

FREE
Issue 12

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

Welcome to issue 12 of The Rock. It's our third birthday - "Happy birthday to us!"

This issue takes us through Jesus's Easter journey. Easter being the most important festival in the Christian calendar.

Palm Sunday: Jesus enters Jerusalem to cheering crowds, riding a donkey.

The Last Supper: Jesus shares a final meal with his disciples, initiating Communion.

Betrayal and Trial: *Judas Iscariot betrays Jesus, leading to his arrest, questioning by the High Priest and conviction.

Good Friday: Jesus is crucified on a cross between two thieves, then placed in a stone tomb.

Easter Sunday: Women, including Mary Magdalene, visit the tomb to find it empty with the stone moved. An angel announces that Jesus has risen.

Resurrection and Appearances: Jesus appears to his disciples, showing his wounds and proving he is alive. He also appeared to many others before ascending to heaven.

Ed's note: Poor old Judas! I feel sorry for him as he was set up to be the fall guy in the Easter story. Jesus knew he would betray him but did nothing to stop him. According to the Gospel of St. Matthew, Judas returned the money he had taken to betray Jesus and then hung himself! If only he had asked for God to forgive him and guide him he may have become a great disciple. Who knows?

So the Easter story lives on. Why not come to one of our places of worship and celebrate this wonderful life changing event?

Ed.



When the going gets tough - keep paddling !



THE CHURCH
OF ENGLAND



Online services

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

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

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

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

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

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THE CHURCH
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Alleluia! Christ is Risen!

He is Risen indeed! Alleluia!
In the midst of death, God brought us new life. The Resurrection of Jesus Christ gives you and I a vision of how God is working. God brings new life in the face of death, promise in the face of despair, and hope in the face of loss.

During this time of continued aggression in the Ukraine and the Lands we call Holy, it can sometimes feel like darkness and death may overcome us.

In the midst of these troubles, our faith teaches us that God is making all things new, creating life out of places shrouded in death.

The faith Jesus proclaimed says "yes," while steadily looking into the face of everything that seems to say "no." Our faith proclaims that God is always creating and bringing us new life.

Lent and Holy Week offers an opportunity to explore this passage of death into life as we walk the journey from Lent through Holy Week, and into the celebration of the resurrection at Easter.

On behalf of Fr's Rodney, Robin, Jim, myself, and our entire ministry team, may I take this opportunity to invite you to any of our services over Lent, Holy Week and Easter.

Every blessing.

Fr. Paul D Dean

Lead Chaplain Costa Blanca

Alleluia! Christ is Risen! He is Risen indeed! Alleluia!



THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

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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 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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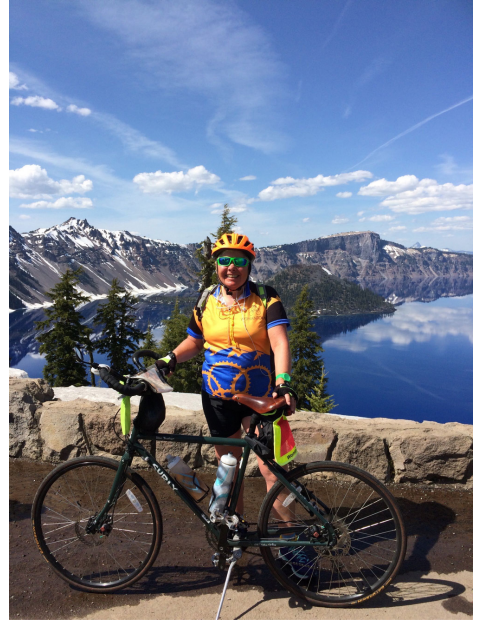
BIKES AND BACK-COUNTRY CHEFS

by Sheila Ruckley

Ed's notes. Sheila lives in Calpe and has a passion for pedal power. Her cycling achievements are mega!

I am one of those odd people who brings their bike into the living room, sits on the sofa, and gazes at it. I never tire of admiring it. I am transported, in my mind's eye, to somewhere off the beaten track in America.

Maybe we have cycled seventy miles or even more. We have started off in below zero temperatures, too cold to feel our toes, despite our feet in plastic bags in our shoes. We have got too hot climbing, climbing, climbing, shedding clothes on the way only to wrap up again at the top with jackets and balaclavas and ski gloves. Those with thin jackets tuck newspapers next to their chests as insulation. These are kept in the support vehicle, conveniently waiting for us with Gatorade, water, chocolate milk, sweet and salty mix and cheese - and words of encouragement from the volunteer drivers. Now for the descent from Devil's Gate Summit (7519 feet). Not too fast! Feather your brakes! Take the lane! Stop



and let your hands come back to life! And then - suddenly - after 32 miles of descent with a cliff face on the left and the raging Walker River below us on the right - we are down.

Finally, we arrive at a motel. Some would say a run-down motel. But I love these places. Rooms straight out over a veranda to the car park. String a line to hang up the cycling clothes washed in the shower. (Tip - wring out, roll up in towel, stamp on the towel, leave for a while then hang out). Then a glass of wine from the stash in the chuck wagon which is accompanying us across America. If we have crossed a state line that day, it won't be red wine but a margarita. Sit down on a plastic chair (also carried across country in the van) and chew the fat. Our group of cycling women exude happiness.

(cont. on next page)



This page is sponsored by Elaine Mitchell

BIKES AND BACK-COUNTRY

CHEFS (cont.)

by Sheila Ruckley

Patty, one of the most remarkable women I have ever met, is our chef for the tour. She is an experienced back country chef - someone who knows how to cook in remote areas with no access to electricity or convenient shops. We travel with huge ice coolers (Tip - two thirds ice to one third produce and change the ice every day with perishables - even if this means driving the van many miles to a gas station). Patty cooks for over 30 people using only charcoal-burning cast iron Dutch Ovens. And she does not open a can - homemade bread and cakes, stews, chili, lasagne and my favourite, lobster mac and cheese (she's obviously found a supermarket near a city - now was that Phoenix, or Las Cruces, or El Paso?). Thanks to the cool boxes we have fresh salads and fruit. Patty is a culinary genius. People like Patty go into very remote areas and cook for fire-fighters whose incredible bravery cannot go unrecognised. Or they might be cooking for the workers maintaining trails, or for tourists enjoying their back country adventures. But right now, Patty is ours and we love her.

I've done four long distance cycling tours in America, three of them with Woman Tours where Patty was one of the chefs. The Lewis and Clark Trail (with Historical Trails Cycling) started near St Louis in Missouri. Nearly three thousand miles or so later we dipped our toes into the Pacific in Seaside, Oregon. One night we camped in Lincoln, Montana. Only afterwards did I find out I had been sleeping near the cabin of the Unabomber, Ted Kaczynski. Good job he was incarcerated by then.

Then the Pacific Coast Highway: Washington State, the Columbia, the Oregon Coast and then the Redwoods of California and Bodega Bay (Hitchcock's *The Birds*). San Francisco; the exhilaration of the Devil's Slide, the roar of Harley Davidsons in convoy bedside us on the way to Santa Cruz; Carmel where Clint Eastwood had been mayor (and where the shoppers in the main street spontaneously clapped and cheered us). Montecito (now who lives there?) and then - hey - it is actually warm!

The Southern Tier was next: San Diego, California to St. Augustine, Florida. The trick is timing departure from San Diego. Too soon you can't get over the mountains for snow. Too late you will die of heat in the desert. We timed it just right. California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas (it takes THREE weeks to cycle across Texas!), Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and Florida. Near Crawford, Florida, I caught up with Matts. I had met him pushing his cart on the road up to the Bernia from Pinos near Calpe. In Florida, he had walked 50 miles in two days to see us and had camped in a swamp. What was his project? - Well to walk from Stockholm to Sydney. And he did it!

And then the most ambitious tour with a smaller group. Again, we left from San Diego. We went inland and turned north following a route through the Sierra Nevada Mountains and the Cascades. It's the cycling version of the Pacific Coast Trail (famous film with Reese Witherspoon). What can I say? Remote. Spectacular. Climbs that leave you gasping. The road from Shady Cove to Crater Lake in Oregon is uphill for 60 miles with 6338 feet of ascent. I did it but I don't know how.

The finale: The North Cascades National Park Scenic Highway. 60 miles of jaw-dropping, unspoilt splendour. The road is only open end April to end October (Snow). And the bonus: the road then goes through Concrete, the setting for my favourite book, "*This Boy's Life*" by Tobias Wolff.

If the scenery does not bring tears of emotion, the book will. And so do the memories.



FAMOUS QUOTES

"Be yourself; everyone else is taken."

Oscar Wilde

*"A room without books is like
a body without a soul."*

Marcus Tullius Cicero

*"Be who you are and say
what you feel,
because those who mind
don't matter,
and those who matter don't mind."*

Bernard M Baruch



Jesus entering Jerusalem by Pietro Zorenzetti



*"I'm selfish, impatient and a little insecure.
I make mistakes, I am out of control
and at times hard to handle.
But if you can't Handle me at my worst,
then you sure as hell
don't deserve me at my best."*

Marilyn Monroe

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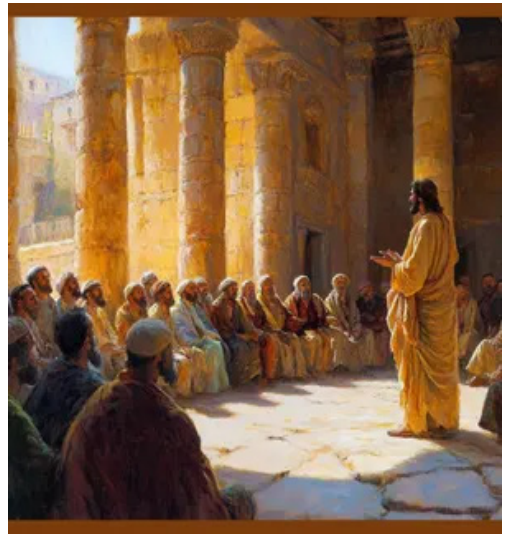


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ITEMS FOR SALE



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Jesus teaching in the temple.



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and accessories.
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One day Susie asked her Mum,
"Mummy why do you cut off the ends of the sausages before you cook them?"
"Well Susie, that is the way my mum used to cook them."
The next time Susie saw her Granny she asked her the same thing.
Granny replied,
"That is how my mum used to cook them."
So next time Susie saw her great Grandmother she asked her
"why she always cut off the ends of the sausages before cooking them like Gran and Mum do?"
To which Great Grandmother responded,
"Are they still using that silly tiny frying pan?"



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Gratitude

I'm very grateful:

For legs to walk and run
To swim and play
And feet, to wiggle toes.

For arms and hands to write and eat
And paint and draw and
Shake to greet...a friend.

For ears to hear and listen
To the sounds of morning and
Children telling of their joys and woes.

For nose to smell
The garden after rain
In summer, and hot cocoa
At the evening's end.

For eyes to see the joy
Of Christmas on a young child's face
And disappointment too.

For lungs to breath
Sea salted breeze at breakers edge,
Near screeching gulls

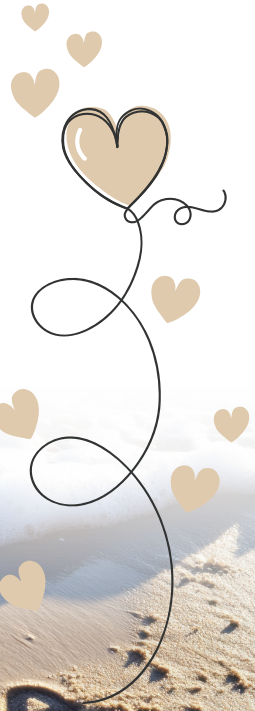
For mouth to smile
And kiss and speak and eat,
Now show the world my feelings full.

For brain and mind and soul
To work things out
And comprehend the Why,
The What, and Wherefore of the Journey's end

Tom McCabe



Betrayal by Judas.



Gratitude

Church Humour



An atheist scientist came to God and said,
"We've figured out how to make a man without you."

God said "Okay, let me see you do it."

So the atheist bent down to the ground
and scoop up a handful of earth.

But God stopped him and said,
"Oh no you don't. Get your own dirt!"

Two well-worn euro bank notes arrived at the bank to be retired,
a 100 euro note and a 5 euro note.

As they were waiting they struck up a conversation. The 100 reminisced
about the interesting life he had, travelling all over the country.

"I've been to the finest restaurants, lots of shows and amusement parks.

I even went on a Caribbean cruise. Where have you been?"

"Oh," said the 5 euro note, "I've been to a Methodist church,
an Episcopal church, a Baptist church and a C of E church."

"What's a church?" Asked the 100 euro note.

A mother went to wake her son
for church one Sunday morning.

When she knocked on his door,
he said, "I'm not going!"

"Why not?" Asked his mother.

"I'll give you two good reasons," he said.

"One, they don't like me.
Two, I don't like them."

His mother replied,

"I'll give you two good reasons why
YOU WILL go to church.

One your 47 years old.
Two, you're the **PRIEST!**"

SIGNS OUTSIDE CHURCHES

Just love everyone.
I'll sort them out later. God

Lord, help us to be the people
our dogs think we are!

The fact there's a highway to hell
and only a stairway to heaven,
says a lot about anticipated
traffic numbers!

Who ever stole our AC unit
KEEP IT!
It will be hot where your going!

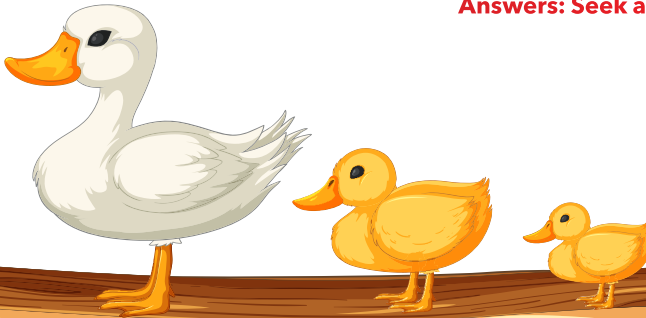
? ? ? QUIZ TIME!



1. What can you put in a Bucket to make it lighter?
2. What starts with T, ends with T and has T in it?
3. What has a head and a tail but no body?
4. What is the world's largest retailer as of 2026?
5. What is the most common surname in the USA?
6. Which country has the highest life expectancy as of 2026?
7. What is the name of the Chinese philosophical system that emphasizes harmony with nature?
8. December the 26th is known by what name in Ireland?
9. How many European capitals does the Danube River flow through?
10. On which continent would you find the city of Baku?



Answers: Seek and you shall find!



JUST REMEMBER.

When things don't seem their brightest,
May it help to keep in mind.
That you're thought about by others who are hoping you will find,
More strength with each tomorrow.
New joys to light your way,
And feelings of contentment in the blessings of each day.

Broadcasting in Spain

by Hugh Stewart

Part two: Show and No Shows!



The Editor has invited me back to give you more insight into our daily life during the time that Beverly and I were broadcasting in the Northern Costa Blanca.

You can imagine that in our 15 years on radio, we were asked to support and publicise a whole host of events and happenings - concerts, lectures, sporting events, summer balls, club meetings and dinners, a host of social events, Choral concerts and stage shows. Especially stage shows!

We went to dozens and dozens of productions, all over the area, some good and some not so good! Before the due date, we would give groups free publicity on air and often interview a member or two of the cast. Then we would watch the show on opening night and run a report on air the following day, promoting and, hopefully, improving audience numbers. Most shows were of a very high standard, and were a pleasure to attend! We particularly looked forward to seeing the productions put on by Javea Players, Benidorm Palace, the Harlequins and Costa Blanca Male Voice Choir - but more of them another time!

On the Breakfast Show, we never, ever gave any group a bad review, after all, many shows were produced and performed by amateurs, raising much needed funds for local charities! Having said that, all talents are not equal and so some reviews had to be better than others! Luckily for us, there were only one or two shows that we attended, that were simply not up to scratch, but we made it a personal rule that we would never leave a production before the final curtain, no matter how bad it was! We stuck to this rule throughout our broadcasting life..... except once!

To protect the innocent, I won't name the group or the theatre, but we should have seen the signs when we found that only 23 tickets had

been sold, and the audience was truly lost in a theatre with over two hundred seats! The show was diabolical, and that is being generous! The singers couldn't sing, the dancers couldn't dance, the stage crew couldn't get their act together, and each terrible act ended with a sigh of relief from the 23 battle weary members of the audience...only to be replaced by groans of disappointment as the next act turned out to be even worse than the one before!

As the relief of the half time interval came, Beverly and I slipped out to the bar next door for some liquid courage. We decided that, in spite of our rigid rule to stick it out to the dismal end, this time it was so bad that there was no way we could be expected to suffer any longer. So we bought another round and prepared to slip away unseen!

Alas, the fates were not on our side that night! As we prepared to leave, a stage hand burst in to the bar, saw us there and called

"Drink up or you'll miss the start of the second half...but don't worry, they are holding the curtain until you get back!"

There was no escape, so back we trooped and our record of 100% attendance was maintained! We, and the eight remaining members of the audience, saw it through to the bitter end!!

Next quarter, I'll tell you more about our experiences in broadcasting on the Costa Blanca, both the good and the bad!

This page is sponsored by Diana Pringle

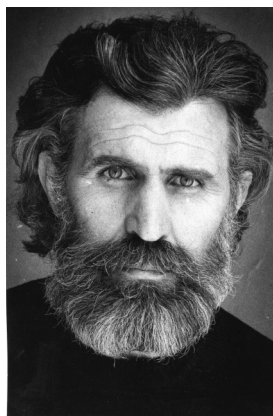
THE WOOD CARVER

Pictures from Gillian Kennard



*Saint George
slaying The Dragon*

Ivan - The Wood Carver



One of our ladies at La Merced church told me about a time she and her husband Peter went to Bulgaria while it was still a communist country.

While there they met a wood carver by the name of Ivan and were really impressed by his work and took many photographs.

Two I have included as they are very much in keeping with this issue for March, April and May.

A beautiful carving of the last supper and one of Saint George slaying the Dragon.

Saint George (also known as George of Lydda) was an early Christian martyr.

According to tradition, he was a soldier in the Roman army and a member of the Praetorian Guard for the Roman emperor Diocletian, but was executed as part of the emperor's persecution of the Christians on the 23 April 303.



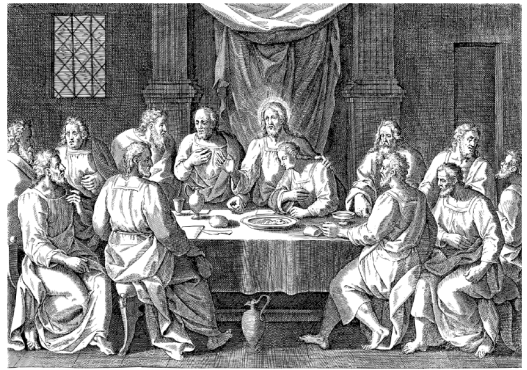
Beautiful Carving of The Last Supper

"Back to Bach"

by Elaine Mitchell

Musical Memories

I was sitting in a hospital waiting room with time to kill and my mind was wandering and reminiscing, around the 3rd Anniversary of Geoff's death. I started to jot down some notes on my mobile phone. Geoff was a member of Soli Deo Gloria (SDG) and collected the 51 volumes of the Bach Cantatas (plus other works). Sir John Eliot Gardiner founded the recording company SDG in order to release recordings made during the "Bach Cantata Pilgrimage" that took place in the year 2000. (His previous recording company Deutsche Grammophon pulled the plug on the cantatas saying they were not viable!). The name Soli Deo Gloria is taken from initials that Bach added to the end of each of his Cantatas where he dedicated them to the "glory of God alone". The label is a not-for-profit organisation. Both Geoff and I are lovers of Bach - Geoff the cantatas, me playing the organ. We visited Valencia in 2009, we had booked tickets at the Palau de la Música which is located in the Jardín del Turia (once a riverbed, now a park that takes you from the historic centre right through to the Oceanographic). Anyway, I have digressed: Geoff followed Sir John Eliot Gardiner and his music for years before he was knighted. He had embarked on the Bach Cantatas, performing all Johann Sebastian Bach's surviving church cantatas in the course of the Millennium year 2000, which was also the 250th anniversary of Bach's death. John Eliot Gardiner then set up his own recording company SDG as I have mentioned above. WOW this was a roaring success. The cantatas were performed on the liturgical feasts for which they were composed. This was in a year-long musical pilgrimage visiting some of the most beautiful churches in Europe and America. Also including many churches where Bach himself had performed. We found that fact quite moving when listening to the Cantatas. A highlight for Geoff was



Last supper.

sitting in St Bartholomew's Church in New York, with his iPod and head phones, listening to the Cantata that Sir John Eliot Gardiner recorded and conducted there with the Monteverdi Choir, together with The English Baroque Soloists. It was increasingly difficult to get soloists, so he used members of the choir - one of which was Joanne Lunn who, together with our eldest daughter Sarah, were founder members of the Leicester Philharmonic Youth Choir. I am just looking at Volume 21 Lent and Easter this is on 2 CD's and there are 44 pages of interesting information and data, in English and German.

The pilgrimage covered 40,000 miles, at a cost of £5m, performed and recorded 200 cantatas in 50 churches, cathedrals and abbeys. I read that this was the most astonishing performing project devised by a musician in living memory. Coming back to Valencia, Geoff wrote to Sir John and told him that we were living in Spain, and were going to the concert. He responded and asked us to ask for him and meet him, the choir, soloists and orchestra afterwards over drinks. Also, another unexpected surprise and our tickets were complimentary! A truly fantastic evening. There was only one concert that would never be heard again...that was the performance on Bach's actual death day, it was deliberately not recorded, Sir John wanted it to be a semi-private commemoration. I do believe that the heart of Bach is in his cantatas.

J Elaine Mitchell

This page is sponsored by Robert and Diana Hills

Notices seen in a Beijing Hotel.



Obviously translated directly on a computer from Mandarin to English.

GETTING THERE

Our representative will make you wait at the airport. The bus to the hotel runs along the lake shore.

Soon you will be passing water. You will know that you are getting near the hotel, because you will go round the bend. The manager will await you in the entrance hall. He will always tries to have intercourse with all new guests.

THE RESTAURANT

Our menus have been carefully chosen to be ordinary and unexciting. At dinner, our quartet will circulate from table to table, and fiddle with you.

YOUR ROOM

Every room has excellent facilities for your private parts. In winter, every room is on heat. Each room has a balcony offering views of outstanding obscenity. You will not be disturbed by traffic noise, since the road between the hotel and the lake is used only by pederasts.

THE HOTEL

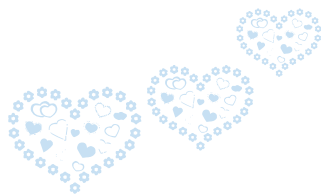
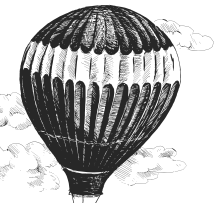
This is a family hotel. So children are very welcome. We of course are always pleased to accept adultery. Highly skilled nurses are available in the evenings to put down your children. Guests are invited to conjugate in the bar and expose themselves to others. But please note that ladies are not allowed to have babies in the bar. We organise social games, so no guest is ever left alone to play with them self.

BED

Your bed has been made in accordance with local tradition. If you have any other ideas please ring for the chambermaid. Please take advantage of her. She will be very pleased to squash your shirts, blouses and underwear. If asked, she will also squeeze your trousers.

ABOVE ALL

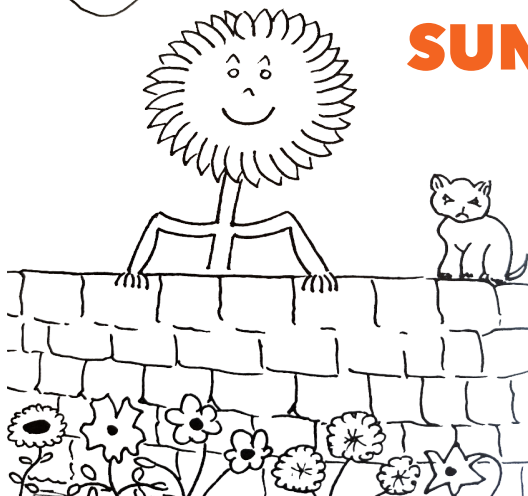
When you leave at the end of your holiday, you will have no hope. You will struggle to forget it.



ALWAYS HAVE A DREAM

Forget about the days when it's been cloudy,
 But don't forget your hours in the sun...
 Forget about the times you've been defeated,
 But don't forget the lessons that you have learned...
 Forget about misfortunes you've encountered,
 But don't forget the times your luck has turned.
 Forget about the days when you've been lonely,
 But don't forget the friendly smiles you've seen...
 Forget about the plans that didn't seem to work out right,
 But don't forget to always dream.

ano



Jesus incarcerated.

SUNFLOWER

by Doreen Hammond

The sunflower looked over the garden wall,
 A cheerful smile on his face.
 He really enjoyed being so tall,
 Below there wasn't much space.

The border was a colourful sight,
 Flowers were in full bloom.
 But for those of normal height
 There really wasn't much room.



Our Daily Bread

50 Favourite Recipes
to celebrate 50 years
of breaking bread together



Our Eggplant Sandwiches with Tomato Vinaigrette

sent in by Priscilla and Ted

Ingredients

- 2 medium eggplants (500gms)
- oil for deep fry
- 2 large red peppers
- 400gms goats cheese
- pesto
- 2 cups finely chopped fresh basil leaves
- ½ cup olive oil
- 1 clove of garlic
- 2/3 cup grated parmesan
- Tomato vinaigrette
- 2 medium (100gms) tomatoes chopped
- 2/3 cup of olive oil
- 2 tablespoons white vinegar
- ½ teaspoon sugar



Jesus on the way to the cross.

Preparation & Cooking Method

Cut each eggplant into 10 slices about 1cm thick. Deep fry until brown. Drain on absorbent paper. Quarter peppers, remove seeds and membrane. Grill peppers skin side up, until skin blisters and blackens. Peel away skin, cut peppers into 2cm strips, allow to cool.

Using a hot knife, cut cheese into 10 slices about 8mm thick.

Just before serving, place an eggplant slice on a serving plate, top with a slice of cheese. 2 strips of pepper, pesto, another slice of eggplant and some more pesto.

Repeat with remaining ingredients.

Pesto: Blend basil, oil and garlic until smooth, stir in the cheese.

Tomato Vinaigrette: Blend tomatoes until smooth, push through sieve; discard pulp.

Combine tomato puree with remaining ingredients in a jar and shake well.

Not suitable for freezing or microwave.



Wetterstrom & Krol

abogados - asesores



We speak English



Wir sprechen Deutsch



Wij spreken Nederlands



Hablamos Castellano

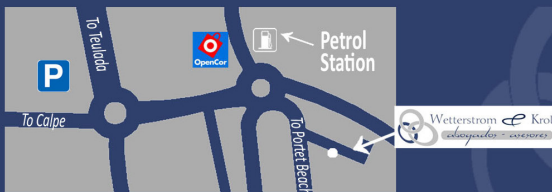


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NIE & Residency

in THE COURTROOM

by Roger Davis.



True Stories from the man who was there!

A solicitor advised his client to settle,
but the stubborn client refused.

'I will not settle!' he roared.

'I'll take it to court, then if necessary
to the appeal court and if necessary
to the House of Lords.

I'll even go to ER herself!

'You mean the Queen?' Asked the solicitor.

'No, Esther Rantzen.'

A policeman was passing a pub when he
saw a drunk stagger out, lurch across the
car park and get behind the wheel of a
Jaguar sports car.

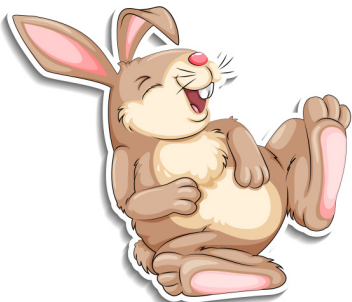
'I hope you are not planning to drive
home sir.' Said the policeman.

'Of course I am' said the drunk.

'Can't you see I'm in no fit state to walk!'

'Are you prepared to take your wife
back?' Asked the judge.

'Yes, my lord,' said the husband,
'provided she gets a legal separation
from her mother.'



'Please give me your money and any
valuables you may have on you,'
said the polite hold up man.

'Why should I?'

Snorted the intended victim.

I'm giving nothing away to an
Irishman without a fight!

'How did you know I was Irish?'

'You've sawn off the wrong end of
your shotgun!'

In court a witness was being
particularly obstructive.

'Just answer the question,'
demanded the judge severely.

'All right mate!' said the witness.
'Keep your wig on.'

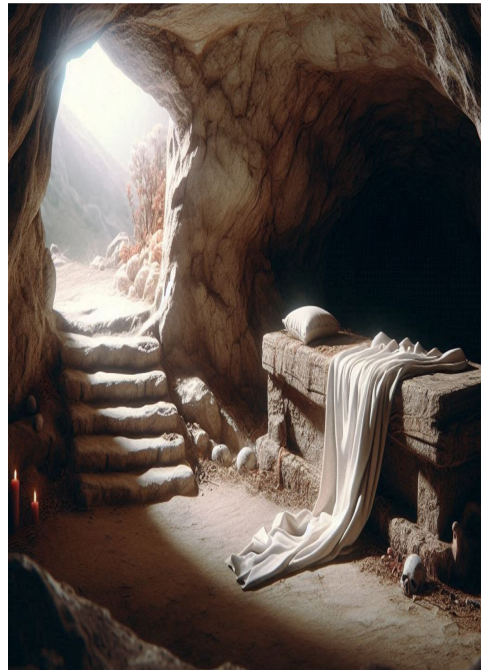
'Are you showing contempt for this
court' the judge barked.

'Blimey no mate,' the witness said.
'I'm doing my best to hide it!'

'Ah Jones,' said the prison governor,
as the prisoner was ushered into his office.
'I'm afraid we seemed to have kept you in here
a week longer than we should have.
'That's alright, sir.' said the prisoner affably.
'Just credit it to my account.'



Christmas Carols on the Beach - Albir



Empty Tomb.

This special global service is held on the first Friday of March annually in over 170 countries.

It is an international ecumenical service. Written by Christian Women from a different country each year. It is run under the motto "informed Prayer and Prayerful Action."

This used to be called

Women's World Day of Prayer but it is now called **WORLD DAY OF PRAYER**.

Everyone is welcome to attend. You can find out where the services are by clicking the link

<https://www.wwdp.org.uk/services/> The service in Albir is included in this link.

WORLD DAY OF PRAYER

A service for everyone!

Friday 6 March

I will give you rest, come

Nigeria 2026

ALBIR SOCIAL CENTRE
Carrer Sant Migel 1
Albir 03581
16:00



INFORMED PRAYER

24-7 365 Days a year Prayer movement Ecumenical International Women-led

wwdp.org.uk

PRAYERFUL ACTION

Registered Charity Number 233242

THE SONG OF THE WAGE-SLAVE

By Robert Service

When the long, long day is over,
and the Big Boss gives me my pay,

I hope it won't be hell-fire,
as some of the parsons say.

And I hope that it won't be heaven,
with some of the parsons I've met-

All I want is just quiet, just to rest and forget.

Look at my face, toil furrowed;
look at my calloused hands;

Master, I've done Thy bidding,
wrought in Thy many lands-

Wrought for the little masters,
big-bellied they be, and rich;

I've done their desire for daily hire,
and I die like a dog in a ditch.

I have used the strength Thou hast given,
Thou knowest I did not shirk;

Threescore years of labour-
Thine be the long day's work.

And now, Big Master, I'm broken and bent
and twisted and scarred,

But I held my job. And Thou knowest,
and Thou will not judge me hard.

Thou knowest my sins are many,
and often I've played the fool-

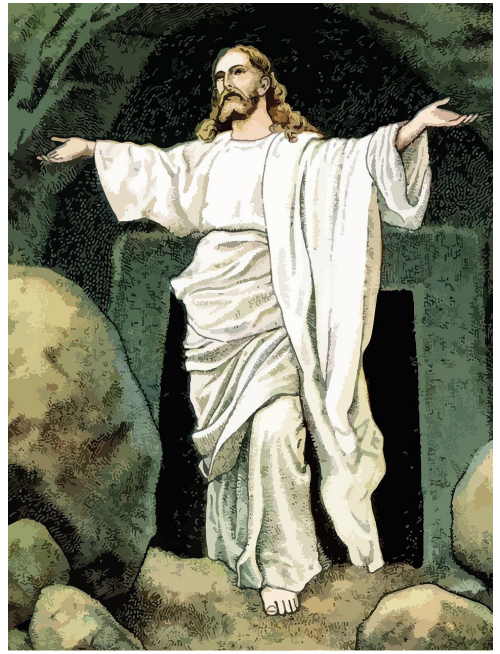
Whiskey and cards and women,
they made me the devil's tool.

I was just like a child with money;
I flung it away with a curse,

Feasting a fawning parasite,
or glutting a harlot's purse;

Then back to the woods repentant,
back to the mill or the mine,

I, the worker of workers,
everything in my line.



Risen.

Everything hard but headwork
(I'd no more brains than a kid),

A brute with brute strength to labor,
doing as I was bid;

Living in camps with men-folk,
a lonely and loveless life;

Never knew the kiss of sweetheart,
never the caress of wife.

A brute with brute strength to labor,
and they were so far above-

Yet I'd gladly have gone to the gallows
for one little look of Love.

I, with the strength of two men,
savage and shy and wild-

Yet how I'd ha' treasure a woman,
and sweet, warm kiss of a child!

Well, 'tis Thy world, and Thou knowest.
I blaspheme and my ways be rude;

(cont. on next page..)

(THE SONG OF THE WAGE-SLAVE cont...)

But I lived my life as I found it,
and I've done my best to be good;

I, the primitive toiler,
half naked and grime to the eyes,

Sweating it deep in their ditches,
swining it stark in their sties;

Hurling down forests before me,
spanning tumultuous streams;

Down in the ditch building o'er me
palaces fairer than dreams;

Boring the rock to the ore-bed,
driving the road through the fen,

Master, I've filled my contract,
wrought in Thy many lands;

Not by my sins wilt Thou judge me,
but by the work of my hands.

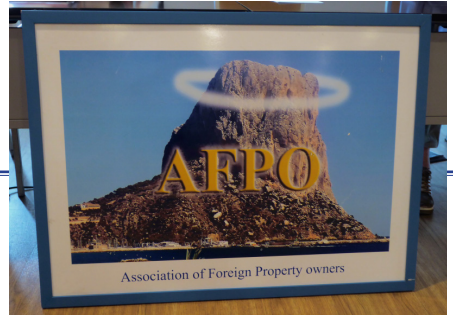
Master, I've done Thy bidding,
and the light is low in the west,

And the long, long shift is over...
Master, I've earned it- Rest.

By Robert Service



Christ at the tomb with Mary.



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**

- 1. A Hole
- 2. A Teapot
- 3. A Coin
- 4. Walmart
- 5. Smith
- 6. Monaco
- 7. Taoism
- 8. St. Stephen's Day
- 9. 4
- 10. Asia

Quiz Time Answers!

A Capri In Africa Pt 6

It was very hard to leave the magnificent Royal Livingston Hotel but leave we had to. We needed to cross the mighty Zambezi River to get into Botswana,

It wasn't too far to get to the river crossing but once there we were told that only one ferry was working and after a short while we were told that there was none!! We waited and suffered in the hot sun. Eventually the guys got one ferry going by taking a part off the other (a propeller we were told).

It was proper chaos trying to get on with a mixture of pedestrians and cars trying to fight their way onto a ferry that would only hold several cars (although seemingly hundreds of pedestrians).

We got on (luckily as one of the first cars on) and gratefully was able to find a couple of seats in the shade.

The usual African chaos faced us at the border/passport control into Botswana. There were vendors selling drinks which would have been very welcome. We were all so thirsty but us rich Westerners only had dollars (minimum 20 dollar bills) and the vendors had no change!?!? We stayed thirsty!!



It's amazing how many times pieces of paper could be stamped and passed onto the next person to repeat the process!

Out of the chaos we had a little bit of luck. We were sitting waiting for some friends after passport control when one of the passport control ladies ran out with a piece of paper. It was part of the vehicle Carne pack that had got left on a desk by one of them.

Thank God they discovered it else we would have really struggled getting the car out at the next border crossing into South Africa.

We arrived at the next hotel which overlooked the Cheob River separating Namibia and Botswana. A three-hour river safari followed. So many things to see including so many crocodiles; you wouldn't want to fall into the river.

Another stunning sunset as only Africa can provide.

Cont. on next page ...



A Capri in Africa cont. ...

The next day we left the Zambia/Botswana border area and drove for some time along a fairly straight, boring road. However, we came across a small family of elephants near the side of the road. Joan said to stop for a photo but the bull elephant took umbrage, flared his ears, upped his trunk and charged.

Thankfully I was able to get the Capri racing away!!

Just after lunch we parked the cars and were taken in safari trucks to a massive salt flat area, the largest in Africa. After a while the truck we were in had a puncture and we had to help the driver change the wheel.

Once mobile again we were driving alongside flamingos, water buffalo, ostriches and other animals. Apparently, ostriches originated in Africa and some were taken to Australia where they settled very well!!

Thankfully it was cooler this afternoon.

South Africa tomorrow.



Showing hands to the disciples.



This page is sponsored by Bob and Joan Sheeley

A MOUNTAIN CALLED API

By David MB Brown

Part 1

After the successful British Army Everest expedition in 1976 one of the team members decided to select another peak in the Nepal Himalaya to climb in 1980. As he was rushing to catch the plane back to England (in Kathmandu) he dashed into the Nepal Mountaineering office to see the newly released list of peaks for climbing in 1980. Not having any time to study the list he picked the very first one at the top of the page. As it was in alphabetical order he got Api.

That person was Major Sir Crispin Agnew (Baronet) of Lochnaw Clan Chief of the Agnew's. Just a regular working army officer and one of the most likeable guys on the planet.

As a dedicated mountaineer, when my soldiering duties allowed, I took ever



The ascension by John Singleton Copley.

chance to take to the mountains. It was in the mountains that I found the peace I craved and the challenge I needed in my life. The army recognising that soldiers need to be constantly challenged in all types of environments, to ensure they can cope with the rigours of combat. Actively encouraged the soldiers to take part in what some people term as dangerous sports but in truth those who take to the mountains or any other such activities normally weighed the risks carefully and work out how to minimise those risk, either through training, special equipment or going with an experienced companion.

Through the Army Mountaineering Association of which I was a member I discovered that Crispin was looking for people to join him for the expedition to climb Api.

I applied and much to my surprise was selected. This may have had something to do with me having recently completed one of the hard North Face routes in Switzerland with my good friend Sandy Sanderson.

When I investigate what was known about the

(Cont. on next page...)

This page is sponsored by Ted Barnett

(A Mountain called API cont...)

mountain there was very little real information apart from it was over 23,000 high had only had two ascents one from the northern side (Tibet) and one from the East Ridge by a strong Italian team. The massive South Face, the most challenging side of the mountain had been looked at by a Japanese team but the sheer size of it turned them away.

The other daunting thing was the mountain was in the extreme North West of Nepal in an area that was very much contested by the Tibetan/Chinese occupiers on the north side of the mountain. Plus the area was declared as an area in a famine crisis.

On further research we discovered that there where no roads going the whole distance from Kathmandu to the Western most part of Nepal. This meant we would have to drive south from Pokahar, which is in central Nepal, then south into northern India, then west through India then back into Nepal. This would add days to the journey and expense plus we would need permits from the Indian ambassador in Kathmandu.

After many months of fund raising, yes fund raising, the army only provides the daily ration allowance funding. Which if I remember correctly was about one pound and fourteen pence a day.



The Army Mountaineering Association gave about fifty pound per member towards cost from its own funds which came from its members annual fees.

Finally we were off. Six of us in the advance party manage to get a lift in the back of an RAF Hercules that was flying food and medical supplies to Nepal. Part of the relief effort to the very place we would be climbing in.

The best way to fly in the back of one of these aircraft is to spread your sleeping bag out on top of the cargo and go to sleep for as long as you possibly can.

(Cont. on next page...)



some of the porters on the trek

(A Mountain called API cont...)



The rest of the team travel by "dodgy air" civilian airlines to Kathmandu some days later.

At this time Nepal was suffering, as was India from a shortage of diesel fuel. Our hotel, a rather cheap version of a down at heel hostel called the "Hotel Shakti" only had electricity for maybe an hour a day. This they used to pump water from the well into the hotel water tank. There never seemed to be any power at night. Despite this we knuckled down to getting together the supplies we needed. Tarpaulins for the porters and Sherpa's. Shoes for the porters once they reached the snow line. Clothing and hats and clothes. The biggest buy was food for our walk in which would take about twenty days. We had specially prepared rations for when we were climbing. As it was a famine area there was little chance of being able to buy ration on route to feed our porters. This meant that we need five porters to carry all the items we needed from base camp and to climb the mountain for each climber. So for every three porters we needed another porter to carry their food to feed them on route. Something of a logistical nightmare. As this area didn't have a tradition of regular expeditions passing through as did the more popular mountains in central and east Nepal we were not sure if we would find the man power we needed to carry all the food and equipment. More on that later.

After many days in Kathmandu which included a serious drinking session with the Indian ambassador who was a full colonel in the Indian Army. To get our travel permits through India. We were ready to depart. That presented another problem. We had contracted a company to provide two ten ton trucks for the journey to the trail head. With the shortage of diesel fuel the drivers had to go to a government office where ever we stopped each day to get a chitty. This authorised them to get a few gallons of fuel from a filling station which was guarded by armed police. This took up even more valuable time and when we stopped we could not be sure that there would be fuel available. Slowly we worked our way through Northern India and back in to Nepal. Every time we stopped in some remote area it only took about ten minutes before we were surrounded by some hundreds of local people. There was nothing hostile about the crowds they were just curious and once they knew we had a doctor with us the sick and the lame appeared from everywhere. Our poor doctor never had



(Cont. on next page...)

(A Mountain called API cont...)

any rest. Fortunately he had packed some spare medical supplies to deal with these situations but they rapidly ran out.

Finally we reached the end of the road a small village called Dhandeldura. Which would be the start of a twenty one day trek over mountainous terrain to our base camp.

It took several days to recruit the two hundred and forty one porters we needed. These we had to split into two groups as the place we would stop at at the end of each day could not support those numbers. Each group would be some five days apart.

Each day was a test of endurance on both us and the porter. As the first eight days was across the grain of the land. We would climb up and up until we reached the top of a wooded ridge then descend almost as much distances as we had ascended.

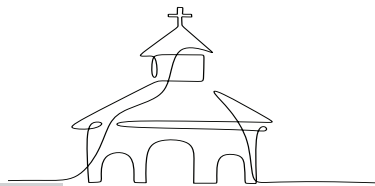


He is here for all of us.

This process would be repeated day after day until we reached the west border of Nepal. From here we would descend to the Chumli Valley and follow the river gaining altitude each day. The terrain becoming increasingly more difficult each as we progress deeper and deeper into the high Himalayan mountains.

Next part Base camp.





What's happening in a church near you?

www.costablanca-anglican-chaplaincy.es

CALPE LA MERCED

EASTER SERVICES -

5th April Easter Sunday 10:30

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

EASTER SERVICES -

Maundy Thursday, 2nd April, Commemoration of the Last Supper, and Vigil. 7:00pm

Good Friday, 3rd April, Liturgy of the Day, 12:15pm

Holy Saturday, 4th April, Easter Vigil 7:00pm

Easter Day, Sunday 5th April, Holy Eucharist, 12:15pm

Sunday Services at 12.15pm

in the Ermita de San Josep.

JAVEA

EASTER SERVICES -

18th February Ash Wednesday 10.30

3rd April Good Friday 14:00

5th April Easter Sunday 9.45

Sunday services at 9.45am

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

Useful Organisations

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

DENIA

EASTER SERVICES -

3rd April Good Friday 12noon

5th April Easter Sunday 12 noon

Sunday Services at midday

in the Ermita Las Rotas.

GANDIA

EASTER SERVICES -

3rd April Good Friday 1215

5th April Easter Sunday 1215

Sunday Service at 12:15pm

in the Chapel of the Franciscan Hospice.

ALFAZ DEL PI

EASTER SERVICES -

18th February Ash Wednesday 11:00

2nd April Maundy Thursday 11:00

3rd April Good Friday

5th April Easter Sunday 9.30

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.

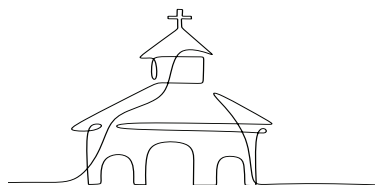
EL CAMPELLO

EASTER SERVICES -

5th April Easter Sunday 12 noon

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*

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