

FREE

THE ROCK

Issue 3

PEOPLE | REVIEWS | WHAT'S ON | LOCAL INTERESTS



The Rock is the quarterly magazine of the Costa Blanca Anglican Chaplaincy. For the people about the people whoever you are!

Message from the Editor

Welcome to the third edition of The Rock which covers the period from December 2023 to the end of February 2024. This is our season of celebration spiritually as well as partying out the old year and welcoming the new. While we celebrate the birth of our Lord Jesus in December we also remember those who through war, famine, natural catastrophe or political persecution cannot celebrate or enjoy this time of year. So let us pray for them daily!

Stay safe and live life to the full every day!
Ed

"Great things are done when men and mountains meet; That is not done by jostling in the street." *William Blake*



Once upon a time many years ago in a land far away I used to go to the high mountains to find solace and a true feeling that I was close to God. Now I am older I understand that God is with me where ever I am.

Ed.

Online services

Father Rodney and Father Robin continue to stream a service on Facebook each week. Due to early commitments most Sundays this service will usually be on Saturday at 7pm, but occasionally on Sunday at 10am. Simply open Facebook and search 'Rodney Middleton'. You can also open his Facebook page to check the time of the service, which will be confirmed on Saturday morning. The Service is available for viewing at any time after the live stream.

We have our very own Facebook group page, so please look for Calpe, Albir, La Fustera and Gandia Anglican Church on Facebook, like it and follow it. For information to be included please mail David on dhernandezmitchell@gmail.com

If you have a story you would like to publish in The Rock, then please email it to me. Sports news, jokes or quiz questions are all welcome.

Or if you would like to advertise in The Rock please contact the editor. davidwarblers@gmail.com

**"If you know of someone who
is alone, give them a call
and have a chat!"**

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"Eternity is a long time to think about where you went wrong!"

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A Christmas Greeting 2023

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder and his name shall be called Wonderful Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace". Isaiah 9:6 KJV

Greetings to you from the Costa Blanca Anglican Chaplaincy. May the joy of the angels, the eagerness of the shepherds, the perseverance of the wise men, the obedience of Joseph and Mary and the peace of the Christ child be yours this Christmas.



Christmas is a time for sharing, a time of being together as family and friends, a time to give thanks to God for all that is good and a time to worship the Prince of Peace.

As I write this Christmas message, our world seems less secure, less joyful and lacking in peace. As we celebrate the birth of the Christ child in the land we call holy, may we remember those who are suffering as a result of the conflict between Israel and Hamas. As the war continues to rage between Russia and the Ukraine. we pray for an end to the aggression and for a return to peace.

Most of the aggression in our global village stems from our human desire to put ourselves first. It is a form of greed.

At this time in our human history, it seems that the original temptation of, "becoming like God" has, in various areas of our global reality, become even more evident to the point where we are eliminating or replacing God.

My hope and prayer is that this Christmas may help us to rediscover the beauty of our "humanity", to find the inspiration and motivation to undertake the initiatives to make our world more united, beautiful and peaceful.

On behalf of Frs. Rodney, Robin and Jim and our ministry team, may I wish each one of you living in and around the Costa Blanca a blessed Christmas.

I know that for some Christmas is a difficult time of year for all sorts of different reasons, please be assured of our love and prayers for each and every one of you. May this festive season inspire peace, hope, reconciliation, forgiveness and openness in each one of us, within our families, within our society and within the wider world.

Every blessing.

Fr. Paul



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The Adventures of Walter Part 3.

by Carole Anne Baggaley

Frosty Frobisher

Dad seemed a bit glum this morning. He was sat at his new desk which, by the way, took him nearly all night to assemble because it came as something called a flat pack. Honestly, I learn something new every day. In the end Mom stepped in and of course it was assembled in a flash! That's because she is clever and Dad is not so good with his hands! He is more a figures man, not to be confused with the figure of a lady! The reason for his glumness this morning was, I overheard him say to Mom, "The markets are not doing well." So does that mean we can't get fruit and vegetables? Honestly I thought he was going to cry! I mean, all that over a few fruit and veg!

Anyway later on in the morning he had cheered up no end, in fact I saw him do a little dance. It was horrible to see because he just can't dance. Not one ounce of rhythm in him, poor thing.

I know when they go out to a dance mom has to gyrate around the floor with another man. Dad doesn't mind but he does if he see her in the arms of another man looking a bit too snug!

So thank goodness all is well with him. I hate to see him low. When he gets like that I can usually cheer him up. The trick is to nestle into him, which works a treat. It makes him feel needed.

Because I have noticed he can be a bit needy. I have heard Mom say, "For goodness sake stop behaving like a little boy." Because that's what he is really. Especially when he wants to have a game or a fight with me. It all starts off okay but the trouble is when he has had enough he starts saying "Okay Walter that's enough!" I mean, doesn't he realize that I want more and want to flatten him. Then the next thing



he is shouting in my ear, "Walter will you stop!" and then louder "STOP! STOP!" He is such a wimp!

At times Mom steps in and says, "If you don't stop this minute I will send you to the naughty bed." That does it for me. Sometimes I have sat on it for hours! Shocking, I feel a call to the RSPCA coming on. I don't know who Dad would have to call?

In all my chattering I didn't tell you what sort of dogs we are. We are boxer dogs. I am older than Scarlett, she is still a baby. We are what are called pedigree dogs. I think that means we are special and can go to one of those five star dog hotels if the need arises?

When I have heard the parents talking about the subject Dad retorts "What!" in a loud voice. "Have you seen the fees for those places, absolute scandal? Especially as the markets have fallen!" I wonder where they have fallen to.....

"No chance," Dad says. "They will have to make do with Miss Frobisher. She is half the price!"

Oh no, not old frosty Frobisher! We had to stay there for two nights when there was an emergency. I was stunned to think that they would put us there. After all, five star treatment is the normal order of the day for us! I did whisper to Scarlett if it ever happened again we would run away!

Frosty Frobisher is a spinster. That means she isn't married and I am not surprised. She has a face on her which looks as though she is sucking on a lemon. What man would want to kiss that? It would take a very brave one I suspect!

Her establishment is almost as frosty as she is. We are used to luxurious surroundings and there certainly aren't any there. Her kennels are very basic. Only hard beds to

curl up on and steel bowls for our food and water. I told Scarlett not to complain because Mom said there are lots of dogs who don't have a home and they live on the streets searching for scraps of food and water.

Sometimes the dog catcher goes around in a big white van and collects them up. He takes them to a big, grey, dog orphanage in the country side and there they have to stay and hope some nice family like mine will adopt them. Please, not mine, I like it with just the two of us! Now I am going to woof off as I can hear my food bowl rattling and I need to get to it before Scarlett!! See you next time.

Love Walter.



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BRAIN TEASER TIME!

1. A doctor and a bus driver are both in love with the same woman, an attractive girl named Sarah. The bus driver had to go on a long bus trip that would last a week. Before he left he gave Sarah seven apples. Why?
2. What's special about these words: job and polish?
3. A man stands on one side of the river, his dog on the other. The man calls his dog, who immediately crosses the river without getting wet and without using a bridge or a boat. How did he do it?
4. Turn me on my side and I am everything. Cut me in half and I am nothing. What am I?
5. No matter how little you use me, you change me every month. What am I?
6. What has cities, but no houses; forests, but no trees; and water, but no fish?
7. What is harder to catch the faster you run?
8. What can be swallowed, but can also swallow you?
9. First I am dried, then I am wet. The longer I swim, the more taste you get. What am I?
10. What can be stolen, mistaken, or altered, yet never leaves you your entire life?

Answers: Seek and you shall find!

SPORTS HUMOUR

Rugby Mad! (JD take note)

A fellow had a ticket in a corporate box for the England v Ireland game on Saturday. When he booked it he didn't realise it was the same day as his wedding. So he looked for someone to take his place by advertising - She's five foot four inches tall, very pretty and a really good cook!

Bolton Wanderers are doing really aren't they? Last season we got a corner. *Stu Francis*

When I toured with the Irish rugby team I found social contact with other members of the squad very difficult. They were always using big words like "galvanise" and "marmalade". *Phil O'Callaghan*

Water polo is terribly dangerous. I had two horses drowned under me. *Tony Curtis*

The meek will inherit the earth, but they won't make the green in two. *Lee Trevino*

I got some girl's pants through the post the other day, but I didn't like them; well, they didn't fit to be honest! *Jamie Redknapp*



BENJI *by Calpina*

Benji couldn't sleep. Truth be told, he had not slept well since the destruction of his nationalist village by the Roman forces. He had nightmares. The pungent smell of smoke, the screams of men, the wails of women. The sound of galloping horses, the clash of steel on steel. His father screaming "Run, run, hide!" So Benji ran and hid in a small cave. Now, of his entire family, only he and his older brother remained. They spent weeks hiding from the Roman soldiers and the mercenaries who worked with the soldiers to eradicate all nationalists, Zionists.

Finally, when winter came, they realized that if they wanted to survive they had to find work. The elder brother was desperate, he was only 14 years old, and he had the responsibility of taking care of Benji. They could not enter the villages, they were from a well-known nationalist family. One cold night they saw a small fire on the side of a mountain. It was irresistible and they approached cautiously. Relieved, they saw that it was not soldiers but two shepherds tending their flock, hard work in the winter.

The shepherds took pity on the two orphans. One shepherd, Dani, a man of few words, was also a Zionist hiding from the Romans. The other, Rufus, a grumpy and menacing man, had murdered a Roman and escaped captivity before he could be crucified. They were not comfortable companions but they shared their brazier and food

in exchange for help in caring for the animals.

Benji couldn't sleep. Tonight there was something strange in the air, a rare light, a sound like voices whispering. The others seemed restless as well. The air trembled strangely. Suddenly an almost transparent figure appeared!

"Your king has been born in the village below. Follow the star!" he announced, and disappeared.

The Zionist was left with his mouth open. Rufus did not change his moodiness and frowned. The elder brother looked confused but Benji felt a pleasant warmth and joy flood his being.

"We have to go - we have to go and greet our king," he shouted. "Can we give him a lamb?" he begged.

"I'm going! This is good news! We will have someone who can get rid of the Romans!" exclaimed Dani.

"Well, I'm staying. Any village would be too dangerous for me, and someone has to keep the sheep safe," grumbled Rufus.

"If Benji goes, I will have to go too. I am the only family that he has," said the elder brother.

The three of them made their way cautiously down to the village. In a shack they found a new-born baby and his parents. While Dani talked to the father, the elder brother spoke with the mother, telling her about his lost mother. Benji curled up with the lamb, in a corner of the room and slept.



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THE MOFTAG CLUB OF CALPE CELEBRATES ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL FAYRE

Sunshine and tinsel glistened at the Moftag Christmas Fayre held on Saturday 18th November at Pub Delfin in Calpe.

The total amount raised was €2374 which is largely due to the Raffle ticket sales generated. Moftag is renowned for the high quality of their raffle and this Saturday was no exception with many beautiful gifts and vouchers to be won.

In addition to the raffle there are many stalls selling homemade cakes, sausage rolls, chutneys and marmalades, hand knitted items and beautiful greeting cards.

The Bric a Brac stall did very well with a huge selection of jewellery. On the fun and entertainment side there are games to be played. A fairly new addition is Santa's Sack which is filled with goodies and participants have to guess the weight of the sack. The person closest to the correct weight gets to take the sack of goodies home!

Moftag sincerely thanks all those loyal members of the local community who regularly support them.

As always all the money raised goes to support local Calpe charities such as Cruz Roja Calpe, Maite Boronat, Caritas and the Lynwen Cancer Care nurses.

Moftag is THE longest running English Speaking ladies club in Calpe having been in existence for 45 years. They have a strong social club which meets every Wednesday.

**If you would like more information about Moftag please contact the president:
Jenny Godfrey on mobile 639 139 518, new members are most welcome!**



Anita & Mary on the marmalade and chutney stall



Jenny, Mary, Carolyn and Barbara by the Raffle Table



Eileen & Susan on the Bric a Brac stall

MOFTAG got back into action in January 2023 after a short break during Christmas 2022. It has become a tradition for members to meet on 1st January for a coffee to welcome in the New Year together. After this, the normal Moftag social programme begins with lunches, coffees or breakfasts planned during the month. Sometimes we venture out of Calpe on the tram or with other members who share their cars to enable the ladies to go to theatre performances. Supporting local charities is important for our members and this year Moftag has assisted:-

- The Red Cross with 900€
- Maite Boronat with 700€ for them to purchase more drums for their pupils. The students just love to partake in parades such as The Moors & Christians
- The Fibromyalgia association with 500€ for help with physiotherapy treatments
- The children of E-Maus with a total of 780€ which bought vouchers for the children to purchase sporting equipment for extramural activities.
- We had a joint project with the Lions Club of Calpe to pay for orthodontic treatment for one of the girls after she suffered a nasty fall.

For more information on Moftag contact Jenny on 639 139 518

How to make a classic fruit cake

PEGGY'S FRUIT CAKE – *Diana Pringle*

This is the fastest, most economical and reliable cake recipe I have ever known. The recipe was given to my mother by her friend Peggy, probably in the early 1950s, and I believe that Peggy originally had it from her mother, so it has quite the pedigree.

My mother was still making it on a weekly basis into her seventies, including on one infamous occasion when she went shopping with a neighbour, leaving my father to take the cake out of the oven. She had set a timer for one hour and ten minutes, knowing that would be exactly right, but when she returned home she was horrified to see a flat, unappetising offering. Of course, at first she blamed my poor father for taking it out too early and only, upon reflection, realised that in her hurry to meet her friend she had forgotten to include the sugar! She was teased about it for years afterwards.

I still regularly make this cake – with the sugar – and both my son and my stepdaughter do so for their families too.

The amount of milk differs from time to time, perhaps depending on the size of the egg and the weather. As for the amount of fruit, it really depends on how much you want to put in. Sometimes I put in quite a lot but, if I am running short, then not so much. I don't measure it and it doesn't really matter; it really is the easiest cake I have ever known. These days I use butter rather than margarine, and granulated sugar is also fine.

Ingredients

- 227g self-raising flour
- 170g margarine or butter, straight from the fridge
- 170g sugar
- Mixed fruit by the handful
- 1 egg
- Milk to mix

Method

1. Preheat the oven to 180C fan/gas 6. Prepare a 20cm cake tin either by greasing and flouring the base and sides or by using a liner.
2. In a large bowl, rub the cold margarine or butter into the flour with your fingertips. When fully combined, the mixture should look like breadcrumbs.
3. Stir through the sugar and fruit until well mixed.
4. Mix in the egg and dribble in the milk slowly until you have a stiff-ish mixture (start with about 4 tablespoons).
5. Pour the mix into the prepared tin, making a slight hollow in the centre, then put in the preheated oven for 1hr 10 min.
6. Once cooked (check that a skewer or cocktail stick comes out clean), allow to cool in the tin for 10 min, then turn on to a rack to cool completely before cutting or storing.



This appeared in the Times newspaper 04 May 23 George Lindsey Watson.

THE ORGANS IN MY LIFE

by Elaine Mitchell

I had some of my early organ lessons on a Hammond organ. This was at Abington High School in Wigston, Leicester. The organ had a system of drawbars which allowed you to adjust the volume for each specific sound. I used to practice in the breaks and had some lessons from the music department. I also had weekly lessons at the Wigston Congregational Church.

any of my lessons were from a brilliant but eccentric all round musician and organist, Fred Ault. (He was elderly then, so no longer with us). I had to dash out of school quickly to catch the bus into town (Leicester) to get to the church. He was one of the accompanists for the Leicester Philharmonic Choir.

Organs vary greatly in size, ranging from a cubic yard to a height reaching five floors, and are mainly in churches and concert halls. The organ is one of the oldest musical instruments in the Western musical tradition and has a rich history connected with Christian liturgy. Of course, my favourite type of organ is the pipe organ.

One of our churches in Leicestershire where I played on occasions used a Harmonium; you basically have to 'pedal' the bellows alternately. (No need to go to a gym!) I also remember the church at Houghton on the Hill, one of the villages where I had the privilege of playing, had a 'tracker action' instrument. This is taking my memory back over 60 years and I wish now that I had written down the details at the time.

The Royal College of Organists examination had to be taken in London. I passed the practical with enough points but I failed the written examination.



The practical entailed sight reading, transposition and harmonisation. Then playing three pieces - taking about half an hour. The pieces I chose from extensive lists I remember well - Rhosymedre - a prelude, Widor's Toccato and a Bach Fugue. I have loved Bach both before and since. There were not many weeks when I didn't play Bach as one of the concluding voluntaries at church. Geoff and I had Widor's Toccata as we walked back down the aisle at our wedding. My good friend played that for us and I played it at her own wedding.

Coming back to the churches and organs in Leicestershire - while I was a member of the Leicestershire Fellowship of Church Organists I was able, with the group, to travel each week to a different church in Leicestershire and play the variety of organs. Albeit only for five or ten minutes depending on how many were in the group that week, it is still a great privilege to look back on. We were based at the beautiful church of St James the Greater on London Road in Leicester, opposite the glorious Victoria Park and under the leadership of the Organist there at that time. I learnt such a lot from that group of interesting people. Over the course of a couple of years we played in almost every church in Leicestershire.

I also had the very great privilege of playing the magnificent organ in De Montfort Hall for a packed hall on the occasion of the "Festival of Queens", the purse-bearers from the uniformed organisations around the county handing the charity donations from "Sunny Smiles". I am sure many will remember the little books of 'Sunny Smiles'

Leicester Cathedral Organ. The main organ is more or less as it was built in 1930 by Harrison and Harrison. There are four manuals, pedals and 50 stops. I have had the pleasure of playing the Cathedral Organ. It is certainly magnificent. There was an organ in St Martins Church during the reign of Edward VI 1547 - 1553 - rebuilt and moved several times though. The Cathedral organ has now been moved again since the refurbishment of the Cathedral following the burial of King Richard III

ORGANS IN THE USA

Apart from being in the privileged position to have played many of the organs in Leicestershire I have also had the opportunity to play in Ohio, USA. I was invited to play for a wedding at Al & Bev's church in Westlake, Ohio. Al was the minister there for many years. I have played their organ on two occasions - once in 1973 and again in 1993 when Geoff & I were there with our girls for a family holiday.

During those two visits, I played at Dover Congregation Church in 1973 and Westlake Christian Church in 1993.

We also visited a historical museum "Sauder Farm" and I was invited to play the harmonium there. See picture. This was unplanned, they overheard Al talking to me



about organs. I was told this was a very rare occurrence but they said they would love to hear it played. They gathered other members of staff there as some had never heard it played! I was honoured. More recently, Fr Marcus asked me to play for his installation as Canon at Gibraltar Cathedral. I am far more reluctant to play these days (in my old age!!) with arthritic fingers. However, the occasions still crop up from time to time.

This article was sponsored by Peter Johnson



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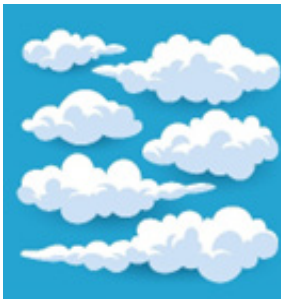


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Church Humour



There was a preacher who fell into the sea and couldn't swim so he prayed to God to save him.

When a boat suddenly appeared the Captain shouted, "Can I help you?"

The preacher replied "No, God will save me" and he carried on praying.

A little later a second boat came along with a fisherman in it

who shouted, "Can I help you?"

The preacher replied "No, God will save me." Eventually the preacher drowned and went to heaven.

When he arrived there the preacher said to God, "Why didn't you save me?" God answered "Fool, I sent you two boats!"

A teacher was explaining to his student that photons have mass! The student replied "I didn't know they were Catholics!"

On interviewing a church warden who was retiring after forty years' service to the church. "You must have seen a lot of changes in your time?"

"Yes and I've resisted every one of them!"

A police officer called the station on his radio. "I need back up here. The vicar's wife has shot her husband for stepping on the floor that she had just mopped."

"Have you arrested her?"

"No, sarge the floor's still wet!"

A little boy was playing in the garden with his mother's broom. Later that night she noticed the broom was missing and asked her son to go into the garden and get it. The little boy confessed he was afraid of the dark. His mother tried to comfort him by saying, "The Lord is out there too, so don't be afraid!"

The little boy opened the back door and looked out. Then he called softly, "Lord since you are out there already, please would you pass me the broom?"

I'm not really a practicing Jew but I keep a kosher kitchen just to spite Hitler!

Miriam Margolyes

There is one passage in the Scripture to which all potentates of Europe seem to have given their unanimous assent and approbation: "There went out a decree in the days of Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed". *Charles Colton*

Brain Teaser Answers!

1. An apple a day keeps the doctor away 2. They are pronounced differently when the first letter is capitalized 3. The river was frozen. 4. The number 8 5. A calendar 6. A map 7. Your breath 8. Pride 9. Tea 10. Your identity.

Pear, Walnut and Stilton Starter from Diana

Take as many pears as you have diners.
Halve the pears and cut a slice from the surface of each half.

Reserve the slices, coated with a little lemon juice. (I usually put them into a shallow bowl with water and lemon juice).

Take out the pear cores with a spoon or melon baller to leave a hollow.

Crumble stilton and chop up walnuts.

Mix with a very little mayonnaise.

Spoon the cheese and walnut mixture into the pear halves.

Put under a hot grill until the cheese is bubbling and beginning to colour.

To serve, place on a few lettuce leaves. Baby Cos such as Little Gem is ideal.

Place the reserved pear slices on top of the cheese, and serve.

I love this starter. I could eat it every day! Yummy! ED



WINTER MOUNTAINEERING IN SCOTLAND

by David Brown

I spent a lot of time training our soldiers to be able to live and move in the mountains in both summer and winter conditions. I know from my forty years' service in the British Army that our soldiers are the best trained and most able troops in the world.

It's just a pity that successive governments have reduced the numbers to a level that it will be difficult for them to defend the UK, let alone help our NATO allies to defend Europe!

*Remember if good men do nothing,
evil will triumph!*

Ed.

Photograph. On the slopes of Buachaille Etive Mor. One translation of this is "Great Herdsman of Etive". It stands guard to the landward entrance to Glencoe and Rannoch Moor.

Max by David Brown - Chapter 1

Max stretched and yawned and listened to Fat George challenging a couple of toughs who had wandered into his patch looking for what they could get for free. Fat George was fat, he was the biggest lump around. From the rear he looked like a beer barrel on legs and from the front it seemed that a face had been stuck on to the front of a huge ball. So because he was fat, those who did not know him thought he was a push over.

Max moved closer to the edge of the roof and looked down onto the scene. The two toughs moved left and right of George, looking to take him on either flank. Little did they know that was just what George wanted! Whoever attacked first would end up being bowled over by the enormous rear end of George's backside, smacking him in the face, while the other would get a left and right delivered so fast he would think that he'd been struck by thunder bolts.

It happened so fast Max almost missed it and before he could yawn a second time the two toughs were running for their lives!

Fat George gave a howl of victory and Max acknowledged it with his own. Duty done, George set off for breakfast as he was worried that all that exercise would have caused him to lose weight and it was the fat that protected him from getting hurt. No one could get to his vital organs through the layers of fat.

Max was as lean as George was fat. Stretched out, Max looked like an athlete who could spring over hurdles or run all day. He was smart and being lean he could get into places that the rest could not. Because of this, George and all the others on the block recognized Max as the boss. However, it was his ability to recognize an opportunity long before anyone else and exploit it to its full potential that really made him their leader.

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Breakfast was a prime example. The couple at flat 4B always had breakfast on a Saturday morning on their small balcony above the tree lined street. He always had a full fried breakfast which the woman would put on the table for him and then call him to get it while she returned to the kitchen for her fruit and yoghurt. In the several seconds before the man reached the table Max had removed the sausage, a large, juicy Cumberland pork sausage and taken it behind the giant Aspidistra pot plant in the corner where he munched away perfectly hidden from sight. As the couple sat down the conversation was always the same.

Him "What no sausage?"

Her "You have already eaten it you glutton!"

Him "No I have not! You forgot to cook it!"

Her "I did not, you are just winding me up!"

So it would go on and while it did, Max would wander un-noticed into the kitchen where, lo and behold, the large tub of yoghurt would be sitting on the work top, lid off. Max would help himself, scooping large amounts straight into his mouth without pause.

As soon as he heard the scraping of the chair on the balcony, he would slip quietly out through the large kitchen window and down the fire escape.

As Max reached the alley which opened on to the leafy street, Fat George came out of Lucky Pepe's Pizza place, licking his lips. Seeing Max, he stepped in beside him and

the pair walked to the end of the alley.

Max's head swung from side to side as he walked, missing nothing with his somewhat sunken eyes. George also swayed from side to side, that is all of George swayed from side to side as he walked.

At the end of the alley they met the rest of the clan who controlled the patch. There was Lenny, a broken tailed tabby of many a tough fight, Ginger who had one ear missing and Miss Nelly, the only female allowed in the clan. She was tough and bigger than most of the guys on the patch and she was Max's

sister. Everyone knew that no one messed with Nelly!

These three made up his shock troops. Max was the brains and planner, with Fat George adding the heavy back up. All the big jobs in the area were controlled by Max and right now he was working on the biggest heist of his life. However, to date he had not shared the plan with any of the clan as even in this tight group someone could let something slip and when you are planning a thing this big Max knew it had to be on a need-to-know basis.

Next issue "Elimination"



Fr Rodney Middleton: Pastoral Chaplain for Calpe, La Fustera and Gandía

Born and bred in Liverpool, and proud of my Scouse roots. As a family we moved to Kirkby in 1965 (I always said I started at the bottom and worked down!) Having moved out of Liverpool educational catchment area (there was no 'parental choice' in those days!) I had to attend the local comprehensive

school, which I resented at first, and then was so thankful for the broad and excellent education I received there. It was after moving to Kirkby at the age of 11 that we started to attend our local church, where I sang in the choir and eventually became an Altar Server. All through Secondary School my ambition was to be a physics teacher - until I realised my Maths wasn't good enough! I certainly had no thoughts about Ordination but looking back I realise that others saw the possibility in me before I saw it myself - especially the Vicar who prepared me for Confirmation.

After A Levels - which were the wonderful combination of English, Latin and Chemistry, perhaps only possible in a large Comprehensive school - I tried my hand at a degree in psychology in London. Well, I loved the psychology but hated London! But my time there did give me the opportunity to assess just what I wanted to do with my life. And the answer clearly became to offer myself for Ordination. It was to be a long - but very enjoyable - journey.

Five years of studying Divinity (theology) at St Andrews University in Scotland were followed by a further two years at Theological College in Oxford. Then came Ordination in 1982, serving at a Liverpool parish for almost five years before being asked to found a new parish on the edge of Southport. This was to be an ecumenical venture shared by the Church of England and the Methodist Church.

After almost nine years there I was appointed as Vicar of St James the Great, Haydock, where I remained for almost twenty-two years - right up to (so-called!) 'early retirement' (at the age of 63), when I was appointed as an Assistant Chaplain of the Costa Blanca Chaplaincy. I was joined in my journey to Spain by Father Robin Pettitt, whom I had first met at Theological College. He became (and remains) the BOGOF: 'Buy One Get One Free'! Together we share pastoral responsibility for Calpe, La Fustera and Gandía congregations. It's been a very interesting - and challenging - six and a half years so far.

Who knows what the future will bring, but as I keep telling friends back in the UK, the wine and the sunshine make the journey easier!

ORBA WARBLERS GOLF SOCIETY

The Orba Warblers Golf Society is one of the most active societies on the Costa Blanca, visiting over 15 golf courses each year, many of them multiple times. From Alicante up to Valencia, this ensures a wide variety of experiences from remote and arid mountain courses, lush green fairways and valleys, through to city centre, urbanized courses. Designed by such golfing superstars as Jose Maria Olazabal, Seve Ballesteros, and many others, they offer a terrific challenge for all levels of golfers.



further inland, some further south, but on match days, which is every Wednesday, we all meet up together in a merry mixture, sharing cars, travel, company and costs.

However well or poorly we play, the clubhouse and friends await us at the end of the round.

Our most recent event was our very own Ryder Cup pairs match play competition, 32 of us playing at a local course, Oliva Nova, with Europe winning 4 ½ to 3 ½. Throughout the year we play stablefords, medals, scrambles, pairs and compete for around 20 trophies and honours.

If you are interested in playing golf, as and when you want, without joining a club which has extortionate debentures, joining and annual fees, then get in touch with us.

For further info. Contact via our website orba-warblers.golf-club.website/ or email Julian Leckie, julianleck@aol.com



The Warblers, founded in the mid-1990s have members from 3 handicap up to 33 or higher handicap.

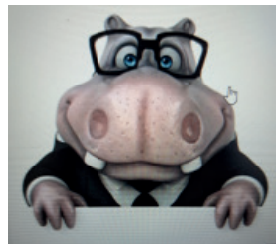
Our group consists of working and retired residents, as well as visiting "swallows", all from the UK, EU and USA.

Most of us who are resident here live in the Marina Alta area, particularly Javea, Jalon and Orba, Denia, Moraira and Calpe. Some

"THE HIPPOPOTAMUS" *Poem by T S Elliot*

The broad-backed hippopotamus
Rests on his belly in the mud;
Although he seems so firm to us
He is merely flesh and blood.
Flesh and blood is weak and frail,
Susceptible to nervous shock;
While the True Church can never fail
For it is based upon rock.

"There are nine verses in all and worth reading." Ed



*"I'm not Elliot! I just popped in
for a cup of tea!"*



JIBC SERVING THE COMMUNITY

Javea International Baptist Church (JIBC) is an English-Speaking church which was inaugurated in 1998 and has been serving the Expat Community of Javea ever since. Like many churches and businesses, the activities of the Church were hit hard during Covid. Having come out the other side we have been steadily reintroducing some of these activities with some refinements covering the changing needs of the community.

JIBC is fortunate to have an established, well-equipped cafe within the Church Centre which has always been used to great affect. The Ukraine War and the subsequent refugees that found themselves in Javea were initially catered for with several families provided with meals and clothing. As this need settled down with some returning home or to other countries or settling into Javea gaining work and



accommodation a new need presented itself in the form of the isolated and lonely within the Javea community.

The Church Café was renamed The Meeting Place and friendship@the meeting place arrived. It is run by volunteers from within the Church fellowship with free Coffee and delicious cakes served between 11:00a.m - 1:00p.m every Friday. Something that became evident as this activity got underway was that there were many within our own fellowship that suffer from loneliness. These too were invited and enjoy the company and new friends that they make.

JIBC's other activities include:

- Sunday Church Service at 10.30.
- Children's Time Out Sunday morning activity.
- Mid-week Life Groups.
- Monthly Film Night.
- Bi-monthly Church Breakfast.
- Carols in the Port.

For further information on any of the above please refer to the contact options as below.

Javea International English Speaking Baptist Church

Carrera Favara 8, 03730, Javea, Alicante

Web: javeabaptist.es

email: mal.thomas.jibc@gmail.com

WhatsApp: +34 (0)711 092 2655 (Ma Thomas)



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Hablamos Castellano

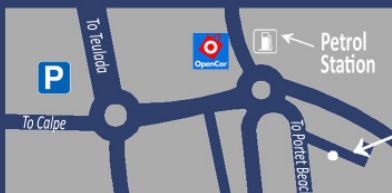


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Treasures of the Costa Blanca *by David Brown*

Even though I have lived on the Costa Blanca for more years than I like to remember it still

throws up treasures that give me great pleasure. Recently I was introduced to a treasure of liquid gold by a friend called Alan. One interpretation of the name Alan is fox. Don't know why I put that in.

Anyway, foxy Alan was without transport on a day when he needed to go to Althaia. I'm told that is the old name for Altea. He wished to visit a craft brewery which apparently made a large variety of craft beers brewed by pixies at night with water that flowed from a secret spring high on the mountain side of the Puig Campana. That's the big mountain that overlooks Benidorm. (Okay, I think Alan made up the bit about pixies!)

In the brewery is a bar where you can try the different special brew of various strengths. Nutty ones, fruity ones, blond lager, Black Rye IPA, American pale ale and many more. Be careful of the smoked imperial stout at 10.4% strength.

For the driver there is a pleasant sin alcohol IPA or you can do what I did and take away a mixed six pack. Lovely!

The Althaia Mediterranean Brewery is well worth a visit. Just Google it for directions.



POLLY'S

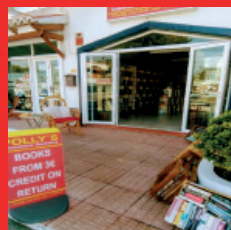
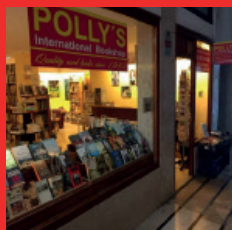
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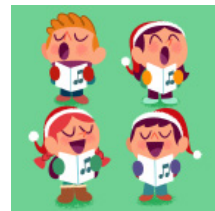
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Christmas Joy



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Tuesday 19th

December - 11am

Carols on the Beach by the Albir Anchor. Chairs will be provided

Tuesday 19th December - 4pm Service of Lesson & Carols at the Norwegian Seafarers Church.

Monday 25th December - 9.30am
Christmas Day service.

JAVEA

Friday 15th December - 4pm Christmas Joy by Cantamus at Ermita del Popul, Jávea.

Tickets 12€. Call 965 581 483

EL CAMPELLO

Monday 25th December - 12.00
Christmas Day service.

GANDIA

Monday 25th December - 12.00
Christmas Day service.

CALPE LA MERCED

Sunday 10th December - 1pm Christmas fellowship lunch at the Gran Sol Hotel

Tuesday 19th December - 6.30pm Carol Service La Merced Church followed by mince pies & mulled wine at the campsite.

Monday 25th December - 10.30am
Christmas Day service.

ALBIR

Saturday 16th December - Annual Christmas Dinner provided for the men at the Gandia Hospice.

LA FUSTERA

Wednesday 13th December - Christmas Carol Service

Tuesday 23rd January - Burns Night Supper and Dancing

Tuesday 13th February - Pancakes and jam. Oh yummy! Ed

DENIA

Friday 8th December - 4pm Carol Service followed by mince pies and mulled wine at the Ermita, Las Rotas.

Organisations that may be of assistance to you

MOFTAG Calpe : Jenny 639 139 518

HELP of Marina Alta : 686 320 435

Lynwen's Nurses : Jayne 634 345 685

Widows & Widowers Orba : Julie 639 176 812



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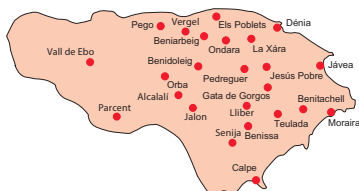
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CHRISTMAS IN SPAIN

by Gail Mitchell.

Costa Blanca is home to a diverse community and everyone can enjoy their own traditions at Christmas. Numerous fayres, concerts, dinners and festivities are held with the majority raising funds for charity.

Each year the Costa Blanca Anglican Churches hold Christmas Services, which are well attended, and much joy is shared in coming together to sing Christmas Carols. Spain has it's own traditions and throughout Spanish towns and homes one will find Nativity Scenes called "Portal de Belén" meaning Stable of Bethleheh. The Nativities are more than a few figures, They are a huge nativity scene of houses, markets, farms and rivers with figures of people and animals.

The Festive Season in Spain has the following special days:

22 December the Spanish Christmas lottery "El Gordo" meaning the fat one. The lottery draw is televised live and the winning numbers are sung by children. Everyone watches and waits to see if their numbers come up.

24 December Noche Buena, Christmas Eve. Families come together to enjoy the main Christmas meal. All kinds of dishes are cooked and desserts prepared. At 9pm the King's Speech is televised. At midnight the Catholic Church hold a service called the "Misa del Gallo" meaning The Mass of the Rooster celebrating the birth of Jesus. In some homes Father Christmas visits on this night. In the Basque Country presents are left by Olentzero and in Catalonia and Aragon from Tio de Nadal (not the tennis player!!!)

25 December Christmas Day "El dia de Navidad" The family gathers again to eat a smaller meal.

28 December Dia de los Santos Inocentes.

The Spanish version of April Fool's Day when someone plays a joke on you they shout "Inocente, inocente" sometimes a popular prank is to tape a stick figure on your back!

Over Christmas, in many homes, plates of turrón together with moscatel wine are at hand for visitors. Roscon de Reyes which is a sweet bread like cake topped with candied fruits and crushed almonds. It looks like a very large donut and is eaten on 6 January Epiphany. To celebrate the arrival of the Three Wise Kings in Bethlehem.

31 December New Year's Eve, Nochevieja.

Families or friends gather for a meal to welcome in the New Year.

People also gather in plazas to eat the 12 lucky grapes "12 uvas de la suerte". During the last 12 seconds of the year everyone eats 12 grapes to bring them luck throughout the whole new year. After the grapes, there are many parties, dances and discos. It is not unusual for people to arrive home after 6 am.

1 January New Year's Day. Many people sleep in to recover from the night before. In many towns, there are New Year concerts of classical music to be enjoyed.

5 January A very exciting day for children. Each city and town organise a Christmas Parade with floats, people in costume and musicians. The Three Kings take part waving at the children. Often they are riding on camels.

On arriving home, children leave their shoes out for the kings to leave their gifts. If they have been naughty sweets looking like coal is left in a small sack pouch.

6 January Three Kings Day. The children open their presents. Roscon with hot chocolate is enjoyed by the whole family. The children play with their new toys all day as school starts in a day or 2. Unfortunately the Christmas Festivities come to an end.

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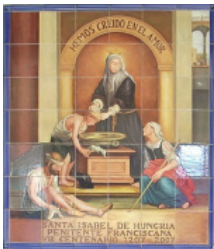
Albir
Calle de Marte, 8
03581 Albir, Alicante
Service times: Sunday 9.30



Jávea
Ctra. de Jesus Pobre, 160
03737 Jávea, Alicante
Service times: Sunday 9.45
(9.30 July to September 11)
Wednesday 10.30



EL Campello
Carrer Bernat Metge, 3
03560 El Campello, Alicante
Service times: Sunday 12.00



Gandia
The Chapel of the Fransican
Hospice, CV 686, 671.
07600, Palma de Gandia
Service times: Sunday 12.00



La Fustera
Avinguda Fustera, 33-39
03720 Benissa, Alicante
Service times: Sunday 12.15



Calpe
Parroquia Nuestra Señora
de la Merced
Av. Jaime I El Conqueridor /
Av. de la Merced, 2
03710 Calpe, Alicante
Service times: Sunday 10.30



Dénia
Ctra. Provincial del Barranc
del Monyo, 39
03700 Dénia, Alicante
Service times: Sunday 12.00



Forum Mare Nostrum
Alfaz del Pi
Service times: Thursday 11.00
2nd Thursday of the Month -
Healing Service

*"Love must be sincere. Hate what is evil; cling to what is good." Romans 12:9 and
"Hatred stirs up strife, but love covers all sins." Proverbs 10:12*