



Confraternity of Saint James

Bulletin



June 2014

No 126

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Proofreader	Liz Crean
Production Editor	Liz Keay
Production Coordinator	Marion Marples

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Cover photograph
Finisterre pilgrim
by Gosia Brykczyńska

Editorial

Gosia Brykczyńska

For the committed Santiago pilgrim all roads lead to Compostela and all adventurous wanderings prove to be exciting challenges (if not excuses) in the never ending pursuit of discovering new places and connections concerning St James. This spring was no exception; indeed I found and made the acquaintance of St James in several diverse places, set apart by continents and cold seas. Starting off with a re-introduction to all things medieval (including pilgrimages) at the Cloisters museum in New York City, I went on to meet a group of enthusiastic and committed pilgrims in St Louis, Missouri at the annual meeting of *The American Friends of the Camino*. There, I had the privilege of meeting Sandy Lenthall – a founding member of the American pilgrim group – for it was in her house that the American group was formed; an American equivalent of our own Dr Mary Remnant, in whose house the CSJ was formed over 31 years ago!

Sandy and I shared a magnificent bedroom in the picturesquely named Our Lady of the Snows Retreat house, where the American gathering was taking place. In the way that St James can work surprises and wonders, it turned out that I was already unwittingly and somewhat tangentially aware of at least one of Sandy's pilgrimage stories, for in 1995 while she was completing her camino she encountered an intrepid group of pilgrim volunteers who were assisting and facilitating incapacitated pilgrims in wheelchairs to complete *their* camino. Sandy received a T-shirt from them, (see photograph below), but ever since that camino experience had never come across anyone else who knew or had even heard about the adventures of the incredible *Relay St James*. (Interested CSJ member however can ask to see a video documenting their adventures, from our library at the CSJ office on Blackfriars Road.)

Sandy put on her (favourite) *Relay St James* T-shirt one day and to her utter amazement I proclaimed joyfully, that I knew about Relay St James and that the CSJ even assisted the group with information and advice. Sandy was speechless; I was proof positive that there was someone else out there who also knew about this special group of pilgrims. This was yet another of those 'special St James co-incidences' or as we affectionately like to refer to them – miracles of St James! Sometime later, across another continent, in Madrid,



while visiting a museum attached to the cloistered monastery of Poor Clares – Las Descalzas Reales – among all the saints and figurines lining the walls I came across a large rather splendid painting of St James-the-pilgrim. Taking photographs within the cloister was however strictly forbidden, and so I reflected sadly that this would have to be a picture for my inner memory only – for my mind’s eye. But St James was up to his old tricks yet again and what should I find in the booklet about the monastery – but a beautiful photograph of this particular painting! Content with this happy occurrence and oblivious

to any other pilgrim possibilities in the bustling city, I made my way to the Madrid Rose Festival only to be confronted with a beautiful T-Hybrid rose grown in France, *Rosa del Camino de Santiago*, a 2012 silver medallist! These minor miracles of St James can be multiplied and enjoyed ad infinitum, much like the celebrated *Fioretti* of St Francis, and are clearly evidenced in the contributions to this Bulletin. Moreover, it so happens, that this year Franciscans (and not only), are celebrating the 800th anniversary of the tradition of the arrival of the *Poverello* in Santiago. (But there will be more about that in the CSJ September Bulletin, to coincide with his feast in the autumn!)

In this Bulletin however we have a short account of a romantic interlude along the camino, by Shirley Higgins and a Scots take on undertaking the pilgrimage by John James Toal. Dermot Wynne recounts his “international” adventures along the Le Puy route while Evan Rutherford retells and explains the story of the Spanish knight

Suero de Quiñones who fought on the bridge over the river Órbigo. It is in June that the festival commemorating this strange medieval event takes place, so while reading about the exploits of the knight we can think about those present day pilgrims passing through Hospital de Órbigo. Closer to home Jane Bradshaw tells us about a St James connection in Belmont Abbey and finally our chairman Colin Jones describes for us a Marian shrine (and more) along the Camino del Norte – in Mondoñedo. Who would have thought that places as far apart as the USA, northern Spain, the British Isles, medieval knights, St Francis and English Benedictine abbeys, even roses can all be linked together in the person of St James!

We are also linked together as members of the CSJ in a special way every St James' Day – when on the 25th July pilgrims, the cathedral in Santiago, and Christians all over the world, celebrate the feast of the fiery apostle whose life and significance has been beautifully presented to us by the Rev Paul Smith. As members of the CSJ we try every year to mark the feast of St James in a special way, and members all over the UK will be getting together to commemorate our patron pilgrim saint and to pray in a special way for all CSJ members, those currently on pilgrimage to Compostela, those involved in promoting the camino in the many various ways, and for all those who have reached their final heavenly destination – like our past proof-reader and contributor to the Bulletin and committed member of the Bulletin production team, John Revell who died recently. (See obituary in this Bulletin.)

I wish all CSJ members a joyful St James' Day, together with Marion our secretary, Colin our chairman and all the Trustees of the CSJ. I also look forward to meeting many of you at our London celebrations on Friday 25th July at Don Pepe's and later at the celebration of Mass at the church of St James in the evening at Spanish Place. (See CSJ Events Page for more details.) Finally, as Judith Mitchell from Australia notes in her poem, let us give thanks for everything that we encounter on our incredible and unpredictable earthly pilgrimage – *Where the glory of another dawn means light that I may see...*

Following in the Way of St James: a reflection for the feast of St James

Paul Smith

Acts 11.27-12.2; 2 Cor. 4.7-15; Matt. 20.20-28

Jewish Joke: Jewish people tell this joke: A non-Jew asked his Jewish friend, “Why do Jews always answer a question by asking another question?” To which his friend replied, “Why shouldn’t we answer a question with another question?” The mother of James and John, the twins whom Jesus nicknamed *Boanerges* meaning ‘Sons of Thunder’, came to ask Jesus a question. Well, it was more of a request, but it was to ask if her sons could have favoured places in his coming kingdom. Jesus replied by asking “Are you able to drink the cup I am about to drink?” That may seem a bit of a puzzling answer, but we’ll see what Jesus’ response meant as we think more of the situation they were all in.

On the Way

This is the immediate situation they were in: Jesus and his followers (which wasn’t just him and the eleven men disciples but a considerable “camp following” as you might call it: various women folks who supported them and no doubt others apart from the twelve disciples) were on pilgrimage up to Jerusalem, something that devout Jewish people did when they were able – principally to celebrate the Passover near the Temple. Of course, we know that this was to be Jesus’ last journey to Jerusalem because it was there that he was to be arrested, condemned to death and crucified. From there he would begin his journey back to his heavenly Father’s side and when he taught about the kingdom, it was this greater kingdom of heaven which he really meant. Despite his trying to emphasise that he was expecting the worst when they got to Jerusalem, the disciples were still unable to really take in what Jesus meant.

The gospels all tell us how often the disciples misunderstood Jesus and expected triumph and victory as they followed him in feverish expectation. Just before James and John’s mother’s request, Jesus had taken his twelve disciples to one side and tried to get through to them

what would really happen to him once they arrived in Jerusalem. The message didn't really sink in and perhaps in private conversations the twin's mother got a sense of something extraordinary about to take place. So she tried to get in before any rivals and put her request to Jesus. Perhaps it was at the behest of her twin sons, as the other ten disciples were angry with James and John for trying to shoulder their way in to the top jobs. Jesus stepped in and had a stern lesson for them all to try and take in, regardless of whose side they were on: whoever wants to be great in the kingdom of heaven must become the least, the servant of all. The only way to truly follow Jesus is to follow his example and be prepared to give up your life for the sake of others. The kingdom is always turning our human values upside down.

The Way of St James

There are many legends about the saints and some of the stories about St James take us a long way from what the Bible has to say about him. For instance, James is the patron saint of Spain and you know how keen I am on the pilgrimage to Santiago. Legend has it that St James preached on the Iberian Peninsula in 40CE and then his remains were transported to north western Spain after his martyrdom. Much later, his figure became a rallying point for a beleaguered Christian community who forced the Moorish rulers back to southern Spain in the 12th century. Nowadays we find it hard to understand and impossible to accept that a saint should be used to support the idea of fighting battles and using violence, but people in those days saw things differently. We can see another way in which St James has been misunderstood in the many stories there are of him being prayed to for protection or intervention. It is a huge sadness and a great irony that on the day before St James' day last year, the worst rail disaster to hit Spain for forty years, happened just outside Santiago, the city so dedicated to his memory. Why wasn't he there to stop the tragedy happening? I'm sure you'll recognise that the whole picture is much more complicated than that and it is perhaps best to leave it to the investigators to figure out why the accident happened. But we should pray for all affected, for those who lost their lives so suddenly and for those who've had to deal with the aftermath. After all, whether or not the legends are true, the cult of Santiago has been a way in which many people have made a journey towards finding faith, wholeness and a new meaning or purpose in life.

The Way of Christ

I could have shared a lot about Santiago, pilgrimage and the many meanings that James has in the lives of the millions who go on pilgrimage to Compostela. I have chosen however, to concentrate on what the Bible has to say about St James. I feel it is important to take the message of Jesus to heart and to make sure that if we follow the way of St James, it is only because we are following the greater way in the footsteps of Jesus Christ. We need to remember his words that whoever would be great in the kingdom must be servant of all. Christ is the greatest because he gave his life as a ransom for many. Ultimately we are called to follow Christ, although the means by which we do that may vary and be enriched by other saints and spiritualities.

The Call to Follow, the Call to Listen

So what else do we know from the Bible about James? The first time he appears with his twin is when Jesus calls them from their father Zebedee's fishing business to follow him. They were among the first four to be called along with Peter and his brother Andrew. They were part of the close inner circle of trusted disciples with whom Jesus shared some of his most intimate experiences. They were taken in to the privacy of the room where Jesus healed the daughter of Jairus. They were reprimanded for wanting to call down fire on the Samaritan village where they were refused hospitality. They were witnesses of the transfiguration and then James, along with Peter, played a prominent if brief leading role in the early Church. As our reading from Acts tells us, James was beheaded. Experts date this as 44CE. It isn't clear from Paul's writings whether he knew of James' visiting Spain or not. In all of these scenes, the lesson is clear: humble service and not glory is the way to follow Christ. Even at the transfiguration, the real lesson wasn't how glorious Jesus would be, but that it was a time that showed Jesus' true glory was in the death of the cross. James, John and Peter wouldn't truly understand what this was all about until after the resurrection. God's way is sometimes hard to understand. Why, for instance, did James get beheaded whilst Peter got out of jail by a miracle? We may not see it this way, but in the 4th century John Chrysostom, Bishop of Constantinople, suggested that this was the *'cup from which James would drink or share with Christ'*. This was the honour of being counted worthy of martyrdom. In the 4th century they looked at things the opposite way round to us!

They might have asked: "Why did God honour James with

martyrdom and leave Peter to suffer only years later?" We don't know, but it is clear that Peter went on to have just as significant a ministry as Paul in the early days of the Church. For instance, through the conversion of Cornelius, gentiles began to join Jews who followed Christ.

Conclusion

On the 25 July we celebrate the feast of Saint James, the patron of this parish. I don't know why the name was chosen, apart from it being a popular name for parish churches throughout Britain. But we can refresh what James can mean to us. There are three things in particular to draw from the Bible's story of James. First, that he was called to follow Christ. Secondly, he witnessed some of the most important moments in Christ's life and ministry on earth. Thirdly, he was the first apostle to be a martyr for his faith. How does this apply to us? Well, I'm not going to suggest that we are all for the chop in the same way as James! But we'll come to how that third aspect of James may apply to us in a moment. Taking things in order, the first is the call to follow Christ. Have you, like James, heard the call of Christ in your life? "Follow me!" says Jesus. Does that describe your life? Even in the face of opposition or misunderstanding (similar to the things St Paul described in today's reading : *We are afflicted in every way, but not constrained; perplexed, but not driven to despair; persecuted, but not abandoned; struck down, but not destroyed*; 2 Cor; 7-15), would you say "I am following the call of Christ!" Second, James witnessed Jesus' life. He had to learn the hard way that these things didn't mean glory but led to humility and service. Those things led to the third: to be a martyr means to be a witness. The ultimate witness is to give up one's life in order to stay true to what you've seen and live by. That is what it means to be a martyr. We can so easily drift off course, get distracted from our true path and forget what set us off in the footsteps of Christ in the first place. Let us resolve, both as individuals and as local church communities, to live faithfully after the call of Christ. As we follow him, we will witness his work in our lives and community. Let us ask not for prominent places but that we may be faithful to what we witness of the work of Christ in our lives! And may we humbly serve all whom we meet, who live in our community or visit us! And lastly, next time you ask me a question, I might just answer you with another question!

Paul Smith a CSJ member is vicar of St James, New Bradwell, Milton Keynes

Mondoñedo on the Camino del Norte: connections

Colin Jones

Pilgrims who pause awhile in the cathedral of Mondoñedo may be aware that in one side chapel there is a statue referred to as *Nuestra Señora inglesa* – the English Virgin. Although it is not certain where it was made or from which church or cathedral it came from, it is documented that in 1552, English merchants brought to Ferrol a number of statues that the Protestant Reformers had removed from London churches including St Paul's Cathedral. The intention was to sell them to Spanish religious establishments flush with money from the expanding overseas empire. A Canon from the Cathedral of Mondoñedo purchased two items, one of which was the statue of Our Lady. The statue was placed at first in a Benedictine house, but in 1555 was installed in the Cathedral where it has remained ever since.

(The second is an alabaster altarpiece depicting the life of Mary. Entrance to the Diocesan Cathedral Museum is by prior arrangement, phone 0034 686416111. ed)

However, the links between Mondoñedo and the British Isles reach back further and more deeply than this statue. About the mid 6th century, migrants from Britain began arriving. However, the links between Mondoñedo and the British Isles reach back further and more on the northern shores of Galicia. Probably they were seeking more secure lands as the Anglo-Saxon migrations were slowly displacing the British-Celtic population. At its greatest extent, this new population stretched from the present Ferrol along the coast to Bares and inland up the Lorenzana Valley. Although archaeological evidence of this British population is scant, there is documentary reference to *Britonia* and especially to a diocese of the same name. Bishops of *Britonia* are recorded as attending church councils at Braga and there is a hint that the monastery located at San Martin de Mondoñedo was founded by monks from this British community. Significantly, in the manner of the early Celtic Church, the Bishops of *Britonia* exercised a personal rather than territorial authority. We are used to the idea that a diocese has a geographical identity. In the Celtic Church bishops had no specific area in which to operate but exercised authority through travel and personal contact. This was the case with the Bishops of *Britonia*.

It is striking that the name of the first recorded bishop is Mailoc – a British name. He was the last signatory of the 1st Council of Braga in

561 which promulgated twenty-two decrees aimed directly at doctrines of Priscillianism. Also, in the manner of the early church in the British Isles, the bishops of *Britonia* were monks and probably abbot/bishops of San Martin.

What happened to Britonia? Evidence is not conclusive but the most likely possibility is that it was gradually absorbed into the Visigothic church and society. The names of later bishops appear less distinctively British and increasingly of Greek origin. As the Visigothic Kingdom extended its



Nuestra Señora inglesa

reach to all parts of the Iberian Peninsula, it seems that this personal diocese of the British was included into the territorial structure of the Visigothic Church. By the mid-9th Century there are no references to a Bishop of Britonia.

The present diocese of Mondoñedo has its origins in this forgotten episode of Galician history. Migrants from these islands who sought security in lands well known through trading routes then settled an area on the northern coast of Galicia. It is not known in what sort of numbers they came or how many settlements owe their origin to this migratory movement. These settlers brought with them their own distinctive customs and organisations, particularly ecclesiastical and there must have been sufficient numbers to justify their own Bishop whose authority was recognised by the local church. Although only scraps of evidence remain of their presence in Galicia perhaps *Nuestra Señora inglesa* will serve to remind pilgrims passing along the Camino del Norte of a once deeper connection between Galicia and the British Isles.

Dawn - Time to see

Judith Mitchell

*Careful steps on guided feet
Across the rim of the world,
Where the glory of another dawn
Means light that I might see –
See the way and see the world.*

*I give thanks for the many things
That make up God's world
Just in this place and time –*

*Silent village coming to life,
Grazing cows behind stone fences,
Distant lights from yesterday's dawn,
Pink-tinged wind generators lazily turning,
Cottonwool clouds below me,
Snow-poles, like sentinels, line the road above,
Autumn colors appearing in the glow of dawn
As sunlight creeps down hillsides,
Iron Cross on its pile of stones,
Drawing pilgrims to the summit.*

*So many things that make up God's world
Just in this place and time –*

And now I have time to see.

Sorrento, Australia

Annunciation – a pilgrim romance

Shirley Higgins

He reminded me so much of my youngest son, tall and loose-limbed, russet curls, sun-flecked skin, generous even-toothed grin. His eyes held mine for a moment, light dancing behind his level gaze, as he bent to kiss her smooth, dark head. Behind them the late-afternoon sun made me screw up my eyes, turning the glow around them into wing-like rays. The light glanced back up towards them from the smooth limestone cobbles of the *calzada romana*, making a blur of their feet, so that they seemed not to be standing on the road, but slightly above it. He had folded her into himself, as if to reclaim the rib once taken from his primal ancestor; this young god and his olive-skinned Eve. They told me they had met at the airport, standing in a queue to get the train to Irún. They were both on their way to Roncesvalles from opposite sides of the world to walk the camino. She had taken six weeks off work, determined to sweep away the rubble of two consecutive long-term relationships; he was taking a gap year after completing his degree. By the time they reached Puente la Reina, they felt they had known each other a lifetime. All of us whose paths crossed theirs on the camino were warmed, even dazzled, by the urgent fire of their newfound love, but also moved by how tenderly they searched each other's faces and found there the wondrous affirmation of their shared miracle. In the communal attic sleeping space of the parish albergue in Grañón, we could not allow ourselves to be more than momentarily irritated at stumbling upon them in the half dark, wrestling and giggling like teenagers in the single sleeping bag they had made by zipping their separate bags together. We could not mutter that they were being rude, for they were kind and charming and we felt ourselves to be the witnesses and guardians of an ancient ritual. At the evening meal, they joined in the singsong as enthusiastically as the rest of us, he singing a song from his native Chile and she a Portuguese lullaby. We basked in their radiance and saw reflected in each other's eyes the youthful memories of our own sun-drenched love stories from long ago. I met them again outside the only bar in Espinosa, they, too, preferring this quiet farm village to the art and bustle of Belorado. We had been

joined by four Brazilian cyclists and a pretty 28 year old who, although she had lived in Australia since the age of six, had steadfastly resisted the flattening of her vowels and still spoke with the prim north London tones of her early childhood. She loudly proclaimed her indignation at having had to be devious in shaking off the company of a pilgrim “almost twice my age and old enough to be my father, for goodness sake,” oblivious to the downward glances of the middle-aged cyclists. Oblivious, too, to the close questioning of the two lovers, the challenge in the eyes of Rodrigo, the boy from Chile, and the way Annabelle’s skin seemed to grow tight, so that one was suddenly aware of the lines around her eyes. Why was this man’s age a problem? Was he not a nice man? Was he not good company? Was he not kind, charming, intelligent? Were we all mad, asked the Australian? None of that was the point! He was OLD! Heavens, how stupid we all were. When we returned to our albergue some hours later we found Rodrigo and Annabelle apparently already fast asleep in their pushed-together beds. They were still there when we all left after breakfast the next morning, so that when I arrived in San Juan de Ortega at lunch time, I was surprised to find them already there. They were standing in the church facing the altar, he behind her, legs astride and arms protectively around her and she pressing back into his chest, as if to imprint herself there. I left them alone and decided to have lunch before exploring the church and lighting a candle. When I returned an hour later, I went first to the side altar dedicated to the barren Queen Isabel la Católica of Castile, who miraculously conceived a child after worshipping here in 1477. She was so still, Annabelle, so intent upon her earnest prayer, that I did not immediately notice her sitting in the shadows, pain etched around her mouth and balled into tight fists alongside her thighs. I saw them only once more, from the window of the bus I’d taken to avoid walking through the suburbs of Burgos. They were seated at a sidewalk café, heads together, deep in conversation. In the ensuing weeks on the road to Santiago I would find myself looking out for them and once I thought I saw them walking ahead of me, but it was only the sun in my eyes. Often, before I fell asleep at night, I wondered if the young Rodrigo would take up the apple of his fall and find it in himself to redeem his beloved Eve. Or perhaps I hoped it.

St James at Belmont Abbey, Hereford

Jane Bradshaw

I was sitting in the church at Belmont Benedictine Abbey, near Hereford, waiting for Mass to start, when the large stained glass window to my left caught my attention. Belmont Abbey church was built in the 1850s and designed by Edward Welby Pugin, son of the more famous Augustus Welby Pugin. Unfortunately the guide book doesn't seem to mention the designer of the windows.

Anyway, what particularly attracted me was that in the very top light of this particular window there was a shield with three gold scallop shells on a bright blue ground. The book I had brought for the weekend was Edwin Mullins' *The Pilgrimage to Santiago*, and I had been reading the evening before that Reading Abbey's coat of arms '*came to incorporate, against a blue ground, three golden scallop shells*' in honour of the gift to the abbey by Henry I of the left hand of St James. This had been left, as members of the Confraternity will know, to Henry's daughter Matilda who, as widow of the Holy Roman Emperor, had visited Compostela in about 1125. She left it to her father, who entrusted it to the royal abbey he had founded at Reading.

Edwin Mullins goes on to relate that a Jesuit, Father John Morris, actually went to Santiago and '*satisfied himself* [Mullins does not, alas, say how] *that the left hand of the apostle's body was indeed missing*'. The hand having, it seems, survived the dissolution of the abbey at the Reformation is now held by the Roman Catholic church of St Peter at Marlow.

Be all that as it may, after Mass I went to have a closer look at the window. As I knew that many of the Belmont Abbey windows represent Roman Catholic martyrs of the Reformation I was not surprised to find in this window Abbot Hugh Faringdon and two others who were hanged in front of Reading Abbey gateway in 1538 for, according to Dom David Knowles¹ '*a clear assertion of the papal supremacy*'. What did surprise and please me was to find that Abbot Hugh holds a monstrance in which is the outline of a hand.

1 'The Religious Orders in England' Vol. 3.

See You Jimmy – some day

John James Toal

From January to March in 1998 I was working from 7pm to 7am for five nights a week on the Hylton Bridge on the A9, over the River Wear. This was the backdrop for my pilgrimage to Santiago. Well sort of. I stay (Scottish for “live”) in Ayrshire and being a bit of a cyclist I had the idea to cycle this pilgrimage. I had a neighbour Ron who was a member of the Cyclists Touring Club and was enthusiastic and suggested a friend, Rab, who was a real cyclist as third in the party. So I bought a second hand bike for £70 from a pregnant lady and built up six weeks leave, giving myself three weeks to get fit and three weeks to make the pilgrimage. Part of the preparation was cycling from my home in Kilmarnock to Troon for a shell and visiting Paisley Abbey originally dedicated to St Mary, St James, St Mirin and St Milburga. These saints had become a source of various local names like the nearby *St James Interchange* on the M8 and *St Mirren*, the Paisley football team, although I do not hear of any Paisley buddies called *Milburga*. Mentioning a St James pilgrimage to the staff of the Abbey at that time brought out the usual Scottish Reformation ignorance of course. However, things seemed to have improved the following year when more senior staff enabled one of the Practical Pilgrim days to take place at the Abbey – *Viva Escocia!*

I did the minimum of picking flights and planning the route and I prepared with my daily 15 mile training rides. I borrowed panniers, a drinking bottle, cycling cape, old clothes to be discarded after use, a copy of Don Quixote which diminished as I read and discarded each page, a spanner and a linen sleeping bag but no helmet. Excellent, and, by the way, I had made trips when younger covering over 120 miles per day and so had a quiet confidence.

Booking an early morning KLM flight from Glasgow to Amsterdam revealed that the bikes could travel without bike bags as long as wrapped, and pedals and handlebars detached to reduce protrusions – perfect. Awaiting the start, we heard there was a delay, for the catering trolley had been parked under the plane and as the passengers and luggage were loaded, the plane sank onto the trolley and all was stuck. Eventually we got off to much amusement; trolley freed, plane freed and we were on our way, or were we?

Now to the land of efficiency, but as we approached Schiphol Airport it was announced that the runway could not cope with the rain and was flooded and we were being diverted to Rotterdam. We had plenty of time as our flight to Toulouse was in the afternoon and we were meeting an

exiled Scot who would take us to our first overnight stay on the Pilgrim Route. However, we had to wait until all passengers had cleared to collect the three bikes as last items before getting on the coach to Amsterdam. In the meantime, a young man fell in the mêlée and cracked his skull at the terminal exit and no one was allowed out until the fire brigade came and washed away the blood. We were getting concerned to the extent that we had stopped laughing! At last on the bus and then the motorway quickly became a parking lot due to a major crash and fire en route. We arrived at Schiphol Airport at the same time as our flight was leaving and after trying to get other flights and getting confused with other people getting flights to Santiago in Chile, our bikes were put in left luggage and we were put up in a Golf Hotel 60km from Amsterdam because by then the city was full! A chancy Turkish driver took us there and we made the most of all on offer from KLM and were back the next morning fighting through crowds. At the last minute we were told that we now needed bike bags. This meant more pushing through the busy Terminal with a final sprint to run to catch the plane and sit down with another sigh that we were on our way. The plane would not start and looking out of the window we could see a generator/battery thing labelled JET STARTER being towed across to jump start the plane. Yes it started but we had missed our slot and had to wait another two hours for take-off. No problem!

In Toulouse, Ron's bag was lost and while he was complacent I was wondering. A big box in the open terminal area became suspicious and was cordoned off and then a team of uniforms wearing big shiny helmets rushed into the airport like invading Vikings and herded everyone out. We missed the best part when they blew up the package and splattered the place with yoghurt. Thank God that Ron's bag came on the next flight and we were free from the vagaries of modern transport. Pete arrived and we cycled off to meet his family and under his guidance went off along minor roads at quick speed to a little hotel that he thought he knew. It was closed for the winter! *C'est la vie*. We managed to get a holiday house in a camp site and bade farewell to Pete the next day. After a day in the rain and an overnight in a farmhouse and more rain, we got a train for Lourdes to help us on our way to St Jean-Pied-de-Port.

Lourdes was not on my list of musts but against moans from Ron we cycled on and soon looked down on the Grotto and, with me making it clear that it was not my idea, we descended to the place of pilgrimage. Presbyterian Rab was in full voice with the Latin hymns in the St Pius X Basilica while Ron went off to contemplate in the Rosary Basilica and I went to the Grotto swamped by wee Italian women immersed in the occasion and the Marian Shrine. Rab was now complaining of a sore throat and when the holy water failed I suggested a prayer to the

patron saint of sore throats. He tried to laugh. Soon we came across the first physical sign of *The Way*, which was a hospital dedicated to St Blaise with a full description of his powers. Rab, on catching up, said a prayer and was soon cured but remained unconvinced and is still a Presbyterian.

We then became desperate for accommodation and after knock backs climbed a side road into the foothills of the Pyrenees to a signposted Auberge. This had not yet opened for the season and sent us away. Rab, in his mid-sixties, wasn't feeling so good and started banging on house doors as a last resort. We rented a *gîte* and were advised to go back to the inn to eat. There we were given a divine French meal complete with meats, pâté, cheeses, bread, wine and cake all in one large aluminium tray which, along with purloined firewood, gave safe haven. Next, in St Jean-Pied-de-Port, I got my first pilgrim stamp from Mme Debril who advised going on to Valcarlos and thereafter to Roncesvalles where Rab entertained people with his mouth organ echoing round the chapel. It was not warm but we were heading for Pamplona and the heat of Spain in April!

After two nights of Guinness in Pamplona my companions expressed a dislike for Spaniards and said that they were returning to France. To their surprise I said cheerio and headed for Logroño and Burgos, meeting up with a crowd of retired English policemen in Santo Domingo. They were cycling and starving and after going for a meal, Dave said 'I am sticking with you,' as that was the first decent meal he'd had since arriving in Spain. The way was long, the wind was cold. I felt miserable and I was getting old. Not even coming across a roadside water fountain made in Kilmarnock could cheer me up and only made me think that I could be just as miserable in Scotland. So with three days of snow and slush from Pamplona and after a night in Burgos with more sleet, I gave up and came home using trains, planes and my bike. Perhaps there will be another chance to add Santiago to my accidental list of St Andrews in Scotland, Esquipulas in Guatemala, Guadalupe in Mexico, Cranfield by Lough Neagh, Walsingham, Carfin, Doon Well in Donegal, Whithorn and Lourdes.

I like to think of the pilgrimage as a bit of life and I like the idea of Chaucer's unhurried chancers and I think of my school in a poor part of Glasgow in the fifties where a quick census identified more Jameses than Johns setting out on a pilgrimage of life with few prospects. My part pilgrimage does not dare to draw on the beauties of nature and culture and soulful camaraderie so evident in the pages of the Bulletin, but it continues and may someday reach Santiago. It is good to have it as a possibility on life's journey and not as a must do on a tick list.

The *entente cordiale* gets a knock

Dermot Wynne

I have vivid memories of a scout camp in north Devon when I was a young boy. The campsite was on farmland adjacent to an international youth hostel. In addition to all the other wonderful activities we undertook, every other evening we had a camp fire to which the residents of the international youth hostel were invited. Up to that time, places like Poland, Greece, Israel, Finland etc. were just names to be learnt in a Geography lesson. But this was the real thing. We, the scouts, had the good fortune to have had excellent scout leaders who took full advantage of the extra singing potential and our guests, apart from being asked to join in with the traditional scout songs, were encouraged to contribute songs from their own countries and, of course, in their own language. It didn't seem to matter whether they were German, French or from Timbuktu, they all sang wonderfully. I will never forget those halcyon days which were my introduction to international relations and the *entente cordiale*.

I hadn't given too much thought to whom I might meet along the camino before I left but as soon as I got to Le Puy, my starting point, it was evident that my pilgrimage to Santiago was going to be a feast of international contact. In fact, of all the hundreds of pilgrims I met, only two were English. At one refuge during dinner with other pilgrims we calculated that we had met people from forty four different countries. Fortunately for me, it didn't really matter from which part of the world people came because they could nearly always speak English. The one exception was my meeting with an elderly pilgrim from Japan. I met him first on the *Meseta*. He couldn't speak a word of any European language but somehow he managed to make himself understood. He had a permanent smile on his face and whenever we met, he would put his hands together and bow. He had, apparently, started walking from Roncevaux but by the time he had got to Pamplona had decided to buy a bicycle. I remember cycling along a particularly straight stretch of the *Meseta*. I could see someone ahead of me who appeared to be peering into the hedge. As I approached I noticed that it was the pilgrim from Japan. He hadn't heard me coming and as I drew close I called a greeting to him. He got such a fright that he jumped into the hedge and dropped his camera. I hadn't meant to cause any difficulty. He picked himself up, recognised me, and gave his usual bow with his hands together and a broad smile. The *entente cordiale* was in good shape.

When I was in Pamplona, I met a whole group of young pilgrims from Chile. They were being shadowed, at that point, by an official from the Chilean Embassy who was making a promotional film of their pilgrimage. The cameraman couldn't resist getting some footage and an interview with an elderly English pilgrim and I was obliged to give my age and a few details of my pilgrimage into the camera. The Chileans were all teenagers and they couldn't believe that someone so ancient could be allowed out alone on such a potentially perilous journey! We parted with many handshakes and wishes of '*Buen Camino*'.

Shortly after leaving Le Puy I met three French pilgrims who, like me, were cycling to Santiago. Unlike me, however, they were cycling along the footpath. They were all retired policemen and very tough. At the point when we met I was trying to achieve some small degree of fitness and was struggling to maintain a decent mileage each day. The Frenchmen were very fit and experienced cyclists and I'm sure they looked upon me with some curiosity. However, our paths crossed on many occasions during the next few weeks and our final meeting was on the famous bridge in Puente le Reina. Whenever we met they were always very concerned that I was all right and not in trouble. We had some very happy evenings together and I'm pleased to record that we now correspond regularly. The *entente cordiale* was firmly in place!

My pilgrimage from Le Puy to Santiago was awash with good relations internationally except, perhaps, for one little incident. I had arrived at the refuge in Sahagún fairly early in the afternoon and was one of the first pilgrims to register. The dormitory was on the mezzanine floor of a converted church and the accommodation was in wooden box-like bunk beds, all of which were very close to each other. I put my few possessions on one of the beds, not too far away from two French ladies opposite. Without any apparent embarrassment, one of the ladies approached me and asked in quite a purposeful way, and without any hint of a smile, if I snored or not? The question took me a little by surprise. I am not normally very quick witted on such occasions but I had enough savvy to reflect upon the question for a moment before bouncing a question back to her by asking which day of the week it was? She was a little surprised at my unusual response and hesitated before replying that it was Tuesday. I told her that she was in luck because I only snored on Wednesdays, Fridays and Sundays! On the other nights of the week everyone around me could get a peaceful night's sleep. I don't think she appreciated my English humour so, perhaps, the *entente cordiale* received a little dent!

The “passage of arms” at El Puente de Órbigo

Evan Rutherford

Midway between León and Astorga, the camino crosses the River Órbigo. At the other end of the medieval bridge and causeway, the village of Hospital de Órbigo holds an annual festival with jousts during the first weekend in June. This event commemorates the *paso honroso* of 1434 when Suero de Quiñones (1409-1456), with nine other assistant knights, held the passage against the cavalry of half of Europe. His declared purpose was to free himself from a prison of love. As a sign of this, he had worn a heavy iron collar every Thursday, from which he intended to break out of by causing the shattering of three hundred lances.

What on earth does all this mean? The pilgrim will be given some guidance when passing between two stone pillars placed there in 1951, followed by a notice board in Spanish. In the festival period there is a re-enactment of the event in the wooden enclosure beside the causeway and stalls in the main street sell medieval produce. However the roots and ramifications of this event go a long way back into Spanish and European history.

The English-speaking pilgrim will probably be familiar with the nursery rhyme about blackbirds who sang and with the notion of tournament as described by Sir Walter Scott in the book *Ivanhoe* – a book chosen by ex-Prime Minister Blair as his favourite tale. There may have been a literal precedent for blackbirds in the wildly strange coronation of King Juan I of Aragón in 1410. Meanwhile, the *Ivanhoe* happenings were really grounded in the Leicester town of Ashby-de-la-Zouch in or about 1188. Between these two dates a literary phenomenon had sprung up which governed and transformed the behaviour of the knightly classes, particularly in Spain. This was *chivalry*.

It is known that Suero de Quiñones had contact with this literature during his education at the court of the King of Castile, in particular the 14th century romance *Amadis de Gaula*. This was an account of adventures by an ideally virtuous knight in a world where magic was an accepted part of life. Two centuries later, Cervantes was to caricature the aspirations to knightly virtue in the figure of Don Quixote; the belief in magic being taken as a source of total absurdity. In 1434 the supernatural element may or may not have been believed in. The conduct expected of knightly persons certainly was.

We have some extremely detailed accounts of what was done in the thirty days before and after the day of St James, 25 July, in 1434; the

interpretation of them is a matter of opinion. What is written at the bridge itself partially contradicts the text recommended by the local parish priest. This text, best described as a history novel, combines an avowedly fictional account of the protagonist's career before and after the event with speculation about his motives and state of mind. The original manuscripts on which this text is based have been summarized in a compendium published in 1978. This has a score-card which can be compared to a sports report from the modern Olympics. In 1434 there was a degree of public attention which stands comparison.

Jousting in this context was extremely dangerous with the imposed condition that shields were not to be used. The aim would be to strike with an iron-shod lance at some part of the opponent's armour. Breaking this lance would mean a score in favour of the knight wielding it. However an encounter which drew blood was counted as the breaking of three lances; unhorsing the opponent carried a similar effect. Therefore the final score of 180 lances broken did not mean this was the literal total. There were also occasions where a piece of armour was dislodged, most frequently the gauntlet, but in the absence of wounding it did not count as the breaking of a lance. It was foreseen that an encounter might be so terrifying that the participant might prefer not to repeat it – though the implied penalty of dishonouring for cowardice; continuing the journey to Santiago through the river-bed, does not seem to have been applied. On the other hand some passages might be totally inconclusive, since both opponents missed.

Over the whole thirty days there were 748 courses, in which the defenders were credited with 106 broken lances and the challengers with 63. The total of 180 awarded by the judges includes an allowance for lances not actually broken, so that the real total seems to have been 166. One challenger, Albert de Claramunt, died from a wound received in his eye on August 6th. Eight others were recorded as "wounded" and one as "gravely wounded". The most common injury was to the armhole or armpit. Suero de Quiñones himself was wounded in his right arm on 28th July and did not joust after that.

On Monday 9th August the judges declared the event concluded. They also declared Suero de Quiñones "freed from the collar which he had worn every Thursday as a token of his amorous imprisonment". After a rest on the family estate near Astorga, he went in company with his nine helpers to Santiago de Compostela, accompanied by Doña Leonor de Tovar. The next year, the two were married.

By 1434 the literature of chivalry and courtly love was immense. Some trace its origins to Provence, where the language of poems and songs was Occitan (an ancestor of Catalan). The *Roman de la Rose*, usually taken as a basic text, was written in Old French, compiled by two different poets; and had a total of some 22,00 lines. In some ways

it functioned as an encyclopaedia of scientific and philosophical texts.

We are unlikely to know for certain how much of this was familiar to Suero de Quiñones but it is fairly certain that the adopted pattern of the proceedings was the poem *Amadis de Gaula*. We have hints that defending the passage was an affirmation of the supreme beauty of the lady being championed. Such a scene occurs in *Amadis*. A knight swears to defend a river crossing for a certain number of days against any comers who should maintain that their lady is more beautiful. In theory, ladies whose champion failed to sustain them at Puente de Órbigo had to forfeit their right glove to the supremely beautiful lady. There are records that show a small number of ladies who arrived without an escort, had to surrender a glove and were redeemed by champions who voluntarily offered their service.

It does not seem that this matter of gloves was taken seriously. More fundamentally, there does not seem to have been a serious suggestion that Doña Leonor de Tovar was the lady whose beauty was being championed. This leads into the central mystery of the *paso honroso*. Was Suero de Quiñones talking about his passion for somebody real or for a person purely imaginary?

The verdict of the judges on 9th August suggests that whoever it might have been, it was someone other than the lady he eventually married. If he had broken out of prison, the implication was that he was free to choose someone new. The author of the historical novel cited, goes as far as to suggest that all members of the knightly classes chose an imaginary or unattainable lover. These members would have included pages, squires and knights – some pages referred to in the chronicles of the Paso Honroso having been twelve years of age.

We can have a vague idea of what young men actually felt by looking at the evolution of courtly love. This has been dated to the invention of some kind of game by ladies in Provence in the year 1071. It has survived, perhaps to our own day, as a version of the idea that there is a kind of love which is enjoyable because it remains unconsummated. The context in which it originated would have been of a small number of men of knightly class confined in isolated fortresses where the number of women of their own class was even smaller. This has been called “a sea of barbarity” surrounding the fortresses. Courtly or courteous behaviour was a means of separating the two worlds.

Marriage among knightly families was mainly a means of preserving power and property. It could be, and was, contracted by children as young as one. This co-existed with the feudal power-system. Obedience to a superior was exchanged for protection by that superior. It was a further step to give quasi-feudal allegiance in matters of love.

The idea that there was a chivalrous form of chaste allegiance,

universally practised, is a distortion promoted in later centuries. It can be said that there was a gradual evolution, at least in literature, from the idea of love as something adulterous in intent, towards love as realizable in marriage. In English poetry these notions have been vaguely associated with the fifteenth century. For Suero de Quiñones, we are reduced to guessing what was actually in his mind.

Confining ourselves to what he read in *Amadis de Gaula*, he was aiming at three things. In the book the knight Amadis displayed an extreme proficiency in fighting, an extreme fidelity to honourable codes of conduct, and extreme intensity (and fidelity) in amorous passion. The last of these is interwoven with the plot of the second book of the poem. By magical means, Amadis is proven to have more intense feelings than any other knight taking the test of fidelity (progressing into an enchanted cave). Oriana, however, receives a false report of his infidelity, and reacts by turning to extreme hatred while Amadis is reduced to extreme despair. After many adventures, Oriana receives the message that Amadis has had his loyalty proved through the test. The ideal had been preserved.

By the early 17th century the notion of an absent beloved could be satirized by Cervantes. Although Doña Dulcinea de Tobosa is shown as actually existing, neither Don Quixote nor Sancho Panza sets eyes on her. The authentication of anything by magic was a subject of ridicule. Cervantes, however, did not entirely dismiss the ideals behind the *paso honroso*. Rather, as quoted in the text now displayed beside the bridge, he declared, "They say that the jousts of Suero de Quiñones were a mockery".

The extended work on Spanish history gives a broader account of what the knightly classes of Spain might have wished to accomplish at this time: "It is not difficult to calculate the attraction which this kind of spectacle could arouse in a wide public. An atmosphere which combined warmth and colour, platonism and discipline were the background to what the Castilian aristocracy of the fifteenth century wished to convey."

A NOTE ON SOURCES:

The coronation of Juan I of Aragón is described in the relevant chapter of *History of Spain* by Raymond Carr.

The history-novel, recommended by the parish priest of Hospital de Órbigo, and apparently used as a source for the June festivities, is out of print. It may be seen in León public library; Luis Alonso Luengo *Don Suero de Quiñones, El del Paso Honroso*.

The compilation from manuscript sources is by P. Rodríguez de Lena; *El paso honroso de Suero de Quiñones*, published by A. Lavandera, Madrid 1977. This can be found in large libraries e.g. Biblioteca de Catalunya, as can the exhaustive multi-volume *Historia de España* begun by Menéndez Pidal.

Translations of *Amadis de Gaula* are available in English. Medieval chivalric literature is dealt with in detail in *The Allegory of Love*, by C.S. Lewis.

The Stephen Badger Library of Pilgrimage

Margaret Simonot, CSJ Librarian

Most members are probably aware of the fact that the Confraternity houses a library, named in honour of its first librarian, Stephen Badger. Since his death in 1997, the Library was run by Howard Nelson who has vast experience of librarianship through his post at the British Library; recently, I have taken over from Howard after his move to Durham. My experience of running a library prior to this consisted of a six-week stint in a London library as part of a student holiday job in the 1970s so I'm very grateful to Howard for his continuing support over the first year as I have become more experienced. Being able to draw on his knowledge and the work he has put in over the years has been invaluable and I wish to thank him for this.

*So we'd like to encourage you
to make use of our fantastic resource.*

What does the Library contain?

It's a unique collection, built up over the years, and now holds nearly 6,000 books, pamphlets, journals and some audio visual material related to pilgrimage, all of which can be borrowed by members of the Confraternity. In recent years it has been extended to house the Library of the Confraternity of Pilgrims to Rome. Together, they include guides to the routes through Spain, Britain, France, Germany, Italy and other parts of Europe to Santiago and to Rome; works on the history, art, architecture, and even the cuisine, of the caminos, personal accounts of pilgrimage and publications of other pilgrim associations. We try to keep up to date with new publications and although the majority of works are in English, there are many in Spanish, French, German and one or two other European languages.

How can you contribute?

There has been an ongoing project to make Personal Accounts of pilgrimage more accessible. These have been carefully analysed under the leadership of John Curtin according to key words to enable research into various aspects of pilgrimage. The keywords range from

the sublime to the mundane, from *spirituality* to *donkeys* to *blisters*. Some of you will have been involved in this analysis and we have several recent acquisitions that now need to be analysed. If you are interested in getting involved in this process, please do contact me.

How do you find what you're looking for?

The **Catalogue** is available online on the CSJ website under the drop down menu *Resources*, and items can be searched according to author, title or keyword. Most articles from the CSJ and CPR Bulletins also appear in the catalogue, but for other journals and periodicals you need to look under the journal title or the names of editors and/or bodies responsible.

How can you borrow books?

- by visiting the Library in person on one of the days when the Office is open, i.e. Thursdays between 11 am and 3 pm. or at any other time by prior arrangement with Marion Marples (call either 020 7928 9988 or email office@csj.org.uk).
- by sending a request to the Office. To cover postage costs, we ask you to note the amount on receipt of the book and to send it to the Office either as a cheque or postage stamps for the appropriate amount. You should then return them by post or in person. However, some books may not be sent this way because of the weight.

If you borrow in person, you'll find that the CSJ books are divided into BKA, BKB or BKC according to size, and each section is shelved alphabetically by author. CSJ Pilgrim Guides, pamphlets, personal accounts and single articles are housed in ring binders in the pamphlets (PAM) section, periodicals (PER) and audio-visual items in AVM. There is a book with instructions in which loans should be noted.

The Pilgrimage to Rome books owned by the CPR are held separately, again shelved alphabetically by author.

Members may borrow guides and maps in preparation for pilgrimage but are asked not to take them on the pilgrimage itself. You will be asked to replace, or pay the cost of, any items lost while on loan to you.

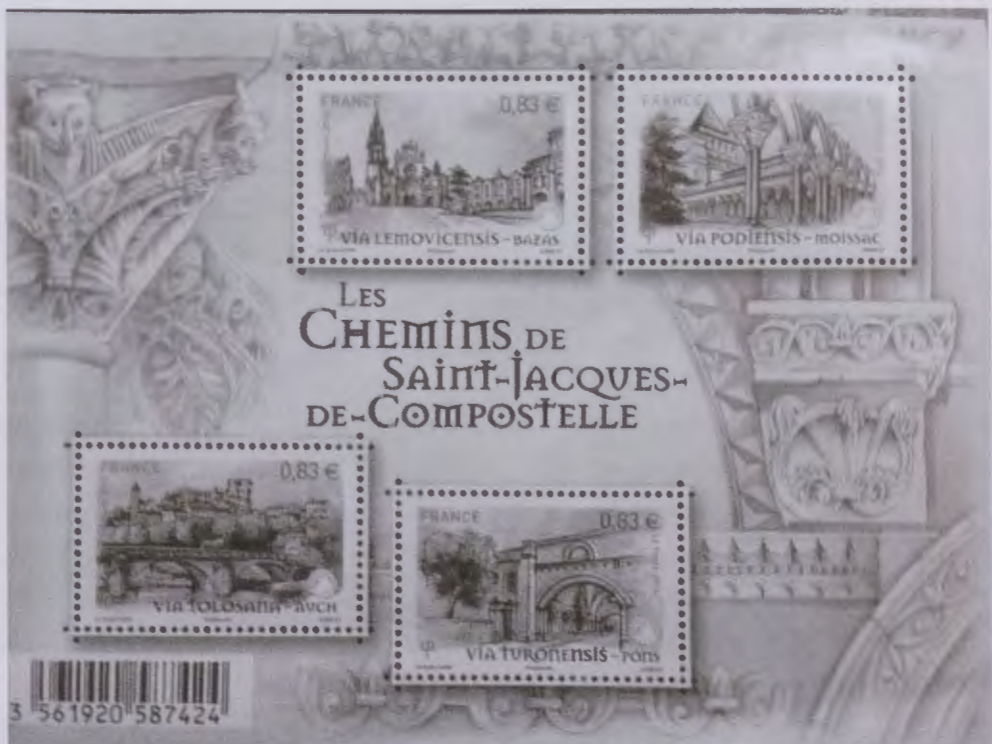
How long can you borrow a book for?

There is no fixed lending term, although you are asked to return loans within six weeks in case others wish to borrow the same item. If you keep a book longer than that, I will chase you up on it as soon as I can, knowing that it's easy to forget that you still have a book on loan!

How do we update the Library?

We are often sent review copies of new books by publishers or organisations and, in addition, we try to identify and buy any new guides or books that would be useful to members on an ongoing basis. Suggestions for new acquisitions are much welcomed and should be sent to me at simonot.m@gmail.com.

Members often generously donate books that they no longer require and these are then catalogued, but if they are duplicates, they are integrated into the Bookstall at the AGM for others to buy at a minimal price, and the proceeds go to the CSJ.



Recent acquisitions

The following books have been selected to give an idea of the range of items that are available for borrowing and is only a small proportion of new acquisitions.

We hope this will tempt you to start or continue using the Library as soon as you can!

Adrian, Luc: *Compostelle: carnet de route d'un pèlerin*. Presses de la Renaissance, 2002.

Amigos del Románico y Camino de Santiago: *Revista de arte de Amigos del Románico, no. 10*. Amigos del Románico, 2010.

Asociación Empresarial de Hospedaje de A Coruña: *El pausado Camino Inglés; The slow English way*. (Dual language guide book) Asociación Empresarial de Hospedaje de A Coruña, 2013.

Cambriels, Marie-Virginie & Clouteau, Lauriane: *Miam Miam Dodo du Camino Francés / St Jean Pied-de-Port/ /Santiago>Finisterre*. Les éditions du Vieux Crayon, 2013.

Chinn, Paul & Gallard, Babette: *Lightfoot Guide to the Via Francigena: Vol. 2 Besançon to Vercelli*. Pilgrimage Publications, 2009.

Nolan, Dee: *A food lover's pilgrimage along the Camino to Santiago*. Penguin, Lantern, 2013. (Not suitable for posting).

Nóvoa, Reinette with Nilsen, Sylvia: *Camino Lingo: English-Spanish words and phrases for pilgrims on el Camino de Santiago*. Pilgrimage Publications, 2012.

Scott, Rebekah: *The Moorish Whore*. Peaceable Publishing, 2012.

Vince, John: *Discovering saints in Britain; patron saints, their lives, emblems, shrines and seasonal lore with calendar of saints' days*. Shire Classics, 2012.

Sing the Camino

Jessie Vintila, a passionate and talented gospel choir director from Byron Bay, Australia, and fellow singer/tour manager Emma Royle, are inviting pilgrims to join them on a wonderful and unique new Camino experience, Sing the Camino. Like the Camino, acapella gospel music from the African American tradition has Christian roots, but singing gospel attracts people from diverse secular and spiritual backgrounds, simply because the music is so undeniably uplifting. Like many pilgrims' experience of walking the Camino, remarkable bonds are formed between people sharing this joyous and heartfelt experience.

Sing the Camino is a 12 day walk, conducted for the first time from May 2014 and is now taking bookings for a second trip, from **August 30 - September 10 2014**, and we are taking expressions of interest for May 2015.

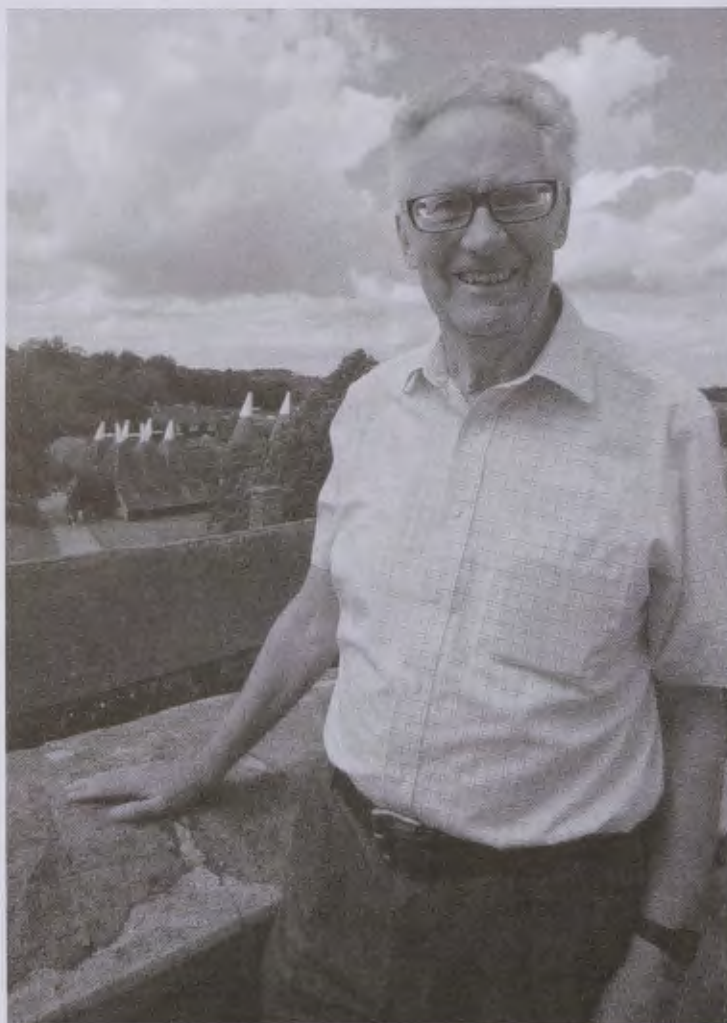
Every day you will walk, at your own individual pace, an average of 21km, and every evening enjoy an incredible and energising singing session. You will also be treated to some local Spanish musical experiences. Director Jessie Vintila specialises in teaching fantastic, simple songs, suited to both skilled singers and people with little or no singing experience. The focus is on fun, expression, and some improvising and vocal jamming. Jessie says: "From my experience of gospel singing workshops, within half an hour of starting you will be amazed at the gorgeous, four part harmony music you're creating together. In groups, people are much better singers than most individuals give themselves credit for. Over the 10 nights of singing, we'll sing up a storm of some of the most funky, uplifting, joyous music you have ever heard."

Jessie teaches over 60 people every week in Raise the Roof Community Gospel Choirs, in 3 locations around Northern New South Wales, Australia. To read more about Sing the Camino, see video footage and hear Jessie in action with workshops around Australia and with her Raise the Roof Community Gospel choirs, go to <http://www.singthecamino.com>, and <http://www.raisetheroofgospelchoir.weebly.com>.

Obituaries

John Revell 2034 -2014 – Reflections on a friendship

John Revell, an Australian living for many years in the UK, joined CSJ in 1994. During his twenty years as a member he was an active participant in many of the events organised by CSJ. Like many professionals, upon retirement from accountancy he decided to undertake the camino, where he met for the first time CSJ member Vincent Kelly, sitting on a stone wall – and greeted him much like Stanley greeted Dr Livingstone – “Why, you must be Vincent Kelly..” much to the latter’s surprise and amusement. He maintained an enduring friendship with Vincent and yearly on the anniversary of entering Santiago together they would hold a re-union. John participated in pilgrimages organised by our past chairperson, Pat Quaife in France and walked alone along the French *chemins*, with



much joy and zeal. When I was planning my own pilgrimage along the Arles route, John could not have been more helpful – pointing out of course that the most hospitable place along the entire route was Revel in the Haute Garonne! Meanwhile, his descriptions of places were proved exactly as he painted them for me. He was a very perceptive and observant man.

Shortly afterwards, he agreed to try out being the CSJ Bulletin proof-reader. But this was to become far more than just a red-pencil slash-and-burn job. He meticulously checked all facts and details contained within articles (putting my laid back nature entirely to shame), while his correctors' bible was Lynne Truss's *Eats, Shoots and Leaves*, although he did graduate eventually to *The Oxford Dictionary for Writers and Editors*. Naturally, it was whenever we let something slip (mostly due to time pressures) that errors and misunderstandings did indeed creep into the texts, making him even more intent to pursue excellence. He thoroughly enjoyed playing with words and created the only one CSJ crossword puzzle! Contributing upon occasion to the Bulletin himself, he was always conscious of the high calibre of CSJ readership and strove to do his best.

He was also a regular member of the Publications/Bulletin team. I can still see him stuffing envelopes with the December Bulletin, a few days before Christmas – singing along with the rest of us Henry Clay Work's English classic My Grandfather's clock, while munching on mince-pies. Although not a member of the CSJ choir, I will always remember him as a singing man, enjoying a hearty sing-song. Having a high regard for his professionalism I asked him whether he would like to be my proof-reader for an autobiography I was translating of a Polish Franciscan, and (fortunately) he readily agreed. This meant that not only did I have the privilege of working with him on the CSJ Bulletin but also we forged a fruitful friendship over the exploits of a daring and courageous priest!

During my recent trip to the USA, I found as I landed in St Louis, a texted message waiting for me on my (seriously under-used) mobile phone. This consisted of the chorus to the 1904 song Meet me in St Louis, Louis. This so amused me that I had to find out more about this song – which actually concludes with a verse involving a church – with the words:

Meet me in St. Louis, Louis, meet me at the fair,

Don't tell me the lights are shining any place but there;
I'll be waiting at the station, for the whole darned congregation,
Meet me in St. Louis, Louis, meet me at the fair.

John's last public appearance was at the CSJ St James' Day celebrations last year. And I know that he will be sorely missed this year and in years to come; but somewhere up in heaven together with St James, he is waiting for all us – to participate in the greatest Fair of them all.

GOSIA BRYKCYŃSKA

Farewell Letter to Rosemary Wells, 1918-2014 (CSJ 1983-2012)

Dear Rosemary,

Last December you celebrated your 95th birthday in Oxford, having moved from your Wells family flat in Putney in October in order to be nearer your daughter, Caroline. She had asked that we keep in touch with you via postcards and my last one to you was sent from New Zealand in late March of this year. I was very glad to learn that it had arrived in time at your care home, but saddened in the extreme to hear of your death there in Oxford on 15 April.

You led such a full and interesting life for so many years, starting with your birth in Bombay – as Rosemary Goldney, a daughter of the Raj – continuing with boarding school in Hove and Sherborne, work in the Civil Service, marriage to Leonard Wells, a physicist and later well-known trade-union 'boss', the birth of your daughter and son, teacher training (in your early 40s at Homerton College, Cambridge), teaching economics, writing textbooks and eventually becoming deputy-head of a large comprehensive school in South London and travelling round Europe, particularly France and Spain, for most of your holidays.

It was the latter, indirectly, that led you to become a member of the Confraternity in April 1983, just three months after it was founded in January of that year. We met, you and I, in March or April 1983 at a University of Sussex weekend school; you had in fact enrolled for a course on the novelist William Golding but there were insufficient students and you joined the Romanesque art and architecture group. I remember how we immediately 'hit it off' and ended by giving a joint presentation on the roads to Santiago de Compostela through

France. You were intrigued to hear of the existence of the fledgling Confraternity and promptly joined as 1983 as member no. 12. Many years later, when you were asked how you came to hear of the pilgrimage to Santiago, you wrote a short piece for the Confraternity history '*Give Me My Scallop Shell ...*' (2003):

I taught in a large London inner-city comprehensive, and by every half-term would be feeling like chewed-up string. I realized that just to rest was quite inadequate: the meaning of 'recreation' is 're-creation'. So each half-term I took off for France to pursue my passion for Romanesque architecture. I chose a different region each time ...and it finally dawned on me that I was, in fact, following routes to Santiago, about which I then knew little.

Your desire for action translated itself into Confraternity committee membership (from January you were instrumental in drafting the first Confraternity publicity leaflet, which appeared in August 1986 and which was used for the next two decades to attract new members. Now retired from teaching you took part with much enthusiasm in Confraternity visits to Spain as well as pilgrimage conferences in Europe, those in Ghent and Cologne being memorable occasions. In 1987 you co-organised a private car-based visit for nine members to explore the central section of the pilgrim route and the old kingdom of Asturias. I was not on this trip but was full of admiration for its organisation: nine people driving around in three hired cars over parts of Spain that none of the participants had visited before.

Later, for more than two decades, you cheerfully took on the role first of Covenants Secretary and later Gift-Aid Secretary, thus helping to boost the Confraternity's finances. You also recruited, through the London adult education classes you attended, a number of new members who in turn played their role – Pilar from Chile (now, alas, deceased) and Chen from Malaysia who became an office volunteer for several years, being just two of them.

At the AGM of January 2009 you had just had your 90th birthday, after 11 years of widowhood – still looking good and wearing one of your trademark chunky necklaces – and were presented with a huge bouquet of flowers, to mark the occasion and to thank you for your long years of service to the Confraternity.

It has always been said that the Confraternity is 'a broad church' in its range of members and interests and no-one typified this more than you, a life-long atheist and for many years a member of the Communist Party. Your forthright views, always stated with

humour and a twinkle in your eye, enlivened many a meeting and were in no way incompatible with the aims and objects of the (non-denominational) Confraternity.

Last year was not a good one for you as you became less mobile and caught pneumonia, leading to three weeks in hospital. It must have been quite a blow to leave your Putney flat with all its memories, but equally a very great comfort to be nearer your daughter and her family in Oxford for what were to be your last months.

Wherever you are now, I and other early CSJ members who have known you since 1983 remember you with tremendous affection and admiration. You were 'a one-off' who gave so much to others in your own unique way.

With deep regard and love,

Pat (Quaife)

24 May 2014

(My thanks go to Caroline Russell and her daughter Bryony for making available Bryony's tribute to Rosemary, which was read at her funeral.)

There has been a dramatic addition to the garden in Miraz for which we have to thank Ken Spittal. On Monday 2 June the pilgrims staying at the refuge were surprised by a visit from the Rt Rev Bishop of Lugo, Msgr Alfonso Carrasco Rouco. His visit



was timed to bless the arrival of a sculpture that had been positioned in the refuge garden two days earlier. This is a beautiful piece of white granite hewn from the quarry two kilometres away. It had been commissioned by Ken in memory of his late wife Jane who had served with him at Miraz over some years. The inscription that reads *The ways do not have to end but our steps must finish* is translated into seven languages. The St James cross and the pilgrim shell on the front will be an inspiration to pilgrims each morning. After the ceremony the

Bishop was able to talk to all of the pilgrims staying at Miraz that day.

The next day we enjoyed a splendid evening of music brought to us by a local Galician group Sons da Aldea which delighted both visitors and friends from the village of Miraz and pilgrims alike.

Now we can say that the Gaitero has really arrived in Miraz. The work that had been done on the garden recently supplied a suitable backdrop for a wonderful celebration. We are all grateful to Ken for his hard work at Miraz recently.



Refugio Gaucelmo News

Julie Davies

HOSPITALEROS 2014

15th April/1st May – Rowena and Bob Macdonald (UK)

30th April/16th May – Catherine and Julie Davies

Refugio Gaucelmo opened on Tuesday 1st April with *hospitaleros* Dave and Cyril. It rained all day without stopping. The first pilgrims through the door were a mother and daughter from Connecticut wet and cold. Tea by the fire in the salon plus the opportunity to dry clothes and boots was very appreciated.

Pilgrim numbers for April have been very similar to last year's. We have had a total of 446 pilgrims staying. Germany has been the most popular country with 54 pilgrims, followed by USA 46, Denmark 39 and the UK not far behind with 34. We know this thank to David Wesson who calculated the statistics. Although the number of pilgrims started low, as Easter approached so the numbers slowly increased and the barn was opened. Extra blankets were needed to make sure all had a comfortable night as the barn is very cold so early in the season.

Easter is a busy time for our good neighbours in the *Monasterio San Salvador de Monte Irago*. A new altar was put in place just before Easter. Weighing over three tons, it took a crane, a fork lift truck and six workmen and colourful language to place it in situ. The church looked very special for the Easter celebrations. Rowena participated in the Washing-of-the-Feet ceremony on Maundy Thursday, which involved six pilgrims and six male villagers. Of the 28 pilgrims staying over Easter, 15 attended the Easter Vigil Midnight Mass. The *hospitaleros* gave them the barn to sleep in so the other pilgrims in the dormitory would not be disturbed on their return.

The unusually dry weather since Easter – no rain for nearly three weeks has made washing and drying clothes so much easier for pilgrims. The spin dryer remains the “star” of the day and has been especially appreciated by families that have stayed. Three generations of Dutch pilgrims including a 12 year old boy, his mother and grandfather. He bounced his way around





Japanese pilgrim with flute

Gaucelmo despite walking from Astorga. A family of five from Brazil who cooked a meal and left the kitchen immaculate, and a 6ft 8inch Canadian walking with his mother. We put an extra mattress on the floor in the library for him to sleep on – he said it was the best night's sleep on the camino.

Helen, a French pilgrim who had walked from Le Puy-en-Velay and

had begun her pilgrimage on the 17th March was our 136,000 pilgrim. She was presented with a silver scallop shell at tea time and wore it all the time she was at Gaucelmo.

Paul Graham, Ken and Joan Davies arrived at Gaucelmo to maintain the herb garden and tend the trees and shrubs. The lawn mower was replaced as the plate was cracked and broken. A smart new red one was purchased and the grass cut with areas left to grow long around the trees which will only require cutting twice a year. Joan did a wonderful job in the herb garden, moving marigolds and planting herbs she had sown in England. The herb garden is such an asset and used regularly by the pilgrims. Paul and Ken painted the pergola and tied in the climbing plants around the structure.

Hopefully all our pilgrims in the last three duties at Gaucelmo have reached Santiago safely. For some it was an enormous struggle walking with painful injuries every day. The spirit of the camino demonstrates itself in many different ways, as in the example of the two friends who arrived in Burgos from Liverpool, to support their friend who had walked from St Jean and was struggling. They had never heard of the camino or walked further than the pub and back but they nursed «Gaza on the Camino»– along to Santiago – so he could finish his journey in honour of his son. Gaucelmo had offered them shelter for an extra night to aid recovery but it was still a painful sight to see them hobble out the next morning – a long way from home, but with one focus – Santiago.

Book reviews

Guy Thatcher, *A Journey of Days Continues. Mud, Mountains and Mindfulness on the Camino of St Jacques*. GSPH Inc. Canada 2013, 9781771230377 (Copy in CSJ Library)

This is the story of Guy Thatcher's attempts – ultimately successful – to complete his half-finished walking pilgrimage from Le Puy to Santiago. From the moment I picked up his book, I was hooked. A pleasure to handle with coated paper, attractive layout, good photos and type-face, I found it to be one of those 'don't want to put it down' reads. Written in the present tense Guy's account retains an immediacy throughout the 210 pages. The Canadian author already has a book under his belt, 'A Journey of Days', and his confident, authoritative and fluent style is evident - he knows how to construct a sentence, to pose rhetorical questions, research and present informative background information with a light touch and give the reader little 'cliff hangers' to keep one reading on. He is always outward looking, a keen observer of his fellow travellers and his sometimes drole observations of the life of the camino are both sensitive and often self-deprecating.

Not that there isn't a handful of mildly irritating typos....eg Decazeville mysteriously adds an 's' to become Descazeville; Conques abbey is 950 years old on one page and 750 years old a couple of pages later and Monistrol morphs into Montrisol. Annoying though this is to the observant reader, I don't want to be ungenerous – this is definitely 'a Good Read' with capital Gs and Rs!

Guy is a now you see it, now you don't pilgrim. He had to abandon the Pyrenean section of his first pilgrimage as all his luggage was lost by the airline, so although he achieved Santiago, he has hankered after the walk to Pamplona from St Jean Pied de Port. Several years later – and this is where this book commences - he starts to walk out from Le Puy with the intention of continuing to Pamplona to complete the gap. Defeated by ill health and appalling weather he abandons this walk at St Chely d'Aubrac. Third time lucky and in good health, he completes his circle by a month's walk from St Chely to Pamplona.

At various significant points in the book he reflects on the big questions of life and death and the lessons that events in life offer us. The 'mindfulness' of the title takes this account further than a mere recounting of the walk, the weather and people encountered. In search, like so many, of his own brand of spirituality, he finds it in

just being in the moment and in the goodwill, kindness, generosity and friendship offered along the way. He takes to task the pointless questioning about 'authenticity' and hierarchies of pilgrimages...cycling ranking below walking etc, yet berates himself for his own insensitivity to others and over hasty judgements. His is a humble pilgrimage of personal growth and in a totally non-didactic way, he offers his thoughts on how difficulties... and pleasures...give us opportunities to develop as human beings. He condenses these reflections into firstly a bullet point focus on his reasons for walking this camino and secondly, his 'Lessons Remembered' at the end of the book, which offer us thoughtful and honest ideas about how to 'walk our own chemin' whatever it is.

A lively and engaging read which carries us with a light touch along the paths from the Auvergne to Pamplona, with sound and practical advice from a wise and mature pilgrim.

HELEN WILLSON

See Bulletin 105 for a review of *A Journey of Days: Relearning Life's Lessons on the Camino de Santiago*, Guy Thatcher, General Store Publishing House, Ontario, Canada, 2008, ISBN 978-1-897113-99-8, 204pp

The Day was Made for Walking: Searching for Meaning on the Camino de Santiago, Noel Braun, Victoria, Australia, 2013, 260pp. ISBN 978 1 922086471, (copy in CSJ library)

This is a delightful account of the author's pilgrimage from Le Puy to the Pyrenees in 2010 and from the Pyrenees to Santiago in 2011. It is unusual in covering the Le Puy route in as much detail as the camino. He is a lively and generous companion but carries the painful memory of his wife's suicide after 42 years of marriage. He is sensitive to the feelings of others and draws out life lessons from his experiences. As a 78 year old grandfather he was a curiosity for many less fit and less well prepared pilgrims. His pilgrimage has an interesting coda. He had found advice in the French Guide *Spiritual du Pelèrin* that one should go on retreat after the pilgrimage, to absorb the many messages and true meaning of the camino. He books into a *Walking the Labyrinth* retreat at Chartres which he has visited before. He is able, through his camino experience, to walk the labyrinth in the present, prayerfully, to consider the many questions arising about his life so far, and about the rest of his life. He has no immediate answer, but vows to keep travelling and growing in the spirit.

MARION MARPLES

Along the Way: Pilgrimage Scenes from the Camino Francés to Santiago de Compostela, Robert L France, Libri Publishing, ISBN 978 1 907471 27 8, £17.99 plus postage from CSJ Office (Copy in CSJ Library)

Borrowing the title of the David Hockney exhibition 'The Bigger Picture' seems quite appropriate in order to describe Robert France's new web enhanced book about the pilgrimage to Santiago. 'Along the Way', written by the Canadian academic, adventurer and traveller, is much more than an account of a personal journey – although it is that in part. He has given us a rich, wide-ranging, critical and reflective analysis of the multifaceted meanings of the Camino.

As his publishers say, this differs from most other 'pilgrimage' books in that it is 'part travelogue, part literary review, and part cultural commentary' in which Dr France looks at what the Camino can mean through for example personal accounts, literature, photography, film, historical interpretations, accounts, documentaries, art, TV, new age, poetry, fiction, electronic (CDs) and music.

It is in three parts: I 'Reading the Way', II 'Walking the Way' and III 'Becoming the Way'. Within those sections his approach is thematic and even his own Camino experience (Part II) is not chronological but consists of 'luminous snapshots' - focussing on such subjects as bridges, coasts, monuments, beds, roads, hills, meals – which have changed him over the long walk. There are many photos specifically chosen by France to visually enhance the reading experience.

Part I analyses published accounts of 13 fellow Canadian pilgrims; these works include many which may be familiar to Bulletin readers, ie Laurie Dennett's 1987 book. There are copious quotes to illustrate what is a huge variety of responses and attitudes, expectations, experiences and contradictions under the umbrella themes such as weather, spirituality, danger, relaxation, landscape and places.

Part II (Walking the Way) reflects on the significant episodes that comprise his long awaited (he was fascinated by the concept of medieval pilgrimage since childhood) winter walk which he completes by continuing to Finisterre, in his opinion an essential final element of the whole Santiago pilgrimage. France is anxious to avoid what he considers 'write by numbersnarrow egocentric' pilgrimage accounts, which he wittily mimics and sums up as 'trite and pedestrian'.

The last section (and it is worth adding that the book is sprinkled with quotations from among others, Chaucer, Raleigh, Thoreau and St Catherine of Siena) is a scholarly study of what he calls the 'zeitgeist' of the Camino francés (his namesake road as he is proud to call it).

One can dip in to this as a potpourri of thoughts, feelings, analysis and facts about the pilgrimage or read cover to cover; it is very detailed but very readable and reveals that 'bigger picture' which will appeal to both those who have travelled their own personal way and want to understand how their unique experience feeds into that 'bigger picture', as well as those who are fascinated by a more academic analysis of the breadth of this phenomenon. Bulletin aficionados will be pleased to see that France includes an entire section - 'Bulletin Bonhomie' - on the work on the Confraternity and its Bulletin in providing a forum for articles, ideas, feedback (and book reviews!) on the Camino.

Certainly this book demands the concentration of the reader and with its multiplicity of prefaces, intros, pre-script, pre-amble, prologue, parts, chapters, subsections, bibliography and index, needs some navigating. But pick it up, delve into its rich mine and widen your appreciation and understanding of just how the Camino can be interpreted - a fascinating approach.

HELEN WILLSON

From the Secretary's Notebook

Pilgrim Register Reminder

When you get home after your pilgrimage please take a few minutes to complete the Pilgrim Register form sent out with your Pilgrim Record so we can have as full a picture as possible of when and where CSJ Pilgrims were on the camino. Please return forms to Paul Turnbull, who keeps our Register forms filed and tidy. Paul Turnbull, 55 Tollgate Drive, Colchester, CO3 0PE. If you have mislaid your form an electronic version is available from office@csj.org.uk

Salisbury Stamp

The Wessex Group have helped design a new stamp for Salisbury Cathedral to use for pilgrims passing through Salisbury or starting their pilgrimages in the city.



NEWS FROM FRANCE:

Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port

The refuge *L'Esprit du Chemin* (40 rue de la Citadelle) has a new owner and is now called *Beilari* –the Basque word for 'one who awakes'. The new owners are Joxelu and Jakline, see <http://www.beilari.info>

Vézelay route

Huberta and Arno from *L'Esprit* are recreating their welcome at *Le Chemin*, 25kms from Vézelay on the Nevers route, www.espritduchemin.org

Bordeaux

There has been a lack of a pilgrim focus in Bordeaux so we welcome the opening of the *Maison du Pèlerin* run by the *Association Bordeaux Compostelle Hospitalité Saint-Jacques*. It is located in the historic part of the city centre at 28 Rue des Argentiers, has 16 places. It is run by volunteer *hospitaliers* during the months of June, July, August and September. More details from the *Association* at 76 Rue Général de Castelnau, 3200 Bordeaux, (Tél: 06.47.67.50.14 + 06.79.99.55.82). email: contact@bordeauxcompostelle.fr website: www.bordeauxcompostelle.fr

Arles route

Montarnaud just after Montpellier, on way into village, *gite d'étape* for pilgrims and horses/donkeys, www.mas-les-muriers.com/pilgrimage

NEWS FROM SPAIN: NORTHERN ROUTE

O Bisonte de Maariz

2km after Mondoñedo. New refuge offering dinner and breakfast served, *donativo*, in artist's house.

Exhibition: Galicia-Australia

Rosendo Salvado, saviour of the Aboriginal People

The Consello da Cultura Galga have prepared a travelling exhibition about Rosendo Salvado, a native of Tui in Galicia who became a priest and later bishop and who went to Australia as a pastor to the aboriginal people. He founded the settlement and Benedictine of New Norcia, north-west of Perth in Western Australia. The Australians hold an annual Camino-like inter-faith pilgrimage, over a week, walking 160kms through the bush from Subiaco, a suburb of Perth. See www.caminosalvado.com Rosendo Salvado is often said to have introduced the eucalyptus tree to Galicia but this is strongly debunked. The exhibition tells his life story and describes his work in education and health. He came into contact with Florence Nightingale as she researched infant mortality among the aboriginal peoples of the Empire. The exhibition text is only in Gallego but the pictures tell their own story.

La Vuelta 2014

Spain's version of the *Tour de France* cycle race will end in Santiago de Compostela on Sunday 14 September. We alert you to this fact. It is not on the same scale as the *Tour de France* but I guess it could be prudent to try not to arrive in Santiago that day! Earlier in the month they will be in Pamplona on Wednesday 3 September and Logroño on Thursday 4th. See <http://www.steePhill.tv/vuelta-a-espana/> for map and stages.

European Peace walk

On 28 July, the 100th anniversary of the start of WW1, and every day for two weeks, 50 walkers will leave Vienna for a 550km pilgrimage through 6 countries to Trieste in northern Italy. Anyone can join in. See the website for information about registering, booking accommodation and the route etc www.peacewalk.eu

Pilgrims Crossing Borders

Another long-distance pilgrim initiative for 2015.

An international relay pilgrimage from Trondheim (Norway) to

the Holy Land, c 3000km Trondheim –Rome and 2300 kms Rome-Jerusalem.

A pilgrim staff and a diary will accompany the pilgrims all the way to Jerusalem.

The pilgrimage will start Thursday 23 April from Trondheim/Nidaros. Our route follows the old pilgrim way to Oslo – where the group will continue onwards to Larvik to take the ferry bound for Hirtshals in Denmark. The relay continues along Hærvejen – the pilgrim way through Jutland (Jylland) – to Padborg near the border between Denmark and Germany. Pilgrims from Jacobi Kirche in Hamburg will join at Bov kirke in Padborg to take over the pilgrim staff and diary. The pilgrim relay continues with participants from many countries.

After approximately two and a half weeks walk in Germany, the group will reach Göttingen where there will be an exchange of the pilgrim staff. The pilgrims from *Jacobi Kirche* will hand the pilgrim staff over to a group of pilgrims from the *Friends of the Via Romea Stadenensis*, the pilgrim way from Stade to Rome. Pilgrim friends will accompany the group as we make our way through central and southern Germany to the Austrian border. Fellow pilgrims have volunteered to carry the staff through Austria to the Brenner Pass. Here we hope to meet participants from the Comune di Santa Sofia and the Via Romea Germanica who might join us on the way toward Rome. In Rome we'll have a day of rest and celebration, and there will be a concert for pilgrims Monday 12 October (2015).

The route and organisation is still to be confirmed for the rest of the walk to the Holy Land.

There is an updated itinerary, a map of our route and contact details on our blog picrobo.blogspot.no

Pilgrims' Way Winchester to Canterbury

A small group of pilgrims and people of parishes from the route has been convened to Canterbury Cathedral to develop a website to help individuals and groups to plan pilgrimages along the Pilgrims' Way. There will be information and facilities at each church and village. There will be an official launch at Canterbury on Sunday 5 October. The Archbishop of Canterbury will join pilgrims walking the last stretch into the city and preach at Evensong at 3.15 pm. All are welcome to join in. Please contact Marion on office@casj.org.uk if you might be planning to arrive in Canterbury at around this time. More details and other events will be advertised soon.

CSJ Events

Sunday 13 July

Midlands Group

Talks and discussions on Portuguese routes, and walking from the UK, Holy Trinity Hall, Stourbridge, 2pm. Contact Dave Jones, 077132 49661.

Friday 25 July

St James Day

London:

'Sons of Thunder Walk', Lunch & Mass for St James

10.30am meet at St John's RC church, Duncan Terrace, N1 (Angel tube) (Mass at 10am optional) to see restored painting of James baptising Hermogenes (Mantegna copy) in baptistery.

11.00 walk along Regent's Canal to St James Prebend Street to learn about connections with William Lambe, the Clothworkers' Company and the chapel of St James in the Wall.

Take bus and tube to Edgware Road (Bakerloo) tube. Walk to Don P  p  s restaurant for celebratory tapas lunch (£12 plus drinks) 1.30 pm (Oyster, Travelcard or Freedom Pass recommended)

Afternoon to relax or visit nearby Wallace Collection or St James' Spanish Place church

7pm Patronal Mass for St James at St James, George Street, W1 followed by refreshments.

Lunch £12 ph, walk £3.

Note: Brothers James and John, fisherman of Galilee, leave their father Zebedee and join Jesus's disciples. They are sometimes called 'Sons of Thunder' due to their supposed fiery temperament.

Salisbury:

3 pm, Cathedral Hotel, 5pm Salisbury Cathedral, contact Wessex Group Carole Vose carolevose@btinternet.com

Cambridge:

7pm Little St Mary's Church, Sung Mass for St James, contact wibs.anjo@uwclub.net

Thurs 22-Tues 26 August

‘Travelling Light’

Participation in the annual Greenbelt Festival at Boughton Park, near Kettering. Contact office@csj.org.uk if you would like the opportunity to spread the message of the enjoyment and life changing possibilities of Travelling Light on the Camino.

Friday 12 September

Lecture Recital

8pm, Dr Mary Remnant gives one of her acclaimed Lecture Recitals on the history of the Servite Order, St Mary’s College, Waldegrave Road, Twickenham TW1 4SX. Mary will be supported by the CSJ Choir. She finds images of musical instruments in carvings, illustrated manuscripts and elsewhere to connect places and historical happenings.

Saturday 27 September Pilgrimage Cambridge to Ely

Starting with prayers at Jesus College chapel and concluding with evensong at Ely Cathedral.

Organised by the Cambridge group, contact wibs.anjo@uwclub.ne

Saturday 27 September

Office Open Day

10.30am to 3.30pm. Bookshop and Library open for advice, sales and browsing.

Saturday 25 October

Office Open Day

10.30am to 3.30pm. Bookshop and Library open for advice, sales and browsing.

Sunday 26 October

St. George’s, Brighton

7.30 pm. Concert: Spanish Pilgrimages: Santiago de Compostela – Canto de Ultreia. Medieval ensemble Resonet from Santiago with Fernando Reyes Ferrón director, citole, Mercedes Hernández, soprano, Carlos Castro percussion and psaltery; Paulo González cornamuse, flute and hurdy-gurdy (part of the Brighton Early Music Festival). See www.bremf.org.uk for more information. If interested in attending please also contact office@cj.org.uk

Saturday 29 November

**Office Open Day &
Lecture**

10.30am to 3.30pm. Bookshop and Library open for advice, sales and browsing.

4pm Storrs Lecture –details tbc

Other Events

Fri 18 -Sun 20 July

St Arilda's weekend

St Arilda is the patron saint of Oldbury on Severn, some fourteen miles north of Bristol. Her feastday is 20 July. On Friday 18th July at 7.30 p.m. there will be a Roman Catholic Mass at Oldbury's church of St Arilda: on Saturday 19th at 3 p.m. we will walk from the church to the saint's well, just over a mile, to sing her hymn and have a picnic, and the (Anglican) patronal festival will be in the church on Sunday 20th at 6 p.m.

For further details (there is no public transport to Oldbury) contact Mike and Jane Bradshaw at bradshaw@uwclub.net, tel.01454 413199.

Local Group Contacts

Bristol and South-West	Liz Crean	<i>thecreans@btinternet.com</i> 0117 973 4502
Cambridge	Jo Wibberley	<i>wibs.anjo@uwclub.net</i>
Norwich/ E Anglia	Diana Alston	<i>dalston999@gmail.com</i>
Wessex	Carole Vose	<i>carole.vose@btinternet.com</i>
West Midlands	Dave Jones	<i>d-jones56@sky.com</i> 077132 49661

New Members

Information is provided for members' personal use only

London

Mr. James Alister Baillie 146 Devonshire Hill Lane, London N17 7NH	
Miss Elizabeth Barnes 67 St. George's Avenue, London, N7 0AJ	07921 620912
Ms. Marilyn Daish 40c Huddleston Road, London N7 0AG	020 7700 2641
Mrs. Ruth Fowler 81 Falkland Road, London, N8 0NS	07702 729189
Rev. Alan Green St. John's Rectory, 30 Victoria Park Square, London E2 9PB	020 8980 1742
Mr. S Harrison 22 Brouncker Road, Acton, London W3 8AQ	07984 494216
Mr. Nicholas Hooper 199 Battersea Bridge Road, London, SW11 3AR	07764 616169
Rev. Dr. Nick Read Holy Trinity Vicarage, 64 Leonard Road, Penge, London SE20 7LX	020 8778 8113
Miss. Natasha Simms 131 Northwood Tower, Marlowe Road, London E17 3HL	07505 127193
Mr. Tristan Standish Etna House, 350 Kennington Road, London SE11 4LD	07967 500151
Mr. & Mrs. G Sutcliffe 57 Gourack Road, London, SE9 1HY	020 8850 8966
Dr. Tracy Underwood 13 Colinette Road, Putney, London SW15 6QG	07717 723042
Mrs. Millie Withington 38 Royal Avenue, London, SW3 4QF	020 7730 8931

Home Counties & East Anglia

Rev. Simon Blakesley 14 Exeter Road, Newmarket, Cambs. CB8 8LT	01638 662492
Ms. Min Dinning 15 Green Lane, Linton, Cambridge, Cambs. CB21 4JZ	01223 894785

Mr. Clive Dytor Walled Garden House, The Oratory School, Woodcote, Reading, Oxon RG8 0PJ	01491 685561
Mr. Antonio Fernandez-Urieta 15 Beaumont Crescent, Cambridge, Cambs. CB1 8QA	07954 700113
Mr. Bill Gates 33 Turneys Drive, Wolverton Mill, Milton Keynes, Bucks. MK12 5GY	01909 321645
Mr. & Mrs. Thomas More Hagger St. Louis, 81 Vale Road, Seaford, E. Sussex BN25 3HA	01323 897846
Mr. Peter Harris 66 Pinewood Place, Dartford, Kent DA2 7WQ	01322 551773
Miss Sabine Hielscher 50 Rugby Road, Brighton, E. Sussex BN1 6EB	01273 678165
Mrs. Libby Knowles 85 East Sheen Avenue, Richmond, Surrey SW14 8AX	020 8878 7306
Mr. Nigel Lambert Latchmore, Oddington, Kidlington, Oxon OX5 2QX	01865 331404
Miss Christine Landon 34 Lambarde Road, Sevenoaks, Kent TN13 3AU	01732 465346
Mr. & Mrs. Tony Lawler "Apple Blossom", French Drove, Thorney, Peterborough, Cambs. PE6 0PE	01733 211295
Mr. & Mrs. John Leston Rowallan Cottage, Farnham Lane, Haslemere, Surrey GU27 1HD	01428 606901
Mrs. Stephanie McCarroll 264 Waterside, Chesham, Bucks. HP5 1PY	07880 600356
Revd. Kevin O'Brien St John's Vicarage, Park Road, Burgess Hill, W. Sussex RH15 8HG	01444 232582
Mr. & Mrs. Tim Shewell 88 Gaston Way, Shepperton, Middx. TW17 8EY	01932 883724
Miss Amanda Walters 69 Britannia Court, Brighton Marina, Brighton, E. Sussex BN2 5SF	07810 400778

South & South-West

Mrs. Kaja Curry Hevva House, 37 Trerieve, Downterry, Torpoint, Cornwall PL11 3LY	01503 250139
Miss Jessica Glaister Livingstone House, 7-9 Broad House, Alresford, Hants SO24 9AR	07999 157420
Mr. David Grendon Bath Abbey, 12 Kingston Buildings, Bath BA1 1LT	01225 422462

Mrs. Ewa Hawkins Stoneleigh House, 13 High Street, Williton, Somerset TA4 4NW	07981 577994
Mrs. Sara Landman Hilltop, Little Solsbury, Northend, Batheaston, Bath, Somerset BA1 7JQ	07815 672123
Mr. Anthony Lemboye 101 Queens Road, Aldershot, Hants. GU11 3LA	0794 11048
Mrs. Claire Murphy Downside School, Stratton-on-the-Fosse, Radstock, Somerset BA3 4RJ	01761 232809
Mrs. Heather Pitt Ford South Well, Carraway Lane, Marnhull, Dorset DT10 1NJ	01258 820294
Mr. Oliver Slumbers Du Boulay's, 11 Edgar Road, Winchester, Hants. SO23 9SJ	07821 183830
Mr. Rorie Smith 70 Freathy, Millbrook, Cornwall PL10 1JP	01752 823413
Mr. Andrew Stuckes 70a High Street, Langton Matravers, Dorset BH19 3HB	07872 933199
Mr. Chris Young Grey Roofs, Trolver Croft, Feock, Truro TR3 6RT	07929 401887

Midlands

Mr. & Mrs. Michael Bentley Castle Fruit Farm, Castle Tump, Newent, Glos. GL18 1LS	01531 890428
Rich Brown 16 Croft Road, Ednalton, Nottingham, Notts. NG12 4BN	07971 185509
Mr. Peter Flick 30 Halton Way, Kingsway, Glos. GL2 2BB	07728 734225
Prof. Charles Forsdick 14 Strathallan Close, Heswall, Cheshire CH60 6SU	01513 427389
Mr. David Greaves 16 Finch Drive, Sutton Coldfield, Birmingham, W. Midlands B74 2ET	07770 681397
Mr. Nigel Humphreys Barnby Lodge, Barnby Road, Newark, Notts. NG24 2NE	01636 612100
Dr. Grahame James 47 Meole Rise, Shrewsbury, Shropshire SY3 9JF	01743 248494
Mr. Steven Jones Ferndale, Great Doward, Symonds Yat, Ross-on-Wye, Herefordshire HR9 6BP	07943 408392

Mr. Mark Walmsley 01952 876703
38 Coalmoor Lane, Coalmoor, Shropshire TF4 3QB

North of England

Mr. & Mrs. Andrew Doyle 01204 302789
70 Ramwells Brow, Bromley Cross, Bolton,

Lancs. BL7 9LQ

Mr. Leo Duffy 0157 369296

85 Sutton Lane, Adlington, Chorley, Lancs. PR6 9SP

Revd. Howard Pask 01472 847926

The Vicarage, 12 Becketts Close, Heptonstall,
Hebden Bridge, W. Yorks HX7 7LJ

Wales

Mr. Stephen Arch 01248 716822

Esgair y Gwynt, 12a Caergelach, Llandegfan,
Menai Bridge, Anglesey LL59 5UF

Mr. Tim Gasser 01554 758036

64 Pennant, Swiss Valley, Llanelli, Carmathenshire
SA14 8EW

Scotland

Miss Emily McCurrie 07776 158276

4 Broomhill Drive, Glasgow, G11 7AA

Mr. & Mrs. Edward Thompson 01415 730006

12 Barrachnie Place, Glasgow, G69 6ST

Europe & Channel Islands

Mr. Brian Clarke 01534 742505

L'Auberpine, Route de Lisle, St. Brelade
Jersey JE3 8BF

Ms. Tara Tautari 0041 227 916287

88 de la Servette, Geneva 1202, Switzerland

Asia

Sir Johanna Clark 0065 81 568698

Australian Int'l School - Lwr. Elementary,
1 Lorung Chuan, 556818 Singapore

North America

Rev. S H Johnson 001 706 835 6129

3657 Longfellow Trail, Marietta, GA 30062 USA

Mr. & Mrs. Bob Rohde

22 Pheasant Lane, North Oaks, MN 55127 USA 001 612 839 6658

Australia

Mrs. Rita Gibbney 19a Marlow Street, Perth, WA 6014 Australia	0061 893 877237
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Kennelly 38 Colebatch Place, Curtin, ACT 2605 Australia	0061 262 824228
Mrs. Sue Lushey 14 Windsor Road, East Fremantle, WA 6158 Australia	0061 4 0991 8098
Ms. Emma Wedekind PO Box 448, Vaucluse, NSW 2030 Australia	0061 4 0991 8098

New Zealand

Mr. & Mrs. Richard Ra P.O. Box 28253, Remuera, Auckland 1541, New Zealand	0064 95 244938
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