



The Dragon

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of
Saint George's Anglican Chaplaincy
Malaga, Spain

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From the Editor

Dear Reader,

Yes, another month has passed already, and here is another edition of The Dragon.

So, what do we have this time? John Taylor tells us how to go about tracing the history of one's family and reveals some of the surprises he has found in researching his own ancestry; Colin Somerville writes about the orders of Anglican monks and nuns – of which most of us may be unaware; and Mike Smith begins his account of his adventures travelling by train in deepest Patagonia. Adrian Wilkinson contributes a piece on the meaning of Easter; Ged Harrison introduces us to more of her favourite websites; and Jean Roberts has some thoughts on the 'business' of the Christian Church. And we have another book review from Tony Eccleston, two recipes from John Byron-Jones, English 'translations' from a Malaga restaurant guide and a further instalment of Peter Saliba's Baltic cruise. Hope you enjoy it!

One worrying feature of this month's magazine is that there is only one 'new' contributor. I am most grateful to our regular authors, and hope they will continue to write for The Dragon. But those of you who read it, please don't leave it to the same few to write it!! Otherwise the well may soon run dry...

David Harrison

Articles and other contributions—including Letters to the Editor—for this online magazine are warmly invited. As we keep saying: no material, no magazine!! Please send to djharrison@stgeorgemalaga.org

The next edition of The Dragon will be published in early April, for which the deadline for receipt of articles, etc. is 31 March 2010.

Peter Wolfenden continues his 'Saint for the Month' series.

A Saint for March

St Cuthbert is, for me, a special favourite saint, not just because of his name, but because of his great ministry in the north east of England.

He was born in about 635 and began life as a shepherd. It was as a shepherd out on the Northumbrian hills that he had the vision which directed him to become a monk in the monastery at Melrose on the borders. He stayed for ten years and became renowned for his holiness and missionary zeal. This led him to be sent to establish a new monastery at Ripon in Yorkshire, where he stayed until 661.

Then, as now, there were disputes within the church, and Cuthbert was caught up in the arguments between those who supported the Roman approach and those who wished to continue in the Celtic tradition. The great Synod at Whitby in 664 came down in favour of Augustine and Rome, and Cuthbert eventually went to Lindisfarne (Holy Island) to the community there.

In 676 Cuthbert withdrew to another island off the Northumbrian coast and began a life of great austerity, but where he also became noted for his great rapport with birds and animals. People came to visit him for advice and guidance from all around, and the church authorities tried to involve him as Bishop of Hexham. But Cuthbert refused the post, and continued to live his solitary life until his death on the Inner Farne in 687.

Cuthbert is an example of devoted service and humility; like St Francis he knew the importance of a love for animals as well as people. But also he reminds us that, just as in his day serious divisions between Christians do exist, they can be overcome for the work of the Church to continue.

THE BEST KEPT SECRET...

"Three Poems from Elmore" published in the February issue of *The Dragon* have spurred me, because I am an oblate* of Elmore, to write this for the editor.

Elmore Abbey near Newbury in Berkshire is the home of a small community of Anglican Benedictine monks. It is one of several independent abbeys and priories of Anglican monks and nuns in the Church of England, and in other parts of the Anglican Communion also, who are members of the Order of St Benedict and live according to the Rule written by St Benedict of Nursia in the sixth century. St Benedict is often called the father of monasticism in the Western Church, and refers to his Rule as being written for those who are "beginners" on the spiritual journey. Over the centuries it has been a guide to countless Christians.

Most members of the Church of England will know that the monasteries were dissolved in our church during the reign of King Henry VIII following the break with Rome. Not so many Anglicans will know, however, that three hundred years later in the 19th century the Religious Life (i.e. the orders of monks, nuns, and friars etc) began to be restored in the Church of England. The fact that monks, nuns, friars and religious sisters are once again part of our church is what that great archbishop Michael Ramsey called "the best kept secret in the Church of England". To a large extent it remains a secret too today. How often have you heard your vicar or parish priest make reference to a vocation to the Religious Life? Not often if at all, I wouldn't mind betting. Nonetheless religious communities have spread throughout the Anglican Communion and although some of those which were the first to be established in the 19th century have died out new communities have been established and continue to live lives of prayer, worship and service for the church and the world at large.

Benedictine communities, like Elmore Abbey, are essentially called to contemplative prayer, silence, study, manual labour and worship within the monastic enclosure. Protestant Christians often find this vocation difficult to understand. Such lives are sometimes thought of as a selfish escape from the responsibilities, strains and stresses of ordinary everyday life – home, family relationships and work! If you stop to think for a moment you will realise that the contemplative monk and nun escapes few, if any, of those stresses. Indeed living within the monastic enclosure the strains and stresses are writ large and cannot easily be avoided. Monks and nuns are like all of us – they are not saints – and have to live together when on a personal basis they may have little in common with each other and may not even like each other very much. The life of prayer offered on behalf of the world and the church is no easy option. All monasteries and convents must have accommodation for guests and hospitality is a hallmark of Benedictine communities for in receiving guests, says St Benedict, we receive Christ Himself. Benedictines are not the only contemplatives. There are Anglican Poor Clare nuns, Augustinian nuns and nuns living according to a rule which draws on the Carmelite tradition.

THE BEST KEPT SECRET... (continued)

The majority of Anglican Religious, however, are not contemplatives but are called to combine prayer with works of charity or evangelism. Probably the best known of these are the Anglican Franciscan friars and sisters of the Society of St Francis who work in many parts of the Anglican Communion. Many of the first Anglican Sisterhoods founded in the 19th century worked among people living in the slums of Victorian cities, some were nurses and accompanied Florence Nightingale to the Crimea and some were involved in teaching. Some of this work still continues today.

In the 1960s, as a result of the winds of change, (or breath of fresh air!) which blew through the church in the reign of the saintly Pope John XXIII many Religious Communities in the Anglican Communion as well as in the Roman Catholic Church were called to re-assess their lives. Many members of communities found "renewal" difficult and sometimes changes were unwelcome or unsettling. Many Anglican and Roman Catholic monks and nuns sought release from their vows and returned to secular life. In time however the turmoil that Vatican II caused for many communities settled and today different forms of the Religious Life are once again beginning to be explored which may be more appropriate to the needs of the church and the world in the 21st century.

**oblate: a person associated with a monastic community living according to a version of the Benedictine rule adapted appropriately to their state of life. Oblates may be lay or ordained, male or female, married, single or living in civil partnerships.*

Colin Somerville, Oblate OSB

A QUIET NIGHT AND A PERFECT END

This may seem like bliss, and it was! Dozens of pancakes, spoonfuls of sugar, a basket of lemons, and glasses of white wine and fruit juices were the ingredients for a Shrove Tuesday event at Iznájar. Peter and Marilyn Reynolds hosted the Pancake Day gathering for about 25 members of the Tapia congregation, with different ones bringing contributions to the menu.

The purpose of the event was simply to celebrate the growth of the congregation, enjoy one another's company and acknowledge the source of our life together. To do this we concluded the evening with the order for Compline, led by Peter Wolfenden with the support of John Taylor and La Vid y La Vida. The short service included the *Nunc Dimittis* set to Gregorian tones, and the hymn *Hail Gladdening Light* was just right for 'the sun's hour of rest'.

Tony Eccleston

Tony Eccelston continues his series of reviews of books about Spain with two books by Alastair Boyd.

The Lord of the Sierras

Alastair Boyd was the son of a Scottish lord who came to live in Ronda in 1957 at the age of 30. There he founded and directed a language school with his first wife, Diana Mary Gibson, at the Casa de Mondragón. They had two horses on which they explored the sierras of southern Andalusia. Alastair published his account of these trips in *The Road from Ronda* which came out in English in 1969 and much more recently in Spanish. The book describes a time when the land was unenclosed and you could ride for a whole day without touching a paved road. They were the last years that you could travel in the confidence of finding an inn for the night and fodder for the animals in every pueblo. He captures the spaciousness of the landscapes and the character of the people who lived in them. His book is full of insights into the festivities and culture of Andalusia and a host of colourful characters that he met on the way. Alastair Boyd brought great sensitivity and humour to his descriptions, but could also express outrage at impassive bureaucracy and the impact of the wave of consumerism that he saw breaking over the coast and washing up in village life.

After the death of his father in 1975 Boyd became Lord Kilmarnock and served for over 20 years in the House of Lords. He returned to Ronda in the late 1990s with his second wife, Hilly, and made series of journeys by car into the surrounding countryside to see how it had changed. He also fought against over-development of the Serrania de Ronda and for the conservation of its rivers until his death at the age of 91 in 2009.

His book *The Sierras of the South* describes what he found on his return. Again, it is full of vivid descriptions of country life enriched by his explanations of the history and traditions of the region. Much was under threat but as Alastair Boyd put it, 'the region does not lend itself to violent change. The people are stubbornly attached to their pueblos and festivities. The mountains cannot be pulled down or the sunsets plucked from the sky. Somewhere in the sierras, I believe, there will always be a refuge for the likes of me and mine, and possibly for you and yours...'

Both works are available in editions published by Santana Books in 2004:

The Road from Ronda ISBN 84-89954-34-8

The Sierras of the South ISBN 84-89954-35-6

An account by Mike Smith of a “once in a lifetime journey” - Part 1

The Old Patagonian Express

In the nineteen seventies the travel writer Paul Theroux wrote a book based on a series of rail journeys he took starting in Boston in North America to the southernmost tip of Argentina. The last train he took in deepest Patagonia so impressed him that he named it, and the book he wrote, “The Old Patagonian Express”. Until then this train was known as “La Trochita” and it still exists. Just. Once part of an ambitiously planned network of railways in Patagonia, some never built, some closed down by central government, the 400km narrow gauge line from Ingeniero Jacobacci to Esquel is all that is left, and once a year “La Trochita” runs the whole length.



La Trochita at full speed over the pampas

Last November I (gintonica) joined a 40 something group of steam railway enthusiasts (anoraks) and birdwatchers (twitchers) on a journey to Argentina and Chile for two weeks to travel on all available steam trains there, the highlight being travelling on “La Trochita”.

Now, “La Trochita” is not easy to get to. Argentina is a very, very big country. First you fly to Buenos Aires, rest for a couple of days, sample the cuisine (steak and steak) and the wine (good), take in a tango show and then set off south. A 2 hour flight to Bariloche is followed by a 5 hour bus ride on a dirt road to Ingeniero Jacobacci where we arrive late at night, and after a meal of steak (for a change) we are distributed among various hotels. Told we have an early start – 6 am.



Typical Patagonian countryside

The Old Patagonian Express (*continued*)

"La Trochita" is old, a little grumpy in the morning, so we don't actually get away until 7.30 am. The train comprises the wood burning steam loco, a Henschel built in 1922, a wagon containing an alarming quantity of tools and spare parts, a crew wagon, three carriages, each with a wood burning stove, and a dining car which serves coffee, beer and brandy and, occasionally, empañadas. The weather is cold but we're finally off and heading further south. The landscape is bare, with just scrub to the far away horizon. Not much lives here though this is supposed to be sheep country. Our guide says one sheep needs over 2 hectares of land to support it. The journey is broken by "run pasts". The train stops, all the anoraks get off, set up video cameras whilst the train reverses and then "runs past". This happens quite a few times during the journey. Sometimes there are stops where men with very big spanners do adjustments to the locomotive. We arrive at El Maitén, the halfway point of the journey, at 8 pm. It is pouring with rain.



*How on earth
did this bridge
get here?*

*The Andes
always
in the
background*



El Maitén, a town born with the railway, with workshops for maintenance and repair of rolling stock, does not really cater for tourists. My room for the night would not be out of place in a monastery. The room is warmed by a dangerous looking gas heater but the unheated bathroom is not a place to linger, particularly as only cold water comes out of the taps. Part of the Sports Centre has been converted into a restaurant for us and two sheep are being roasted over an open fire. A very welcome meal on a cold, wet night, and somehow we drink them out of red wine. Next morning no water at all issues forth from the taps so I go in search of a café or bar for a hot drink. Not one in the entire town, so I adjourn to the train parked in its siding to find wood burning stoves alight and, glory be, the dining car open for business. I order a large coffee and a brandy. This at 8 am!

The day is bright but cold and the train leaves at 8.30 am. We have a wonderful trip with the snow covered Andes always in sight. We stop at Leleque for the engine to take on water, and the children from the tiny local school rush over to sell us cakes they had made to fund their end of term excursion. Where are they going I wonder? Then on to the next station for a gaucho meal cooked underground.



Schoolteacher and pupils at Leleque

If you want to know how gauchos cook a meal underground you will have to wait for the next installment of this once in a lifetime journey!

The Meaning of Easter

Adapted by **Adrian Wilkinson** from www.spiritual-growth.suite101.com

As the spring comes with balmy weather, blooming trees and allergies, so comes Easter. And like other holidays, Easter means food and family and fun for many people. Most would agree that there is nothing wrong, of course, with having food, family and fun, but the perception of this holiday has been cut off at the knees.

Commercialism versus true meaning in Easter

Easter is perhaps been most profoundly affected of all the Christian holidays that have been transformed by commercialism, thereby burying the real meaning and cause for the celebration.

In fact, the average person no longer knows and truly understands why Easter is celebrated.

Most people understand that Christmas is about Jesus' birth, no matter what non-religious traditions secular society's heavy focus on shopping and decorating. But what many have forgotten is that Easter too is about Jesus and his sacrifice. To many, Jesus is dead. But to those who have faith that he is alive this day, Easter has that special meaning.

Simply put, Easter is when Jesus was resurrected, not when He was crucified. Good Friday, a day on which people do not work because of a statutory holiday, is the day that Jesus was crucified. But crucified is not enough for a world in which that particular term is archaic and true understanding is hard to come by. Jesus was crucified, slain, whipped, beaten, made to carry His own cross, wear thorns on his head and nailed to a piece of wood. But on the third day he rose, and thus Easter is celebrated.

The resurrection is the important part of the story. The fact that He rose from the dead, after having told His disciples that he would, without giving his physical body any time to decay and therefore leaving no trace of it but the cloth it was wrapped in is a miracle in itself. (*Matthew 26-28, Mark 14-16, Luke 22-24, John 18-21*).

Why celebrate Easter?

If celebrating Christmas without understanding its meaning is like attending a birthday party without knowing whose birthday it is, then celebrating Easter without knowing its meaning is like attending a funeral without knowing the deceased or seeing the miracle of his resurrection.

Granted, Easter is a great time to visit with family, to present a few gifts and eat good food, as the day is about sharing love. There is always room for more love in the world, and it is his own love that put Jesus on the cross. But Easter bunnies and chocolate eggs aside, the day that Jesus died and the day that he rose is commemorated with this holiday so that it would never be forgotten. In a highly commercialised world, it is difficult to remember the true meaning behind many of the traditions that society recognizes.

Tony Eccleston recounts how he and Anne changed their minds about retiring to an English village

A Shrine to Fado

I am almost sure it was the early February sunshine that did it. Or perhaps it was the warm Portuguese welcome, the faded elegance of Lisbon or the air of mystery that hangs over the old quarter of the city like an evening mist. By 2004 my wife and I had made short city breaks our essential relief from the spring term blues. But while trips to the northern cities of New York, Paris and Amsterdam succeeded temporarily in shaking off the seasonal gloom, Lisbon rocked our foundations. It was there that the first cracks appeared in my conviction that I would live the rest of my life in an English village. All of a sudden the idea of retiring to a place in the sun took hold. It was as if two tectonic plates had shifted.

The fault line ran through the hotel bar. On our first evening in Lisbon, while Anne was getting ready to go out for dinner, the barman acceded to my request for a short course on the fortified wines of Portugal. We began with Ruby and worked at a measured pace over the weekend towards Madeira. It was when we got to Tawney that the subject of Fado came up. Fado is a form of folk music in which a female singer is accompanied by two guitars: a lute-like Portuguese guitar and the more familiar Spanish one. Responding to my interest the barman and the clerk on the hotel desk decided which was the best Fado restaurant in Lisbon and made a reservation.

By the time Anne came down a taxi had been summoned. The old Mercedes meandered back and forth in the streets below the Castle of St George until the driver announced that he could go no further and that we would have to continue on foot. A man would be waiting for us.

We set off up a steep cobbled alley where the buildings leaned in for a better look at us in the gathering gloom. As the alley curved upwards another smaller one joined it from the right. Bracketed to the corner was an old-fashioned wrought iron lantern whose dim light revealed the features of an elegantly dressed man who leaned casually against the wall. At our approach he said softly, "Fado?". He took us up the side street to an ancient metal door which filled an arch in the wall. At his knock a smaller door set into the larger one opened and we were ushered in to a dark lobby hung with heavy drapes. From here a waiter led us into a high vaulted room with dinner tables around a central carpeted space. Incongruously a dim red light hung from the ceiling at one end indicating that the place also served as a chapel when it was not in use for the ritual of Fado.

This was the setting for a meal whose courses were punctuated by a succession of performances of haunting, melancholy songs. The singers all wore a black shawl in memory of the most famous of all Fado singers, Amalia Rodrigues, and each in

A Shrine to Fado *(continued)*

turn told tales of lost loves, journeys to distant lands and yearnings for a past life. How could anyone contemplate leaving their homeland, they seemed to say. That was the aftershock. Could we cope with relocating to a place away from the supportive community centred on the life of our village church? The plates shifted again.

Daylight brought a different perspective. The old city of Lisbon looks across the estuary of the River Tagus and beyond to the Atlantic Ocean. These are horizons to stir or daunt the heart of the traveller. But there on the opposite side of the river is a huge and somehow familiar statue, towering above the river cliffs. It is the same image of Christ the King as the one that looks out from the heights of Rio de Janeiro on the opposite side of the ocean. With arms wide open he seems to say, "Come".

We returned to England with Lisbon as the epicenter of a disturbance in our thinking. The following year we returned to Portugal for a longer holiday and shortly after we found a foothold on the Costa del Sol. Three years after that I retired and eight days later moved into our house in Andalucia clutching my guide to the Geology of Spain.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I have just returned to Spain and was catching up on my usual internet reads when I came across an article in one of your editions (Telephone Piracy, November 2009). I too was contacted by 'David' but my experience was totally different. It went like this:

David reminded me that his company had put me with Direct Telecom a couple of years ago for a better deal on my calls, and that now he had an even better deal for me. He explained everything and I agreed that the deal seemed good. My paperwork duly arrived in the post as promised, which I signed and returned to Citrus Red. When my service went live with Citrus I had an email from Direct Telecom which included all sorts of "clever" wording designed to make me think that I had been duped. I contacted Citrus Red and forwarded the email to them. It turns out that David is an independent sales agent who previously worked for Direct Telecom. He now works for Citrus Red—the reason being that Direct Telecom never paid him for the work he did!

Tom Quinn

Ged Harrison invites you to
Learn to Love Your Computer (2)



Weird and Wonderful Websites: a few more of the best

Oh hai! (see previous [icanhascheezburger](#) piece for explanation)

The Editor has complained that I am wasting time and procrastinating on this article. He may have a point in that I came into my office three hours ago to write this. In that time I have learned a lot about anti-globalisation groups, completed a quiz to Choose my Political Ideology (Liberal Populist – now there's a surprise; I thought I might have turned into a neo-con while My Son the Radical Marxist wasn't watching), and ordered a revolutionary new hair-curling iron from Amazon. But I have not written the article...

However, I point out in my defence that if I hadn't raised Time-wasting to the status of a fine art I wouldn't be able to write this article, so I consider it a Virtuous Circle. If you would like to join me in a little creative time-wasting, develop your mind and help feed the world, may I recommend the first of my favourite sites for this issue: Free Rice (www.freerice.org) is a website where users play various educational, multiple-choice games in order to fight world hunger. For every question the user answers correctly, 10 grains of rice are donated to the UN world food programme. There are various topics (mostly English vocabulary and grammar and foreign language learning at the moment) and more are being developed. There are several click-to-donate sites on the web, but Free Rice wins out because it's actually fun to do and you can see exactly how much you have donated. For example, I just took a little break from this article and donated 1,500 grains of rice while improving my Spanish vocabulary, adding my little bit to the 75 billion grains that have been raised and distributed during Free Rice's 3-year history. Time-wasting? Maybe, but in a *good* way...!

It's tough getting to grips with technology... so when I'm in trouble I usually turn to Cnet (www.cnet.com) to help me know what are the best applications to protect, repair or improve the performance of my computer. It also reviews every single piece of hardware or software that comes onto the market. However it's a huge site so you might feel overloaded by Too Much Information; if that's so, subscribe to their Newsletter, which is actually the best part, where members of the Cnet community offer help and advice in reasonably non-geek language to solve common computer problems.

Obviously, online newspapers are Very Big these days, and The Times even has the Crossword, so you don't have to pinch the relevant page from your husband who then moans about not being able to read some totally unimportant Leader or match review. And, ok, confession time: I sometimes glance at the Daily Mail – especially its Readers' Comments feature if I really want to restore my faith in human nature. Recently, however, I've discovered the one that beats all the rest, and my only regret is the years I've spent not reading it. I refer, of course, to The Daily Mash (www.thedailymash.co.uk), an organ (and I use the word in the Private Eye sense) distinguished by unparalleled vulgarity and wit. So, my first Dire Warning to you is: don't read it if you are sensitive to strong language, and my second is don't read it while drinking coffee near your keyboard,

Learn to Love Your Computer(2) *(continued)*

particularly if it's a laptop... Otherwise, read and enjoy articles with headlines such as GOVERNMENT TO TACKLE CHILD POVERTY WITH FABULOUS NEW PRODUCTION OF 'OLIVER!' ("The government is to lift 300,000 London children out of severe poverty by staging the world's biggest production of *Oliver!*") and WOMEN HARD-WIRED FOR CAKE SAYS STUDY. So true...

I feel I should turn from the ridiculous to the sublime as this is, after all, a Church magazine. When I was editor of our service sheet I did find the Church of England site (www.cofe.anglican.org) useful for liturgy, saints' days, etc. and it is actually a very good site, with lots of information and links, easy to navigate and beautifully designed, but I can't exactly say I love it – it's a bit too, well, mainstream for me. And I would recommend the blog Thinking Anglicans (www.thinkinganglicans.org.uk) - which is exactly what it says on the tin and has some excellent writing by the liberal wing of the Anglican Church were it not for the fact that its layout and design drive me so wild that I want to take a hammer to the screen (*why* all the double spacing and complete lack of colour or graphics?). So I must follow my frivolous instincts and choose Ship of Fools (<http://shipoffools.com/shipstuff/index.html>). Its founders decided they were looking "not just for a different kind of Christian magazine, but for a different kind of Christianity – realistic, committed, funny, iconoclastic, intellectual, transcendent, satirical, world-affirming..." As they go on to say - "Some shopping list!" Yet they do get most of it right with articles both humorous and serious, and interesting Forum topics. Look for the article on "Car Crash Carols" which is about the "tidying up" of the words of carols to make them more "inclusive"... those of us who naughtily persist in singing the "unreconstructed" versions will love this! However, I realise that the Ship won't be to everyone's taste and I therefore direct your attention to this page <http://tinyurl.com/yjek5ld> and its exhaustive list of blogs about religion – a very rich vein for ~~time-wasting~~ research here!

Running out of words, but how can I not mention SHOPPING and two wonderful sources of unique gifts for your loved ones – or yourself. Etsy (www.etsy.com) is dedicated to crafts and makers who produce stunning creations you never knew you wanted until now – many are US-based but they ship to Europe and there is a group of UK crafters too; while Not On The High Street (www.notonthehighstreet.com) is slightly more commercial, has a beautiful website and incredibly good customer service considering the complexity of its operation. They represent hundreds of small shops, often the makers of the products themselves, but you only have one shopping basket and make one payment at the end. I used them for most of my Christmas present shopping last year and, despite my ordering quite late (ahem...) everything arrived well on time.

Right. Done. Now show me yours... A prize for the most useful/time-wasting/thought-provoking website or blog, Ed??

John Taylor asks

So who do YOU think you are?

I treasure the stunned look on Olympic oarsman Matthew Pinsent's face when the TV genealogist revealed not only his provable relationship to William the Conqueror and the Holy Roman Emperor Charlemagne but also his rather more fanciful descent from Jesus Christ.

Leaving aside the extravagant dynastic claims of medieval royalty, it's surprising how many 'ordinary' people really are descended from characters who have fretted and strutted their brief hour upon the stage of history. My grandson Joseph's maternal Axtell ancestors sailed for New England in 1660 after Colonel Daniel Axtell, Cromwell's Deputy in Ireland, was hanged, drawn and quartered at Tyburn as a regicide of King Charles I. Fifteen month old Joseph also includes amongst his forebears Elihu Yale, a thumping crook but also the main endower of the great Ivy League university, and Owain Gyndwr, that highly successful rebel against King Henry IV. How do I know all this? The answer is that in tracing his ancestry back a mere 200 years via the US national and state censuses (something of a doddle in genealogical terms as all these records are on the internet) I came across the all important 'gateway ancestor' which linked Joseph's Merriman ancestry to the Axtells and Yales, gentry whose pedigree has been reliably 'done' by professional genealogists.

Discovering that one has a self-styled Prince of Wales and an executed Cromwellian colonel in the family is great fun, but the history of humble folk can be every bit as fascinating. And almost anyone can do it. If I can trace my Taylor line back to a Staffordshire yeoman in the 17th Century, the Smiths, Browns and Robinsons certainly have a fighting chance. In pre-internet days family historians used to plough their solitary furrows in dusty archives and libraries, and even now the personal examination of such primary sources as church registers, wills and tithe books is essential for the serious genealogist. I cannot describe the excitement of actually handling the solicitor's copy, in copperplate on thick parchment, of my great, great, great grandfather William's will, made in 1860 when he was almost ninety years old.

Original documents apart, there is an enormous amount of online material which should make it possible for most armchair genealogists to trace their ancestries back to the early Victorian era and beyond. Of all such resources the most essential are the ten yearly Censuses which began in a rudimentary way in 1801, though the first genealogically useful one, listing the names of all the members of any given household was that of 1841. From 1851 the Census also required the precise ages, occupations and birth places of the participants (though some of them, it must be said either didn't know or simply lied through their teeth). Such information is extremely useful in tracing a family from generation to generation. As a beginner to genealogy about twelve years ago I assumed that the early Victorian population was largely static but this is far from true. I am currently researching on behalf of a friend who lives in Australia. Her great x 3 grandfather gives his own birthplace very precisely as St Pancras (as you might guess, he was a railwayman) and his wife's as West Chinnock, a village near Yeovil in Somerset. How did those two meet, I wonder?

So who do YOU think you are? *(continued)*

If you start to research your own history, be prepared for surprises - the unpleasant as well as the gratifying. Bastards (both literal and metaphorical) abound in my family tree. Two of my relatives were murdered, one of them in a Chicago gangster shoot out. My great grandmother Caroline Norcliffe died after almost twenty years in the Menston Pauper Lunatic Asylum where she had been committed with post-natal depression by a husband who was planning to live 'over th' brush' with his housekeeper. My great, great grandfather Hart was under suspicion of having done in his 'wife' (the inverted commas because she was actually married to somebody else at the time). And on the evidence available I'm fairly sure that it was congenital syphilis that wiped out two thirds of my Taylor great, great grandparents' twelve children. But there are also heart-warming tales: an impetuous young man storming out after a spat with his imperious Victorian father only to join hands with him again across the Atlantic and the breadth of the American continent; ninety year old William Taylor travelling from Staffordshire to Lancashire in 1861 and dying there only a few days after witnessing his favourite grandson John wed at 17 to a woman six years older than her youthful bridegroom. Older she may have been but she was not destined to dominate John who was eventually to become my powerfully patriarchal great grandfather.

If you haven't yet ventured on tracing the story of your own family I hope this short taster will encourage you to give it a try. In a subsequent article I shall delve a little deeper into the techniques of family history research and warn you about some of the pitfalls, but in the meantime here are three web sites I find invaluable:

Genes Reunited www.genesreunited.co.uk

For a very small annual fee this huge site provides you with a very easy and attractive programme for building an online family tree and linking up with other members with whom you share ancestors. You do not have to be a 'full' member to put your tree online.

Ancestry www.ancestry.co.uk

This subscription site and its American, Australian and European counterparts contain a VAST amount of material including all the UK Censuses from 1841 to 1901.

Family Search www.familysearch.org

This FREE LDS (Mormon) site links to a very extensive database of parish baptism and marriage records.

With both the Ancestry and Family Search sites there are a few wrinkles and caveats which I'll mention in my next article. In the meantime, if you think I may be able to help with any queries about your own family research please feel free to email me at blackadder6@excite.com

Bet you can't wait to go there...

A recent *Guia de Malaga* is doing its best to attract English-speaking clients. You will be spoiled for choice.

Let's have Breakfast

"The terrace bar proposes to his varied customer some irresistible and infinite possibilities. At morning the service staff begins the day with different kinds of breakfast, from the classic one to the bowl of fruit with the most original scrambled eggs."

Lunch perhaps?

"In order to keep degustating the quality which S----- restaurant offers, we find in this downtown plaza an extension of its best service. We'll enjoy original creations such as: coal grilled meat, not to forget its suggesting daily menus along with a la caldera the delicious desserts."

A new Tapas bar sounds promising

"This establishment is gohapsing to become in a pointing place for people who love wines in Malaga. In this place you will taste several numbers of wines. To sum up 1200m2 destined to ethnologic pleasures and an attracted cook. " *Down boys!*

A late night snifter perhaps?

"The B---- is a bar; nice, rabble, sexy and combative that goes 10 years in the candlestick. His philosophy has been the key of the success, amusement, an efficient and nice staff, and the music. Perfect not to stop dancing in the whole night."

A sexy rabble sounds promising, doesn't it?

And hopefully, one for the road

"We want to put a disposition to our hall to celebrated in all the acts you will have as much as personal or company to celebrated birthdays or friends meeting in a place where you can have a glass of wine or a bar without shift place to have it all in the some place, something yours guest will be appreciated. " *I really do need a drink now...*

Having chosen the venue, let's look at the menu. They don't make it easy for us and it certainly sounds more appetising in Spanish!

Anchoas caseras	Home-made anchovies
Lomo de Orza	Luff Loin (no idea!)
Cintura de Lomo alla plancha	Loin ribbon to the iron
Morcilla de cebolla a la caldera	Onion morcilla to the boiler
Gambas a la plancha	Shrimp to the iron
Cogollos con ajo frito	Heart with Garlics fried
Rosada plancha	Rosy Irons
Rodoballo al horno	Rut to oven
Tocino de cielo	Bacon of sky (this is a dessert...)
My favourite: Carabineros de Malaga	
<i>Go on - guess!</i>	Customs Officer of Malaga

All of the above are genuine—cross my heart—and it makes going out a much more entertaining experience. As I wish to be greeted warmly in any of my favourite haunts, you will understand why I am not signing this article!

Jean Roberts reflects on

The business that is (not just) St. George's, Malaga

We seem to have been having an interesting debate in "The Dragon" about the church as a business. Well now, there's a thing! I've spent ten or more years in this Chaplaincy being told that the church is not a business; that the church is a business; and that the church ought to be run like a business. Have you ever thought? Well, yes, actually! St. George's Malaga is a small part of a much larger, multinational operation. Call it a business if you like, the world wide Christian community, the "Body of Christ". As it is so big, why don't we think about how we would write a business plan? Some business plans are very long and tedious, but consider just a few of the sections of such a plan.

The core purpose of our enterprise is to bring in the Kingdom of God. If you don't believe that you are in the wrong business.

What does this Kingdom offer its customers? The key products of the Kingdom of God are free: forgiveness and salvation.

Our customer base? The whole world. How do we get the message out?

Advertising campaign. In our area, we use the local press, but it has to be acknowledged, without any noticeable success. We have some excellent posters and people are interested in a Service of Remembrance, or a Harvest Supper, or a visit from the Bishop, but it doesn't bring them to church on a regular basis. The big question remains – how do we really reach out to them?

Business strategy: "Go out into the world and make disciples". Yes, fine, but where is the money going to come from? It costs a lot of money to go out into the world. Or does it? It depends on how much of the world you want to deal with. A bit at a time and starting with family and neighbours wouldn't be a bad idea. Example being better than precept wouldn't our own bit of the world be better for more love, understanding and tolerance? Of course, in a business, everyone would be expected to get behind this idea, so that "everyone would be singing from the same hymn sheet". (That'll be the day!!). How can you get people behind this big idea?

Business objectives. Whether the church ought to be run like a business or not, I do think that we ought to know where we are going. Some know where they are going and so do others, but do they all think they are going to the same place? Have we got a map? Do we know where we're going and how we're going to get there? Well, perhaps at this point, like snakes and ladders, we need to "go back to go". We want to (well we say we want to) bring in the Kingdom.

We want to turn the water into wine when the party runs dry;

We want to feed the hungry: five, ten thousand, several million, a billion - bread and good water;

We want to bring healing to the sick - through the roof if necessary;

We want to give sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf;

We want to bring hope to the dying and comfort and reassurance to the bereaved;

We want to bring the message of love and hope to the unlovely and the hopeless, not least ourselves;

We want to bring in the Kingdom.

The business that is (not just) St. George's, Malaga (continued)

So, what about our strategy and implementation? "He has no hands but our hands" said Saint Theresa. We have to reach out to people. People are not going to come to church just because it is there. What's in it for them? We know that people require their primary needs to be met before their needs for affiliation even begin to kick in. And then again...

Belonging comes before believing. Work for the poor, the sick the bereaved and the lonely are designed to meet definite needs in our society. To have people who acknowledge Jesus as Lord, the people of God (us) have to be able to show love and care. I hear it again. It can't be done without money. What's the answer? Where do we get the money? Who will turn the water into wine when the party runs dry? Well, we can and should start where we are and with what we have got.

At this point, a business plan might start to consider its keys to success. In many businesses, failures are attributed to poor communications. We are not too good at communicating with each other, let alone the wider world. We are asked to watch and pray, listen and obey. So if we get the message that what is lacking is love, understanding, tolerance and generosity, let's remember that the first commandment is about love, and that the second commandment is also about love, and that nothing in the Kingdom will ever be accomplished without love. So another key to success is love one another.

For sure, we can't do anything without the right people working for the organisation. A business might call this it the personnel and recruitment policy. Jesus taught us that the most unlikely people might prove to be giants in the Kingdom. You know, ordinary people like us. It doesn't depend on education, degrees, curriculum vitae, or great connections. It doesn't depend on gender, race, or social class. It depends on belief, faith, humility and thankfulness. And, as we know for sure that we ourselves will fall down fairly regularly, it needs people who have stayed standing to be there to pick us up, dust us down and get us on our way again. It may be that we need a degree of humility ourselves to recognise the gifts of newcomers and those who have been around for some time. Is there tendency to rely on the "old guard", and to be resistant to change and new ideas? Jesus will recognise his best servants and send them into needy situations. Will we be ready to welcome them?

Quality management. All businesses need to ensure that the product and the means of production are reaching the optimum quality, which the customer has the right to expect. What are our quality guidelines? Well, the Sermon on the Mount is a great blueprint for the business of "Bringing in the Kingdom" and it is a good read too.

Financial management of our great organisation. We have lots of teaching about this, from the parable of the servant who owed money to his master, and, in turn was owed money by his own subordinates or, that of the parable of the talents, (too much money in the bank is talent buried in the ground), most of all don't let worries about money be our guiding principles - "Consider the lilies of the field". Belonging comes before believing. The money will follow the people.

So, with all these wonderful guidelines from the Lord we all profess to follow, what might be the reasons for our failure to bring in the Kingdom? Could it be that we are a "Proud, rebellious and disobedient people?" Perish the thought.

John Byron-Jones writes about St David's Day and

FOOD FOR THE MARCH SAINTS

March 1st is St David's Day, the feast day of the patron saint of Wales who died on that day in AD 589. The date was declared a national day of celebration within Wales in AD 1120 when Dewi Sant was canonised by Pope Callactus II and it was added in the Church calendar.

St David's Day is a day when Welsh people all over the world will wear one of the national emblems of Wales - a leek or a daffodil. During my primary and secondary school days my grandfather would dig up a leek from his garden and attach it to my coat; then off to school to argue which boy had the thickest/longest leek. The young ladies looked very pretty and demure wearing their daffodils; some even wore national costume. During the morning, we took part in school concerts (eisteddfodau), with recitations and singing - in Welsh - being the main activities. Then, at 12.30, school was closed for a half day holiday. This is no longer the practice.

Finishing school early meant that we had lunch at home, and on St David's day it had to have a leek content; one of my favourites was

LEEK , POTATO and BACON SOUP.

Ingredients

300g leeks, washed and finely sliced
300g potatoes, peeled and sliced
150g lean and chopped bacon
700ml chicken or vegetable stock
290ml milk
Freshly ground black pepper
Cream (optional)

1. Saute the potatoes, leeks and bacon in a pan, until soft but not coloured. This can be done in a bowl in the microwave if preferred.
2. Add the stock and cook until the potatoes are tender. Liquidise. Return to the pan and add the milk. Add the cream if desired.

Croutons or fresh bread alongside to be a small filler.

In our house on St David's Day tea/supper was rolled into one, the main item being

BARA BRITH (Speckled Bread)

This is a fruit loaf bread which with minor recipe differences is common to all the Celtic countries. In Ireland it is called Barm Brack; in Scotland it is called Selkirk Bannock and in Brittany it is called Morlaix Brioche.

This recipe is one my grandmother used and she told me that her grandmother had given it to her. It is fatless and yeast-less and easy to make:

FOOD FOR THE MARCH SAINTS (*continued*)

Ingredients

150g sultanas
100g seedless raisins (seedless pasas)
150g soft light brown sugar
300ml hot, very strong black tea
1 large egg
275g self raising flour (harina de trigo con levadura-bizcochona integral)
1 tsp bicarbonate of soda
1 tsp mixed spice (essentially cinnamon, nutmeg, clove)

1. Put the dried fruit and sugar into a bowl and cover with the hot tea. Leave to soak overnight.
2. Line the base and grease the base and sides of a deep 18cm square cake tin.
3. Beat the egg and stir it into the tea-soaked fruit. Sift in the flour, bicarb of soda and spice and mix thoroughly. Spoon the mixture into the prepared tin and level the surface.
4. Bake in a preheated oven, 160°C, gas mark 3, for 55-60 mins, until the bread is well risen and browned and a skewer inserted into the centre comes out cleanly.
5. Holding the tin with oven gloves, loosen the bread with a palette knife and transfer to a wire rack. Peel off the lining paper and leave to cool completely. Store in an airtight tin for a week.

PS. My Malaga version of this recipe uses fresh orange juice instead of tea in which to soak the dried fruit. A very close Irish friend says that in Ireland Guinness might be used. St Patrick's Day is on 17th March, so we might have a go!!!

Milk for the *El Comedor* children

Update from Jennifer Vernon-Smith

I have today, 26 February, sent off 400 litres of milk to *El Comedor de Santo Domingo*. Many of you will have seen the lovely thank-you note that *El Comedor* sent us after Christmas. However, I am sorry to have to tell you that in the past month your contributions have dropped off. The Puente don Manuel congregation is doing splendidly – February donations greater than January – but other parts of the chaplaincy are dragging their feet! We need to raise only around €200 per month to buy the milk – surely not a difficult target. If you've been reading my updates each month, you will know that *El Comedor* likes to give the families milk to take home in the afternoon for the children's breakfast so they won't have to come to the centre before school, and we aim to provide that milk. If you're not a regular worshipper at one of our congregations and would like to help, please email me (jenniferv-s@hotmail.com) and I will tell you how you can contribute.

Today's Wednesday, this must be Tallinn, Part 5

Sweden 40 years later: the fifth instalment of a light-hearted account of a family 10-day cruise around the Baltic Sea, by Peter Saliba.

Despite the rain, we managed to drive back to our hosts' house on the Island of Orust without any mishaps. The following morning it was time to head south down the E6 free motorway to Helsingborg. We were about half way to our destination when Paul suddenly realised he had left two suits at Kerstin and Carl-Fredrik's place. He'd done the classic oversight of leaving them hanging behind a door, out of sight! Several mobile telephone calls later, we came to the reluctant conclusion that it would be impossible for our hosts to despatch the suits to Stockholm for us to collect them the following Saturday when our cruise ship called there as the courier companies were closed on Saturdays! However, Kerstin undertook to bring the suits out with her to Nerja when she and Carl-Fredrik flew there for a golfing holiday later in October.

By 2.00 p.m., we reached the small village of Paarp not far from Helsingborg where we were met by my good Swedish friend: Eva Hill. We hadn't seen one another since the late '80s when she and her only son Michael had been on a package holiday to Benalmádena. When one hasn't seen a friend for over twenty years, there is always a nagging notion that one will fail to recognise the friend at first sight. Time can take a vicious toll on all of us... To my surprise and pleasure, Eva was slim and sprightly. Yes, she had changed from the old photos from around 1969-1970 and didn't look much like the girl I remembered from Benalmádena either.

We followed her car to the farm which she had finally inherited from her mother who had survived into the new century. We settled in, taking photos of the flock of sheep which Eva had allowed a neighbouring farmer to graze in her meadows. The farmhouse was spacious with at least 3 reception rooms and a large kitchen downstairs and 3 or 4 bedrooms upstairs from which another staircase led up to a loft which we never did get to inspect...

Eva suggested a quick trip into Helsingborg so that's what we did after an impromptu late lunch. The small city sits on the shores of the Öresund, the narrow strait separating Sweden from Denmark. On the opposite Danish side stands the town called Helsingör, famous as the setting for Shakespeare's "Hamlet". The fresh sea air and the big ferries which sail right into the heart of Helsingborg create a very special atmosphere. During its first 600 years, Helsingborg was a small Danish town, guarded by the fortress on the hills above. Today only the keep, Kärnan, is left. In a final battle in 1710 (just a few years before the signing of the Treaty of Utrecht which confirmed British sovereignty over the Rock of Gibraltar), Denmark lost Helsingborg to Sweden for good, just as the Spanish lost Gibraltar to Great Britain, in perpetuum.

Everything was within easy reach in the small city centre so we were able to get a general impression quite quickly. There was a lovely mixture of a sophisticated city and a charming, small town atmosphere. Apparently Helsingborg has over 500 shops and more than 160 restaurants and cafés though we didn't manage to see many of these! We didn't need much convincing that it was definitely the "Pearl of the Sound". As usual, we were running late so Eva and the four of us drove quickly back to her farm in Paarp. She had invited some old friends to an early dinner at the farm. As we drove in, there they all stood awaiting our arrival.

Inglá-Lill, Elisabeth her 24 year old daughter, Agneta with her latest boyfriend and Michael Hill were all very anxious to see all of us. Peter was also fascinated to see Inga-Lill and Agneta again after a gap of 40 years. That evening slipped by too quickly recalling the end of the 1960s and the beginning of the 1970s!

Holy Week and Easter services in the Chaplaincy

St George's Church

Palm Sunday 28 March at 11.00 am
Procession and Sung Eucharist

Monday 29th, Tuesday 30th and Wednesday 31st March at 11.00 am
Holy Communion with homily

Maundy Thursday, 1st April at 7.30 pm
Eucharist of the Last Supper with Stripping of the Altar

Good Friday, 2nd April at 11.00 am
"At the Foot of the Cross" – meditations for Good Friday

Easter Day, 4th April at 11.00 am
Sung Eucharist of Easter

Puente don Manuel

Saturday 27th March at 6.00 pm
Palm Sunday Procession and Eucharist

Maundy Thursday, 1st April at 6.00 pm
Eucharist of the Last Supper

Good Friday, 2nd April at 2.00 pm
"At the Foot of the Cross" – meditations for Good Friday

Saturday 3rd April at 6.00 pm
Easter Eucharist

Competa

Palm Sunday, 28th March at 5.30 pm
Holy Communion

Easter Day, 4th April at 5.30 pm
Easter Eucharist

Villanueva de Tapia

Saturday 27th March at 11.00 am
Palm Sunday Procession and Eucharist

Saturday 3rd April at 7.00 pm
Easter Vigil