

FREE
Issue 7



THE ROCK

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

"Christmas is coming the goose is getting fat, please put a penny in the old man's hat."

And so the nursery rhyme goes on. The rhyme, to me, is all about giving at Christmas but here on the Costa Blanca I have come to realize that many expats give all year round. For example the CBAC helps the Gandia Hospice throughout the year, the Orba Warblers Golf Society raise money every Wednesday for a chosen charity for that year while MOFTAG in Calpe and the Lion's charitable works are almost legendary.

Others societies and organisations raise funds for Cancer research, support children in need and as well as supporting other worthwhile local and national causes. Far too many to mention in my short message.

So this Christmas while we look forward to celebrating the birth of our saviour Jesus Christ and eating our goose, turkey or in my case a well roasted carrot, let us not forget those who are in need. We can help in many ways and not by just donating money. We can provide company for someone who is alone, visit someone who is sick or pray for those in need or danger. Your time is precious and what better way to use it than to offer it to those who really need some person to person support. Maybe to enjoy the Christmas goose with you.

May the joy of Christmas be with you.

Ed.

The Costa Blanca Anglican Chaplaincy has supported the following charities during 2024.

The Franciscan Gandia Hospice

Caritas

Royal British Legion

World Vision

Project 4 All

World Vision



**Diocese
in Europe**

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!"**

Contents

Page 3 + 4	Adventures of Walter
Page 5, 10, 12, 14	Walsingham Pilgrimage
Page 7	Church Humour
Page 8	Orba Warblers
Page 13	A Capri in Africa
Page 17	Merry Christmas
Page 18	Brainteasers!
Page 19	Our Daily Bread Recipe
Page 20	Lions
Page 22	AFPO
Page 23 + 24	Zog
Page 25	Calpe 41 Club
Page 28	MOFTAG
Page 29	What's On in your Church
Page 30	Where to find your church

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Walter Part 7.

by Carole Anne Baggaley

A Day at The County Fair

Today is Saturday. We have been up and in the garden for some time. Scarlet, as usual, is being horrible. She never wants to play nicely with me. As soon as I get a toy, she wants it. As soon as I want to have a wander round the garden, on my own, she has to come too. The only time I ever got any peace from her was when we lived in Spain and I sometimes went to stay with Uncle David and Aunt Carole. It was heaven, lovely long walks, just the three of us. I was able to sleep in my own bed without Scarlet crashing into my space.

Perhaps I should check around here and see if there is a nice, child-free couple who would let me have a sleep over with them.

Back in the kitchen I found the parents in deep conversation. Dad said the County Fair was on at Broome Park and that it would be a good day out.

After a short car journey we arrived at the fair. I could see lots of people and some huge white tents which, to my super power sense of smell, were emanating the wonderful aromas of food, which made my tummy rumble!

Dad wanted to see the cake stalls and see if our friend Judi had won first prize for her triple Victoria sponge filled with fresh cream and strawberries. I'm not sure who was drooling the most, Dad or me!

At that moment, a very large lady in a full skirted floral dress swished right by me and it wasn't my fault her dress brushed my face and removed a great dollop of drool. If she notices I know I will get the blame!



The cake judging hadn't yet started so we wandered over to the Gymkhana Arena where the eight to twelve year old children were competing.

At the arena I spotted Arabella Montford sitting on her pony Saffron. The Montfords live a short distance from us. As Arabella entered the arena, Scarlet spotted our friend Henry the Great Dane and started barking at him in greeting. Saffron took fright at this and raced off straight across the arena and out of the exit towards the car park with Arabella clinging to her neck. Dad and Mum dragged us away, muttering about putting a muzzle on Scarlet, something I would agree with!

Next we went to the dog show which was well away from the horse arena. I felt excited as I was sure Dad would enter me in the pedigree section. Well why not? I am somewhat magnificent as a true Boxer dog.

Then I heard Dad say "I think we should enter Scarlet." Well, at that, my heart sank. How could he be so mean? I thought I was his favourite! Now he has shown his true colours, the traitor!

Mum took Scarlet into the ring when

Walter Part 7. (cont.)

it was her turn to trot Scarlet around for the judges to see her. All the other dogs were sitting with their owners in a row which they had to pass. At the end of the row was old Mr Clarke with his dog Basil, a slightly overweight Basset Hound. Now Scarlet has never liked Basil and has always tried to bully him, as she does me. True to form, as she got level with Basil she lunged at him and delivered one of her best Boxer dog right hooks straight on his nose.

Basil went flying over on his back, howling in terror. Old Mr Clarke jumped up, shouting at Mum but tripped over Basil. He then went headlong into Mum, knocking her down with her legs in the air and landing on top of her.

At that very moment the vicar and his wife were passing and she was heard to say, "Disgraceful, in broad daylight and her a married woman!"

Meanwhile Scarlet had run off and found Henry and without a thought about Mum, she raced to the cake tent. Dad and I

rescued Mum. She was a bit stunned, so I licked her face until she had recovered.

Then we marched over to the cake tent where Mr Barton the butcher was holding Henry and Scarlet by their collars. They had both caused mayhem by eating Judi's triple sponge cake filled with cream and strawberries which had just won first prize!

Scarlet had cream all over her face and a strawberry stuck in one ear!

While Dad took control of Scarlet, the Fair's Chief Steward came over and ordered us all to leave the show ground without causing any more mayhem on the way.

On the way home Dad said, "What an awful day and all because of Scarlet!" I smiled quietly to myself and thought, 'Haha she is not the favourite anymore!'

Scarlet couldn't have cared less! She was fast asleep so I licked the cream off her head and ate the strawberry from her ear!

Happy Christmas to you all. Love Walter.



FOX

*In the darkness of the night,
When stars and moon are shining bright,
A shadow moves across the lawn,
Hurrying home before the dawn.*

*The sly old fox his hunting done,
Breaking now into a run
Across the road, a field and then,
Back to the safety of his den.*



OUR WALSINGHAM PILGRIMAGE.... Part 1

Background: Walsingham has been venerated as one of the holiest places in England, and countless people have visited the village to ask Mary to pray to Jesus on their behalf. It was in the late Middle Ages, that it was the duty of every Englishman at some time during his life to visit Our Lady at Walsingham. Today around 250,000 pilgrims visit Walsingham each year, as individuals or as parish groups accompanied by their priest.

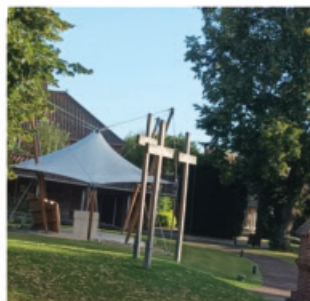
Legend has it that in 1061, a widow of the Lord of the Manor of Walsingham, called Lady Richeldis, had a vision of the Virgin Mary. The Virgin Mary appeared to her and took her in spirit to Nazareth and showed her the house where the Angel Gabriel had appeared to the Virgin Mary. Richeldis was told in her dream to make a note of the measurements of the Holy House and to build a reproduction of it in Walsingham, hence the name 'England's Nazareth' which has been given to Walsingham.

Our Walsingham Pilgrimage

Eight of us were up at the crack of sparrows on Monday 19 August for our 8.30 am flight from Alicante to Norwich. Everything was on time. Frs Paul and Rodney signed for the two hire cars and off we went. Peter and Diana with Frs Rodney and Robin. Myself together with Gail and Dennis with Fr Paul. Approximately 45 minutes later we arrived at Little Walsingham and The Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham. We were not able to check in until 3pm so, leaving our bags and cases in the Green Room, Fr Rodney took us on an introductory tour. We looked inside the beautiful little chapel - the 'Guild of All Souls'.



Nicknamed 'The GAS Chamber' because of the shape and initials. On Thursday we had a Mass there, together with St. James's, Haydock. Then across a pretty little courtyard into the Shrine Church. We gathered at the Altar of the Annunciation for prayers. Then we headed to the Norton Room where we purchased lunch. We were full board from the evening meal. After lunch, a wander to the high street browsing in a beautiful little shop - The Pilgrim Shop. We were then able to check in. My room overlooked the gardens, the Stations of the Cross and the outside Altar of the Mysteries of Light.



At 5pm we met with 30 pilgrims from Fr Rodney's previous parish of St James's, Haydock for Mass in St Augustine's Chapel inside the Shrine Church. After Mass we were all - and I mean all - invited to a Haydock member's room for G&T. It was not all serious! We straddled the corridor, sat on window seats and the room too was full. It was great chatting to many of them. Mid way through, the clergy went to their daily Sacristy for a meeting, then joined us again. Outside of Rome I don't think I've seen so many clergy in cassocks! Quite a lovely sight. After dinner, a number of us retired to The Bull pub, which was opposite and the conversations continued. A nightcap was well received!



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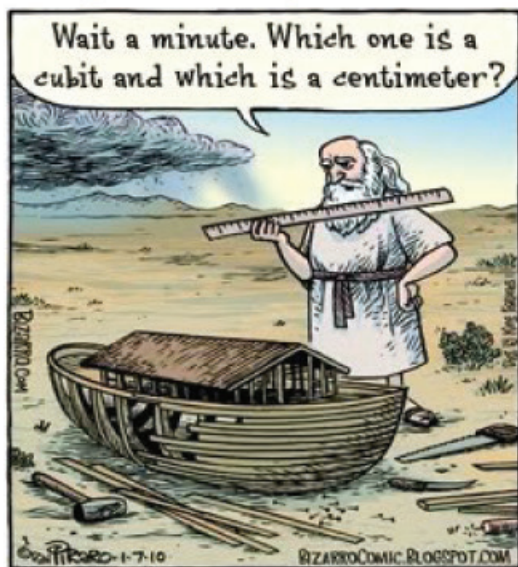
Church Humour



In your prayers
don't give God
instructions just
report for duty!

Never give the devil a ride – he will
always want to drive!

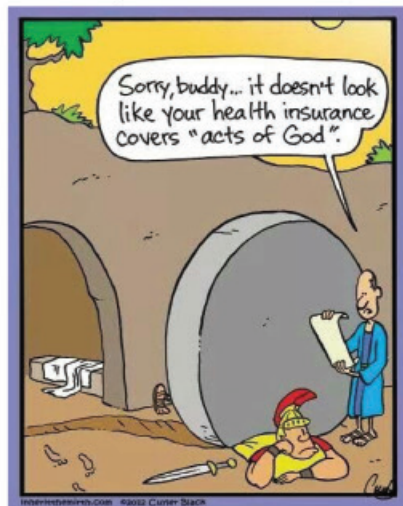
Man's way leads to a hopeless end –
God's way to an endless hope.



The good Lord didn't create anything
without a purpose but mosquitoes come close!

How did Joseph make his coffee? Hebrewed it.

Plan ahead – it wasn't raining
when Noah started to build the Ark.



God loves everyone, but probably
prefers "fruit of the spirit"
over "religious nuts!"

Which bible character was the
best musician? Samson –
he brought the house down!

Some people are kind, polite
and sweet spirite
until you try to sit in their pew.



ORBA WARBLERS GOLF SOCIETY

The Autumn Trophy held at El Bosque Golf course

This year's Autumn Trophy was a hard fought match. Well, that is the second to fifth place was hard fought.

Gary Rolt the winner was clear of the field by three points.

Steve Cliffe, one of our longer serving members sponsored the day with some fine wines and spirits.

Four players tied for second place but after some complicated long division sums the order was decided on count back.



Captain Gary Robinson presenting another Gary (Rolt) with The Autumn Trophy



On the second tee at the beautiful Puig Compana Golf Course

Winner: Gary Rolt	39 points
2nd: Ian Bennett	36 points (always the bridesmaid Ian)
3rd: Gary Robinson	(Captain)
4th: Andrew Adamczyk	36 points (Not bad for a new boy Andrew)
5th: Kevin Cussell	36 points (Our course fireman)

*The Orba Warblers Captain
presenting a cheque for 1,225.00€*

*to Tony Grande from Make A Smile
our selected charity for 2024*



ORBA WARBLERS GOLF SOCIETY (continued on page 9)

This page is sponsored by Orba Warblers



Turkey Trot

The annual Turkey Trot will be held at the

Puig Compana Golf course on the 11th December.

The beautiful Puig Compana course will see a host of Warblers wearing exotic Christmas hats and eating mince pies washed down with the odd dash of brandy.

There will be a prize for what is judged the best hat.

After the match a Christmas lunch will be enjoyed in the club house.

Where tales of how everyone just missed a hole in one. Oh yer!

**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>

I STOOD

by David Brown

I Stood

The sergeant said stand there my lad

I stood,

The ground shook,

I stood

Pounding hooves and sabres flashed

I stood,

My bayonet to the front

The Captain said "steady lads"

I stood,

"Fire" roared the Captain, my musket
crashed

Half an inch of red hot ball smashed
Horse and rider to the cold wet earth

I stood,

Wounded horses screamed they thrashed

Dying riders, sabres lost bled their last

I stood,

The English square unbroken covered in
blood

The sergeant said we did well that day

I stood

Blood, warm ran down my face

I stood

A drummer boy place *moss on my head
Where a sabre had sliced my *Shako in two

I stood

The sergeant said "don't worry lad you'll be
fine"

I stood

Old *Hooky said we are the scum of the
earth

Who fought like lion's on that day at

Waterloo

Now I stand on London's streets cap held
out

I stood,

Unmoving just as the sergeant said!

**Dried Sphagnum Moss was often used
as a field dressing to soak up blood.*

**A Shako was a military hat
worn by most European soldiers.*

**Old Hooky (on account of his nose) was the
soldier's nickname for the Duke of Wellington
commander of the British and allied forces at
Waterloo.*

OUR WALSINGHAM PILGRIMAGE (cont.)

Tuesday: My greatest fear greeted me at 6am. I woke to see a spider staggering towards me on the ceiling. Every few steps it fell a few centimetres and hung on to its web before climbing up to continue. So, my pillow went onto the chair so that I could carry on writing this blog, well, that didn't work because I couldn't take my eyes off him. After no more than five minutes (that felt like an hour!) he turned around and curled up in the corner. So, I got back into bed, then before breakfast, I enlisted Peter's help to dispose of him for me so I would be able to sleep that night!

Tuesday Continued: Breakfast from 8am. Followed by Mass together with St James's at the High Altar. Peter served at this Mass and others. This was followed by a walking tour of Walsingham. Myself, Peter and Diana were Walsingham Virgins (even at this point, I thought, this will not be my last time).

On our walkabout



we visited Little Walsingham's Parish Church, St Mary & All Saints. Fr Rodney told us about Father Alfred Hope Patten who was the Vicar of St Mary's & All Saint's Church in Walsingham.

He started raising money to build a new shrine.



He started raising money to build a new shrine. He bought some land in the village opposite the Priory and plans were then drawn for a church to be built with the Holy House inside it. A well was discovered when building started and is now part of the new church. This was used in the Service on Tuesday. In 1938 that church was enlarged to form the Anglican Shrine. St Mary & All Saints is a late English Gothic Church. Fire gutted the church on the 14th July 1961. It was re-consecrated on the 8th August 1964. Only the extreme west end was spared, that is the tower, the south porch and the font. There is a beautiful stained glass window behind that altar, the bottom section tells the story of the **Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham**.

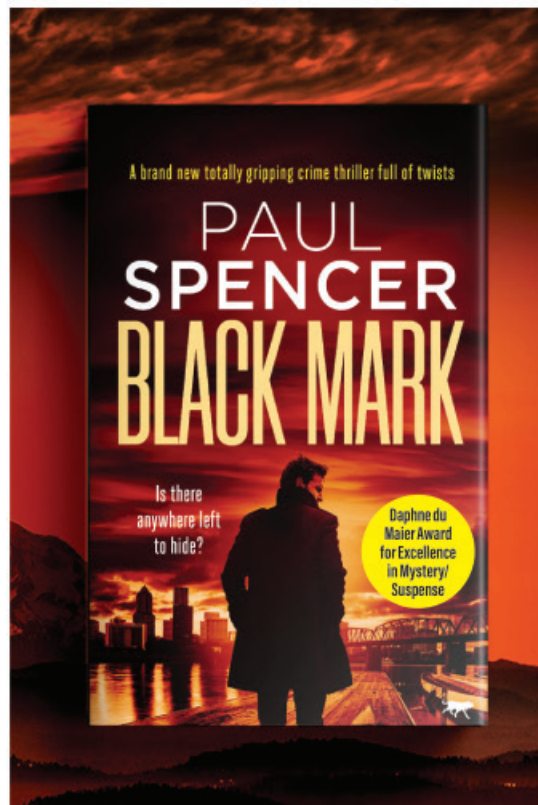
I took copious notes as Fr Rodney told us about the fascinating font. Around the bowl are depicted the Seven Sacraments of the church in the 14th century. Baptism, Confirmation, Eucharist, Reconciliation (Penance), Anointing of the Sick, Holy Orders and Marriage. The Crucifixion is the eighth depiction. Most of the figures have been damaged and have bits missing. Although from the outside the impression of the church is that it could be dark inside, however, it actually took my breath away as the new windows are clear which makes everywhere bright.

We saw the ruins of a 14th-century Franciscan Friary in the distance and then visited the New Church of the Annunciation built in 2006.

The year is picked out in red brick and flint on the front of the church, MMVI.

The church is designed to be Britain's first carbon-neutral church. After lunch for our 'time out' the eight of us set off to visit Wells-next-the-Sea.





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This page is sponsored by Brian James

OUR WALSINGHAM PILGRIMAGE (cont.)

The rain was heavy but by the time we arrived, the sun was out and we had a good mosey around and a cup of tea. All the clergy then had a meeting followed by our supper. (The food was excellent)

At 8.15pm for the 'Liturgy of Healing and Reconciliation' for everyone. During the service with a large congregation, we filed round the Shrine Church for "sprinkling at the well". The Sprinkling was administered by a number of priests in the various areas in the Shrine courtyard but I chose to go down to the well. For me it was like going down the steps for my own baptism by total emersion. I was delighted to discover that it was Fr Paul down at the well where I went.



We sipped the water offered on a ladle, we were blessed with the sign of the cross and following this it was poured onto our palms for us to place wherever our personal needs might be. A whole new, emotional and special experience for me. We moved on around the church for the laying on of hands. Moving round further we were blessed with holy oil by Fr Rodney. The whole emotional process was carried out in complete silence. Later, the evening was rounded off, anything but silence in the bar!

Wednesday - 2 birthdays. Fr Paul and Dennis. Immediately after breakfast it was our turn to follow the 14 Stations of the Cross, starting at 9am in the nave, then moving outside. This was quite a strict timetable as there were so many groups of people.

I quote from The Pilgrim Manual... "Walking the fourteen Stations of the Cross is a work of the heart. We see the God who came to share in the reality of the suffering world, who came to take our cross in order to transform our hearts of stone. He wants to give us a heart of flesh instead, so that we can share in the sufferings of others." We followed the path, with deep reverence, led by Fr Rodney. The reading and reflection at each station was emotionally read by each of us in turn. A verse or two of a hymn was sung acapella. Station 6 Veronica.... According to legend, Veronica wiped the sweat from Christ's brow with her veil as he carried the cross to Calvary and, miraculously, an image of Christ's face became emblazoned on the cloth. The name Veronica is of Greek origin and means Truth; derived from the Latin, "vera icona" meaning "true icon". I have walked the stations of the cross many times in our area...La Nucia Calvary and also Polop but I have never felt the emotion that I felt that morning, that effect will stay with me for a long time.

This mass was private, together with members of St James's, Haydock. Peter was the server. We then drove to the Slipper Chapel.

The 'holy mile' between here and Walsingham, pilgrims would take off their shoes or slippers and walk the final mile. The last monarch to walk it bare foot was Henry VIII.

We returned for lunch. Another free afternoon - we drove to Cromer.



A Capri In Africa (pt 1)

by Bob Sheeley (Buster Spanner)

In late 2017 I said to Joan that I fancied an adventure. So after a search I found a company running a semi competitive road trip through five countries in Africa (Tanzania, Malawi, Zambia, Botswana, Swaziland and South Africa).

All cars had to be at least 40 years old. A 1974 Ford Capri Ghia 3 litre was found, bought and sent to a specialist for a minor overhaul and preparation. The car was shipped out.

In October 2018, early one morning, we set off from Dar Es Salaam in Tanzania into the wilds of Africa in intervals of a few minutes with about 40 other cars (and world wide participants). Local dignitaries and a good local crowd saw us off.



We had an eventful journey to our first night's stop (Morogoro). We must have bought some dirty petrol in Dar Es Salaam (our first break of several break downs due to this dodgy petrol!!). It does mess up carburettors. The locals were brilliant and really tried to help us out until the support mechanics arrive. After a fitful night's sleep we were taken to a small, local airfield where we had a forty minute flight to Selou game reserve for our first Safari where we were due to stop for a couple of night in lodges.



The lodges were really something to see and so comfortable. You had to be economical with the hot water though. Only a small hot water tank!! However, after dark, if you wanted to leave the lodge for any reason during you had to get armed security as some of the animals could be a "worry". During the night we were awoken by various animals roaring and calling to each other. We elected to stay in our lodge!!

The game reserve was amazing. We were taken out in several groups in open Safari Trucks. The guides were knowledgeable and tended to know where various types of animals would be. They also liaised between themselves to advise when one or another had spotted something special. We saw most of the big five here. Quite stunning.

The following day we were taken to a large local river for a river safari. Many Hippopotamuses, large crocodiles, river snakes and so many different types of birds. Until the next part of the journey in Malawi.

Bob is a well known petrol head in UK and on the Costa Blanca and is a member of the Costa Blanca biking group The Shadow Riders.

OUR WALSINGHAM PILGRIMAGE (cont.)

Memories of my childhood holidays - even the weather was reminiscent of some 60 odd years ago. We would place ourselves against a groin huddled against the wind. My sister and I in jumpers and anoraks, armed with buckets and spades would build sandcastles to then jump on. Well, we didn't have buckets and spades and we didn't venture down to the sand or the pier (if we'd gone down we'd have had to get back up!!!). A short meander and an expensive Cromer Crab sandwich before heading back to the car park. A brief sojourn in our rooms before meeting for the evening meal.

Yes, you will now have realised, we ate a lot, walked a lot, prayed a lot and laughed a lot! The food was excellent. Two choices at each meal, served piping hot. Fr Rodney then took us to the library in Lion for our last evening drinks.



I think we all must have collapsed into bed. Gosh, did we pack a lot in? We certainly did. The programme was full and the free time each afternoon we happily filled.

My watch told me that we managed to walk an average of 9,000 steps each day. I thought this would help to counteract the three meals a day but I am still working on that! St Augustine's college - a phenomenal room with several thousand theological books.



After a very comfortable lounge in plush, leather settees we took off again for a stroll up to the Black

Friday, our last day. Beds stripped and cases taken to the Green Room. 8am breakfast. 9am private Mass in the Holy House. Free time then until the Pilgrim Refectory opened at 12.30 for lunch.

Next year....yes there will be another trip, I will take warmer clothes! I'd forgotten how ccccold the English wind can be - yes even in August.

A huge THANK YOU to Fr Rodney for organising the whole experience, booking our personal worship time slots and our free time excursions. It was all very special and an emotional experience. We certainly did, as a priest once said, "prayer and party"

That sums up our 5 days in Walsingham - **Laughter, Amazing, Brilliant, Emotional and Prayerful.**





Keith and Audrey Wildman - 60th Wedding Anniversary
They received congratulations from King Charles III.
Well done Keith and Audrey, from us all.

60th
Wedding
Anniversary



60th
Wedding
Anniversary

**THE LONG AND
SHORT OF IT**
by David Brown

dedicated to my good
friend Arend



The long and the short of it
I met a man who was very tall
He made me feel rather small
I asked him where he was from
Holland, it's in the song
Windmills and mice with clogs on
Mice I said "where?" and stared
He sang there, there on the stairs!
I met a man who was very tall
He made me feel like singing.

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MERRY CHRISTMAS

*From Fr. Paul David Dean
Lead Chaplain*

Merry Christmas! On behalf of the clergy, and people of the Anglican Chaplaincy of the Costa Blanca, may I wish you "Merry Christmas and a blessed New Year".

What a year we have had! All around the world, we have seen tremendous events. Events that have changed people's lives, changed countries, changed the world. Not just with the election, and new leadership, in the UK but as I write the election for the President of the USA.

Our world is also witness to some horrific events where innocent lives have been taken. Christians, Jews and Muslims have all been martyred just because they are members of differing faith communities. We watched with horror the storm and flooding in the Valencia Community with many people including children having been hurt or killed. Both the Ukraine and the lands we call holy are still embroiled in war with mounting loss of life on all sides.

I know it may seem hard to find God amid so much human suffering. But God is still present, God is still the author of human history. Some two thousand years ago God entered human history, with a plan to redeem and recreate humankind.

The gospel of Matthew puts it this way, "This is how the birth of Jesus the Messiah came about: His mother Mary was pledged to be married to Joseph, but before they came together, she was found to be pregnant through the Holy Spirit. Because Joseph her husband was faithful to the law, and yet did not want to expose her to public disgrace, he had in mind to divorce her quietly.

But after he had considered this, an angel of the Lord appeared to him in a dream and said, "Joseph son of David, do not be



afraid to take Mary home as your wife, because what is conceived in her is from the Holy Spirit. She will give birth to a son, and you are to give him the name Jesus, because he will save his people from their sins."

All this took place to fulfill what the Lord had said through the prophet: "The virgin will conceive and give birth to a son, and they will call him Immanuel" (which means "God with us").

When Joseph woke up, he did what the angel of the Lord had commanded him and took Mary home as his wife. But he did not consummate their marriage until she gave birth to a son. And he gave him the name Jesus".

This baby Jesus grew up to be a Jewish teacher. He taught, he preached, he healed; he did miraculous things in people's lives and ultimately he paid the price for speaking truth to power as he died upon a Roman cross for the redemption of our race. But that was not the end, after three days he rose from the dead. If he had not died and rose again we would not be here celebrating Christmas. His resurrection validated everything he did.

This was God's plan to liberate humanity from the power of darkness, and the power of destruction in people's lives. (cont.)....

MERRY CHRISTMAS (cont....)

This is a gift, it is God's grace, and like any gift it must be received.

Nothing will change the events in our world until the human heart is changed, and only God can do this.

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; and the blessing of God almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, be among you and remain with you always.



BRAIN TEASER TIME!



1. I left my campsite and walked 3 miles south. I then turned east and walked 3 miles. I then turn north and walked 3 miles, at which time I came upon a bear in my tent! What colour was the bear?
2. I am taken from a mine, shut up in a wooden case from which I am never released and yet I am used by almost everybody. What am I?
3. I can't be brought, but I can be stolen with a glance. I am worthless to one but priceless to two. What am I?
4. No matter how little or how much you use me, you change me every month. What am I?
5. How can $8+8 = 4$?
6. What can be swallowed but can also swallow you?
7. Lovely and round, I shine with pale light, grow in the darkness, a lady's delight. What am I?

Answers: Seek and you shall find!

Spinach Roulade with Smoked Salmon

from Ann Hambrook

This looks very pretty if it is sliced and served on individual plates flooded with red pepper sauce.

Serves 4

Oven temperature: Gas mark
5/190C/375F

Our Daily Bread

50 Favourite Recipes
to celebrate 50 years
of breaking bread together



Ingredients

500 grams fresh spinach or 175 grams frozen and thawed
2 eggs, separated
A pinch of nutmeg

For the filling:

125 grams (4 oz) smoked salmon, chopped
Sunflower oil for greasing
2 egg whites, salt + freshly ground pepper
175 grams (6 oz) fromage fresh
2 teaspoons chopped fresh dill

Cooking method

Preheat the oven. Remove the stalks from the spinach leaves and wash them thoroughly.

Cook the spinach in the water for 2-3 minutes until the leaves are limp, bright green and just cooked.

Drain them thoroughly and chop finely. If you are using frozen spinach, cook according to the instructions on the packet.

Line a roasting tin with a double layer of grease proof paper and brush lightly with oil.

Beat the egg yolks into the spinach season it lightly with salt, pepper and nutmeg.

Whisk the egg whites until they are stiff but not dry and fold them into the spinach.

Pour this mixture into the roasting tin, spread it flat and bake for 10 to 12 minutes.

Meanwhile, mix the filling ingredients together.

When the roulade is cooked, turn it out onto a piece of greaseproof paper.

Trim the edges of the paper with a sharp knife. Spread the filling over the roulade and roll it up like a Swiss Roll.

Leave the roulade to get cold before slicing it.

Enjoy



THE LIONS INTERNATIONAL CLUB OF TEULADA AND MORAIRA

The Lions roar into action



Over 2 weeks ago devastating floods in the Valencia region affected tens of thousands of people, with already a toll of over 230 fatalities and rising.

Floods are amongst the most frequent and costly natural disasters, destroying homes, families, damaging transport and producing economic disruption and environmental damage. Residents across the affected areas urgently need shelter, food and basic supplies, and the knowledge that the recovery phase is underway to bring the affected areas to some degree of normality.

The Teulada Moraira Lions have been swift to respond to this disaster and have instigated plans to immediately respond to the needs and support for disaster recovery.

10,000.00€ has initially been sent to the Government flood relief fund via Banco Sabadell. All donations received into this account will be matched by Banco Sabadell. If you wish to contribute to this account the details are:-

Generalitat Valenciana -

ES 94 0081 693 610002 423 445

This initial contribution from the Lions will be further topped up with additional future payments, as this disaster will clearly have long term needs and future requirements.

Money was raised by The Lions locally by a bucket market collection in Moraira, (€1067.00 raised has already been sent to Valencia), all proceeds from the sale of the Lions annual calendar will be donated to the fund, we have sent up numerous pairs of wellington boots, the Christmas Kracker Concert takings plus numerous other Lions initiatives will all contribute now and in the future to this very urgent need.

Each of us human beings has a responsibility to reach out and help our brothers and sisters. One day, who knows, it may be us or our loved ones needing help.

In times of crisis humanities finest qualities shine through - we have seen this manifest itself in the thousands of volunteers who travelled to Valencia to help.

Let us stand together and support our neighbours in Valencia region as they navigate this challenging and heartbreaking journey of recovery.

The Greek Philosopher Hericlitus

Said these words some two thousand five hundred years ago.

"You would not find the limits to the soul even if you travelled for ever, so deep and vast it is!"

This page is sponsored by Bob and Joan Sheeley

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Where art thou, Mother Christmas?

By Roald Dahl

Where art thou, Mother Christmas?
I only wish I knew
Why Father should get all the praise
And no one mentions you.

I'll bet you buy the presents
And wrap them large and small
While all the time that rotten swine
Pretends he's done it all.

So Hail To Mother Christmas
Who shoulders all the work!
And down with Father Christmas,
That unmitigated jerk!



AFPO - The Foreign Property Owners Association

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

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

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.

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.

ZOG - THE INVINCIBLE

by David Brown

A SAGA OF HOW THINGS NEVER CHANGE

Zog stared at the King's messenger and raged! Meanwhile the messenger cowered in fear trying to get behind Zog's wife Grizzler.

Zog swung his mighty axe around his head, finally connecting with the centre pole of his long house, sending splinters of wood in all directions.

"One day you will chop our house down, doing that with that axe of yours, you oaf!" Grizzler shouted at him.

"I might as well!" roared Zog. *"The damn King sat on his backside all summer eating and drinking, while honest men like me financed a long boat and crew and went plundering."*

"Playing golf in Scotland more's the like!" muttered Grizzler.

"He has no idea what it costs these days to ready a long ship, pay a crew of sixty men, a seer, cabin boy and a damn parrot." Zog swung his axe at the messenger who was now cowering under Grizzler's apron.

"Now this cringing dog brings me a message telling me the king is demanding sixty percent of my plunder in taxes!" roared Zog.

He aimed a kick at the house dog sitting by the fire. But the wise old hound sidestepped and joined the messenger behind Grizzler.

"Oh, do stop moaning and go and see the wise man Fiddler at the cave!"

Grizzler ordered. And to everyone's relief Zog stormed out heading for the cave, muttering about the rising cost of employment pensions and the outrageous cost of insuring a long ship these days.



Zog peered into the entrance of the cave. He didn't like the cave. It was gloomy and smelt of demons and money grabbers called poloticias.

"Come in and give me a silver coin, Zog the Invincible!" cackled a reedy voice.

Zog passed the silver coin looted from Jorvik during a rather drunken weekend in July. Then he sat by the fire and told his tale to Fiddler the Wise. After several minutes of moving piles of pebbles back and forth Fiddler looked up at Zog and said, *"One bucket of gold and two firkins of silver for the King is all you need to pay. Bring it here tomorrow and I will pass it to the King."*

"Will he be asking for a lot more than that?" barked Zog, feeling a little relieved it wasn't more. *"What makes you think the King will accept so little?"*

Fiddler laughed. *"He will because he asks me to do everyone's accounts, including his own. Besides I'll just tell him you had to pay out more in widows' funds."*

Zog stood up to leave when a scrawny

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

This page is sponsored by David Brown author of The Darkness

hand clasped his arm. Zog turned to face an ugly hag dressed in a cloak of rags. "Aren't you forgetting something?" she demanded. Zog reached into his pouch and pulled out a bright red ruby, the size of a pigeon egg and gave it to her. She snatched it away and scurried to the back of the cave.

"Dam leech!" muttered Zog to himself.

Once Zog had left, Fiddler threw off his smelly cloak to reveal a smart Boss suit while the hag dropped the cloak of rags and smoothed down her Chanel dress and pulled on a pair of Jimmy Chou shoes.

"Oh, I can't wait for the tax returns to be completed so we can take a Ryanoir flight to the Costa Blanca and our villa."

"Did you take down the note of the tax Zog has to pay with my deductions?" Fiddler asked.

"Yes, quarter a bucket of gold and one firkin of silver," Hag replied, removing the ugly mask to reveal her smooth suntanned face.

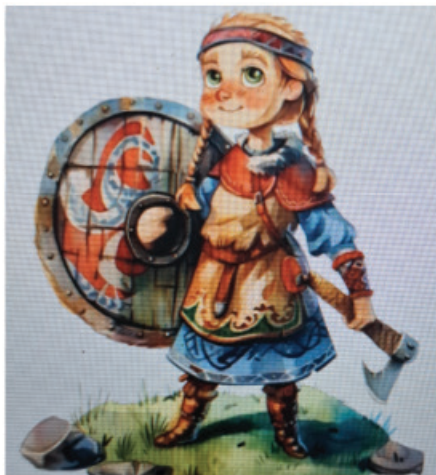
Back at his long house Zog sat with Grizzler drinking the finest Rioja which the captain of a trade ship had given him, on condition he didn't kill him and take his whole cargo.

"Well, there might be just enough left to pay a crew for next summer's plundering but not for a Seer and a parrot!"

"Oh and I suppose you think I am going to sit here on my own again while you are on a cruise!" moaned Grizzler.

"Well I'm not on a pleasure trip! This is work and with all the new EU rules it's getting tougher to earn an honest penny!" replied Zog.

"Work! You call that work! Chasing around the countryside in non EU countries, drinking and looting, not to mention the girls, but I will! I found red hairs on your cloak after your last raid in Scotland!" To emphasize the point Grizzler took a swipe at Zog with her



wine mug.

By Odin's beard, she's a she devil when aroused, thought Zog.

"Now you know I was at the 'Open' playing golf for our country and not enjoying myself at all."

Zog put an arm around Grizzler and whispered, "You're the only girl for me!" And dreamed of a hole in one at St Andrews!

Next time Zog goes plundering and gets in to a fight with HM Customs!





CALPE 41 Club prepares for 2025

Members of CALPE 41 Club have enjoyed a busy and social 2024 and there is an atmosphere of expectation as the club moves towards the new year.

There will be two opportunities to get together during January, the first being at a **Social Lunch, to be held at their regular venue, the Hotel Gran Sol in Calpe, at 12.15pm on Thursday 9th January.**

Then, later in the month on the 23rd, President Andrew Johnson invites members and friends to join him and his wife Kathy at another informal lunch, venue TBA.

Through spring and early summer, there will be more lunches, a road trip, a quiz night, a car treasure hunt and the wonderful Charter Anniversary Night at Restaurante Puerto Blanco in May.

CALPE 41 Club is a social club giving members the opportunity to make new friends and enjoy lasting fellowship within the group.

New members and visitors are always welcome!

Visitors and residents alike, if you have been a member of either the Round Table or a 41 Club in UK or Europe, or consider yourself a like minded person, please come and meet us!

If you would like to hear more, email the Chairman for 2024/25, Hugh Stewart, at hughiestewie@gmail.com



1. White! Since the only place you can do that is the North Pole and polar bears are the only bears living there. 2. Pencil lead. 3. Love. 4. A calendar. 5. Think of time. 6. 8 hours = 4pm. 7. A pearl.

Brain Teaser Answers!

"I am a Christian" by Maya Angelou

When I say "I am a Christian"
I'm not shouting "I'm clean living"
I'm whispering "I was lost,
Now I'm found and forgiven."
When I say... "I am a Christian"
I don't speak this with pride.
I'm confessing that I stumble
And need Christ to be my guide.
When I say... "I am a Christian"
I'm not trying to be strong.
I'm professing that I'm weak
And need His strength to carry on.
When I say... "I am a Christian"
I'm not bragging of success.
I'm admitting I have failed
And need God to clean my mess.
When I say... "I am a Christian"
I'm not claiming to be perfect,
My flaws are far too visible
But, God believes I am worth it.
When I say.... "I am a Christian"
I feel the sting of pain.
I have my share of heartaches
So I call upon His name.
When I say.... "I am a Christian"
I'm not holier than thou,
I'm just a simple sinner
Who received God's good grace, somehow.



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Christmas
& HAPPY NEW YEAR

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MOFTAG CLUB OF CALPE

MOFTAG BREAKS THE BARRIERS AGAIN AT THEIR CHRISTMAS FAYRE!

Tensions mounted on Saturday 16th November as the MOFTAG members set up for their annual Christmas Fayre in Calpe.

Would the weather hold up for their event? Would they be able to exceed their previous record sales from May? Well yes on both accounts! The sun shone at Pub Delfin as people poured in to buy things and try their luck at the Raffle and various other games.

At the end of the day the total amount raised was €3318.00 all of which goes to support local charities in Calpe. MOFTAG has also donated €500.00 to the Valencia Flood funds before the Fayre took place.

Once again we can only achieve this with the loyal support of Pub Delfin for hosting the event and of course the members of the Calpe community who come along, not to mention local businesses who regularly donate prizes for our Raffle.

All in all this is a Calpe community event and MOFTAG is proud to have the support of everyone especially their members who work so very hard for these fayres twice a year.

Apart from their charity work MOFTAG also runs a full social programme for their members each week.

If you would like to know more about this please contact the President, Jenny Godfrey at 639 139 518





What's happening in a church near you?

www.costablanca-anglicanchaplaincy.org

CALPE LA MERCED

Carol Service: Tuesday 17th Dec - 6pm
followed by mulled wine and mince pies.

Sunday Services (Eucharist) at 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

Carol Service: Wednesday 11th Dec - 4pm

Sunday Services (Eucharist) at 12.15pm

in the Ermita de San Josep.

JAVEA

Carol Service: Thursday 12th Dec - 3pm
followed by mulled wine and mince pies.

Christmas Eve - Midnight Mass - 11.30pm

Sunday services (Eucharist) at 9.45am

at the Emta on the
Jesus de Pobre Road 160, Javea.

DENIA

Carol Service: Sunday 8th Dec - midday

Sunday Services (Eucharist) at midday
in the Ermita Las Rotas.

GANDIA

Carol Service: Sunday 22nd Advent 4
"Carols & Communion" - 12.15

Sunday Service (Eucharist) at midday
in the Chapel of the Franciscan Hospice.

ALFAZ DEL PI and ALBIR

Carol Service: Monday 16th Dec - 4pm

Sunday services (Eucharist) at 9.30am
Thursday at 11am

Albir Forum Mare Nostrum
(now known as The Comm)
Camino del Pincho 2, 03580, l'Alfás del Pi.

EL CAMPELLO

Sunday Services (Eucharist) at midday
in the Chapel in the grounds of Los Salesianos.

All will have a service on Christmas Day at the regular times.

There is always a warm welcome to everyone at all of these services.

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



THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND



Alfaz del Pi and Albir
Forum del Nostrum
(Now known as The Comm)
Camino del Pincho 2,
Alfaz del Pi, 03580, Alicante
Service times: Sunday 9.30
Thursday 11.00



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

*"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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