

# THE ROCK

**FREE**  
Issue 11

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](http://www.costablanca-anglican-chaplaincy.es)

## Message from the Editor

Here we are at that wonderful time of the year that means so much too many people around the world. Christmas is celebrated by Christians to rejoice in the birth of our saviour Jesus Christ. Others celebrate it as a time of giving and having a good time and there is nothing wrong in any of that because we are all human beings, created by one God.

Having a good time is as natural to us as breathing but we should also remember those who Christmas maybe a time of loneliness, sadness, hunger or fear. In our giving we can help by simply making a phone call to someone who is on their own. Inviting them out for a drink or a meal.

Supporting a charity that cares for the homeless, children in need or those who have lost their homes due to natural causes or war. There are many ways we can help by just giving a little of our time. However, remember that being kind to others is for life not just for Christmas!

If you really want to get into the Christmas spirit then join us at one of our Carol service for a really good Carol. The louder the better you don't need to be in tune!

Details of our services are in the back of the magazine.

Finally I would just like to say a big thank all who have supported the magazine especially our advertisers and our sponsors. The magazine has been so successful we are now doubling our printed addition. If for any reason you cannot get a hard copy then you can follow the stories, jokes and quizzes etc on our website.

Have a wonderful Christmas and peaceful New Year.

*Ed.*



1964 High in the Radfan (Aden now the Yemen)  
unloading supplies



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](mailto: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](mailto:davidwarblers@gmail.com)**

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

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Dear friends in Christ on behalf of the clergy and membership of the Anglican Chaplaincy of the Holy Spirt Costa Blanca, may I wish you the Peace and Joy of this lovely season. As we look to the celebration of the birth of our Lord Jesus, I pray that we might take notice of the humble environment around the nativity message.

As Anglican Christians we highlight the incarnation of the Son of God in the person and work of Jesus of Nazareth who came as the Christ.

It seems especially appropriate at this moment in time to reflect and remember the lowly, the poor and the victims of violence, war and abuse.

Our world is often imperfect, and our systems of governance sometimes fail human need and dignity. It is the incarnation that brings dignity to creation. We become adopted as sons and daughters of the Kingdom through the grace of God. You and I are called to do our part in this realm by the power of the Holy Spirit.

As we look forward to Christmas and the coming year, may I encourage and invite you to visit any of our Chaplaincy worship centres here on the Costa Blanca.

It is always a joy to welcome both returning and new members and to encourage folks to get involved in the work and witness of our Chaplaincy life.

We know we can't fix all the world's problems, however through our love and compassion towards our brothers and sisters, in our commitment to make the world a better place, especially here on the Costa Blanca, it is a start.

Let us follow the example and humility of Joseph, the courage of Our Lady as the miracle of the baby Jesus becomes the sign of Hope and peace.

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

*May God continue to bless you all.*

*Fr. Paul*



We thank you for giving to the Diocese or to any chaplaincy you name with your gift.

**If you need help with Christenings, wedding blessings, funerals or just a chat  
contact Father Paul Dean on  
[frpauldean@gmail.com](mailto:frpauldean@gmail.com) or 711 061 864.**

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# My Jalon Valley

by Roger Davis

Tis night, the serried lines of vines sleep in their ranks.  
The pollen seeking bees have fled the citrus trees.

The Almond orchards seem to float in mist,  
And the pomegranates rich red skins are yet to come.  
Fig trees, their huge green leaves are bending, whilst  
Carobs their unending fruits protected, seem gnarled  
And ancient beside the stunted trunks of olives.

Lemons nod profusely on their boughs and wait

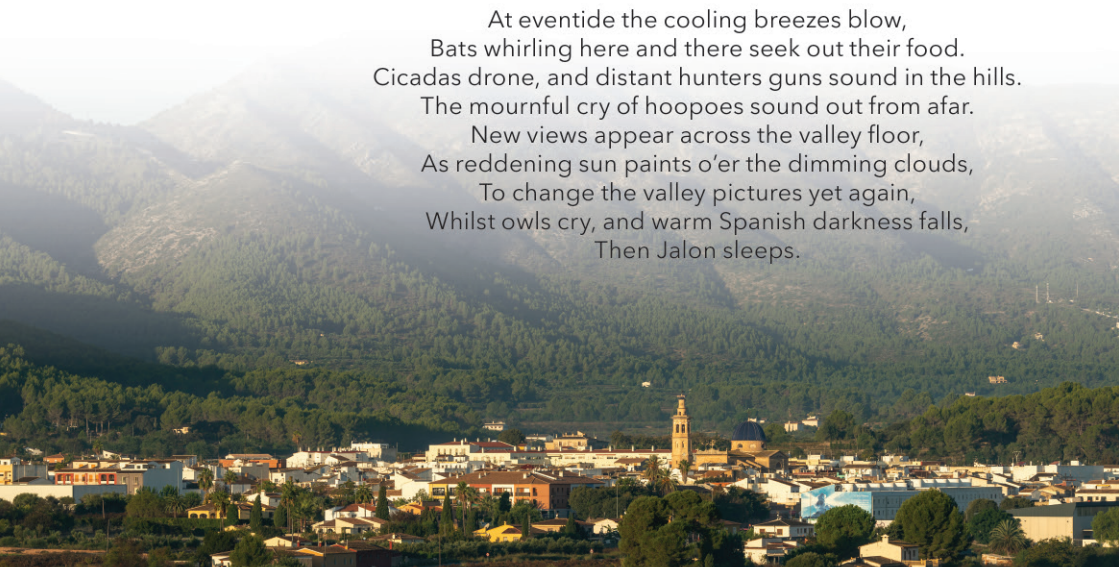
For the sun, For this is Jalon.

Dark red the sun which o'er the mountains creeps,  
With purple mountain tops in shadows where the fox now sleeps.  
Bright daggers of light and shadows seem to fly,  
And the valley wakes.

Grey wisps of smoke shows where small fires burn,  
Small birds flit here and there on busy errands,  
A drone of sound now shows the town awakes,  
The church bells loudly tolls the hour,  
And Jalon awakes.

At noon the drowsy summer heat fills all the valley,  
Dark shadows deepen on the grey-green hills.  
New vistas now appear across the ripening almond trees.  
And an eagle slowly flaps its way in search of prey.  
Old ladies with their packs herb filled turn now for home,  
Siesta calls, all sound has gone,  
Save for cicadas humming,  
And Jalon rests.

At eventide the cooling breezes blow,  
Bats whirling here and there seek out their food.  
Cicadas drone, and distant hunters guns sound in the hills.  
The mournful cry of hoopoes sound out from afar.  
New views appear across the valley floor,  
As reddening sun paints o'er the dimming clouds,  
To change the valley pictures yet again,  
Whilst owls cry, and warm Spanish darkness falls,  
Then Jalon sleeps.



This page is sponsored by Roger Davis

# Walter and the Dark Wood

by Carole Anne Baggeley

In issue 10 Walter and his Great Dane friend Henry had run away and were now in the Great Wood its dark and strange noises are all around them.

The sound of breaking twigs and snuffling was getting nearer and nearer. I moved closer to Henry for safety and found he was shaking. "What's wrong Henry?" I whispered. "I'm scared and I want to go home!" He said sadly. "I'm not used to being out in the dark without a parent." He sniffled a bit and added "I'm also very hungry!"

What a great big custard! I thought. Then another twig snapped and that's when I decided I was very hungry to. "Let's go home Henry!" I barked and we set off back the way we had come. Well I thought it was the way we had come but we suddenly came out of the Great Wood by ten acre field with its stacks of hay.

We stopped at the edge of the wood and wondered which way to go. That's was when I heard it!

"Wooo!" We both jumped and if I hadn't tripped him up Henry would have raced off over the field to heaven knows where! Sitting on a branch above us was that pesky owl that often kept me awake at night at home. His great big eyes swivelled and watched us. Then with a swoop and flapping of wings he was off across the field.

"What's that?" Henry nodded in the direction of two bright eyes coming over the field. They seem to swivel independently from side to side. "It's must be some horrible night monster that will eat us up!" Henry cried. It was a good job I was standing on his tail keeping him pinned to the ground as I'm sure he would have run back into the wood.



"No. It's not a monster I said that's two lights that the parents use when they go out at night.

Then we could both hear the faint calls "Walter. Walter here boy!"

"Henry. Henry come to papa!"

We didn't need any more encouragement. We charged across the field to my Dad and Henry's Dad Mr Barton. Henry knocked Mr Barton over and stood over him licking his face.

I tried the same with my Dad but he wasn't having any of it and put my lead on and made me sit. Then he pulled Henry off Mr Barton who was now covered in hay and wet slobber from Henry.

After a minute for Mr Barton to get his breathe back he and Henry set off for the village. Dad marched me home at high speed my feet skimming over the field. I think he was a bit cross with me.

When we arrived home at Barn House I could see all the lights were on and it looked wonderful.

Dad took my lead off once we were inside the front door and I crept into the living room. Scarlet my sister was curled up on her bed by the blazing log fire and I could see my bed there too. Mom sat on the sofa reading. She glanced at me but never said a word. Dad came in from the kitchen with my supper which he put down nosily by the French windows and said in a commanding

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

**This page is sponsored by David Brown author of The Darkness**



# Walter and the Dark Wood - continued....

voice, "Eat!"

I needed no encouragement, I gobbled it down in record time. I stood for a moment licking my lips and checking to see if I had missed a bit when Dad said "Bed!"

I dropped onto my bed and snuggled down. Scarlet crept over to me and gave my ear a

tug and a lick (an absolute first).

As I drifted off I sure I heard Mom say to Dad that Judi was coming over for tea tomorrow and bring her little whippet called Martha. "Oooh, Yipes!" I thought another girl! This could be double trouble with her and Scarlet. Come back Henry I might need back up!

## CRICKET EXPLAINED

You have two sides, one out in the field and one in.

Each man that's in the side that's in goes out, and when he's out he comes in and the next man goes in until he's out.

When they are all out, the side that's out comes in and the side that's been in goes out and tries to get those coming in, out.

Sometimes you get men still in and not out.

When a man goes out to go in, the men who are out try to get him out, and when he is out he goes in and the next man in goes out and goes in.

There are two men called umpires who stay out all the time and they decide when the men who are in are out.

When both sides have been in and all the men have got out, and both sides have been out twice after all the men have been in, including those who are not out, that is the end of the game!



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This page is sponsored by Gillian Kennard

# Church Humour

## TEN COMMANDMENTS

A Sunday school teacher was discussing the Ten Commandments with her five and six year olds. After explaining the Commandment to 'Honour thy father and thy mother,' the teacher asked, "Is there a Commandment that teaches us how to treat our brothers and sisters?"

Without missing a beat, one little boy answered, "Thou shalt not kill."

## WEDDING BLISS

Two little boys were sitting together at a wedding ceremony in church.

As the couple said "I do"

one of the boys said I wonder how many wives can a man have?"

"He can have sixteen wives"

the other boy answered.

"How do you know that?"

The first boy asked.

"Weren't you listening?"

The priest said it. Four better, four worse, four richer and four poorer!"

## GOLFING

Jesus Christ, Moses and an old bearded guy were playing golf. On the first tee, Moses shanked his ball into a lake.

He parted the water and hit the ball onto the green.

Jesus teed off, hitting his ball into another water hazard.

He walked out on the water stroked his ball just short of the cup.

Then the old man with the beard stepped up. He hit his ball with tremendous force, but hooked it on the club house roof.

It bounced off hit the cart path and rolled down the hill into a pond coming to rest on a Lilly pad. A frog picked up the ball then an eagle swooped down and picked up the frog and flew over the green. The frog dropped the ball which rolled into the cup for a hole in one.

Moses turned to Jesus and said, "I hate playing with your Dad!"



## CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

It was Christmas and the judge was in a merry mood as he asked the prisoner,

"What are you charged with?"

"Doing my Christmas shopping early," replied the defendant.

"That's no offense," said the judge.

"How early were you doing this shopping?"

"Before the store opened." He replied.

## A MIRACLE?

Father O'Malley was driving home on Christmas Eve when he was stopped by a policeman.

The policeman could smell alcohol on the priest's breath and saw an empty wine bottle in the back of the car.

He said, 'Father have you been drinking?'

'Only water' replied Father O'Malley.

'Then how come I can smell wine?' The officer said pointing to the empty bottle.

Father O'Malley looked at the bottle and said, 'Good Lord, He's done it again.'

## GOD IS MISSING

Twin seven year old boys were always getting into trouble. Any trouble in town their parents knew they would be involved.

Their mother heard that the local vicar was very good at disciplining children and asked him to help. He agreed but asked to see the boys one at a time.

The vicar was a big man with a deep booming voice. He sat the first boy down and asked, "Do you know

where God is. Son?"

The boy made no response but just sat there wide eyed. The vicar asked again, "Where is God?"

The boy still didn't answer.

This time the vicar gave it full volume, "Where is God?"

The boy screamed and ran straight home and hid in his bedroom. His twin brother found him and asked what happened.

His brother replied, "Where in big trouble this time! God is missing and they think we did it!"





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# 3 GLASSES OF CAVA, BUT NO TEA OR SCONES

by Carole Saunders



I was invited by the British Ambassador to Spain Sir Alex Ellis, to have Afternoon Tea at his Residence with other representatives from charitable associations across Spain, as a thank you in recognition of the work we all do. Sadly partners are no longer invited due to Government cutbacks though their lives are constantly disrupted by our work. I decided I was getting too old to be going to Madrid and back in a day. So I planned an overnight stay. I booked a Hostel right in the centre of Madrid, so that I could have a walk around in the evening. The Hostel was advertised as being recently renovated. It took several attempts on the internet to book the Alicante Railway Station parking, as it always does, but if you do book in advance you get 20% off. I received a message from the parking company saying that there was a new entrance to the parking, and on looking on the map they sent I thought I had a good idea of where I had to go. Normally the Station parking was at the side of the railway station. On the morning I left the house in good time to catch the train. I had missed the morning rush, but the driver of a 20 year old car still insisted on overtaking me on double white lines at the Mascarat tunnels when I was driving towards Altea. I arrived at Alicante station half an hour before my train was due to leave. I drove down the road along the side of the station where I thought I knew where the entrance was, it was blocked off. I drove along a back street and found a rough car park that obviously was not the right place to be and found I could hardly get out. I asked a man on the car park where the Station parking was, and he kindly gave me directions. At this point I have to tell you that one of the Alicante Consulate staff who lives in Altea drove round the station looking for the car park eventually giving up and parking in an under-ground car park, she commented to me at the reception that in her haste she forgot to check on what time the car park closed and was hoping it would still be open when she got back that evening. I eventually found the station parking, through a worksite, it was nearly empty, and I soon realised why. I had 20 minutes before



my train left, and the car park was a mile away from the station, and there was no pathway to it. I asked two workmen how I was supposed to get to the station, and they said I had to go on to the main road that led to Cortes Ingles and turn right to the station. By this stage my train left in 20 minutes and I knew that if I went the route suggested I would not get there in time. I looked around and saw the old car park I had got stuck in and realised that if I could get to it I would get to the station in time. As I was looking as to how I could get down to the car park. A lady kindly offered to open her apartment's gates and allow me on to the road to Cortes Ingles. I told her I only had 20 minutes before the train left, she said then you had better go that way. That way was down a rough ramp the builders had made and over a pile of rubble at the bottom. I gingerly manoeuvred the ramp and the rubble only to break the pulley handle of my overnight bag as I safely arrived on solid ground. I then carried my overnight bag for ten minutes before I realised I could pull it with one of the pieces of the broken handle. I sailed through security and got on my train 4 minutes before it left. The train arrived on time at the Chamartin Station. Chamartin station is a bit like Teulada.... it is never finished. I think they have been working on it to make it as big as Heathrow Airport for the last ten years. There is one toilet and I have been looking for it for the last 3 years. I hate to use toilets on trains, because men dribble and the toilets are unisex. I got off the train and still could not find the

### 3 GLASSES OF CAVA, BUT NO TEA OR SCONES .... (cont.)

toilets I have been looking for, for the last 3 years. I was walking towards the Taxis when I saw a toilet cubicle. So someone realised that this side of the enormous station people need a loo. With great relief I entered the cabin only to find an attendant there. I asked if it was OK if I used the lady's toilet, and she said no problema. As I left I said there was no toilet paper, her reply was, no! It was not supplied because the toilets were for the Taxi drivers who brought their own toilet paper!!! Well at least the toilets were clean. I hailed a taxi and arrived at my hostel in good time. My room was tiny and I think they overlooked the grouting that was not finished, but it was very clean and secure. Two years before, when I was invited by the then Ambassador to the celebration of the Kings Coronation in Madrid, my husband had booked me into a Hostel without realising it was in a Red Light district. When I arrived at my Hostel the Taxi driver asked if I was sure I wanted to be left in that area, I said yes but I would kill my husband when I got home!! In the much more respectable Hostel I unpacked my broken overnight bag and lay down on the bed thinking I would have 40 winks. I suddenly realised it was 3.30pm and the reception started at 4pm!! I quickly dressed and rushed out and hailed a Taxi. I arrived at the Ambassador's Residence on time. As I was at the end of the queue of guests arriving I was greeted by the Consul, but the Ambassador wandered off before he was introduced to me. We were all given a glass of Cava and the Ambassador made a toast thanking us for our work for the British community. We were then offered tiny cucumber, watercress, and cream cheese sandwiches, with a tiny square of brownie and carrot cake. Gone were the days when I downed Gin and Tonics with the late but great journalist Jack Troughton, and ate canopies until I could eat no more..... cutbacks again!! Due to the Alicante Consulate staff being aware of my alcoholic consumption I was generously supplied with numerous glasses of Cava, thank you so much Keir Starmer!!

After an enjoyable couple of hours people started to leave and Taxis were being called. As I was waiting for my Taxi a gentleman guest, and I use the word lightly, asked if I was going to Chamartin or into Madrid. I said I was going into Madrid. He then asked if he could share my Taxi, but would have to pay his share by Bisum. I jokingly told him I do not use Bizum as my Bank Manager will not allow it. He said he had 8 euros and I said that would be sufficient. Another lady then joined us and there was a discussion about payment that basically did not work out as I paid for the Taxi to go to the centre of Madrid paying for so far and the other two passengers carried on without offering to pay anything towards the first part of their journey!! I arrived back at the Hostel, changed and went out onto the Gran Via in search of a new overnight bag. I decided to have something to eat in a quiet square. Like all good Lancashire lasses I choose a local Madrilenio dish, Tripe with Black pudding, and it was delicious. The next morning I arrived at Chamartin railway station in good time to have some breakfast before I got on the train. As I have already explained the station is "en obras" and I could find nothing better than a glorified shack for a coffee and croissant. I went towards security on my way to the train and after passing my new overnight bag through the x-ray machine I was asked to go into a side room and have my bag searched!! Apparently the table knife I took with me if I wanted to eat something in my room was thought to be a dangerous weapon!!! Yet again I boarded the train with about four minutes to spare. Arriving safely in Alicante all the passengers' phones started bleeping with a warning from the Valencian Generalitat saying we were in the middle of a storm. Yes we were, and after getting a Taxi to drive me to my car, I had to drive home through the storm. Was it really worth 3 glasses of cava and no tea and scones??



LIFE is about ignoring negativity, accepting what you can't change. Sharing JOY, laughing with friends, LOVING your family and being HAPPY with what you have. Spoken by Winnie the Pooh.

Sometimes all you really need is someone to hug you tight and refuse to let you go until you feel better. You are VERY special. Spoken by Winnie the Pooh

I love Winnie the Pooh!

Elaine x





## QUIZ TIME!



1. What is the largest mammal in the world?
2. Who painted the Mona Lisa?
3. Who is the king of the gods in Greek mythology?
4. What is the capital city of Mongolia?
5. In which year did Serena Williams win her first grand slam title?
6. What the scientific term for the "little brain" at the base of the brain that coordinates movement and balance?
7. What is the term for a group of Flamingos?
8. What animal is known to laugh and has proven to have a sense of humour?
9. What animal's milk is pink?
10. What is the most northern capital in the world?



**Answers: Seek and you shall find!**

### IN TIMES OF STRESS

Grant me the serenity to  
Accept the things I cannot change  
The courage to change  
things I cannot accept  
And the wisdom to hide  
The bodies of those I had to  
kill today  
Because they got on my nerves  
Also help me to be careful  
Of the toes I step on today  
As they may be connected  
To the feet I have to kiss  
tomorrow.  
Help me always to give 100%...  
12% on Monday  
23% on Tuesday  
40% on Wednesday  
20% on Thursday  
And  
5% on Friday





# Broadcasting in Spain

by Hugh Stewart

## Part one: The Early Days

The Editor of The Rock has asked me to write an article about the years that Beverly and I spent broadcasting on the Costa Blanca, a period that spanned the fifteen years between 1994 and 2009.

We started our time on radio with our own programme called Lifestyle which broadcasted for a modest hour and a half every day, from the Radio Littoral studio in Benissa. It was hard work and we could not have survived without the support of a number of friends, which included Paul Freeman, Pauline McGough and Marlene Middleton, but we must have done something right as in 2001 we were invited by Onda Cero, one of the biggest broadcasters in Spain, to form and manage a new station to be called Onda Cero International, which would broadcast in English from a brand new, state of the art studio in Altea, covering the whole of the Costa Blanca, north of Alicante, 24 hours a day!

Thus started the second chapter of our lives in radio which continued until 2009. This massive upgrade in broadcasting required us to employ a much bigger team than before. Paul, Pauline and Marlene made the move to OCI with us and we were joined by broadcasters Ricardo Dunn, Stephen Ritson, Vince Tracey and Eric Taylor, while Charlotte Graham handled the administration.

"Good Morning! you are listening to Onda Cero International on 94.6FM! I'm Beverly Stewart and....." ".....and I'm Hugh Stewart! " .....these were the opening words we used almost every morning for eight years as Beverly and I introduced the daily edition of The Breakfast Show.

Our self imposed brief was to develop a radio station, broadcasting in English



to the enormous numbers of British and other English speaking people who had chosen to spend part or all of their lives on the Costa Blanca. It's hard to say what our style was, but we definitely were not a Music Station. Of course, we played music-pop, jazz, classical, country, you name it, we played it - but we were more of a magazine, covering a different subject with every turn of the radio 'page', throughout the day.

One of our slogans was "your English language connection to the Costa Blanca" which was quickly replaced by the more snappy phrase "OCI, The Information Station!" The idea was to keep listeners up to date with the daily segment "What's On" which promoted local theatre, sports, arts, fiestas, films and clubs...in fact, pretty much anything happening on the Costa Blanca. We interviewed hundreds of celebrities visiting or living here, politicians, musicians and singers, sportsmen and women, tv personalities, and, often, the man in the street. We tried to keep listeners abreast of changes in Spanish law and the progress of local elections, and of course, there were news bulletins and local weather forecasts! It goes without saying that we tried to produce programmes that were entertaining as well as informative!

**Next month**, if the editor agrees, I'll tell you about some of the interesting, sad and funny things that happened during programmes, on and off air!

# The Best Gift

by Betty Werth



On Christmas Eve, a young boy with light in his eyes  
looked deep into Santa's, to Santa's surprise  
And said as he sat on Santa's broad knee,  
"I want your secret. Tell it to me."

He leaned up and whispered in Santa's good ear  
"How do you do it, year after year?"  
"I want to know how, as you travel about,  
Giving gifts here and there, you never run out."

How is it, dear Santa, that in your pack of toys  
You have plenty for all of the world's girls and boys?  
Stays so full, never empties, as you make your way  
From rooftop to rooftop, to homes large and small,  
From nation to nation, reaching them all?"

And Santa smiled kindly and said to the boy,  
"Don't ask me hard questions. Don't you want a toy?"  
But the child shook his head, and Santa could see  
That he needed the answer. "Now listen to me,"

He told that small boy with the light in his eyes,  
"My secret will make you sadder and wise."  
"The truth is that my sack is magic inside  
It holds millions of toys for my Christmas Eve ride.

But although I do visit each girl and each boy  
I don't always leave them a gaily wrapped toy.  
Some homes are hungry, some homes are sad,  
Some homes are desperate, some homes are bad.

Some homes are broken, and the children there grieve.  
Those homes I visit, but what should I leave?  
"My sleigh is filled with the happiest stuff,  
But for homes where despair lives toys aren't enough.

So I tiptoe in, kiss each girl and boy,  
And I pray with them that they'll be given the joy  
Of the spirit of Christmas, the spirit that lives  
In the heart of the dear child who gets not, but gives.  
"If only God hears me and answers my prayer,

When I visit next year, what I will find there  
Are homes filled with peace, and with giving, and love  
And boys and girls gifted with light from above.  
It's a very hard task, my smart little brother,  
To give toys to some, and to give prayers to others.  
But the prayers are the best gifts, the best gifts indeed,  
For God has a way of meeting each person's need.  
"That's part of the answer. The rest, my dear youth,  
Is that my sack is magic. And that is the truth.



## The Best Gift .... (Cont.)

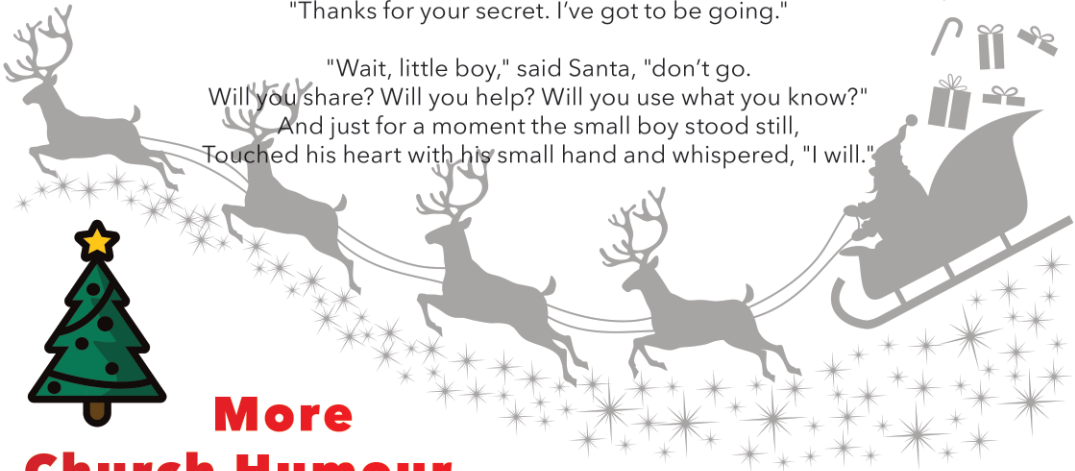
In my sack I carry on Christmas Eve day  
More love than a Santa could ever give away.  
The sack never empties of love, or of joys  
'Cause inside it are prayers, and hope. Not just toys.

The more that I give, the fuller it seems,  
Because giving is my way of fulfilling dreams.  
"And do you know something? You've got a sack, too.  
It's as magic as mine, and it's inside of you.

It never gets empty, it's full from the start.  
It's the center of light, and love. It's your heart.  
And if on this Christmas you want to help me,  
Don't be so concerned with the gifts 'neath your tree.

Open that sack called your heart, and share  
Your joy, your friendship, your wealth, your care."  
The light in the small boy's eyes was glowing.  
"Thanks for your secret. I've got to be going."

"Wait, little boy," said Santa, "don't go.  
Will you share? Will you help? Will you use what you know?"  
And just for a moment the small boy stood still,  
Touched his heart with his small hand and whispered, "I will."



## More Church Humour

What did Daniel tell the estate agent?  
I want a house with no den.

When someone said they  
needed a boat built, what  
did people tell him?  
"We Noah guy!"



What do you call a sleep walking Nun?  
A roamin' catholic

What do you call a priest who becomes a lawyer?  
A father in law.

Why didn't Noah go fishing?  
He only had two worms.  
How do you know atoms are catholic?  
They have mass.

What did the girl reply when she was asked why she always walked to and from school with the same girl. "I was told I'm supposed to walk by Faith!"

This page is sponsored by Robert and Diana Hills





# RESTAURANTE LA MERCED



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## MENÚ A LA BRASA

ENTRANTE, PLATO  
PRINCIPAL Y POSTRE

**TODOS LOS VIERNES,  
SÁBADOS Y DOMINGO**

**¿ESTÁS LISTO PARA  
DESCUBRIRLO?**

**! TAPAS ORIGINALES PARA LLEVAR !**

TACOS  
EXÓTICOS

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TAPAS CASERAS, LISTAS PARA  
LLEVAR Y COMPARTIR

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# Cheats Cassoulet

from Sue McNae

## Ingredients

8 quality sausages  
pack of bacon lardons  
or 4 rashers of streaky bacon  
1 onion - chopped  
1 carrot - chopped  
1 small red pepper - chopped  
can of chopped tomatoes - 400grs  
can of baked beans - 400grs  
black pepper  
baby new potatoes (optional)  
fresh bread to serve

## Preparation & Cooking Method

Fry eight quality sausages then put them to one side.

Fry a pack of bacon lardons or four rashers of chopped streaky bacon with a chopped onion in an oven proof casserole until the onion is softened and the bacon crispy.

Add one carrot and one small red pepper both chopped into small pieces and continue cooking for ten minutes.

Cut the sausages into bite size pieces and add to casserole.

Season with black pepper.



Stir in four hundred grams, can, of chopped tomatoes and one of baked beans.

Stir well and cover with a lid.

Cook in the oven at 170 degrees for about twenty minutes until everything is heated through.

Serve in bowls with fresh bread or you can add cooked baby new potatoes for the last five minutes.



Ooooooh! Yummy and I'm a veggie! Ed

**Quiz Time Answers!**  
1. Blue Whale 2. Leonardo de Vinci 3. Zeus 4. Ulaanbaatar  
5. 1996 (US Open) 6. Cerebellum 7. Flamboyance 8. Rats  
9. Hippopotamus 10. Reykjavik, Iceland

This page is sponsored by Canon Raymond and Eileen Hodson



# Wetterstrom & Krol

*abogados - asesores*



We speak English



Wir sprechen Deutsch



Wij spreken Nederlands



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# **in THE COURTROOM**

## **by Roger Davis.**



Prosecutor: "Call William Simpson"  
Bemused man in the box, took the oath.  
Prosecutor: "Are you William Simpson?"  
Man: "Yes Guv."  
Prosecutor: "And you live at Beel Street?"  
Man: "No Guv." (Correct address given).  
Prosecutor: "Tell us what you saw happen on the evening of January third."  
Man: "How should I know?"  
Prosecutor: Then why on earth are you here?"  
Man: "If you must know I just came to read the gas meter!"

**A prostitute recommended in a probation report for community service order.**  
The lady chair ask the probation officer- "and what type of community service will she be called upon to perform?"

### **Careless Driving Case.**

Two drivers both of Polish origin.  
Both kept having hysterical outburst accusing the other of lying while giving evidence.  
Finally the both solicitors held their heads in desperation and address the Chair- "Your worships, we ask you dismiss this case. After listening to both sides of the story you must agree they are both Poles apart!"

**Defendant stole- 300 items of ladies underwear from clothes line and was found wearing some of them under his trousers.**  
Chairman: "Do you have anything to say?"  
Defendant: "I admit to stealing all. But don't try to make out I'm kinky or anything!"

### **I Love this one!**

Irishman got drunk on St. Patricks day found himself being put into a police cell.  
"What am I here for? He asked  
"Drinking" replied the police officer.  
"Oh well" said the Irish man. "That's different, officer when do we start?"

### **Defendant charged with speeding.**

Chairman: "Any excuse?"  
Defendant: "Yes sir. I had hardly any petrol left in the tank and I wanted to get to the filling station before it completely ran out!"

### **In Liverpool**

Police had to handcuff a heavily set man as he kicked them so violently. Despite the man having a record for GBH he entered a plea of not guilty. His defence solicitor- "It took three officers to arrest my client and to handcuff him. Surely you could have used a more humane method?"  
Police officer- "Of course sir. We could have shot him!"

### **Failure to appear.**

Lady entered a written plea stating reason for not being in court. "Going to the hairdressers to get hair rinsed."  
Unsympathetic Chairman. "Fined fifteen pounds. Let's hope that makes her hair curl!"

**A Jewish Chairman** habitually wore a black skullcap (Kippah) in court. On this day he forgot to wear it and had left it in the retiring room. After hearing the case they went to the retiring room to deliberate.

On return he was wearing his skullcap.  
On seeing this the defendant passed out!

### **Written on a charge sheet for the court.**

Man charged with- Stealing forty pairs of ladies knockers!  
Break and entering "Mary Jane" (Ladies Shop).  
Assault of a policeman in the execution of his daughter!

### **Two defendants jointly charged with the theft of wallpaper.**

One was called William King and the other Andrew Queen.  
The Chairman asked the clerk- "What kind of wallpaper?"  
The Clerk- "Crown wallpaper your worships."  
I promise you this is true!



## Budapest and the River Danube - part 1

by Gail and Dennis Johnson

2025 has been a significant year for Dennis and myself, our 50th wedding anniversary was celebrated in July. We were thinking well in advance and having no close family decided a cruise would be ideal. Friends recommended looking at Riviera Travel resulting in us booking a River Danube cruise on the MS William Wordsworth 18 months ahead of time. Yes, we were confident we would still be together by then!

With the cruise booked we decided to extend our stay in Budapest. Flying direct from Alicante we stayed at the Hilton, very different from the 'hotel' in London where we spent our honeymoon. There we were in a very comfortable room overlooking the roof of Mathias church and the river. This was our base from which to explore the many sights of Buda, sample the food and drink in the delightful restaurants around. On the second day we were a bit confused, there was an air of high security in the hotel, serious looking armed guards patrolling the corridors and a beautiful security dog checking out the lifts. No this wasn't for us but for a Chinese business and finance delegation. We felt very safe.

We embarked the ship on the Friday, only 124 passengers on board, friendly staff, delicious food, free bar every evening and unlimited teas, coffee and home baked biscuits to help yourself to. We set sail that evening.

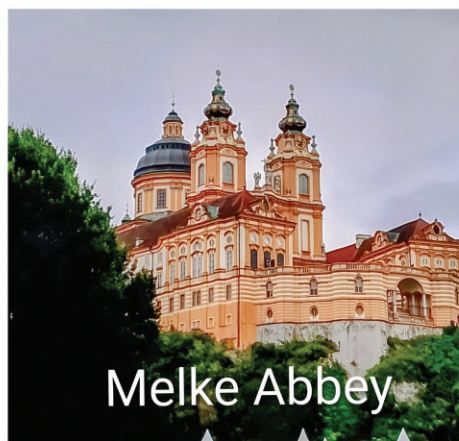
The first port of call was Esztergom. The ship docked alongside parkland and we walked a short way to 'Noddy Trains' where we were met by guides to take us on a tour of the city. We then had free time at the Basilica, some of the interior was under scaffolding, but it did not detract from the beauty of the architecture. Also included was a tour of the treasury where vestments and vessels were displayed. Then it was back to the ship for lunch, a relaxing afternoon followed by a 'Tour Around the World Quiz' after dinner, all whilst sailing the Danube towards Bratislava.

We awoke the next morning to find we were docked in Bratislava, capital of Slovakia since 1993. The weather was damp and grey but it didn't dampen the spirits. Off again in 'Noddy Trains' and on foot to discover the city. The city, once again was architecturally beautiful. The

town hall is 14th C, the Franciscan Church 13th C and the foundations of the impressive castle laid in the 9th C. From the castle walls the view overlooks the Danube to the large, Communist built high-rise flats and stark, grandiose administration buildings on the other side of the river. There were some quirky statues around the town centre which made us laugh. The talk after lunch was 'Life Behind the Iron Curtain' given by the cruise director and the cruise concierge both of whom had grown up in Communist countries.

The next day we docked in Durnstein, Austria, in the heart of the beautiful Wachau Valley. There were two options for the morning, a guided tour of the village or the climb up to the ruins of Kuenringer Castle where it is said that Richard the Lionheart was held on his return from the Holy Land. The climb was challenging, 40 minutes of steep paths, steps and uneven stone and shingle. The view from the top was certainly worth the effort, it was spectacular. The descent was much easier, although care was needed on the rougher ground. There was time afterwards to look around the pretty village. We were told that new building is not allowed in the Wachau Valley and any property needing modernisation has to follow extremely strict guidelines.

Back to the ship for lunch whilst cruising along the river to **Melke Abbey** for the afternoon visit.



We were taken to the Abbey by coach and then, accompanied by an excellent guide the tour began.

(continued on page 21)

## Budapest and the River Danube .... cont.

The Benedictine Abbey, founded over 900 years ago, was interesting. It has an amazing library of 16,000+ volumes displayed and many historical exhibits. The Abbey Church was an overload of stucco, marble and gilding, not to my taste at all!

Taking the footpaths from the Abbey back to the ship through the village of Melk was a delight, again beautiful, simple architecture.

Before dinner the team took us through the plans for the next day Salzburg and Linz you could choose one or the other, there was insufficient time for both. We chose Linz, The Salzburg visit was a two and a half hour drive and focused mainly on The Sound of Music. We had visited Salzburg in the past concentrating on Mozart that was a fabulous day!

After dinner we were entertained by Juan the ship's resident musician as we sailed along the calm River Danube towards Linz.

Linz is the capital of Upper Austria with fine examples of Baroque architecture. To begin the tour Peter took us to the town hall where the floor covering in the reception area is a complete aerial map of the town. Using this map he highlighted important buildings and gave a brief outline of the history of Linz. This was followed by another 'Noddy train' journey of discovery. On alighting we headed to the best place to eat Linz Torte, a spicy cake with a jam filling in the famous Cafe Glockenspiel. Coffee and Linz Torte consumed we were able to sit and listen to the Glockenspiel play out at 11am, another treat! We then wandered around the city centre discovering that the churches were locked but Dennis' favourite shop, Peek and Clopenburg, was open. In we went and had a quick browse but didn't buy - it's very expensive!! It was time to wander back to the ship for lunch with 16 other passengers who had chosen not to visit Salzburg.

Back on board there was an atmosphere of tension and anxiety, not the usual calm of the ship. We were informed that due to expected fast running, high water levels as soon as everyone from the Linz visit was on board the ship would turn around and head downstream towards Vienna as quickly and safely as possible.

Enquiring about the people who were visiting Salzburg, we were told that the ship would pick them up somewhere on route. At the table adjacent to us were a lovely couple from Doncaster, we asked about the state of the River Don knowing that South Yorkshire was in a drought situation involving a hosepipe ban. The man said every week when he drove across a bridge spanning the river there was visibly less water than the week previous. We joked about bottling some of the Danube for them to take home to fill the Don. Having spent our lives before retirement in South Yorkshire we are very much aware of the floods and droughts affecting the River Don.

Back on the Danube we were regularly informed about the state of the river by the Captain and what measures were being taken to ensure our safety and the safety of the ship. The ship finally came to a halt at Ybbs where we moored alongside an industrial complex. Looking out of the windows we saw tree trunks passing by at great speed often with birds perched on them for the ride! Once moored the ship took on extra water for ballast and the furniture and awnings on the sundeck collapsed to enable us to pass under bridges once it was safe to sail again. The passengers from Salzburg boarded at this mooring much later than expected, but they were safe. After dinner we assembled in the lounge for an update of the situation. This was given in great detail, using maps to show where the heavy rain had fallen, where it had entered the Danube and the effect on the depth and speed of the water. The Captain hoped we would be setting sail towards Vienna overnight.

The next morning we hadn't reached Vienna but were moored by a very attractive hostelry where, after breakfast, with our 30€ lunch allowances, we would be taken to Vienna by coach.

The arrival in Vienna was much later than anticipated and after collecting our guides were taken on a 'whistle stop' tour of the city, followed by a short walking tour of the city. The guide apologised as she had to leave us and pick up another group. (continued on page 22)



## Budapest and the River Danube .... cont.

A quick lunch in a cafe by the Cathedral with Yon and Mike, a rapid visit to a very crowded Cathedral and then it was back to the assembly point to be taken to Schonbrunn Palace by coach. On the journey to Schonbrunn Dennis and I remarked that we were not impressed by the city and would not return. However, after having watched an excellent BBC, 4 part series, Vienna: Empire, Dynasty and Dream - it's on our 'list'.

The interiors of **Schonbrunn Palace** are very much in the style of Schloss Charlottenburg, Berlin, visits we have very much enjoyed in the past. However, the gardens are very different, Schonbrunn is formal and stylised whereas Charlottenburg is much more relaxed in its layout and planting.



Having wandered the garden it was time for a pot of tea on the restaurant terrace and to accompany the tea, Sachertorte. After dinner we were entertained by a classical string quartet playing music by Mozart, Haydn and Johann Strauss (junior). A perfect Viennese concert!

*(to be continued in the next issue)*

## Remembering

"It's Boxing Day, 1962. The Christmas lights still twinkle in windows, but outside, snow begins to fall—gently at first, then with a purpose. It doesn't stop. Day after day, flurries turn into blizzards, blanketing towns, burying roads, and silencing the usual rhythms of British life. The wind howls down from the Arctic, cruel and relentless, sinking temperatures far below freezing. Trains grind to a halt, coal and milk deliveries vanish, and small villages disappear behind walls of snow.

By January, the country feels like it's been locked in a snow globe. Drifts rise higher than doors. Trees and hedgerows vanish beneath white. Even the sea along the southern coast turns glassy with ice. In London, fountains freeze mid-splash, and the Serpentine in Hyde Park becomes a frozen playground. Children skate and play where ducks once swam. Football matches break out on ice-covered fields. People make the best of it—because they have no choice.

Inside homes, pipes burst. Families ration fuel. Blankets pile high, and people wear their coats to bed. The cold doesn't just nip—it settles in the bones, deep and stubborn. But in that long, bitter winter, something else surfaces: resilience. Neighbours dig one another out. Strangers share warmth, food, and kind words.

Communities tighten like the huddled families beneath thick quilts.

March comes, but warmth doesn't—not at first. Even as the sun returns, it glints off endless snow. But still, the thaw creeps in slowly, and with it, life resumes its usual pace. Yet those who lived through it never forgot".

The Big Freeze of 1962-1963 wasn't just a storm. It was a season of survival, of unity, of extraordinary endurance—etched forever in the memories of a country that refused to be frozen still. Just like the "Summer of 76". I remember that very well - our eldest daughter Sarah was born in August 76. However, that has now been overridden in England by this summer of 2025 which endured a number of calculated heat waves.

In fact, my birthday is in May and on my 10th birthday - it snowed. I was 11 and remember the snowy winter of 1962-63 well. I recall the slides we made in the school playground and queuing up in a long line waiting our turn to see who could stay on their feet and slide the furthest. We fell, we hurt (for a moment) but we laughed and did it again and again.

**J Elaine Mitchell (nee Jebbett)**

*If you have any memories you would like to share then send them to the Ed by email:*

*davidwarblers@gmail.com*







## MOFTAG CLUB OF CALPE

### fyre another success at a new venue

Amidst apprehension yesterday the MOFTAG club of Calpe pulled off another successful fund-raising fayre at the Plaza Central shopping centre. This was the first time the fayre was held at a different venue for many, many years. Our loyal customers came and supported us along with many newcomers and participants which resulted in a total of €2813 being raised!

Weeks of liaising and planning between Moftag Committee members and Plaza Central management ensured the event ran smoothly on the day.

Our renowned stalls and games were there including a beautiful Bric-a-Brac stall with jewellery, our famous home-made cake stall had a wide selection including savoury sausage rolls and empanadillas. Home-made chutneys were on offer mild and chilli hot or fruity marmalades for a sweeter tooth. Our craft stall had lovely patchwork and knitted Christmassy items and topped off with handmade greetings cards.

On the entertainment side all the favourites were there: The Dice Game to take a chance with the possibility of winning €100 if six 6's were thrown! The highest score of the day was actually 30

and won a consolation prize. Next door was the Bottle Tombola where you could try your luck at winning some nice wines. Guess the weight of Santa's Sack and it was yours to take home! It must have been filled with goodies because it weighed in at 14.8kgs!

The ever-popular Treasure Hunt - you purchase flags and put them on a map where you think the treasure is buried. What a surprise when the location was at the Town Hall and our Mayor, Ana Sala won the pot of gold! Ana is a firm supporter of the Moftag Club and often attends the fayres.

The star of the day is always our Raffle which features many beautiful hampers, prizes and vouchers for restaurants or beauty treatments.

All of the money raised goes to local charities including The Red Cross, Cancer Care (who were present at the Fayre), Maite Boronat Occupational Centre, Guardian Angels and Children in Care.

Moftag has social events every week for their members.

**If you are interested in learning more about us please contact the President Jenny Godfrey on: 639 139 518.**



Jan & John with Treasure Hunt Game



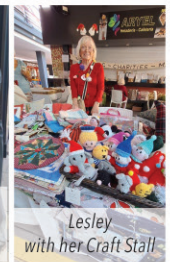
Anita & Mary  
Chutneys and Jam



Jacqui & Jenny  
Dice Game



Carolyn handing the  
Santa Sack to winner  
Bryn Thompson



Lesley  
with her Craft Stall



Molly guarding the Raffle Table



Sonia & Gillian  
Bottle Tombola



Susan & Alistair  
Bric-a-Brac Stall



Mayor Ana Sala



Teddy & Jan  
Cake Stall

# The Ice Cart

by Wilfred Gibson 1872 to 1962



Perched on my city stool,  
I watched with envy while a cool  
And lucky carter handled ice...

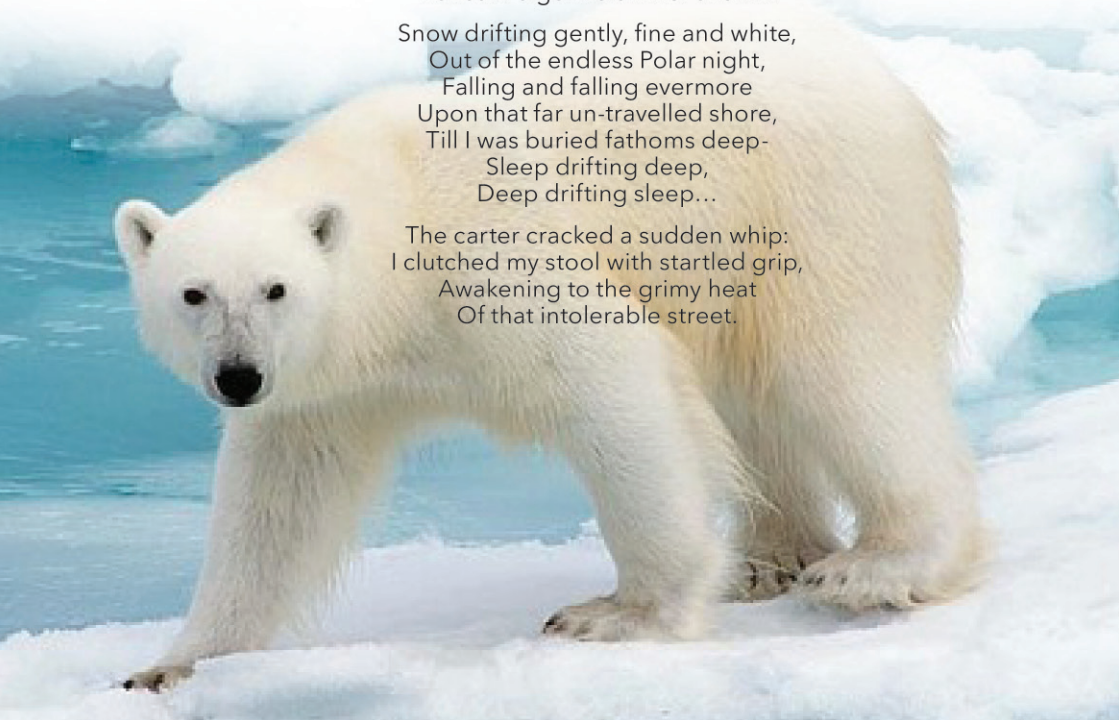
And I wandered in a trice,  
Far from the grey and grimy heat  
Of that intolerable street.

O'er sapphire berg and emerald floe,  
Beneath the still, cold ruby glow  
Of everlasting Polar night,  
Bewildered by the queer half-light,  
Until I stumbled, unawares,  
Upon a creek where big white bears  
Plunge headlong down with flourished heels  
And floundered after shining seals  
Through shivering seas of blinding blue.

And, as I watched them, ere I knew,  
I'd stripped, and I was swimming too,  
Among the seal pack young and hale,  
And thrusting on with threshing tail,  
With twist and twirl and sudden leap  
Through crackling ice and salty deep-  
Diving and doubling with my kind,  
Until, at last, we left behind  
Those big white blundering bulks of death,  
And lay, at length, with panting breath  
Upon a far un-travelled floe,  
Beneath a gentle drift of snow...

Snow drifting gently, fine and white,  
Out of the endless Polar night,  
Falling and falling evermore  
Upon that far un-travelled shore,  
Till I was buried fathoms deep-  
Sleep drifting deep,  
Deep drifting sleep...

The carter cracked a sudden whip:  
I clutched my stool with startled grip,  
Awakening to the grimy heat  
Of that intolerable street.





## A Capri In Africa Pt 5



When we were young we all read about Dr.Livingston and his trek through Africa, him finding the Victoria Falls and here we are having driven to them !! It just seems surreal.

We awoke the next morning to the sound of monkeys playing on the grass directly by our terrace. We'd been warned not to ever leave a window or door open or else the monkeys would be in. Off to breakfast and again it was amazing walking through animals around the Hotel. We were told that they were used to people but in no circumstances to touch then as they were still wild.

Our car ran well during the last section of the journey, so we had a free day.

After breakfast we strolled through the extensive hotel grounds to Victoria Falls (can't remember what the locals call them). Sadly, it had been a long dry period and so the amount of water coming over the falls was reduced but it was still impressive.

The weather was lovely with some cloud keeping the temperature very comfortable and so our walk around the cliffs the top of the falls was perfect.

We had been told earlier in the day that we were in for a bit of a surprise that evening.

We were collected from the Royal Livingston in a couple of coaches and after maybe half an hour were off loaded by the entrance of a dusty field. On walking through the entrance was a "old school" steam train and carriages at the end of a railway track The Royal Livingston Express. It turned out that "express" was rather an exaggeration as the track was in terrible condition and I doubt if we exceeded 20mph.





We all clambered onto the train and eventually set off. The journey started out along the rear of some "housing" and gardens. The buildings were very dilapidated and the locals were anything but impressed at the sight of the opulence passing the rear of their houses and actually we all felt rather uncomfortable. Anyway, to salve our feelings chilled champagne was brought to us and subsequently a delightful three-course meal was served with wines to choice.

We shortly came to beautiful open countryside running along side of a large expanse of water full of wildlife. Once we had finished our meal we arrived at our destination which was, essentially, a railway heading where the train could decouple from the carriages and go to the other end of the carriages for our return journey.



Here we were able to exit the train while the engine driver and team were sorting things out.

The sun began to set and we were loaded back onto the train for our journey back to the start.

Sunsets are so beautiful in Africa and we were all a little quiet taking in the beautiful sights.

To be continued.

---

## More Church Humour

Our teacher asked what my favourite animal was, and I said, "Fried chicken." She said I wasn't funny, but she couldn't have been right, because everyone else laughed. My parents told me to always tell the truth. I did. Fried chicken is my favourite animal. I told my dad what happened, and he said my teacher was probably a member of PETA. He said they love animals .....very much.

I do, too. Especially chicken, pork and beef. Anyway, my teacher sent me to the principal's office. I told him what happened, and he laughed, too. Then he told me not to do it again. The next day in class my teacher asked me what my favourite live animal was. I told her it was chicken. She asked me why, so I told her it was because you could make them into fried chicken.

She sent me back to the principal's office. He laughed and told me not to do it again. I don't understand. My parents taught me to be honest, but my teacher doesn't like it when I am. Today, my teacher asked me to tell her who I admired most. I told her, "Colonel Sanders." Guess where I am now . . .

# ORBA WARBLERS GOLF SOCIETY

The Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness is upon us. The greens are softer, the bunkers wetter, the fairways longer, temperatures lower, and the sounds of robins, blackbirds and crows echo around the links of the Costa Blanca.

Along with the occasional profanity (Orba Warblers are a DEI organisation), as a ball

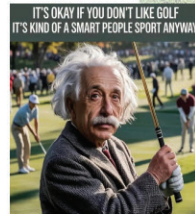
veers out of bounds, and the less occasional cheer as a ball flies straight and true, golfers are enjoying the cooler weather, the bonhomie, and the apres-ski in many a club house.

At home, the chimney has been swept, the raised beds have been dug and are ready for another winter crop, the 15 tog duvet is washed and aired. And Lord help us, someone has started xmas shopping, with Mr Amazon; and I have had my first mince pie of the season. Autumn that is.

Soon we will have finished our order of merit, the annual eclectic competition, the Turkey trot match, and then the annual presentations and agm.

All year round, season after season, the action just goes on and on. Whoever said Golf is a good walk spoiled?

Not Mark Twain, incidentally.



**For further information contact us via our website below, or email**

**<https://orba-warblers.golf-club.website>  
facebook: Orba Warblers Golf Society (Official).  
Julian Leckie: [julianleck@aol.com](mailto:julianleck@aol.com)**



**This page is sponsored by Orba Warblers**





## CALPE BENISSA LIONS

The Calpe Benissa Lions would like to invite all their generous customers, and collaborators to a glass of mulled wine and mince pies at our **Christmas Fair on Saturday, the 13th of December starting at 10.30am. This will be held at our charity shop on Calle Pintor Sorralla, 15. Calpe.**

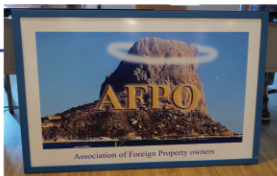
There will be a Tombola with wonderful prizes, Cake and pastries stall, and Christmas Gift stall. We will also draw the raffle for our Luxury Christmas Hamper. Father Christmas will be there, and of course we will be singing Christmas Carols. This year has been the best year ever for our charity shop. We cannot thank enough our customers and those that have donated for their generosity. Because of this generosity we have been able to give our regular donations of 350€ to the Cruz Roja Calpe, Caritas Calpe y Caritas Benissa. We have bought equipment for the Colegio Gargasindi, the Centro del Dia de Maite Botonat. and the Benissa Institute.



We continue to support those affected by the flooding in Valencia, and the Children's Homes in Calpe and Benissa.

We are always looking for new Lions members and volunteers.

**If you are interested in helping please call Carole on 639 637 520, also follow our Facebook, Lions Club of Calpe and Benissa.**



## AFPO-Association of Foreign Property Owners

AFPO - Association of Foreign Property Owners was given a refresher course on First Aid, by Calpe Cruz Roja Ambulance man David.

We were shown how to resuscitate someone on the dummies he and his companions brought along, mouth to mouth resuscitation is no longer used, people should solely pump the heart.

Advice was given on how to deal with bad cuts. We also were advised of the signs of a heart attack or stroke. At the end of the talk we were all invited to look inside of one of their ambulances.

The next AFPO meeting will be a General one on Tuesday the 17th of February, at 10.30hrs, in the Club de Tennis Calpe. 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](http://www.afpocalpe.com) is updated regularly on local news. For more information call 639 637 520**







## What's happening in a church near you?

[www.costablanca-anglican-chaplaincy.org](http://www.costablanca-anglican-chaplaincy.org)

### CALPE LA MERCED

**Carol Service - Tuesday 16th Dec. 6pm**  
**Followed by mince pies and drinks at the la Merced Campsite.**

**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

**Carol Service - Wednesday 17th Dec. 3pm**  
**Followed by mulled wine and mince pies in the garden.**

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

### JAVEA

**Carol Service - Wednesday 10th Dec. 3pm**  
**Christmas Eve - Midnight Mass 11:30pm**

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

### DENIA

**Carol Service Thursday 11th Dec. 3pm**  
**Sunday Services at midday**  
in the Ermita Las Rotas.

### GANDIA

**Carol Service - Sunday 21st Dec. 12.15pm**  
**Sunday Service at 12:15pm**  
in the Chapel of the Franciscan Hospice.

### ALFAZ DEL PI

**Carol Service - Alfaz del Pi- Monday 22nd Dec. 4pm (The Com)**

**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.

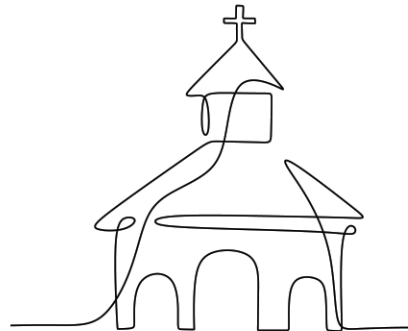
### EL CAMPELLO

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

**Albir- Wednesday 17th Dec. 11am**  
**Carols on the Beach (by the Anchor)**

### 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**: 601 53 96 07  
**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



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](http://www.costablanca-anglican-chaplaincy.es)**



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