ruins, open air space, holy wells, etc; welcoming and inclusive.*

Each place fulfils its purpose of making space, keeping silence, encouraging solitude, and providing simple focus points in its own way. They have a respected identity of their own, unique and singular - with their own history, character and atmosphere, communicating something of the 'eternal now', while also bringing the past into the present day and pointing towards

the future. Some might describe them as holy or sacred. Celts sometimes described them as 'thin' places, others as liminal – 'in-between' 'thresholds' on the edge of mystery. They should have the potential to gently nudge tourists with glazed looks into becoming pilgrims with gently focused eyes.'

I am happy that a spiritual space that I know well has been recognised as somewhere special and I appreciate the suggestion that any one of us on any journey can be transformed into a pilgrim with 'gently focused eyes'.

Finally I would like to quote from the SPP report of their AGM, where the Poet Richard Skinner shared his own thoughts about pilgrimage.

'It can be a journey to somewhere significant, but may not involve physical travel, being a journey of mind and spirit, or it could be one's entire life. The outer experience is not true without the engagement of imagination, mind or spirit. The destination is not the be all and end all. What occurs on the journey is equally important - change, doubt, enlightenment.' Those sentiments about the meaning, experience and value of pilgrimage must be relevant and shared by many CSJ members. Do look at this website and seek out special places at home.

Full details of all these Small Pilgrim Places can be found on the website:

<http://www.smallpilgrimplaces.org/>

St Andrews Church, Westhall, Suffolk

Christine Rodgers

The ancient church of St Andrew, Westhall lies deep in the Suffolk countryside, not far from Halesworth. It was here, in the shadow of the Jacobean oak pulpit, that I found a delightful painting of St James in pilgrim garb. The church does not sit in the centre of a village and is approached along narrow lanes, down into a valley where ancient trees surround it and hide it from view.

I first visited St Andrew's Westhall to see its famous 16th century baptismal font. Known as a Seven Sacrament font, its eight panels depict the seven sacraments and the baptism of Christ. Though damaged at the time of the Reformation it still retains some of the original paint colour and much of the remarkable gesso-work between the panels.



There are other treasures and items of interest in this well-kept and well-used church, most notably the lower part of the brightly painted early 16th century rood screen. The screen dates from around 1512, is about 4ft high and has 15 panels with leafy gilded borders and arches like tracery windows. The first image on the far left side is that of St James pilgrim. On a rich crimson background St James is shown grey-haired and bearded and looks out with a kindly eye. He wears a long, white robe with a bright green tunic over it and has sandals on his feet. He holds a tall staff in his left hand, has a small leather bag at his waist and carries a thick book in his right – a bible I imagine. On his head is a wide-brimmed, flat-crowned hat with a scallop shell, curved side down, on the front. Was this image of St James pilgrim already established by the early 16th century? I have a small, modern, figurine of a pilgrim which I bought in France some years ago and the image is very similar – grey-bearded figure, green

robe with white shirt underneath, tall staff (right hand), pouch/bag at waist, same hat with shell (this one has curved side of shell up and is on the inside of the brim). He doesn't carry a book but has a strong leather satchel over his shoulder.

The church guide says that the image of St James reminds us of the importance of pilgrimages, not only to Compostela or to the Holy Land but also to shrines nearer home, such as that of St Thomas à Becket at Canterbury or, closer to Westhall, the Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham in Norfolk. It also reminds us that such was the difficulty of travel in medieval Europe that two pilgrimages to St David's in Wales were held to be equal to one to Rome.

The rood screen at St Andrews is unique in being the only one remaining in England showing the Transfiguration of Christ as he stands with Moses and Elijah. The feast of the Transfiguration was only adopted in England at the end of the 15th century. Other saints shown on the rood screen include St Margaret of Antioch, patron saint of childbirth, St Leonard of Noblat, patron saint of prisoners, St Appollonia, patron saint of dentists (shown holding pliers and a tooth), St Anthony Abbot, the father of monasticism, with his companion, a pig, and St Etheldreda, founder of Ely monastery and daughter of a Christian king killed within five miles of Westhall in 654AD.

The church is a listed Grade 1 parish church built in the 12th and 14th centuries with a part-thatched roof. It is in effect two churches joined together. An early Norman church was built around 1150 with its main arched doorway at the western end. In the 14th century the large nave of the new church was built along the north side of the old and the old church became the south aisle. A bell tower was constructed over the western doorway. This has preserved the Norman archway in excellent condition and one of the many surprises in this building is to enter into the tower and then turn round to find the beautiful Norman stone arch – the main entrance to a grand post-conquest church - framing the 12th century nave beyond, though the window at the end is much later.

When I visited just after Easter there were daffodils on the window ledges as the sun streamed through the tall windows in the south wall. There are 15th century pews in the south aisle with carved pew ends ; the carving on the oak pulpit of 1620 includes birds and elephants' heads amongst its decorations. The north and south walls have the remains of wall paintings which remind one of just how brightly decorated churches were.

What I did not find in the church was any reference to St Andrew. He wasn't on the roodscreen and not mentioned in any of the literature and guides available. Curious.

St James Project – UK

Attention all UK members of the CSJ: Help required

Ruth Abrahams

No doubt you all know your way round the new CSJ website by now. Whilst the website is substantially complete, the content is regularly being updated and expanded, and one of the areas currently under construction is the Saint James in the British Isles area (you can find this under The Journey Continues menu).

Meanwhile, Back in the 1980s and 90s a great deal of very valuable work was done by CSJ members to identify all churches, monuments and works of art associated with Saint James in accordance with the Confraternity's Object. Since then work on this project has somewhat petered out and it was in 2013 that Marion asked if I would like to take a look at the filing cabinet full of paperwork and organise it so that it was more accessible to visitors to the office.

It soon became clear to me that this was a very worthwhile project which would benefit immensely from revisiting the old research and adding in all the text, digital image and mapping information that had since become available on the internet. This is a task which is still ongoing, and while I won't yet admit to biting off more than I can chew, I will say it has assumed rather more epic proportions than I initially expected. Unfortunately I had to put the whole thing on the backburner through most of 2014 as I was heavily involved in helping to set up the new website, but I am now giving it my full attention again.

Saint James in Britain is a fascinating subject and I have spent many a happy hour hunting down elusive information on Google, digging in the CSJ library, cross checking facts and occasionally running into frustrating dead ends. I have learned a great deal about history, pilgrimage and architecture in this country and have even learned some new words; clunch, for example! It is hard to pick a favourite church or work of art from the many I have looked at, but some more unusual ones that stick in my mind are:

- The Church of Saint James the Great at Colwall in Herefordshire that used to have its own fund-raising ale house beside the church, until the disapproving bishop closed it in 1614. The medieval black and white timbered building was restored in the 1980s and is now the Church Hall.

- The RC Church of Saint James in Reading in Berkshire which has a shrine of Saint James decorated in 2013 with panels by two Brazilian artists depicting the life and legend of Saint James and the pilgrimage. I like that the spirit of the Camino is alive and continuing to be celebrated in Britain in the 21st century.
- The Church of Saint James the Apostle in Temple Normanton, Derbyshire. In my mind, this church should win two awards, firstly for tenacity in the face of adversity and secondly for most unusual church building. This parish is one of the smallest in the county and originally had a medieval Templar chapel, which was substantially rebuilt in 1623 and then fully rebuilt in 1882. The Victorian building was demolished due to damage by mining subsidence and replaced with a lighter wooden building in 1922. Unfortunately this building was unequal to the local high winds and was replaced in 1986 by a hangar-shaped fibreglass building.

Whilst in my heart I would like to fully complete the project by visiting each and every church or work of art I have to be realistic and admit that really is an ambition too far! I have started to add the revised county information to the CSJ website (the paper files are still kept in the office), and to build a Google map of all the sites and collect images connected with Saint James in the British Isles in a Flickr group:

https://www.flickr.com/groups/saint_james_in_british_isles/

This is where you come in. What the CSJ needs now is *“boots on the ground”*, interested people who can visit churches in their local area, or when they are on holiday, check the facts I have assembled (I do realise that just because something is on the internet it doesn't mean it's correct), obtain up-to-date guidebooks and take pictures. What I would suggest is that anyone interested in helping with local research sticks to the counties already listed on the website. I would hate for someone to waste a lot of time gathering information we already have on file but have not yet sorted and published online. The counties are being tackled in (more or less) alphabetical order, if anyone is keen to get started on a county not yet listed please get in touch with me via email – pilvig@yahoo.co.uk – and I will bring this county right to the top of the to do list.

Likewise, please contact me if you want to join the Flickr group or if you have any questions, corrections, suggestions or information.

I thank you in advance for any assistance that you are able to give and hope that you will find the information on Saint James in the British Isles as interesting as I do, and that you will be inspired to visit some of the amazing churches and art that these islands have to offer.

Book Reviews

John Mullaney - *The Stained Glass of St James' Church Reading*, 2014, Scallop Shell Press, ISBN:978-0-9572772-6-7, £5.00, pp36

Scallop Shell Press – well the name is a clue! This is a small company which uses the shell symbol to publish books, within whose ‘shell’ or covers, the reader can discover an ‘intellectual and spiritual source of sustenance for their own personal pilgrimage.’

The destination for this particular pilgrimage is the Roman Catholic church of St James in Reading, which was built in the late 1830s. It is believed that as this is the Victorian architect AWN Pugin's first church, the stained glass windows are likely to be his own design, or at least that he was involved in their creation to fit in with the overall design of his building. As well as the period sanctuary windows, other glass has been added over the years and this 36 page soft back pamphlet describes these and is illustrated with good quality coloured photos.

‘Their beauty is a prayer’ writes Mullaney and his booklet, with its emphasis on the pleasure of visual beauty, explores the history, symbols, spiritual value and hidden meanings of the various windows throughout the church. The glass features coats of arms, references to Reading Abbey and its patron saint (James) such as the scallop shells which appear throughout the church. The Wheble family, prominent Catholics associated with the local area and this church, are represented in numerous images in the glass with several designed to demonstrate their loyalty to the Crown.

One window shows ‘Sanctus Jacobus’ in a long red cloak secured with a shell. Another, commissioned in the 1980s, shows him, again with his cloak and scallop, carrying a scroll and staff, with a star, seven crosses, chalice and host. The symbols of St James appear again in two of the four fine windows in the presbytery.

As one would expect, Catholic martyrs and saints, and the Virgin Mary are depicted in the chapel, clerestory and aisle windows and some of these are modern, by two female stained glass artists. One of them - Lynda Clayden - designed the 80s Lady Chapel ‘Tree of Life’ window, using images of the natural history of the local Thames Valley area as well as Christian symbols. Mullaney insists that this is just a ‘work in progress’ as further research continues on the church in the hopes of clarifying some of the hypotheses about the building and the windows. His emphasis is of seeing the windows as part of a ‘spiritual revelation’ bringing peace through beauty. This booklet

will be of real interest to anyone interested in the iconography of St James, the history and design of ecclesiastical stained glass from the 19th century onwards and of course anyone with an interest in church or local history.

A copy is available in the CSJ library.

HELEN WILLSON

Rorie Smith, *One Million Euro*, 2014, Tan Tan Books, ISBN:10 0992950325£8.99pbk/£3.99
E-book;pp 306

A new book to review on pilgrims' progresses on the camino, presents the reviewer with something of an unknown quantity. Often predictably the book is (and nothing wrong with that) a contemporary factual and sincere account of significant personal experiences – physical and spiritual- on a pilgrimage route.

Imagine then my smile when I skimmed the blurb on the cover of 'One Million Euro' and read that this is a novel about a motley crowd of modern nonbelievers, different cultures, different nationalities, different ages, different experiences, being led from southwest France along the Camino Francés by none other than the American poet Walt Whitman...who just happens to have been dead for almost a century and a quarter! Immediately one knows one is entering a somewhat surreal and whacky concept peopled by a wonderfully disparate cast of characters – whose coming together is never explained –comprising an opinionated African, the Great Man (a Dundee celebrity football manager), a Plymouth publican, Denis Dennis (a dentist), a glamorous French-Canadian girl, a left wing climber, two donkeys (called Blair and Thatcher –marked with red and blue dots to differentiate them!) and of course not forgetting the key to the novel's title – a bank robber. The pilgrims feel that 'there should be room for all sorts on the Camino de Santiago' and there certainly are! They are all 'going on pilgrimage to regain our humanity'...and to learn 'to open our eyes'.

This is a very bizarre and overtly challenging concept but I found it to be the proverbial 'good read'. A mysterious narrator tells the tale as one of the pilgrim group but we never find out who he – or she –is. The style is quite detached and formal with french expressions such a '*visage*' for face and '*paysage*' for landscape, and with literary 'nods' to Chaucer, John Fowles, Aimery Picaud, Lorca and Hemingway so that it offers the reader a rich, allusory and multi-layered read.

And it is a solid read too – 300 pages of it. In places perhaps some judicious pruning (and attention to a few irritating typos) could have kept the momentum going even faster, but the pace of the narrative is good and

as always in a good 'pilgrim tale', we are carried along by the interest and the skill of the writer. Despite encounters with some fellow travellers (including an itinerant Frenchman selling tartan combinations, Hang Dog Heinz and his Charming Wife etc), the group always seems distanced and isolated from others though this gives more veracity to its close knit intensity. Its members are extremely sensitive to the presence of 'pilgrims of old' haunting – in a benign sense – the Camino and in true Canterbury Tale style, they each confess to their companions their stories and lives, all in search of redemption and truth. Smith includes great digressions into a wide range of incidental but fascinating subjects (conquistadors, feet, dentistry, art, imperialism, the history of St James, the NHS, church architecture to name but a few) so that the novel becomes a patchwork of fascinating thoughts and facts..... hard-going in a few places but never dull and certainly amusing. Those who have known the Camino will enjoy the sense of place that we get from the descriptions and references – not all complimentary – to known sites and *refugios* in Spain. For example, the depressing entry to many Spanish towns through industrial areas is evoked but justified as a present day 'reality' compared to the romantic notions of grassy pilgrim paths. Rabanal features with reference to 'the English *hospitaleros*' who run the refuge 'in the manner of an English boarding house' and serve tea (as drunk in Buckingham Palace) in china cups.

Although it may try a bit too hard in places, this is essentially a robust, witty and original book. The theme of the Spanish bank robber trying to find his missing 1,000, 000 euros does rather get lost in the pilgrimage philosophising but it hardly matters as it is the 'carrier' for the stimulating ideas.

Rorie Smith – who is a CSJ member – says that he hopes that this, his third book will 'prove to be an easy read and will bring a smile to the face'. It is and it does. Recommended.

A copy is available in the CSJ library.

HELEN WILLSON

Carol Ann Creagh, *A Short Stretch of the Legs: My Penny Mile Camino*, 2014, ISBN 10: 1910097152, E-book £5.40/pbk £8.50 pp166

Carol Ann Creagh set herself the task of walking the Camino Francés to arrive in Santiago exactly one year after her father died of cancer and thus to bring her mourning to an end. He had been wont to invite her to join him in "a short stretch of the legs", which was sometimes anything but. She decided to seek sponsorship at one penny a mile for the Friends of the Cancer Centre

in Belfast and chose to carry five hundred pennies to lay down along the five hundred miles of the Way.

In similar vein to her earlier book, an autobiography based on a journal written while recovering from breast cancer ten years earlier, this one is based on a nightly blog along the camino, supplemented with musings on her childhood, schooling, nursing training and time spent bringing up six children in Northern Ireland. She gave herself a taxing twenty-five days, only three-quarters of that suggested by John Brierley and similar guidebooks, but having walked from León the previous year at a similar rate she knew what was involved.

She describes in detail her preparation: practice weekend walks in the hills around Belfast the previous month; a new pair of trainers; and a new small rucksack, the contents of which her daughter insisted on restricting to less than 5kg in weight, including the heavy bag of five hundred pennies. Her cracking pace did not allow much time to visit churches or cathedral cities or to appreciate the history she was passing, but we do get warm descriptions of the companionship offered by people from different countries who encouraged her and walked different stretches of the Way with her. Her plan was to have no plan except the overall timescale and approximate daily mileage. She is also amused by the various albergues she stays in and the people that run them, by the snoring in the dormitories and by the contortions of dressing and undressing in her sleeping bag. She does not wear a watch, but carries an iPod and receives encouraging emails via her smart phone, which is perhaps why she has little to say about the views and the countryside she walks through.

Having got to Larrasoña from Roncesvalles by 2pm on her second day, she decides to push on to Pamplona, gets lost and ends up walking her longest day of thirty miles. Her feet never recover in their trainers (rather than boots) and she suffers from septic blisters and bleeding ankles, but has a nurse's training to manage them. In spite of temperatures between 10C and 35C, driving rain and blazing sun, occasionally sobbing uncontrollably and being "homesick often and heartbroken many times" she lays her Belfast pebble at Cruz de Ferro and makes it to Santiago and on to Muxia with two of her father's roses.

This is a personal book, written in a conversational style by an energetic person in her sixth decade. It will bring back welcome memories to those who have walked the Way and stimulate those who have not.

A copy is available in the CSJ library.

ANDREW DOUBT

Obituary

Desmond Herring 1928-2015 RIP

Desmond was well known as the Dancing Pilgrim. He admired Will Kemp who in 1599 danced from London to Norwich and later over the Alps to Rome. At the end of each day on his many pilgrimages out would come a small tape recorder, bells and handkerchiefs, and Desmond would dance merrily to 'Lord of the Dance'. His first pilgrimage, by bike, a heavily loaded 'lady's town shopper' was in 1995. He fiercely guarded the history and traditions of Suffolk life and was a member of East Suffolk Morris. He joined the pilgrims on the 1999 Sea Pilgrimage from Fowey to La Coruña as crew. When they landed unscheduled at Santander he led those who insisted on walking, as planned, the Camino Inglés route from La Coruña in terrible rain and against the clock for an official welcome in Santiago. Desmond also joined Gerhilde Fleischer 's group walking from Ulm to Nurnberg and the CSJ trip to Kraków where we unfortunately lost him as soon as we got off the train!



Dancing Desmond

Rabanal Report

Julie Davies

Refugio Gaucelmo started the season with a party for the villagers hosted in the new salon. The weather was excellent with blue skies and sun for the beginning of the 2015 season. The first pilgrim of the season was Pablo, a retired teacher from Las Vegas. Pilgrim numbers hovered around the mid-teens for the first few weeks of the season but numbers have gradually increased as the weeks have passed and by now it is time to open up the barn taking our pilgrim numbers to a potential of forty. To date we have received 338 pilgrims, with a maximum of 34 and a minimum of 14; the pilgrims are mostly Germans (67) and North Americans (41) and others from as far afield as Lithuania, Bulgaria, Ireland and Venezuela! Brother Marinus from the Monte Irago monastery next door, recognised one of the German pilgrims as a former school friend! There have been several two and even three generation family groupings and two families with small children, one 11 months old, the other 9 years old. Finally, there have been two long distance pilgrims; one had walked from home in Eindhoven in Holland, the other a French speaker who had walked from Lausanne in Switzerland!

The good weather at the beginning of the season soon gave way to colder, wetter conditions in mid April. The wood burning stove was a huge attraction for pilgrims. However, they do get rather enthusiastic piling on the logs! The hospitaleros very shrewdly have kept the logs in the office and have taken control of the fire themselves. Now it is normal, seasonally hot, Spanish summer weather.

The new salon, pilgrim showers and hospitalero showers were an instant success with everyone. The salon has been used very productively for a variety of activities with pilgrims enjoying the space. Afternoon tea served in front of the fire in the salon is always a popular social event bringing strangers together and helping to create new friendships. However, it is going a bit far to describe the ritual as 'Buckingham Palace style' (See Book Reviews ed.) since we have no saucers!

Easter was a busy time for our very good neighbours at the Benedictine Monastery of San Salvador del Monte Irago with a christening for an Italian pilgrim and services which finished at

1.30 in the morning. Our hospitaleros felt very privileged to be part of such an important occasion. The villagers in Rabanal continue to welcome us and make us feel at home. Oblines gives the hospitaleros eggs from his beautiful chickens and Susannah from the shop around the corner sometimes bakes us a cake. Our 1000th pilgrim arrived quite early in the season this year - Ingwald from Stavanger in Norway a recently retired gentleman who now has the time to do the camino. (See photo attached) A lovely family of six from Le Mans stayed recently. Four children, two adults, two bicycles and a buggy - all set off from Gaucelmo to wend their way to Santiago after resting with us at Rabanal.



Less encouraging are the bed bug cases. Glad to say our procedure works as efficiently as possible and the pilgrims leave happy to have been helped. I finish with one quote left in the visitors book early this year: **Best albergue ever – glad I'm a member of the CSJ.**

I have started to write this report from the refuge at Miraz as I await the first pilgrims of the season on Palm Sunday (Domingo de Ramos). We had our laurel and olive branches blessed by Don Ramon (the parish priest) in the Church of Santiago in Miraz. Meanwhile, Ted and Averil Jones have prepared the building for the start of the season and Trevor Hockey has wielded his paint brush to good effect. The garden shows the spring promise of roses and clematis with new grass enhancing the white peidra.

Green shoots of economic recovery also seem to have reached the Terra de Cha. Helena Bernardo has opened ten beds in Aldar and Taberna O' Abrigoat the other end of the village is providing a bocadillo competitor to Bar Pilar. Pasture is for sale in the vicinity with jobs for hire on local land. Spanish elections are beginning their regular roulette. Even the Xacobeo is writing a strategic plan!?

However camino watchers observe the overcrowding



(masificación) of the routes. The tourist offices of Galicia are forecasting a quarter of a million pilgrims this year. Meanwhile, the Cathedral is opening a new welcome centre, and has made provisions for a Mass to be said daily, in English, at the cathedral – which is now a regular pilgrimage feature. The new Dean at Santiago Cathedral is seized by the spirit of Saint James, and

Smiling hospitalera and German pilgrim

courses, conferences and congresses abound in the city on hospitality, spirituality and fraternity. It all seems muy complicado for the simple pilgrim.

Pilgrims have started to arrive, the youngest so far at five months and the oldest at eighty-odd years. As in Rabanal, there are many German and Dutch pilgrims with some Italians, Poles, and Koreans. No doubt, as the summer progresses, the Spaniards will also arrive in matching numbers. The move by hospitaleros to enable the church to be open in the evenings, and provide a time of quiet reflection and prayer is proving popular with the pilgrims. As they approach the last few days of their camino to Santiago, the church of St James in Miraz is a welcome precursor of even greater things to come.

Miraz meanwhile, is calm as ever. It is braced for a summer of pilgrims with a full complement of hospitaleros over half of whom are returning for another season supporting and serving pilgrims.



Baby pilgrim at Miraz

Members' Pages

From Brian Mooney – a response to Antonia Moffat

With regard to Our Lady of Walsingham in Santiago Cathedral: I walked to Santiago from Walsingham in 2000 and there is an account of my journey in the CSJ Library. I made a particular point of seeking out the statue you mention. Below is what I wrote:

I returned to the Priory to pause under the arches of the ruined East window by the small wooden cross that marks the spot where the Nazareth house had been built. I thought about my journey between the two shrines – 1,500 miles from a dream to an apparition – and of all the possible connections between Walsingham and Santiago, not least that Mary could perhaps have been the Apostle James' aunt. James' mother, Salomé, was possibly Mary's sister. This would make my pilgrimage, in a manner of speaking, a family affair. But the link between the two shrines that excited me most was the unfathomable – the tide of men and women that had made their way to both places over hundreds of years in faith, hope, superstition and fear. I thought again of the three months of walking ahead and wondered whether I would be up to it. What happens to a middle aged man when he takes to the road after spending more than a quarter of a century sitting at a desk?

...We followed Stephen as he limped under a shaft of sunlight down the aisle to the Capilla Mayor - to the Apostle in his camarín. The High Altar is built over the sarcophagus that is supposed to contain his bones, and the Apostle looms above in the form of a thirteenth century statue carved from granite wearing a jewel-encrusted silver mantle. Pilgrims mount steps at the side of the altar and – watched over by a guard who is there to protect St James and his valuable wardrobe – you embrace the Apostle from behind. Napoleon had been the last to steal the Saint's gems. I remembered Guy back in Les Landes warning me that I would be knocked off my feet by the energy pulsing from the Apostle. I looked down the long nave, peeping out from behind his shoulder, leant forward and gave the Apostle a Russian bear hug. Nothing happened.

I didn't get any spark, either, from his aunt. We found the replica statue of Our Lady of Walsingham in the Chapel of Our Lady of the Snows in the apse where she has sat, solid and serene in carved and gilded pine, since she was brought here from England in 1954. A gift from the

then Catholic Primate Cardinal Griffin, the Virgin and Child was the work of Pius Dapré, one of the twin brothers who spent their lives carving religious images at the workshop of Burns and Oates. The English Virgin faces a statue of Spain's Black Madonna of Montserrat and she appears to live a lonely existence. We had to get a sacristan to open up the chapel, which is normally kept locked. As we left I gave her a fond pat.

From Chris Fawcett – Camino Companions

Having written last year about my sense of disenchantment and alienation on arrival in Santiago it seemed only fair to put the record straight and write about a very different experience I had this year. After walking to Finisterre and Muxia I caught the bus back to Santiago and with a couple of days to fill before meeting a friend in León was hanging around the Pilgrim Office feeling a bit lost and lonely when I was approached by a woman of about my age. She invited me to a meeting the following morning where, if I chose, I could take the time to reflect on my camino experience. Always a bit “backward in coming forward” as they say I was initially somewhat hesitant but in the spirit of camino thought “What have I got to lose?” and duly turned up the following morning.

And I was very glad that I did. I was given time, a safe space and sensitive support to explore the issues that had been emerging for me over seven days of solitary walking and to begin to integrate the experience and see my way forward to the next stage of my journey. It didn't matter that I subscribe to no particular religion, have a confused and uncertain belief system and little faith in anything, human or divine. I was welcomed and supported as just another human soul in need of help along the way.

So – if you should find yourself in Santiago – glad or sad, tearful or joyful and in need of some time to process what it's all been about then find the Camino Companions at the Pilgrim Office. At present meetings are at 9.00 am and 2.00 pm Monday – Saturday until 21 October. To Katherine and her sisters in spirit my heartfelt thanks for providing me with a very different experience from that of last year.

From Maureen Measure

“¡Va Directo!” said the young attendant at Gaudi’s magnificent basilica of La Sagrada Familia in Barcelona. I was there with Ramblers’ Holidays. The tickets include an audioguide but as the queue is so long many people don’t bother. I asked the young man how much time it would be and he replied that it would be about 10 or 15 minutes. “¡Vale!” I said and joined the queue. He then removed a barrier and said that I should go right to the front of the queue, which I did (much to the annoyance of an American who shouted at me that I should wait in line). “Why”, I asked him, “was I being given favourable treatment?” “*Porque es peregrina*”, he replied. In Spain I usually wear my silver shell which I bought in Le Puy on a silver chain – and sometimes I get the old *‘descuento’* because of it.

Next day I was in a shop in La Rambla which sold beautiful ceramic animals covered with Gaudi mosaics, including a cat. They were shut up in a case with no price tags. The assistant opened the case and turned the cat over - €39, 50. I thanked him and said that it was far too expensive. “*Vente para tí, peregrina*”, was his reply. So it’s always worth while wearing a shell in Spain!

‘Priez Pour Nous a Compostelle’

Pilgrims walking or cycling across France on their way to Santiago will hear, from time to time, a valediction peculiar to the pilgrimage: ‘Priez Pour Nous a Compostelle’ (Pray for us at Compostela). This is also the title of one of the most evocative 20th-century books on the pilgrimage, published in 1978 by Barret and Gurgand. On their 1977 walk to Santiago, from Vézelay, they first heard a ‘Priez Pour Nous ...’ at La Souteraine, followed a day or so later by a ‘Light a candle for me at St James’. Both before then, in medieval times, and since, innumerable pilgrims have been asked to pray for other people, not only on arrival at Santiago but also en route to their destination.

We have received a contemporary prayer request from a long-standing CSJ member, whose adult son has recently been ‘caught up’ in the justice system, much to the distress of his family. He may even face a prison sentence very shortly. His mother, who believes in the power of prayer, would like to ask if any CSJ members walking to Santiago in the next two or three months could specifically pray for offenders and/or prisoners and their families, both on the Camino and at the Cathedral

on arrival. She would derive great comfort from this. She prefers to remain anonymous but would be grateful if anyone willing to pray to this effect would kindly notify the CSJ Secretary who will pass a message on to her.

From Robert and Ana Gomez

This year, we are going to attempt to walk from Alicante to Cape Finisterre, some 1200 kms or 800 miles! Unlike previous walks this one is not for charity but simply a challenge for us! We know that some of you may like to follow us as we attempt to complete this journey, which will take about two months so we will be “blogging” as we go along. Robert will be celebrating his 70th birthday along the way! You can follow us on our blogger website, where there is already a lot of information: www.footstepsonthecamino.blogspot.co.uk or on our Facebook page: www.facebook.com/footstepsonthecamino

From Brendan Mulcahy

I have recently returned from Portugal where, along with my *companion* Hass, we spent time updating and refining the mediaeval camino from the Algarve to Compostela. The route from Villa Real de San Antonio takes one through the rural and mountainous regions near the Spanish border up to Guarda before turning Northwest to cross the Douro valley and then on through the Serra de Barroso, eventually joining the main pilgrim route at Ourense. Although the wild flower meadows are an enduring memory for me, the journey is not exclusively pastoral, passing through such historic cities as Mertola, Evora (world heritage status), Castello Branco, Trancoso, Lamego and Villa Real. At present it is thought that around 500 pilgrims pass through each year, mainly German and Dutch, as the only guide book on this Via Lusitania is in German and the route is not waymarked except on a few *etapas*. Further, there are no *refugios* after the Spanish model so it is relatively expensive (you need around 50 euros a day to live comfortably although the *bomberos* in most towns will put you up for nothing). For anyone looking for a new perspective on the Camino de Santiago it is a rewarding experience. (If you read German, see *Portugal Spanien: Jakobsweg Ostportugal - Via Lusitania* by Hermann Hass. Published by Conrad Stein. ISBN 978-3-86686-230-2. There is also a website with updates and a 2nd edition is due out in late 2016)

From the Secretary's Notebook

The Trustees have announced the appointment of Jean Marray as the new secretary of the CSJ. She will begin in July by working alongside me to learn all about this wonderful organisation. She comes with glowing testimonials and has worked in the charity sector and publishing, as well as being a linguist.

New Pilgrim Records

These are now available through the CSJ shop on the website. Members are able to apply for them free of charge but need to pay postage. If you would like one of the old-style 'traditional' Pilgrim Records please apply to Stanley Haworth in the usual way.

2015 Conferences

American Pilgrims on the Camino Annual Gathering, March 2015

This was attended by Adam Wells and Elaine Hopkins, who spoke about CSJ and showed a short film about the life of *hospitaleros* at Refugio Gaucelmo. We hope this encouraged some more US *hospitaleros* to apply to work at Gaucelmo in the next years.

III Conference on Christian Welcome and the New Evangelisation

This conference was attended by Richard Jefferies and William Griffiths. They found it useful to network with others engaged in running the *albergues* along the Camino Francés and Camino del Norte and learning about the new initiatives in Santiago relating to the welcome of pilgrims.

1st Global Conference of Associations of Amigos del Camino de Santiago

Being hosted by the Xunta de Galicia this is an opportunity for all the new and old Chairmen and Presidents of associations around the world to meet. Trustee Priscilla White and her husband Mark represented the CSJ and gave a short contribution to a discussion on hospitality on the camino. 150 organisations were represented. Full report in September Bulletin 131.

New Pilgrim Office

The Pilgrim Office is due to move to a new base in Calle Carretas, down the hill from the Hostal de los Reyes Catolicos. This should provide more space for pilgrims to meet and relax. There will be opportunities for Associations to have a presence there too. In the meantime English speaking pilgrims are encouraged to meet the Camino Companions (see the contribution from Chris Fawcett on the Members' Page) and to note that there is Mass in English in the cathedral at 10.30am and 6pm Monday – Saturday.

Correos Services

The Spanish Post Office is now offering a transporting rucksack service on the Camino Francés. However, please note that we do NOT accept rucksacks in advance at Refugio Gaucelmo in Rabanal del Camino. see *elcaminoconcorreos.es*

New English Pilgrim Route

Canterbury-St Augustine's, Ramsgate. The inaugural walk along this new route took place at the end of May, starting in Canterbury at East-bridge Hospital, and reaching Ramsgate 2 days later in time for the 7pm Mass. The route has been developed as part of a Green Pilgrimage Network initiative to encourage local pilgrimages and to a new 'shrine' which has been created to mark both the arrival nearby in 597 of St Augustine from Rome to convert England to Christianity and the church of St Augustine, Ramsgate, built in the 19th c by A W Pugin. Pilgrims were able to 'champ' – (camp in a church) at All Saints, West Stourmouth (now looked after by the Churches Conservation Trust) see <http://explorekent.org/news/discover-champing-on-the-way-of-st-augustine> for more information.

Vincent Kelly

Long standing member and huge St James devotee has moved into residential care in Caversham. He sends his love to all who remember him.

From Marion Marples

I should like to thank everyone for the many kind and generous messages I have received since I said that it was time to retire. I am 'retiring' from being Secretary which I have now discovered I have been doing since 1989 – first as Hon Secretary and being paid after 1998. I hope I shall still have much to offer the CSJ in the future. In the autumn Leigh and I will be working on and walking *The Pilgrims Way* from Winchester to Canterbury and Southwark to Canterbury as he prepares his text for Cicerone books. After that, who knows what will develop? However, it has been a huge privilege to be part of CSJ through triumphs (Rabanal and Miraz) as well as tribulations (Rabanal and Miraz) and to get to know and be alongside a truly remarkable group of pilgrims. I think CSJ members have a huge amount to offer in terms of understanding of what determination and courage can do for anyone and the older generation in particular. The pilgrimage itself is of course our great teacher and has given me a lot throughout my life.

CSJ Events

Saturday 18 July, 3pm

St Arilda's walk

St Arilda's walk will take place on Saturday 18 July, leaving Oldbury on Severn church at 3 p.m. to walk to the saint's well (about a mile and a half). Please bring food to share for a picnic; drinks will be provided. As Mike and Jane Bradshaw are moving house this year's celebrations are rather quiet.

Friday 24 July

Farewell Party

A celebration dinner to mark over 30 plus years of service to the CSJ by Marion Marples. St Mary Moorfields Church crypt, Eldon Street, London EC2. Cost £20, please RSVP, phone with card details or and send a cheque payable to Confraternity of Saint James.

Saturday 25 July

St James's Day

St James in the City: Meet at All Hallows by the Tower church, Byward Street, EC3R 5BJ at 9.30am. Follow the London Wall walk around Roman London (and hence also the wall around the medieval city). Visit to Museum of London. End at St James Garlickhythe by Southwark Bridge. Evening meal to be arranged. Please book for the walk and meal (if desired) office@csj.org.uk

Saturday 25 July

St James's Day

12 noon, Patronal Mass at St James's Church, Spanish Place, London W1. Preacher Archbishop Bernard Longley (Birmingham)

Sunday 16 August

Our Lady of Grace Pilgrimage, Southampton

3pm St Mary's Church, St Mary Street, Southampton SO14. Ecumenical service and short pilgrimage along the Causeway to the site of Trinity Chapel, which attracted huge numbers of pilgrims from the late 1490s, including Henry VIII. This area is being regenerated with a new riverside path, which we hope will become part of the Eastleigh -Southampton section of the St James Way.

Friday 28 - Monday 31 August Greenbelt Festival

This year's theme is 'The Bright Field' from RS Thomas's poem of the same name. This resonates with pilgrimage as it can be what we glimpse while on pilgrimage. We shall be running a stall again to interest everyone in the pilgrimage to Santiago, so if you love talking about your experience please think about joining the team. Contact Liz Crean on thecreans@btinternet.com or 0117 973 4502 If you would like to camp for the weekend please book on the www.greenbelt.org.uk or for a day ticket email office@csj.org -we can obtain exhibitors' tickets

Saturday 26 September, 31 October, 28 November
Office Open Days

Office Open for enquiries, bookshop and use of Library 10.30-3.30pm,
27 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 8NY.

LOCAL GROUPS

North West:

contact nedspencer@point-systems.co.uk for more information

Sunday 26 July**Pam's Walk**

Meet Wilmslow 10am, Approx 6 miles along river Bollin and back via Lindow followed by lunch in a pub in Wilmslow

Saturday 5 September**Barbara's Walk**

Talk and short walk at Entwistle (near Bolton, has train station).
Contact barbarajones45@blueyonder.co.uk for more information.

Saturday 17 October**Barry's walk**

Meet Whalley - 9 miles to see St James in Altham then back to Whalley to visit Abbey & St Mary's

Devon/Cornwall:

contact Valerie Brighton camigos@countysidematters.org.uk

Saturday 10 October

Pilgrims' Day, Exeter

In conjunction with the *Camigos* from the *Camino de Santiago Pilgrim Forum*.

A day for those who have made their pilgrimage to Santiago and those who are planning or thinking of doing so. Planning; the routes; what to pack; walk or cycle?; accommodation; the *credencial* and the *Compostela*; CSJ membership etc. Past pilgrims can share information and future pilgrims can ask questions. We plan to meet at 10.00 for a 10.30 start and to finish at 3.30-3.45. The cost is £5.00, payable on the day, and you will need to bring your own lunch. Drinks will be provided. Any 'profit' will be sent to CSJ for the Miraz refugio.

As there is a limit on numbers for the hall we are asking for pre-registration please, preferably by e-mail (see back page of Bulletin). If you do not have e-mail then please send to CSJ office with the reverse of the envelope clearly marked **Exeter Oct 10th**, and be sure to enclose a s.a.e. Details of the venue, parking and also a timetable (approx) will then be sent out.

Other Events

Tuesday 29 September

175th Anniversary of Opening

The Archbishop of Santiago Mgr Julián Barrio Barrio has agreed to be the celebrant of the Mass to mark the 125th of the opening of the present church of St James Spanish Place, W1, 7pm. Followed by a Reception..

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Information is provided for members' personal use only

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ISSN 1755-1617

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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.