

FREE
Issue 13

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!
www.costablanca-anglican-chaplaincy.es

Message from the Editor

Firstly I hope you all had a wonderful Easter. I don't think it was my imagination but the number of cycle teams of different descriptions on the roads seems to have doubled since last year. I just wish they would make more effort to abide by the rules of the road when they are out in large groups. I can just hear people saying "don't be a grumpy old man Ed!" Okay then. So now we are at the start of the summer. So what will our church celebrate during the months of June, July and August? In June there is the birth of John the Baptist (24th) Also the Apostles Peter and Paul (29th). In July the Apostles Thomas (3rd) James (25th) and also Mary Magdalene (22nd). In August we have, the Transfiguration of our Lord. (See article on page 3.) The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary (15th) and the Apostle Bartholomew (24th). (The Blessed Virgin Mary is celebrated on the 8th September)

Compared to Christmas and Easter this may seem a tame time for the church. However, it is important to remember that these figures from our past were working through the Lord our God to a glorious victory over death through Jesus Christ. So find out who around you has a birthday in those months and remember it with them. As Dirty Harry would say, "Make my day!" In a nice way that is.

Stay safe and happy, *Ed.*



*This is the way to make a splash in life!
Frigg Mines North Wales.
In the Blue lagoon.*

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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Happy Holi/Holy days!

One of the (many!) great things about living in Spain are the fiestas! Not only are the important times of the Church's year celebrated - such as Christmas, Epiphany (Los Tres Reyes) and Easter - but also other important saints' and holy days as well: and every town and village also has its own unique fiestas. Something I particularly love about Spain is that many of the public holidays are still connected with the Church's 'Holy Days'. So, for instance, on 24th June the whole of Spain will celebrate St John the Baptist - with many places having bonfires on the beaches: July 25th will see the celebration of St James the Great (San Jaime: Santiago de Compostela) - the Patron Saint of Spain: August 15th sees the celebration of the Assumption of Our Lady. These will all be 'public holidays' - and are just a few of the many 'fiestas' we have to look forward to. Of course the word 'holiday' derives from 'Holy Day', because at one time the only days people got off work were the Church's 'Holy Days' (perhaps that's why Spain has so many of them!) I, for one, am not arguing! When we first moved to Spain I wondered where we might go on holiday when we now lived in a place where people come on holiday! In the end we stayed at home and enjoyed all that our region has to offer - with all its fiestas and holy days. But it's good to be reminded that holidays are holy-days: given by God for our enjoyment and refreshment. Wherever this Summer finds you, may your holidays be truly 'holy-days' - filled with joy, fun, and thankfulness.



Every blessing
Fr Rodney Middleton
Assistant Chaplain.

Happy Holy Days



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If you need help with Christenings, wedding blessings, funerals or just a chat contact Father Paul Dean on frpauldean@gmail.com or 711 061 864.

About The Diocese in Europe (Church of England) - We are a Mission-shaped diocese - a network of Christian communities and congregations serving Anglicans and other English-speaking Christians across an enormous geographical area.

If you would like to help keep the Costa Blanca Anglican Chaplaincy alive and serving you, you can make a donation by scanning the QR code.

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The Musicians of Auschwitz

My thoughts on the book

by Elaine Mitchell

As a musician myself, I wanted to read this book. A book worth reading (in my view). It was written by **Fania Fenelon**. She was born in France in 1918. She was deported to Auschwitz to the women's concentration camp of Birkenau. She was of Jewish descent and prospects were grim. However, the camp commandant was a music lover and Fania found herself creating an orchestra for him, they played at the order of Nazi commanders.

So, what did music mean in the death camp? For the Nazis it was simply entertainment - an interlude from the horrors they were committing, for prisoners it meant many other things. It meant survival. While they were playing, they were somewhat safe.

The 40-strong orchestra, comprised of 10 violins, a flute, two accordions, three guitars, five mandolins, percussion, a strange combination without a doubt.

One of the inmates was Mahler's niece and she became the conductor. Amazingly they performed works by Puccini, Strauss, Beethoven and even Mendelssohn which was forbidden because he was German but born of Jewish parents.

Every dawn, inmates headed off to work to the strange soundtrack of fine musicians, as the orchestra performed marches in temperatures as low as -5C at the beginning and end of each day. It must have been traumatic when they



were forced to play for the marching by of those to be gassed.

The strength Fania took from having music in her life was very admirable.

I am full of admiration for those who had the ability to make music in the camp. Music was something that offered the hope of survival.

Sadly, the slightest mistake could get one of them sent to the gas chamber, and the orchestra members were forced to rely upon the good will and of the Nazi bureaucrats.

This contradictory relationship put the orchestra members in a strange and lonely existence. They were looked down upon by the Nazis and ostracized by the other camp members because of the privileges they sometimes received. I am glad I have read the book, it is important to know what went on in the camp.

Something that should never happen again - but sadly there is so much hardship, grief and death currently in the world.

I understand that there has now been a film made.

This page is sponsored by Elaine Mitchell

The Transfiguration.

Is a pivotal event in the church where Jesus revealed his divine glory to Peter, James and John while on a mountaintop. Appearing radiant and conversing with Moses and Elijah. It confirms his divinity, fulfils the Law and Prophets, and prepares disciples for his upcoming crucifixion, showcasing the triumph of his resurrection.

The Church celebrates the Feast of the Transfiguration on August the 6th.

Did you know?

Only one of the Apostles died of natural causes in old age.

Tradition and Scriptures gives the fates of the Apostles as follows.

Peter- crucified upside down in Rome under Emperor Nero.

Andrew- Crucified on an X shaped cross in Patras Greece.

James the Great- Beheaded by Herod Agrippa in Jerusalem. The first apostle to die.

John- Survived being boiled in oil, then was exiled to Patmos, eventually dying of natural causes in Ephesus.

Thomas- Spear stabbed to death in India.

Philip- Martyred, possibly crucified upside down in Hierapolis.

Matthew- Stabbing in Ethiopia.

Bartholomew (Nathanael) - Reportedly flayed alive and beheaded in Armenia.

James the Less (son of Alphaeus) - Stoned and clubbed to death in Jerusalem.

Simon the Zealot- Martyred in Persia.

Jude (Thaddeus) - Killed by spear or arrows in Persia.

Matthias (replaced Judas) - Stoned to death.

The apostles established early church communities, faced intense persecution and recorded the teachings of Jesus. Through them 2.6 billion people in the world are Christians. Some 32 percent of the world's population.



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Someone Better Names Your Name

By Johannes W H van der Bijl (2026)

Let what is breaking come undone, stop grasping things so randomly.
Not every thread is meant to run unbroken through life's tapestry,
To clutch what is falling apart,
Will wear you down and drain your heart.
So breathe; release your aching hands,
Some things belong to shadow lands.

Let others think what they will think and let them judge and let them scorn;
You are not made to shrink or sink beneath the weight of fleshy thorns.
Their eyes see through a glass unclear,
Their truths are theirs, but not your sphere.
You owe no answer, no defence,
To those devoid of common sense.

Cease asking where the road may lead or fearing what you do not know;
Your way is set in ancient creed; the path unfolds, and you shall grow.
Though loss may tear your world apart,
It sometimes clears the weeping heart,
What must depart will surely go,
What must remain will find you so.

There is a rhythm, fierce and wise, where ends give birth to what begins.
We suffer when we idolise the crumbling shell, the empty skin.
Yet God, unending in his grace,
Will bring new dreams to take their place,
The hands that cling to what is past
Must open wide, set free at last.

The beauty is not all behind, the best has not yet slipped away,
There's joy ahead for you to find, a dawn beyond this darkened day;
But first make room for love anew,
Release the ghosts that hinder you,
Ask what you grasp that holds you low,
And when you see it, let it go.

For someone better names your name,
And gives new life instead of shame.





WE ARE LAUNCHING A MEMORY CAFÉ FOR PEOPLE WITH DEMENTIA AND THEIR CARERS

A Memory Cafe is a welcoming space where individuals living with dementia, (Alzheimer's Disease, Vascular Dementia, Dementia with Lewy Bodies or Frontotemporal Dementia), and their loved one can come together to socialise, share experiences, build meaningful connections with other people in a similar situation. The Café will provide emotional support, peer engagement and empowerment through structured activities, carer wellbeing, advice giving and of course refreshments.

The Café operates monthly

Held on the first Friday of each month

Between 11am and 1.30pm:

HELP of Marina Alta Activity Centre in La Xara.

For further information

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Church Humour



One day a woodcutter was cutting a branch of a tree by the river when he dropped his axe into the water. When he cried out the Lord appeared and asked, "Why he was crying out?"

The woodcutter replied, "He had dropped his axe in the river and without it he couldn't earn a living." The Lord reached into the river and came up with an axe of gold and said,

"Is this yours?" The woodcutter said "No Lord."

Again the Lord reached into the river and came up with an axe of pure silver and asked, "Is this yours?" "No" said the woodcutter.

Again the Lord reached into the river and came up with an iron axe and asked, "Is this your axe?" "Yes Lord it is."

The Lord was so pleased with the man's honesty he gave him all three axes.

The next day the man was walking by the river with his wife when his wife fell into the river and disappeared. The man cried out to the Lord who appeared and asked "Why are you crying?" The man explained his wife had fallen into the river.

The Lord reached into the river and pulled out Jennifer Lopez and asked, "Is this your wife?" "Yes" cried the woodcutter.

The Lord was furious. "You lied! That is an untruth!"

The woodcutter fell to his knees and cried. "Oh forgive me Lord. It is a misunderstanding. You see, if I had said 'no' to her, you would have come up with Zeta Jones.

Then if I also said 'no' to her you would have come up with my wife.

Had I then said 'yes' you would have given me all three.

Lord, I am a poor man, and not able to take care of three wives.

I love my wife so much that I don't want her to share me with anyone, so THAT's why I said yes to Jennifer Lopez."

The morale to this story is: Whenever a man lies, it is for a good and honourable reason, and for the benefit of others...Mostly his wife!

(That's our story and we are sticking to it... Eh guys!

Little boy was waiting outside a shop for his mother when a man came up to him and said "Son do you know the way to the post office?"

The little boy replied

"Just go down to the end of the street and it's on the left."

The man thanked the boy and said

"I'm the new vicar. If you come to church on Sunday I'll show you the way to heaven."

The little boy laughed

"Don't be daft. You don't even know the way to the post office!"

A man on a train in Ireland made his way up and down the train carriages asking "if there was a Catholic priest on the train?" There was no reply. He then went up and down the carriages again asking "is there was a Rabbi on board?" No reply. He then went up and down a third time saying "okay is there an Anglican clergyman on board?"

Still no answer. Finally a man raised his hand and said "I am a Presbyterian minister, if that is any help." The man took one looked at him and said "That's no good we're looking for a corkscrew?"



QUIZ TIME!



The first five questions all relate to the year 2025.

1. Which item did a Surrey Tesco Express start security tagging due to theft?
2. Which country won the Eurovision Song Contest with the song "Wasted love?"
3. Which British soap opera celebrated its 40th anniversary in February?
4. What was the title of the final film in the Mission Impossible series?
5. The Royal Mint released a 2 pound coin to mark 75 years since the death of which famous author?
6. Which type of tradesman would use a Twisle, a Wibbler and a Legget?
7. Which was Pierce Brosnan's fourth and final film as James Bond?
8. In which Canadian Province is the capital Ottawa?



Answers: Seek and you shall find!



more church Humour...

A businessman needed a million euros to finalise an important business transaction. He went to church to pray for the money. He knelt and started praying next to a man who was praying for a hundred euros to pay a bill. The businessman took out his wallet and gave the man a hundred euros. Overjoyed the man got up and left the church. The businessman then closed his eyes and prayed, "And now Lord I have your undivided attention..."

A clergy man is walking down the street when he notice a small boy jumping up to try and ring a door bell without success. Being a kindly man the clergy man walks to the boy and lifts him up so he can ring the bell. Putting the boy down he smiles and says "And now what son?" To which the boy replies "RUN!"

The local church decided to have a community picnic. The local vicar put a large basket of apples at one end of the table with a sign saying "Take only one apple please. Remember God is watching." At the other end of the table was a large plate of homemade chocolate biscuits where one of the children had placed a sign saying "Take all you want- God is watching the apples!"

Broadcasting in Spain

by Hugh Stewart

Part III: Names you might recognise!

In our 15 years of broadcasting in English in Spain, first on Radio Lifestyle and then on Onda Cero Internacional (known as OCI) my wife Beverly and I were privileged to meet a goodly number of famous, infamous and not-so- famous subjects, all of whom our team thought might make interesting and entertaining subjects to interview.

Every broadcaster on OCI contributed to the stream of 'Celebrities' who passed through the studio doors. From the world of sport, I particularly remember Darts superstar Eric Bristow (The Crafty Cockney), England cricketer Mike Gatting, and Leeds and England Footballer Norman Hunter. Entertainers included Paul Melba, star of 'The Comedians' who was a regular guest of Vince Tracy.

Another regular was Colin Harkness, who came into the studio from time to time to broadcast a segment on wines, a subject on which he is an expert. One time, we promoted a new idea - Wine Tasting On Air! For a week or two beforehand, we told our audience that on a certain day Colin, Beverly and I would be sampling three wines, live in the studio and then we would discuss our findings on air. We told the listeners in advance what the wines to be tasted were, and suggested they might like to buy their own bottles and carry out their own tasting at home, at the same time as us, so they could compare notes, as it were.

One listener didn't quite get the idea, but turned up at the studio just as we were going on air, saying "I've come for the wine



left to right Hugh, Norman Wisdom and Beverly

tasting". There wasn't time to explain the misunderstanding, so there was nothing else to do except invite her in to join us. She sat in the studio, not a bit phased by the microphone, and took part as our Special Guest. She became a radio star overnight!

We often recorded interviews for use the next day, as it were, and I was delighted to meet Anne Widdicombe MP, who was both friendly and funny! Another time, I wasn't quite sure how to address Conservative grandee Lord Parkinson on air, but he quickly put me at my ease saying "Call me Cecil!"

Beverly spoke to many stars of stage and screen, including Danny La Rue who was appearing at Benidorm Palace, and older readers will remember comedian Norman Wisdom, who was quite a handful with a wicked sense of humour. He must have been in his nineties when we recorded him, and Beverly fell for the joke as Norman pretended to die half way through her talk with him! Later on, as an apology for his terrible behaviour, with tears streaming down his cheeks, he sang, especially for her, his signature tune, Don't Laugh At Me! What a character!

That's it for this quarter! See you in the autumn!

This page is sponsored by Hugh and Beverley Stuart

THE CAMINO DEL ALBA - PEGO TO ALMANSA

by Sheila Ruckley

The word "Camino" is usually associated with the route, walked by thousands each year, from the Pyrenees to Santiago del Compostella. It is a fantastic, relatively easy hike. Accommodation, water and food are readily available, and it is almost impossible to get lost; you just follow the walkers going before you. In Santiago, you queue up to get your Compostella (certificate of completion) and then, as I did, experience the transcendental joy of the service in the Cathedral, with hundreds of people from all over the world, while the huge incense burner, El Botafumeiro, swings high above the congregation. Companionship, shared objective, mutual support; achievement with humility and gratitude.

There are, however, many lesser-known Caminos. One of them starts on our doorstep on the Costa Blanca. This is the Camino del Alba. It is more challenging, accommodation is sparse, food and water need to be carried as there are no bars "just ahead" and navigation skills are essential, despite the waymarking. Significantly, you will scarcely meet another soul. Cathedral bells do not toll for thee at the end. But equally rewarding? Yes. One of the best experiences of my life was when I walked this Camino with Marcus Ronchetti and his wife, Sandra. Many of you will remember Marcus when he was the Chaplain here.

The Camino del Alba starts in Javea, but we began in Pego to save time due to Marcus' work commitments. From Pego



Father Marcus at the cross

the route goes to L'Atzúbia and over the mountain to Forna and Villalonga. Then along the "English track", a disused railway line along the River Serpis to Beniarres, so called because an English company had invested in the area in 1893. Coal came from England. Paper to wrap oranges and cigarettes had been made in the now ruined paper mills along the river.

From Beniarres a long day over the mountain takes pilgrims to Albaida. Then onto Ontinyent and more ups and downs to Fontanars dels Alforins, La Font de la Figuera and finally, Almansa, our objective. Here our Camino joins La Ruta de la Lana and eventually ends up in Santiago.

In Pego, word had got around. Possibly someone had seen the shells (the sign of the Camino) on our rucksacks. We were eating pizza when a man

Cont. on next page ...

THE CAMINO DEL ALBA - PEGO TO ALMANSA cont....

introduced himself as the person responsible for the Camino del Alba. Amazing! He told us there was a new path at the first village. Accordingly, we could avoid the road to Forná. He was our first "Camino Angel", a helpful soul.

All pilgrims carry a Credential, a passport of bona-fides. It must be stamped daily, usually in a church or a bar. We had obtained ours at the tourist office in Javea and, in Villalonga, the posh boutique hotel provided us with a pilgrim's meal (simple repas at low cost). We felt very honoured.

Along the Serpis: We saw two hoopoes and explored the ruined mills. Four gentlemen from Alcoi, out for a stroll from L'Orxa, were amazed we were walking to Almansa. In Beniarres that night, warnings about the severity of the next day scared the living daylights out of us. It was a slog but not THAT hard. We took our boots off at the healing mineral waters at Font Freda. Marcus then almost took a short cut to the bottom of the mountain when he fell over. He landed in prickly bushes.

In Albaida, our host, recognising we were foreigners and exhausted, served us an early dinner of duck and white asparagus. He also treated us to his thoughts on life, romance and matrimony, exhausting us further, while his wife slaved away in the kitchen. They had only been married a year. We got up early and escaped before he could lecture us again - or put us in the kitchen.

An easy day was had to Ontinyent. There the tourist office stamped our



Credentials, briefed us on the route, phoned our accommodation to tell them we were coming and emailed us a map of the Cami de Ombria to take us up to the official Camino the next day. Service!

There was no accommodation in Fontanars dels Alforins, and, certain we could not make it as far as La Font de La Figuera, we had booked "A Cabin in the Vineyard". We were on our knees by the time we found it and relieved we had our emergency food in our rucksacks. All I can say is some cabin, some vineyard! We were the first people ever to walk to the cabin on an estate that produced wine and olive oil. Silvia and Pedro showered us with wine, salad, fruit, bread, ham and cheese and insisted we saw the padel court, tennis court, swimming pool, jacuzzi, steam room, sauna and gym. Yes. We had to get in the jacuzzi! The emergency rations stayed in

Cont. on next page ...

THE CAMINO DEL ALBA - PEGO TO ALMANSA cont....

our rucksacks apart from - curiously - the dehydrated rice pudding with strawberry bought at vast expense in a mountain supplies shop in Scotland. There was nearly murder in the vineyard when Marcus poured in far too much boiling water and it turned into a pink, tasteless mush. But we forgave him. Almost.

The hospitality was overwhelming. And, as you will find out if you read the next article about the Camino from Almansa to Cuenca, it was not the last time we enjoyed feast and friendship when all we were anticipating was a simple lodging and recourse to our emergency rations. Then it was La Font de La Figuera where Victor, at our hostel, recommended a slightly longer but more straightforward route to Almansa. He took me out in his car to show me the start. Another

Camino Angel.

By the time we arrived in Almansa after a 30k walk on our last day, we had been walking for a week without a rest. We had met a few dog walkers but only one other pilgrim - a Swiss woman at La Font de la Figuera who had walked from Xativa. She was completely done in and was waiting for a taxi to take her to Almansa.

I will never forget that last stretch of the Camino into Almansa. We were overcome with emotion as we walked through the empty streets. With never ever a cross word between us or a sulk (despite the rice pudding), we had enjoyed the peace and contentment of true companionship honed by the hardships and challenges of the journey. What more could one ask for?

Buen Camino!

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in THE COURTROOM by Roger Davis.

True Stories from the man who was there!

A solicitor's client received a bill for two consultations.

"I say look here," he said to the lawyer, "I only had one consultation on the 14th, and you've got me down for two."

"That's right," said the lawyer. "Don't you remember? You came back and asked me if you'd left your umbrella in the office."

"Now I want you to tell the jury," said the council for the defence, "exactly what happened in your own words."

"Not likely!" Retorted his client. "I've pleaded not guilty, haven't I?"

"You don't need money," said the magistrate, "you can't play the violin, so why did you steal one from your neighbour?" Asked the judge.

"Because," said the defendant, "He can't play one either!"



A man had summoned his neighbours for being a public nuisances.

"You say they keep banging on your wall at all hours?" said the judge.

"That's right, your worship," replied the complainant.

"And does this keep you awake?"

"Well, no, your worship, but it doesn't half put me off my trumpet practice!"

Lady barrister to a woman witness:

"And what is your age?"

Witness: "About the same age as yours...."

"You say you shot your wife accidentally?" The judge asked.

"That's right." The defendant replied.

"She walked in front of her mother just as I squeezed the trigger."

The judge awarded custody of the three children to the husband.

The estranged wife gave vent to peals of laughter. "Control yourself madam!" said the judge, "show a little decorum, please.

"I'm sorry, my lord," she said, wiping away the tears of laughter, "but he thinks they're his!"



Our Daily Bread

50 Favourite Recipes
to celebrate 50 years
of breaking bread together

Mackerel with Gooseberry, Thyme and Pernod

Ingredients

- 4 sprigs of thyme
- 4 oz of gooseberries
- 2 bay leaves
- A little sugar
- 1 tablespoon of Pernod, Ricard or other aniseed spirit.
- 4 tablespoons of white wine
- 2 tablespoons crème fraiche or cream
- 2 large mackerel or 4 small



Preparation & Cooking Method

- Preheat oven to 200c.
- Wash the mackerel well and season with salt and pepper inside and out.
- Oil a baking tin and put in the mackerel.
- Scatter gooseberries around the fish.
- Sprinkle with sugar and tuck in the thyme and bay leaves.
- Pour over the Pernod and wine.
- Cover the dish with foil and bake for 20 minutes or until the fish is cooked through.

Lift out onto a serving dish and keep warm.

Tip the gooseberries and all the juices into a pan but discard the bay leaves.

Simmer until a sauce consistency is reached.

Stir in the crème fraiche or cream and season to taste with herbs to decorate the dish.

Enjoy!

box
↓
boxes

ox
↓
oxen
(not oxes!)



WHY?!

goose
↓
geese



mouse
↓
mice
(not meece!)

English logic?



house
≠
hice
(nope.)



pan
≠
pen
(why not?!)



Same rule?
Never.



foot
↓
feet ✓



tooth
↓
teeth ✓



booth
≠
beeth
(absolutely not.)

that
↓
those ✓



hat
↓
hose
(no way.)



cat
↓
cats
≠
coze
(not coze!) X

brother
↓
brethren ✓



mother
≠
methren
(never!) X

he, his, him
she, shis, shim
(Seriously?!)

The Queerest of Languages

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
The one fowl is goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural for mouse should never be meece.
You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hice.
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?

The cow in the plural may be cows or kine,
But a bow if repeated is never called bine.
If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,
And if I give you a boat, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth, and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?
If the singular is this, and the plural is these,
Shouldn't the plural of kiss be nicknamed keese?

Then one may be that, and three may be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,
And the plural of cat is cats, and not coze.
We speak of a brother, and also of brethren,
But always we say mother, we never say methren.
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him,
But imagine the feminine, she, shis and shim.
So the English, I think, you all will agree,
Is the queerest language you ever did see.

This one works...



man
↓
men ✓

cow
↓
cows
or
kine ✓



bow
↓
bine
X (never!) X



boat
↓
beet
(huh?!)
X



kiss
↓
keese ?

This one doesn't

CAT AND MOUSE

by Doreen Hammond

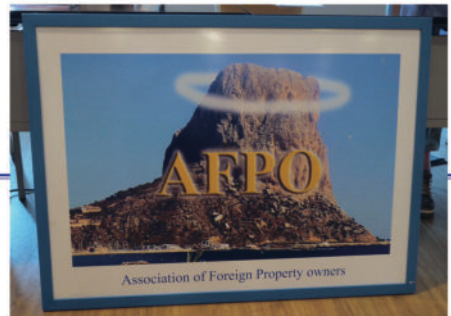
Cleo the cat was taking a nap,
Her head resting on one paw.
When out of the corner of one eye,
Across the room she saw
A little mouse with a piece of cheese
Of almost half his size.
Cleo thought 'he's taking a chance,'
As she watched through narrowed eyes.



The little mouse knew the cat was near
And wondered what to do,
He really couldn't leave the cheese,
Such treats where far and few.
Cleo meanwhile was in a good mood
And decided to let him go,
She closed her eyes and pretended to sleep,
The mouse crept by on tip toes.



AFPO-Association of Foreign Property Owners



New members are always welcome. The aim of our Association is to advise foreign residents on any problems they may have whilst living in Spain, and help translate for patients at the Calpe Centro de Salud.

**Our website: www.afpocalpe.com is updated regularly on local news.
For more information call 639 637 520**

Quiz Time Answers!
1. Meat 2. Austria 3. East Enders 4. Final Reckoning
5. George Orwell 6. Roof Thatcher 7. Die Another Day 8. Ontario

A Capri In Africa Pt 7

by Bob (Spanners) Sheeley

DISASTER STRUCK!!

The night before was a bit of a Party Night and we got to bed a bit late (Joan's bad influence of course?!?!). We got up sharp had breakfast and left.

We drove two and a half hours to the border with South Africa. We arrived at a tiny border crossing. I got out of the car looked in the bag for all the documents - No Passports!! The night before the Hotel had, unusually, wanted to see them and I'd put them back into the safe but not in the bag with the rest of the papers. The room was very dark with poor lighting and I'd missed them.

The phone signal was non-existent at the border crossing and so we started driving back to where we'd come from. The Capri had never gone so fast; 90 mph no problem.

Finally we got a phone signal. Just as we stopped to make a call the Tour Organisers rang to say that the cleaners had found them in the safe and that they would organise a taxi to bring them; we would pay the driver on his arrival.

While we were waiting, I explained to the border control people what had happened and they were lovely. The facilities were on the South African side and they let us just wander back and forth as needed.

Finally, the Passports arrived (within half an hour of the control shutting for the day. We were through in 15 minutes.

Some of the scenery in this area of Africa is stunning. You could be in Switzerland but Africa is just so vast that everything is on a massive scale.



Some of these views were taken at a place called God's Window, along our route and it absolutely is.

Truly stunningly beautiful.



We have driven about 3500 miles so far on this trip and need to reenergise after the fun and stress (all self-inflicted) at the last border crossing

We arrived at our lodge in the Kruger National Park for some more understated luxury and in the afternoon went out on a Safari Drive.

We saw a Leopard and a Lioness. The Lioness was hiding in the long grass next to a stinking carcass. We also saw both Black and White Rhinos.

Cont. on next page ...

This page is sponsored by Bob and Joan Sheeley

A Capri in Africa cont. ...

White Rhino are not white at all but their mouth is "wide". Seemingly perhaps the use of Afrikaans gradually changed this to "white". White Rhino are also bigger.

Over time in the past they became scarce but the better protection in the safari parks has seen the numbers recover.

It rained for a while and we donned our ponchos some looking better than others!!



This is the story of a soldier in war torn Northern Ireland.

He worked in the streets of Belfast and in the countryside, trying to prevent the terrorists of the IRA killing those who didn't agree with their ideology.

This wasn't a fight between Catholics and Protestants or the security forces against the IRA.

It was a battle between good and evil.

A battle that would last for thirty years and cost the lives of thousands!

"The hard hitting novel **Hard Rain** by David MB Brown is about to be relaunched by HGP in the USA on a new selling online agent. for more news see next issue."

www.davidmbbrown.com

A MOUNTAIN CALLED API

By David MB Brown

Part 2

Having spent five days crossing the grain of the land we arrived at the point where we would follow the Chumli River all the way to base camp.

If we thought this would be easier walking we had a shock after the first day. The valley had become steep and closed in and the route would zig zag up one side, then after a short distance



along a steep narrow path it would zig zag steeply down to the river again.

The porters carrying forty kilo loads were men of iron and never complained.

Once back at the river we would cross on makeshift bridges. One slip would put you into the raging icy waters below and certain death. We all trod carefully.

After ten days of this we arrived at our base camp location. This should have been a grassy alpine type valley at the foot of the mountain.



(Cont. on next page...)

This page is sponsored by David Brown - Author of Hard Rain

(A Mountain called API cont...)



Instead it was deep with snow and one could hear the avalanches thundering down the huge south face, scary stuff!

After a few days our second group of porters arrived and finally we could organise the equipment ready to start the climb, if the weather permitted.



After a few more days the weather cleared enough to start the climb. We had worked out a possible route up the huge ten thousand foot face that seemed from our observations to dodge the line of most of the avalanches.

Early next morning while it was still dark, the expedition leader, myself, Andy Simpkins and Duncan Sperry set off up the mountain to establish camp one. Despite the heavy loads we made good progress. Two other members of the team sat on the far side of the valley charting our progress and taking photographs.

As the sun rose in the sky it warmed the South Face. This loosened the rocks and snow. Avalanche time! High above us we heard the thunderous roar of a massive avalanche crashing down and it was coming our way. All we could do was flatten ourselves on one side of the snow ridge we were ascending cover our nose and mouth and pray.

I for one put in a direct pray call to 'Big G'. He must have heard me as apart from large amounts of powder snow covering us the heavy stuff was deflected away by our ridge.

The two team members charting our progress thought we were dead and could not believe their eyes when they saw four small figure start climbing again.

Finally after several more hours climbing we established camp one beneath a small rock outcrop at 16,700 feet.

The night was a frightening experience with constant powder avalanches pouring over the rock out crop and burying the tents.

(Cont. on the next page...)

(A Mountain called API cont...)



This required constant digging out during the night. In the morning it was decided to collapse the tent and leave the food and equipment there and retreat down to base camp. This was easier said than done!

Visibility was poor as it was snowing and the loose snow was waist deep but down we had to go.

Arriving back at base camp some hours later shaken but not deterred. After some hot tea and food we repacked new loads of food, gas, ropes and hardware ready to return the minute the weather cleared.



TOUCHING THE SKY

by David MB Brown

Mountains, what mysteries they hold,
Dark, brooding in mist rain or snow.
Abode of Gods, monsters and trolls,
Whatever it is it captures the soul.

They draw us upwards to touch the sky,
Upwards one painful step at a time.
Lungs seared by thin ice cold air,
Bereft of that life giving oxygen.

Still we climb on driven by a madness,
That is beyond our ability to comprehend.
Stop, retreat mind gripped by demons,
Down, warm valley below and comfort.

No! Upwards, forever upwards the soul cries,
The summit will free your mind of man's shackles.

On the summit, wonders for the eyes to behold,
To see the temptation of man in the vista below.
To feel like conquerors of the earth beneath our feet,
The realisation of the world God has granted us.
To tender, love, share and nurture in peace.

Leaving the view is as hard as each step down,
For a slip is death or worse to lie broken but alive.

Broken on the mountains so loved to die of cold,
Fleeting thoughts of loved ones failed by not returning.
In the valley below greetings, handshakes, congratulations,
Warm life giving food and drink, rest but still a yearning.

Reflections of those few fleeting moments on the summit
The pain of the climb, the mind has hidden from the body.
But the senses retain the time you lived beyond your mind,
On Gods great mountain where you dreamed of touching the sky.
There on that cold summit you learned to believe in the divine,
And found that peace you had searched for, for all this time.



What's happening in a church near you?

www.costablanca-anglican-chaplaincy.es

CALPE LA MERCED

Sunday Services at 10.30am

We have coffee afterwards at La Merced Camp Site 200m past the church.

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.

DENIA

Sunday Services at midday

in the Ermita Las Rotas.

Useful Organisations

MOFTAG Calpe : Jenny 639 139 518

HELP of Marina Alta : 634 345 014

Lynwen's Nurses : Jayne 634 345 685

Widows & Widowers Orba : Julie 639 176 812

Guardian Angels: 601 53 96 07

AFPO: Carol 639 637 520

GANDIA

Sunday Service at 12:15pm

in the Chapel of the Franciscan Hospice.

ALFAZ DEL PI

Sunday services 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 at midday

in the Chapel in the grounds of Los Salesianos.



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



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



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



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



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



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



Gandia
The Chapel of the Franciscan
Hospice, CV 686, 671.
07600, Palma de Gandia
Service times: Sunday 12.15

"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

www.costablanca-anglican-chaplaincy.es



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Monday - Friday

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