



Confraternity of Saint James

Bulletin



June 2005

No 90

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Cover picture:
St James Church,
Prebend Street

Editorial

Gosia Brykczynska

This has been a very eventful Spring. Not because of the unpredictable and cold weather, or because my Pilgrim roses have really out-performed themselves this year, but because so much has happened in the last few months in the world around us and among our Confraternity friends.

As were many pilgrims around the world I was saddened by the death of Pope John Paul II, a truly pilgrim Pope and fascinated by the election of Cardinal Ratzinger as his successor. While more recent matters concerning the European Union have contributed to discord on the continent, one is grateful that at least the *camino* has been declared as one of the truly unifying factors for the whole of Europe. Recent correspondence with the CSJ office from pilgrims in Central Europe certainly confirms this. Meanwhile closer to home, among our Confraternity friends here in England, the marriage of Francis Davey and Pat Quaipe was also notable. As Aileen O'Sullivan notes on the Members Page, it was a memorable occasion and we wish the newly weds much happiness.

This *Bulletin* has a distinctly animal tone to it, and I cannot help but wonder if my recent visit to Assisi has not contributed to this in some way, as Saint Francis the patron saint of animals edged himself into my consciousness; since we have Timothy Wotherspoon on the Members Page looking for companions for his pursuit of Noah's Ark, and Barbara Reed, who has already travelled down the camino with Dalie the donkey, now planning another trip along the canals of France to raise money for an animal charity that looks after working equines and meanwhile Henry the Donkey is looking for new pastures...

Contributors to this June *Bulletin* raise several important issues, for example, how to keep interest going on the various alternative routes, once the Camino Francés has been traversed such as the article by John Blackwell who found that he was starting the Vézelay route in Namur! Meanwhile, Michael Shearer had the courage to branch out and completed a pilgrimage in Norway, that was probably closer in feel to the pilgrimages to Santiago which were undertaken several decades ago. Alison Raju translated a fascinating article following Saint James in Rome, while Wilma Foyle and Philip Wren both describe aspects

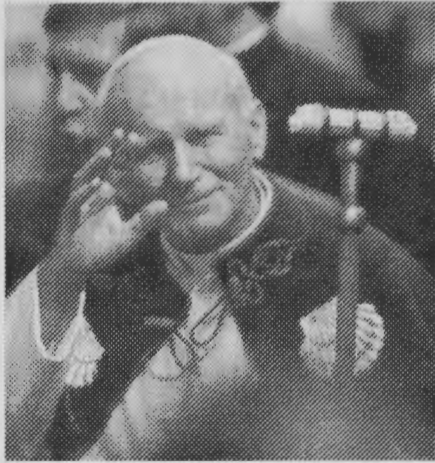
of pilgrimages which they took with family members. John Price describes a fascinating walk he devised across some beautiful English country in the shadow of Saint Kenelm – always a good suggestion for St James's Day celebrations.

This year Saint James's Day falls on a Monday (which gives the entire last week of July a special ambiance) but most festivities around the world will be held on the preceding weekend, see the Events Page. Some CSJ members in London started this year with a visit in January to the C of E Church of St James in north London, the picture of which is on the cover. Other members proceeded to help the RC Parish of St James in Peckham, South London to get a closer understanding of its patron saint one windy Sunday in April. Moreover, the church of Saint James in Peckham is celebrating its centenary this year and the CSJ has been invited to celebrate Saint James's Day with them. See Events Page.

Wherever you will be this St James's Day, have a wonderful time and may Saint James be your true companion. As always, the Confraternity will be remembering at services on that day, all of its members, the living and all those who have died, and all those currently doing the pilgrimage, giving thanks for all our successes to date and asking for help with new planned projects and blessings on the work ahead, like the new *refugio*.

Pope John Paul II

Karol Wojtyła 1920–2005



The CSJ wishes to record the death of Pope John Paul II, often called the Pilgrim Pope. Pope John Paul II started his earthly pilgrimage in 1920 and as a young boy often went with his father on the 14 kilometre local pilgrimage from Wadowice where he lived to the Sanctuary of Kalwaria Zebrzydowska. They would leave Wadowice at the crack of dawn in order to make the morning mass at the

sanctuary.

Kalwaria Zebrzydowska, a Franciscan monastery, is the second largest pilgrimage sanctuary in Poland and in 1999 was declared by UNESCO a World Heritage Site. Pope John Paul II returned to Kalwaria Zebrzydowska several times during his papal visits to Poland, making his final pilgrimage to the sanctuary in 2003.

Pope John Paul II had also been to Santiago de Compostela as the pilgrim Pope in 1989, and it is in that special charisma that we wish to remember him. In his message to young people gathered again in Santiago in August 1999, he said: “[let us] take in [our] hands the pilgrim’s staff – which is the word of God – and travel the roads of Europe.” That is something that as pilgrims to Santiago we also try to encourage. The last pilgrimage that Pope John Paul undertook was to the Marian shrine at Loreto in September 2004. In all, the Pope had made over a hundred pilgrimages to various shrines worldwide.

Pope Benedict XVI, the newly elected successor, on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of the pontificate of John Paul II, called him the “pilgrim of the gospel”.

The New Pope

Benedict XVI has obviously continued with the pilgrimage theme. For his inauguration he chose a mitre and chasuble both beautifully adorned with embroidered scallop shells. His new papal coat of arms has a scallop shell placed in the middle field. His Holiness had visited Spain several times



when less well-known and traversed parts of the camino, leaving lasting impressions on the innkeeper hosts along the way.

A fuller account of the spirituality of pilgrimage as proclaimed by Pope John Paul II and Benedictine connections with the camino will be presented to returning CSJ pilgrims at the Ampleforth Abbey weekend in the autumn and subsequently published in the December 2005 *Bulletin* of the CSJ.

Mysterium Pascale,
the mystery of passage
in which the ordinary of passing is reversed
since we pass from life to death -
such is the experience and the obviousness therein,

For passing through death toward life is mystery.
Mystery - a deep record
as yet unread to the very end,
apprehended, not contrary to being
(is death not more contrary!)

If the One unveils the record,
reads it, tests it on himself and
passes over,
only then we touch the traces
and take the sacrament in which -
he who went remains -
and so, still passing toward death, we stay in the place
called mystery.

John Paul II



The Saint Kenelm's Way

John Price



Members of the Confraternity may be interested to know of a new sixty mile walk, developed by myself, between Romsley, near Halesowen in the West Midlands and Winchcombe near Cheltenham. This walk is centred on the ninth century boy-king-martyr of legend,

Kenelm of Mercia. Without making any claim to historical authenticity, it recalls many aspects of pilgrimage. Indeed, William of Malmesbury, writing in the twelfth century, reported that 'there was no place in England to which more pilgrims travelled than to Winchcombe on Kenelm's feast day'.

The figure of Saint Kenelm is one that has featured in the background to my life for many years. This association began while I was still at school in 1972, when the family home moved from Blackheath to the village of Romsley, and our address became St Kenelm's road. I was to learn that this named derived from a figure of ancient Mercia, a member of the royal family of Mercia, a boy King and martyr, who was murdered in the nearby Clent Hills in 819 to further the interests of an ambitious relative. After his body was concealed, it eventually came to light by virtue of miraculous intervention.

A church was built on the site where the body was discovered, about one mile from present day Romsley, and the well which sprung up during the exhumation still can be seen close to the church and attracts veneration to this day. Incidentally, the reason for the isolation of the church is that it is the last surviving remnant of a much older settlement – the village of Kenelmstow. It must be said at this point, that there is little historic evidence which supports the legend, rather the reverse in fact. A Prince Kenelm certainly existed but he seems to have survived to maturity, died in battle and never became king at all. The importance of Kenelm however, lies more in what he meant to the people of the middle ages, than in the actual facts of his life.

Saint Kenelm was one of the most important saints of medieval England, one referred to in the Canterbury Tales and venerated

throughout England. This small Gloucestershire town of Winchcombe where the Saint's body was taken by the monks of St Peter's Abbey to be interred, is the place most commonly associated with of Kenelm. This was one of the most important of the Saxon towns of central England. By the early eighth century it was one of the main royal centres of the Kings of the Hwicce sub-kingdom who owed their allegiance to the Kings of Mercia. An Abbey was founded in the late eighth century which achieved fame as the guardian of the body of St Kenelm and which lent the town great significance. The town was to decline however with the dissolution of the monastery by King Henry VIII. It was to be here that I encountered the legend for a second time when I moved to nearby Cheltenham fifteen years ago.

The idea then of creating a walk which linked Romsley and Winchcombe, recalling the journey taken by the monks with the Saint's remains, had a particular resonance for me as it also linked the two places where I have lived for much of my life. It turned out to be a sixty mile journey across many memorable landscapes, beginning with the chain of hills to the South of the Black Country and used for recreation by many generations of Midlanders - Clent, Waseley, and Lickey. The journey then continues along the scenic Birmingham - Worcester canal, passing the astonishing line of thirty Tardebigge locks, one of the great feats of canal engineering. Leaving the canal, the walk diverts to the remote heartland of Worcestershire visiting numerous ancient villages, and passing by several places of historic interest such as the picturesque, historic yet obscure Huddington Court and concluding with a spectacular finish through the grounds of the more famous Sudeley Castle.

If the legend of St Kenelm is the central idea of the walk, I would suggest that the unifying theme can be identified as the religious life of medieval England. As many as ten churches dating from the middle-ages can be found on the route; in addition there are two holy wells associated with Kenelm and two ruined monasteries, Winchcombe and Hailes Abbey, both of which were also important pilgrimage sites. If we also consider the famous monasteries that lie near the route at Halesowen, Worcester, Evesham, Pershore and Tewkesbury it can be seen that the area covered by the walk has a rich and ancient religious tradition. Not surprisingly perhaps, this area figured prominently in opposition to the Reformation with many nearby large houses being associated with the Gunpowder Plot; in particular Coughton Court, Hagley Hall and Hewell Grange, all of which lie near the walk, while

Huddington Court is actually on it.

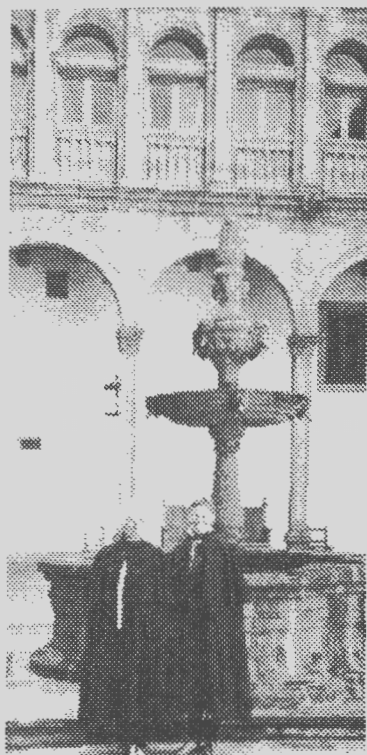
More positively, the walk also recalls the old Religion of England because it invites the participant to escape briefly from urban life and glimpse the world of seasonal birth, death and regeneration which formed the reality of daily life of the rural medieval England and which was rendered meaningful by the cycle of liturgical and sacramental celebrations of the churches which we can still see today. In this context, we can begin to understand how the story of the martyrdom of a young boy and his subsequent rebirth through sanctification offered hope of renewal and why it held such a grip on the collective imagination of the period. It is also perhaps something to contemplate as we view the fascinating trail of religious monuments present on this route.

The walk concludes at the former abbey church in Winchcombe, now the parish church of St Peter's, and largely the work of Abbot William (1454-74). The exterior features a famous collection of gargoyles. The interior features include a small and a larger stone coffin, discovered in the Abbey grounds in 1815 and assumed to be those of Kenelm and his father Kenwulph, who is recalled in a statue above the nave. The great Benedictine Abbey, known as St Mary and St Kenelm from 969, has disappeared more completely than almost any other of comparable stature. The land on which it stood is now in private ownership and inaccessible. From the churchyard however may be seen a stone cross in the grounds of the adjacent property. This was erected in the nineteenth century to mark the centre of the tower of the former monastery, and features an inscription recording the legend of St Kenelm. This view of the cross, a glimpsed memorial to a lost world, is a fittingly symbolic end to our journey.

Details of the walk including full directions and maps, practical information, as well as background notes on general points of interest on the way can be found at www.kenelm.org.uk. This site also includes a full discussion of the Kenelm legend.

The Road Taken

Wilma Foyle



Janet found it! An article in *Le Figaro* entitled *Cette Folie Compostellane* - This Compostellan madness... This was an interview with pilgrims on the road to the shrine of St James. The article appealed to me as a sensitive, detached journalistic effort to ferret out the motives of all these wanderers. As we would be among their numbers some weeks later the article took on a supportive aspect. The stories concerned sadness - a family had lost a child and was "angry" with God, so they decided to do the camino. Another had set out for a pregnant neighbour who was told she was carrying a mongoloid child. When later this proved to be false, he gave open joyous thanks to the Road. There were guys

looking for gals, but the punch line came from a young Dane from Copenhagen who said, "I regret to say that I did not find God. But I did find joy. Someone on the road told me it was the same thing."

It was the leitmotif for my search and for me the logic behind all my searching. As Pascal once said "If you are looking for God, it is perhaps because you have already found Him." This thought had dominated most of my life and now at sixty-five, as a fresh graduate from the University of Ottawa, where I had completed my B.A. after a hiatus of forty years, I was ready to travel. Janet, my daughter, quite at odds with her work as a corporate lawyer in Paris, also wanted to do the walk. It suited us both. We decided to start in France from Le Puy-en-Velay. The Le Puy route which is also known as the *Via Podiensis* is one of the original medieval pilgrimage routes. We walked to Santiago de Compostela between July 17 and October 3 1999, having walked in total one thousand six hundred kilometres. The following are some extracts from my journal.

Saturday 17 July We started out after an early seven o'clock Mass at the Cathedral. The benediction was followed by the gift of a medal- of *La vierge noir du Puy*. Her statue is in the church and her origins are

legendary. She is credited with miraculous qualities, so we kept the medal with us throughout the entire pilgrimage. One of the medals ended up with a Dutch pilgrim, Joseph, as he had missed that Mass. The other is presently in the photo album.

Sunday 18 July Monistrol is a fairy-book village of ancient stone as is this entire area of France with much medieval history. It is built on ancient Roman lore, as is indeed the entire Mediterranean right up to present day Croatia. Yesterday at Montbonnet (Bains) Janet gabbed away with three Bavarian friends who were carrying the *credencial* and hoping to make the Pyrenees in during their three weeks of holidays.

Monday 19 July Mme Itier, who has been written up in several books about *les chemins de Compostelle* will appear on TV 5. She did herself proud. Hers is an honest-to-God farm with some thirty milking cows from Haute Savoie called *des Abondances*. The supper lived up to the French reputation for excellent food, with gorgeous pureed soup, followed by wine and the cheese platter. Those cheeses are something else, not pasteurized and of every description and size. My God! What a feast! The long refectory table was full of people and animated conversation. It seems so strange and yet so right to share this time with others doing the same thing - all carrying heavy packs. I expected to hurt all over but I'm amazed at the ache in my calves and my hip muscles. Those joints sure are going to get a workout and with all that gorgeous cheese it might just lubricate all of me so that I don't get osteoporosis. This small village, rather small town of Saugues (pronounced with a hard "g") is again of picture-book quality, nestled in the hills and valleys, and peopled by real human beings doing real things.

Wednesday 21 July Last night I didn't write at all, although the company was charming and the ambiance good, not to mention the seven course meal again. It was served by Mme Jalbert and her daughter from Lyon who had come to help for the summer and was the rival of Mme Itier's. The fatigue had accumulated and my sore joints were protesting. By the evening the fatigue disappeared with the gaiety and the wine. For three nights we have shared a table with holidaying professionals, mostly medical, with attendant wives and son (one twelve year old who has to keep up with the adults.) He is quiet and subdued but mostly it's a feeling of good fun with otherwise uptight people letting their hair down. Nevertheless there is a purpose because walking this terrain, twenty kilometres a day, would tax both the youngest and hardest.

We are in the Aubrac – a region in France considered a high plateau – quite familiar with snow even in August. The wonder of these places, these *gîtes* is the meals which are always followed by a large selection of cheeses – eg Cantal, Tome etc. These are certainly not stopovers for the impecunious, but then neither are the prices that steep considering that supper and breakfast is included in the price, with copious mugs of coffee and bottles of *vin ordinaire*. You can just keep on pouring the wine to your heart's content. That's the part I enjoy the most. So far most of our preoccupations are with food and sleep and the glorious sense of relief once one has sloughed off one's back-pack. The terrain is mostly in the woods and off the beaten track, so there is a variety of paths and ups and downs. I cannot describe the countryside, since in my struggle to keep going I hardly notice anything. But every so often there is a herd of beautiful cows; fields full of wheat and a reminder of my childhood in Lake St Jean with the *paysan* producing food and making a living as one has done for generations. There are many villages made up exclusively of stone houses to compel the wonder of architecture and the sheer physical force of such a task. How did they arrange those stones in layers?

Sunday 25 July ESTAING – *Fête de St Jacques*. What a beautiful town! After a gruelling day in the heat of asphalt roads, up and down on stony paths that the goats would dread, my knees are protesting rather loudly. A vein is acting up and in general I do not feel happy. Janet's toe is better now and we are grateful for that. Her feet and her knees are toughening up, but oh God, her nose and lips are cracking from the sun and the effort and fatigue. This – our ninth day out is St James' feast day and Compostela must be going mad with celebration. Too bad we didn't see anything on T.V; not that we look at any. Janet is giving a talk to our two Dutch companions with whom we are having dinner in a restaurant in Estaing. These stone buildings make one wonder how men could have worked so without care for their reputations or fame.

Tuesday 31 August RONCESVALLES You should have seen the vultures circling around as we invaded their eyries. Then they would collect like sentinels on a huge dominant rock waiting for something to die. There were many sheep on the Pyrenees and one lot was hobbling about with many an injured leg. We saw about half a dozen which could hardly walk. It was very rocky at that height and they must have fallen among the boulders. The main road leads up to the crest. It is *du goudron*, i.e. asphalt and is called *la route de Napoleon*. Charlemagne is purported to have crossed here with his troops and Roland, his chief

general, was ambushed here. There is a *stèle* as we crest the hills to indicate the border and the beginning of Spanish Navarre. We are in a different country. Being above cloud level created some eerie scenery with stark trees disappearing into the mist. On each side of us were deep valleys where it was better not to tumble. There were no barriers for the cars. It was quite an experience to walk this road and it certainly was not the ordeal we had imagined as we were now veterans.

We stay at an *albergue* for pilgrims. We eat dinner at nine at the youth hostel next door for thirty-three francs. We have as yet no pesetas but will get some at Burgete, the next town, of Ernest Hemingway fame. We failed to do this at St Jean as our card got chewed up. I'll cash in some travellers cheques. But there is no bank or supermarket, only a couple of cafes and many pilgrims, cyclists and tourists, quite a few of whom are British. The pilgrim blessing, the form of which dates back to the Middle Ages, followed the end of the evening Mass. The text of the pilgrim blessing was found in a Missal in the Barcelona Cathedral and it dates back to 1078.

I now know what pushes mountain climbers - it's to be at peace with oneself at certain heights. It's the struggle to reach some point and feel accomplished. It's the sense of triumph and every day we are obliged to get from "a" to "b". Every day it is a point of arrival.

The man who gave us a lift to Biarritz saw us on the hill going out and recognized us. It's a good thing we did the six kilometres last night, as we arrived here at two in the afternoon. Most people arrive late in the evening, just in time for Mass. It takes them all day to do the trek, especially if they just started out to be pilgrims. The two Josephs left us a message in the *livre d'or*. I must pack for the morning. Yesterday was Janet's birthday.

Tuesday 21 September RABANAL A watershed. This *refugio* is operated by the Confraternity of Saint James. This one time flourishing town along the camino had died. The CSJ put it back on the map so to speak, by financing and maintaining this stopover. Since then all kinds of little enterprises and businesses have sprung up including another *refugio*. We arrived early in the afternoon and were treated to three young monks from Santo Domingo de Silos singing the Vespers in Latin. They passed out a booklet with psalms and antiphons and I kept mine.

We are in the foothills of the *Cordillera Cantabrica* and a cold spell is upon us. It is similar to our October weather at home. I'm worried we may not be able to move tomorrow. Janet is unwell with diarrhoea and

cramps... The panorama is beginning to be stunning. The large scrub-land of the prairie expanses is giving way to trees and woods and old Roman towns and a different contour of land. I washed a few clothes but since it is quite late, I'm wondering if they will dry.

Monday 4 Octobe SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA Sick like a dog! This is the worst cold I have had in a long time. We arrived yesterday just in time for the Pilgrim Mass at twelve noon, with the famous *Botafumeiro* - the huge censer swinging up over the heads of the faithful. It was crowded but we still got in. Coming in to Lavacolla we were soaked, at least I was, and after changing into some dry clothes at the restaurant, my throat turned raw and swollen. The last three stages from Portomarin were exhausting for me. I literally had to will myself to finish them, which means I was already felled by a flu bug. For several days now I have felt chilled by what I assumed were cold showers, but it is obvious I was not feeling well.

Yesterday evening we received our *Compostelas* - the medieval pilgrim diploma. It attests to having performed all the necessary requirements and sacrifices to qualify as a pilgrim. It is written in Latin with the Latin equivalent of our Christian name. The essential is that the pilgrim has covered a certain distance by foot or by bike or on horseback and has the right intentions. The souvenir is the *credencial*; the passport with all the rubber stamps of all the places visited along the way and welcomed into. It is our log-book and we are so proud of it... A copy of the *compostela* gave us a free lunch at the Parador de Los Reyes Catolicos - a five star hotel honouring a medieval tradition to provide for paupers and pilgrims. Tomorrow we are going to do all the "musts" such as Mass, confession, and praying for the Pope to obtain the Jubilee blessing of the Holy Year...

There is also a special and private story to tell here. It is about three middle-aged companions from France who walked the Way of Saint James. They preceded us at the Pilgrim Office. The very pleasant receptionist, who spoke impeccable French, pointed them out to us when they left. "You see that man in the centre," she said. "He is blind. The other two are his friends. He has written something in our guest book. I wonder what it is"... This is what he wrote. "I have not come here to ask for the return of my sight, but rather for the grace to accept its loss." *Que je ne perds pas la joie.*" She was very touched and communicated this to us. I suppose that is what this particular pilgrim road is all about. It is people like that who give it its special meaning and character.

A Pilgrim Tale (1)

Philip Wren

In the jubilee year of 2004 I completed a challenge thrown down six years before in the tiny mountain top village of O Cebreiro by a very rude French pilgrim.

I had begun my first *Camino* pilgrimage on 7 May 1998 with my father, Jack, and his best friend, Brian, as my companions. We started our journey from Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port, taking the road route to Roncesvalles. During the day my father became ill. It resulted in our having to hitch a lift that day and catch a taxi to Pamplona the next. Dad had to accept that he had to give up and return home, defeated by a combination of heart problems and a viral infection.

This was a bitter blow for both of us. For more than 18 months we had planned to journey together and to use the time in a common purpose that would have taken us into a deeper father-son relationship. Our parting on the morning of May 10 was one of the worst moments of my life.

Brian and I continued, but we suffered further problems caused by a combination of a deadline, and my suffering both a bad blister and tendonitis. Thus we arrived at O Cebreiro having taken two bus journeys and I a trip on a train.

Even though it was late in May the weather conditions at O Cebreiro were appalling. A biting cold wind raced up the mountainside so that even the chickens were huddled up against each other and a fence, like sheep trying to keep warm in a blizzard.

As I walked to the refugio, I met a Frenchman who asked me the very common question, where I had started? I explained that I had not walked all the way to O Cebreiro and why that was so. He then uttered those fateful words, "You are not a real pilgrim".

I have long pondered over the past six years why those words cut so deep. It was because I owned them. I knew in my own heart that when I had set out in May 1998, it had been my intention to walk all the way from Saint-Jean to Santiago. In the immediacy of necessity I had buried my own disappointment. In my heart of hearts I knew that I did not feel a true pilgrim because I had skipped too much of the journey. It was immaterial that we had a deadline to meet, that dad's illness could not have been foreseen, and that I had been injured (and was still

carrying both the blister and the tendonitis). For me, a true pilgrim is one who walks from their starting point to their destination.

When one is hurt the response is to lash out. I noticed the French man had only a small pack on his back. "Where is your rucksack?" I asked. "Oh," he replied, "I do not carry one. My wife is driving our caravan and I spend the night with her." "You are not a real pilgrim either". I retorted, "I have expended more energy in getting here than you have for I carry everything I need."

The moment is etched on to my heart and soul. I vowed there and then that I would return to the *Camino* and shove those words back down his throat.

So it was that in May 2004 I returned to Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port and the *Camino*.

As I walked, I found a number of issues began to exercise my mind. One of them was, who is a real pilgrim? Another, how is a pilgrim defined? By the distance walked or the mode of transport used? By the attitude of the heart or the purpose for making the journey?

I began with myself. Why was I walking? Just to prove a Frenchman wrong was hardly edifying, neither was it constructive. As I walked I discovered that it was not enough to prove a Frenchman wrong. Yes, I did want to see and experience the bits of the *Camino* that I had not walked in 1998. I longed to see what had changed in the six years and desired to see what new friendships could be forged. But to walk just to prove a point to a Frenchman I did not even know? It seemed to be such a negative attitude and as I walked I began to think about giving up and going home. It just seemed a bit pointless really.

In the early morning of 23 May 2004, I left the refugio of Torres del Rio. The night before I had to burst a huge blister on the little toe of my left foot. The toe was so painful that I could not get my walking boot on. In desperation I put on my walking sandals, tied my boots to my rucksack and set out. I was 632km from Santiago. Not for the first time I asked myself, why I was walking? Now my attention was very firmly focussed by the state of my toe.

As I walked down the farm track that leads from the village an odd thought popped into my head. Katherine Lack's book, the *Cockleshell Pilgrim*, tells of how rich medieval Christians would pay someone else to walk the *Camino* on their behalf. I would undertake this walk for my father. He had bravely attempted to do the pilgrimage, but chronic ill health had defeated him. He could not walk, but I could do it in his stead.

This may seem strange to us in our West European world of individualism, but it would have made sense to people in the ancient world. There were cultures where a man could send his son to conduct business on his behalf. The people trading with the son would be expected to behave as if they were dealing with the father himself. They would be expected to accord the son every bit of hospitality and honour that they would have shown unto the father. The reverse was that the son's actions would be regarded as those of the father. Any agreements entered into would be totally binding on the father. If the son committed murder the father might well be executed as well. This is why the parable of the tenants in the vineyard (Gospel of Matthew 21v33-46) would have been so shocking to the listeners. The tenants have committed a kind of double murder. There is a real sense in which they are seen to have murdered the father as well as the son.

Dad had not walked very far along the *Camino Francés*, but to say that he was not a pilgrim did not make sense to me. He had given it his very best shot. In his heart, if not in body, he was a *peregrino* of the *Camino*. If he could not walk it, I could and would. I tried to get the cathedral authorities to see my point of view, but they could not. They refused to issue the Compostela in his name. However, they were happy to dedicate it to him and he now possesses it. Whatever the paper says, I walked for Dad.

So who is a pilgrim? One answer is he or she who sets out in faith, prepared to face whatever comes their way, knowing that the journey may result in success or failure. It is not just about what one meets on the journey that is important, but how we respond to what befalls us. Some pilgrims never get to their destination. They either get diverted or have to give up. Some die on the road. What is truly important was summed up on a poster that hung in the *refugio* at Castrojeriz, in 1998, *A pilgrim must accept whatever comes their way. A true pilgrim is one who sets out knowing that the journey itself is more important than the arriving and that whatever befalls them is part of a greater whole.*

Dad faced the returning to England with courage, patience and without bitterness. He was desperately sad, but accepted that there are times when you simply cannot do anything about what has happened. You simply have to move on and get on with life. This is a pilgrim philosophy and shows that a pilgrim's spirit is at the heart of my father's life.

Alongside this, pilgrimage is the travelling with others. Even when we travel alone, we have the thoughts, love and prayers of others with

us. Those of us who are faith holders carry the spirit of our God within us. For those who are walking in the footsteps of James, there is the spirit of Santiago. We do not travel alone, even if physically we are. My phone calls to my parents and my wife reminded me that their prayers, encouragement and love were with me. Going to Mass and receiving the body of Christ was very much part of this journey.

Who then is a pilgrim? One answer is he or she who accepts whatever comes their way, deals with it and gets on with stepping out into the possibilities of each new day, facing joy and sadness, hope and disappointment in the knowledge that even when they travel physically alone, the love and the spirit of friends, family, St James and God goes with them. Together they travel on.

Refugio de Peregrinos de Miraz



The Confraternity's New Refuge Development Group is delighted to announce that they have found a New Refuge! The building is a *casa rectoral* in the village of Miraz on the Camino del Norte, in the province of Lugo, Galicia. We are most grateful to the Bishop of Lugo, who has given us permission to run the house as a pilgrim refugio

Miraz is almost halfway on a 40 km stretch between Baamonde and Sobrado de los Monjes in an area where accommodation has always been difficult. The *casa rectoral* has been used for pilgrim accommodation but almost as many have preferred to continue walking as to stay in the rather spartan building.



There are plans to run the refuge simply this summer and to carry out necessary surveys prior to improvement work before next year's pilgrim season. Already the presence of visitors and others around the building has made it more welcoming and attractive.

An appeal for £100,000 will be launched formally in the autumn, with full information leaflets, sponsorship ideas and forms etc. In the meantime, members of the Fund Raising Group have already started raising money themselves eg Angelika Schneider is selling some of her books and giving German lessons

STOP PRESS

Ian Mackey ran the Edinburgh Marathon on Sunday 12 June. He was dressed as a Galician gaitero (bagpiper) and would welcome your support. If you would like to sponsor him you can do so through www.justgiving.com/miraz. Ian's web page expires on 11 August so... sponsor now!

If you would like to receive an email newsletter about the Miraz refuge please contact maureenyoung101@hotmail.com or if you would like fundraising ideas contact angelikaschneider@uk.agcocorp.com

Diary of the Refugio Gaucelmo

Working Party



Between 18 and 25 March, eight volunteers gathered at Refugio Gaucelmo to prepare the refugio for the new season. This diary attempts to give a flavour of what was involved.

Friday 18 March

Alan Howard, travelling on foot, and Shirley and John Snell in their camper van have already arrived. They have opened and aired Gaucelmo and have lit a welcoming log fire in the salon. They are joined by the rest of the team – Paul Graham, our co-ordinator, Tricia and Stuart Shaw and Anne Wilson, all coming via Valladolid, and Charles Soden-Bird through Madrid. The villagers tell us that the winter in Rabanal has been severe this year with extremely low temperatures and even a lot of snow just a week or so before our arrival. Things have improved this week but the weather is still wintry and the air chilly, with a mixture of grey skies and rain; nevertheless there are chinks for the sun to shine through – and it's Maragata spring time.

Saturday 19 March

Breakfast in the kitchen at 8am. Big slices of Astorga bread with jam and coffee. At 8.30am we meet to review the work to be tackled. All rooms in the Refugio need attention – cleaning, scraping, washing down and painting. The loos and showers in the main dormitory require drastic treatment – all tiling and grouting has to be scrubbed; and the ceilings, after thorough anti-fungal cleaning, will need at least two coats of paint. The barn needs to be cleared of surplus items stored there over a few summers.

All the blankets and sheets have been washed and carefully folded by Alison Raju last November, so fortunately we don't have the huge problem of laundering and drying them in this uncertain weather.

Tricia starts to rub down the windows and shutters in the main building, ready to repaint in a vibrant blue – used on many buildings in the village. Paul is up a ladder clearing gutters. We appear to have a good selection of talents – sweeping, decorating, cleaning, electrical, plumbing, gardening, organisational, culinary and linguistic skills and also enormous enthusiasm. All these skills will certainly be needed if we are to have Gaucelmo ready for Tricia and Stuart (our first hospitaleros for 2005) to open on Good Friday. In fact we must be nearly ready by

Wednesday afternoon, as Paul tells us the custom is we arrange a party for the village people before Good Friday. The invitations will have to be written within a day or two.

The air is cool but, wearing thick sweaters or anoraks, we are able to have a picnic lunch outside under the budding pear tree. Lunch over, we get to work again – up ladders, scraping and scrubbing walls, weeding and pruning in the garden, or painting. We are very focused and concentrate hard on our tasks.

Maximiliano, from the village, has been gathering branches of laurel leaves from his plot of land over our wall. These are to be used tomorrow in the Palm Sunday Mass in the Church. We are going to stop work at 5.0 pm today, relax a little, and then go to Antonio's for dinner at about 7.30 pm. We are warmly welcomed by Antonio and his family and enjoy a good dinner there.

Returning to the *refugio* we chat around the glowing fire in the salon. We're all tired and ready for sleep. It has been a busy day but we certainly feel as though we are underway; there is plenty of work for *mañana*.

Sunday 20 March

After our Gaucelmo kitchen breakfast, we're ready to start work at 8.30 am again. Shirley is washing the breakfast dishes and tidying the kitchen. She's also going to wash every piece of crockery and cutlery and all the pans in the cupboards; the kitchen is echoing to her singing – she has a really beautiful voice – our song bird. The kitchen walls are being scraped and painted by John and Stuart. It's starting to look fresh – a shaft of sunshine comes through the kitchen window and the pear tree is outlined against the cloud-scudding sky. It's going to be a day of sunshine and showers.

Some of us break off from work to attend the Palm Sunday Mass. Our laurel and rosemary branches are blessed by the visiting priest before the service, as we wait with the villagers in the church narthex. We are welcomed warmly by the villagers, who speak of their sorrow at the untimely death of Tony La Roche and tell us that prayers were offered for him in the Church. Tony and Jane had been in the working party in 2004.

We eat lunch in the kitchen, because it is much too cold and showery to be outside. The invitations to our party, which will take place on Wednesday, are being written (we're inviting about forty people). We then attempt to deliver them, which proves unexpectedly difficult because very few of the houses have names or numbers on the doors and only one has a letter box. We knock on the doors of most

of the houses and, if there is an answer, the missive is accepted warmly. Certain invitations have to be slipped under big heavy doors. It has started to rain heavily; so we won't be able to do any more outdoor work today – but there is still plenty to do indoors.

Paul, Alan and Charles are attending an important meeting in Molinaseca this evening – representing the Confraternity of Saint James – meeting with four representatives of Los Amigos del Bierzo. Laurie Dennett will be joining them there and, after the meeting, they will have supper together. They don't expect to be back in Rabanal before midnight.

The rest of us are going to eat the pilgrim menu at Gaspar's, following the tradition of all *hospitaleros* of alternating between the two restaurants. We've done a lot of work today and are generally pleased with the way the work is going.

Monday 21 March

Breakfast over, Paul and Charles go to Astorga to DIY shops to collect paint and other necessary materials. It's the first day of spring and it's pouring with rain. Our Rabanal friends tell us that the rain is needed because the land is dry.

Shirley and Anne are busy cleaning and scrubbing in the dormitory, shower and loo areas. Shirley singing along to some very uplifting taped music. John is painting inside and Tricia is involved in some tricky work involving the fly screens at the windows. She is replacing the old mesh with new and it's proving to be a challenge.

We learn that the meeting went well in Molinaseca last night. Our participants have returned safely, bringing with them a cheese which Laurie Dennett has very kindly sent for us all – a soft round cheese from O Cebreiro – quite delicious.

Lunch inside again but the rain has stopped and John hopes to be able to continue the painting of the shutters in this wonderful Maragata blue. We all think it looks really good. Stuart and Alan are sorting out the barn – the manger is going to be cleared of all the paraphernalia there, and the building is being thoroughly cleaned. Charles has cleared all the moss and winter debris from the barn's tiled roof. It's surprising how much collected over the winter. Alan is busy with a thousand other jobs.

We're really noticing how clear the spring sky is here in Rabanal, particularly at night – beautiful starry skies.

Tuesday 22 March

The sunrise at about 7.30am is really spectacular this morning. It

reveals a sunny morning and work starts earlier at 8.15.

John, Shirley and Anne go to Astorga to buy more anti-fungal paint, some special tacks for Tricia's mosquito meshes and provisions for our village party tomorrow in Gaucelmo. Work continues at a steady pace. We will have to be ready (or at least have finished the major jobs) by lunch time tomorrow. Then we'll have to tidy away all the working materials, prepare the food, and the salon, ready for the party scheduled for 5pm.

Wednesday 23 March

We awake to heavy rain and it seems as though it is going to continue for a while. Laurie Dennett and Father Don Angel visit Gaucelmo this morning. Unfortunately because of work schedules they are unable to stay for the party later this afternoon.

Laurie has presented Gaucelmo with an iron chandelier for the newly painted entrance hall. Hanging it is not the easiest of tasks and we decide to call in an electrician to help us. It looks good.

We've finished the work! It's amazing how it all seems to have come together. The team rushes around tidying away the working materials. Then, suddenly, there is Gaucelmo looking all fresh and ready for pilgrims – and to host a village party.

There are flowers in a jug on the desk, which coordinate with the cheerful colours of the newly washed curtain across the resources cupboard. We've laid the table in the salon with the party food and set out the chairs so that people can chat easily.

Five o'clock – party time! Maximiliano and his wife arrive, a little embarrassed at being the first, but others soon follow. The salon is alive with happy very animated chatter. Father Juan Antonio and a visiting Brother from the Monastery are circulating amongst their parishioners. The food has been enjoyed – *tortilla, jamon Serrano, empanada, chorizo*, crisps, nuts, tuna *vol au vents*, all washed down with *vino tinto* or juice. Everyone seems very relaxed – a lot of laughter, always a good sign. Angela rushes in at the end with her family, visiting from Madrid, and we are all happy to see them.

We clear away, chatting about the occasion, feeling that there is a good relationship between Refugio Gaucelmo and our village friends.

Maundy Thursday, 24 March

John and Shirley are leaving Gaucelmo this morning with Alan, dropping him off in León. Stuart and Tricia are busy in the office, finalising the paperwork. Charles is vacuuming all the mattresses on the bunks, with Anne putting on the sheets after that. Then the dormitory

is mopped over and all is ready for our first pilgrims.

Father Juan Antonio visits us this morning, asking for male volunteers to have their feet washed in the *Eucaristía de la Cena del Señor* at 6pm. Stuart volunteers. Some of us attend the *Acto Penitencial* at 11am – a service well attended by the villagers and their visiting families.

One of our working party has been invited to visit a villager's Maragata house this morning. It has been beautifully restored over a few years by their own hard work. The 'before' and 'after' photos are worthy of a *Homes and Gardens* magazine.

We are able to eat lunch outside today, as there is a great improvement in the weather – spring sunshine at last. We enjoy the leftovers from the party, which seem to taste even more delicious in the open air under the blue sky. We can relax because we've completed all our work targets. Our team time together is nearly over. Stuart drives Paul back to Astorga, so that he can catch a coach back to Valladolid airport.

Later, the rest of us attend the *Eucaristía de la Cena del Señor*. Father Juan Antonio has managed to find his twelve men; Stuart says that the foot washing is a truly moving experience. The church is full. Many of the congregation are visitors from other parts of Spain who have returned for Easter to visit their family in Rabanal. Grandchildren stand beside proud grandparents; it's very good to see the younger generations returning happily to their roots.

The remaining volunteers are invited to Angela's home (a lovingly restored Maragata house, with the work undertaken by the family over many years), which lies beyond Rabanal el Viejo. We take hot chocolate and *torrijas*, the Easter sweet delicacy. It is a jolly party in the company of Angela's visiting Madrid family.

Good Friday 25 March

Damián, from the village, calls this morning – a bad day to run out of things in Spain – as he has run out of butane gas and asks if he can borrow a cylinder. Fortunately, we are able to help him. There is such a good reciprocal feeling here in the village. We also have a group of young Spanish cyclists from Barcelona calling for a Gaucelmo *sello*.

The last two volunteers are returning to Astorga and thence to the UK. Stuart and Tricia are hoping to welcome pilgrims this afternoon. We've noticed quite a few walking through Rabanal today, so they may be busy this evening.

¡ULTREÏA!

The Vézelay Route from Namur

John Blackwell

The White Rabbit put on his spectacles. "Where shall I begin, please your Majesty?" he asked.

"Begin at the beginning," the King said gravely, "and go on till you come to the end: then stop."

Alice in Wonderland

Our walks all *end* eventually in Santiago, even if they have to be done in annual installments. But where do we *begin*? Susan and I have been walking the four routes defined by Americ Picaud: the routes from Le Puy and Arles are completed, and 2004 was the year to begin the Vézelay route, the "AP3". The four AP routes must have been a little like the motorways, in that unless pilgrims happened to live along one of them, they first had to get there along the innumerable feeder roads. We have met numerous European pilgrims who had the wonderful experience of doing just that: walking to Santiago from their own front door. However, that is not possible from Cleveland, Ohio any more than it is from England: some transport is essential, and for us that would be by air to Paris and then by train to Vézelay.

But in the end we started in Namur in Belgium. Research had led us to the FFRP Topoguide for the GR 654 *Sentier de St Jacques de Compostelle: La Voie de Vézelay*. One might expect this to describe the route from Vézelay, just as the equivalent guides for the GR 653 and GR 65 cover the routes from Arles and Le Puy, respectively. But in fact the GR 654 guide describes a route from Namur through Vézelay to Nevers, and was published while the rest of the GR 654 path to St Jean-Pied-de-Port was still in the construction stage. We were immediately intrigued and eventually started in Namur in June 2004, walking as far as Reims in eleven stages. This year we will continue, and hope to get as far as Vézelay, with further sections to come.

An easy and economical way to get to Namur is to take Ryanair to Charleroi, from where it is a 30 minutes train ride to Namur. Our passports were initiated in Namur cathedral on a bright and sunny Sunday morning. From the church of St Jacques, which is now a

museum, brass shells mounted in the sidewalk lead from the door all the way down to the confluence of the Meuse and Samur. There, after covering less than a kilometre we said goodbye to the GR654 for a few days, except for occasional intersections, and followed our own path. The most likely route for the medieval pilgrims would have been to follow the gorge of the Meuse for some way south before cutting across country south east to Reims. Instead, the GR 654 wanders through the woods, and up and down the sides of the gorge, covering about fifty percent more distance than our route down the river. Just like our medieval counterparts, we had time constraints and needed to conserve our strength. But more than that, for us the walk down the river was something not to be missed. As we walked out of Namur along the Meuse there were lots of herons and cormorants on the islands, and we made our first acquaintance with great crested grebes, watching them dive to chase fish and then re-emerge some distance away. There was also the barge and boat traffic up and down the river, using the locks. The river traffic goes faster than the walkers of course, but we tended to catch them up at the locks, and then wave again as they came past for the second time. Perhaps all this is old hat to Belgian walkers, who need something different, but for us it was quite special.

We spent five days walking up the river, with overnights at Annovoie, Dinant, Hastière, Aubrives and Revin, staying in small hotels and *chambres d'hôtes*. At the entrance to Dinant we visited Leffe Abbey, and later made our first acquaintance with Leffe beer in a restaurant specializing in mussels. Interestingly the menu included *Moules Blackwell*, named perhaps after a relative on an earlier pilgrimage. This dish turned out to be mussels with piccalilli! and we stuck to the *moules au vin blanc*. Beyond Dinant the Meuse is in a narrow gorge, with space for a busy road on one side, but in most places there is a quieter country road, farm track or path on the other bank. Occasionally it is necessary to climb the bank to get around cliffs that project out into the river, but the views along the river compensate for the effort. Just after Aubrives, we ran into two Dutch pilgrims, recognizable by the shells on their backpacks. They had finished walking the GR654 near there in 2003, and had come by train to pick up where they left off. They seemed horrified when we said that we thought our route was more authentic, and they were going to complete every last metre of the GR 654.

After Revin we left the river to rejoin the GR 654 in Recrois, an interesting little town within fortifications designed by Vauban, and proceeded with overnight stops at Aubigny-les-Pothées and Lalobbe,

just after Signy l'Abbaye. The route markers included signs indicating that it is e.g. 2400 km to Santiago, so we will feel we are almost there when we get to St Jean with only 800 km still to go. Our plan based on information in the guide had been to spend the next night in Chateau Porcien, but the hotel there is now closed. However, the Charpentiers, who run the *chambres d'hôtes* near Lalobbe and made us very welcome, picked us up in Chateau Porcien after a day's walk and drove us back to spend another night with them, returning us to CP the following morning. From there we followed the GR 654 all the way to Reims, with an overnight stop at Neufchatel-sur-Aisne, walking mainly along the towpaths of the canals.

The villages in the Ardennes are attractive, with lots of half-timbered houses, or *maisons à pans de bois*, many of which are in the process of being restored. The village churches are not all that remarkable, and some of them took a beating in the World Wars. An exception is the 17 century baroque church of St Didier in Asfeld, with an internal ambulatory that winds through arches all round the central rotunda. Just beyond the church is one of the many war cemeteries in this area. This one in Asfeld contains the graves of over 5000 German soldiers, most of whom we killed in four days of the second battle of the Aisne in 1917, where the casualties exceeded those at the Somme. While we were walking through the fields we thought about those young men who probably marched along the same paths, in the same direction we were going, but never came back.

Reims proved to be the highlight we expected, and we spent a day looking at the Cathedral and the churches of St Remi and St Jacques, the latter now also a museum. In February and March of this year we set out our plans to return in June to complete the section from Reims to Vézelay, where we will finally be on the AP3. Going back to *Alice in Wonderland*, the hardest part of the King of Hearts advice is not "begin at the beginning" nor "go on to the end": it is "then stop". We don't intend to get to that part for some time.

The Cult of St James in Rome

Louis Cardaillac
translated by Alison Raju

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In his book *Roma, Santiago, Jerusalén. El mundo de las peregrinaciones*, Paolo Caucci von Sauken points out that the medieval pilgrim saw a basic unity in the three main pilgrimages, “These routes connected the different holy places,” he explains, “and linked up the sacred Christian spaces. The roads taken were often the same, the main communication routes being used in one direction or the other, either on the way there, or on the return journey, by pilgrims heading in opposite directions.”

Hospitals to accommodate God’s people on the move, whatever their destination, were built on the *Via Francigena* and used both by Italian pilgrims going to Santiago and by pilgrims coming to Rome, not just from Spain but from all over Europe, just as they were on the *Camino Francés*. The deeds of the hospital in Villalcázar de Sirga in the kingdom of León, for example, specify that it should serve “those who return from their visit to St. Peter as well as to St James the apostle.” Moreover, the great development of the cult of St James in Rome shows that there were particularly close links between Rome and Compostela and it could hardly have been otherwise, given the great numbers of pilgrims from the Iberian peninsula who came to Rome to worship at the tomb of the first of the apostles. It is this particular feature of the link between the two religious centres that will be examined here.

During the medieval period it was Rome that held first place as a pilgrim destination for the throngs of those who arrived there, after a long and often difficult journey, with the sole aim of kneeling one day at St Peter’s tomb. It was specifically to minister to these people

who arrived in the Eternal City, in great need and often in misery, that the first "national" hospices or hostelries were set up, to provide free hospitality and health care, for several days, to pilgrims from different countries. The papacy had already set up several such establishments but they were insufficient. Thus, from very early on, these institutions specialised in welcoming pilgrims of different nationalities: Franks, Saxons, English, Germans, Lombards, Greeks, Orientals and, of course, Castilians, Aragonese, Catalans and others. Each of these establishments was dedicated to the patron saint of the community in question and this was the origin of the cult of St James in Rome. Discussion of the cases cited below will make this point clearer.

Either a chapel or a church was always built next to these pilgrim hospices and dedicated to the saint associated with the community concerned. Thus, in the course of the centuries, some twenty places of worship dedicated to St James were built in Rome, ranging in scale from simple oratory to basilica. In his two-volume book *Le Chiese di Roma dal secolo IV al XIX*, published at the end of the nineteenth century, the historian Armellini makes brief mention of each of them. Considering that these churches were established over several centuries there are relatively few of them though they do demonstrate the continuous presence of the Jacobean cult in Rome. St James certainly suffered in comparison to the devotion shown to other martyrs and to Christ's disciples in the Holy City, who enjoyed great popularity there, for as well as the cult of the Virgin Mary, with numerous epithets, the apostles Peter and Paul enjoyed particular renown in Rome, relics of the former being venerated in the Vatican, those of the latter in the church of Saint Paul Outside the Walls.

Amongst the churches that have now disappeared but which Armellini mentions is *San Giacomo del Coliseo*, built in a small square near the Coliseum. It was demolished in 1815 but contained a large-scale painting of a seated St James, holding his staff and gospel. Near the Trevi fountain there was the church of *San Giacomo delle Muratte*, whose Latin name was *Ecclesia S. Jacobi de Merattis*. *San Giacomo in Orren*, mentioned several times in the 13th and 14th centuries, was near Mount Aventino and the towns granaries while on the *Via Asinaria*, one of the roads leading pilgrims to Rome, there was *San Giacomo del Lago*, a 12th century foundation. As regards *San Giacomo d'Altopasso*, this belonged to the hospital of the same name (*spedale d'Altopasso* or *Altopascio*), a foundation of the diocese of Luca, and just as with the other places associated with the cult of St James, this one is connected

with the pilgrimage and with a hospice for pilgrims coming, in the main, from the old kingdoms of Spain. An examination of the three St James' churches which, at present, are still used as places of worship in the town, will make this point clearer.

The one the Romans were most familiar with is situated at No. 494 Via del Corso, an important thoroughfare, and is both a parish church and a Basilica. When it was founded in 1339 it was a simple chapel dedicated to St James, built at the request of Cardinal Pitro Colonna, friend of Petrarch and founder of the small hospital adjacent to it. The complex was known as *San Giacomo in Augusta* as it was near Augusta's mausoleum. The hospital overlooked the *Via Flaminia*, the route used by most pilgrims coming from the north, and was thus in a strategic position to receive and look after them. In effect the *Via Flaminia* ended nearby, in the *Piazza di Popolo*, and from there on it changed its name and was known as the *Via Lata* (i.e. large or main road).

Over the years both hospital and place of worship increased in importance, the history of each of them developing in parallel. In 1515 Pope Leo X gave the *Ospedale de San Giacomo* the title of "Arch [main] Hospital" (*Arciospedale*), to which the term "*degli incurabili*" was added. In practice the hospital was no longer restricted to looking after poor pilgrims but specialised in the treatment of certain diseases which, as a consequence of wars, had spread like wildfire and affected the whole of Europe, especially syphilis. The remedy for this was either an ointment made up of different oils or fumigation treatment, using "*legno santo*" ["holy wood" -Guaiacum], a sulphurous wood brought from central America. This new hospital could cater for up to two thousand patients and the hard-working hospital chaplains, Capucin fathers, contributed to its development. The devotedness of Saint Philip Neri and especially that of Saint Camille de Lellis are particularly remembered.

In 1579 Cardinal Antonio Maria Salvatio, one of its great patrons, undertook the rebuilding of the old hospital. Once this was completed this same prince of the church, former apostolic nuncio in France and then Papal chancellor, began its reconstruction and enlargement in 1593. The work was given to the architect Francisco Capriano de Volterra who created a building in the form of an ellipse with a large windowless vault which, like a pantheon, had a single opening in its centre. His successor modified the project somewhat, adding numerous windows. The work lasted ten years but the church was open for worship in 1600, a Holy Year.

During the 17th and 18th centuries the church received numerous

gifts and legacies and continued to prosper. In 1824, as the district became more and more populated, Pope Leo XIII decided to make it a parish church. In 1849 Garibaldi used it as a stable and it was in a pitiful state when Pope Pius IX undertook large scale restoration work in 1861-63. The church contains a magnificent white marble statue of St James dating from the second half of the 16th century, the work of Hippolito Buzio da Viggieu. The frescoes in the cupola represent St James in Glory [his reception into heaven], the work of Capparoni (19th century). At the back of the church, in an area not open to the public at present, there is a painting by Francesco Zucci (1562-1622) of the Virgin Mary and St James accompanied by the church's benefactor, Vittoria Tolpia, Marques of Guardia. Outside, on the very bare Baroque façade, a magnificent scallop shell on the upper part of the main door reveals the churches identity to the visitor. The Feast of St James on 25th July is celebrated here with great solemnity.

Another important church dedicated to St James is the one known as *San Giacomo alla Lungara*, though this one is situated on the banks of the Tiber, in the Trastevere district. It was also known as *in Settinniano*, due to the nearby town gate of that name which allowed entry into Rome across the Aurelian wall. By taking the Via Lungara pilgrims could reach the holy places to the west of the town. There are few traces of the medieval church left, however, due to the numerous restorations and reconstruction work that have taken place over the centuries.

It is thought that the first foundation was the work of Pope Leo IV, who held office from 847-855. One thing that is certain is that a bull issued by Innocent II (1198-1216) made it part of the inheritance of the Vatican chapter. At the beginning of the 16th century Julius II ratified the rights of the papacy over the church in making it a sister church of the Guila chapel which he had just founded. Subsequently it was attributed to the Franciscan third order. In 1628 a large house was built next door to it and turned into a convent. It was at this point, during the period of Pope Urban VII, that Cardinal Francesco Barberini undertook to restore the buildings and thanks to this great benefactor the improvements were finished in 1643. However, this church-convent complex did not include a pilgrim hospital, probably because one was not needed in this locality, as several hospices already existed to look after those who were making their way to the St Peters Baslica. Just before they came to the end of their journey pilgrims could make a final devotional halt in the church of St James. Behind the main



altar is a large fresco attributed to Giovanni Francesco Romanelli and representing St James the pilgrim in ecstasy, with two cherubs above him. The tall figure is set in a typical Renaissance-style landscape.

In the nineteenth century, in 1887, when the avenue along the banks of the Tiber was being built, the church was about to be demolished but part of the convent and the church were rescued. This was due to its unusual belltower, one that it was decided to preserve as it was the last remaining example of the *romanico monóforo* type of Roman campanile. At present the convent is the provincial curia of the Capuchin order and it is due to be restored shortly.

The third St James church in Rome is the most Spanish, as its name suggests: *San Giacomo degli Spanioli*. However, its name is no longer applicable today, as the church is now dedicated to the Virgin Mary and is administered by a French religious order. It is situated on one side of the well-known Piazza Navona and its founder was Alfonso Paradinas. After serving as canon of Seville cathedral he was one of the Renaissance prelates, in love with Rome, who willingly left the administration of their episcopal seats in the hands of a delegate. During the same period he founded a hospice for Spanish pilgrims next to the church.

The church was open for worship in 1458, but although it was the first Renaissance church to be built in Rome and also the first after the Schism of Avignon the building was, in fact, only the reconstruction of another much older one which had been founded at the end of the 12th century by Don Enrique, son of King Ferdinand III. However, the real founder of the Renaissance ensemble was Pardinas, Canon of Seville at the time. On his death in 1485 he left his rich inheritance to the hospital which then developed rapidly. Today, a chapel in the church dedicated to St James contains a painting of *Santiago en la batalla del Clavijo*, the work of Pellerino de Modena (c. 1460).

The St James hospital was for men whilst another, smaller-scale, establishment near to Santia Maria de Araceli looked after women. Both places specialised in pilgrims coming from Spain, especially from the kingdom of Castille.

These two institutions indicate the extent of the “nation” or

Spanish colony in Rome at the time, something accounted for by the influence of popes from the Borgia family who occupied the see of St Peter during the second half of the 15th century, first of all Calixtus II (1455-1458) and then Alexander VI (1492-1503). This also testifies to the great vitality of Spain and the great prestige it enjoyed in Rome and we need only remember the attraction that the reign of the Catholic Monarchs represented for the great Roman humanists who had come to live at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. This was the case, amongst others, of Anghiera, known as Angleria in Castille.

In Spain admiration was reciprocal and when the news of the fall of Granada (1492) reached Rome grandiose celebrations were organised in the church of *Santiago de los españoles*, in the presence of the pope and all the cardinals present in Rome. In addition, Don Bernardino de Carvajal, bishop of Badajoz and governor of the St James hospital at that time, organised great popular festivities in the Piazza Navona: bull running and a *"moros y cristianos"* spectacle. The actors divided into two groups, performing a mock combat: one, the Christians, attacked a tower, whilst the Moors had to defend it. The spectacle ended, of course, with a victory by the former, shouting *"Santiago y cerra España."*

For three centuries the church and hospital fulfilled their role in full, due to the generosity of families from the Spanish colony in Rome but in the 19th century the situation altered. On the one hand changes in internal Spanish politics affected the institution adversely, on the other, interest in pilgrimages, as all over Europe, diminished to such an extent that it was decided to close the church, whose ruin was imminent. In 1878 it was decided to sell it and its works of art were transferred to the church of St Mary of Monserrat, situated not far from there in the street of the same name, near the Piazza Farnese. From then on it became the only Spanish national church, hence its present name *Iglesia Nacional Española de Santiago y Monserrat en Roma*. However, whereas the building on the Piazza Navona mainly took in pilgrims of Castilian origin the hospice of St Mary of Monserrat was reserved for pilgrims coming from Aragon since its benefactors were the Catalan Jacoba Ferrandiz (d.1385) and the Majorcan Margaita Pau (d.1393).

The architecture of the present church [of *San Giacomo degli Spanioli*] is the work of Antonio de Sangallo the younger (d. 1546). The first stone was laid in 1518 and the construction work, directed by various architects, including Francesco de Volterra, was interrupted several times and lasted many years. The apse vaulting dates from 1673 and embellishments continued until 1929. The most recent restoration

took place for the Jubilee Year 2000.

Taking into account all the events discussed here it is easy to see how numerous references to Cataluña and Aragon coexist side by side in this church with those to Castille. This is evident both in the heraldry and in the furnishings as well as in the dedications of its chapels: the Virgen del Pilar (the Aragonese), Saint Isabel of Portugal, Saint Pierre Arbués, Saint Eulaia (Barcelonese) and St James.

In a chapel on the lectern side of the building there is a majestic statue of St James which came from the church on the Piazza Navona, an early work by Jacopo Tatti, the Sansovino. It was commissioned by Cardinal Jaime Serra (d. 1517). In 1822 two features were added to the statue that the artist had not envisaged: the scallop shell and pilgrim staff. The apostle carries his book under his left arm. He is portrayed here as a walker, lifting his tunic with one hand in order not to impede his movements. The muscles in his arms and legs demonstrate the strength and fervour of the Son of Thunder but the gentleness of his contemplative gaze nuances the initial impression.

This portrayal of St James, like most of those in the capital of Christendom, reflect the Romanisation of the saints, dressed in a toga and shod in ancient style. It symbolises very effectively the presence of St James in Rome evoking the apostle of Christ through, on the one hand, the trappings of Compostela, on the other those associated with Rome. In all parts of the world St James is *par excellence* the saint that one adopts for ones own and Rome is no exception, paving the way to some extent for the Christian nations that were to show devotion to him.

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Interested readers are referred to the Confraternity leaflet *Saint James in Rome: some brief notes for visiting members*, prepared by the late Ian Tweedie, available from the Office.

From the Camino to St Olav's Way

Michael Shearer

Many writers have commented that one of the differences between a pilgrimage and a long walk is the sense of being called. It's like a temporary vocation and not just a mild case of itchy feet. The need to go on pilgrimage often announces itself through a series of chance meetings and synchronicities. Circumstances seem to be rearranging themselves and ganging up on you. The feeling is not so much one of choosing but of being chosen. The commitment to go is not so much a decision as an acceptance.

When I first walked the camino in 1985 that sequence of events and feelings was a bit of a shock. I didn't have the vocabulary of synchronicity and vocational feelings. It's a curious thing but it is perfectly possible, and not uncommon, to have a feeling and not to recognise what it is. Feelings are rather like tastes and a new feeling, like a new taste, is not classifiable in terms of past experience. I didn't understand what was going on.

Well, I've walked the camino eight times now and know the various distinctive feelings associated with it very well, from the dawning news that I've grown stale and must go again, to that piercing nostalgia, usually mid-winter and late at night, for the intense and simple clarity the camino yields. 'Ah, there it is, the camino calls'.

So, when I felt that sense of magnetic pull of pilgrimage at the end of last year, I knew what it was alright, but it had an odd tinge to it. It wasn't the camino calling. Something like that, but not quite that.

I had walked the camino in 2003 and the old magic still worked, of course, but the crowds made it harder to hear. There is always a personal learning, but to hear it was like trying to listen to Schubert by a motorway. So much distracting noise muddying things. And there was something lacking. Several things lacking. The powerful camaraderie had weakened; it was still there but watered down by the sheer pressure of numbers. I recall the surly and selfish crowd outside the refuge at Rabanal. I had arrived hot, tired and thirsty and slumped down on a rare patch of clear ground, only to be told that I couldn't sit *there* as it was someone's place in the queue. I got up and carried on up the mountain.

In '85 and '86 I had packed my watch at the bottom of the rucksack

in St Jean and hadn't needed it till catching the train home in Santiago. We lived by the sun and how we felt. There were very few wardens and hardly any rules. We got up when we woke up, walked till we were tired, and went to bed when we felt like it. This allowed the camino to work its temporal tricks. Odd and important things happened because there was space for them to happen. Now, in 2003, most people were up at dawn to catch the 7.32 footpath for León in perpetual fear of finding no bed at the terminus. It was like commuting without a train.

The camino has lost its innocence. Where were all the ordinary Spaniards I could recall? Plenty of Spaniards of course, but no farm workers, road-menders, fruit-pickers, semi-tramps. The camino had become middle-class and had imported middle-class values and expectations. The camino now included many of those qualities and habits, all the social padding, I was trying to escape from. The whole thing has become more self-conscious and more commercial. The dirty bar in the back street where you once tried to talk to the locals has now become a posh bar with a pilgrims' menu where you talk to other pilgrims.

So, the yen for pilgrimage in the winter of 2003 was not a yearning for the Camino but for something similar. But what? I toyed with the idea of the Northern route across Spain but it felt all wrong.

Then, gradually, by the usual mechanism of hints and coincidences, books and people turning up, odd comments and asides came the word: Norway. The possibility of walking St. Olav's Way crystallised out into reality.

So it came to pass that I walked from Oslo to Trondheim in the summer of 2004.

And now, it occurs to me, that there must be others like me who have walked the camino and say 'now what?' And perhaps they will do it again and say again 'Now What?' And perhaps, eventually, may come to think that the next thing might be Norway. So, I thought that a few practical comments might be useful.

The first thing, then, is to get some idea about what it is that you are letting yourself in for. Well, on the positive side, Norway is a stunningly beautiful country. Take a look at a relief map. Hardly anywhere is flat. The place is mountainous and seriously crinkly. Glaciation has meant high-level plateaux, steep-sided U-shaped valleys and deep and sharply cut river valleys. The sense of space is exhilarating. Views are gorgeous.

Secondly, there's no-one there. Well, no-one to speak of; or so it

feels. Norway has about 125,000 square miles with a population of 4½ million. The UK has an area of 94,000 square miles with a population of just under 60 million. So, Norway is a third as much bigger than the UK with a population half that of London. Add to that the fact that most Norwegians live in the towns and you get some idea how empty the countryside is. If you want solitude, and nowt but nature, this is your place. People are scarce and more valued.

Thirdly, although used as a medieval pilgrimage route, the *Way* has only been revived and marked on the ground since 1994. It is unspoilt. Pilgrims are rare. I asked at Engen Kloster (a Lutheran convent that will put up pilgrims) how many pilgrims stayed there. The reply was a bit vague, but I gathered perhaps one or two a year. I asked the same question at Skådern Gård. They said I was the ninth that year, this was in the middle of August. There's a priest in Trondheim (Rolf Synnes) whose job is to care for pilgrims. He tries to meet each one personally. I met one pilgrim on the *Way* and another in Trondheim who had arrived the day before me. That's all. Mostly people don't recognise you as a pilgrim; you are a walker, someone on a camping holiday. Attitudes towards pilgrimage are ambivalent. But there is no commercialisation, no dumbing down, no hurry, no rules, and no wardens.

Fourthly, it's like going back fifty years in terms of social attitudes. Norway is refreshingly sane in the manner in which people treat each other. They presume that the overwhelming majority of people are normal and decent, and they treat strangers accordingly. There's not a smidgen of the paranoid *stranger/danger* syndrome in which most of the population are known to be weird nutters ready to slit your throat for your dirty socks. One way in which I coped with getting lost was to make my way to a road and wait. Then I flagged down a passing car to ask where I was. I did this frequently. The first car (it was sometimes a long wait) always stopped, often driven by a lone woman. It was obvious that none of them saw a hairy, dirty, possibly dangerous male but just someone lost in the mountains who needed help.

So much for what I think of as the positives, there are also intrinsic problems. The greatest of these is that the *Way* is much harder than the camino (despite being shorter: 643 km compared to around 800).

Why is it harder?

Well, first there's the terrain. Even a straight road is liable to undulate considerably. You are going up and down all day, most days. There are no long, flat stretches. If you are crossing the corrugations of the landscape, walking against the grain of the ground, then the pattern

is to climb the side of the valley, go over the top, cross the valley, climb the side of the next valley, and so on. If you are going down the length of a valley, then, because the valley already contains a river, a road and a railway, there's no room for a footpath, so you will be going up and down the side of the valley as you go along it. Either way there's lots of ascent and descent. It's gruelling.

Then there's the pattern of settlement in Norway. The towns are small by British standards. You reach somewhere like Otta or Oppdal, regarded as a big deal in Norway, and you think, "Is this it? Is that all there is?" Most towns are considerably smaller than Brentwood. Otta is not big enough for a hotel. You can walk right round it in 20 minutes. And there aren't many towns. Villages scarcely exist at all. There are a few. The social unit in the countryside is the farm. So, there's a name on the map you are following and you think it's a village, when you get to it, it's a farm. Six or eight kilometres further on, there's another farm. No villages means no supplies: no shops, no bars, no cafés, and no fountains. There's a supermarket at Dovre. The next shop (of any kind) is at Oppdal 100 kilometres further on (which is 4 or 5 days walking). No public water supplies (and no bars or cafés) means there's a drinking water problem if it gets hot. You have to anticipate your needs and carry enough to cope with all this.

It is also hard because there's no infrastructure for pilgrims. I found 3 refuges in the 30 days it took to do the walk. You're on your own. Accommodation is awkward. There are hotels and B & Bs but at inconvenient distances. Prices varied for accommodation from £16/night to £80. £40-50 was more typical. I used the method Alison Raju recommends in her excellent guide of using towns as much as possible; walking to a bus-stop and then getting a bus to the town and a bus back the following day to where you stopped walking. Then, after passing through the town, getting a bus back just for accommodation, again to return to where you left off in the morning. I tried (twice) just telling people that I was a pilgrim and needed a floor to sleep on, anything would do. It worked in Skaun (where there is a famous pilgrim church) but not in Brandbu (a town with no accommodation). Camping is an option and there are many camping sites (where you can often hire a wooden cabin) but every square inch of flat land is taken up with cultivation in the valleys and in the mountains the soil is too thin to take a tent peg. Then there's the mosquitoes...

Part of the lack of infrastructure is the patchy waymarking. There are yellow arrows only from Oslo to Hamar and then a sprinkling

of them over the last two days. You can't rely on finding your way using the marks on the ground. There are posts with arrows but they are sporadic, often absent at critical places, up-rooted so you can't see which way the arrow pointed, over-grown, even (once or twice) pointing in the wrong direction. Alison's guide and its sketch-maps are invaluable, but you should still expect to get lost half-a-dozen times a day. It's common to dump the rucksack and wander around, up here, down there, looking for a marker. Sometimes you find one, if not you have to be prepared to strike out across country in what you suspect is roughly the right direction.

There is a factor which makes the *Way* hard which borders upon the incredible and constitutes a major bit of governmental incompetence. When the *Way* was laid out it was done on the assumption that no-one would walk the entire route: a pilgrim's way with no pilgrims. So it was designed for day-trippers and short trips. This has huge and serious consequences. Most walkers, out for a day's recreational enjoyment, would approve the idea of a few climbs just to see the view. Not so the pilgrim. The pilgrim wants to get on down the way. The pilgrim avoids roads if possible, but a nice country road is fine. The *Way* as marked goes up and down quite serious hills for no other reason than to see the view at the top or to visit some ancient site of Norse mythology or history where there's nothing to see now. So here's a footpath to place X and it's 5 kilometres, but no, the *Way* scoots off of that nice footpath, on an appallingly steep slope up 2000 feet, over the top and down the other side, crosses the road and then does another climb and descent to reach place X. The diversion adds an extra six kilometres and takes three hours more. That sort of thing is a daily experience.

Some of these sight-seeing trips up mountains are very steep. In bad weather they are dangerous; they are lethally slippery and there are problems with finding your way in heavy rain, low cloud, snow even. The day-tripper takes one look at the foul weather and stays indoors, but the pilgrim, with a long way to go and a tighter schedule, walks the bad days as well as the good, and, in an innocent trust of the authority who set up the markers, plods and slithers up and down hazardous paths. If this continues, it is only a matter of time before a pilgrim is seriously hurt. Be warned: keep low in bad weather. Don't follow the markers where a perfectly good lower path or road is available.

Because the *Way* is designed for short recreational trips, it avoids towns. Who wants to go through a town when you are out to see the countryside? So the route goes near Vingrom without going through

it, passes above Kvam, brushes Otta, skirts Oppdal and so on. Unlike the camino, you have to leave the route to go through these and other towns. Similarly, because the route regards all roads as sources of some foul plague which must be avoided at all costs, the pilgrim often misses the one shop around for 50 miles which is at the petrol-station down on the road.

Water can be a problem. It can get hot in summer. It reached 28 degrees in 2004. With nowhere to fill up water bottles, or to buy water or soft drinks dehydration is a danger. This problem is not sufficiently appreciated by those involved in the *Way* in Norway. I know what it's like to get dehydrated and had problems several times. It's not so bad in the mountains provided you drink from the streams knowing what you are doing. Below the mountains things are more difficult. Treat every habitation as a resource. Knock on doors. Ask for water. People don't mind. All water is good in Norway. The stuff they drink is the same as what they use to wash their cars. So, if no-one is in and you need water, look around for an outside tap. Churches often have a tap in the church yard. The water will be fine if you run it for a while.

So, you've got a better idea of the wrinkles and the attraction and you still want to try it. The next thing is to decide on which route you take. There are two. They both start from Oslo but soon diverge to pass on opposite sides of Norway's biggest lake, Lake Mjosa. They converge again just North of Lillehammer. There's just the one route for the rest of the way (two-thirds of the distance). So the question is which route to take for the first third of the trip.

The two routes are known as the Western (via Gjørvik – also called the Cultural route) and the Eastern (via Hamar – also called the Historical route).

The Western route is also referred to as the Cultural route because it was laid out by the Norwegian Tourist department deliberately to go past places of cultural, historical or aesthetic interest. There are more churches this way. It gets more quickly into the rural countryside beyond Oslo. There's only one town this way. No yellow arrows. Fewer people take this route and hardly any Norwegians.

The Eastern route is called the historical route because this is the traditional way taken by medieval pilgrims. It goes through the industrial area of NE Oslo and the more built up region towards Hamar. There are two towns this way. It is way-marked by yellow arrows between Oslo and Hamar. More people take this route and almost all the Norwegians who walk the *Way* go via Hamar.

I took the Western route. I found that every Norwegian who knew anything about the *Way* preferred the Eastern route. Some were dismissive of the Western Way and a few were scathing - “a mistake”, “a fraud”. Eivind Luthen, who runs the Pilgrim Office in Oslo and deals with all matters concerned with the *Way* and is passionate about it, is determined that the *Western Way* will wither away, untended and unloved. He is a man of strong views.

Well, there it is, thirty days of hard walking with stupendous views in an unspoilt social context amid good, generous people. Provided you already have some pilgrimage experience, try it. Let me know how you get on.

Further information from:

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Refugio Gaucelmo Newsletter

Tricia and Stuart Shaw, Hospitaleros



The last members of the working party left on the morning of Good Friday, the first day of this year's season. The weather worsened and became cold, wet and stormy and not only did we need our thermal underwear and arctic sleeping bags but slept with three additional blankets. The snow line on Mount Teleno advanced and receded during the week and one night we lost a slate from the balcony roof. Happily the snow never arrived in Rabanal.

The first pilgrims in this year's register were Andre Durea of Quebec and CSJ member Alex Menzies and by the end of the day the main dormitory was full. Many of these pilgrims were Spanish and on their first day out, having started in Astorga.

The bad weather continued through Saturday and consequently our pilgrims arrived cold and wet. The salon fire was welcomed by all and it also served to keep the dormitory warm as the heat drifted upwards. As pilgrims checked in we reminded them that this was the night when clocks were advanced an hour. Cold, wet and tired pilgrims do not want to lose an hour's sleep so by common consent, this year we operated the *Refugio Gaucelmo Time System*, where clocks are advanced not during the night but rather at 08.00 in the morning as the pilgrims left Gaucelmo. The lost hour was made up later in the day either by high speed housekeeping duties for the *hospitaleros* or by faster walking for the pilgrims. In spite of this cunning plan no provision was made for the pealing of church bells for five minutes at midnight to announce Easter Day - the pilgrims all slept through, but not the *hospitaleros*! On Easter morning, as well as the usual pilgrim fare of bread, jam and coffee for breakfast, the pilgrims had a special treat of boiled eggs (with smiley faces), cold ham and cheese.

During the following week, until the end of March, pilgrim numbers declined to as low as four on one night, but now in mid-April numbers are increasing and the main dormitory is full most nights.

Although the Gaucelmo policy for admittance to the *refugio* is only for 'true pilgrims' (i.e. those who are travelling on foot, on bicycle or on horseback and excludes people with any form of motorised assistance),

any member of the CSJ who wishes to call in at Gaucelmo will receive a warm welcome but whether or not they get a cup of tea will depend on how busy the *hospitaleros* are.

We are getting a steady flow of interest from prospective *hospitaleros* and welcome enquiries from any member who would like more information with a view to volunteering for 2006 or to go on this year's reserve list.

Please contact us either via the CSJ office or by email - *stuartandtricia@btinternet.com*

Members' Page

From Australian Members

St James Day Inauguration Celebrations – Sydney, Saturday and Sunday 23-24 July 2005

This will be an opportunity for pilgrims of the Camino de Santiago to reconnect and for others to find out more about the pilgrimage. The event will also raise awareness of the camino in the Australian Catholic and Anglican Church communities. Participants are welcomed from among Australian CSJ members and their friends and families and other interested members of church communities and those searching the way.

For the whole programme for the two days and more information please contact directly Australian CSJ members through *Sandra_collier@hotmail.com*

From Timothy Wotherspoon

I have some space on a group climb of Mount Ararat in Turkey (supposed resting place of Noah's Ark) in early September. One theory concerning the flood and Noah's Ark is that the flood story, which has echoes in the ancient literature of many cultures in western Asia, may hark back to an oral tradition reciting the inundation that occurred when the Mediterranean broke through the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus to fill the Black Sea. You do not however need to apply "two by two" but contact me directly at :TimWothers@aol.com.

The mountain is so impressive because it stands alone, a five thousand metre tall giant towering over an essentially flat stage. The extraordinary elevation of Ararat above the lowlands, more than four thousand metres from the Araxes valley to the higher peak, is perhaps unequalled in the world, and does much to enhance the magnificence of the mountain and the grandeur of its appearance. The summit commands a superb panorama of the surrounding plains and valleys. The reward on a clear day well compensates for the hard slog of getting there.

The volcanic cone of Ararat, which last erupted on the second of June 1840, is known as Buyuk Agri Dagi (Great Ararat), and is the highest mountain in Turkey, something over five thousand metres above sea level. The next but one highest is Kucuk Agri Dagi (literally Little Ararat), the lower summit of the same mountain, just under four thousand metres. The mountain's geology consists of alternating layers

of lava and tufa. It has an ice cap which is very often above cloud in summer. For this reason the best time to view the summit is within an hour or two of sunrise.

The peak is three hundred and fifty metres higher than Mont Blanc. Participants aiming for the summit should be in good physical condition, but there are opportunities to stay at High Camp or Green Camp should you not feel up to it. The schedule is designed to be suitable even for those who have never been over five thousand metres before. Most walking days involve five hours on the march. The summit day begins (slightly theatrically) before dawn and lasts ten hours. It is strenuous but not technically difficult. Nevertheless, some preparatory hiking is recommended in the weeks beforehand.

The price (650 euro) includes: guides, camp kitchen and cook, crampon, ice axe, helmet, harness, rope, carabiner, ice screw, tent, mattress, transportation by trucks and of baggage (at most 20kg) as far as the second camp by mules, half board hotel accommodation for three nights (and “full board” tent accommodation! for four nights) entrance fees to museums and historical sites, Mount Ararat ascent permit. The most important item of equipment you need to bring yourself is a good pair of boots, as well as warm and wind-proof clothing.

Wednesday 7 September meet at Van airport, tour Van and proceed to Dogubayazit 8 September visit Ishak Pasa Sarayi (and “Noah’s Ark”) 9 September begin climbing, to base camp at 3,200m. 10 September ascend to 4,200m to acclimatise, return to base camp 11 September climb again to second camp and stay the night there at 4,200m 12 September advance to the summit (various heights are given, all over 5,100m) 13 September descend to transport back to Dogubayazit. Wednesday 14 September return to Van airport.

From John Hatfield – Slide Librarian

May I remind members about the CSJ slide library. We now also have a growing collection of slides from the alternative pilgrim routes. Slides from the library are available to illustrate any pilgrimage talks you may be giving this year in the UK. Please give me at least one month’s notice, so that a catalogue can be sent and your choices made. I have to operate on a first come, first served basis, so the sooner I hear from you, the sooner I can reserve the slides for your talk. I can be contacted at: 9 Vicary Way, Maidstone, Kent ME16 0EJ Tel: 01622 757814

From Henry the Donkey – I'm up for sale

Henry is a 21-year (36hmn) Hinny 12.5hh, dark bay with a known reputation, with experience of TV interviews etc, he drives to harness and packs(as pilgrimage), may be ridden-£1,050

4-wheeled Wagonette, circa 1935, Ball Bros, St Austell, hooded / windowed , ind: suspn: dual shafted-£750

Equifor Synthetic Driving Tack-Bridle, chain, Liverpool bit, breastgirth / traces, reins, breeching driving saddle/bellyband, crupper, 3 years old-£250

Lightweight pack saddle, to British Army spec, bridle/headcollar + bit, breeching, breastgirth, crupper - English leather-£350

Bespoke Panniers (2), pocketed and framed 10x28x30in, 2 lightweight canvas bag -£50

Prefer to sell as job lot – total £2,450 o.n.o payable by cheque to The Operation Henry Trust – Registered Charity No:-1085021

For more details please contact 01752 892191 or 07718 632249.



From Tony Ward, CSJ Treasurer and resident of St Neot Regional Meeting – St Neot - Cornwall – 5 March 2005

The results of the membership survey in early 2004 revealed that there was a wish to have regional meetings of members. So on a sunny Saturday morning, 34 members of the Confraternity from Devon and Cornwall and several other interested local people gathered in St. Neot at the parish church. After tea and coffee, and a short welcoming communion service, the Vicar, Rev. Andrew Balfour gave a tour of the mediaeval stained glass windows, including the window depicting St. Neot in true pilgrim attire, with staff and scallop shell. His talk was very much enjoyed.

We then moved down to the village hall for a pasty lunch, which was preceded by a showing of the 1999 Holy Year video. Afterwards, Rod Pascoe, the co-author of the CSJ guide on the Camino Portugués gave a slide show on his travels in Portugal and Spain which was of great interest both to intending pilgrims and those who had completed the Camino Francés and were looking for a fresh challenge. The meeting

finished with a walking visit to St. Neot's own Holy Well.

All agreed that the meeting had been very worthwhile and enjoyable and should be repeated, perhaps in 2007 at a different venue and when further pilgrim journeys have been experienced.

From Andrew Hodgson - searching for Jim and Roger

I am writing in the hope that a member of the CSJ may help me. In late August 2000, together with my wife Chana and our young son Santiago (in a pram), we began a pilgrimage to Santiago from Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port. We walked the first two days with two members of the CSJ called Jim and Roger, and now we would like to find them again. They were walking to Santiago Cathedral to meet up with their wives. Part of the reason for our pilgrimage was to walk with my son Santiago to Compostela in order for him to be christened there, hence as Jim phrased it "to Santiago, with Santiago, for Santiago." If anyone knows of the whereabouts of Jim and Roger please let me know at: ahodgson@mla.com.au

From Barbara Reed

I am undertaking a sponsored walk to raise money for *The Brooke Hospital for Working Equines*. You may remember that I did the pilgrimage a few years ago with Dalie, a lovely donkey. This year I will walk with Dalie on the Nantes to Brest canal towpath, a distance of 360 kilometres. The Brooke charity educates the owners of working animals in the care of their beasts. For more information on the charity you may go to www.thebrooke.org or contact them on info@thebrookc.org You may also contact Barbara for more information about her walk at barbara@interpc.fr.

From Doreen Hansen

St James in the Seattle Art Museum (SAM) – Easter 2005

On holiday in the Pacific Northwest of USA for 3 weeks spanning March and April 2005, I paid my first visit to the Seattle Art Museum. The museum offered a number of small special exhibitions, amongst which *Devotional Painting in Italy* on the fourth floor was one. Much of the text in this article is taken from that on the museum information card, and my direct observation of the paintings.

All the paintings are held in the Samuel Kress Collection. A section from a three-part altar piece, depicted St John the Baptist and St James

Major, the information card however stated '*St James Minor... with a staff, scallop shell and 'purse'*'... The card stated that it was the first time that the three altar piece sections had been seen together 'for many years' and this was deemed therefore a 'notable exhibit'. The painting was attributed to Puccio di Simone a painter active in Florence 1345-1365.

Both figures of saints had golden halos. St James carries in his right hand an elbow height black wooden staff, and a curious black purse bag with a white scallop shell and string handle.

His left hand holds a scroll. St James' gown is painted in a beautiful cobalt blue with embroidered gold panels and the cloak is cream, also embroidered, with a plain sand-coloured clasp.

On my return home I accessed the excellent website for the Samuel Kress Collection and discovered that it holds a vast number of rare Italian paintings which are out on loan to universities and museums across the USA. For anyone interested in religious art it is a site well worth visiting and is located at: www.kressfoundation.org/kressorg/histc.html (or you can search as I did via Google.)

From Aileen O'Sullivan



As a guest at the wedding of Francis Davey and Pat Quaife on 13 April 2005, held in a Grade II listed building in Haldon Belvedere, near Exeter, I had quite a surprise at the extent of the scallop shell connections. The Belvedere we were in was built by Sir Robert Palk (1717-1788) in memory of his friend Major General S Lawrence (1697-1775) who founded the Indian Army. In 1854 Frederick Spencer married the granddaughter of Sir Robert Palk, who was the great-great-grandfather of the late Diana Princess of Wales. Meanwhile the Spencer coat of arms displays three scallop shells which are also on the tomb of Sir John Spencer who built Althorp in Northamptonshire – the family estate of the Spencers. After the ceremony and a marvellous buffet in the dramatic setting of the Belvedere, which is 244m above sea level, the guests retired to the *Poachers Inn* for more sumptuous refreshments, speeches and well-wishing. Reading the menu in the inn

I was impressed again to see that scallops were to be served that day for dinner. It crossed my mind that Saint James was hovering discreetly around us – as was only to be expected with such a gathering of CSJ members. As Francis so aptly put it in Latin:

*Hoc die tam felici foederis iugalis
Gaudeamus partier, amici adestis.
Salutamus vos omnes pleni voluptatis,
Comites gratissimi Confraternitatis.*

[On this so happy a day of the marriage bond – Let us all rejoice equally; you are here as our friends. Full of joy we greet you all, Most welcome companions of the Confraternity.]

From the Secretary's Notebook

Marion Marples

RIP

We send our condolences to Don Alberto Moran Luna on the death of his father on Easter Monday. Alberto's parents very generously entertained members of the early working parties at their home in Molinaseca.

Professor Richard Fletcher 1944-2005

Richard Fletcher was an eminent historian held in high regard by his colleagues. He came to the particular attention of the Confraternity with the publication of *St James's Catapult: the life and times of Diego Gelmirez of Santiago de Compostela* in 1984. We invited him to give a lecture; the content was certainly far beyond the knowledge of this writer but the memory and effect of the raised consciousness of a previously unknown period and place have always stayed with me. Diego Gelmirez, St James's Catapult, was first the Bishop of Santiago, who managed to persuade Pope Calixtus II to raise the status of the see to an archbishopric in 1120 and was responsible for encouraging and promoting the pilgrim infrastructure in both France and Spain. I have remained grateful to Dr Fletcher for introducing to me the many characters, for example Queen Urraca, of the early days of the pilgrimage and to the many places and historical incidents which I would remember as connected with the story of the early promotion of the shrine.

His later writings have examined in particular the relationships between Islam and Christianity in Spain, as in *Moorish Spain* (1997) and *The Cross and the Crescent* (2003). He wrote the *Conversion of Europe: from Paganism to Christianity 371-1386* in 1997. In retirement he was planning to write about the decline of the Roman Empire and one wonders what rich insights he would have brought to that subject, derived from and synthesising his deep understanding for the great monotheistic religions combined with the characteristics of medieval Spain.

We tried to persuade him to talk to us again about Gelmirez, once we had all begun to grasp the historical significance of what he had taught us. But although he was a long standing member of the CSJ

his work had moved on and did not feel able to return to his earlier subject. However, there is a wealth of scholarship still to be savoured in his books. We owe it to him to try and do it justice.

The CSJ Bursary

We are pleased to announce that three Bursary awards are being made this year.

The major Bursary of £600 is being given to Rowan Guthrie, an MA student of Social Anthropology at Oxford University. She has already participated in the Scottish Cross pilgrimage and is interested in the dynamics of the pilgrim group as well as the way in which the pilgrimage transforms people's lives.

An award of £500 is made to Will Anderson, with a Masters degree in Archeology, who plans to prepare an inventory of the pilgrim badges held in museum collections in Britain and Ireland as well as writing a report on the way in which the contextual information on these badges can be used to study pilgrimage and the cult of saints in late medieval Europe.

A third award of £250 is made to Seth Woodmansterne, a pupil of St Alban's School, Herts who is making the pilgrimage with a school group this year and plans to make a special study of the wall paintings in the Pantheon of the Kings in San Isidoro in León.

Office Visitors

A rough analysis of the Visitors' book for the first 5 months of 2005 shows an increase in the number of visitors:

UK	99	US	6
Canada	5	Australia	16
New Zealand	7	Europe	8
Other	1 of each: Brazil, Fiji Islands, Japan		

Updates to CSJ Guides

As well as a paper version inserted into all as yet unsold copies of our guides updates are now available on our website. If, for example, you have already bought a copy of the present editions of the Le Puy, Tunnel Route or Paris guides, from www.csj.org.uk go to Recent Updates and you can click through to find the latest information.

New Guides

Pilgrim Guides to Spain 2, The Camino Mozárabe or Vía de la Plata, A: Seville to Santiago, Alison Raju, 2005, 60pp, £5

The ninth edition of this guide has just been published, containing details of where to sleep and eat and what to visit both on the route from Seville to Astorga and on the option that goes directly to Santiago via Puebla de Sanabria and Ourense.

Pilgrim Guides to Spain 2, The Camino Mozárabe or Vía de la Plata, C: Camino portugués de la Vía de la Plata: Zamora - Bragaca - Santiago, Alison Raju, 2005, 56pp

This is a new guide to the route that leaves Zamora to continue via northern Portugal before rejoining the southern Galicia option of the main *Vía de la Plata* in Verín. It describes the route all the way from Zamora to Santiago and as well as information on where to sleep and eat and what to see it contains complete route-finding information for this *Camino*.

Pilgrim Guides to Spain 4, A: Ruta de la Costa 1. Irún to Villaviciosa, Eric Walker, 2005, 88pp, £5. Revised version for walkers and cyclists along the route from the border with France to Villaviciosa, allowing the pilgrim to continue either via Oviedo and the Camino primitivo or by the continuation of the coastal route (and the new CSJ refugio at Miraz!)

The Way of St James: a Cyclist's Guide, John Higginson, 2005, Cicerone £12. This is the second edition of the 1999 guide for cyclists, which gives routes from Le Puy to Santiago along minor roads, height profiles, sketch maps, accommodation information as well as cycling hints and a glossary.

Madrid Route

The *Asociación de los Camino de Santiago de Madrid* are open on Wednesday mornings and Tuesday and Thursday evenings in their offices in Calle Carretas 14, 7th floor (near the *Puerta del Sol*). They have indicated that any pilgrims passing through will be very welcome to visit them and obtain information about the Camino and that if any CSJ member decides to do the Madrid route they will not only supply them with information but, if possible, walk one or two stages with them. Their web site is: www.delmadridalcamino.org

The Toronto Gathering, May 2005

Kathy Gower reports:

We were about 150 strong, from 8 Canadian Provinces, 18 States, England, Ireland, Germany and Greece, ranging in age from 13 to several "over 70".

There was a *Hospitalero* Training for about 40 potential *hospitaleros*, newly commissioned and all smiling and wearing purple bandanas to signify their rank.

The first official event (there were several repeated workshops) was a Tapas dinner complete with the Tourist Board of Spain and the Spanish Consul General and a full evening of stories, film clips and merriment and emotional tears for the moving tales.

Saturday Saturday was full with lectures in the morning ranging from an overview of Medieval and Modern Pilgrimage, to an intriguing thesis of the Holy Grail in the Pyrenees as evidenced by murals painted in the 1120s of Mary with the "grail", a good 50 years before Cretin de Troyes told his tales and more. Medieval Pilgrimage sites and another mystery of the Sword of Roland and Rocamadour rounded out the morning. Laurie Dennett gave a sweeping overview from the discovery of the "bones" of St. James through current happenings along the road.

The afternoon was filled with workshops on everything from presentations on the various routes to outdoors medicine to Spanish wine tasting to spiritual matters such as reincorporation of experience and tai chi, labyrinth and Gregorian Chant. (We were sung to sleep by chanted Compline in Saint Basil's church on Friday.)

After a Latin Mass, a reception followed with a lovely performance of Spanish and Galician dancing by a young and flourishing dance group dressed in native costume.

A celebration feast followed at Trinity College with Spanish cuisine accompanied by a Flamenco Guitarist and later by an *a capella* music group performing what I thought were perhaps the *Cantigas de Santa Maria*. It was indeed a feast of riches.

Sunday More lectures and hikes on Sunday, including some more film clips, pilgrim attire and art and architecture along the way. It's no wonder this was all followed by a spiritual retreat given by the priests at St Michael's and Wanda Sawicki.

The Ninth Annual Pilgrim Gathering will be held in March, 2006 at Boulder, Colorado.

American Pilgrim

We have just received copies of *American Pilgrim*, a new 24pp colour magazine in A4 format produced by the new organization American Pilgrims on the Camino, which includes articles by Kathy Gower, George Greenia, Sandy Lenthall and others. Any CSJ Members in the US who are not members of American Pilgrims are invited to contact them for a free copy; any other CSJ members who would like one are asked to send an A4 self addressed envelope with 47p postage (140g) to the office.

Recent additions to the Library

Amber, Furs and Cockleshells, Anne Mustoe, Virgin Books £7.99

Anne Mustoe has cycled to Santiago and she combines her account of that journey with descriptions of the Amber Trail from the Baltic to the Adriatic and the Santa Fe Trail as used in the 19th century by American and Mexican traders. Anne's pilgrimage from le Puy is a good read: she is amazed when she finds Alison Raju, whose guidebook she has been carefully following, as the *hospitalera* in Rabanal del Camino.

The Pilgrim's France: a Travel Guide to the Saints, James and Coleen Heater, ISBN 0971986010, Inner Travel Books, California, 2005

This book includes just few of the shrines pilgrims would have visited while on les Chemins de Saint-Jacques eg Mont Saint-Michel, Ste-Foi at Conques and Le Puy. It mainly deals with the Marian shrines eg Lourdes and particular French saints eg St Therese of Lisieux and St Jeanne d'Arc. It is probably of more interest for those wanting to explore the various shrines rather than providing complementary information for pilgrims.

Walking Home on the Camino de Santiago, Linda L Lasswell, ISBN 0974959723, Pilgrims Process, Colorado, 2005: review to follow

CSJ Events

Members are advised to check with the office for any last minute changes in events.

Saturday 25 June

Office Open Day

10.30am-3pm for visitors to browse the Library and obtain information about making the pilgrimage.

Thursday 7 July: see Other Events for a concert with a pilgrimage theme in the City of London Festival.

Sunday 17-27/28/29 July

Walking Pilgrimage

Starts on Sunday 3pm with Evensong at Salisbury Cathedral, via Fordingbridge, Wimborne to Poole. Pilgrim accommodation in church halls or similar. Thursday 21 night crossing to Cherbourg, bus to Barfleur, walk to St Vaast and Ile Tatihou to arrive in Montebourg for the crowning of the St James statue before evening Mass on Saturday 23 July. After this there is the possibility of more walking in La Manche. If you would like to take part please contact the Office immediately.

Saturday 23 July

Walk

St James in Westminster Walk, led by Marion Marples

Please check with the Office for confirmation of route details if you hope to join any part of the programme, and inform us if you would like to join in the evening meal. Places at the National Gallery are limited to 20, please send £4 (payable to CSJ) and see for a ticket.

10.00 Meet in front of Westminster Cathedral, Victoria Street, SW1 for short visit to see newly renovated Chapel of St Thomas of Canterbury

10.30 Depart on foot for Westminster Abbey and St Margaret's Westminster church (19th century figure of St James on reredos)

11.30 Into St James's Park for refreshments

12.00 Visit National Gallery Guided Tour with theme of Pilgrimage including the Westminster Retable (cost £4 per head) [Westminster Retable exhibit - a recently conserved section of altarpiece from Westminster Abbey from the late 13th century.]

1.15 Depart National Gallery to pass site of Hospital of St Mary Rouncivall (near Charing Cross station), along Villiers Street to the

Watergate in Victoria Embankment Gardens (to north of Embankment tube station).

1.30 Picnic Lunch

2.30 Tube to V&A (South Kensington) Cast Court (Portico de la Gloria) and Medieval Galleries

4.00 Tube to Blackfriars, tea in Office,

6.00 Supper at a local restaurant or Spanish restaurant (approx £15)

Please come with your Freedom Pass, Oyster card or one-day travel card for 2 zones.

Sunday 24 July

Eve of St James's Day

10.00 Sung Eucharist (Anglican) for St James's Day, St James's Church, Prebend Street, N1 (near Old Street roundabout)

Depending on the time, travel to London Bridge station by bus or tube, either to walk some of the Canterbury Pilgrims' route along the Old Kent Road or train to Peckham Rye to arrive at St James the Great church, Elm Grove, SE15 at 12.50pm for welcome at the Centenary Mass. For those who prefer please go directly to St James's the Great Peckham for Mass at 12 noon. A special area will be reserved for us in the gallery by the west door.

Followed by refreshments. Afternoon - to be decided.

Saturday 24 September

Office Open Day

Details as above.

Thursday 20-Sunday 23 October Conference & Visit Conference and Visit to Lugo and Miraz

Federación de Amigos del Camino de Santiago, Ponferrada. For full details see Secretary's Notebook.

Thursday 20 October Fly Ryanair Stansted to Valladolid, bus to Ponferrada for Conference /3 nights. If there is sufficient interest, take bus on Sunday to Lugo for 3 nights to visit the city itself, Sobrado de los Monjes and also the new Refuge in Miraz. Initial bookings will be made soon, please contact the Office as soon as possible if you are interested.

Saturday 22 October

Office Open Day

Details as above.

Thursday 10 November**Lecture Recital**

A Musical Pilgrimage with Saint Francis of Assisi and his companions to Santiago de Compostela, Lecture recital by Dr Mary Remnant with the CSJ Choir, 7.30pm at Cardinal Vaughan School, 89 Addison Road, London W14, in aid of the St Francis Leprosy Guild.

(Apologies to those people who tried to attend this event on Thursday 5 May: the venue was changed between the printing and mailing out of the *Bulletin*, so the correct details only appeared on the Spring Diary sheet.)

Friday 11–Sunday 13 November**Retreat**

Returning Pilgrim and Gathering Retreat; Ampleforth, Yorkshire. A few spaces still available. Programme starts at 6.00pm on Friday until after lunch on Sunday. To be led by Fr B Griffiths of Keighley

Saturday 26 November**Office Open Day**

Details as above.

Constance Storrs Lecture: Prof Adeline Rucquoi of Paris
New Members Evening – more information to follow

Other Events

Wednesday 29 June**Symposium**

The Crusades and the Templars (in honour of Prof Malcolm Barber) 9.30–3.15pm organised by the Graduate Centre for Medieval Studies, University of Reading, Palmer Building, room 102. Free, lunch £9.

Lectures include ‘Ambroise – a “Godwitness” account of the Third Crusade’, Dr Marianne Giles (Reading); ‘The Holy Lance of Antioch: power and devotion on the First Crusade’, Dr Tom Ashbridge (Queen Mary, University of London); “Promisit succerrere terre sanctae pro posse suo”: allusions to the Crusades during the trial of the Templars in the British isles, 1309–11’, Dr Helen Nicholson (University of Wales, Cardiff); ‘A Fair and Great Church, vaulted’: Architecture in Frankish Cyprus, Dr Nicola Coldstream (London). To attend please notify Mrs E Berry, GCMS, Faculty of Arts and Humanities, University of Reading, Whiteknights, Reading RG6 6AA, enclosing a cheque made out to ‘University of Reading’ for £9 for lunch if required.

Thursday 7 July

Concert

The Path of Miracles: world premiere of work by Joby Talbot (Classic FM composer-in-residence, composer of soundtrack of Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy) with new choir Tenebrae. The sounds and languages of different cultures and centuries depict the awe of the pilgrims at their spiritual adventure around the candlelit church. Part of the City of London Festival. St Bartholomew the Great Church, Smithfield, London EC1. Performances at 6pm, 8.30pm, tickets £10, £15, £20 from www.colf.org

Friday 15 to Saturday 30 July

Project

A project for 18-30 year olds, including a week walking from Montpellier to Angles, then taking the bus to Toulouse to work as pilgrim welcomers in the church of St-Sernin in Toulouse. It is important to love walking and you need to be able to engage as part of the team, which will be led by Olivier Peyrat and Jacques Langlet, who are novices. Contact them direct opeyrat@hotmail.com or jacqueslanglet@hotmail.com

Sunday 24 July

St James Fete

2pm Trescobel, St Kew, Cornwall. In aid of restoration of the east 15th century 'St James the Great' window in St Kew church. The glass tells the story of Holy Week. The CSJ is making a donation to the restoration fund.

6-13 October

Anniversary

1000th Anniversary of the Birth of King Edward the Confessor.

There are a number of events at Westminster Abbey to celebrate this Anniversary, see www.westminster-abbey.org/event In particular Friday 7 October: 5pm Joint Evensong with Westminster Cathedral choir, Saturday 8 October: Day of Prayer (Abbey open for worship only), Wednesday 12 October: Choral Evensong, 4pm, Radio 3. We hope to arrange a CSJ visit on one of these days.

6-15 June 2006

Sponsored Pilgrimage

Trek Santiago de Compostela in aid of the Children's Society. Call Events hotline on 0845 300 1128 , or see www.childrenssociety.org.uk

New Members

Information is for members' use only.

LONDON

2005254	Ms Sheila Bravin	020 7221 9437
3 Princes Place	London W11 4QA	
2005394	Mr Eruc Butcher	07786 433938
65 Clarendon Place	Hyde Park Estate London W2 2NP	
2005329	Ms Sophie Cox	020 8533 0341
1st Floor Flat	27 Terrace Road Homerton London E9 7ES	
2005226	Miss Jolene Filmer	07944 768855
268 Fulham Road	London SW10 9EW	
2005383	Matthew Fox-Tucker & Christy Tilney	020 7937 7004
44 Winchester Court	Vicarage Gate London W8 4AE	
2005316	Mr Neil Gorman	020 7733 4462
51 Iveagh House	Loughborough Road London SW9 7SF	
2005367	Miss Elsa Gubert	020 7435 9172
41 Lancaster Gate	London NW3 4HB	
2005356	Mr Marek Karas	07977 226185
23 Upper Wimpole Street	London W14 6ND	
2005347	Mr Keith Lane	020 8677 5663
22 Dahomey Road	Streatham London SW16 6ND	
2005375	Mr Joe Murphy	020 8870 1240
19 Cicada Road	Wandsworth London SW18 2NN	
2005337	Angela Nockley & Shuet-Kei Cheung	020 8340 2601
63 A Ridge Road	London N8 9NP	
2005395	Mr Derek Penney	
522 Bunyan Court	Barbican London EC2Y 8DH	
2005244	Mr Christopher Remers	
14 Shottendane Road	London SW6 5TJ	
2005380	Mrs Pat Taylor	020 8305 0669
41 Wyndcliff Road	Charlton London SE7 7LP	
2005264	Ruth Tyrrell & David Clemson	07973 847825
Top Floor Flat,	12 Conyers Road Streatham London SW16 6LT	

HOME COUNTIES NORTH

2005287	Mrs Pauline Belward	01727 856455
39 Clarence Road	St Albans Herts. AL1 4NP	
2005366	Ms Rowan Guthrie	07789 321807
Linacre College	St Cross Road Oxford OX1 3JA	
2005393	Mr Terence O'Brien	01235 532593
22 South Avenue	Abingdon Oxon OX141QH	
2005322	Mrs Judy Wright	01628 483870
Winter Hill House	Winter Hill, Cookham Maidenhead Berks. SL6 9TW	

HOME COUNTIES SOUTH

2005235	Mr Kevin Barrett	01795 522921
Beggars Roost,	Lynstead Lane Lynstead Sittingbourne ME9 ORL	
2005257	Mr Anthony Cross & Ms Sue Gardiner	01273 400597
Beeches Cottage	Church Road, Barcombe Lewes E Sussex BN8 5TP	
2005372	Mrs Brenda & Mr Aiden Hogan	020 8698 1936
42 Ashbourne Road	Mitcham Surrey CR4 2BA	
2005373	Mr John Phillips	020 8949 1919
2 Cardinal Cres	New Malden Surrey KT3 3EF	
2005299	Mr D Strike	01932 882154
12 Lime Grove	Addlestone Surrey KT15 1QY	
2005317	St Theodore's RC Church	020 8339 9389
c/o Ms Susie Duffy	7 Walpole Road Surbiton Surrey KT6 6RU	
2005348	Mr Vaughan Tompkins	07768 462646
1 Coombe Farm Cottages	Audens Lane Godalming Surrey GU8 4AP	
2005274	Mr Gerald Wisden, Mr George & Mr Roger Wholstenholme	
12 Ridge Park	Purley Surrey CR8 3PN	

SOUTH

2005315	Corwen Aproch & Kate Fletcher	07815 725114
Oakfield Farm	Horton Way Verwood Dorset BH31 6JJ	
2005288	Mr Ray & Mr Will Hince	01202 673643
72 Stokes Avenue	Poole Dorset BH15 2EB	
2005262	Mrs Alison McCabe	01202 524066
101 Talbot Road	Bournemouth Hants. BH9 2JE	
2005230	Mr John & Mrs Frances Meyer	01380 720417
Nine Hills	Drews Pond Lane Devises Wilts JN10 5JZ	
2005290	Revd Andy Philpott	023 8086 9853
31 Filton Close	Calmore Southampton Hants. SO40 2UW	
2005278	Ms Helen Williams	01420 471233
7 School Lane	Sheet Petersfield Hants. GU32 2AS	
2005389	Mr John Wragg	07802 725003
20 Dardington Road	East Leigh Hants. SO50 6NR	

SOUTH WEST

2005359	Mr Brian & Ms Greta Cooper	01934 814851
The Pines,	Barrow Road Hutton Weston-Super-Mare BS24 9SZ	
2005242	Mr Colin & Mrs Mary Cowley 0117 910 4974	
5 Church Road	Frenchay Bristol BS16 1NB	
2005330	Dr Michael Harper	0117 968 1700
83 Parrys Lane	Bristol BS9 1AN	
2005341	Mr Ian Lange	01395 579572
7 Cotmaton Road	Sidmouth Devon EX10 8EY	
2005354	Mr Stephen Ryman	01736 333324
20 Charles Street	Newlyn Penzance Cornwall TR18 5QB	
2005309	Revd Felicity Walters	01452 383578
82 Bodiam Avenue	Tuffley Glos. GL4 0TL	
2005345	Miss Sarah Williamson	01225 723127
The Old Coach House	Hinton Charterhouse Bath Avon BA2 7SD	

WALES

2005402 Ms Gail Davies 01286 882785
 47 Bro Silyn Talysarn Caernarfon Gwynedd LL54 6AU
 2005284 Mr Barrie Griffiths 01443 424202
 10 Miskin Crescent Miskin Pontyclun R.C.T. CF72 8JL
 2005303 Mr Dermot Ryan 01778 757320
 Glan Aber, Wern Bersham Wrexham LL14 4LT

MIDLANDS EAST

2005266 Mr Arthur & Mrs Valerie Blair 01159 744044
 11 Gleam Road Nottingham Notts. NG11 8PJ
 2005259 Mr Alan & Mr Roger Francis 01162 722682
 12 Kendrick Drive Oadby Leics. LE2 5RR
 2005340 Dr Terry Horsburgh 01162 704253
 80 Knighton Church Road Leicester LE2 3JH
 2005293 Mr John Lofty 01246 234326
 56 Walton Road Chesterfield Derbys S40 3BY
 2005276 Mr Terry & Mrs Margaret Lovett 01332 700242
 Millstone Cottage Church Lane Barrow-on-Trent Derbys DE73 1HB
 2005318 Mr Dave & Mrs Jane Rawlins 01636 626397
 Fenlea, Pump Lane Fenton Newark Notts. NG23 5DF

MIDLANDS WEST

2005321 Mr Keith & Mrs Philippa Atkey 01630 653127
 26 Great Hales Street Market Drayton Salop TF9 1JN
 2005351 Mr Clif & Mrs Penni Barfield Gillis 01902 340844
 31 Vicarage Road Penn Wolverhampton Staffs. WV4 5HY
 2005238 Mr Michael Bushell 01989 730508
 Upper Grove Cottage Sellack Ross-on-Wye Hereford HR9 6LY
 2005295 Mrs Wendy & Mr Jerome Dolan 01743 792264
 The Overs, Hall Bank Pontesbury Nr Shrewsbury Salop SY5 0RF
 2005398 Mr David Rolfe 01952 222619
 66 Dawley Road Wellington Telford Salop TF1 2JF
 2005323 Mr Nick Ross 01214 202901
 123 Willow Avenue Edgbaston Birmingham B17 8HN

EAST ANGLIA

2005233 Ms Fiona & Mrr Tom Brazil 01799 501758
 40 The Wayback Saffron Walden Essex CB10 2AX
 2005308 Ms Maeve Coles 07817 600491
 20 Northgate Avenue Bury St. Edmunds Suffolk IP32 6BB
 2005220 Mrs Mara Dasalla & Mrs Karen Saben 01603 627234
 46 Gloucester Street Norwich Norfolk NR2 2DX
 2005319 Revd John Hibberd 01954 200285
 1 School Lane Swavesey Cambs. CB4 5RL
 2005326 Mr Alan Howard 01708 760905
 2 Bower Close Romford Essex RM5 3SR
 2005364 Mr Ron, Dr Diana & Ms Amanda Naylor 01206 824487
 Millfields, Ballast Quay Road Wivenhoe Colchester Essex CO7 0JT
 2005261 Mrs Alva Semple 01502 723155
 49 Pier Avenue Southwold Suffolk IP18 6BU
 2005272 Mr Jef Wilson & Mr Michael Traher 01603 871121
 Anglebury Whitwell Street Reepham Norfolk NR10 4RA

NORTH EAST

2005350 Mr Mark & Mrs Anne Harrison 01748 821433
 1 Jubilee Court Richmond N Yorks DL20 5FB
 2005292 Mrs Rachel Meyer 01423 523090
 3 Park Chase Harrogate N Yorks HG1 5AL
 2005368 Mr Peter & Mrs Meryl Oliver 01302 539609
 16 Boswell Road Bessacarr Doncaster DN4 7BJ
 2005229 Mr Rob Sharpe 01937 585441
 4 Haweswater Close Wetherby W Yorks LS22 6FG
 2005222 Mr Dave & Mrs Mary Vinnall 07866 417074
 1 Deerness View East Hedleyhope Bishop Auckland Co Durham DL13 4PU
 2005221 Mrs Helen Webster 01904 466074
 The Old School House, 27 Main Street Fulford York Yorks YO10 4PJ

NORTH WEST

2005332 Dr Anthony Carew 01614 498662
 18 Pear Tree Close Marple Bridge Stockport Cheshire SK6 5ER
 2005349 Ms Fran Foster 01768 776776
 Binsey Lodge Ireby Cumbria CA7 1HH
 2005225 Mr Vincent Moss
 1 Welbeck Avenue Mossley Hill Liverpool Merseyside FY8 1DY
 2005298 Mr Edmund & Mrs Pauline Murphy 01619 733766
 89 Park Road Timperley Altrincham Cheshire WA15 6QU
 2005265 Mr Thomas Tyrrell 01624 677348
 Bourne House Woodbourne Road Douglas Isle of Man IM2 3AW

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