

THE ROCK

FREE
Issue 6

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

Good bye summer, hello autumn! It's time to say good bye to all the summer holiday makers and settle into the arrival of cooler weather and Thanks Giving and of course Remembrance day.

Thanks Giving to God for the harvest gathered. Remembrance when we remind ourselves of the ultimate sacrifice made by those not only in the two great wars but the many conflicts since 1945. Sacrifices still being made today by many throughout the world! Let us pray for their safety in the fight against evil.

It's a year and a half since the introduction of the first issue of The Rock the quarterly parish newsletter of the Costa Blanca Anglican Chaplaincy (CBAC). I would like to thank all those who advertise or sponsor the cost of producing The Rock because without your help it couldn't continue.

I hear people say "oh the church has got plenty of money!" That simply isn't true. The CBAC like any parish in England has to be self-funding. Any spare money goes to our Diocese in Europe to help others. For instant at the start of the war in Ukraine ten thousand euros was sent to Kiev for the church there to help look after those displaced by the Russian invasion. This came from the church members pockets. And so it goes on. There is always someone in need. Not everyone need financial help some just need company and a chat. We can all spare time for that.

Stay safe and strong. Try and be nice to someone each day it can make you feel really good!

Ed.



Soaring high in Canada! The Editor when he didn't know better because what goes up must come down and on that day at the landing site was a large bear waiting for his lunch! I survived just! Ed



THE CHURCH
OF ENGLAND

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 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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Walter Part 6.

by Carole Anne Baggaley

Off to hunt for that "Mr. Fox"

I was lying in the garden by the gate enjoying the warm sunshine. Scarlet was nowhere to be seen but probably up to some mischief.

Suddenly I heard some noise in the lane which sounded like a small pony trotting along.

Suddenly at the gate was Henry from the village. His parents are the Bartons from the big house near the church. Henry is a Great Dane and his head is higher than our gate. Honestly he is huge. I swear he could enter the Grand National as a horse and probably win it!

"Hi Henry," I said. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm out for a run to see if it makes me feel better. I have had a really disturbed night with very little sleep."

"Well, I'll join you because neither have I." I replied. "It's that pesky fox from Chase Wood. He was in our garden last night rooting around our bins again. I feel so exhausted!"

"Same for me," Henry mumbled.

"Well Henry I think it's time we did something about it."

"Okay Walter but what can we do?"

Now Henry may be able to win a Grand National but in other ways he is not so bright.

"We are going to hunt him down!" I declared.

"But how are you going to get out of the garden, Walter?"

"Henry do I have to think of everything? Look come to the gate and put your nose under



the latch and push it up."

Henry did as I instructed and the gate swung open. Slipping out we made our way to Chase Wood and where the trees started I told Henry to use his big nose to sniff for Mr Fox.

Now I've said it before that Henry is not the brightest torch around but he is excellent at sniffing and off he went, nose down to the ground searching back and forth.

Suddenly his head is up and he's shouting "Walter over here, this is where he lives!"

"Are you certain?" I asked.

"Yes, yes I know his smell anywhere."

And sure enough right in front of Henry was a hole just the right size for a fox.

Before I could say anything there was a lot of noise behind me and through the trees came my sister Scarlet. Excited and breathless she gasped "What are you doing? I want to join in, let me, let me please!"

"Shush and listen," I said. Sure enough we could hear a loud snoring coming from the hole.

"Right, we can soon fix him. He has kept us awake all night so now it's his turn."

We all sat close to the hole and barked and howled together. Scarlet was the

Walter Part 6. (cont.)

highest pitch like a soprano. Henry howled in a low baritone and I reigned supreme with a magnificent tenor!

After a minute or two we stopped and listened but all we could hear was the same snoring.

"Okay," I said feeling quite put out. "This time it's everything we have, full throttle!"

And like the perfect choir we barked and howled our hearts out!

Just as we were really getting going a booming voice roared out behind us. We jumped round startled and standing before us was Mr Jackson the game keeper. His face was flushed red with anger and he had a large gun under his arm.

"What are you doing here he demanded?" shifting the gun into his hands.

Scarlet was shaking with fear (that's a first). Henry, as usual didn't have a clue as to what was going on and just grinned.

I being the brightest and bravest knew what to do, so shouted "Run, run for your lives!"

We took off at high speed with Henry heading for the village and Scarlet and I dashing for home.

We made it back safely, thankful to be alive and do you know what, the parents didn't even know we had been away. Typical!

Next time part 7 - A Day at the Country Fair



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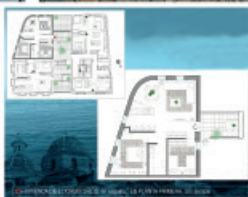
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THANK YOU!

*By Fr Rodney Middleton Assistant Chaplain
(and scouser born and bred)*

'Don't forget to say Thank You'. How many of us remember our mums saying this to us when we went off to a birthday party when we were kids? Saying 'Thank You' is one of the most important things we can say to someone - and also one of the most important things we can hear.

When we learn a foreign language one of the first words or phrases we learn is the word or phrase for 'Thank You'. Of course, here in Spain it's 'Gracias' or 'Muchas gracias'.

One of my favourite films is Shirley Valentine. I have some issues with the accents and the locations - which are all supposed to be in and around Liverpool, and none of which are! Being a Scouser born and bred I think gives me a sort of authority to judge what is 'authentic' and what is not! But apart from these few misgivings I still think it's a great film.

One of my favourite scenes is when Shirley is seen coming out of the bookshop clutching her newly-bought Greek phrase book which she plans to take on holiday to the Greek island of Mykonos; a holiday won in a raffle by her friend Jane. And as she's walking out of the shop she keeps repeating the same word: 'Efharisto; efharisto; efharisto'. (I'm sorry I can't type in the Greek alphabet on my lap-top!) Of course, what Shirley is repeating is the Greek word for 'Thank You'. The reason I would like to be able to type in Greek is because the word for 'Thank You' in Greek hasn't change in over two thousand years. The pronunciation may have changed a bit, but the word itself still appears exactly the same as when Jesus and his disciples would have used it two thousand years

ago. And you can bet that Jesus and his disciples - like virtually every one of his time - would have spoken Aramaic, Hebrew, and certainly enough Greek and Latin to get by. As far as scholars can work out, the Greek word for 'Thank You' in the time of Jesus (and in the time when the Scriptures were written in Greek) would have been pronounced, 'Eu-charisto'. Does that look familiar to some of you? It should - because it's exactly the same word we use to describe our worship each Sunday: Eucharist.

The Eucharist is the supreme act of worship - and also the supreme act of thanksgiving - that we can offer to God, through his Son, in the power of the Holy Spirit. When we gather each Sunday to celebrate the Eucharist, we are saying 'Thank You' for so many things; for the Word of God; for the opportunities to read and learn from it; for our fellowship within the Church of God, the Body of Christ in the world; but chiefly - as the 'old Prayer Book' says in the General Thanksgiving - for the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ.

So every time we gather to celebrate the Eucharist we are saying one big 'Thank You' to God.

One day on which we say a special 'Thank You' is when we celebrate our Harvest Thanksgiving.

This we will be doing in all our Churches on OCTOBER 6th.

Come and join us as we sing the familiar hymns, and say 'Thank You' to our loving Creator God, for all the good gifts around us.

**Like Shirley Valentine, come and say,
'EFHARISTO'!**



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Church Humour



A kindergarten teacher was walking around observing her classroom of children while they were drawing pictures. As she got to one girl who was working diligently, she asked what the drawing was.

The girl replied, 'I'm drawing God.' The teacher paused and said, 'But no one knows what God looks like.'

Without looking up from her drawing, the girl replied, 'They will in a minute.'

Moses' first and last day as a lifeguard.



It was Palm Sunday but because of a sore throat, 5-year-old Johnny stayed home from church with a sitter.

When the family returned home, they were carrying several palm fronds. Johnny asked them what they were for.

'People held them over Jesus' head as he walked by,' his father told him.

'Wouldn't you know it,' Johnny fumed, 'the one Sunday I don't go and he shows up.'



Visiting his grandparents, a small boy opened the big family Bible. He was fascinated as he fingered through the old pages. Suddenly, something fell out. He picked it up and found that it was an old leaf that had been pressed flat between the pages. 'Mama, look what I found,' he called out.

'What have you got there, dear?' his mother asked.

With astonishment in his voice, the boy answered, 'I think it's Adam's underwear!'



"And if you don't have an attorney we have millions of them"

Muldoon lived alone in the Irish countryside with only a pet dog for company. One day the dog died, and Muldoon went to the parish priest and asked, 'Father, me dog is dead. Could ya' be saying' a mass for the poor creature?'

Father Patrick replied, 'I'm afraid not; we cannot have services for an animal in the church. But there are some Baptists down the lane, and there's no tellin' what they believe. Maybe they'll do something for the creature.'

Muldoon said, 'I'll go right away Father. Do ya' think \$5,000 is enough to donate to them for the service?'

Father Patrick exclaimed, 'Sweet Mary, Mother of Jesus! Why did ya' not tell me the dog was Catholic?'

This page is sponsored by Roger Davies

ORBA WARBLERS GOLF SOCIETY

Received from our overseas correspondent, Paul Gilbert:-
Sunday 25th August 2024.

Three Intrepid Orba Warblers played in the annual Daniels day at Bognor Regis GC.

The day is for Daniel Hoare who at the age of 24 was running for a train at Chichester, had a massive heart attack and sadly died. I think this is the 12th year this has been running and they have raised in excess of 100k.

The 3 Orba Warblers, Graham Forest Jones, Terry Kimber and myself were supported by fellow Goodwood GC member Stuart Anscombe. His initiation as an honorary Warbler involved the usual round of drinks bought at the halfway hut! (Obviously not bought by you Warblers - Ed).

We battled the elements with winds of up to 33 mph and the usual British Summer weather of cloud and sunshine! A hearty BBQ was consumed before our round. We arrived wind swept and interesting (predictive text??? - Ed) at the clubhouse after our round, to be greeted by live music, much banter and a huge raffle.

I can say we did not win anything for the golf or in the raffle, we were 20th out of 29. A good time was had and in the true Orba Warblers tradition we complained about handicaps, the greens, the weather and the cost of the drinks!

(Good to know they continued on as they do here in Spain, but what about the bunkers? - Ed).

We were asked about our team name, explained, but declined to sing!
A great day out and for a great cause.
Hope that is ok, photo of the day attached.
Cheers

Paul Gilbert



**Well done boys.
A great effort and thank
you for representing the
Warblers.**

If you are looking for a friendly golf society to join, contact us through our website below, or email Julian Leckie
julianleck@aol.com
<https://orba-warblers.golf-club.website>



HUMOUR - go on have a laugh



"You're fired, Jack. The lab results just came back, and you tested positive for Coke."



An engineer dies and reports to the Pearly Gates. Saint Peter checks his dossier and not seeing his name there, accidentally sends him to Hell. It doesn't take long before the engineer becomes rather dissatisfied with the level of comfort in Hell.

He soon begins to design and build improvements. Shortly thereafter, Hell has air conditioning, flush toilets and escalators. Needless to say, the engineer is a pretty popular guy.

One day, God calls Satan and says: "So, how are things in Hell?"

Satan replies: "Hey, things are going great. We've got air conditioning, flush toilets, and escalators. And there's no telling what this engineer is going to come up with next."

"What!" God exclaims: "You've got an engineer? That's a mistake - he should never have been sent to Hell. Send him to me."

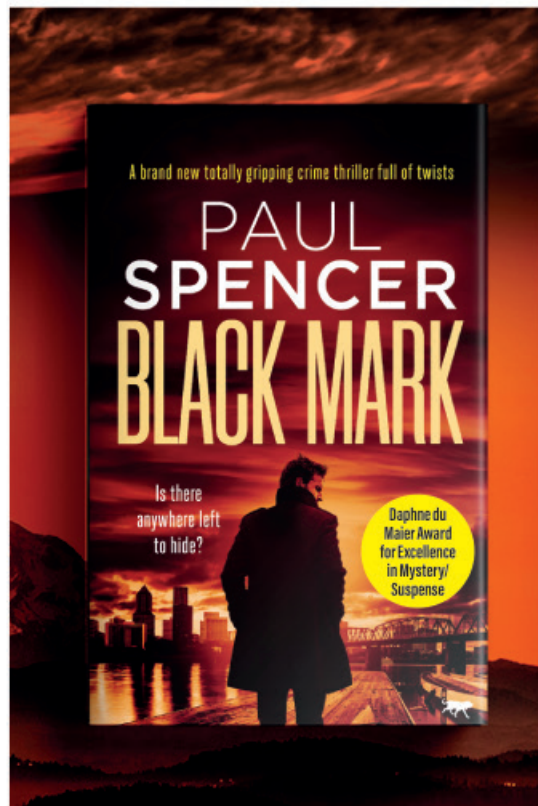
"Not a chance," Satan replies: "I like having an engineer on the staff, and I'm keeping him!"

God insists: "Send him back or I'll sue."

Satan laughs uproariously and answers: "Yeah, right. And where are you going to get a lawyer?"



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This page is sponsored by Roger Davies

MAX

by David Brown

Trapped!

The snores and meows of cats with overloaded bellies resonated through the ware house. Max knew it was time to leave the treasure trove of cat food before the watch keeper did his rounds. He sent Lenny to get everyone ready and one at a time they struggled through the loose air grill. Max was taking his time grooming himself when he heard a commotion at the grill. Pushing through the feline crowd, Max was confronted by the overly large rear end of Fat George, well and truly stuck in the grill. George had struggled to get in but now he had consumed vast quantities of food he had expanded to blimp size.

Max ordered Lenny and others to pull him back into the ware house. After much heaving on his legs and cries of pain from George he hadn't moved an inch.

"What do we do now?" asked Nelly. "He's eaten so much he has blocked the only way out."

Max sent one of the others to fetch some greasy cat sausage that was turning a bit rancid. He then ordered it to be rubbed around the edges of the vent and then told everyone to push rather than pull.

"I think he's moving" shouted Lenny.

After several minutes of hard pushing Nelly exclaimed, "No he's not". At that point they all slumped down exhausted.

Max sat in the corner and pondered the situation. The man did his rounds every two hours and they had been in the warehouse for over an hour. On his first visit to the warehouse the air vent had been the only way in that he had found at ground level. Lenny looked over at his leader but knew better than to disturb him when he held his head low and had his eyes half shut.



Max was annoyed with himself for letting the situation arise. It would be days before George lost enough fat to be pushed out of the air vent and they didn't have that long. Even if they found another way out it would mean abandoning George which, at this point in time, Max wasn't prepared to do. Max studied George, that is, he studied his large back side wedged tight to the air vent. The problem was, thought Max, that as George tried to force his way through the vent all his fat had been forced backwards creating large blob that now could not squeeze through.



The mistake had been trying to push George through and wedging him tighter. They needed to be outside pushing him back in! Then what? One problem at a time Max decided.

Max ordered Lenny to take some of the others and scout the warehouse at ground level in case he had missed some escape hatch on his first visit. Meanwhile, he set off up the mountain of pet food closely followed by Nelly. The highest point was just a few inches from the girders that held up the roof and balancing carefully they set off along the central girder. At the end they could see daylight coming through a mesh netting placed there to stop birds getting in. A few slashes of razor-sharp claws soon opened up the mesh. Max looked down. About ten feet below was the flat roof of the watchman's building. The drop was nothing to Max or any self-respecting cat. Except Fat George who would probably go straight through the roof.

Max sent Nelly to bring up the rest of the gang. Max dropped lightly onto the roof below and then waited for the others to join him. Then a similar drop to the ground below and they raced round to where

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

This page is sponsored by David Brown author of The Darkness

George's head and shoulders were poking through the vent. The two irregulars who had got out first were sitting out of claw range of George while taunting him. Max explained what was to happen and without delay two of the biggest irregulars and Lenny pushed hard on George's head.

At first there was no movement then suddenly George was no longer there. Only large amounts of fur remained but of George there was no sign.

Max poked his head through the hole. George was sitting on the floor looking dazed. Max snapped at him to get his attention and explained what he was to do. With the exception of Lenny and four of the irregulars Max and the others sat in the long grass by the hole in the fence and watched. Right on time the watch man came out of his building and walked to the warehouse door and unlocked it. His mutt followed and sat on the path and had a scratch. As the man pushed the door open Fat George raced out. Well raced might be an exaggeration, a reasonably fast blob would have been a better description. As George passed the mutt it must have thought "revenge is mine" and took off after George, who did a sharp left turn round the watchman's building where Lenny and team were waiting. The



mutt rounded the corner only to be met by five sets of fangs, claws and fiery eyes.

The mutt's memory of the first encounter was still fresh and he wasn't going in for a second dose.

He skidded right and took off to the far corner of the compound hoping that the paws from hell would not follow him.

Later that evening Max and the gang sat in their favourite alley and discussed a further visit to the warehouse but they all agreed that George would have to stay outside and they would throw out to him a cat sausage through the vent.

George did not look pleased but did not disagree!

The End. No not yours George!

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TALES FROM THE DIOCESE

by Jillian Ribbons

2. THE BUS STOP

I am often asked why the Russian populace puts up with whatever: the war, the economic situation, the imprisonment of political opponents or even their deaths. In response I can only talk about the bus-stop. I was waiting for a bus at about 4pm one Saturday afternoon in the centre of Moscow. Waiting with me were 6 or 7 middle aged women, carrying their shopping. And we waited. And the queue got longer. And silent. It was eerie. In England such a group would start muttering after a few minutes, telling each other about how the service was getting worse and whose fault they thought it was. No one spoke and no one caught anyone else's eye. After about an hour a passer-by told us that no buses were running on that route. The queue remained silent, not even a sigh of exasperation, and they quietly dispersed. No one asked why, or why there was no notice: they just took it as a given.

To understand this, you have to remember that most Russians were serfs/slaves until the early 20th Century, bound to landowners who spoke French in preference to Russian, a language they despised. These landowners had power of life and death and you did not upset them. After the Revolution, Stalin came to power and eventually managed to kill more Russians than even Hitler.

No-one gainsaid Stalin. And lived. There was the brief Spring in the 1990s but now things seem to have reverted to the Russian norm.

In that atmosphere, you could not allow uncontrolled religion, particularly Christianity, so the Orthodox Church became the accepted religion, controlled



by the State. No other religions were allowed to have meeting places - except the Anglicans who had been given a permit in the 16th century by Ivan the Terrible! St Andrews was built in 1883 and operated until 1920, when the building was confiscated for use as a girls' hostel. In the 1960s it was handed to the state recording company, Melodiya, who occupied it until 2001. Permission to hold services in the building was given during the State Visit of the Queen and in 1994 permission to co-occupy with Melodiya was given.

In the late 1990s, the signs of Melodiya's occupation were obvious. The altar had not only been removed but a sound-proof control box had been placed just where the altar should have been. The chaplain officiated from a kitchen table at the top of the altar steps and the walls were festooned with sound baffles. There were no pews (if there ever had been). Melodiya moved out in about 2000, soon after the Chaplain (the Rev Canon Chad Coussmaker) had discreetly mentioned to the Patriarch their unsuitable plans to hold a fashion parade in the church on GoodFriday. Chad was the first permanent Chaplain since the expulsion of the previous

incumbent in 1920 and was arguably in a difficult position: for this reason he and his wife had the protection of diplomatic passports and were officially members of the British Embassy. He not only had the job of dealing tactfully with the Patriarch but did it so well that St Andrew's was presented with the 'lost' icon of the St Petersburg Anglican Church, which had gone missing after WW1. I am not quite sure how I had pictured icons before I saw them in the Armoury Museum but I was initially disappointed: they were exquisite paintings of saints on bare wooden boards about the size of a coffee-table book. It took me some time to realise that the bare board had originally been covered with a thick layer of gold which had subsequently been ripped off, presumably at the time of the revolution. The origin of the word 'iconoclasm' then dawned on me!

By 1998 the church was growing from the influx of employees of western companies and institutions who were attempting to establish themselves in Russia. St Andrews

welcomed all types of Protestant (while Roman Catholics attended services in the US Embassy) but it was difficult for people outside Moscow to attend. Small home churches sprang up, working within the Russian guidelines, and at Easter the then Bishop of Gibraltar came to visit and advise them.

It was rather reminiscent of St Paul touring the early churches in the Near East. Another similarity to St Paul was his need to rule on the different traditions of the various churches. One of the most contentious was the age at which children were permitted to take communion: some American churches apparently had no lower age limit for confirmation, with the result that toddlers had already been confirmed and were being presented for the Eucharist.

The Bishop was not happy, his view being "our church our rules"

Juanma López

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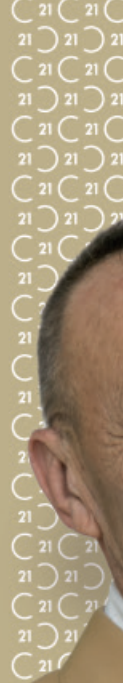


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Ingredients

50 grams dried cranberries soaked in red wine for 2 days

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2 medium dried onions

Cooking method

Gently fry livers, onions and garlic in butter until thoroughly cooked BUT not brown.

Pour in glass of red wine previously used to soak cranberries.



Continue cooking on a very low heat until wine is almost completely absorbed.

Blend until texture is as desired i.e. less if Paté wanted or more if mousse preferred.

Stir in cranberries leaving a few aside to decorate at the end of the process.

Spoon into earthenware dish and leave in fridge until firm.

Melt a little butter to pour over the top and add a bay leaf and cranberries to decorate.

Ready to serve within an hour

Enjoy

Calpe place of worship Raffle results June 16th 2024

Kevin Cussell - Coffee Maker

Sally Lewis - 2 bottles of cava

Hugh & Beverly Stuart - Food and drink Hamper

Sylvia Evans - 3 bottles of wine

Hugh & Beverly Stuart Bottle of Liqueur and Box of Chocolates

Sylvia Evans - Paddington Bear with chair and his own marmalade

Paul Gilbert - Box of scented candles

This page is sponsored by Rita Calderwood



THE LIONS INTERNATIONAL CLUB OF CALPE & BENISSA

The Calpe and Benissa Lions had a visit at the end of the Lions' year in June, from the retiring Governor, Tania Enriquez. The Lions have had a very successful year, having donated nearly 20,000 euros to various local charities, such as the Maite Boronat Day Centre, the Cruz Roja and Caritas Calpe and Benissa.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who have supported us, either at an event, donating to our shop or purchasing from it. A big thanks also goes out to our volunteers who help in the shop. Our charity "Emporium" is on calle Pintor Sorrolla, 15, Calpe, and is open from 10am to 1pm, Monday to Saturday. After closing for the month of August, the shop will re-open on Monday, the 2nd

of September. All donations are gratefully accepted, and we are always happy to receive new members to the Lions, and of course new volunteers.



On Sunday, the 6th of October, at 6pm, we will be holding a "Picnic in the Park" type concert in the fabulous grounds of Finca Jacaranda, in Pedremala. Price 12 euros. The wonderful duet "Moonshine" will be performing with a cameo performance from the lovely lady's choir "Caprice".

For more information on the Calpe Benissa Lions, and for reserving tickets for the October concert, please call the President Carole Saunders on 639637520.



BRAIN TEASER TIME!



1. What's tall when it's young and short when it's old?
2. What is as big as you are and yet does not weight anything?
3. Do you know what you can hold without ever touching it?
4. What loses its head in the morning and gets it back at night?
5. You are a cyclist in a race. Just before the finish line you overtake the person in second place. What place did you finish in?
6. Imagine, you are in a room without windows and doors and it is filling up with water. How do you get out?

Answers: Seek and you shall find!



Wisdom from Past Experience

When you make a commitment,
you build hope:
When you keep it, you build trust.

It is the greatest of all mistakes to do
nothing because you can only do a little;
do what you can.
Sidney Smith

Unshakable Faith

The following was written by a survivor of
the Holocaust of World War 2.

Auschwitz concentration camp:

"It never occurred to me to associate the
calamity we were experiencing with God,
to blame Him, or to believe in Him less, or
to cease believing in Him at all because He
did not come to our aid.

God does not owe us that, or anything.
If someone believes that God is responsible
for the death of six million (Jews) because
He did not somehow do something to save
them, he has got his thinking reversed.
We owe God our lives for the few or many
years we live, and we have the duty to
worship Him and do as He commands us.
That's what we are on Earth for, to be in
God's service, to do God's bidding."
How often do we ignore Christ's teachings
and make decisions which we consider
wiser, and then blame Him for the
outcome?

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Brain Teaser Answers!
1 A Candle. 2 Your shadow. 3 Your breath. 4 A pillow. 5 Second place. If you pass the
person in second you take second place and he/she takes third. 6 Stop imagining!

This page is sponsored by Roger Davis

ALBIR LIGHTHOUSE.

By J Elaine Mitchell

This is quite a landmark and can be seen from the promenade. It is also a working lighthouse. The lighthouse used to be the home of the person who looked after the original flame, which was oil powered and the oil had to be bought up by donkey. However, now the lighthouse is automated and powered by renewable solar energy. The walk is about an hour round trip with stunning views and that gives time for photographs! There is a good car park and a toilet at the entrance. There is plenty to see along the way, special flowers and plants. But especially, the view of the sea is beautiful. This very pretty lighthouse is perched high on the cliff overlooking the sea, looking to Albir, Altea and a good view



of Calpe Rock - the Penyon de Ifach. It is at one end of the Sierra Helada natural park with Benidorm at the other end. There are now several information boards along the route giving facts and information - which are in both Spanish and English and there are two designated view points for extra photo opportunities. It was built in April 1863, but the original path to it was via a winding and often treacherous pathway close to the sea and only accessible by donkey or on foot. Inside the lighthouse, there is a free, very small

museum. (no toilets) This tells the life of the lighthouse keepers, who were often lonely and stayed there for a long time.

You can also walk all the way around the building and admire the blue sea. The access has been improved now by a tarmac road. At the side of the lighthouse is a historic tower the Torre Bombarda, which pre-dates the lighthouse by several hundred years. This was used to protect the coast and the town's inhabitants from invasion from Berber pirates and smugglers.

I believe that the lighthouse has become a symbol of Albir, which seems very appropriate because Albir is known to be welcoming to all. There are over 100 different nationalities in the town of Alfaz del Pi and the Town Hall are really progressive with monthly international meetings. The Lighthouse Walk is more than just a hiking trail; it's a journey through natural beauty, history, and culture. Whether you're a power walker, jogger or a family looking for a leisurely walk, this trail promises an enriching and scenic experience. It is certainly a gem.



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LOVE NEVER DIES

Love never dies ;
It is the single constant in this life of light and shadows.
Love brings our greatest joys,
And cloaks us through our deepest sorrows.
It lights our souls, and gives us hope beyond the grave :
We may cast off our human shells of earthly matter,
But Love lives on ; powerful and undiminished.
It is unquenchable, unconquerable, holy and eternal.

Love never dies ;
God is Love.

Marjorie Prebble 2018
in memory of Tony Prebble



AFPO - The Foreign Property Owners Association

The Association of Foreign Property owners, AFPO, had a very successful

the Town Hall. Members complaints about problems in the Town were duly made a note of, and have been in a letter presented by AFPO to the Calpe Town Hall. Members should remember that the Interpreters Service in the Calpe Centro de Salud is available to everyone, and the interpreters are multilingual.

AGM in the relaxed atmosphere of the new venue, the Calpe Tennis Club. The committee were unanimously voted back in to their positions, Carole Saunders as President, Carole Ainley as Secretary, Malcolm Saunders, as Treasurer and Membership Secretary, Noel Eastwell, as Coordinator of Interpreters, and ex President Keith Wildman as Webmaster. The President thanked the committee for their dedication and hard work. She then gave a talk about what assistance there is in Spain for the elderly and infirm, such as the Ley de Dependencia from the Generalitat, and more locally from

To reserve the help of an Interpreter you can either go to the Centro de Salud between 9am and 12pm, or call Noel Jackson on 620687633.

For any other enquires call Carole Saunders on 639637520 or write to the association through the website, www.afpocalpe.com. The next General Meeting will at 10am for 10.30am, on Tuesday, October the 8th, at the Calpe Tennis Club.

THE POPPY AS A SYMBOL OF REMEMBRANCE

In 2015, my son and I went to visit some of the Battlefields of the First World War. It was on a visit that we came across the reason why the Poppy is our Symbol of Remembrance, Essex Farm Cemetery in Flanders, Belgium is today a picture of tranquillity, bird song fills the air, 1,204 servicemen are buried or commemorated here, of these 103 are not identified. Besides the banks of the Ypres-Yser canal, row upon row of simple white gravestones stretching down a gentle hill, a stationary military formation. Imagine a soldier standing behind each grave gives you some idea of the sacrifices given for freedom. A poignant memorial to our war dead.

A century ago, however, Essex Farm was the bloody and noisy location for an advanced dressing station, where the dying and wounded were treated by teams of medical and nursing staff during the Second Battle of Ypres. And it was here, too 100 years ago, amid the horrors and brutality of the Great War, that Major (later Lt. Col), John McCrae, a Canadian physician and poet penned "In Flanders Fields".

Little did he know at the time, of course that his short, beautifully crafted verse would become the best known poem of the four-year conflict, and the inspiration behind using the poppy as our lasting symbol of self sacrifice in military service.

Yet, although the poem has endured the passing of a century, the touching story of its origins and events that followed it are rarely told. The John McCrae Memorial Site is located within the Essex Farm Cemetery; next to the cemetery is an Albertina marker with the date May 3rd 1915 commemorating the writing of the poem.

On May 2nd 1915, at the height of the battle, McCrae's close friend and comrade Lt.

Alexis Helmer was killed when struck by a shell. Helmer was just 22 years old. With the chaplain absent, McCrae, who had a strong religious conviction, performed the burial service. At the time he noted how quickly the poppies grew among the graves, the only thing growing in the barren battlefields.

It was on May 3rd, having buried his friend just hours earlier, that McCrae penned his poem, opening with the words

"In Flanders fields the poppies blow.
Between the crosses, row on row".

He is understood to have written it at three neighbouring locations: on the banks of the nearby canal, sitting on the steps of a horse-drawn ambulance and according to his commanding officers in an 8ft x 8ft bunker snatching time between treating groups of wounded troops.

However, when McCrae finished his composition, he was dissatisfied with his work and according to legend, discarded the poem, only for one of his comrades to retrieve it and give it back to McCrae later.

It was published on December 8th 1915 in the London-based Punch magazine, and it soon captured the public's imagination.





REMEMBRANCE DAY

LEST WE FORGET

*In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That marks our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.*

*Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.*

McCrae's poem in turn inspired an American academic, Moina Michael who on Saturday morning 9th November 1918 two days before the Armistice was declared at 11 o'clock on 11th November was on duty at the YMCA Overseas War Secretaries Headquarters in New York, at about 10.30am Moina found a few moments to herself and came across a page which carried a vivid colour illustration with the poem entitled "We Shall Not Sleep". This was an alternative name sometimes used for John McCrae's poem. Moina searched the shops and found one large and twenty-four small artificial red silk poppies.

When she returned on duty she handed them out to the delegates, she then arranged to have made red silk poppies to sell which were then brought to England by a French lady, Anna Guérin.

In 1921 Anna met with Field Marshall Earl Douglas Haig, founder and president of the (Royal) British Legion and persuaded him to adopt the poppy as an emblem for the Legion.

The first British Legion Poppy Day appeal began in the autumn of 1921, with hundreds of thousands of French-made poppies selling across the country for the 11th November that year.

The poppies sold out almost immediately and that first ever "Poppy Appeal" raised over £106,000.00, a considerable amount of money at that time, which was used to help WW1 veterans with employment, housing etc.

The following year, Major George Howson set up the Poppy Factory to employ disabled ex-servicemen and which today, together with the Legion's warehouse in Aylesford produces millions of poppies each year.

The demand for poppies was so high that few were reaching Scotland. Earl Haig's wife established the "Lady Haig Poppy Factory" in Edinburgh in 1926 to produce poppies exclusively for Scotland.

Over 5 million Scottish poppies (which have four petals and no leaf unlike poppies in the rest of the UK), are made by hand at the Lady Haig's Poppy Factory each year.

The Great War Veterans of France, Canada, America, Australia and New Zealand have all adopted the Poppy as a National Symbol of Remembrance.

From the writing of a poem that was written under battlefield conditions to the memory of a friend and comrade. And the dedication and determination of two amazing women separated by country but not by ideals.

We now have this emblem of the Poppy for "keeping faith with all who died"

Moina wrote a personal pledge transfixed as she was by the last verse of the poem:
Oh! You who sleep in Flanders Fields,
Sleep sweet - to rise anew!
We caught the torch you threw
And holding high, we keep the Faith
With all who died.

WHAT THE POPPY MEANS:

The poppy is

- A symbol of remembrance and hope
- Worn by millions of people
- Red because of the natural colour of field poppies

The poppy is NOT

- A symbol of death or a sign of support for war
- A reflection of politics or religion
- Red to reflect the colour of blood.

Wearing a poppy is a personal choice and reflects individual and personal memories.

It is not compulsory but is greatly appreciated by those it helps, those currently serving in our Armed Forces, the veterans and their families.

PATRICIA SPENCER
SEPTEMBER 2015



Cyril

by Doreen Hammond



Cyril the squirrel looked down from his tree,
Wondering what he was getting for tea.

Perhaps today it will bread and jam,
Or if he was lucky a few scraps of ham.

The lady was kind, she would never forget.

Sometimes she'd call him her little pet.
He'd have to be quick with magpie around,
Magpie was greedy, poor Cyril had found.

What was that, was it the door?

After all it was half past four.

The lady was there some food on a plate,
Cyril was down at a very fast rate!

Harvest Thanksgiving

by Fr. Paul D. Dean

As we approach the season of Harvest, I thought it would be a good idea to look at the origins of our modern Harvest Festivals.

If we had a time machine and could travel back to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, we would discover that the word Harvest sprang from the old Anglo-Saxon word "Haefest" which means "Autumn".

The word Harvest gradually became associated with the season of reaping, gathering grain and other crops.

The tradition of celebrating a Harvest Festival has to do with the cycles of the moon. The nearest full moon to the autumnal equinox is called the Harvest Moon. So, in ancient traditions Harvest Festivals were held on the closest Sunday to the Harvest Moon, which falls in the month of September. This year that date is September 17th.

Another Anglo-Saxon tradition associated with Harvest was to celebrate at the beginning of the Harvest Season, the beginning of August. This celebration was a festival called "Lammas", meaning "Loaf Mass". Lammas Day is the 1st of August. Farmers would make loaves of bread from the new wheat crop and these would be given to the local church.

Our modern tradition of celebrating Harvest Festival in churches began around 1843. A Church of England Priest Robert Hawker was a Vicar in Cornwall. He invited parishioners to a special service of thanksgiving. They sang hymns such as "We plough the fields and scatter" and "All Things Bright and Beautiful". Fr. Hawker's parishioners must have enjoyed this act of worship as his idea caught on



and spread. Only nineteen years later the Bishops of the Church of England granted permission for special Harvest services to take place.

In these modern times, our Harvest Festivals have taken on a different feel to the services of the past.

As well as giving thanks to God for his many gifts and for the produce of the land and sea, we now need to think in terms of protecting our natural resources and to caring for the environment.

Perhaps we might consider the plight of farmers and of those working in the agricultural industries. We might think about the fishing industries and the effect of climate change on worldwide food production. We are called to think about ethical trading or fair trade and sustainable farming and fishing. All these things have become part of our modern-day celebration of Harvest.

May I take this opportunity to wish you a happy Harvest thanksgiving.

**Fr. Paul D Dean
Lead Chaplain Costa Blanca**





MOFTAG CLUB OF CALPE

A LOOK INTO THE PAST WITH THE MOFTAG CLUB OF CALPE

With frequent articles published in The Rock I daresay many of you are aware what MOFTAG achieves on a yearly basis but Moftag has a deep history having been formed in 1978, it is the oldest English speaking club in Calpe.

We have held 2 fundraising fayres each year for over 40 years. These were very popular in the days before Calpe had any charity shops or second hand outlets. Nowadays we are renowned for our high quality raffle, lovely home made cakes, marmalades and chutneys, a first class bric a brac stall and many games to participate in.

In 2006 MOFTAG, through World Vision, sponsored Rosita, a child in Mozambique for 7 years. We had also responded to worldwide disaster appeals but in 2008 the decision was made to restrict our support to local charities. After all Charity Begins at Home.

Over several years MOFTAG members cooked and served Saturday meals for the inmates of The Gandia Hospice. On each occasion over 50 meals were prepared.

In those days the club had many more members, in fact at one stage there were over 100 members and a waiting list to join! Many social events were arranged including short trips away. On one occasion way back in 1988 the husband of one of our members organised a whole pig roast in his garden. He had made a make shift spit powered by the motor from his washing machine!

In 1987 there were not enough trees in Calpe so MOFTAG planted trees all down the street in front of The Sports Centre. Quite appropriate as

our logo is an oak leaf representing the name of our club - Mighty Oaks from Tiny Acorns Grow.

Today we have 56 members and 11 Honorary Members. The Honorary members are either house bound and cannot attend functions or they have moved away from Calpe yet still wish to remain on the emailing list and keep in touch with what goes on. We organise visits to our housebound members to keep them in touch.

We always have room for new members and we meet every Wednesday of the month except the first one which is when the committee meets to plan the activities for the month. On the second Wednesday of each month we have a General Meeting with either a guest speaker, a games afternoon or some activity. A lunch takes place each month at different venues and then maybe a breakfast or a coffee afternoon for the remaining week.

If you would like to come along and meet some of the ladies you are more than welcome. Please contact the President Jenny Godfrey on 639 139 518 and she will let you know where we are meeting when the regular programme resumes in September.

I leave you with a photo taken in 2018 on our 40th Anniversary where we did actually manage to get all the members present. Here is looking forward to our Golden Anniversary in 2028!!

Article composed by Anita Becker with information given by Jenny Godfrey who has been a founder member since the day MOFTAG started!

If you are interested in being a member and enjoying a nice social club please contact the president, Jenny Godfrey at 639 139 518.






Now & Then

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What's happening in a church near you?

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CALPE LA MERCED

Sunday Services 10.30am

We have coffee afterwards at the Café opposite.

If you don't wish to attend the service you are still welcome to join us for coffee.

Check the website for details of our monthly lunches.

LA FUSTERA

Sunday Services at 12.15pm
in the Ermita de San Josep.

JAVEA

Sunday services at 9.45am
at the Emita on the
Jesus de Pobre Road 160, Javea.

GANDIA

Sunday Service at 12.00 midday
in the Chapel of the Fransican
Hospice.

DENIA

Sunday Services at 12.00 midday
in the Ermita Las Rotas.

ALFAZ DEL PI

Sunday services at 9.30am
in the The Old School House,
Carrer les escoles 03580
l'Alfás del Pi.

EL CAMPELLO

Sunday Services at 12.00 midday
in the Chapel in the grounds of
Los Salesianos.

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

Guardian Angels: Sue 679 36 99 09

AFPO: Carol 639 637 520



Welcome to our service



Alfaz del Pi
The Comm (formerly The Forum
Mare Nostrum).
Camino del Pincho 2,
l'Alfàs del Pi, 03580, Alicante
Service times: Sunday 9.30
Thursday 11.30



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 Franciscan
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

"Hatred stirs up strife, but love covers all sins." Proverbs 10:12

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