



Confraternity of Saint James

Bulletin



September 2004

No 87

Confraternity of Saint James

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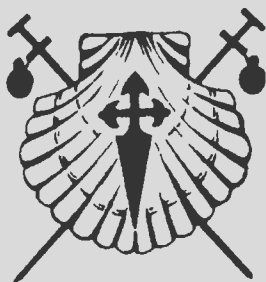
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Contributions for the *Bulletin* are welcomed from members – please contact the editor via the office (see back cover for details).

Contributions can also be sent by email to office@csj.org.uk. For short items a simple email is sufficient. For longer contributions, particularly if they include accented characters or footnotes, it is best to attach a file to the email. Most common file formats are acceptable. Contributors with more obscure software should save the document as a Rich Text Format (.rtf) or plain ASCII text (.txt) file.



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Cover picture:
St James in Brno
(Gosia Brykczynska)

Editorial

Gosia Brykczynska

By the time Confraternity members will be reading this *Bulletin* I will be on pilgrimage to Santiago. It is always interesting to read about pilgrims preparing for their pilgrimages, but for me, to paraphrase Bertrand Russell's aunt, I can only go on a pilgrimage or I can prepare to go on pilgrimage but I find it excruciatingly hard to do both (at the same time). And that is precisely where the activities of the CSJ office are so appreciated. Patiently, and with good cheer I have been taken thorough my itinerary and reminded of what I need, in fact by all with whom I have come into contact, and then some. One could say that there has been a lot of advice and support, and therefore everything else which occurs is entirely my own responsibility. Well, mine and that of my three pilgrim companions with whom I am also going.

I think I will just about be ready. Pilgrim passport has been arranged, the guide book has been studied, maps bought and a pile of boots, clothing and bit-and-pieces have been put aside, next to what looks like a miniscule rucksack belonging to a toddler and a lonely pilgrim staff. It would appear that I am venturing out of the confines of West London. There is a palpable feeling of excitement in the air and I find myself humming *Donus Venerabilis* not to mention *Bache Bene Venies* in the most amazing of places, eg, on the London Underground. It is therefore good that CP-Day (*Camino Portugués* Day) is almost upon us – as it is difficult to maintain such suspense for much longer. It can only be beneficial for your Editor to join the ranks of fellow pilgrims leaving behind her desk and erudite urban ways. Even the *Bulletin's* proof-reader is going on pilgrimage, amongst other things in the hope that it will cure him of marking up everything he sees in red...

Otherwise, it has been a summer of intense CSJ activity - greeting old friends on return trips to Europe, making new friends on the summer CSJ weekends, helping ever more pilgrims prepare for their pilgrimage and attending various celebratory events. Holy Years are like that. This year we were fortunate to have web-links with Santiago itself, which is how the office found out that parts of Galicia had forest fires this summer and some pilgrims therefore had enforced detours and rests before they could continue, and that the *Botafumiero* was out of

action for a while, no doubt due to the extra swinging involved on the additional pilgrim masses especially arranged for this Holy Year. It is also a splendid way for pilgrims to find out before they leave what the weather is like along the way. (Look at www.santiago-today.com).

This September *Bulletin* nicely reflects and emphasises the internationalism of the appeal of Saint James, which is as much obvious today as it was in the Middle Ages. We therefore have articles from modern pilgrims going on foot and on bicycle to Santiago with comments that could have been made equally well several centuries ago, and we have an article about Gaucelmo – and as we all know, without *refugios*, as the contributors so aptly note, there really would be no sense of camino; not now and not in the past. We have a camino poem and a thoughtful reflection from an American member that encompasses ancient pilgrimage ways with concerns for current world affairs. We even have a tale of an unfinished pilgrimage due to an accident (not that uncommon an event for pilgrims of old either) and a description of a little **pearl** of a Gothic church dedicated to Saint James in Moravia to prove that the saint was revered from the East to the West in medieval and modern Europe. Finally, two accounts bring us back to historical England by recalling Mary Tudor's marriage to Philip of Spain on the feast of Saint James in Winchester and recounting the CSJ weekends in both Salisbury and Winchester. In 1996 members of the CSJ walking the *Camino Inglés* passed right in front of the very house in which Philip stayed in Galicia on his way to England to marry Mary.

Contributors to this *Bulletin* also reflect the internationalism of the CSJ membership with two contributors hailing from Australia, two from USA (one from Hawaii and one from Boston, Massachusetts), one from Central Europe and two native pilgrims from England. Meanwhile, the last issue of the *Bulletin* for this Holy Year in December 2004 will emphasise the enduring nature of the pilgrimage cult to Saint James, among many articles, and will look at the life of St Godric who made the pilgrimage to Santiago around 1110.

Finally, perusing recently a collection of English religious poetry, I came across a short poem by Christina Rossetti, essentially representing a dialogue between a doubting pilgrim of this life and the soul's celestial guide. I was struck however as to how relevant the poem was for contemporary pilgrims on their way to Santiago. We are anxious and unsure about everything, calling ahead, arranging where to stay, concerned about the language, the food, the company... We are constantly being re-assured and yet we continue to fret:

*“...Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.*

*Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yes, beds for all who come.”*

All that now remains is for some musically inclined pilgrim to put this poem to a fine tune so that the CSJ choir can learn to sing it.
¡Ultreia!

Two American Pilgrims on the Camí de Sant Jaume

John Blackwell



After completing both the Arles-Puente la Reina and le Puy-St Jean routes in four summers from 1998 to 2001, Susan and I were all set to begin at Vézelay in 2002. However, more important matters were to intervene: our daughter was married that summer, and our walking had to be confined to walking down the aisle. When we returned to our maps and guidebooks in January last year we found that our enthusiasm for Vézelay had waned a little. In 2001 we had been thrilled to walk through the Somport: it seemed like we had saved the best for last. From Toulouse to Oloron-Ste-Marie, one passes through rolling farmland, with the mountains slowly coming nearer, just as they did for Frodo walking from Rivendell in “The Lord of the Rings”. Then at Oloron the route turns south to Jaca, and the views of the mountains just go on and on. Starting at Vézelay (and even Paris) may be somewhere in the future, but for now we simply had to get back to the Pyrenees.

So our attention turned to pilgrim routes using other passes through the Pyrenees. The Arles route passes through Montpellier and then veers northwest, through the mountains of the Languedoc to Toulouse. A medieval alternative was to avoid these mountains by staying on the coastal plain, going via Béziers and Narbonne before turning west to Carcassonne and Toulouse. However, at Narbonne pilgrims could stay with the coast road to Perpignan, from where they had a choice of the more southerly passes through the Pyrenees, after which they turned

northwest and eventually joined up with the Camino Francés. The region of France and Spain straddling the southern end of the Pyrenees is Catalonia, with its own Catalan language and rich history. Camino de Santiago in Castilian translates as the Camí de Sant Jaume in Catalan. The most famous medieval pilgrim who used the Camí was St Francis of Assisi, who took a southerly route in 1214 to avoid the warfare of the Albigensian crusade.

Some old maps, like the one reproduced in the CSJ passport, show two routes from Perpignan. The first goes to Girona and Barcelona, through the Col de Perthus, which has become today's main highway. The second goes along the valley of the River Tet to Puigcerda before heading south. The two routes eventually merge and head for Lleida and Zaragoza, from where they follow the Ebro valley to join the Camino francés at Logroño. But there are several other passes through the southern Pyrenees that were used by medieval pilgrims. The most obvious is the Col d'Ares, which lies between Puigcerda and the Col de Perthus. This route from Perpignan follows the valley of the River Tech to Prats-de-Mollo-la-Preste, and then goes over the pass to Ripoll. And I suppose there is another option: hug the coastline and walk along the Costa Brava to Barcelona, but today that doesn't sound much like a pilgrimage!

From the word go we were attracted to the Col d'Ares, which is at almost the same elevation as the Somport, and looked to present a similar degree of difficulty. The Col de Perthus did not look walker-friendly because of the highways; and we had driven along the Tet a few years ago, when we found the road very busy. In January I began to research the Col d'Ares route in earnest, using maps obtained over the web from Stanfords in London (www.stanford.com), who have a comprehensive range of 1:50,000 French and Catalan maps of the Pyrenees. Our ideas slowly crystallized around starting from Perpignan in July, and going via Arles-sur-Tech and Prats-de-Mollo, over the Col d'Ares to Camprodon and Ripoll, and then west to Berga and Solsona. If time allowed we would go further, and tentatively sketched out the way on to Balaguer, Huesca and Jaca to join the Camino Aragones.

At this point I was reinventing the wheel to some extent. There are active chapters of the Friends of the Camino in the Catalonia region, notably *Les Amis du Chemin de St Jacques en Roussillon*, and the *Amics*

del Camí de Sant Jaume a Sabadell and a Lleida. They all have web pages, which proved very helpful. From the Roussillon webpage¹ I found a reference to a newly published booklet: “*Les Chemins catalan de Compostelle*”², which we were able to buy by e-mail from the publisher in Arles-sur-Tech. This beautifully produced booklet describes two routes in France: from Perpignan to Puigcerda and to the Col d’Ares, with color pictures of a number of the churches, etc. The routes avoid the main roads, and follow footpaths, tracks and minor roads that are easily identified on the hiking maps. The Sabadell webpage³ describes a waymarked route that starts in Montserrat and goes through Lleida and Zaragossa to Logroño, for which they have published a detailed guidebook⁴ available from Altair bookshops in Barcelona. The Lleida web page sketches a route via Puigcerda, to Solsona and Balaguer, and thence to Huesca to join the Camino Aragones at Jaca. In e-mail correspondence the Lleida group sent me Word documents describing a route from Balaguer to Huesca.

Even with this help, this was a “plan your own camino” activity, a completely new experience. Up to now we had always used guidebooks, notably those published by the CSJ. On the Camino francés you hardly need the books anyway: one can follow the yellow arrows, and should you miss them, almost immediately a pensioner will pop out of a window or appear from behind a bush to point you back to the right way. On the Arles and le Puy routes we followed the red and white flashes of the GR653 or GR65, which are well described in the FFRP (*Fédération Française de la Randonnée Pédestre*) booklets. One has to be careful not to get hung up about being on the “official route”, and needing to “do it all” in order to “qualify”. A moment’s reflection tells one that most of the medieval Camino francés has long since become the main highway, and the path is just a more peaceful modern way of going in the same general direction. The French GR routes are even more than this: they include perverse diversions to the tops of hills for the sake of the view, and appear to be obsessed with avoiding even minor roads at all costs, even if it doubles the length of the walk. No medieval pilgrim would have gone where the red and white flashes sometimes go, simply because of the time and energy involved, and similarly, the modern pilgrim has to compromise if a significant fraction of the route is to be covered in the time available.

Our chosen section of the Camí has no *refugios*, and walkers must plan their stages around available accommodation. Fortunately the web is an excellent source of information, and using *google.com* and

yahoo.es searches I compiled a list of addresses and telephone numbers for hotels and *gîte / turismo* rural establishments in every village and hamlet on the route. Our routine is to call ahead before setting out in the morning, safe in the knowledge that we have a reservation at our destination. This requirement served to define our route in many ways, because options without the necessary accommodation had to be rejected. The medieval pilgrimage routes were defined around the churches and monasteries with available accommodation: we were simply doing the same thing with the 21st century options.

I would not have written the above description of the planning if we had not actually walked the route. We had thought that 13 days to complete the 165 miles from Perpignan to Solsona was generous, but it turned out that we were slowed down by the weather. In the first week the thunderclouds would gather each afternoon, and eventually the heavens would open and further walking became unpleasant. Indeed, we had hail on three days. Walking down from the Col d'Ares to Molló we were caught in half-inch hail, and we became very cold as we were pelted with ice water for well over an hour. Fortunately we had kept to the road rather than taking the shorter path and eventually we came upon a service station with a bar where we could change and warm up. We stayed for over an hour, but still the torrential rain did not let up, and the owner very kindly got out his jeep and drove us the last 5 km to Molló. We were looking forward to a change in the weather patterns, and it did come. But in exchange we got into the heatwave that broke all records that summer, and it was not easy to walk in the afternoon when the temperatures were in the region of 100° F. On some of the tracks we could not average 2 km per hour, and in the circumstances, we thought that getting to Solsona only three days late was not bad.

Our route from Perpignan took us to Elne, from where we took the D50 minor road south towards the Tech. In this we were guided by the French booklet, which showed the route crossing the Tech and continuing to the village of Palau de Vidre. Our 1:50000 maps were not consistent with this. They showed the D50 going to the river, but oddly there was no bridge: the road simply restarted at the other side. "Well! Perhaps this means there is a ford, or the river is dry, like others we crossed yesterday. The book is prepared by the Roussillon natives; they must know their own roads!" When we got to the river, of course, the road just stopped. The Tech looks as though it is a mighty river in the Spring, when the snows are melting, but it was quite low in

July. Even so, it was about 25 yards wide and looked to be about two feet deep. Sue and I talked about it. "The river bed is sandy. John Wayne would have waded it! He wouldn't have worried about wet boots!" "John Wayne would have been on a horse! Who knows how deep it is on the far side?" However, 200 yards down the river was a railway bridge, and we found a track up the embankment and crossed the bridge on a catwalk. When we got down off the embankment we found that a fishing lake had been constructed on the south side of the river: had we waded the river we would have had to walk down to the railway anyway! But now we could follow the track round the lake until we reached the place where the D50 continued south.

At that point we were a little irritated by a guidebook that blithely draws a path through a wide river and large fishing lake. As it turned out three days later we actually met the author, when we were in Prats-de-Mollo. He was on a sort of book tour, and gave an excellent lecture with slides on the Puigcerda and Col d'Ares routes to an audience in the civic center. It appears that the Roussillon government may be trying to promote the Chemin de St. Jacques to benefit the tourist industry and economy. During the question and answer period I told him about the D50, and I think I got the message through despite my rather halting French. The answer I got was that the route had been checked with all the local officials, who had certified that it was correct. My feeling was that someone writing a guidebook might at least have followed the route himself. But all the same, we had made it that far. I suppose it is possible that he knows it is necessary to divert over the railway bridge, but is just not saying so.

The afternoon rains necessitated an early halt in Ceret, when we had intended to go on to Arles-sur-Tech, but this had the dividend that we could visit their Museum of Modern Art, containing works of the artists who resided there in the 1920s, including Picasso, Braque, Chagall, and Matisse. There is a wonderful set of ceramic bowls by Picasso depicting bull-fighting scenes that we would never have seen but for the weather. From Arles-sur-Tech to Prats-de-Mollo we followed the main road along the narrow river valley, but this was pleasant since the traffic was very light. The French booklet takes a path south from Arles and visits the monastery at Notre Dame de Corral before coming back to the road just before the pass. But the route in the booklet had gone down in our esteem, and in any case we preferred to go to Prats, which is a charming old medieval town set on the side of the valley, with a fortified church. When we got



St Jaume de Frontanyà

close to the old frontier post we had the joy of seeing the appearance of yellow arrows, together with rather crude spray painted shells, and these stayed with us most of the way as far as Berga. From time to time we would lose them, or they would turn off our route for reasons that we could not fathom, only to reappear in a most reassuring way some kilometers later. We followed them out of Ripoll, but lost them when they turned south in Les Losses. This was most unexpected, because we felt sure that they were going to turn north a few kilometers further along the road to go up to St Jaume de Frontanyà. This is one of the finest Romanesque churches in the region, and the medieval pilgrims surely would not have missed going there given its dedication. The route is along the GR4 for about three hours through the forest, and is all uphill fairly tough at times. But suddenly one comes out of the wood facing the apse of the church across the fields, a view worth the walk in itself. The yellow arrows and shells reappeared at St Jaume – who knows where they had been since they disappeared, but there had been no sign of them on the GR4. Here was where it started to

get hot: at 38°C we gave up afternoon walking, and even took a day off in Cardona. The last stretch to Solsona was tough, mainly because not too many people use that section of the GR3, and it is overgrown with brambles in places, cutting our speed to about 1 mph at times. So at Solsona we ran out of time, and took the bus to Lleida, from where we went to Barcelona and home.

One final story concerns our passports, for which we carefully obtained stamps against the day when we go to Santiago again. We got stamps from the churches where possible. When the churches were locked we worked downwards from the tourist office to the town hall, with the hotel as the stamp of last resort. In Llanars, a village south of Molló, we found the church locked, but at 8.15 pm the village hall was still open, so we got a stamp in there. However, as we came out we bumped into the parish priest, who must have been about 80. He took us back to his house, but he did not have a stamp: he wrote the name of his church in the square on our passport, and signed and dated it. What was remarkable was how slowly and carefully he did this, using a steel-nibbed pen that he dipped into a screw-top bottle of ink, while we sat watching open-mouthed.

The dominant memories are of walking through gorgeous country. Regrettably we saw few other walkers, other than where our route crossed the more popular GR10 and GR11 paths, which go all the way from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean on the French and Spanish sides of the Pyrenees, respectively. The Camí de Sant Jaume needs more pilgrims.

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Working Parties – 15th Anniversary Rabanal del Camino 3-6 June 2004

Mary Ivens



The first working party took place in 1989 with the meeting of 3 CSJ members and the El Bierzo Association, and the decision jointly to rebuild the derelict priest's house in Rabanal. Since then there have been yearly working parties, and sometimes twice a year, when enthusiastic members have travelled to Rabanal at their own expense to prepare the Refugio before the season's opening. Work involved included painting, plastering, tiling, carpentry, spring cleaning and many other DIY activities, and most notably restoring the roof of the barn. All this with the encouragement and help of the Madrileñas, Asumpta and Charo, our (then) next door neighbours.

Last September, Paul Graham (who conceived this idea) wrote to all past working party members inviting them to a 3 day reunion the following June in Rabanal to celebrate the 15th Anniversary. Travel and accommodation in the two hostals, Antonio and Gaspar, would be at individuals' cost, but a simple evening meal would be "on the house". The reaction was positive and by Thursday evening, 3 June 2004, some 28 people had arrived (list at end of article) through a variety of different travel arrangements, and were happily settling in to the hostals. The weather was fine and the conversation and red wine began to flow.

Breakfast was kindly provided each day by the four wardens, Stuart

and Tricia Shaw, John and Maggie Gardner after the pilgrims had left, and in return help was given with the cleaning and tidying routines. Whilst the day of Friday 4th was free for members to explore, some driving to Astorga, León and Cruz de Ferro, and others visiting old friends in the village, plans had been laid for an evening *tapas* party to be held in the *huerta*, for the villagers, pilgrims, wardens and members. Laurie Dennett and Paul Graham had organized food from Cebreiro and Astorga, and wines by the jugfulls from Antonio, with tables positioned under the cherry tree. 100 guests were estimated, but with the arrival at El Pilar refugio of a bus load from the Irish MS society, there were easily 150 people enjoying the party, entertained by Maxi with his traditional pipe and drum, with the villagers dancing to the castanets. After the party and Vespers, the members had an informal supper at Antonio's.

On Saturday 5th more exploring was done by car and on foot. It was interesting to take in all the development and improvement in Rabanal over the years; now with 3 refugios, 2 hostals, 2 "casa rural" (self service flat) and 2 shops, together with the Benedictine Monastery and their new Retreat house, and the splendid restoration of the San José church by the Junta of León.

On Saturday evening, a more formal dinner was held in Gaspar's for the members, the wardens (alternately) and one special guest, the priest Alberto Moran. He brought his guitar with him and sang many of his ever popular songs about the Camino. Two of the wardens, Stuart and Tricia Shaw, had a surprise 35th wedding anniversary cake presented to them, which, helped by 6 year old Lawrie Graham, became the dessert of this delicious 5 course meal. Sr. Gaspar provided champagne and Alberto opened a special bottle of *orujo* which encouraged speeches of thanks and numerous toasts.

The next morning everyone went their various ways, sad to say goodbye, but delighted to have taken part in such a happy reunion.

People attending:

John Bambridge	Walter & Mary Ivens
Laurie Dennett	Peter McMullin
Carlos & Virgilia de Mesquita	James Maple
David Elliot	Tony & Patricia Marris
Peter & Eileen FitzGerald	Asumpta & Charo
Marigold Fox	Janet Richardson
Donard Fromow	John & Shirley Snell
Paul, Helena & Lawrie Graham	Charles Soden-Bird
John & Etain Hatfield	Ken & Lois Thomas

Peaceful Reflections from the Pilgrimage Trail

Brandon Wilson

As a *peregrino* of the Camino de Santiago (1999), I recently completed walking the *Via Francigena*, a pilgrim's path dating back to 800 AD. This 500 mile section was a culmination of a dream for me to walk from Canterbury to Rome.

If anything, walking alone along those country roads gave me time for contemplation. Originally, I thought this would be a walk for "peace", a rather altruistic notion in this climate of fear in which we all now live. However, along the way, as I meditated on the issue of peace, I was led to consider the reasons for lack of peace.

Barring the occasional crazed tyrant of the times, I believe it is simply "need" that precipitates actions which cause war. I was continually reminded of this along the way. As a "pilgrim" traveling with my home upon my back for nearly thirty days, I was reminded of the basic human needs which I as an American often take for granted.

When I arrived in a small French village at 11:30 pm, after walking nearly 50 km all day, I found the two hotels there *complet*, the lights of the town shut off, and no place to sleep. As I sat shivering on the church steps awaiting the town to reopen in the morning, I thought of all those people of the world, including as many as 32 million of my countrymen, who spend each night in similar frigid discomfort.

Another day, as I walked 10 km or two hours between villages in the hot sun without water, only to arrive to a village with no restaurant, bar, cafe or public fountain, I was reminded of the millions of others throughout the world who must make a similar trek each day to find drinkable water, then often carry it home again upon their heads.

Other days, I would walk hours in search of food, only to arrive and discover the one store in town closed, with no restaurants to be seen. I felt in a very visceral way the sufferings that millions of others feel each and every night.

And after more than twenty days on this trail, as I limped along shifting weight from one blister to the other, perhaps in a small way I felt the suffering that millions must cope with each day because they cannot afford payment for healthcare or do not have health insurance.

Walking throughout this eastern region of France, I was perpetually

reminded of the devastation of war. Since the start of modern history, this volatile region has been a stepping stone on the road of conquest from the Vikings to the Gauls from the Romans to Napoleon's armies, culminating in the recent World Wars. It is an area where too many times blood has run like water. Where entire villages were wiped out less than a century ago, and where over 100,000 Americans died in the course of one battle - one of the bloodiest in World War I.

I, too, have known fear, especially as the tractor trailers barreled along these two lane roads at 60-80 mph. All it takes, I reminded myself, is one moment of inattention, and I will end up like one of the many hedgehogs, rabbits or birds I passed, splayed across the highway.

My point? If we are to eliminate war in the world or serve as the guardian of our most treasured principles, we need to lead by example. We need to assure that basic needs of people everywhere are cared for. Until we make sure that all people around the globe are warm, safe, fed, clothed, have medical care, and are educated, and are assured their basic human rights, there will be war. When people are in dire need, or otherwise find their backs against a wall with nothing to lose, there tends to be chaos and war. And then mighty empires often become the target of hatred and despair, as we are experiencing now.

Finally, let me reassure you, this message is beyond politics *as usual*. It is simply what one "pilgrim" perceives as a global imperative as the world suffers the effects of yet another yet war. It is a simple revelation after many days, miles and struggles on the road. In many ways we are all pilgrims, each on their own path and I implore you to take a moment, to look within and discover these truths for yourself.

Thoughts of a cycling pilgrim

Shirley Snell

When we decided to cycle to Santiago again for the fifth time, after a pause of six years, we were warned we would have problems. Now, the reason we cycle is that I cannot carry a load on my back, nor can I walk those distances without joint problems. So if I want the joy of arriving in Santiago by my own efforts, and the pleasure of sharing food, thoughts and fellowship on the way in the refugios, it is down to my bike.

We set off in our campervan at the beginning of May, to rendezvous at St-Palais with a kind gentleman who was going to keep the van safe for us until our return. I have always said that I would never do the return journey by bike — the camino has too many mountains — but this time, having read Nancy Frey, I wanted to see how it felt coming back slowly. So off we went, on our bikes, via St-Jean-Pied-de-Port, and up to Roncesvalles. Luckily it was a cool day, and the walk up (I have always said we are walking pilgrims with bikes where up-hills are concerned) wasn't too bad, and we arrived at Ibañeta in chilly fog. That last bit downhill is wonderful after a long walk! The next day we cut across to Puente la Reina, missing out Pamplona. We somehow missed Eunate, due to the new improved (?) road. We stayed in the new refugio at Puente. We recommend it, tough pushing bikes up the steep hill was very hard. All pilgrims are welcome there - even cyclists.

The next stop was Viana. On our last pilgrimage six years ago had no problem, but this time, having cycled 38 miles, and feeling very hot and tired, the *hospitalera* said we couldn't come in because we were cyclists. I told her we were very tired, hot and a bit old and she eventually relented and offered us bunks on the 2 and 3 layer. My 5ft has problems with 2nd layer, let alone the 3rd but I was told to put the mattress on the floor at bedtime, and thanks to earplugs had quite a good night's sleep. Santo Domingo de la Calzada was next. The feeling of rejection from Viana was still strong so we didn't attempt the refugio. That was a shame, because we had no problem there coming back. We were sorry to see that you now pay to go into the Cathedral, though you can get a free glimpse of the cock and hen from the doorway. Burgos was 46 miles away and it was hot. The *hospitalero* did let us in after a slight pause and told us of a good place to eat. Fromista, 49

miles away, was lovely as always, but we didn't realise there was a new refugio and we stayed in a pension. Sahagun let us in, 40 miles on, and eventually at Mansilla, after a bit of a wait. That day I had the cyclist's answer to blisters quite badly - saddle sore. The problem with refugios and bikes was beginning to worry me all the time by now.

We found a *hostal* in León, the Astor which, thankfully, accepts cyclists. If we are not allowed to stay in refugios, the sharing part of the pilgrimage has gone. Walkers can meet and walk with others as they wish on their daily journey. The only way cyclists can share the pilgrimage is to stay in the refugios. I do understand that it is due to force of numbers/ but please, walkers, try to imagine us having to go on when we are hot and tired, and want to stop and rest, do our washing, socialise, when we can see you all settled in and doing these things.

I don't know what the answer is - maybe a lot more private refugios, who seem to make their own rules - they never turned us away. We would have loved to have stayed in Gaucelmo, but knew it was no good trying so went to "Pilar". I was looking forward to a single bed but they now have bunk beds. Frank (*hospitalero* at Gaucelmo) asked us to take on someone's packed lunch which had been left behind - a girl who liked singing wearing an orange bandana. There she was, just as the walker's path crossed the road going up to Foncebadón - thank you, St James. But it wasn't hers, so we left it with Tomas at Manjarín. What a nice downhill to Ponferrada - I tried not to think about going up on the way back.

The Ave Fenix and Jesus Jato awaited us in Villafranca del Bierzo, where St James gave us another coincidence - we met an American couple also named Snell. It was nice to see the new building going up and to be welcomed with the usual glass of lovely cold water on such a hot day. Another five days and we were in Santiago. We hadn't tried any more refugios, apart from Monte del Gozo, but I was really missing the contact with other pilgrims. We were glad to meet up with our local church group in Santiago. They had arrived by coach, having had a few walks on the way.

We turned homewards, and stayed at Casa Curro in Palas de Rei. We were there eleven years ago and had admired the Galician windows. Two little girls had helped us upstairs with our panniers. One of the girls was our waitress this time and the windows have now gone. The whole place has been rebuilt and modernised with a lift and en suite facilities. It's amazing how different places look in reverse and how easy

it is to get lost! We soon got used to people telling us “Santiago is the other way”. Near Estella, we even had a nice young man stop his car on a hill we were walking up, to tell us we were going the wrong way.

We visited the monastery at Samos on the way back. Just think, that huge building houses just 16 monks and 4 nuns. The next day we pushed the bikes five miles uphill in thick fog and rain – that took two and a half hours. It cleared by O Cebreiro, so we went on to Villafranca. After struggling up to O Cebreiro from Villafranca five times previously we really enjoyed that downhill. We had been pushing the bikes uphill in pouring rain for 1½ hours when we found the *pension* in Riego de Ambros. Once the fog and rain had cleared, the views from our window were wonderful – and the lady spoke French.

The descent from the Cruz de Ferro down to Astorga was good and there we stayed in the refugio. A few days later we arrived at Burgos after a hot, tiring 48 miles, and this time they said “NO” at the refugio. It was about 3.30pm and it took us about 2 hours to find a room. In Viana, both *hostals* were full, but the bar Pitu sent us to a 400 year old house with rooms vacant and a collection of old typewriters and sewing machines.

The following day, we reached Estella, and had to give up due to the heat. We put our bikes on a bus to Pamplona, where it was 39° C, then on the daily bus up to Roncesvalles where we stayed overnight in the youth hostel. Then it was back down to St-Jean, hard on the hands operating the brakes, with a few stops to let the rims cool. We collected the van in St- Palais and set off for home.

We intended this to be our final pilgrimage to Santiago – advancing years have made it all physically much harder. The arrival was wonderful, as always, though nothing is quite like the first time you reach the Plaza de Obradoiro. I consider we covered fair distances, involving much effort, and surely the equivalent of a walker’s day. I do feel it was unfair for us to be turned away, or told to wait till 9pm to see if there were any beds left. Maybe a youngster could go on – but what if the next refugio had also said “No”? What then?

Things change, but not always for the better, so we must try to ensure that the *camino* is always there, welcoming all pilgrims, as it has in the past.

The Camino

Piers Nicholson

When we started, we did not know – exactly – why we were doing it

We had lives which were – more or less – satisfactory

We had friends known much of our lives

We had children – changed from chrysalis to butterflies

We had things: things like cars
 things like washing machines
 things like power drills
 things like music
 things like pictures
 things like shelves full of books
 things like money and pensions and security

We did not have one thing – and maybe that was why we started

When we started, we put one foot in front of the other

We still did not know – precisely – why we were doing it

The miles passed – many of them pleasantly

Our feet blistered and were slow to heal

Our ankles turned on loose stone

The rain beat its way through our clothes

The cold chilled the marrow of our bones

Some nights refuge was hard to find

Some days miles of hot dust had no fountains

When the first few of many long days had passed

We found – without words – that we no longer walked together

That together we spoke in our own tongues –

 and often of things we had left behind where we began

That together we shut out new experience with the wall of our togetherness

That alone we spoke in other tongues and of our common experience

That alone we were open – open with interest and curiosity

Often we met – with gladness – at the end of the day

To know our paths went on together was enough

When we got to the cathedral we sat down
We saw – through the eyes of those long before us
The blinding faith, the crucial thirst for salvation
The tower slowly closing off the sky
And we counted our blessings – several hundred of them
Starting with the kindness of ordinary people on the way
And with the warmth of other travellers on the road
Travellers not at all like us – not in age, not in origin, not in interests
But warm across all these distancings
And ending with the friendship and love
We had left behind where we began

When we got to the sea at the end of the world
We sat down on the beach at sunset
We knew why we had done it
To know our lives less important than just one grain of sand
To know that we did not need the things we had left behind us
To know that we would nevertheless return to them
To know that we needed to be where we belonged
To know that kindness and friendship and love is all one needs
To know that we did not – after all – have to make this long journey
to find this out
To know that – for us – it certainly helped

Piers Nicholson, near Sangüesa, Navarre, September 2003

This poem is available on a post card. It is part of a series of views of camino 'days', 4 views per card, for the stage at St Jean- Pied-de-Port, Roncesvalles, Pamplona, Estella, Astorga, Rabanal del Camino, Molinaseca, 20p per card, up to 8 cards 60g, up to 14 cards 100g, available from the Office

The Marriage of England and Spain

Judith Carson

To my surprise, I was offered a ticket to represent the Confraternity at this special event, which began with Choral Evensong in Winchester Cathedral on 29 June, followed by a reception and royal opening of the exhibition in the cathedral. I say to my surprise, because important official engagements of this sort do not fit my usual pattern of activities (although I had planned to visit the exhibition in an individual, private capacity). I decided it must have been to do with me bombarding Marion Marples with e-mails about the summer pilgrimage to Mont-St-Michel. If I had a distraction, perhaps I would give her a little peace!

Having sorted out from my wardrobe an appropriate style of dress for the occasion (again, not a pilgrim-like activity or a usual matter of much planning by me), I arrived at the cathedral at the instructed time, with quite a degree of nervousness about what would be expected. Invited guests were directed to their seats at the front of the nave, then were left to peruse the service papers and instructions about proceeding to the subsequent reception and formal opening. There was a buzz of conversation going on around me, but I spent the waiting time taking in the sights, sounds and smells of the cathedral.

I have been in Winchester Cathedral many times; I never fail to be overawed by its (relatively) simple splendour, the architectural coherence of its proportions, the gentle colour of the stone, the medieval tiled floor, its sense of quiet, of just being there. There are scents, too - of the altar flowers, of wooden pews, of polish and, somewhere in the background, a hint of incense. Whatever one's faith or lack of it, the cathedral gives you an unmistakable sense of history, of importance of its position in the centre of an historical city. It had been in place for centuries before the marriage of Mary and Philip; it would be there for centuries afterwards. It is that sense of continuity over time that comes to me when walking the camino; it is very 'grounding'.

The procession up the nave of the religious and secular dignitaries was imposing and grand. I am not sure of the collective term for bishops, but there were four of them, in what must surely have been their best vestments. There were Earl and Countess of Wessex, the

Dukes of Norfolk and Wellington, a range of public dignitaries from Hampshire. The timing of the procession was in perfect harmony with the organ music. I learned later that there is a video camera in the organ loft, giving the organist a clear view of the nave. The music marches with the people, not vice versa.

The Service was harmonious and soothing. It included music from the sixteenth century to echo the historical significance of the occasion. The boy choristers and choir complemented the organ. The Dean's welcome, and the later speeches by the Bishop and by the Earl of Wessex when opening the exhibition, were informal and straightforward in message, reminding us of the intermingling of Church and State, the tensions between public and private issues, and the historical context of the marriage 450 years ago.

During the reception, while waiting our turn, in small groups, to visit the exhibition, I had a chance to discover why others had been invited to the occasion and to explain a little about the Confraternity (and the camino, which never fails to catch people's imagination). The treasures of the exhibition, in the cathedral's triforium and library, included wonderful handwritten and illuminated contemporary documents and stunning portraits of Mary and Philip, which left the viewer in no doubt as to the importance of the two individuals.

For me, the occasion was slightly daunting but fascinating, providing a tiny glimpse into many different ways of life. But without a doubt, the most lasting impression was from just sitting in the cathedral, just being. I am grateful to the Confraternity for putting this opportunity my way.

Summer Weekend at Winchester

The Marriage of England and Spain on St James's Day 1554

Sandra Collier

I so much enjoyed my CSJ visit to Salisbury on 17-18 July that I decided to attend the Winchester weekend a week later. I felt more confident setting out on the second Saturday morning. I now knew the way to Waterloo Station and that I would easily recognise my fellow pilgrims by their shell emblems and CSJ shirts.

The first event on the Winchester programme was a visit to St James's Burial Ground. CSJ members joined parishioners in an outdoor mass in the cemetery of the demolished medieval church. I was most honoured to receive a special mention in the pilgrim blessing and my thoughts went back to Santiago Cathedral. I joined the twenty strong CSJ choir in singing *Ad honorem regis summi* and I hoped no one noticed the Australian at the back mouthing the Latin words.

We walked to the Hampshire Records Office to an exhibition of Winchester and the Royal Wedding 1554. Then a picnic lunch in the cathedral close. Our next activity was a self-guided tour of Winchester Cathedral and the exhibition celebrating the marriage on 25 July 1554 of Philip of Spain and Mary Tudor. The exhibits, on loan from various museums in Spain and England, included portraits, armour, furniture, books, manuscripts, heraldry, coins and medals. It was fun to collect *sellos* on the official guide of the treasury, triforium gallery and library. At 4 pm we met Don Bryan at the Guildhall for a guided walk of Tudor Winchester and sites associated with the wedding. The Dean's house had been prepared for Philip. We visited the garden, unlocked the gate and walked over the little bridge, just as Philip did on his private meeting with Mary prior to the wedding. Wolvesey Palace was Mary's Winchester residence. We walked around the ruins of this castle and stood in the Great Hall where Mary publicly received her prince. We passed by Winchester College where a lavish ceiling, with the initials entwined was prepared for the royal visit. While on the walk we passed the water-mill, now a youth hostel, where some of our members stayed. We walked by the Pilgrim School, Westgate, the River Itchen fringed by attractive houses and gardens and a Roman town wall. We stopped outside the house in which Jane Austen lived prior to her death. After an early pub supper we attended a concert in the cathedral. This was a

celebration of the Marriage of England and Spain and was titled "Music from the Golden Age, Choral & Instrumental Works by Composers from the English and Spanish Courts". The sound resonated down the nave and the light slowly dimmed behind the stained glass windows - a magical setting for a medieval celebration.

The night was concluded with a 30 minute brisk walk to the Hospital of St Cross to meet our 10.30 pm curfew. Philip stopped at St Cross to change his clothes before entering the city. Our pilgrim accommodation was in Hundred Men's Hall, a converted stable. I looked with envy as the more experienced pilgrims prepared their bedding on padded chairs as I unrolled my sleeping bag on the brick floor. I recalled my first camino lesson - that a pilgrim should always be grateful and soon went to sleep wondering if any of the three thousand strong Spanish Court slept here.

Breakfast was nearby at the Bell Inn on St Cross Road. At 11.15 we attended the Sung Eucharist with Baptism in the cathedral. Leading the singing was the Stratford-upon-Avon Chamber Choir. During the service the congregation remembered and prayed for CSJ members who had died during the past year and pilgrims who were at present en route. Free time followed with considerable time spent at the cathedral's second-hand bookshop. Our backpacks were noticeably heavier on departure. We enjoyed a picnic in the close where we toasted St James's Feast Day, Gosia Brykczynska's birthday and wished Marion Marples many happy returns for the following day. We returned to the cathedral at 3.30 for a celebration of the 450th anniversary of the marriage of Queen Mary and Philip of Spain. Also attending were three pilgrims in medieval dress, including former member Michael Brown from Northampton. They were setting off on a walk to St Ann's Well in Brislington, Bristol. It was a joy to greet a fellow pilgrim, Ken Mann. We first met in Rabanal and it was fun to have a photo taken by a red bus to record our English meeting. Also to dine with Peter FitzGerald who carved the milestone of St James that stands in the vestibule at Refugio Gaucelmo at Rabanal inscribed "Santiago de Compostela 218kms".

For me the highlight of the Salisbury and Winchester weekends was the interchange of Camino stories. I feel inspired to return to Santiago via the Portuguese and English routes. I would like to thank the Confraternity members for their hospitality and support during my journey in England.

Sandra Collier is a CSJ member resident in Sydney, Australia

Santiago de Compostela – 25 July 2004

Christabel Watson

By 9 am the queue to enter the Cathedral from the Azabachería snaked round the west side of San Martín Pinario, with police manning barricades set at the steps descending to the courtyard – or the old Paradiso. From a similar line of barricades at the base of the Platerías stairway, the queue stretched back up the Rua de Gelmírez. A parallel queue of pilgrims waiting for their *credenciales* to be signed in the Rua Vilar, wound right back into the Rua Nova totally blocking the Rua Gelmírez. The Holy Door was closed and no entry for the general public was allowed through the West Portal. Every remnant of scaffolding, which had supported the spectacular fireworks the previous evening, had been removed and the Plaza del Obradoiro was spotlessly clean.

The portable barriers had been set well back clearing a large area in front of the west entrance and spectators were already filling the remaining space and taking up the best positions. I joined the queue to pass the police check to enter the Plaza; the police presence was both reassuring and welcome with everyone co-operating. The mood of the crowd was joyful – befitting the saint's day – and expectant, bursting into applause at the appearance of the king and queen, Don Juan Carlos and Doña Sofia. We had watched the dignitaries enter the cathedral, the most important gentlemen sporting tailcoats and the women wearing mantillas rising above coifed hair. Each of the armed forces was represented, and at last the choir arrived to announce the start of the religious procession (I handed my camera forward for a photograph to be taken). The clergy preceded the reliquary of St James, followed by the canons of the cathedral and the archbishop, Monseñor Barrio Barrio. Finally a guard of honour marched forward flanking the king and queen. She looked stunning in a black and white dress with a mantilla of exquisite lace.

When the doors of the cathedral were closed most of the crowd dispersed, although some quickly took up better positions in order to view the retiring procession at the end of the service. I overheard an American remarking that only the English knew how to organise a truly spectacular procession. I beetled back to my *hostal* to watch the event on television – a wise decision for it was very hot and inevitably

the service was long.

As far as I could see the aisles were kept free allowing far fewer people than normal into the cathedral. The last time I had attended a service in 1993, every square inch had been occupied. This time the camera honed onto a pilgrim with enough floor space for him to fall asleep at the foot of one of the nave piers. Doña Sofia never stopped using her fan; Don Carlos mentioned the Madrid bombings in his speech, while the Archbishop caused a furore in the press the following day by supporting a true family life as opposed to a homosexual relationship.

I saw everything on the television screen including the spectacle of the *botafiumiero*. It had been swung on numerous occasions throughout the preceding days, reverting to its possible original function: that of dispelling the odour of sweaty pilgrims and hordes of visitors. (The local newspaper, *El Correo Gallego*, reported that 6,000 *Compostellanas* had been signed during the Holy Week, and over 150,000 pilgrims were expected to arrive during the Holy Year.) Nevertheless, I felt a twinge of disappointment at not being able to participate in the actual service. Would 6 am have been early enough to be sure of entry into the cathedral, or would I have had to sleep on the steps? Prior to doors being fitted to the west portal in the 1520s I could have slept in the cathedral itself, but had I queued, even from 5 am, a camera might have honed in upon another sleeping figure.

The impossibility (because of the vast crowds) of entering the cathedral during the day, enticed me instead to visit an exhibition of relics in the church of Santo Domingo. Its magnificent garden and park stretch steeply up the hill behind the monastery. The distant towers of the cathedral are generally photographed from the Alameda Hill, but here I discovered an alternative view, possibly even more dramatic.

Compostela hosted a wide selection of exhibitions, from *7000 years of Persian Art* in San Martín Pinario and an *Exultation of the Arts* at the University church, to *Santiago and the Monarchy (1504-1788)* at the Fonseca and Nany Osende's contemporary paintings in the Hostal de los Reyes Católicos. By far the most amusing hour was spent at a Digital exhibition in the monastery of San Martín Pinario. There our guided group donned helmets to view all aspects of the interior of the cathedral; we sat in front of a screen with a bar in front of our chairs simulating a roller-coaster ride. Our 'car' rose steeply upwards through the spires of the cathedral only to make a vertical drop to the cloister below, and up again swirling all around the town. We glided above a

contour map of Galicia travelling from Vigo to La Coruña, looking down into the valleys and sailing over the mountains, and plunged into the depths of the sea in a mini-submarine where all kinds of fish swam past our windows. Finally, with hand held viewfinders, we could trace the various pilgrim routes through Spain to Santiago in a series of pictures, and by rotating handles we could see the images from all angles. The El Grecos, Titians, still-lives and sculptures were more educational, but there is no doubt that the digital exhibition was the greatest fun. What was even more impressive, every exhibition was free.

The camino on crutches

Denise Imwold

When I decided to walk the Camino de Santiago, many people asked 'why?', and in all honesty I had to say that I didn't really know, except that from the time I first learned of the pilgrimage, I felt that the spirit of the camino was calling me.

My friend Angela felt the same calling, and we set our sights for September 2003. It seemed a daunting task. Did I have the qualities necessary for the camino: physical fitness, a sense of humour, endurance, resilience and faith? Physical fitness I could work on. A sense of humour, yes, although I can take life a bit too seriously at times. As for the rest, I wasn't sure, but I guessed that I would eventually find out.

Each town had its memories and highlights, but what I noticed almost immediately was the kindnesses shown by the Spanish people and fellow pilgrims, and the little blessings that would come along, often when things were difficult. On our first day we didn't bring enough food, and some delightful Canadian women named Claude and Louise gave us some snacks to tide us over until the next shop. At Puente la Reina, I remember the fresh, sharp scent of roasting *pimientos*, and the full moon beaming through the dormitory window. The next morning we followed a sign that said *Peregrinos : Desayuno*, which led us to an enchanting garden. A kindly woman welcomed pilgrims into her house and served coffee, cakes, biscuits and sweet, juicy grapes from her abundant vines.

The overcrowded conditions at the Estella *refugio* were trying, but Louise had arranged for a taxi to take our backpacks to Los Arcos, which lightened my spirits enormously! Later that afternoon, we gave thanks for the cooling shade of a pine forest where we had our siesta. There were a number of treats in store for us at the Los Arcos *refugio*: a mangle to wring out our wet clothes, and a masseur to gently wring out the aches in our shoulders, legs and feet.

At Viana we stumbled upon a new *refugio* not yet listed in the guidebook, which exemplified camino spirituality. A *hospitalero* helped me off with my backpack, and after I settled in, he escorted me to a sitting room, and invited me to enjoy some music. The haunting sounds of *Adiemus* and the man's empathy moved me to tears. Outside in the square, the town was celebrating its annual fiesta, complete with bulls.

music and dancing. Inside was a quieter joy. The pilgrims shared a communal meal, and afterwards Father Cesar took us into the candle-lit church and gave us a special blessing.

On the way to Logroño we encountered Marcellino, an ebullient bear of a man who was sitting at a table in the hot sun stamping *credenciales* and offering pears, nuts and hugs to pilgrims. Leaving the city the next day, we were again struck by the kindness of strangers. We were lost, and a woman walked a good half hour out of her way to lead us onto the pilgrim trail. From there it was a short pleasant walk to Navarrete, where I spent several hours relaxing by the fountain under a canopy of trees.

It was our seventh day of walking. As we left Navarrete before first light, for no apparent reason I felt irritable and anxious, but was confident that it would pass as soon as the sun came up and we got a better sense of the road. But as I was coming down a small, rocky embankment, I lost my footing and balance, and the 10 kg weight of my backpack sent me tumbling down onto the road. My left leg snapped – I couldn't move it, and a lump was forming above my hiking boot. Angela, who was up ahead looking for yellow arrows, heard my screams and came running. The pain was excruciating, and the ambulance ride to San Millán Hospital in Logroño seemed to take forever. The X-ray showed that both my tibia and fibula were shattered, and so were my plans and dreams. My camino was finished.

After an operation to repair the broken bones, the following days were very long and tedious. I needed crutches, but they were unavailable because most businesses were closed due to the Festival of San Mateo, which was in full swing. Angela stayed at the Logroño *albergue* and came every day, in between trying to sort things out with my insurance company, and phoning and e-mailing my husband back in Australia. It was almost impossible to make and receive calls in the hospital, and I regretted not bringing a mobile phone.

I was beginning to notice that the gifts of the camino extended into the hospital. Despite the fact that very few of the staff spoke English and my Spanish was minimal, we somehow managed to communicate, and without exception the nurses were cheerful and efficient. I soon learned words that were not in the phrase book, like *muletas* (crutches) and *bacinilla* (bedpan).

Bernardino and Ayako, the *hospitaleros* at the Logroño *albergue*, came and introduced themselves, demonstrating the spirit of fellowship and service of the camino community. Javier García Leria, the President

of *Amigos Camino de Santiago La Rioja*, also visited several times and what an *amigo* he proved to be! He and his wife came bearing gifts of chocolates, T-shirts and scarves, and he even managed to locate a pair of crutches for me. Angela and I both celebrated our 52nd birthdays that week. The best birthday present of all was a hot shower (not having had one for five days).

Once my return flight was arranged, Angela decided to continue her journey alone. When she said goodbye I had mixed feelings: gratitude for her help and friendship, happiness that she would complete the camino, and disappointment that I was left behind. I appreciated the visits from Ayako, Bernardino and Javier even more after Angela's departure.

A week after my accident I began the long gruelling trip back to Sydney. I left Logroño on a cool clear morning and thought of Angela, who would be starting her day's trek somewhere down the road. The 30-hour trip home was made more bearable by an upgrade to business class, and meeting compassionate fellow travellers along the way.

It was a huge relief to be home safely, but I was dealt two more blows: not only did I need another operation, but the doctors discovered that my veins were riddled with blood clots. A few weeks later I spent more time in hospital, and was told that full recovery would take six to twelve months. The convalescing period was challenging in many ways, and my husband and daughter bore the brunt of my frustration. But once I began to accept my situation, life developed an easy rhythm, and I counted my blessings: a beautiful ocean view, the companionship of my dog and cats, the support of my family and friends, and the luxury of time to just sit and 'be'. Occasionally I was engulfed by feelings of profound loneliness and I had to turn to God – it started to dawn on me that this **was** my pilgrimage. Angela returned home with a *compostela* for me (she completed the camino on my behalf) and whilst I felt a twinge of envy, I was thrilled to hear of her adventures.

The cast came off in mid-November, and I very gradually began putting weight on my left leg. I went to physiotherapy three times a week where they pushed, pulled and prodded, gradually bringing movement into my stiff limb. On Christmas Day I tentatively began to take my first steps without aid of crutch or walking stick, and soon I began walking on my own two feet again. During the perfect Sydney summer I spent a lot of time in 'Mother Nature's rehab', swimming in the ocean baths and taking short strolls along the beach. Never before had I felt such intense joy and aliveness: it was like I had emerged from



a cocoon, undergone an initiation, and had been reborn.

As I am writing this, it is late July – the eve of the feast of St James. I am now walking several kilometres a day, and although it hurts at times, I manage to push through the pain. Throughout this whole process I've discovered I do possess the qualities necessary for the camino, and have grown in serenity, courage and wisdom. I realise that my problems are minimal compared to the afflictions of others, and I don't take my health for granted. I have learned to see gifts in even the darkest days, if I take time to notice.

People often ask if I will make the pilgrimage again. At this point, I have to say I don't know. But one week and 100 kilometres of the camino have left an indelible mark on my soul, so if it is meant to be, perhaps I'll meet some of you along the way. ¡Ultreia!

Denise Imwold is a CSJ member resident in Sydney, Australia

The Church of St James in Brno

Gosia Brykczynska

Brno – the ancient capital of Moravia, is located in the eastern part of the present day Czech Republic. The church of Saint James is one of the oldest in this small ancient town, which boasts quite a few such Gothic churches, though most of them have been heavily altered with Baroque influences. Perhaps because so much of the work on the church over the centuries was done by non-Moravians, it has long been known locally as the “foreigner’s” church. The church is monumental being 54 metres long, 22 metres wide and as the church guide tells us an impressive 94 metres high. The church dominates the centre of the old town of Brno and is located appropriately on St James Street or as they say locally *Jakubská ulica*.

The church stands on the site of an earlier Romanesque edifice founded by the Cistercian nuns of Oslavany and in the vaulting of the present presbytery (which is also the oldest section of the church) is the coat of arms of the abbess of Oslavany Cistercian monastery with the date 1220 still visible – the date of the consecration of that early church. It was the nuns of Oslavany who were to have patronage over the Church of Saint James for the next several centuries, adding to, altering and reconstructing it almost every hundred years. But little remains of that early original church and its several chapels for us to see today. The church was worked on constantly from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, and after major reconstruction work was deemed to be complete in 1515 when a major devastating fire ruined all the effort. That catastrophic damage was slowly repaired over the following century, with the town having to borrow money from the Fuggers of Augsburg to do so, as by now the Cistercian nuns were too poor to help. A choir was constructed in 1581 and a new organ loft was completed and a century later in 1692 Jakub Rysák, a well-known organ-maker from Opava, supplied new organs to the church. Originally the Gothic church had a triumphal arch separating the nave from the presbytery with many statues and paintings adorning the church, and gargoyles on the outside. But nothing of these outside adornments and interior church divisions remain; what one sees today after much preservation work in the early 1870s is a beautiful plain Gothic church with clean architectural lines, providing a quiet place for prayer and meditation.



There is the feeling that here is a church that was constantly changing and being renovated – a church that has been at the centre of the town's life for many centuries.

To the delight of CSJ members and friends of St James, the church houses a lovely statue of St James – standing en face on the pulpit

canopy looking straight down the nave on the devout – and not so pious (see *Bulletin* cover). St James stands as a cloaked pilgrim, staff in hand. The statue dates from around the time that the present pulpit was finally completed which is 1669, however the stone staircase leading up to the pulpit was constructed in 1526 – so it would appear that the finished pulpit was over a century in the making! There is also a most exceptional carving on the outside of the church – the so-called imp of St James, who displays his exposed posterior aspect of his anatomy to the good town-folk of Brno perched above a church window, and all because of a question of unresolved finances which are still to be settled, among the disgruntled foreign masons...or so the legend goes.

In the middle ages the church of St James was connected to a school of learning, called the School of Saint James, and this centre of learning produced many valuable documents, including 125 illuminated manuscripts, eighteen of which originated in Brno itself. The manuscripts of the School of St James are now held in the state museum and national archives of the Czech Republic. Centuries later Brno was to become a place of learning once again, under the Priorship of Father Gregory Mendel, a learned and gentle Augustinian friar, who is credited with founding the science of genetics. His monastery, monastic school and herbal garden are now shared by friars of the Augustinian order with a most impressive state museum and can be visited daily. Meanwhile, contemporary Brno boasts a university – and in this manner the tradition of scholarship which started with the School of St James in Old Moravia continues till this day. If you ever find yourselves with time to spare in the Czech Republic, I highly recommend a detour to Brno and the Church of Saint James – and the *Starobrno* beer is also worth a try.

Book Reviews

Reinhard Zweidler, **Der Frankenweg - Via Francigena. Der mittelalterliche Pilgerweg von Canterbury nach Rom**, Stuttgart: Konrad Theiss Verlag, 2003, ISBN: 3-8062-1755-6, 160 pp, 29.90 euros.

This is an account of the Via Francigena, the medieval pilgrimage route from Canterbury to Rome.

This is not a route-finding guide, but clear, well-presented and very readable, it discusses the history of the Via Francigena, everyday pilgrim life in the Middle Ages and describes the places along the way - geography, scenery, art and architecture. The text is accompanied by 186 superb colour photographs covering all aspects of the route: views, buildings, painting and sculptures and other representations of pilgrim life in the past. It has eight colour maps, a series of "Tourismustipps" (highlighted "boxes" to give practical information about interesting museums, with their opening hours) and a very extensive bibliography. As an appendix the author provides a German translation of two important source texts: the Latin itinerary that Bishop Sigeric and his retinue followed on their journey from Canterbury to Rome in 990AD, and the diary of the Icelandic Abbot of Thingvir, Nikolaus von Munkathevera who made the pilgrimage in 1154.

If you read German and are interested in the Via Francigena this book is highly recommended. A copy has been ordered for the CSJ library.

Ben Cole and Bethan Davies, **Walking the Vía de la Plata. The Camino de Santiago from Seville to Santiago de Compostela and on to Finisterre**, Vancouver: Pili Pala Press, 2004, ISBN: 0-9731698-1-8, 214 pp, £12.50.

This is a very good guide of its kind. It leads the walker all the way from Seville to Santiago and on, as its subtitle indicates, to Finisterre, though it does not describe either the section from Granja de Moreruela to Astorga (the authors assume most people have already walked the Camino Francés) or include (or even mention) the 110 km waymarked southern option from A Gudiña to Ourense via Verín once the traveller enters Galicia. The book is compact, not too heavy (presumably for

this reason it contains no photographs at all, except for the front and back covers) and has clear, easy- to-follow route-finding instructions. It has good sketch maps, useful height profiles and its introduction contains a ten page section on something no other guides to the Vía de la Plata do more than refer to fleetingly in passing: flora, fauna and birds. This part contains drawings to enable the user to recognise them (by their footprints in the case of larger animals), with a description of physical appearance, habitat and viewing tips. The guide is divided into five sections - Andalucía, Extremadura, Meseta, Cordillera Cantábrica and Galicia - each with its own introduction to walking, trails, food and drink, geography, people and cultures, tourist offices, etc. There is a list of confraternities in English-speaking countries and a short bibliography, though the titles suggested are either accounts of personal experiences on the Camino francés or general works on flora and fauna, food and drink, people and culture or literature. Curiously there are no references at all to any works specifically about the Vía de la Plata (perhaps because either the authors themselves do not read Spanish or do not expect the users of their guide to do so?).

A very good guide - but "of its kind." That is, for hiking backpackers/adventurers on foot, presumably mainly for readers from North America, since the book is published in Canada. It is well-written, well-presented, readable and looks easy to use but - it isn't a pilgrim guide. There is very little about St James's churches or pilgrim history, no mention of church services except the Misa del Peregrino in Santiago Cathedral at the end of the journey, but the book includes much information that belongs more properly to a general travel guide: bullfighting, sherry, flamenco, beer, food, etc. Although the authors attempt to set the route in its context - "of course, the Vía de la Plata's Christian origins make it much more than a multi-week walking holiday" - they do little to elaborate on this and the two-page list of "Best of the Vía de la Plata" in the Introduction adds fuel to the fire: "best place to drink sherry" (Seville), "best place to get hit on the head" (Laza) and "best place to hang out with monks" (Alcuéscar)... with fourteen more such items on the list.

As a result the volume comes over as a well-prepared guide to a long distance footpath, rather than showing the user how to be a pilgrim (not a walker) at the beginning of the twenty-first century. There is a copy in the CSJ library.

ALISON RAJU

Additions to the Library

Tim Moore, **Spanish Steps: One Man and his Ass on the Pilgrim Way to Santiago**, London: Jonathan Cape, 2004, ISBN: 0-224062654, 328 pp, £16.99

Tim Moore has a good agent, which has ensured extracts and reviews in several national and international papers and therefore good sales. Billed as 'the new Bill Bryson' one might have had hopes of an entertaining and readable account of pilgrimage with a donkey. The first pages reveal a late thirty-something family man ready to consider the true purpose of life. So far so good.

He then describes his encounter with CSJ at a London 'Practical Pilgrim' day in 2003. Some of our number are more or less recognisable. Although he is not openly rude he is not kind. And when he suggested he wanted to take a mule, the response from the assembled pilgrims decided him: take a donkey!

The description of the camino and fellow pilgrims is lively but flippant, written to impress the reader with his clever, to me tiresome, wit. He mocks the serious business of pilgrimage and belittles the efforts for example of wardens in refuges and the Pilgrim office, without trying to understand their motivation for being there at all. However, when all's done and he arrives in Santiago he does reassess his inner life and recognise that the change has been for the better.

MARION MARPLES

Members' Page

From Huberta Wiertsema & Arno Cuppen

The refuge at St Jean-Pied-de-Port : L'Esprit du Chemin at 40, rue de la Citadelle (opposite the *Accueil St Jacques* at no 39), 64220 St Jean-Pied-de-Port is a non-commercial refuge for pilgrims and other walkers, run by a pair of experienced pilgrims. Tel: +33 (0)5 59 37 24 68. They opened in July 2003, and it still is a non-commercial refuge, run by two Dutch pilgrims who also speak English. In March this year they renewed our website: www.espritduchemin.org This site includes a lot of information – in five languages on aspects of the several pilgrim roads through France and Spain, and about the history of the Camino de Santiago and the refuge.

From Sandra Collier



St James Church, King Street, Sydney is the oldest surviving church building in Sydney. In fact St James is the oldest Anglican church in Sydney. It was designed by Sir Frances Greenway and was consecrated in 1824. The patronal feast day this year was celebrated with a Choral Eucharist, at which there was standing room only. Moreover, one hundred and forty worshippers stayed behind afterwards for a community lunch. This was followed by Evensong, where the preacher was Cardinal Pell from St Mary's RC Cathedral in Sydney. The new cathedral bells rang out a quarter peal to celebrate their

first birthday and St James's Day. A patronal festival is planned next year for Monday 25 July 2005.

Sandra Collier is an expert bell-ringer with several decades' experience.

From Brandon Wilson

I am publishing a book about our pilgrimage trek across Tibet, where we were the first Western couple to walk from Lhasa to Kathmandu. It

is entitled *Yak Butter Blues - A Tibetan Trek of Faith* and interweaves the story of our struggle with the valiant struggle of the Tibetan people. We witnessed some of the horrors first-hand, as well as the bravery of the Tibetan families with whom we stayed during our 40-day trek. I have just put up my web site where I talk about the *Via Francigena*. The web address is www.YakButterBlues.com

From Alan Tricker of St Andrews

“Sair Hearts, Sair Feet, Sair Heids: a story of Pilgrims and Pilgrimage”

I was happy to represent the Confraternity at the opening of this exhibition that ran at St Andrew's Museum (Fife, Scotland) over the summer. The St Andrew's Cathedral Project produced a section of the exhibition which looks at the history of pilgrimage to St Andrew's along with its medieval cathedral. The bones of St Andrew are what attracted the numerous pilgrims to the town and the exhibition includes a model of the reliquary which was used to store the bones. There were also objects brought back from sites across the world by modern-day pilgrims including a CSJ Pilgrim passport and a pair of trainers worn by a pilgrim who walked the Camino in 2001. The exhibition was opened by Professor Richard Demarco who leads the St Andrew's Cathedral Project.

At the entrance were some interesting sayings about Pilgrims and Pilgrimage:

- Pilgrimage is ultimately about hope.
- Pilgrimage is at least as much about travelling hopefully as arriving.
- We climb the mountain and then descend it.
- We are in a constant state of growth, conversion and change.
- We are always travelling, sustained by the glimpses we are given on the way of the glories that are revealed of what is to come and what breaks through the veil.
- Pilgrims are perhaps above all seekers, ever searching for peace, reconciliation, happiness and joy.

From Aileen O'Sullivan

Irish pilgrims going on pilgrimage to the Santiago de Compostela shrine were responsible for the Franciscan order from Santiago establishing itself in Ireland in 1241 AD. St Francis is said to have visited Santiago and certainly his mendicant friars have been in Santiago since that time. The beautiful convent of St Francis – located behind the Hostal de los Reyes Catolicós, is now shared by the friars with a

conference/hotel centre.

And did you know, that the canons of Hereford Cathedral were allowed in medieval times to go to Jerusalem once in their lifetime, to St James of Compostela in Spain once every six years, and to a shrine in England once a year!

From Janet Skinner

Starting in May 2005 I plan to cycle to Rome travelling no more than fifty miles a day. Is there anyone who would like to accompany me all or part of the way? Unlike Spain, a cycle-helmet is not compulsory but a bell is! Contact me: jumbi26@hotmail.com

From John Revell

On 17th July two groups of Confraternity members were being guided around Salisbury Cathedral by Alison Pinkerton and Ginny Lighton. Following a crash course on the complexities of the prisoners of conscience windows we became aware that noises were sounding all around – and a total evacuation of the precinct became necessary because of a fire alert. Coffee-drinkers in the cloisters were required to abandon half-drunk cups or to take them with them in their flight. This gives rise to two questions in my questing mind. One, what is the toll in vanished coffee-cups for the refectory inventory whenever there's a fire alert? And two, what triggered off the alarm system in the first place? Bearing in mind that the Confraternity membership is strong in clerical circles in Salisbury dare I venture the thought that it could have something to do with latent hot air from the pulpit?

From a music lover

On Wednesday 11 August, BBC Radio 3 put out a programme *A Choral Sequence* which was a recorded service in honour of St James, from the church of St James, Spanish Place – London. The music was provided by the Monteverdi Choir and the conductor was John Eliot Gardiner. Among several pieces there was music from the *Codex Calixtinus* and *Llibre Vermell* and among the readings there was the poem by Sir Walter Raleigh and the poem written on the factory wall located outside of Nájera which starts “*Polvo, barro, sol y lluvia, Es Camino de Santiago*” (Dust, mud and rain, It's the footpath to St James...)

From Donald and Pamela Fraser

We arrived in Santiago on 22 May, 2004 having walked most of the Camino Primitivo. We had allowed plenty of time as, in addition to walking, we wanted to see as much as possible of the places on the camino and in Santiago. We saw the Museum of Pilgrimage mentioned on a map from the Santiago Tourist Office and decided to pay a visit.

The Museum was founded in 1951 and opened to the public in 1996. It is located in *Gothic House*, a building dating from 16th century with some earlier parts, and is on three floors. The displays start by considering pilgrimage in the broadest sense and its relevance to other cultures before focusing on St James. There are excellent scale models showing the growth of the cathedral since its establishment. Details of the development of the various routes and rituals of the Way are shown, together with historical documents, travel guides and related items. The volume of information available with the many displays of documents, artefacts associated with the camino such as those made by jet workers, silversmiths and printers make a visit both rewarding and educational.

We do recommend this museum to anyone visiting Santiago. It is open every day, except Mondays; and entry is free. There is a free Room Text book of 35 pages in English, and other languages are also available.

The address is: Museo das Peregrinacións, Rua San Miguel, 4, 15704 Santiago de Compostela..

From the CSJ Office

And where were you on Saint James Day? CSJ members were seen sitting in bars in Santiago watching events on the television screens and other CSJ members were lucky enough to be sitting in the seventh row of the Cathedral of St James in Santiago during the patronal festivities right behind Spanish royalty, and they were therefore promptly recognized by Peggy and Ken Mann who ran into them in the Cathedral Square immediately afterwards. William Griffiths was celebrating in Périgueux on the Vézelay route, and Leigh Hatts was unsuccessful in Marlow, having hoped to see the hand of St James at St Peter's church. Judy Foot with Shirley and John Snell were celebrating with a group of Dorset members in the Bincombe Church, followed by a picnic. Twenty members were known to have been in Winchester Cathedral, which leaves about two thousand other members unaccounted for. If you would like to tell us where you were

on 25 July this Holy Year, please let us know, better still come and tell us about it at the Returned Pilgrim service to be held on 2 October in Stoke Lyne, Oxfordshire – see *CSJ Events* page.

From Eric Walker, Pilgrim Records Secretary

Due to the large amount of unwanted mail (spam) my e-mail address has become unusable and I have closed it down. If any member has e-mailed me recently and not had a reply will you please contact me by the normal post. I will not be opening up another e-mail account for general use.

From John Hatfield Slide Librarian

Another reminder from John Hatfield that slides are available to illustrate any pilgrimage talks you may be giving this winter in the UK. He asks that you give him at least one month's notice, so that a catalogue can be sent and your choice made. He has to operate on a first come, first served basis, so the sooner he hears from you, the sooner he can reserve the slides for your talk. He can be contacted at:

9 Vicary Way, Maidstone, Kent ME16 0EJ Tel: (01622) 757814

From Mary Remnant



Eimear and Con Murphy (members of the CSJ) playing the *organistrum* while Mary Remnant conducts the Confraternity Choir which raised over £900 for Lupus UK on June 19th in St Joseph's Hall at the London Oratory. Please see CSJ events for more details of the choir's activities.

New Publications

CSJ Publications

The Publications sub committee has been making a concerted effort to bring the production of our Occasional Papers series up to date. Thanks to the work of William King and Howard Nelson we are producing 2 new booklets.

The longest overdue booklet dates back to the 1999 Holy Year, when we held a weekend school on the subject of Holy Years and Pilgrim Souvenirs. Two of the papers are published as Occasional Paper No 7.

The Origins of Holy Years and the *Compostela* by Laurie Dennett and Holy Year Curiosities by Patricia Quaife add to the information in English on Holy Years. Laurie's paper deals with the Biblical origins of the concept of Jubilee and the development of the idea of indulgences which led to the proclamation of Holy Years in 1122. From the early fourteenth century pilgrims were issued with dated certificates for having completed the pilgrimage; gradually pilgrims needed to take proof of their pilgrimage success home with them. Laurie describes the development of the *compostela* and we learn that their fraudulent acquisition by pilgrims is nothing new!

In her paper Pat Quaife focuses on the Holy Years of the fifteenth and twentieth centuries. For the former she outlines the pattern of maritime pilgrimages from England, finding that 1428, 1434 and 1445 saw the peak of pilgrim traffic, after which the political situation at the end of the Hundred Years War saw the gradual decline in pilgrimage by sea. She discusses the gift to Santiago cathedral by John Goodyear of an alabaster alterpiece, depicting scenes from the life of St James, the Poor Shipman of Weymouth and the earlier *Paso Honroso* of Suero de Quiñones of 1434.

The twentieth century section starts with an account of the Westminster Archdiocesan pilgrimage in 1909. The group of 50, led by the Archbishop of Westminster, sailed from Liverpool to Vigo, travelling by train to Santiago where they had a magnificent reception by the people as well as the Cardinal Archbishop Herrera, and attended a pilgrim mass with *botafumeiro*. There is a brief discussion of the Holy Year celebrations under Franco and Pat ends the story with the Holy Years celebrated since the rebirth of interest in the Camino by the national organisations created to promote it and the efforts by the Xunta de Galicia to promote tourism as well as pilgrimage.

The Origins of Holy Years and the *Compostela* by Laurie Dennett and Holy Year Curiosities by Patricia Quaife, 2004, 36pp, price £5

Occasional paper No 8 is the result of the Constance Storrs Lecture given in Cheltenham in November 2003 by Prof Jan van Herwaarden on 'The emperor Charles V as *Santiago Matamoros*'.

The paper deals with a puzzle related to a painting which Prof Herwaarden wished to borrow for the *Europalia* exhibition in Ghent in 1983. His sources located the painting in the Worcester Art Museum in Worcester, Massachusetts, USA but when he contacted them they denied all knowledge of it. Some years later he decided to try and unravel the mystery. In Worcester they identified the painting as 'the humiliation of the Roman emperor Valerianus (AD199–after 260) by the Persian king Sapor 1 (240/2–272). Until 1974 the painting was generally thought to be a representation of emperor Charles V after the victory at Tunis in 1535, depicted in the then popular style of *Santiago Matamoros*, ie on a white stallion and with a vanquished Moor on the ground. After 1974 the work was attributed to the Antwerp school, compared with sketches made by Hans Holbein the Younger, and thought to depict Valerianus and Sapor. After further stylistic comparisons and discussion about the travels of Charles V, his pilgrimage to Compostela in 1520 and the fact that Charles attended mass to celebrate victory at Tunis on 25 July 1535 seem finally to favour the painting as representing Charles V as *Santiago Matamoros*.

The emperor Charles V as *Santiago Matamoros*, 2004, Prof J van Herwaarden, 32pp, illus, price £5.

Other Publications

Topofrancigena de Canterbury au Grand St-Bernard, 2004, 41pp, £22 + postage for 160g. Guide –Vademecum: de Londres au Grand St Bernard, 2004, 94pp, £6 + postage for 120g. Both available from the office or CSJ online bookshop. See also www.francigena.ch for the second part of the Vademecum from the Alps to Rome.

The Topofrancigena is a book of 40 maps in colour produced to complement the *Vademecum* published by the Association Via Francigena for the pilgrimage route to Rome. The Vademecum gives details of possible accommodation, food and pilgrim sites but the maps show very clearly the pilgrim's way in stages varying from 15km to 39km. The tear-off A5 format is fairly fragile but there is no extraneous paperwork adding unnecessary weight.

From the Secretary's Notebook

Marion Marples

Trustees

Chris Jackson resigned earlier in the summer from his position as Membership Secretary. For the short term we have allocated aspects of the membership process between the Office, Alison Thorp and Howard Nelson. The membership task has become too big for one person so we favour trying to find a new team of 2-3 people to continue with

- a) receiving the applications, allocating numbers, sending out Welcome letters and packs
- b) entering the data into our Maximiser system (a laptop computer holds all the data)
- c) answering the enquiries which come with the applications
- d) passing on information to the Pilgrim Record Secretary

We shall be contacting those people who have indicated they would like to help with office or computer tasks, but please do not be shy about offering your services if you would like to share in this important role - contact me at the Office.

New Trustees

We are delighted that Mrs Jane Bradshaw of Oldbury-on-Severn and the Revd Colin Jones of Perry Bar, Birmingham have agreed to be co-opted on to the Committee for the rest of the year.

Rabanal Warden Co-ordinators

Tricia and Stuart Shaw have kindly agreed to take over the ever growing job of recruiting, allocating and training of wardens for the Refugio Gaucelmo at Rabanal. In 2004 over 50 people have been wardens and we shall need about the same number next year-see Tricia's note below. In 2005 we hope to have a Day which discusses the role and duties of wardens as well as the many other opportunities for volunteering in this field which are now becoming available.

Rabanal *hospitaleros*

The list of *hospitaleros* for 2005 is being drawn up and although some dates have already been filled there are still some vacancies. If any member of the Confraternity is interested in taking a two week stint as

a *hospitalero*, either for this year or in the future, please contact the co-ordinators at stuartandtricia.shaw@tesco.net and they will forward further information.

A New Refuge?

A meeting was held on Saturday 4 September to develop the idea for a new refuge and locate the most suitable locations. This meeting saw the advantages of the a new refuge on El Camino primitivo which fulfilled the criteria of reducing pressure on the Camino francés, of being of interest to pilgrims arriving from England at Bilbao or Santander and consequently also being accessible to potential working parties and wardens. We are delighted that Keith and Maureen Young have volunteered to carry the discernment to the next stage. They will hold a meeting before Christmas: please email keithyoung100@hotmail.com if you would like to discuss the project or contact the Office for the date of the meeting.

Sweatshirts, T-shirts and Ties

Anne Truman of King's Lynn has kindly offered to take over responsibility for ordering and despatching requests for sweatshirts and T-shirts with the CSJ logo on the front, and on the back if specified. Burgundy ties with a small discreet scallop shell in the centre are also available (navy blue ones have sold out). She will also have a supply of woven badges but these will also be available from the Office in the usual way.

Prices

Sweatshirts	£14.50
T-shirts	£7.00
Ties	£8.00
Woven badges	£1.00

Postage: up to £10	£1 UK, £2 Europe, £4 rest of world
over £10	£1.50 UK, £3 Europe, £5.50 rest of world

Shirts are available to order so allow up to a month before they are needed.

Order from Anne Truman, 31 Goodwins Road, Kings Lynn, Norfolk, PE30 5QX, or david@dthr.co.uk

For payment details see below.

Meanwhile we offer for sale – **half price** from the Office
sweatshirts @ £7.50 each inc postage

- small, logo front only: 2 x dark green, 1 x bright green, 1 x white, 1 pale yellow
- medium, logo front and back: pale blue
- large, logo front only: pale blue

t-shirts @ £ 4.00 each inc postage

- small, logo front only: heather grey, emerald green, dark green, turquoise-green

Order by post with a cheque payable to CSJ, by phone or fax with credit card, or by email, but split your credit card details between 2 messages to office@csj.org.uk

E-mail Newsletter

So far I have managed to send out to UK members by e-mail two newsletters with news that has come too late for the *Bulletin*, or reminders for meetings etc. The newsletter has been well received and I aim to continue them in the months in which we do not have a *Bulletin*. If you have not given us your email address and would like to be kept in touch this way, please make sure you include your details when you return your Membership Renewal Form (enclosed). We will not pass on your details to third parties without your permission. The last despatch brought back quite a few rejects – have we your up-to-date details? – and you may need to check your junk mail folders from time to time.

Bursary

Included with this *Bulletin* is a copy of our Bursary leaflet and application form. Please hand it on to any young person of your acquaintance eg grandchildren or others who might be finding out more about the camino and offering their talents in music, art, ornithology etc in the way they respond to the experience. Most of the previous Bursary winners have produced academic works but we have also encouraged artists and photographers. It would be good to widen the scope even further, particularly in an area where fewer people are choosing to study medieval history as an undergraduate course.

St Christopher Fund

This fund exists to pay towards the cost of a companion for elderly or frail pilgrims who wish to make the pilgrimage to Santiago. The fund is growing through donations in memory of former members and by other contributions. Applications by letter can be made at any time to the office.

Space for reflection

If you cannot join us for our Pilgrim Reunion service but need quiet space to reflect upon the transforming and continuing effects of the camino you might like to investigate www.smallpilgrimplaces.com

The small church of St Tecwyn, between Portmadog and Harlech, offers a welcome and simple atmosphere of prayer. It is part of a wider group of places with 'presence' and people who would like to discover ways of bringing a network of such places about. Please contact Jim Cotter on jim@cottercairns.co.uk or phone 01766 781368.

July Weekend Visit and Pilgrimage Salisbury to Mont Saint-Michel

The Salisbury weekend began with a personalised Guided tour of the Cathedral by CSJ members and Guides Alison Pinkerton and Ginny Lighton (see note by John Revell on the Members' Page). I was thrilled to find that St Osmund's tomb had been restored to its probable former location in the Trinity Chapel, behind the High Altar. After our untimely evacuation we went across the Close to the Salisbury & Wiltshire Museum which was buzzing with people enjoying the activities prepared for National Archaeology Day to see their collection of Pilgrim Badges, the history of Old Sarum and a fragment of glass from Ivychurch monastery showing a delicate head of St James (or a pilgrim) complete with hat and scallop shell.

After a picnic lunch we descended onto the Hospital of St Nicholas Harnham, where the retiring Master Christopher Bryant showed us round. He showed how its position by the river was just at the crossing point for pilgrims making their way to St Osmund's earlier shrine at Old Sarum. Once the Cathedral was in the valley the hospital was more used for the sick and infirm, continuing today as sheltered housing. We all sang 'To be a Pilgrim' in the chapel and meditated on what our needs would be for accommodation in retirement.

We had hoped then to visit Old Sarum by bus but were let down by service cancellations. Instead we took tea in the Cross Keys teashop

and prepared for the talk 'Robert Sutton's English Pilgrimage' by Katherine Lack. We were joined by some more local members and guests to hear her expand the detail in her book the 'Cockleshell Pilgrim' on the identification of Robert Sutton as the pilgrim buried in Worcester Cathedral and describe the places he might have seen on his pilgrimage, which passed through Salisbury-where he might well have stayed at St Nicholas Hospital.

Then we all enjoyed a most convivial dinner in a market square restaurant, where it was good to meet old friends including Nicol Smith and John Page and get to know Jimmy Walker and Gill Anzelark who were most helpful in assisting the organisation of the weekend.

On Sunday we attended the Anglican Eucharist at St Thomas's church where we enjoyed an extended look at the wall painting of St James as part of the Doom mural. We then set off on foot along the river to find the path up to Old Sarum. It was a rewarding walk and we marvelled at being able to sit in breezy but bright sunshine on the steep bank protecting the castle site and overlook the valley with the cathedral's soaring spire in the middle distance.

We just made it back to the cathedral for Evensong. Because it was farewell to some of the older Choristers even the Bishop was there. I placed Sue, wearing a scallop shell T shirt into a prominent position and, sure enough, as the procession passed eyes were lifted and solemn faces broke into smiles as they recognised Confraternity members in the congregation. The congregation also contained the Norman contingent for the pilgrimage setting off next day for Winchester, Portsmouth, Montebourg and Mont Saint-Michel. I think they were pretty impressed that we had arranged (!) for Bishop David (a fellow CSJ pilgrim) to give them a Pilgrim Blessing before they left. A full account of the happy and successful Pilgrimage will appear in *Bulletin* 88.

Ultreia

The film made by Larry Boulting which we know as 'Ultreia!' was launched in Santiago on 23 July as 'Tres en el camino'. The preview show went on until 4 in the morning but it was very well received. We are still waiting for information about a London preview: I shall email the information when it comes but send an SAE if you would like to be notified by post.

Confraternity Events

Saturday 25 September

10.30am-3.30pm

Office Open Day

Wednesday 29 September

Lecture Recital

The Musical Road to Santiago de Compostela – by Dr Mary Remnant and the CSJ Choir

8pm at The Servite Church, 264 Fulham Road, London SW10

The lecture-recital will follow the route from the Abbey of Einsiedeln in Switzerland to Santiago, as taken by the Servite Father Hermann König von Vach, in the late 15 century.

Saturday 2 October

Reunion Service

This will be the first time we have organized an opportunity for pilgrims to reflect on and celebrate their pilgrimages. Trustee Ricky Yates is Rector of Finmere parish in Oxfordshire and has offered one of his churches, St Peter's Stoke Lyne for this service. Several people are already discussing music and readings they would like to have included: please make your suggestions to Ricky as soon as possible on tel/fax 01280 847184, rickyyates@supernet.com or by post to The Rectory, Water Stratford Road, Finmere, Bucks MK18 4AT, or to the office.

How to get there

Road: Stoke Lyne is 1 mile N of Junction 10 on the M40

Rail: 3-4 miles from Bicester North Station on the London Marylebone to Birmingham line. Trains run at XX10 and XX40 past the hour, journey time 66mins – remember to check for engineering works in advance (www.chilternrailways.co.uk)!

Programme: From 11.30 am Reunion and preparation for the service-readings and music, followed by a Bring and Share lunch (drinks available)

2.30pm Pilgrim Service

Car shuttle: for offers of and requests for lifts from the station to Stoke Lyne please contact the office.

Saturday 16 October

Regional Meeting

In response to requests for more 'local meetings' we are organizing the following gathering as a 'pilot' to be taken up in other areas. The invitation is from Graham Scholes, 98 High Street, Norton, Stockton-

on-Tees, TS20 1DS to northern region CSJ pilgrims and anyone else who would like to attend. The meeting will start at 2pm (There is an excellent French restaurant 'Cafe Lille' about 100yds from the house in the village, or a coffee shop 'Aroma' directly over the road for lunch). There will be some cheese tasting and wine drinking as well as a video about the camino to enjoy alongside meeting fellow pilgrims.

It would be useful to know the anticipated numbers in advance of the meeting to make the final arrangements i.e. number of chairs/wine & cheese/glasses etc.

Please reply to the office by Saturday 2 October if you would like to attend. See postcode TS20 1DS in www.streetmap.co.uk for a map or contact the office.

Public transport: Norton is about 20 miles from Darlington and Durham and 40 miles from Newcastle, all on the North East Coast main line. All have frequent bus services to Stockton-on-Tees, where a 36/37 bus stops in the village. The hourly Go-northern X10 bus service from Newcastle/Gateshead also has a stop on Norton High Street.

Saturday 23 October

Office Open Day

10.30am-3.30pm

Saturday 13 November

Wardens' Workshop

10.30am-3.30pm John Marshall Hall, 27 Blackfriars Road, London SE1.
See From the Secretary's Notebook.

Wednesday 24 November

Lecture

Two Horse-Power Pilgrimage: illustrated presentation by Susie Grey and Mefo Phillips of their 2 woman ride from Canterbury to Santiago, St Etheldreda's Church, Ely Place, London EC1 (tube Farringdon, Chancery Lane, Blackfriars), 7pm

Saturday 27 November

Office Open Day

10.30am-3.30pm

Advance Notice

Saturday 29 January 2005

Annual General Meeting

2.30pm, St Alban's Centre, Baldwins Gardens, London EC1

Other Events

Thursday 16 to Sunday 19 September **Conference**
VII International Jacobean Studies Conference in Santiago de Compostela organised by the Xunta de Galicia's Committee of Experts *Visitandum Est: Santos y Cultos en el Codex Calixtinus*. For a complete programme please contact the office or see www.xacobeo.es

Sunday 19 September **Concert**
Mass for a Queen, Music for the Castilian Court of c 1500, Queen Elizabeth Hall, London SE1, 6.30pm. Details see www.rfh.org.uk, tel 0870 401 818

Monday 20 to Friday 24 September **BBC Radio 4**
Twelve young professional singers will be following the camino and singing the Morning Service (Radio 4 LW) in churches along the Camino, starting in San Juan de Ortega. They will be walking c 10km each day and singing in León cathedral, Nuestra Señora de la Encina, Ponferrada, O Cebreiro, San Nicolas in Portomarin and finally on Sunday 26 September Morning Worship on Radio 4 will come from Santiago Cathedral, 08.10-08.50. www.bbc.co.uk/religion

Thursday 21 October **Illustrated Lecture**
V Centenary of Isabel the Catholic: Music in the court of the Catholic Kings, Dr Tess Knighton, Clare College, Cambridge.
Instituto Cervantes, 102 Eaton Square, London SW1 9AN, 6.30pm, free glass of wine

Tuesday 26 October **Lecture**
Juana the Mad, daughter of Isabel the Catholic, Mia J Rodriguez, Prof of International History, LSE. 6.30pm at the Instituto Cervantes, 102 Eaton Square, London SW1 9AN, free glass of wine

Wednesday 3 November **Lecture**
'Romanesque England and Western France: a traffic in small things' by John McNeil. British Archaeological Association, Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, Piccadilly, London W1V 0HS, 5.00pm. Please make yourself known and sign the Visitors' book.

Wednesday 1 December

Lecture

'Books, religion and latin literacy in medieval English nunneries' Dr Anne Lawrence

British Archaeological Association, Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, Piccadilly, London W1V 0HS, 5.00pm. Please make your self known and sign the Visitors' book.

Spring 2005

Waymarking pilgrimage

Jakobusweg: Nürnberg-Ulm-Konstanz

Any members interested in joining this group, who walk this route each year to update the waymarking where necessary, either for all or part of the way, should contact the organiser, in English or German, for details as soon as possible:

Gerhilde Fleischer, Rainstrasse 11/3, 88316 ISNY, Germany, tel/fax 0049 87562 55385

Tuesday 29 March–Friday 1 April 2005

Forum

The Camino de Santiago as an ecumenical experience

A second forum organised (in the province of Salamanca). The theme is 'Es es el Camino'. Walk, prayer, discussion, services and mission along the Via de la Plata, from Montemayor del Rio to Beleña, passing through Fuenterroble de Salvatierra.

Those interested in participating, whether clergy or lay, should contact (in Spanish) Don Blas Rodriquez, Casa Parroquial, 37768 Fuenterroble de Salvatierra, Salamanca.

New Members

Contact details are provided for members' use only.

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The editors of our guides are always keen to receive feedback. If you have recently been on any part of the pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostela, have used one of the guides listed below, and wish to pass on the benefit of your experience to those who may come after you, please contact the relevant author/s:

Pilgrim Guides to Spain

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| 1 | <i>Camino Francés</i> | William Bisset, 3 The Pines, Wormelow, HEREFORD HR2 8JN
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| 2 | <i>Camino Mozarabe</i> | Alison Raju, 21 Hall Street, Sherwood, NOTTINGHAM NG5 4BB
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| 4 | <i>Los Caminos del Norte</i> | Eric Walker, 4 Gawthorpe Avenue, BINGLEY, West Yorkshire BD16 4DG
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| 5 | <i>Camino Portugués</i> | Rod Pascoe, The White House, Pensilva, LISKEARD, Cornwall PL14 5NA
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Confraternity of Saint James

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telephone (020) 7928 9988 fax (020) 7928 2844 email office@csj.org.uk website www.csj.org.uk

Honorary President H E The Spanish Ambassador

Secretary Marion Marples

Please contact her via the office (above) except in an emergency:
45 Dolben Street, LONDON SE1 0UQ (020) 7633 0603

Pilgrim Records Secretary

Please apply with SAE (quoting membership number) to:
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*Members wishing to borrow slides should make their selections
from the catalogue four weeks in advance.*

The CSJ...

- was founded in 1983 to bring together people interested in all aspects of the pilgrimage to Santiago. It is a non-denominational registered charity
- arranges regular meetings on a variety of topics and visits to places connected with the pilgrimage in Britain and abroad
- has an office, bookshop and library open Thursdays 11am-3pm and by appointment
- provides practical information in Pilgrim Guides and at meetings for independent travellers
- publishes a quarterly *Bulletin* on pilgrimage news and topics
- since 1991 has restored, maintained and provided wardens for a pilgrim *refugio* at Rabanal del Camino, León
- undertakes and promotes research into the pilgrimage in Britain
- maintains a library, slide library and exhibition for use by members
- takes part in identifying and safeguarding monuments and works of art connected with St James and the pilgrimage
- participates in activities organised by other European groups

The Confraternity of Saint James welcomes as members all who are interested in its aims and activities, whether or not they are pilgrims.

Finding out more

For more information about the Bursary, the Confraternity, its activities and how to join, please write to:

Confraternity of Saint James
27 Blackfriars Road
London
SE1 8NY

Tel **020 7928 9988**
Fax **020 7928 2844**
E-mail **bursary@csj.org.uk**
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Confraternity of Saint James



Bursary

2005

**An exciting opportunity for
young people
between 18 and 25
to research
the pilgrimage to
Santiago de Compostela**

Registered Charity 1091140
Company limited by guarantee,
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Aims of the CSI

The Confraternity of Saint James was founded in 1983 to advance the education of the public in the pilgrimage to the shrine of Saint James the Greater at Santiago de Compostela and its related history, art, architecture, music and spirituality.

What is the Bursary?

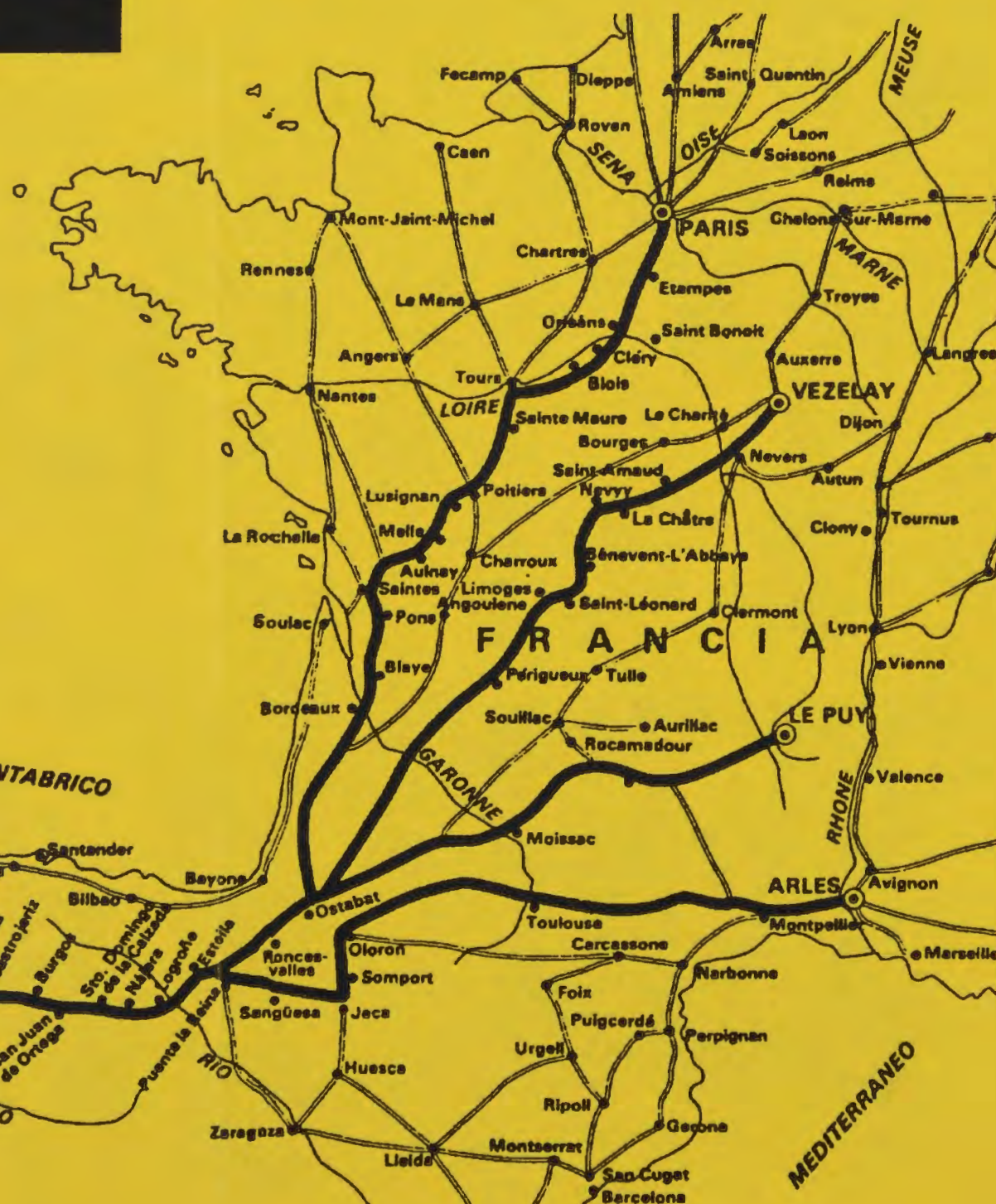
The Confraternity is offering a Bursary of £750 to be held between 1 June and 31 September 2005 for original research work on the pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostela and/or the cult of Saint James.



Who is eligible?

The Bursary is open to candidates aged between 18 and 25. The closing date for applications is 8 January 2005.

Map



How to apply

- Applicants should submit:
 - (i) a 250 word statement of their project, which should demonstrate its relevance and contribution to the aims of the Confraternity, and the feasibility of its completion within the specified period; and
 - (ii) the names and addresses of two referees.

- Applications should be sent on the form provided herewith, to:

Mark Hassall
Confraternity of Saint James
27 Blackfriars Road
London SE1 8NY

- The Confraternity undertakes to publish in its *Bulletin* a brief account of the findings of the successful applicant. The publication of a full scale article in the *Bulletin* would be subject to discussion.

Conditions

- The Bursary is open to members and non-members of the Confraternity of Saint James.
- A shortlist of applicants will be drawn up early in 2005 by the selection committee.
- Shortlisted UK applicants should be prepared to travel to an interview in London (travel expenses paid). Overseas applicants should be prepared to submit a recent substantial piece of work.
- The successful candidate will be required to sign a document of commitment and intent to meet the terms of the Bursary.
- The decision of the selection committee is final.



Confraternity of Saint James

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www.csj.org.uk

email : office@csj.org.uk

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Angel Luis Barreda
Federaci n de los Amigos
de Santiago
Plaza Marqu,s de Santillana 10
34120 Carrion de los Condes
Palencia
Spain

Dear Angel Barreda

Member No. 1993002 - Annual Update – September 2004

We are enclosing a copy of the latest Confraternity Bulletin which we hope you will find enjoyable and interesting.

You are currently classified as an Exchange member and therefore you do not need to pay a subscription. However, any donation you may choose to make would be very much appreciated. We value your ongoing support and it enables the Confraternity to continue assisting and bringing together pilgrims, of whatever kind.

Please check, and correct if necessary, the details of your address etc stated on the bottom of this form to ensure that you receive your Bulletins and, if applicable, the email newsletters.

Thank you for your continuing support

Yours sincerely

Alison Thorp
Finance & Systems Manager
For The Confraternity of Saint James

Member no. **1993002**

I wish to make a donation to the Confraternity of £

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☐ I authorise the CSJ to charge the above total to my credit card as follows

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