



Confraternity of Saint James

Bulletin



March 2017

No 137

About the **Bulletin**

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Cover Photo:

XII century polychrome statue of St James from the Convent of St Stephen, Salamanca.

Photograph

by Franck Vincendon.

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Vincendon.

Editorial

Michael Walsh

As those who attended this year's AGM will know, I have taken over the editorship of the CSJ's *Bulletin* from Gosia Brykczynska. I say "taken over", because I could not possibly replace her, with all her years of experience as a member of the Confraternity and as editor of the *Bulletin*: members of the Confraternity have a great deal for which to thank her. Though I have edited journals before, that of the CSJ is *sui generis*, and I have been somewhat at sea. Happily, as I have discovered, there is a team of people who, it seems to me, do most of the work while I am left with the pleasant task of reading the material that is submitted and making choices about what should go where. So please keep your articles, poems, practical notes on doing the Camino and other bits and pieces of Santiago-related information coming in. And not only Santiago. Though the Camino must obviously remain by far the main focus of the *Bulletin*, I suspect that many of its readers are interested, as I am, in pilgrimage in general, whether in Britain, across the Channel in continental Europe, or in the rest of the world – and, I would like to think, not only in Christian pilgrimage. As anyone who had read Peter Brown's famous little book, *The Cult of the Saints: Its Rise and Function in Latin Christianity* will know, pilgrimage to the shrines of saints played an important role in forming a community consciousness among Christians in Late Antiquity. I would like to think that the CSJ, and its publications on pilgrimage will continue to foster the same sense of community among pilgrims into the twenty-first century.

Guest Editorial

Marion Marples

I am starting to write this editorial on 13 January, feast of St Hilary, and the 34th anniversary of the beginning of the Confraternity of Saint James. The world has changed so much since those six pioneering individuals came together to share their 1992 Holy Year pilgrimage experiences and rise to the challenge set by Mlle Jeannine Warcollier of Paris to set up an English organisation to support pilgrims. If we were starting now it would be completely different. This is the first Guest Editorial in a new regime where invited pilgrims are asked to reflect on a topic of interest to them.

Having retired from dealing with all things Camino, mainly in Spain and France, I have been revisiting pilgrimage in England. First of all, there has been an attempt to bring the 13 km St Michael's Way from Lelant to St Michael's Mount in Cornwall back to life. Janet McEwan has helped bring about friends of St Michael's Way and held an art exhibition in London and the local Tremenheere sculpture garden last year.

For much of the year Leigh Hatts, my husband, and I have been applying Camino expertise to rewalking the 218 km Pilgrims' Way, from both Winchester and Southwark to Canterbury. Once you are out in the landscape there is obviously a pretty continuous track running west-east along the southern slope of the North Downs. Victorian cartographers noted this and labelled sections Pilgrims' Way in gothic type. Some minor roads and suburban streets are called Pilgrims Way. We have tried to connect these altogether on routes which are walkable and not too busy with traffic. The North Downs Way National Trail uses sections of the route but tends to keep to the top of the scarp slope, giving better views. But we know that the churches and villages were important stopping points for pilgrims and have included a lot of historical information in the guide.

While we were preparing the guide, two Catholic priests were filming a DVD about the Pilgrims' Way from London, following the route of Chaucer's pilgrims. This was part of the promotion of the (30 km) St Augustine Way to the newly revived shrine of St Augustine and memorial church of Augustus Pugin at Ramsgate - see the article by Gosia Brykczyńska in Bulletin 135. There is even a new route from Rochester to Canterbury, the Augustine Camino.

As mentioned elsewhere, the cathedral in Santiago is now accepting the historic importance of the pilgrim port of La Coruña and allowing pilgrims to start their 70 km Camino Inglés pilgrimages from the town. So now there is a renewed interest in short pilgrimages in England. As well as the English pilgrimages noted in the December Bulletin, I should like to commend the British Pilgrimage Trust, who are hoping to reawaken the spirit of pilgrimage in England. They organise short pilgrimages to holy wells, shrines and celebrate significant landscape features.

The question always asked is 'where do we get our stamps'? These are becoming more widely available. However, I commend the DIY version perfected by former Chairman William Griffiths. In any church or village find a document with a local logo. Cut out with small scissors and pritt stick to your credencial. Either date it yourself or find someone (in the pub?) to sign and date it for you!

In the meantime, I need to finish reviewing the very long delayed St James Way Guide from Reading to Southampton and checking out some of the details. I'm looking forward to the spring!

Useful websites:

stmichaelsway.net

pilgrimswaycanterbury.org

thepilgrimsway.co.uk

explorekent.org/activities/the-way-of-st-augustine/

17th Annual General Meeting 2017

Chairman's Report

Occasionally, from the news media articles concerning the Caminos to Santiago one will appear that cries out to be read in full. "A blue woodland at the entrance to Galicia". No, not an act of vandalism, quite the contrary. A group of 9 artists from different disciplines has created an exhibition of contemporary outdoor art in an area devastated by fire in 2015. The purpose is to create a point of reflexion for pilgrims on what would be little more than blackened, unsightly ground, something which instinctively we would otherwise ignore or avert our gaze.

During the past months, the trustees have given much consideration to the best way to take the CSJ forward. This has been done against a background of a Camino landscape that may seem increasingly bleak. The determined promotion of the Caminos as part of the tourist industry and the changing standards and attitudes of those who follow the Caminos appears to overwhelm the original spirit of pilgrimage. Yet, like those artists, we believe that the CSJ stands in contrast to this, and provides opportunities for appreciating the Caminos on deeper levels than mere tourism.

To give direction to the activities of the CSJ we are beginning to plan the programme for the next Holy Year (2021) and how best we can lead into that special year. It may seem still some distance. Yet the reality of planning carefully and preparing programmes that reflect the significance of this Holy Year after an 11-year gap do require us to start now. Our aim throughout this planning is ensure that the CSJ is the primary organisation in the UK for good, reliable information about the pilgrimage to Santiago and the significance of the Holy Year. Attention will be given to the CSJ's core principles: hospitality, communication, membership and outreach, and building partnerships.

This is no small task, but I am confident that the energy and enthusiasm of our members will make the coming years both productive and innovative.

All that we are able to do both now and in the future is because of the incredibly valuable resource of our office at Christchurch on Blackfriars Road. While many association must rely on a virtual presence on the internet, with all the limitations that entails, the CSJ can do so much more because of our premises and the facilities they offer.

Within the office, a key post is that of Secretary. Freddy Bowen has

been in that post since last March, following on from Jean. The trustees are extremely appreciative not only that he has settled so well into that role but that he has also brings fresh skills and thinking to the running of the office and the work of the CSJ.

Those visiting the office will detect a fresh look and a re-ordering, especially of the library, so that it has become a comfortable meeting space. For this we must give thanks to Mary Moseley and Priscilla White for the



Chairman's Address

hours and hard work they have put into this.

Of course, our office is far more than furniture; it allows us to achieve so much. For this we are very grateful to our paid staff who ensure quick and timely responses to enquiries and orders as well as keeping on top of the administration. Our team of volunteers, cared for by Richard Jefferies and Mary Mosely, allow open days and meetings with potential pilgrims to take place which is a tremendous asset to the aims of the CSJ. Richard is very effective at maintaining morale with lashings of tea and plates of biscuits.

Turning to the trustees, we welcomed James May as a co-opted member who has contributed not only his Irish accent to meeting but also his acumen concerning publications and communications. Latterly, Catherine Davies, Arthur Chapman and John Read have also joined us as co-opted members.

Here, I must hold my hands up to acknowledge that to widen the appeal for new trustees and therefore widen the skills represented on the Board of Trustees, we over-reached ourselves. So many expressed an interest that the numbers overwhelmed the ability of the trustees to consider and respond to each enquiry. We could not devote the time and resources to considering

each application properly, let alone responding individually. While showing that there is a heart amongst many to offer their time and talent, it also reveals the limits of an essentially volunteer organisation such as we are. On behalf of the trustees I offer both our regret and apologies.

After several years as trustee Dick Crean is standing down. He has represented Rabanal at trustees' meetings. As we will hear later, Dick co-ordinated the festivities for their very special year as well as the publication and distribution of the 25th anniversary booklet to all members. He brought a calm presence to meetings and a wisdom to matters beyond Rabanal.

Earlier in 2016 a review of the Publications Committee recognised that its remit had grown beyond the production of our printed guides to the Caminos. Whilst this is, of course, its core work, the Committee also is concerned with the Bulletin, the e-bulletin, our web site, Twitter and Facebook accounts. To acknowledge the breadth of its business this committee is now the Communications Committee; in essence responsible for disseminating information about the CSJ, pilgrimage and the Caminos. The continued support of Marion Marples for this Committee has been invaluable, and we thank her for it.

For many years, Gosia Brykczyńska has been the excellent editor of our Bulletin, not only drawing its composition together but also conscientiously tracking down fresh images to grace its cover. For some little time she has signalled her desire to step down from this role. It has taken a little while to put in place a team to work on the bulletin and to find a new editor. However, Michael Walsh has kindly agreed to become editor, and with a sigh of relief from Gosia but with a very fulsome vote of thanks from us all, she is now able to pass on the editor's baton.

The past year's programme of events featured our usual Practical Pilgrim Day, the hospitaleros Preparation Days, open days at the office, and the Returned Pilgrim Day at St James, Reading. Santiago's feast day was marked by gatherings, walks and meals in several locations. The coach pilgrimage to Santiago along the Via Lusitana attracted both members and non-members; all enjoying the spirituality, in many senses of the word, and as well the conviviality of the week. In November Hilary Hope Guise gave the annual Constance Storrs Lecture. She combined both her personal experience of pilgrimage with that of the artistic traditions of the Camino Francés. Her own art work truly did give expression to the spirit of the Way, and reminded us of the varied forms by which pilgrims respond to the people, buildings and landscapes of the Camino.

In the Spring of 2016 the Cathedral of Santiago's new regulations concerning the form of credential that would be accepted at the pilgrim

Office came into effect. We clarified that both types of CSJ pilgrim passport, the yellow book form and the horizontal folding credential, are accepted as evidence of pilgrimage. There had been some ambiguity in the Cathedral's communiqués concerning credentials but those issued by non-Spanish associations, in whatever style, are still accepted.

Throughout the year, the CSJ receives news from many associations and organisations connected to the Camino. Many of these are invitations to meeting, events and exhibitions, ranging from the United States to, nearer home, Dublin. It is not possible to accept all of these; however, members did go to two meetings of particular interest. Gosia attended the Xunta of Galicia's conference for the promotion of the Camino Inglés, while Freddy and I met with a group from Galicia who champion the coastal route of the Camino Portugués. New initiatives, including improving way-marking and the entrance of the various Caminos into Santiago itself, are in the offing. We shall hear more as the Holy Year approaches.

2016 was dominated by both the debate leading to June's referendum and the decision to leave the European Union. The trustees will monitor and carefully assess the effect that resultant policies will have on how the CSJ may operate its albergues in Spain.

Leaving 2016 and returning to the art installation as pilgrims approach Galicia. Why the colour blue? Well, blue does not readily occur in nature. As a spokesperson for the exhibition commented, blue, to our eyes, stands in contrast to the usual or accepted norm – it requires attention, a comparison that serves well for the aims of the CSJ and indeed for the fundamental values of the pilgrimage to Santiago. The ever-greater emphasis on tourism, commercialisation of the Caminos, the over-emphasis of the Camino as a means for individual, personal development at the expense of communal experience, require a colour blue to stand by way of contrast. As that art installation reminds us, the Caminos were, and should be, much more than what people already encounter in their daily lives. For centuries, they were the conduit for the transmission of music, art and architecture, spreading new, enriching ideas and uniting diverse peoples – the pilgrimage to the shrine of the Apostle was a thread of faith and belief that drew people to Santiago and doing so drew Europe together. More than ever this aspect of the Camino is needed. The CSJ works to promote not simply the Caminos but to advance the value that this pilgrimage has because it encourages an encounter with the spiritual and human to the enrichment of all. Modern society seeks to reinvent itself continuously; Santiago offers values that are deeper, more enduring; it offers modern pilgrims the opportunity to discover something authentic, more sustaining.

On pilgrimage with a dog – A canine diary

Tom Burr

Part 1

Rose Creeser invited me on a post card to write something for the Bulletin, “as it is unusual to take a dog on the Camino”, she wrote. This, having already booked a kennel on the luxurious *Pont Avent* ferry to Santander in October, 2016, rattled me. Do pilgrims not take their dogs because there are fierce wild ones on the route, or do villagers throw stones at them or even shoot them? And how about the bears? We shall see.

May I introduce Xander, my fine blonde five-year-old lurcher, who already has a passport? Nothing fazes him and he walks to heel on a lead without pulling. We took food, water, bowls, bedding, a towel, his lead and the muzzle required by Brittany Ferries, to which he had become used before sailing.

The pre-booked double deck kennels on the ferry were pretty full when we arrived, nine floors up from the car deck. The howls from pets who thought that they had been abandoned by their devoted owners were magnetic, as every dog cried louder. One owner reported crying all night because she was separated from her dog.

There was an area the size of a badminton court for exercise – but no tree, surprise, surprise – and we could walk them on the helicopter pad. Most of them seemed to settle for the night eventually and were pleased to see us in the morning: it is a 22-hour crossing. First thing on arrival was to find a vet and book in for the obligatory worming pill on the morning of our return, thirteen days later. The vet was shut, of course, so we had to telephone during the week. As we were returning on a Sunday, we had to settle for an appointment on Saturday morning – which threw our plans.

We then escaped Santander’s traffic and joined the magnificent Autovia built, doubtless, thanks to EU billions, turned off for Santillana, as charming as ever and cleared of residents’ and visitors’ cars, walked into a shady car park on the edge of the village. The church and the shops were shut but the bar was open and the sun shone. On for an hour along the Autovia, tantalising glimpses of the rocky coast

and beaches to the right and the Picos mountains to the left, heading for Elena's casa rural in the hamlet of Santianes, south of Ribadesella, where Xander would sleep in my room.

Dogs are not welcome in the *albergues*, of course, so my daughter, Frances, was to drive the "back-up" car with the luggage and we enjoyed the luxury of dog friendly B&Bs and modest hotels. There are other snags to walking with a dog: not every accommodation welcomes them nor can you take them into churches, food shops or museums, as at home – so you need a long suffering daughter to hold him outside – or he sleeps in the car. We were told that at a big *albergue*, perhaps at Pontevedra, there were dogs, horses and a donkey!

I am conscious that the real pilgrim will now be saying "That is not a real pilgrimage," but I am walking (some of) the camino to mark my eightieth birthday and to give thanks for good enough health to be able to do it – and we have thirteen days in Spain and want to see the Guggenheim museum in Bilbao as well.

Having chosen to walk as much of the coastal Norte route as possible, before driving to Ferrol to walk the length of the Camino Inglés, which qualifies the pilgrim for his *Compostella*, we needed the back-up car, in which Xander is used to spending the night.

October 10

Elena's excellent *casa rural* near Ribadesella welcomed dogs, with wonderful walks up a steep valley in the foothills of the Picos and a very noisy resident owl at night. Elena charges €10 a night when a dog is in the bedroom and gives this money to the charity which rehouses abandoned Spanish dogs in England. We stayed for three nights and thoroughly enjoyed the cliffs, great beaches and huge estuaries, which are such a feature of northern Spain. The car enabled us to drive out to dinner and we chose a splendid *sideria* with imaginative food beside the magnificent cobbled Roman bridge in Cangas de Onís, 20 km inland. Breakfast in Elena's casa rural included the yellowest scrambled eggs ever – the chickens were running among the Asturian barns which had such tall stilts that they doubled as garages and log stores.

October 11

To Comillas; and now booted ready to start my camino with Xander. How exciting. We had explored the seaside town on the way, so we knew where to start – in a park where autumn crocuses were

flowering and conkers had fallen. First disappointment was how much pavement and road there was. Xander prefers open country. So do I. We walked for three hours nonstop, in warm autumn sunshine in a landscape like the Scottish Highlands but lush and always anticipating views of the sea. I took the first of many wrong turnings within the first hour. Is the signing inadequate or is it just me? We descended a winding modern road with crash barriers, not ideal with a dog, to meet Frances on the long bridge over the River San Vicente into the seaside town, where we had coffee and a huge sandwich of *lomo*, before setting off for Serdio, which would be 20 km of walking in the first day. If you drop to sea level, you are bound to have to climb out of it – and it was steep. Eventually we met the road at the hamlet of Hortigal. There was virtually no traffic and no-one to confirm that I was walking in the right direction. We had agreed to meet in Serdio outside the church, which is usually easy to find – and so we did.

October 12 Colombres to Llanes

23.5km in theory, but more because of wrong turnings taken when the signs were missing. There is an indistinct path along the cliffs, down to the beaches and up again; glorious views the whole way along the coast to the right and the Picos mountains to the left – and all this in perfect autumn sunshine. Xander was hardly on the lead today. We met Frances in Pendules, with the ancient remains of its huge monastery, and a dog friendly bar. The afternoon seemed to go on for ever, close to the coast, past the Buffones, where the sea rushes into cracks in the cliffs and erupts above, sounding like thunder; then a gravel track, few indications, eucalyptus forests smelling healthy, valleys, rivers and eventually through two villages, walking on the road towards Llanes where we had agreed to meet outside the station – which is the *albergue*.

What a boring place for Frances to have to wait for me for hours. She made friends with Kevin, who was doing the camino the hard way. We then went back (by car) to Elena's *casa rural* and to dinner in Ribadesella, where it was so warm that we ate out of doors near the church – at half the price of the *sideria*, on sea the front.

October 13

Next morning Elena was very helpful booking dog friendly hotels in Betanzos and Ordes – which would take us to Sant Iago. And so onto the Autovia eastwards. It rained and then we were wrapped in

thick fog but there was so little traffic that it was not difficult. The road strides across huge valleys – what a construction – among the best in Europe – and free! We intended to stop in Vilalba but it was impossible to park anywhere near the only bar we saw, so we drove on to Baamonde in the rain for a short dog walk beside the river, and coffee in a café full of *peregrinos* – very hearty with all their gear. I did rather envy them not having to worry about finding dog friendly accommodation, but then I didn't have to carry my bedding, food and pots and pans. Nor were they having the difficulty we had in matching the path in the Cicerone guide to the road.

And so to Ferrol. Satnav could not cope with finding the information office, essential for the *sello*, because the road was tunnelled underneath it! Arriving at 5 p.m. was also a bad idea because not only was it rush-hour, but parents were parking anywhere they could, with hazard lights flashing, to collect children from school. It is urban all the way from Ferrol through Pontedeuma to Miño. We were based in a helpful hotel in Betanzos, which was enjoying a *tortilla fiesta* – fine for the first evening. We dined better the second evening.

October 14

From the *albergue* in Miño I walked through the village, across the railway and down to the lovely estuary on a board walk. I asked the only person I saw, the way to the Meson Almeda. I was told the wrong way and walked for an hour and a quarter along the beach in the wrong direction. Xander did not mind but I was cross at wasting the time. It was a good walk, 9.5km plus the wasted hour, and the ancient arched entry into Betanzos across the river was splendid. In earlier times everyone had to pay to enter the town. Dinner that evening was in a dive and cost €12, including a bottle of unlabelled wine – amazing value if you could cope with fizzy white asparagus from a jar, which must have been opened some time ago, served with a sachet of mayonnaise and huge lamb chops, generously coated with gristle, all this prepared by the wife behind a shower curtain – just as well.

October 15

We left Betanzos after a good breakfast, which included the proprietor's cake, made with his own cherries, and wound our way into the country to find the first camino sign. It had started to rain. We set off through the eucalyptus woods and some hamlets, and saw desperate dogs tied up or rushing inside the length of fences. Do

they ever walk them? Passed two churches and a free-standing map of the *Camino Inglés*. Up hill, down dale and for the first time, saw signs at every junction. Five hours to the Bar Julia, where Frances had been waiting for me for hours. The bar was full with an all age family party – and the television of course. Coffee and pancakes, fresh from a seven-ring butane burner. Then back a few miles by car to the *Meson Museo*, which I had passed and been intrigued by. The proprietor gave us a tour of his unusual paintings of Sant Iago and another cup of coffee. About 20km today through glorious country, marred only by light rain.

And so to Ordes to the (only) hotel – in the main square, though our dog friendly rooms were above continuously noisy pedestrian lights, the dustbins (emptied during the night), traffic lights (and it is the main route for heavy lorries), and a night club, with the inevitable fights at two in the morning. We trawled the town for a restaurant. There aren't any so we drove 8km to a hideous road house, where the lorries were parked and the noise level inside was so loud (football on the television and the rasping voices of the card players) that I asked if we could eat in the *comedor*. So we were alone. Three home cooked courses and a bottle of cold local red wine and all for €28 for two. Such good value that we were to return on the next two evenings. There was nowhere else to go anyway. The advantage of the car again.

October 16

At 4.50 a.m. Mr Above-Us arrived vary much the worse for wear, banged the door, scraped furniture across the bare boards and dropped his money – twice so it was not the good night's rest we needed. It was still dark and raining when I took Xander round the block and into the car while we had a soulless wrapped breakfast. (Are they not concerned about disposing of packaging?) Then Frances drove me back to the Bar Julia, so that I started from where I had stopped yesterday, and the weather improved.

October 17

A friend had warned me about the steepness of the *Inglés* route. Well, to Bruma from the Bar Julia, it certainly is – 437m. in about an hour through the woods, steady and steep. I only saw one pilgrim – on a bike, going in the wrong direction, which was worrying – till he passed me on his way back some time later. I was disappointed to

miss the junction of the route from La Coruña at Bruma, let alone the crowd of *peregrinos* I had anticipated there. After Bruma the camino levels out with fine views past village churches, some *cruciferos* and whacky sculpture. I picked ripe figs off trees and chestnuts from the ground. A few wrong routes but the Inglés is better signed than the Norte route.

Coffee and *tortilla* in a bar at Buscas, where I had to sit outside – because of the dog – on a wet chair at a wet table. We had agreed to meet at the *casa rural* not far from Ordes – which would have been a very nice place to stay in. Frances noticed that I had not got my stick so Xander and I walked back for half a mile to where I had last stopped. No sign so we drove back a few miles to the Bar – and there it was. The advantage of the car! I must have walked all afternoon without a stick.

A dog is the best companion to walk with. He walks at your pace and only strays if there is a cat worth chasing, or, on one day, a rabbit; then he has no respect for private property. He never complains, argues or gets stressed and he is always eager to go further. There were plenty of dogs in every village along the way but all chained and barking frenetically as we passed. They were unable to chase us so Xander walked calmly past, lifted his leg on their gateposts, and moved on.

We walked through towns on the lead and stopped at bars which had tables outside. We were seldom welcomed inside. In the country Xander was off the lead all the time. If he hears a car he comes close to me and we wait for it to pass. He attracted admiring (I like to think) glances as we passed by. We never saw a Spaniard walking his dog so they stared and remarked on this companion walking silently to heel. When we came to junctions on paths and in woods I tried to encourage him to read the shells and the yellow arrows. Had he been younger I like to think that he would have learned to see where to go next and lead me. Twice he went mad, racing round a field and on the beach, as if to say “walking is a bit boring.”

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 ones 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 in 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 they came from 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 he 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 la Reina. Whenever we met they were always very concerned that I was alright 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 Sahagun 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 were 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 the 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!

HOSPITAL DE BRUMA ON THE CAMINO INGLES

Patricia Quaife

Hospital de Bruma is a small village consisting of one street of houses on the *Camino Inglés*, situated in the province of A Coruña (and the municipality of Mesia) in Galicia. It lies at the junction of the two arms of the Camino - the Ferrol/Neda arm and the ACoruña arm - some 64 kilometres from Ferrol, 35 from A Coruña and 40 from Santiago de Compostela.

As well as its strategic location for pilgrims, Bruma had one of the most ancient pilgrim hospitals on the *Camino Inglés*, where, just as on the better-known traditional route of the Camino Francés, there existed a network of medieval hospitals for pilgrims, travellers and the indigent. For example at different times on the Coruña arm hospitals could be found at Sigras, at Ponte Sarandons, at Bruma, at Poulo and of course at Santiago itself. A similar network existed on the Ferrol arm, up to Bruma, although again at any given moment not all the hospitals were necessarily functioning.

At Bruma the small, partly 12th-century chapel of San Lourenzo still stands next to the site of the hospital at the southern end of the village. Hospital de Bruma is documented as far back as 1140, according to the local historian Anton Pombo, and was founded in the wooded area of Rania Longa in the parish of San Lourenzo de Bruma by the archdeacon of Nendos, Pedro Cresconiz.¹ A later document of 1175 also records an event in the life of the hospital, namely that a certain Pedro Martinez and his wife Orraca Rodriguez made a deed of gift of their share of the Hospital de Gruma (as it appeared in the document) to the Hospital of the Church of St James, i.e., to Santiago de Compostela.²

It was long thought that all trace of the hospital had disappeared. However, in 1991/92 mention of it was found in a title deed of the property of the owner of the house next door to the

1 Anton Anxo Pombo Rodriguez 'Hospitals de Peregrinos na Cidade da Coruña et no Camiño de Faro'. Actas del II Congreso Internacional de Estudios Xacobeos, v.11, p. 292

2 Antonio López Ferreiro, Historia de la S.A.M. Iglesia de Santiago de Compostela, v. IV, app XLVII. pp. 117-118

chapel. He gave access to a group of local historians from Betanzos and Neda who were researching the Ferrol arm of the *Camino Inglés*. A working party was then set up by the municipal councils of the area and their members presented a paper on hospitality on the *Camino Inglés* at the Xunta de Galicia's congress on Atlantic Routes held in Ferrol in September 1996. They told us, and I quote (in translation): "the building is of ample proportions due to a number of additions which do not hide its ancient fabric and the main door of which opens on to the Camino Real, very close to the church dedicated to San Lorenzo ..."³

So what does the 'hospital-house' look like now? The front door is in the middle of the darkish stone-built construction, with a modern, gable-roofed part to the left and the older (hospital?) part with a typical, Galician sloping tiled roof to the right; this roof also extends over the door. It is not known how many beds the hospital would have had, although 12 (after the Apostles) was a common number in a small establishment.

We now come to one of those happy Jacobean coincidences that seem to occur with surprising frequency both on and off the Camino. A number of Confraternity members have visited Bruma, either on our Holy Year pilgrimages on the Camino Inglés or on the 1998 group visit to Galicia, and will have met our long-standing Coruña-based member, Magdalena Stork de Yepes. The coincidence I mentioned is this: Magdalena's cleaning lady's aunt and uncle - Esclavitud and Emilio are the current owners of the hospital house and are always most welcoming when we visit Bruma. They actually live in a modern house opposite but happily open both the chapel and the hospital-house to interested pilgrims. The house is used mainly for storage purposes - in fact it is almost a museum of rural life in Galicia - but it has a huge log fire and the family may also use it for accommodating relatives. In the back garden there is a large Galician hórreo the traditional, raised grain store one sees so often on the *Camino Inglés*.

Until the middle of last year (2000) there was no accommodation, nor any facilities of any kind in Bruma, but now the Xunta de Galicia has opened a refuge in the village, just up from the old hospital. On a cold wet day in May 1999 the Ferrol pilgrimage group picnicked in it when it was still unfinished

3 José Raimundo Núñez-Varela y Lendoiro, Manuel Pérez Grueiro and Ana López Brey, 'La Hospitalid en el Camino Inglés', *Actas del II Congreso...* pp. 258-9

and Mark Hassall is hoping to stay in it shortly, now it has been completed, in May. Although the modern refuge is not in the original hospital building, having a refuge in Bruma maintains the tradition of hospitality in this emblematic village. It also means pilgrims do not have to use the hotel in nearby Meson de Vento.

The chapel of San Lourenzo next to the hospital-house has survived the centuries and stands foursquare - in typical rural Galician style - at the far end of the village. The chancel has gone, with its arch now on the exterior east wall, and the building has recently been cleared of ivy. Mass is still said once a month, the village is very much a living entity and with more pilgrims staying in Bruma in the future it will perhaps regain something of its medieval importance.

Iván

Paul Murray

There is a brief reference to my story in Julie Davies' regular and always informative Refugio Gaucelmo News feature in Bulletin 123 from September 2013. As there is a postscript, I thought I would relate the events of the 6th August, i.e. the previous month, in more detail.

It was my 30th wedding anniversary, a date overlooked by both myself and my wife when I had volunteered two years before as an *hospitalero* in Gaucelmo. Gilbert and Liz were my fellow *hospitaleros*.

We had finished serving tea and marie biscuits to our pilgrims on the patio and heard shouts coming from the lane at the side of the hostel. An 11 year old boy on holiday with his family in the village, while riding on his bicycle down the lane below Gaucelmo's side door entry into the *huerta*, had collided with a protruding stone from a neighbour's wall. Iván, prostrate on the ground, was bleeding profusely from a head wound. His father, Sergio, made a number of attempts to contact the emergency 112 number on his mobile phone but to no avail as there was no sign of a helicopter being dispatched. As various concerned locals and pilgrims gathered round the poor lad for what seemed like an eternity, Sergio made the decision to transport his son in the back of his four wheel drive to the nearest medical treatment centre, the *ambulatorio* in Astorga some 22 kilometres back down the Camino. I rang my wife on my mobile back in England to tell her what was going on and her reassuring words of advice that we had to keep Iván talking at all costs got me through the traumatic following few hours, far and away the worst moments of my life.

Apart from myself, two other people, both pilgrims staying in Gaucelmo, travelled in the car with father and son. Mario was a young Italian cardiologist who could speak English but no Spanish while Andrew was a 17 year old English student walking the Camino Francés with his French mother. The latter held Iván's head on the back seat as he lay on his back while the former monitored his condition. It was my main role in the front passenger seat to translate for Mario into Spanish what he wanted Iván to do, as well as keeping his father in the loop. In the early few minutes of the journey as we sped down the road towards El Ganso with Sergio blaring his horn at any moving vehicles

on the road, I went into teacher mode engaging Iván in conversation with mundane questions beginning with his favourite football team, Atlético de Madrid, whilst pretending to support Barcelona to provoke a more animated response and to keep his mind off the terrible pain he must have been experiencing. Next topic was girlfriends and when he raised two fingers to imply he had two on the go, I did think I heard a surprised response from his father! At some point beyond Santa Catalina (I couldn't be sure exactly where as I had my back turned the whole way), Andrew suggested getting him to recite his four times' tables. 4 x 1 and 4 x 2 was no problem but then Iván stopped responding.

Suddenly and quite unexpectedly I heard him say "*mis tripas*". My association of that area of the anatomy with other different vocabulary in Spanish was momentary as I shouted to the ever faithful Andrew that he was going to be sick. In an instant he had sat him up so that he would not choke on his own vomit before returning him to his cradled embrace.

By this point, Iván was becoming increasingly unresponsive and the normally calm cardiologist, on finding the boy's pupils were dilated, got me to tell his father to step on the pedal and forget about the road's infamous potholes. Mario's concern was now palpable. My role of reassurance was now extended to Sergio who wanted to know if his son's eyes were still open. I lied and told him they were - though this was not in fact the case as his lids kept closing and opening. To this day I do not know how the man was capable of driving his car with his son critically injured on the back seat.

We finally reached the T junction and the traffic lights at the top of the hill leading into Astorga. I have since discovered that there is a sign to the accident and emergency cum outpatient clinic that is the *ambulatorio* near the road junction but Sergio missed it. When he stopped his vehicle to ask a passer-by the way, I realized that he was not as familiar with Astorga as I had imagined. The family in fact live in Madrid but have a house in Rabanal. In addition, the *ambulatorio* had not long opened in the town. He produced a swift U turn and thankfully was now following directions and picking up the signposts to the clinic which lies in an unlikely suburb of the town.

When we arrived, the response from the staff was to produce a wheel chair for the now barely conscious Iván but we insisted that a trolley was a priority instead. I was totally flabbergasted that the nearest to this they could find was a consultation bed! We placed him

carefully on top and it took four of us to carry him into the emergency treatment room. I was allowed inside to translate for Mario as he gave a summary of Iván's condition. He also assisted in monitoring the boy's heartbeat. My low opinion of the entire set up to deal with what was an emergency at the *ambulatorio* was confirmed when Mario told me that he believed that one of the staff who had said she was a doctor was not in fact true.

Eventually Mario and I were asked to leave the treatment room. Sergio had by now been joined by his wife and father and I did my best to reassure them that Iván was in good hands. It was only when the emergency helicopter with a paramedic team and doctor on board landed that I truly believed that what I had told his distraught relatives was actually the case! Not long afterwards, a friend of Sergio's drove Mario, Andrew, the grandfather and myself back up to Rabanal: we heard the swish of the helicopter blades as it flew past us heading to the main hospital in León. We were to learn later that evening that young Iván had had an emergency operation which involved inserting a piece of metal into his brain.



Ivan and Mum Aurora

I didn't expect to see Iván before the end of my stint in Gaucelmo and was thrilled when he turned up in the back of his father's by now thoroughly fumigated and cleaned 4 x 4 just over a week later when he returned to Rabanal, his head heavily bandaged and with no recollection whatsoever of his accident.

There is no doubt in my mind that it was the pilgrim presence in Rabanal that contributed to saving Iván's life. The calmness exerted by the young Italian cardiologist who was obviously aware of the gravity of the boy's condition and the maturity shown by the even younger English student helped me in my pivotal role as translator. I should say, at this point, that I am a retired foreign languages' teacher. All our pilgrims that fateful afternoon and evening in Gaucelmo played their part in saving the life of a young man.

As a postscript, I arrived in the village as a member of one of the annual opening working party team last Easter Sunday, earlier in the day than I had expected. Our neighbours in the monastery had invited those of the party already in situ to lunch, hence the lack of response as I rang Gaucelmo's doorbell. Across the square I trundled with my ruck sack and into El Mesón which was ramped with locals having a pre-lunch drink and chat. Who should I spy but Sergio, aka Fernando Alonso, alongside a beaming, barely recognizable Iván, on holiday again in Rabanal. The 14 year old young man is now as tall as his dad and has lost his boyish features. The three of us talked animatedly about the events three years ago, though I should qualify Iván's participation by saying that the oh, so relaxed chat was more about his beloved Atleti than the accident, the memory of which is still a blank. The family continue to be so grateful for what we all did for Iván that day, and this most unexpected reunion was a special moment in my life.

There is one final conversation topic from August 2013 in Sergio's 4 x 4 which I have not mentioned. I asked Iván which was the best *refugio* in Rabanal and I recall, before he slipped into unconsciousness, that after some determined prompting on my part he did confirm it was Gaucelmo!

Paul Murray, is a member of the Gaucelmo Committee and Secretary of the CSJ de Ponferrada

The Camino Ignaciano

Simon Wethered

I am sure there will be many other members of the Confraternity of St James who, like me, have an interest in Ignatian spirituality, and especially the famous Spiritual Exercises devised by St Ignatius, and may therefore welcome an introduction to this historic Camino. By contrast with the many legends associated with St James, we are, with St Ignatius, on firm historical ground. For it was in 1522 that, having had a decisive conversion while recovering from a serious leg wound in the battle of Pamplona, he set off from his birthplace in Loyola on pilgrimage to the Holy Land to serve His Lord there. The town of Manresa was en route, and he stayed there for several months, much of it praying in a cave overlooking a bend in the Cardona River. That cave, where he first devised the Spiritual Exercises, has now been converted into a tiny chapel. So the Camino follows the route that St Ignatius actually took from Loyola to Manresa. We know this because he kept a detailed journal of his journey, in which he refers to himself in the third person as 'the pilgrim'.

Loyola itself now comprises (predictably and ironically enough) a massive Basilica which embraces the actual house in which Ignatius was born. Indeed, and very movingly, there is a room marking the place of his birth, and the room where his conversion is reported to have taken place is a charming, low-ceilinged chapel where Mass is celebrated early each day and a pilgrim blessing available. Adjacent is the splendid and solidly built Jesuit Hotel Arrupe where simple meals are provided (accompanied at dinner by a full bottle of decent red wine). The nearest town of any consequence is Azpeitia; frankly, the most efficient if expensive way to get there is to take a taxi from Bilbao airport (some Euro120).

The first day starts off easily enough for the Camino largely follows a disused railway line (complete with its mountain-penetrating tunnels) up to Zumarraga. Watch out for a sign marking the turn off to the excellent Hotel Etxeberri on the left, just before a short parade of shops on coming into town. I could not recommend more highly this family-run hotel, with its excellent and fairly priced food.

After that, the walking becomes decidedly tough, for the next day

entails a 1000m climb, which at the top is pretty steep and rocky: not for the faint of heart or inexperienced. From my bedroom window in my destination at Arantzazu (where St Ignatius also paused) it was impossible to see how there could be a navigable path onwards, so vertiginous are the rocks and valley sides. But a way there is – up through attractive woodlands until it emerges into a high boulder-bordered alp, complete with strategically placed chalet for refreshments.

And so it goes on for the next four days, each starting with a hefty climb. Eventually having reached the summit of the pass over from Genevilla to Laguardia at Lapoblación, there is a literally breath-taking view of the valley spread out below. For the next two days it follows the Camino de Santiago via Navarette to Logroño, where I took what felt like a well-deserved rest day, and reminisced about my last visit there some 11 years ago.

Thereafter, the way is pretty much dead flat, much of it beside the Rio Ebro and canals, but also, frankly, roadwork slog. All the villages along the way have their own charm – but virtually no albergues, which makes the pilgrimage quite expensive. I had another welcome rest day in Zaragoza, but time constraints meant I had to take a bus for the next stretch to Lerida/Lleida. It is a shelter-less, desert section, which implies not attempting the whole Camino in the summer months. There is also one stop where there is no accommodation at all, so necessitating a tent, or being picked up by a taxi.

I was overwhelmed by the scale and sheer number of tourist visitors to the Monastery at Montserrat (where Ignatius also stayed, and where there is an albergue and a good restaurant). The final day entails a pretty steep descent from there and then attractive paths into Manresa (though somehow I took a wrong turn, and ended up a few unwelcome kilometres away from where I should have been, on a very busy and dangerous main road).

Arrival in Manresa is quite an experience, with its massive Basilica of La Seu suddenly coming into view. It is rather satisfactory that the last bit entails traversing a medieval bridge, reminiscent of – though shorter than – that at Puente la Reina. The massive Jesuit Spirituality Centre looms behind, above the sanctuary cave, and this was where I stayed, with two days' half board costing only some Euro 90. Of course the town is replete with references to St Ignatius' stay there, and deserves a day or two's pause. The tiny chapel in the cave has the feeling of a 'holy of holies' about it; an ideal place for prayer and

meditation.

The total distance is some 650 kms, which my Guide Book divides into 27 daily stages. From Manresa, it is a short train ride down to Barcelona, and the flight home.

In fact I treated the Camino as a walking spiritual retreat, for the first-rate guidebook I used produced by Fr Jose Luis Iriberry SJ and Chris Lowney has a final section in which Fr Iriberry takes one through each of the stages as a 'day' in the Spiritual Exercises. I personally found this quite difficult, especially when the walking was physically demanding, but also enormously fruitful and rewarding in retrospect. I filed interim reports on my spiritual journey with my Spiritual Director in London from Logroño and Zaragoza. I gather that an English edition of the Guide is due to be published later this year. There is an excellent website on the Camino at www.caminoignaciano.org/en, which advertises the Guide.

Anybody wishing further and better particulars is welcome to contact me at: iwethered5@aol.com.

La Llamarga

Anna Polonyi

*After a few days,
the lizards no longer scatter*

*They walk with you in the
underbrush leaving it*

*to the very last moment
to decide like you*

*what can be left behind
and what cannot be done*

without.



Drawing by Nick Gustafson

You Are Not in Charge

Sonya Varea Hammond

Thirty years ago, I read about the camino. Finally, this year, the planets aligned. Ten miles from the airport and three hours prior to flight, the highway sign flashed “ACCIDENT AHEAD.” My mental conversation: “Maybe we should get off the freeway,” and then “Oh, it’ll be fine.”

The freeway was closed for rescue vehicles and helicopters for a truck accident. Stalled for an interminable time, I called the airline’s customer service twice.



St Jean-Pied-de-Port

Finally, we reached the only exit being used to divert three lanes of traffic and arrived ten minutes before my plane’s departure. The unsympathetic, blasé counter attendants said my only recourse was to purchase another round-trip ticket, at full fare, for the next day.

I burned with anger, frustration, and self-recrimination. (If only I had said, “Let’s eat in the car” instead of picnicking; if only I had said, “Let’s get off the freeway” earlier; if only...) My face flushed, my

heart pounded, so angry, I couldn't even cry. My husband calmly suggested we get a room nearby. In our hotel, needing to dissipate the hot adrenaline, I pounded a pillow to exhaustion. My husband, disappearing into a corner of the room, watching this uncharacteristic anger, let me work off my rage.

My premature lesson from the camino: "You are not in charge!" If someone had said to me that day, "Well, maybe it's for the best," I would have decked them. But it was. The day I would have arrived, the husband of my friend who was to pick me up near St. Jean-Pied-de-Port suffered a detached retina. On what would have been my first and hardest day of hiking, over the Pyrenees, it rained profusely. I even got a five euro refund on my train ticket. Despite many tense moments, I grasped that I received the camino I was destined to have. I met so many people, had adventures, and saw sights I would never have experienced had I arrived on my original date. Call it chance, divine intervention, whatever. I learned that the camino is in charge, and as I loosened and rode the waves, my experiences became more rich, more meaningful. I was grateful. I felt guided.

I never expected to learn so early in my trip that "The camino provides, not necessarily what you want, but what you need."

This article originally appeared in the December 2016 issue of **La Concha**, the newsletter of the **American friends of the Camino**.

St James in the British Isles

Ruth Abrahams

Work on the Saint James in the British Isles section of the CSJ website continues; this is the long-running project to update and augment all the research done in the 1980s and 90s on churches dedicated to, and depictions of, Saint James and any other monuments or works of art associated with the pilgrimage to Santiago.

So far more than 720 items have been mapped and listed on the website covering 28 English counties, and all of Wales. More work needs to be done on England and Scotland, and Ireland will also eventually be included.

If you have any pictures of churches or depictions of Saint James from the British Isles, you are very welcome to upload them on our Flickr group:

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

Please don't send images direct to the CSJ as due to copyright restrictions we cannot upload them on your behalf.

If anyone wants to help with the "on the ground" research i.e. visiting churches and taking pictures, please contact Ruth Abrahams at: pilvig@yahoo.co.uk for details of the counties that still need attention.

The Saint James in the British Isles section of the CSJ website can be found here:

<http://www.csj.org.uk/the-journey-continues/discover-saint-james-in-the-uk/>

We hope you enjoy browsing the information and the Flickr images; if you like history, art or architecture, or simply want to find inspiration for a local visit or walk, you should find something of interest.

Invitation for Vézelay Route wardens in 2017

Many CSJ Members, having completed the camino or other pilgrim routes, wish to give something back in thanks for their pilgrimage. A number of possibilities arise, including that of serving as wardens at a *refugio*. Over the last 25 years, some have given their time at the *Refugio Gaucelmo* at Rabanal del Camino, or at Miraz and more recently at French *refuges* on the Vézelay Route. In 2017 *Les Amis et Pèlerins*



St Mary Magdelene pilgrim stamp

de Saint Jacques de la Voie de Vézelay (APSJVV) will be looking to staff 3 *refuges*. In addition to Ainay-le-Chateau and Bouzais 5 km SSW of St.Amand-Montrond), also Saint Ferme in the Gironde.

Ainay-le Chateau is a small village 150 km south east of Vézelay in the department of Allier on the river Marmande. It lies south of Bourges and 15km from Saint-Amand-Montrand. The refuge has 5 beds. A room for 2 wardens and facilities for wardens to prepare an evening meal.

Bouzais, a small hamlet in the commune of Boischaud du Cher, in a very pleasant area close to Saint-Amand-Montrand and the abbey of Noirlac. This refuge has 5 beds for pilgrims, a room for 2 wardens and facilities for wardens to prepare an evening meal.

Saint-Ferme is a village nestling amongst the Bordelais vineyards, 20 km north of La Réole. This refuge, on the first floor of a charming country house, has 7 beds, a room for 2 wardens and a large communal room. There are facilities for the wardens to prepare a simple evening meal.

If you speak good French, the opportunity of being a warden, or *hospitalier*, at one of these three small, recently developed pilgrim hostels on the “Voie de Vézelay”, is a possibility. The season runs from 15 March to late October.

Since 2000, the enthusiastic and dedicated APSJVV have way-marked the historic pilgrim route from Vézelay to St Jean-Pied-de-Port. For pilgrims, the Vézelay route is a *Route de Solitude* as yet

relatively unspoiled by commercialism. The aim of the APSJVV is to keep it that way. In 2016 over 1000 pilgrims were recorded as coming down that route from Vézelay towards St Jean-Pied-de-Port.

If this opportunity appeals to you, Richard Jefferies (Mobile; 07963304302) will be happy to give you background information. He and his wife have a range of experience in most of the above refuges after which you may wish to contact the APSVV to negotiate, in French, the possibilities and to arrange dates for your hospitalier sojourn.

The APSJVV website is a mine of information and well worth a visit.

<http://www.vezelay-compostelle.eu>

Obituaries

Jeannine Warcollier 1924-2016 RIP

Not for nothing was Jeannine Warcollier, who died in April 2016, sometimes called ‘indefatigable’. More than any other individual, she worked energetically for well over 50 years as Secretary of the Société des Amis de St Jacques de Compostelle, to promote the pilgrimage to Santiago and inspire and encourage pilgrims from all over Europe and beyond. While the Société and its academic forerunner, the Centre Européen d’Etudes Compostellanes, were founded in 1950, her interest was stimulated in 1958 when her brother Michel took part in a pioneering student pilgrimage from Parthenay to Santiago.

My own friendship with Jeannine dates back to mid-1981 when – ever a great royalist – she was visiting London at the time of the wedding of the Prince of Wales and the then Lady Diana Spencer. We met at Piccadilly Circus, had supper together and I became a very early English member of the Société, preceded possibly only by Mary Remnant. In view of my forthcoming cycling pilgrimage (from Vézelay in September 1981) Jeannine also provided me with a detailed itinerary and letters of introduction in French and Spanish in case I encountered problems and needed local help.

Only 18 months later, on 13 January 1983, the Confraternity of Saint James was founded, with the strong encouragement of Jeannine who, during the 1982 Holy Year, had been receiving an increasing number of requests for information from people in Britain and the Société des Amis had five British members. ‘Why didn’t we’, she said over the phone one day, ‘get together and set up our own association in England?’ So we did. She was always most supportive, especially in the early years of the Confraternity, along with other distinguished scholars such as Professor George Zarnecki and Dr René de la Coste Messelière, one of the founders of the Centre d’Etudes Compostellanes and the Société des Amis de St Jacques: he was president of the two organisations for many years until his death in 1996.

As well as her secretarial duties, Jeannine was the inspiration behind some of the Société’s wider activities. Notable among these was the sea voyage of the three-masted Belem in 1993 which replicated the medieval sea pilgrimage to La Coruña, and the restoration in Santiago Cathedral of the Chapelle Française or Chapel of St Louis for which she undertook

energetic fund-raising. For many years in late August she would lead a group pilgrimage to Santiago to celebrate the feast-day of St Louis (25 August). Her successful format included lodgings in San Martín Pinario, a walk from Monte del Gozo on the last stage of the pilgrimage to the Cathedral and excursions to places of interest, such as Padrón or the Ría de Arousa. Late in life, she undertook her own pilgrimage on foot, starting the Camino (I think) from Ponferrada; this was not without incident as she managed to break a small bone in her foot, but in true Jeannine style, still completed her pilgrimage despite being in pain.

For nearly 60 years her devotion to St James, to pilgrims and to the Camino in all its manifestations was legendary and we will not see her like again. She remained single all her life but was close to her brother Michel and her two nieces Odile and Agnes and their families. She will be sorely missed in Paris where she presided over the Société's offices in the 6ème arrondissement and in the wider Jacobean world where she inspired both pilgrimages and scholarship.

From Patricia Quaipe

Laura Dyas 1914-2017 RIP

Laura was a very glamorous member who joined at the first meeting in March 1983. She lived above a shop in Knightsbridge and shopped in Harrods (until it was bought by Mohammed Al-Fayed). She was a great character. On a CSJ trip to Ghent in 1985 to see the Europalia exhibition on the Santiago pilgrimage (along with a French group organised by Jeannine Warcollier) she bought my small son, James, aged 4, the biggest most exciting and extravagant ice cream she could find, while the rest of us had to do with dull rice pudding or some such.

We send condolences to the family.

From Marion Marples

Tony Green 1941-2017 RIP

We acknowledge, too, the untimely passing of Tony Green, long term CSJ and Rabanal Committee member. Please see June issue for a full obituary. We send many condolences to his family.

From Freddy Bowen

Report from Albergue San Martín, Miraz

Albergue San Martín de Miraz will open its doors to pilgrims on the weekend of Palm Sunday, Saturday 8 April. This is after the working party, consisting of Ted and Averil Jones, Trevor Hockey and Jane Oosthuizen, have completed their spring clean and running repairs after the winter break. The daily opening time is now more flexible, to reflect that of the other three *albergues* in the vicinity who remain open throughout the day. This means that *hospitaleros* who wish to open earlier than 3.00 pm, so long as they have had time for a break, can do as they think fit. However, the door will continue to be closed at 10.30 pm to give both pilgrims and *hospitaleros* time for sleep.

The Church will be open at 7.00 pm each evening for half an hour, so that pilgrims are given the opportunity for quiet reflection in a tranquil setting.

The *hospitaleros* will provide a simple breakfast of tea or coffee with bread and jam for the pilgrims before they continue their journey to Santiago. Food can be purchased from the mobile shop that visits the village on most days. The bar at the end of the village, O'Brigo, provides a pilgrim menu for those not wishing to cook for themselves.

Report of Refugio Rabanal – Gaucelmo

Julie Davies

NEARLY TIME – 2017

Gaucelmo will open again on 1st April, 2017. Preparations for the 2017 season are slowly gaining in momentum. The rota is complete, (although I have just received a withdrawal from a volunteer for the second part of September – any offers!). Thirty-eight volunteers are generously giving their time and energies as *hospitaleros* at Gaucelmo. There is the usual wonderful rainbow of nationalities on the 2017 rota – 19 from UK, 9 from USA, 2 from Canada, South Africa and Ireland and 1 each from Belgium and Australia.

Training Day invitations for March 4th have been sent to volunteers. Most volunteers from "over the water" will have attended their own training courses within their pilgrim associations of their countries.

The Gaucelmo Committee are very relieved to have two new property co-ordinators - Tony Green and Ray Woolrich. They will be part of the opening working party at Gaucelmo along with Dick Crean and Peter Garlick. Hopefully the Village Party will take place during the last week of March.

The "shopping list" for the new season is growing daily – replacement crockery, a new coffee machine, new sheets, an extra new clothes line situated in the sun, and a steam cleaner. *Hospitaleros* at Gaucelmo are grateful to have everything in place and clearly marked when doing their duties.

With a growing frisson of excitement the 2017 season at Refugio Gaucelmo is eagerly anticipated. Everything is nearly ready – but not quite. Guaranteed by April 1st, all will be ready and our first *hospitaleros* – Rowena and Bob from the UK will welcome our first pilgrim of 2017 with a very warm welcome in a beautifully groomed refugio.



Gaucelmo under snow

Members' Pages

From Howard Nelson

I was in France early last summer, and took the chance to go and see old friends in St Jean Pied-de-Port. One of them, Jean-Claude Nogues, now runs the refuge sponsored by the parish, Gite Kaserna, at 43 rue d'Espagne. He would particularly welcome some English hospitaliers, to stay for a week or a fortnight, Saturday to Sunday (to allow one night's overlap/handover between teams). There is a well-appointed 2-person flat for the hospitaliers. You are asked to pay for your own transport to and from St Jean, but otherwise all board and lodging is provided.

Gite Kaserna is well-kept and friendly. Breakfast is provided for the pilgrims, and the evening meal is offered for a reasonable price. The work is quite demanding, and the days can be long, but anyone who has worked at Rabanal or Miraz knows that. Do mention my name if you decide to offer your services. Jean-Claude's email address is: jcisard@hotmail.fr

From Robin Dorkings

Reading the article by Helen Willson in Bulletin 136, reminded me of this photo of St James the pilgrim in front of Speyer Cathedral – which I took last year.



Statue of St James in Speyer

From Basia Goodwin and Betrand Gamrowski

We welcome you to our home, *Flores Del Camino*, a traditional Maragato house situated in the beautiful village of Castrillo de Los Polvazares, along the pilgrimage route to Santiago, along the Camino Francés, just after Astorga.

We offer retreats, workshops and courses inspired by the beauty of the pilgrimage and the rich artistic and cultural treasures of our region. You

are also welcome to host your own workshops and meetings that cultivate life, connection, creativity, healing and expression. You are invited here to simply enjoy the tranquility of the house, the village and the beauty of the surrounding landscape. We also welcome others to host their meetings here. We invite here all which cultivates life, connection, healing and expression.

We live on the pilgrimage route to Santiago because we have both walked it and have been touched by it. We feel deeply moved and inspired by its reanimation. Here the physical and the spiritual meet. It is our feet that carry us to Santiago. We walk in nature. We are part of nature. Just as we need to take care of ourselves, we need to take care of our environment. On the Way we are invited to move more slowly, to be quiet and still. We walk alone but also with others. We are also following in the footsteps of all those that walked before us on this ancient and medieval route.

Along the Way there is a wealth of pre-Romanesque churches where you can find the first known rose window in Europe, the geometry of which is so simple and beautiful. We find beautiful cathedrals along the Way. We also have an exceptional body of Roman mosaics and ancient petroglyphs in the area. This particular region has been a land of passage, where many cultures



Asturias and the Picos

have met and mixed. The Celts, the Romans, the Visigoths, the Moors and the Asturians have come here. They have left a rich heritage that longs to be rediscovered. The workshops we make are often inspired by the treasures of our region. We would like to share these places with you. One way is through exploring traditional art and craft. This kind of art is part of our heritage. It holds a subtle wisdom, of which we have been increasingly disconnected from in our modern era. The processes involved in the creation of this art are themselves a form of pilgrimage. It is a journey that is honouring the sacred,

beauty, nature, ourselves and others.

For more information please contact us: <http://floresdelcamino.com/en/>; Calle Real 36, Castrillo de los Polvazares, 24718, SPAIN, Tel: +34 691 221 058

From Gosia Brykczyńska

Below is a photograph taken at La Coruna Town Hall showing smiling participants from around the world attending a meeting in early December 2016 concerning Camino Inglés. A decision has been made by the Dean of Santiago Cathedral that if a pilgrim undertakes the Camino Inglés from La Coruña and additionally undertakes to walk 20+ kilometres at home/ in their home country (with stamps to prove it), to make up the requisite 100km needed to obtain a Compostella – the cathedral pilgrim office will accept this proposition. The extra kilometres can be undertaken between two shrines, or walking towards a port (presumably most appropriate) or in fact anywhere that is convenient and technically seems to be along the way. This is because, many pilgrims in the historical past, arriving from the United Kingdom, Ireland, the Low Countries/Germany would have done



Meeting in A Coruña

so by boat disembarking at La Coruña and proceeding from there on foot to Santiago. This is a truly ancient route to Santiago, used by thousands of pilgrims who travelled to Spain by boat. The CSJ undertook the first organised pilgrimage along the Camino Inglés, since the reformation, in 1994. For more information about walking the route contact the CSJ office. The CSJ has also published an excellent guide to the Camino Inglés.

Book Reviews

Why Pilgrimage? David Baldwin, CTD, 2015, ISBN:978 78469 077 9, £2.50 ref D800

David Baldwin offers a straightforward introduction to pilgrimage in general, as well as noting what it is not, written from his own experience of pilgrimage to Santiago and other shrines throughout Europe.

He draws on scripture and religious writers for suitable quotations. He gives a brief overview of the growth of pilgrimage through the ages as well as a chapter on Rome, Santiago and Jerusalem. If you are looking for further pilgrimage places in England or Europe there are pointers and references for further information.

MARION MARPLES

The Camino Inglés – 6 days (or less) to Santiago, Susan Jagannath, 2016, ISBN-10: 1539189449 / ISBN-13: 978-1539189442

Short Camino – short book! And a very practical, easy and motivational read too. The first chapter, which grabs the reader's attention with a whole series of 'why?' questions about the route, the timing and the author's and readers' motives for considering this Camino, ends with the challenge 'Why not?Let's Go!'

Immediately you are seduced into pulling on your boots. This Camino is easier, it's do-able, it's shorter, it's authentic, interesting and scenic and it's 'a Camino for everyone'. Australian writer Susan Jagannath is clear that this is an appealing and practical alternative for 'those who can't, or don't want' to tackle the long and at times over busy Camino Frances but who do want to walk, enjoy a quiet pilgrimage and get a Compostela. To prove her point she takes the potential pilgrim through almost every step – both metaphorical and actual – needed to get them from their starting point to what she calls 'Launchpad Ferrol' and on to Santiago, allowing them to pace themselves, to stay in hotels and to take taxis, without being too precious about such practices being un-authentic or 'cheating'!

Reviews for this book are 5 star and previous readers have clearly appreciated how accessible and readable it is, full of practical information and advice as well as word pictures of the cultural

highlights and the land /seascapes on the route. Jagannath offers 'from philosophy to safety pins' checklists and whether it's feet, fitness, travel, food and drink, basic vocabulary, websites, accommodation, what to take, clothing, communication, even the best photo stops on the first day ...it is all here, as well as a detailed description of each day's walk, with encouraging words to keep the pilgrim literally 'on track' towards their goal. Emotional and spiritual aspects of pilgrimage and the generosity of strangers are included too.

If I want to quibble, I thought there was too much repetition throughout of some of the information (for example, the details about organising backpack portage)- but perhaps for those carrying this little book with them as a useful talisman on their walk, frequent reminders prove welcome when tired and likely to forget things at the end of the day? I would have liked more detail about seasonal weather in the section about 'when to walk'; a translation of a few more of the Spanish words used in the text; and better maps, including one showing exactly where in Spain one finds the Camino Inglés. (In my ignorance (and because not all trademarks are international) - I also had to look up what Chux (p.99) are - I now know!!)

I loved the journey-appropriate literary quotations at the beginning of each chapter, the author's self-deprecation and humour and her sheer enthusiasm which fires you up - and made me want to book that flight to Northern Spain right away!! This is a book written from direct experience, by someone who really wants to share that experience with the reader AND to encourage them to do it too. That's a significant difference from writers who merely want to recount their story and their experiences, or the factual detached route guides. The author emphasises that because the Inglés hasn't been 'too much written, blogged or YouTubed' it will be fresh and new to the walker. She makes the Camino Inglés a vivid, 'can do' pilgrimage - an *adventure* that can be planned and achieved and you'll feel that she has taken you by the hand and helped you along step by step along the Way.

HELEN WILLSON

Walking the Pilgrims' Way - To Canterbury from Winchester and London Leigh Hatts, 2017, Cicerone, ISBN 13: 978 1 85284 777 7

Another great Cicerone publication, in their tradition of producing

attractive and accurate walking guides, which in their words 'inspire all sorts of amazing adventures'. This time, the adventure is the Pilgrims' Way and this guide has much of interest for CSJ members. It deals with an ancient pilgrim route in England, which has clear links to the Camino to Santiago de Compostela; the pilgrim ethos and of course, there is much detail about the end goal of this particular pilgrim way...the history and the shrine of St. Thomas Becket in Canterbury Cathedral.

Leigh Hatts is married to former CSJ secretary Marion Marples, who walked the Pilgrims' way with him. He has a very good pedigree for researching and writing this book...being responsible for the London Transport Country Walks series and author of *The Thames Path* and *Lea Valley* walk guides for Cicerone, as well as coast path walks in Dorset and the Solent.

The usual attractive Cicerone format is repeated - pocket size - but its contents are certainly not pocket size. Inside, on glossy paper, we find a huge amount of information backed by excellent colour photos. There are clear directions for each of the 15 stages from Winchester and the shorter route from Southwark to where the two routes join, with the route highlighted in red on OS maps sections. The practical things - accommodation, eating places, maps, weather, transport, way marks (including our familiar scallop shell indicators) timings, significant buildings, sites and churches (is the drunken pilgrim wall painting in Chaldon a warning, or a witty reflection of real-life medieval - or modern - pilgrimage?!) - are all clearly and succinctly presented and more detail is included in the appendices.

Hatts includes the historical, spiritual and literary background, which makes this book much more than just a guide to walking a footpath. In his introduction and inserted into the walk at strategic points, is fascinating and relevant information about saints, historical figures, churches, writers, artists - enriching the walk both at the planning stage and as it is undertaken. This amount of material makes it also very readable for anyone doing some armchair travelling.

This must be the definitive guide for anyone setting off in the steps of either Chaucer's pilgrims down the Old Kent Road, or following the way from Winchester along the North Downs. A pleasure to browse, dip into, use for a local walk, or study before or during the walk..... highly recommended.

HELEN WILLSON

‘This newly translated Guide to the Camino Francés (originally published in German) has much to recommend it. There is an amazing amount of information compressed into a very practical small book. It is mainly designed for prospective and inexperienced pilgrims, with a comprehensive introduction on preparation, from tips on caring for feet, what to take, obtaining *credenciales*, and the *compostela* (now issued in various different forms), plus motives for undertaking the pilgrimage.

The book has many colour photographs, and maps on each section, including one for elevations as well as the area map, which shows tiny pilgrims indicating which way to travel along the route described in the text. There are plenty of tips for cyclists, and the front end-flap shows an overall map of the Camino, plus a list of symbols used with explanations, on the back-flap. There is also a useful index at the end of the book of the main places occurring in the text. It is explained that the information needs constant updating, and there is a suggested website where the latest version may be found.

The only (minor) criticism of this otherwise excellent guide is that this edition has been translated into English from the German by three different translators, with varying results. In places it lacks an idiomatic English style, and at times is fairly quaint, for example (p.66) the reference to “the former middleaged pilgrims refuge” at first conjures up an image quite different from that intended by the author. “Pilgrim’s streams” i.e. streams of pilgrims, and p.164 “The choice of the suiting refuge in Leon” also sound bizarre. But the sense can usually be understood and there are plenty of pages where the translation is fine, so presumably it depends on which of the three translators’ one is reading.

One of the best things about this book is that it gives a very good guide to the multiplicity of refuges which have sprung up in recent years. The selection is necessarily limited, and mainly by price and amount of accommodation available. Instructions are given on how to find them, and what facilities they offer, and the selection includes municipal, parish and many of the private refuges which have, wherever possible, been visited and checked out, and are described in detail and recommended (or not) by the author. This would be really useful when confronted with such a choice.

Where applicable, discussions are set out as to the benefits of

various alternative routes, and usually each is described. There are also many tips on where food is available or otherwise, when to carry extra water, and where ATMs are situated. There is also only a minimum of information on the cultural aspects, for which other sources could be used, but a deliberate policy of this guide is on the practical aspects of undertaking the pilgrimage, which are dealt with so effectively here. Altogether a book that a first time pilgrim would find enormously valuable.

LIZ KEAY

Once is not Enough Barbara Cameron, Black Isle Press, 2008, ISBN-10: 1905787278

This book is very interesting for anyone who has walked camino routes or been a warden, it would also be very informative for a pilgrim 'wanting to give something back' by becoming a warden.

I was impressed by the number of occasions Barbara has acted as a hospitalero and by her tact during numerous events. The book gives a very good idea of the joys and trials to be met during this duty. It brought back keen memories of my own experience in sharing unorthodox meals with pilgrims met along the road. Don't read the book when hungry unless you have a store cupboard with ingredients so you may try the recipes.

I also remember the generosity of local people, for instance when the priest of Belorado came in with a basket full of cherries donated by a parishioner. That hostel features in this book. The last half of the book was read in one sitting as I was wanting to see if Barbara introduced anyone I had met and she did mention many of the 'Camino Characters'. The overall result of Barbara's account for me was to arouse a desire to walk the Camino again and experience the changes that have occurred since 1995 when I completed my pilgrimage on the Camino Francés.

Barbara wrote this account to raise money for her church of St. Andrew's, Fortrose and in this I wish her all success. It is priced at £8, has a map and numerous colour photographs and consists of 153 pages. It is very well produced, my only criticism being that one has to hunt for the pictures referred to by the text as the page numbers under the photos do not always refer to the correct page.

CHRISTINE PLEASANTS

CSJ Notebook

Another year and another programme for the CSJ. In January, we held our 17th Annual General Meeting at Baldwins Gardens, London – with a turnout of some 150 CSJ members from far and wide. The highlight of the day was certainly the talk given by our keynote speaker, Nancy Louise Frey. Nancy spoke about the changing mode of the Camino in the digital age – a topic that very much resonated with our organisation as we begin to take steps, ourselves, to embrace it. Many, many thanks to Nancy for travelling from her home in Galicia to give such insightful and poignant food for thought. Thanks also to those who attended and assisted at the London Practical Pilgrim Day in February – with more than 100 registered visitors, it was a great day. It was also the first time that we have had a Suggestion Wall, where members left their feedback. See latest edition of e-news for the full list.

As outlined at the AGM, the programme of events for 2017 is looking healthy, with 3 practical pilgrim days, regular film screenings, guided walks, open days, as well as academic talks and hospitalero training days. Please see below for dates. Details of each event will be released closer to the time on the website and e-news. Members are welcome to join us for any they wish, and if any would like to offer assistance, it would be much appreciated.

EVENT	DATE	LOCATION
Film: Six Ways to Santiago	Monday 6th March	CSJ Offices, London
Saturday Open Day	Saturday 18th March	CSJ Offices, London
Manchester Practical Pilgrim Day	Saturday 8th April	Friends' Meeting House, 6 Mount St
Edinburgh Practical Pilgrim Day	Saturday 8th April	Camino Café, St Mary's Cathedral, 23 Palmerston Place, Edinburgh EH12 5AW
Guided Walk: St Augustine Way	Saturday 22nd-23rd April	Ramsgate-Canterbury
Saturday Open Day	TBC on website/e-news	TBC on website/e-news
Film: Six Ways to Santiago	Monday 5th June	CSJ Offices, London

St James Day	Tuesday 25th July	TBC on website/e-news
Film: Six Ways to Santiago	Monday 4th September	CSJ Offices, London
Northern Guided Walk	TBC on website/e-news	TBC on website/e-news
Saturday Open Day	Saturday 28th October	CSJ Offices, London
Returned Pilgrims Day	Saturday 28th October	St James Church, Reading
Returned Hospitaleros Day	Saturday 18th November	Blackfriars Settlement, London
Constance Storrs Lecture	Saturday 25th November	TBC on website/e-news
Film: Six Ways to Santiago	Monday 4th December	CSJ Offices, London
Christmas Office Closure	22/12/17 – 03/01/18 (incl.)	-----

In addition to events, we have a number of new guides for 2017. So far this year, we have released:

- New guide to “Preparing for the Camino Francés” by Johnnie Walker
- New edition of the “Camino de Madrid” by Angelika Schneider and Johnnie Walker
- Brand new guide to the “Camino del Sureste” (from Alicante) by Lewis Roxby MairisPlans for the rest of the year include:
- Guides to the Coastal and Braga variants of the Camino Portugués
- Update to the Camino Primitivo
- Reprint of the “12th Century Pilgrims Guide” from Book V of the Codex Calixtinus
- Reprint of the “William Wey” publication
- New historical heritage guide to the Camino Francés

As well as our yearly updates of our guides to the Camino Francés and Camino Portugués In the spirit of embracing the digital age, the CSJ is moving towards electronic guide distribution. With the welcome rise of young professionals undertaking the Camino, the use of mobile apps and e-readers in lieu of printed guide books is surging at an exponential rate. Therefore, we are working at converting all of our guides into e-books, and giving new members the option to receive their Bulletin electronically when they register.

Champing

According to the **Churches Conservation Trust**, throughout Southeast England, modern pilgrims have been able to visit and sleep in ancient churches, where they are part of a modern movement called champing, a term coined for church camping.

This has been organized through the Churches Conservation Trust, an organization that oversees the preservation of historic churches throughout the UK. Champing is seen as a way of providing a means for rural villages to offset the maintenance of historic buildings, while offering pilgrims an unusual place to stay.

The Churches Conservation Trust first piloted champing in 2014 at **All Saints' Church** in Aldwinckle, Northamptonshire. All of the current churches in the scheme are in the southeast corner of England, no more than a few hours from London, and all are located in small villages close to charming traditional English towns and areas of natural beauty.

If you would like to stop receiving printed Bulletins, please email office@csj.org.uk

FREDDY BOWEN
CSJ OFFICE

Upcoming Events

Saturday 18th March 2017

Saturday Open Day

In addition to our Open Days held every Thursday, we are opening up our office, bookshop and library on Saturday 18th March. You will be able to purchase guides for walkers and cyclists on various routes of the Way through Western Europe, as well as the all-important Pilgrim Passport. There will be experienced pilgrims on hand to advise, recommend and reassure!

Whether you're gathering information for next year's season, or have just returned from the Camino and want to share your experience, open days are a fantastic opportunity to share knowledge and memories with like-minded people.

Venue: CSJ Office, Blackfriars Road, London, SE1 8NY

Time: 11:00 – 15:30

Price: Free of charge

Saturday 8th April 2017

Manchester Practical Pilgrims Day

Another opportunity for members based in the North of England, Wales and Scotland to hear what others say about the pilgrimage experience.

To pay and book your place, please visit the website at www.csj.org.uk

Venue: Friends' Meeting House, 6 Mount Street, Manchester, M2 5NS

Time: 10:30-14:30

Price: £5

Saturday 8th April 2017

Edinburgh Practical Pilgrims Day

Another opportunity for members based in Scotland and the far North of England to hear what others say about the pilgrimage experience.

To pay and book your place, please visit the website at www.csj.org.uk

Venue: Camino Café, St Mary's Cathedral, 23 Palmerston Place, Edinburgh EH12 5AW

Time: 10:30-14:30

Price: £15 – lunch is included

Saturday 22nd - Sunday 23rd April 2017

Guided Walk: St Augustine Way

There will be a walk on Saturday 22nd April between Canterbury and Ramsgate on the Sunday along part of the St Augustine Way. The route goes through a variety of countryside and passes many churches along the way – including the oldest in England! Staying overnight in Minster. There are a couple of spaces left for the accommodation that the CSJ has arranged. If you would like one of the last spots, please ring the office on 0207 928 9988.

Alternatively, there are Bed & Breakfasts and other hotels in Minster for walkers to make their own arrangements. Walkers will need to make their own travel arrangements but are welcome to join us for any part of the walk. Please email office@csj.org.uk for a rough itinerary.

Venue: Ramsgate/Canterbury, Kent

Time: 11am from St Augustine's, Ramsgate

Price: £40pp for CSJ-provided accommodation (very few spaces left!)

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*Please apply with SAE (quoting membership number) to:
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