

www.theagiot.com

Tel: (0030) 6974932408

The Agiot

129th Edition



*Courtesy
Noor A
Koos*

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Agiotfest 18

- By The Minstrel

10TH ANNIVERSARY PARTY

Down The Years at Agiotfest:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qW0gsFoV4sM>



2 NIGHTS YOU'LL REMEMBER August 31st, September 1st

7 Mile Limit



JAZZ



Nefeli



<https://drive.google.com/file/d/1VB31udlhx2NSL-hzB0s9dqsOif0XOnOK/view?usp=drivesdk>

TRADITIONAL



Black Strat Band



ROCK

The Album Project



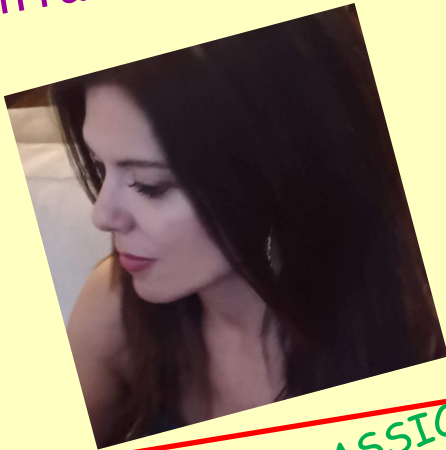
TRIBUTE



ALL LIVE MUSIC

Agiotfest - Continued from Page 2

Sonia Grammatikou



CLASSICAL



Boom Box Collective



DISCO DANCE

X-Lovers



Zoe



BLUES

AGIOS IOANNIS

GATES OPEN 7:30 p.m.

Something for Everyone!

www.agiotfest.com

PRIZE DRAW
ON
SATURDAY



PIGMAN
& The Rubber Band

Agiotfest - Continued from Page 3

Saturday September 1st AGIOTFAIR

Spaces available for free, contact Antoinette Goes on: 6994934352

**WOODBROOK
GROUP**

Independent, International
Financial Services



ADVICE



DAYLONG
(Compression Hosiery)

daylong

MEDICAL

ROADHOUSE

Musical
Instrument Tent



STAY ON TO SEE THE BANDS WARM UP

Eco-point



POOLS & HEATING

SELF-IMPROVEMENT

FIRST AID

Demonstration by Ann-Laure



KRAV MAGA

(Best Self-defence system)



Agios Ioannis - Open: 11:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

Agiotfest - Continued from Page 4

Quotes

David Bowie is an enigma. Always puzzling, always weird, sometimes ironic. To serve justice in parody to such an artist and performer would indeed be a major triumph. The fact that 'The Sensational David Bowie Tribute Band' appears to do so with unnerving ease seems downright impertinent, perhaps a shade apocryphal. But sample the work of this collection of Bowiephiles and you will be left in no doubt about the power of the sound and the hypnotic quality of the performance.

Life is a lot like jazz... it's best when you improvise.
George Gershwin

If you EVER get to see the Pig Man, you MUST make the time to go! I have had such a great time tonight. Pig Man is a one man show, he plays serious old-fashioned blues with no backing tracks. If you are a lover of the blues, go listen, you will not regret it!



Be served cold beer by hot girls
<

The AGIOT FAIR will be on Saturday 1 September 2018, open from 11:00 to 17:00 hours. (Of course the stand has to be built up before this time).

This first year, the space is for free. You will need to bring your own tables/display etc. for presenting your products.

There will be a section for demonstrations for activities and exercises by example:

- First Aid,
- Yoga,
- Tai Chi

A section with possibilities for workshops:

- Painting
- Ceramics

The idea behind the demo's is that people can get an impression of what the arts and crafts would be like and they can give their name for the next course that comes up.

Charities; Dog Rescue, Bird Lady, Donkeys

There will be a stand with music instruments. You play guitar, come and pick up one and start playing.

At AGIOTFAIR on Saturday, be sure to duck into the RoadHouse tent.

Catch-up with roadhouse music supply in Corfu, including custom guitar artist-painted bodies, scratch plates, accessories, pickups; special Marshall collection on display.

TICKETS AVAILABLE NOW

ADULT TICKET 15 EUROS

TWO-DAY TICKET 25 EUROS

AGIOTFAIR ON SATURDAY AUGUST 31ST
FROM 11.00.A.M. [FREE ENTRY]

Our Distributors, like our Sponsors, are loyal and true.

How could we have ever progressed without the love and support of Paul and Jan Scotter, Chas Clifton, Sue Done, Ken and Jan Harrop, Dick Mulder, Jenny and Phil at Edem Club, and Sally's Bar at Ipsos, among others.

Ticket Distributors

Ocay Villas -
(0030) 6974932408

Ken & Jan Harrop -
(North Corfu) -
(0030) 6946949545

Paul Scotter -
(0030) 6948701369

Sally's Bar, Ipsos -(0030)
69785220151

Chas Clifton -
(0030) 6945046761

Sue Done -
(0030) 6976843659

Dick Mulder -
(0030) 6975584507

Edem Club Dassia -
(0030) 2661093013

NSK, Dassia (opposite
Chandris Hotel) -
(0030) 6942699109

Ecopoint
(Natty Katehi) -
(0030) 6979449758

Les Woods -
(0030) 6948285043

Nikki Tsatsa
- (The Port)
(0030) 6932015127

Vasiliki Voulgari -
(0030) 6938011191

Agiotfest - Continued from Page 5

Agiotfest Sponsors

We are continuously thankful to all of our sponsors, for having the ongoing faith in our Agiotfest. They truly are unsung stars of our show.

Particular thanks must go to Peter and Libby at Spear Travels, who have invested in us for years on the simple maxim that 'if it is good for Corfu then it is worthwhile sponsoring'.

Here are a few others, deserving special mention;

To Agiot Paul Grove, who contributes cash toward your enjoyment and gives up part of his land for the Fest to use, which he and Sally have done since 2010.

To Bill and Costas at Vrionis Sound and Lighting, every year improving the look and sound of our growing event and, falling under the special spell which is Agiotfest.

To Paul Fennell at RoadHouse Music, who sorts our instruments, troubleshoots for the musos, and provides spiritual support when things get tough.

To Peter and Kostas from Oca Villas and friends, who give their time to keep you all slaked and comfy.

To Antoni Ginis of Sunrise Car Hire, always providing us with quality vehicles when we most need them!

To Spiros Kaloudi at Corfu Beer, for sponsoring a fraction of our thirsty ambition.

To Ken and Jan Harrop, organisers of the 100+ Club, sponsors extraordinaire, who are also our ticket distributors north of the mountains, coach organisers and much more. They have been a true rock of support down the decade.

To Sally and Rob from Sally's at Ipsos, soulmates in live music.

The list could go on and on but I'll draw a line for now. See here below for the full list. If I ever leave anybody out I'm sorry, but I have a deadline for this publication, so forgive please.

This year we are joined by new sponsors the Woodbrook Group. We hope to have a promising future together.

<https://woodbrookgroup.com/felicitas-merger-marks-new-era-press-release-woodbrook-group-wealth-division-25th-june-2018/>

Also, the Aeolis Beach Resort Hotel, who will sponsor accommodation on a limited basis.

Robert Bennett, famous Agiot, has joined our sponsorship team and is a key part of our new restructuring.

More exciting news this from one of our main sponsors The Woodbrook Group - they have just merged with another major financial services company in Cyprus and are looking to do the same in Corfu (see link below for full details). In the meantime, Robert Bennett, Senior Wealth Advisor in Cyprus, has just negotiated a collaboration agreement with Peter McGovern at Oca Villas and Rentals to promote the joint brands and offer free consultations on all things financial including Brexit and the possible effects on ex-pat pensions funds. If you wish to book a spot then please contact Peter on 0030 697 8206 077 or Robert at robert.bennett@woodbrookgroup.com.

In addition to this, The Woodbrook Group are also sponsoring an amazing prize draw including a 100 Euro note, A magnum of Prosecco and 6 limited editions Agiotfest/ David Bowie t-shirts. Full details shortly so watch this space!



AEOLIS Hotel

AGIOTFEST SPONSORS

Main Sponsors



Woodbrook Group



Spear Travels



Vrionis



Roadhouse Music



Accommodation



**Sunrise Cars
to suit all budgets**



Daylong



Corfu Beer



100+ Club



AELOS BEACH RESORT



Green Island



Mousehouse



Sally's Bar



Including:

- Adrian Ward (<http://realcorfu.com>)
- Anne Hodgson
- Aqualand
- Avis Owen
- Barry & Stella Knight
- Big Bite Restaurant, Benitses
- Bob & Jill Carr
- Bob Bakker
- Chas Clifton
- Compass Café, Kontokali
- Corfu Trail Properties
- David Dickinson
- Derek & Carole Pullen
- Dimitris Krokidis (<http://corfuwall.gr>)
- Gouvia Marina
- Henk Van Der Does
- Hotel Telesillas, Kontokali
- In Action gym
- Jo & Mel Sperling
- Ken & Jan Harrop
- La Tabernita Mexicana
- Lennart & Sanna
- Les & Chris Woods
- Lionel Mann
- Lucy Steele M.B.E.
- Lynne Cahill
- Margareta Rodehn
- Maria. Driving School
- Martin & Tracey Stuart
- Michael Spiggos, Firebrand Radio (<http://www.firebrandrr.co.uk/michael-spiggos>)
- Mickey Lowe
- Miri Widdicombe
- Neil Hendriksen
- Nikolas's Taverna, Agni
- NSK
- Pat & Gina Brett
- Paul & Jan Scotter
- Posidonio Restaurant Agios Giordis
- Rob Tinkler
- Robert Bennett
- Sarah Young
- Sephora Shop
- Simon & Lin Baddeley
- Star Bowl
- Steve Young
- Spyros Kaloudis, Dentist
- Sue Done
- Tavola Calda
- Trevor Whybrow
- Vassilis Pandis



RAFFLE - RAFFLE - RAFFLE

**ARK ANIMAL WELFARE CHARITY RAFFLE -
AUGUST 2018**

To help boost our funds so we can continue to help the stray and abandoned animals on Corfu, the ARK will hold its **Annual Raffle** in the month of **August 2018** - date to be decided - at their shop in Manzarou Street in town.

To date, there are in excess of **THIRTY GOOD QUALITY** Prizes ranging from 32" flat Screen Television; Dinner for two persons at various well known restaurants in town; A variety of Electrical household items; Free day for two persons at Aqualand Water Park; Framed water colour, Beauty products; various Wines; various free Vouchers and very many more.....

Tickets cost €4 for one ticket and €10 for three tickets

The event will take place at 1pm on the designated Saturday and we invite everyone to come along and join us to help make this a happy, enjoyable gathering. Light refreshments will be provided and we look forward to meeting with our many friends who are so concerned and supportive of our efforts to care for our Animals.

The need to care for the abandoned/stray animals is ever-increasing, as is the financial burden of doing so, and any help and/or assistance we receive will be very welcome.

With so many great Prizes, everyone stands a good chance of winning!!

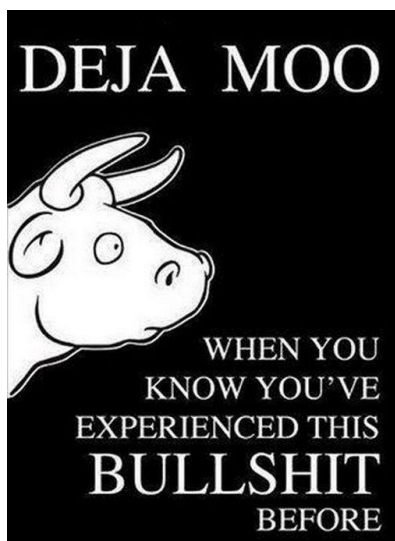
Don't Delay -
Don't Miss The Day !!



Gooners Gags



A man escapes from a prison where he's been locked up for 15 years
 He breaks into a house and inside, he finds a young couple in bed.
 He ties him to a chair. While tying the wife to the bed, the convict gets on top of her, kisses her neck, then gets up and goes into the bathroom.
 While he's in there, the husband whispers over to his wife,
 "Listen, this guy is an escaped convict. Look at his clothes! He's probably spent a lot of time in jail and hasn't seen a woman in years. I saw how he kissed your neck. If he wants sex, don't resist, don't complain. Do whatever he tells you. Satisfy him no matter how much he nauseates you. This guy is obviously very dangerous. If he gets angry, he'll kill us both. Be strong, honey. I love you!"
 She responds: "He wasn't kissing my neck. He was whispering in my ear. He told me that he's gay, thinks you're cute, and asked if we had any Vaseline. I told him it was in the bathroom. Be strong honey. I love you, too."



Taking Viagra for my sunburn. It doesn't cure it, but it keeps the sheets off my legs.

The key to happiness is low expectations.
 Lower.
 Nope, even lower.
 There you go.

Gooners Gags - *Continued from Page 9*

The only time incorrectly isn't spelt incorrectly is when it is spelt incorrectly.

A man walks into a Tokyo zoo. The only animal in there is a dog. It's a shitzu.

Doctor: "I'm sorry but you suffer from a terminal illness and have only 10 to live."

Patient: "What do you mean, 10? 10 what? Months? Weeks?!"

Doctor: "Nine."

Sleep with an open window tonight!

1400 mosquitos like that. 420 mosquitos commented on it. 210 mosquitos shared this.

One mosquito invited for the event. 2800 mosquitos will be attending the event.

A wife goes to consult a psychiatrist about her husband: "My husband is acting so weird. He drinks his morning coffee and then he goes and eats the mug! He only leaves the handle!"

Psychiatrist: "Yes, that is weird. The handle is the best part."

I was hiking once with my girlfriend. Suddenly a huge brown bear was charging at us, really mad. We must have come close to her cubs. Luckily I had my 9mm pistol with me. One shot to my girlfriend's kneecap was all it took. I could walk away at a comfortable pace.

At a first date:

He: "I work with animals every day!"

She: "Oh how sweet! What is it that you do?"

He: "I'm a butcher."

Where exactly are you taking me, doctor?"

"To the morgue."

"What? But I'm not dead yet!"

"And we're not there yet."

I took my grandma to a fish spa center where the little fish eat your dead skin for only \$45.

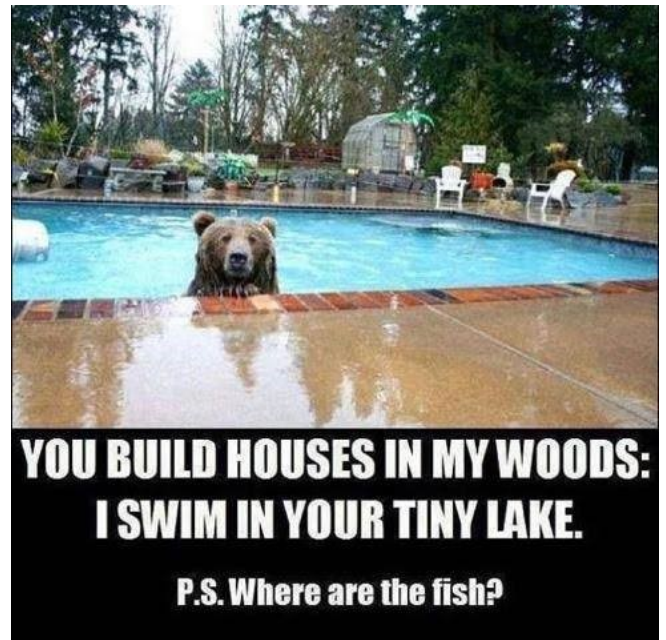
It was way cheaper than having her buried in the cemetery.



I wish women would put the toilet seat back up after they are done using it.

I'm passing this on because it worked for me today. A doctor on TV said that in order to have inner peace in our lives, we should always finish things that we start. Since we all could use more calm in our lives, I looked around my house to find things I'd started & hadn't finished. I finished a bottle of Merlot, a bottle of Chardonnay, a bottle of Baileys, a bottle of wum, the remainder of Valiuminun scriptins, an a box a choclutz. Yu has no idr how fablus I feel rite now. Sned this to all ur frenz who need inner piss. An telum u luvum

Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 10

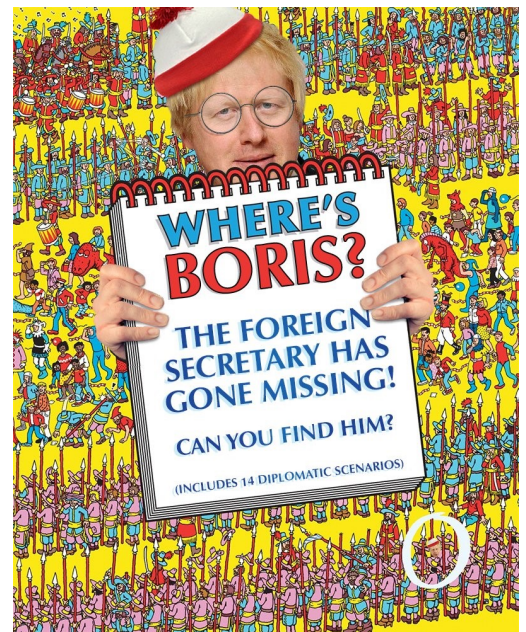


Church Mice.

The Stupid Blonde

One day a blond walks into a doctors office with both of her ears burnt. The doctor asks her what had happened. She says, "well... when I was ironing my work suit the phone rang and I mistakenly picked up the iron instead of the phone. "Well that explains one ear, but what about the other." "The bastard called again"

COURTESY: www.abyzco.in





Letters to the Editor

Message from Ed:

For those of you with a bent for history, especially local Corfu history, I strongly urge you to read the article Achillion, by Hilary Paipeti, a brilliant insight into a long-forgotten world.

From Sonia Grammatikps

About "The Durrells"

Loving Corfu with a deeply true love, the kind that can't ever be uprooted (no matter the disadvantages the island is having these days which, of course, can be the subject of a different conversation), I watched the 3rd cycle of the well-known TV series "The Durrells" which has been filmed on Corfu but not yet been screened by the Greek television. The series is based on "The Corfu Trilogy" by Gerald & Laurence Durrell who have lived in Corfu, been influenced by it and hopefully loved it, perhaps with a love not as deep and true as mine but anyhow, certainly good enough for me. The book which is written beautifully and with a good dose of the common "English" sense of humor (known to me as rather dry, a bit cynical and from time to time slightly arrogant - the "I know better" type), frequently refers to the Corfiot traditions and the great faith in "Saint Spyridon", protector of the island, in a way which combines humour, irony and a great deal of the "I know better" stuff I mentioned before. Now, if we try to invoke the writer's license and his unquestionable freedom to write in any way he likes, we can maybe allow it and slowly digest it, thinking that "culture" means to express ourselves freely. But what is utterly too much for me and what I neither want to nor can get over, is the fact that in one of the episodes, a leading actress explains how she got an infection on her cheek after having kissed "Saint Spyridon's rancid and disastrous Holy slippers". And at that point, I definitely get really mad. Because, I can't see how it's possible for me to laugh at a joke which, to my taste, is far from being funny and I certainly can't accept the reckless lines of a thoughtless script adaptation

that completely insults the people of Corfu and their traditions. The people that have been worshipping (right or wrong? It's really none of anybody's business) for hundreds of years, Saint Spyridon who, to this day, is the greatest symbol of faith and hope for the island and thousands of visitors that come all year round to see him and worship him.

I am sure that the actress's quote can instantly make those with the rather dry, a bit cynical and occasionally arrogant sense of humor, laugh their heads off, but it certainly makes me sad and angry. However, the TV series "The Durrells", apart from this particular gloomy moment (and maybe a few others, as well), succeeds in attracting the tourist interest wherever it is aired. But just because "culture" also means the freedom to comment on all artistic creations which are openly available to the public (apologising to those who don't care enough about this matter to take it into consideration), I am expressing my totally negative commentary on those scenes and script lines which I believe that with a little more attention and a lot more sensitivity could have easily been omitted.

Sonia Grammatikos

Sonia
Grammatikos

Ed: Wow Sonia, some food for thought for our readers there. Thank you. The English are largely a profane bunch, when it comes down to it. Did not Huxley refer to them as 'kind of sublime, kind of ridiculous'?

Letters to the Editor - Continued from page 12

From our roving railway correspondent, Simon Baddeley

Dear Editor

I thought you'd be interested in this unique picture of an early journey on the original Corfu Light Railway - privately constructed between the harbour in town and Paleokastritsa skirting the Ropa Valley with a stop at Giannades, with an extension line to Avliotis and Arillas. As you know the old track has long disappeared under metalled roads but was very popular in the 1840s through to the end of the Protectorate in 1864 when it fell into disuse and decay with rails, as I told you in an earlier communication, shipped to Albania for an aborted project for a light railway along the Albanian corniche between Saranda and Vlore. What makes this picture so interesting is that unlike all other pictures of the CLR of those days, this one shows the train running in winter amid a typical Corfu downpour under grey clouds. As you know the railway in summer was often used for scandalous assignations (mainly used by the British) but it was also also a service for young couples in love whose union was disapproved by their parents. Catching an early morning 'special' the young lovers could be in Paleo and kneeling in the small makeshift chapel on top of Angelokastro long before a pursuing posse on horseback could catch up to them. Here in winter, in this picture, you see weary and slightly damp passengers returning from a shopping expedition to Corfu town, as now people make coach day-trips to IKEA at Ioannina. I wonder if any of your readers recognise any past relatives in this very realistic and animated picture. I should mention that it was on this regular winter journey on the CLR that my own great great grandmother, a young Scots woman in service* in the

High Commissioners' office met a young Corfiot lad of a higher class, recently returned from study at university in Italy. He persuaded her to come with him to his parent's estate in Karousades (they took a small horse drawn dog cart from the train's final stop) to meet his father, whose initial disapproval of their proposed union was assuaged by her 'lovely demeanour', 'ladylike comportment', and her fluency in Italian, learned as a girl growing up in Edinburgh - Italian being widely spoken among the upper classes on this island in those days. The rest of this story is family history. I like to think that the couple in the front and right of this painting, attracting the not entirely welcome attention of other passengers, might indeed be my own ancestors in the early days of their acquaintance.

Yours sincerely,

Simon Baddeley (PS * Baddeley was the name of the butler of Sir Thomas Bertram in Jane Austen's Mansfield Park, and is the reputedly the father of the girl I've suggested is sitting on the train in this picture)



Ed: Thank you for this one Simon, keeping us all bang on track!

Peter Cookson keeps us still further educated by this mus-ing;

Today in the office I learned... How to pronounce the longest named area in New Zealand! Now it's your turn!

📍 "Taumata whakatangi hangakoauau o tamatea turi pukakapiki maunga horo nuku pokai whenua kitanatahu" 🏔️

Ed: After three nights and having mastered it to "Taumata whakatangi" I have returned to counting sheep.

Ian Fern posted toward the end of May;

Over 70 flights due in today and I think it is the busiest I have known it. Fourteen delays though so far, so not a brilliant performance. The improvements at the airport do make things a little easier and the great weather should make and delays at this end bearable. Have a good day folks whether travelling or not.

Ed: I may be wrong but seem to recall over 80 flights back in the good old days!

The following article and further opinions are about the long-running rubbish disputes, which have disrupted and dominated events for the last few weeks hereabouts There has been a lot of clearing in the last few days. That is the good news. The bad news is that we have been this route before. The problem will never be solved without a thorough strategy.

Don't Dump On Lefkimmi

With no solution permanent to the rubbish problem in sight, we'd like to draw readers' attention to an article that was published in The Corfiot Magazine in February 2008. It seems nothing much changes...

Karina Kantas

Plans for a new rubbish dump at Lefkimmi continue, even though residents of the town and its surrounding villages protest on an everyday basis.

The dump, first intended for Paxos, was blocked by Greenpeace.

It's not wanted in the north of the island because of the expensive villas. So now it's has been dumped on Lefkimmi.

All refuse from Corfu and Paxos will be brought to the site and dumped. This includes medical waste (does Corfu Town hospital not have an incinerator?).

Lefkimmi residents would not be protesting if the planned rubbish dump was built according to EU regulations and included a recycling plant. (Why do we have blue recycling bins around the island when there is no recycling plant?)

Papers from the European Union state that the landfill has to be

1,500 meters from the nearest residential area or river. But the rubbish dump is only 300 meters away from the nearest residence and a shocking 50 meters away from a stream. The site is also in the middle of a greenbelt agricultural land planted with olive trees.

The European Union has given a huge grant so this site can be built to correct specification, but where is the money going if corners are being cut?

A spokesperson for the English community of Lefkimmi said she has contacted Greenpeace, WWF, BBC News, Sky News, Mega and Ant1 Europe, with emails and daily calls to local television stations. EcoCorfu/WWF has sent flyers and information and has given their support to the cause. 'They thought they could get away with it. They didn't think we would stick up for our rights,' she said. 'St Peter's, at the northern end of Kavos, one of the biggest tourist resorts in Corfu, will eventually have to close due to health hazards from pollution. Within five years, methane gas will have built up and will need releasing.

Pollution like this shouldn't be anywhere near children and residents.'

So it's not just about the damage to the environment - tourism will be affected. Kavos is just starting to rebuild its name as more than an 18-30's resort. However, if this rubbish dump is permitted, St Peter's, the 'genteel' part of Kavos, could disappear altogether. In the summer, the stench will be so bad that no travel agent is going to book tourists to stay in Kavos. With two rivers close by, the water will eventually become so polluted that beaches will be unusable.

Protesters closed down the Town Hall for two days and, in retaliation, the two Lefkimmi nurseries were shut. Rubbish lined the streets and mounted up as refuse trucks were prevented from collecting.

'There have been huge marches, and people standing in the rain demonstrating day and night, but no one cares enough to report and film the demonstrations,' said a protester. 'Not once has the spokesman for the opposition been interviewed. There are no camera and reporters present. But that will not stop the residents of Lefkimmi getting their voices heard.'

Although the demonstrations have been reasonably peaceful, the authorities have been accused of excessive force and indeed have felt the need to protect the site with three riot vans and armed police.

At the end of January, the issue was to go to the Greek courts for a formal hearing. However, this hearing has already been delayed six times. Unfortunately, the case has to go through the Greek courts before it can go to the European Union courts. You would think they would want evidence that the money is being well spent.

It is alleged that the EU were sent overhead black and white photos of the proposed site, which dated back to 1974 - before Melikia, St Peter's and Kavos were even established!

Villagers will continue to protest and demonstrate, and hope to get their voices heard. A further rally has been organized in Corfu Town at the end of the month, and demonstrations will continue outside the site and at the Town Hall.

Continued on Page 15

Don't Dump on Lefkimmi - Continued from Page 14

OPINIONS

JOHN LANASIS

CORFU WASTE MANAGEMENT**

So we've made the international news (though Huffington Post article appearing on Facebook was from last year). Never the less, here is a different type of article - Article 37 of the European Convention on Human Rights which I think is relevant: ARTICLE 37 - ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION

'A high level of environmental protection and the improvement of the quality of the environment must be integrated into the policies of the Union and ensured in accordance with the principle of sustainable development'....So to remind you all - two years ago, at the request of the Greek Government and on behalf of a UK Based International Energy Company, I was asked to submit a presentation package which included a proposal for the ONLY all encompassing solution to Corfu's waste management crisis. The solution is a technically robust, environmentally positive, carbon neutral installation which has the added benefits of additional mobile units but centrally - gas production, electrical energy creation and a job creation initiative. To that submission I would like to inform you that no response was received by the company. Very recently however, an updated presentation was submitted. On this occasion, we received a response requesting a meeting, however we are still awaiting confirmation of that meeting. Naturally everyone understands the urgency of this so let us hope that bureaucracy in the form of public sector interference and self-protectionist restrictive practices of the sort that have been holding Greece back for decades, do not cloud their judgement and the company can move forwards in collaboration with the municipality to reverse the crisis and set Corfu on course to become a leading example of what it's achievable with the environment.



HEATHER SKINNER

This island's economy is reliant on an ever-shortening season where many small businesses are already struggling to survive - yet we're allowing cruise ships to disgorge unsustainable numbers of tourists into Corfu Town, are doing nothing to stem the increase of all-inclusive developments, already made it illegal for restaurants to serve olive oil in refillable bottles, planning to legislate against the on-road use of quad bikes, taxing small businesses beyond belief, and have allowed paradise to be turned into a rubbish dump

Education which has been forgotten or ignored.
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jUXWkK3JLCU>

Opinion from Holland
http://enimerosi.com/details_en.php?id=23289

This is war say Lefkimmi residents
http://enimerosi.com/details_en.php?id=23557

Meanwhile, in Sweden;
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=14r7f9khK70>

Tickle Ties the knot

As you can see from his message, the Tickle is tied up by his own knot of life.

Sorry Ed no article this month, got back from Scout camp to a few serious work issues that need sorting!

We hope he frees himself for August!



Village and Island

It was a wetter June in Corfu than is normal. There were some serious showers in the offing. As we have a micro-climate in Corfu, you could be dry in Agios or drenched in Roda.

The rain did try to spoil the Panygeri in Agios Ioannis, as it peppered the weekend about the festivities. Luckily, it held off for the two nights of the celebrations.

We were off to the mainland during this bacchanalian bedlam, in Epirus. It rained there too!

A funny incident happened in the garden one morning. I'd just settled at the table with a coffee, overlooking the pond. On the opposite bank,



Lake Inferior

staring at the fish as she crouched on a rock, was Ann Mann, former member of Lionel's Pride. As I watched, her eyes bulged from their sockets

in anticipation. She was inches from her prey and completely oblivious of my presence. A dive appeared imminent, judging from the slight trembling of her buttocks. Quickly, I scanned my immediate environment for something suitable to lob at her, to scare her off. The only thing to hand was a small bottle of correction liquid, among some pens. As I threw it at her, I aimed high, neither wanting to hit her or lose the bottle to the depths. This worked but what was unforeseen was the missile sailed over her head- so intent was she on looking down into the water that she didn't see it coming at all-and hit the backcloth of dry water reeds with a resounding *thwack* behind her. With a look of human-like shock, surprise and fear she dove into the water like an Olympian swimmer from the blocks and sped across the few feet of water, shooting out on my side, scrambling over rocks and crashing off through undergrowth in a flash. In all my years I'd never seen a cat doing a free-style crawl before.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Wz4CUMIVFQE>

One balmy afternoon I sallied out to the Country 'office', to find Walter under the pleasant shade, taking his wine and leisure. He was with Hilary, whom I'd planned to see about this very publication you are reading. What may have been a meeting of some hour or so turned fluidly into one of those hot, Corfu afternoons where time stood still, wine flowed gently yet persistently, and conversation revolved about humour and reflection, rather than hollow gossip and the thin laughter of humourless tables.



Walter at Tristrato
<

Too, [to use a Lionelism], June was a month on the personal front for dealing with the old medical demons on the domestic front, far too involved and boring for you, Gentle Reader, to go into here. Suffice to say, many a blood test was gleaned over and bottle of pills opened, to wrestle with the onset of age and malfunction.

These conditions are not confined to the human species. Dear old Andy, probably the most popular sentient creature hereabouts, is slowly slipping away. His walks became more and more arduous for him and have now almost entirely ceased, to be replaced by a little light gardening on fine days. He too takes pills-for his heart, but the quiver of his rump whenever food is close by, tells me that he is not yet ready to let go of his mortal tail.

Forest garden
>



Continued on Page 17

*Village and Island News -
Continued from Page 16*

Agiotfest is just about to take up a lot of time. It is time to gird the loins. It is an exciting prospect this year, with the first attempt at an attendant fair. Will it work? Let us find out.

Balmy summer barbecues are always a joy, but one was novel, with prongs in right hand and umbrella in left, as the rain chucked it down; or the simple pleasure of sitting and watching the canvas of beautiful nature play about and around, eternal and endless and humbling.



Thai Prime Minister had just finished lunch

Two visitors from the Orient entered the stage. The one was entirely oblivious of our presence; the Prime Minister of Thailand, spotted having lunch at the Rex. The other, and far more important to us, was the arrival for a holiday of our new Japanese daughter-in-law Ai, whom Kostas had collected from Athens. There can be no racism in this family, we are far too mixed! It is a joy to have her here, though we are all conscious of social etiquette, a new concept for the McGoverns. I'm also busy making light, wooden room dividers and exchanging mugs for dainty cups, as well as overfeeding the koi to bring them up to Sumo proportions.

This month we say goodbye to George Halikia [58] - known to some of you as Dodos and, Koula from Bay. She smoked sixty a day but lived into her eighties nonetheless. R.I.P.

Around The Village



Bougainvillea



Field workers



Courtesy Bert Rossum



Dawn sentinel



I own this village. OK

Around The Village - Continued from Page 17



Kostas and Nitsa still market gardening



Mandy working hard on pool



Plumber on the job



Spontaneous salads on hotter days

*Contributed by
Les Woods*



*Transferring our new nucleus of bees to
our own hive.
7000 bees for my birthday!*

Around The Town



Large cruise ships are in fashion



Sails of dreams by Sonia



*This pool in Garitsa needs some water
and fish*

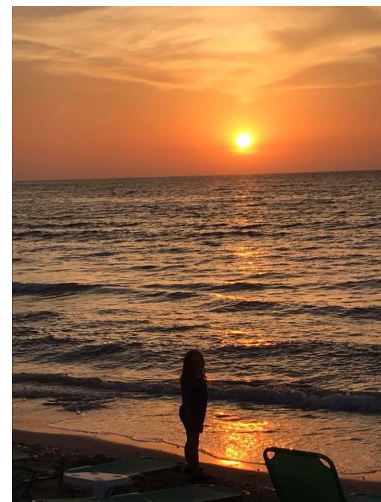


Oops

Around The island



Ipsos



*Romantic
Corfu
by
Karen
Chester
<*

Corfu Trail Properties



"Do you realize the roof leaks?"

There was a small house with a leak. Its owners, a couple, were Greek. Then one day the roof (which was far from rainproof) fell down in a storm, wild and freak.

This couple, who lived in Hellas, Cried loudly 'Theos!' and 'Alas!' Their cottage they sold to a foreigner bold, who rebuilt it - a dwelling of class!

- * All properties on or close to the Corfu Trail
- * Old houses for renovation, from tiny cottages to near-mansions
- * Inexpensive plots of land for new-builds
- * Family homes, newly built or old and habitable
- * Business opportunities: B&B and Agrotourism
- * Homes for lifestyle change and/or investment

GIANNADES Small plot of land for building, currently with ruined cottage on site. Road access, Very nice view. 15,000 euros

GIANNADES Total wreck for reconstruction, two floor terraced house with small yard, nice view. 15.000 euros

GIANNADES Little cottage in good structural condition for renovation/extension. Rare in village centre for having small garden and road access, possible off-road parking possible. Nice view. 15,000 euros

GIANNADES Substantial two-floor old house for total renovation. Small yard. Road access close. 17,000 euros

GIANNADES Countryside plot, 900 sq.m. with long road frontage, olive trees, can build, beside quiet road. 23,000 euros

STAVROS Total ruin, large but needs reconstruction from base. Gorgeous location in peaceful village, near access to road, yard, fabulous view. 23,000 euros

STAVROS Adjoined to above listing, single floor cottage with decent access, could be occupied quickly with some internal work. Garden, view, very quiet. 27,000 euros

VATOS Two-floor stone cottage in good structural condition, needs full internal work. Tiny but pleasant yard, good access. 25,000 euros

GIANNADES Countryside plot, 2,000 sq.m. with olive trees, can build, beside quiet road with direct access. 34,000 euros

SINARADES Old house for internal renovation, fully functional and could be occupied immediately. Severe decorative work required. Large veranda. 43,000 euros

GIANNADES Ancient house on two floors for major reconstruction. Possible to create family home or up to three studio apartments. 47,000 euros

STAVROS Fabulous large old house, part can be occupied immediately. One floor and attached old stone barn for development. Large yard, roof terrace, unbelievable view. Ideal for guesthouse, or for substantial family home. 80,000 euros

SINARADES Extremely large family home, ready to move in, part-furnished, with only optional decorative work needed. Three bedrooms, huge lounge, enclosed roof terrace, on village road. Could make B&B quickly if wanted. 85,000 euros

VATOS Lovely old house ready to move in, two bedrooms, optional decorative work only. Extensive yard with direct road access, and large garden for fruit and vegetables. Great view. Possibility for development of existing outhouses. Direct road access. 100,000 euros

VATOS/PELEKAS Gorgeous plot of land with stunning sea view and terraced olive grove. 70 sq.m. cottage on site for reconstruction, and possibility to build substantially for lucrative business, possibly Agrotourism. Country idyll. Road access. 180,000 euros

KAMARA Huge stone property for total renovation. Large garden and road frontage. Could make several apartments or substantial family home. Nice country views. 190,000 euros

ERMONES/GIANNADES Structurally complete semi-detached villa on quiet road. Top quality build, needs internal finishing for two or three bedroom home. Big garden. 200,000 euros

GARDELADES Beautiful country villa on edge of traditional village. Two bedrooms plus independent studio apartment. Immaculate house and garden. Quiet, great view. For sale furnished and equipped. 249,000 euros

VATOS Established business with very popular taverna and several rented apartments in lovely garden, close to Golf. Huge commercial prospect. Possible Corfu Trail B&B. Selling due to bereavement. 400,000 euros

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

BANANA ICE CREAM WITH BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

INGREDIENTS:

- 2 X 400 grams can evaporated milk [chilled].
- 300 grams soft, brown sugar.
- 6 ripe bananas.
- 2 tbsp lemon juice.
- For the butterscotch sauce;
- 300 ml full-fat cream.
- 130 grams unsalted butter.
- 180 grams brown sugar.

GO:-

Whisk the evaporated milk until thick and mousse-like, using an electric mixer, then whisk in the sugar. Mash the bananas to pulp with the lemon juice, then whisk into the evaporated milk. Spoon into two 1 kg loaf tins, cover with foil and freeze until firm.

To make the sauce, place all the ingredients in a heavy-based pan. Heat gently, stirring until the sugar has dissolved, then bring to the boil and boil for two minutes, until syrupy.

Turn the ice cream into a serving dish and place in the refrigerator thirty minutes before serving, to soften. Cut into slices and pour over the hot or cold butterscotch sauce to serve.

[Caramel syrup may be used as a substitute for Butterscotch sauce if time is an issue].



Καλη Ορεξη!

Corfu Weather Statistics - June 2018

	Max	Avg	Min
Temperature (°F)			
Max Temperature	92	80	73
Mean Temperature	83	75	68
Min Temperature	68	68	62
Dew Point (°F)	75	67	57
Precipitation)Inches)	0.98	0.08	0

Read more at:

http://www.wunderground.com/history/airport/LGKR/2013/9/1/MonthlyHistory.html?req_city=NA&req_state=NA&req_statename=NA#PFq1VR_YHlbugcTGf.99

The Greek service referred to here every month has decided to switch to the Imperial system, just to keep you on your toes.

Video Corner

Bring back the birch

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qDO6HV6xTmI>

So, you think *you* are cold

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=11noUh2NrLI>

The Achillion Palace - Untold Stories

Hilary Paipeti

'A monstrous building surrounded by gimcrack sculptures and lovely gardens belonging to the late Kaiser', is how Lawrence Durrell dismissively describes Corfu's most-visited monument. Can thousands of tourists all be wrong? Well, perhaps they can, since the Palace is a perennial fixture on the Grand Island Tour, sandwiched between the Kanoni view of Mouse Island and the Paleokastritsa Monastery, and therefore impossible to avoid if you have booked this popular coach tour.

The Palace was built in 1890-1 on the site of a country villa, an estate purchased by the Empress Elizabeth of Austria. Sissi, as she was known, intended it as a refuge from the Austro-Hungarian court with its intrigues and protocols, and as a sanctuary to mourn the mysterious death of her son Rudolf at Mayerling. In contrast to her strict and stuffy husband, Emperor Franz Josef, Sissi was a romantic who looked to Greek mythology for inspiration. Her special hero was Achilles and, inevitably with her melancholy view of life, she commissioned a statue of the demi-god in his death throes to be set in the upper part of the garden. This is only one of the 'gimcrack sculptures' in the garden, most of them without artistic merit, though I would not turn down the one depicting a boy and dolphin if it were offered to me. After a few visits, when you begin to concentrate on details rather than the overall picture, you start to notice that there are rather a lot of naked male bottoms. Was Sissi frustrated as well as sad? Did she caress them as she strolled by?

What we do know is that she was obsessive about her weight, to the extent that she would be diagnosed as anorexic today. She is said to have chewed her food forty times, subsequently spitting it delicately into a handkerchief. In very modern style, she apparently had a gym attached to her bedroom, and weighed herself several times a day. If she found herself to be a few grammes heavier than at the previous weigh-in, she would exercise until she deemed she had burnt it off. Part of the regime consisted of very long walks through the surrounding countryside, at so quick a pace that the locals dubbed her 'the locomotive' *. But these excursions at least removed her from the 'palace bubble' and allowed her to appreciate how her village neighbours lived. As a result, she paid for a covered well to be built at a central point in the nearby settlement of

Gastouri to facilitate the village women's access to water.

This act of philanthropy differs somewhat from the behaviour of Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany, who purchased the Palace after Sissi was assassinated in 1898. His jaunts out of the Palace were made in a fleet of Mercedes limousines, often to his favourite sunset spot above Pelekas. During these excursions, whenever he roared past village women, having seen them in their best clothes and adorned with golden chains, he would fling a handful of brass-chain necklaces, specially acquired for the purpose, in their direction; the women wore the family wealth around their necks in the form of real gold, but the Kaiser thought that the jewellery of mere peasant women was surely made of cheap brass. He believed they were grateful; they smiled thinly, but regarded the gesture as ignorant and insulting. He is also said to have lobbed bars of soap at them.

The Palace interior is rather stark, with the small section that is open to the public comprising just half a dozen rooms. The furnishings are opulent but meagre, and some of the owners' possessions and portraits are on display - if you can catch a glimpse of anything in the squash of coach groups, each being harangued by its dedicated tour guide **. More interesting is a large room that opens from the top-level chessboard terrace where old photographs of local scenes are on show. This area was once the casino; in the James Bond film *For Your Eyes Only* it served as location for a gambling scene, in which Roger Moore orders a bottle of Theotoky wine - a wine still for sale today.

Lawrence is correct, though, about the 'lovely gardens' ***, if you can ignore the statue that is Kaiser's monstrous (in more than one way) take on Achilles. Just as Sissi's melancholic nature drew her to the romantic notion of 'Achilles Dying', so the militaristic but puny Kaiser demanded a portrayal of the hero in his full pomp - 'Achilles Triumphant'.

Regrettably, the best part of the garden is out of bounds. It stretches in a narrow swathe down to the sea, where the jetty of Kaiser's Bridge provided Wilhelm with a disembarkation point from his motor yacht (Ironically, the bridge itself was demolished by the Germans during the war to allow passage for their heavy guns).

Continued on Page 22

The Achillion Palace - Untold Stories
Continued from Page 21

A softly graded carriage road with wide switchbacks links the jetty with the Palace, and down the centre of this garden a series of cascading terraces unfurls, linked by balustraded stairways, each section displaying a different double geometry, one a twin half-circle, another with its steps bending at a two sharp angles. At about the mid-point of the descent, the widest of the terraces houses a rotunda that once sheltered a statue of Sissi, gazing forever out to sea.

Disclosure here: I entered this garden unofficially sometime in the 80s when researching a walking book: I was trying to piece together the entire course of the 'Yarda', the yard-wide maintenance path running over the brick pipe aqueduct that since the 1840s had supplied Corfu Town with water from springs above Benitses. The path I was following came to its end at a chain-link fence; but there was a hole in the wire, probably made by hunters. It was too much of a temptation.

While unkempt, the grounds were no jungle, as would have been the case if they had been left untended. But the silence was eerie, much heavier than just outside the boundary. And though alone, I felt watched and whispered at, but not at all in a hostile manner. The Spirit of Place was formidable.

During works for the 1994 European Leaders' Summit, the Achillion served as venue for the official banquet, and accordingly a vast programme of repair and redevelopment was carried out in deference to the esteemed EU politicians, persons of much more importance than the 'little people', on whom infrastructural spending had never been considered worthwhile. Thus the road to the village was widened and graded to provide smooth passage for the VIP-bearing automobiles, and the palace kitchen that had served the old casino perfectly well was entirely replaced at huge cost for the event (then left to rust). The building underwent a much-needed facelift, never having been previously subjected to one for the benefit of mere touristic visitors. I don't know whether work was done in the garden, but building supplies were delivered by that route, via a widened footpath and much-enlarged hole in the fence.

Someone stole Spring. Stuck her on the back of builder's truck and sneaked her off.

Spring was a Sissi-commissioned statue that stood along with her fellow Seasons somewhere in the lower garden, near where the contractors entered. The theft was only

discovered when the foolish klepts, in the mistaken belief they had nicked a work from Classical Greece, put the statue on the international arts market for an absurd sum of money. Of course, potential buyers quickly discerned that the piece was less than a hundred years old and of no special quality. The statue's location was reported, and Spring was brought home.

The upshot was that the stone images of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter were removed to a place of safety in the main garden. Sissi too was relocated to a spot beside the palace portal, where she can be scrutinised by every visitor. No longer standing serene on her secluded rotunda, she is destined for evermore to gaze on milling, clamorous crowds.

I wonder whether the Spirit of Place fled the garden when the statue was moved ...

NOTES

* One of Sissi's favourite hikes was the climb to the summit of Mount Agia Kyriaki, which rises between Gastouri and the sea. The chapel on the summit displays a plaque that reads 'In this holy place the wounded Empress Elizabeth prayed and found her peace.' (Translation from the Greek)

** It's best to visit in the afternoon, when the coaches have departed.

*** Don't expect Royal Horticultural standards, though.

This article is part of a new, very much expanded, issue (in electronic form) of the best-selling book 'In the Footsteps of Lawrence Durrell and Gerald Durrell in Corfu, 1935-1939', recommended as 'Travel Book of the Week' in the Sunday Times. Out sometime in the next few weeks.



The image of the Achillion Palace is from an early 20th century painting by Angelos Giallinas, available for purchase as a postcard (part of a set of 14, reproduced from the original) at www.corfupostcards.com

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for the month of July

Showing all games

FIFA WORLD CUP RUSSIA 2018

the Jersey Tones

the Drifters

the Supremes

Legends

3rd July Tuesday - Jersey Tones 9:30pm	20th July Friday - Supremes 9:30pm
6th July Friday - Supremes 9:30pm	23rd July Monday - Legends 9:30pm
9th July Monday - Legends 9:30pm	27th July Friday - Drifters 9:30pm
13th July Friday - Drifters 9:30pm	31st July Tuesday - Jersey Tones 9:30pm
17th July Tuesday - Jersey Tones 9:30pm	



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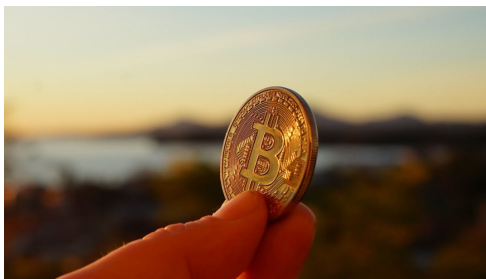
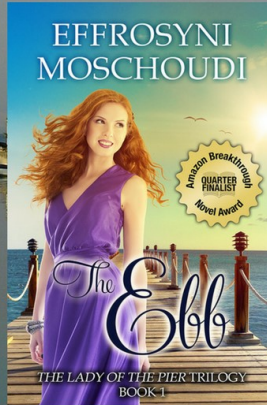
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Drop in for advice and quote without obligation.

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in Corfu...

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I've knocked up a crypto page if you or anyone you
know is looking to get into crypto

www.robgroove.com/crypto

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1977 ovation USA made matrix. Rare as feathers on a frog, innovative design with a aluminium neck, solid spruce top that's matured to a lush patina, excellent play me all day action and elctro output piezo pickup output that makes headroom to die for. comes with hard case. Affordable vintage and live workhorse. Stays perfectly in tune due to zero neck movement and the tuners fitted to this model are just spot on excellence. 450 European fun tickets, pm roadhouse corfu for more.



Contact me at <https://www.facebook.com/roadhousemusicsupply/>

Corfu Golden Paste

A MESSAGE FROM KATRINA GICA.

If you have heard about the benefits of using Turmeric, have discovered that the best way to take it is Golden Paste, yet you haven't got around to making any yet. Then this is for you.



One jar 200g of Fresh - Homemade - Organic- Golden Paste is €6. –
€5 for 54 Frozen Golden Turmeric Bombs - T-Bombs.

For Orders please message me, call 26610 58090 or 6948 547 663. Or email gicas@otenet.gr .

ED: Ed: I cannot recommend this product highly enough. Some people don't like the taste. Try this once a day. 1 OR 2 TSP OF PASTE, 1 TSP HONEY, HALF A GLASS OF WATER, TOP-UP TO TASTE WITH COCONUT MILK STIR VERY WELL UNTIL MIXED EVENLY ... DELICIOUS!



Summer Song for sale

*If you are interested in this bargain
then please ring me on:
[0030] 6981758522*



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Traditional Olive Soap

Throughout modern history soap has been a necessity in developed societies, as the primary means of hygiene and cleanliness. It also found application in medicine and pharmacology for its healing and antiseptic properties. Though things have changed, traditional soap still has the benefit of having passed the test of time: It has offered its services for many successive generations, improving the quality of life while being environmentally friendly throughout production and use. Furthermore pure soap is considered the most thorough skin cleanser since it unblocks the skin's pores by effectively removing dirt, oily substances and dead cells.

The "PATOUNIS Soap Works" with a history of over 150 years, still make handcrafted soap by traditional methods from locally produced olive products. The Corfu plant built in 1891, preserved with its functioning tools and equipment, constitutes a living memory of a splendid old local tradition.

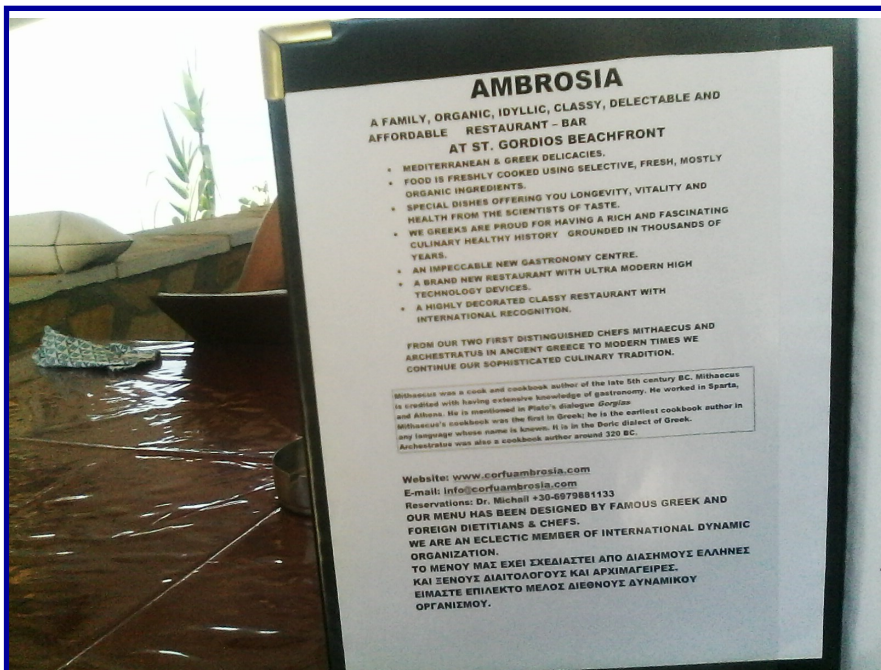
The following soaps are made here:

- **Olive Oil Soap** is made totally of pure virgin olive oil. It has limited lathering capacity but is distinguished for its mild action on sensitive skin.
- **The Green Olive Soap** is made of olive pomace oil which contains the olive chlorophyll, is acclaimed for its disinfecting properties and wide range of applications (also good for hair and scalp, provided you use it with soft water).
- **Olive-Palm Soap** is made of 80% pure virgin olive oil and 20% edible palm kernel oil thus a mild soap with rich smooth lather.

The above soaps are made using only the basic raw material of traditional soap manufacture, i.e. naturally occurring oils, soda, sea salt and water.



Red Penguin Dassia



Great food and service at this new place right on the beach.

Went there with friends on Saturday-lunchtime and it did not disappoint



**Ambrosia
Agios Gordis**

Sea view from Ambrosia

The Way Things Were And Are



A Sikh wedding in Italy



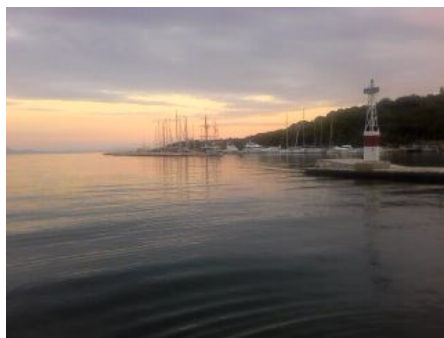
Agios visitor Mike Butcher in Italy



Akti Igoumenitsa



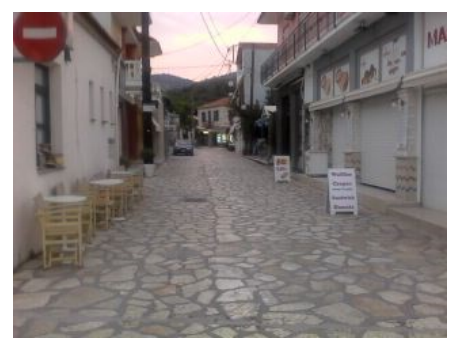
Eleni and Ioannis Skoura



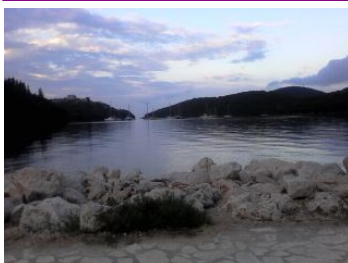
1 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nlwnCMSZtel>



2 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qROWjULKVj0>



3 <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hkwdkUXQ1yo>



Dawn walking Syvota



Syvota



Galixidi



Dick Mulder proving it never rains in Corfu



Maria Markou



Simone and Sanna



Tracey and Martin's Corfu wedding



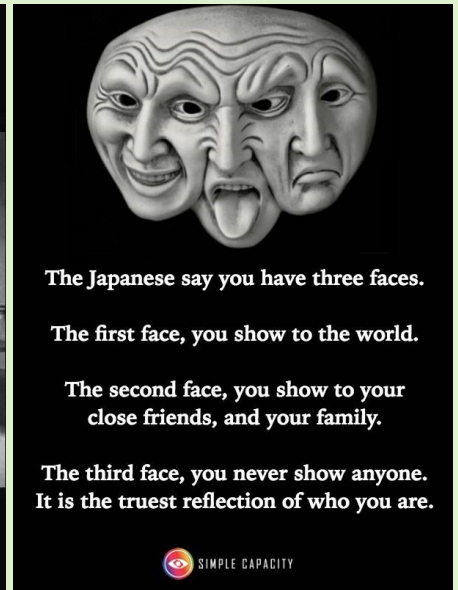
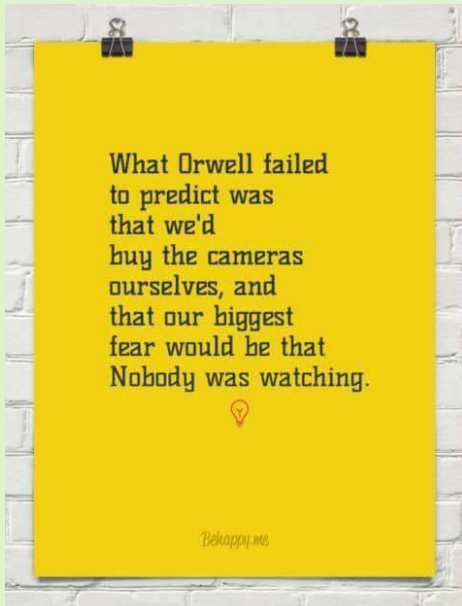
Viktor Björklund

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WQ8Vw-Ql6qE>

This is an old (2009) video of F/B Pantokrator linking Corfu Port with Igoumenitsa Port. There is a comment By a gentleman called Bangkit Dan Percaya Investama (posted today) which informs us that the old ferry boat links East Borneo (Samarinda) with South Sulawesi in Indonesia (Pare Pare).

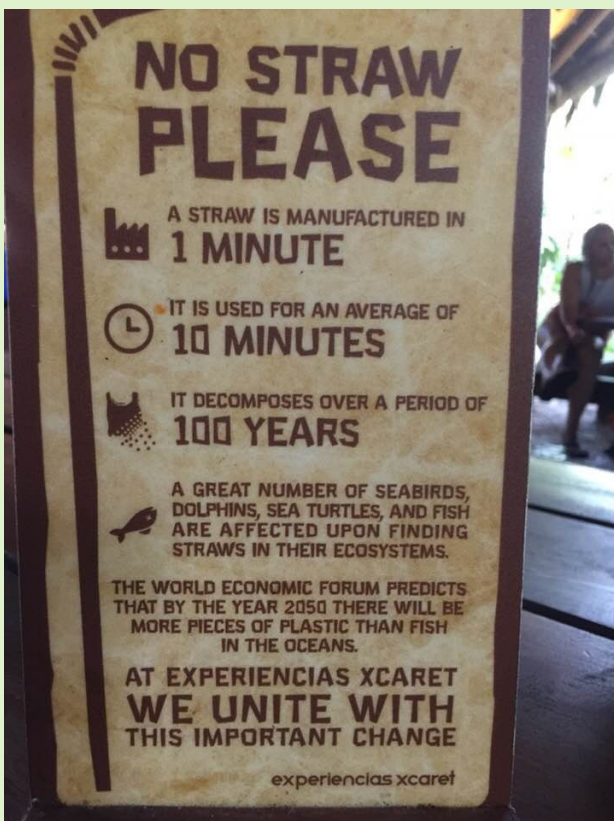
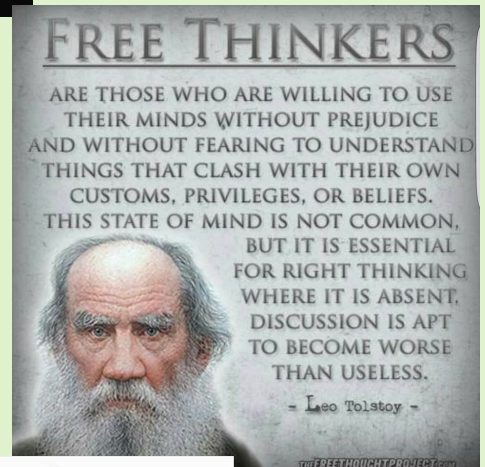
Supplied, with thanks to John Traveller.

Nick The Clock's World (The Comic With A conscience)



Protesting is never a disturbance of the peace. Corruption, injustice, war and intimidation are disturbances of the peace.

Did some financial planning and it looks like I can retire at 62 and live comfortably for eleven minutes.



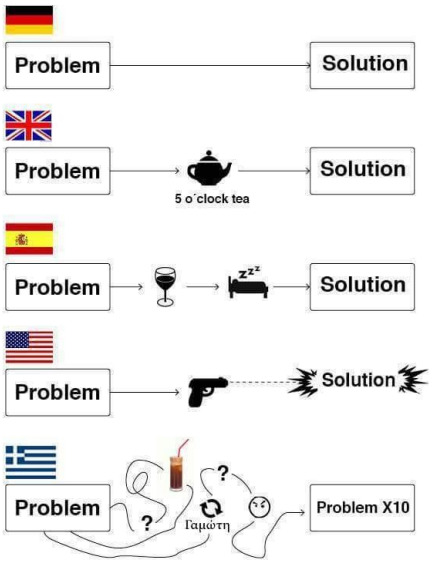
A guy broke into my apartment last week. He didn't take the TV, just the remote. Now he drives by and changes the channels. Sick bastard.

My doctor diagnosed me with anxiety and constipation. I'm worried shitless.

Nick The Clock's World

Continued from Page 28

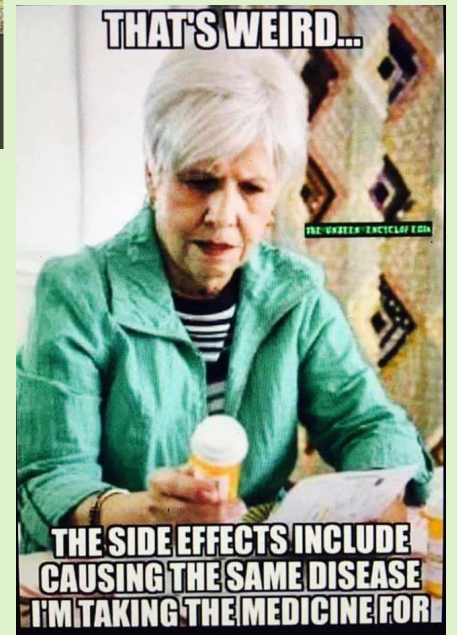
International problem solving techniques



NO IPHONE, NO XBOX, NO TELEVISION AND NO JUNK FOOD



LOOK HOW SAD THESE KIDS ARE !



Allow me to explain how this whole shit show works:

1. The poor work and work
2. The rich exploit the poor
3. The police protect the rich
4. The taxpayer pays for all 3
5. The voter votes for all 4
6. The banker robs all 5
7. The lawyer misleads all 6
8. The doctor bills all 7
9. The undertaker buries all 8
10. The politician lives happily because of all of it.



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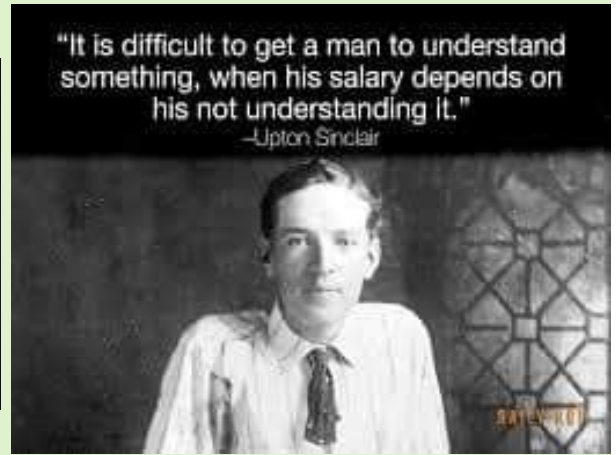


It's a fact, taller people sleep longer in bed.

Nick The Clock's World Continued from Page 29

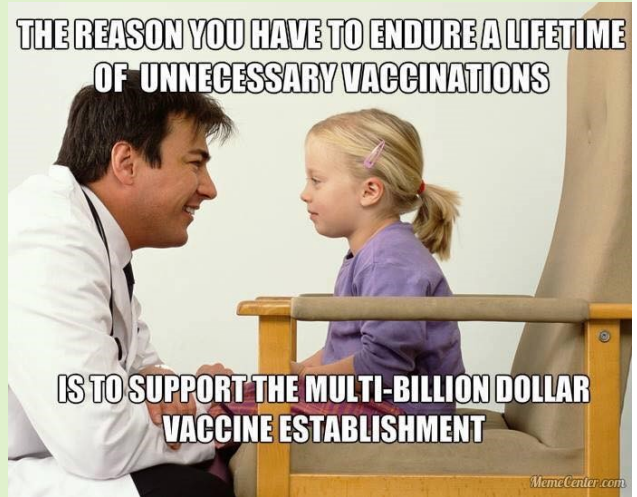


The man who fell into an upholstery machine is now fully recovered.



I still water my dead plants every 3 months. Just in case...

My 16yr old son has the saddest facial hair. It looks like he ate something sticky and then rolled on the cat.



What is a Hotdog?

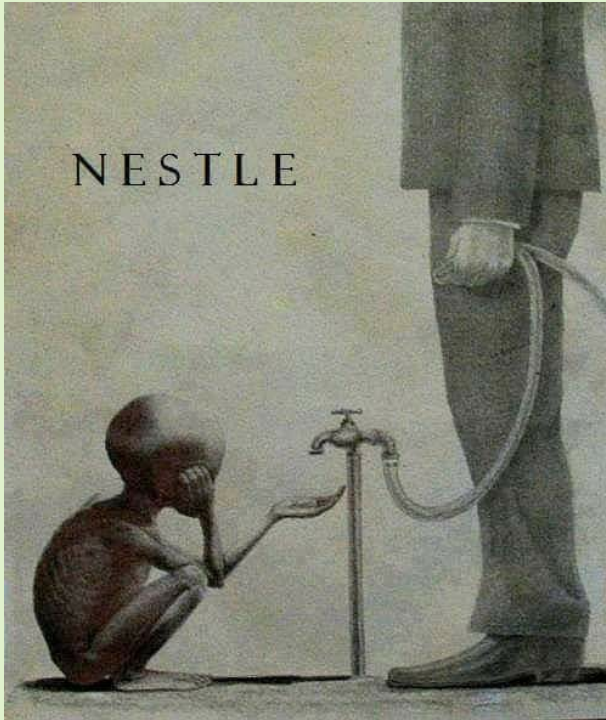
CARCASSES FROM OLD OR THIN CATTLE AND SWINE CHEEKS, JOWLS, HEARTS, TONGUES, LIPS, EYELIDS, GUMS, INTESTINES, EARS, NOSTRILS, TAILS, SNOUTS, TENDONS, WINDPIPE, LIVER, KIDNEY, SALT, FAT, BONE, BLOOD, AND PRESERVATIVES.

ENJOY!

THE SACRED PLANT

Nick The Clock's World

Continued from Page 30



Despite drought disaster - nestlé pumps 50.000 litres per hour water from Ethiopia's soil and builds the dairy industry According to wateraid, 42 million ethiopians have no access to safe water. The rainy season is difficult for people in East Africa. In Several African countries, the

united nations has warned against a " Mass extinction The worst drought has been in East Africa for five decades. The continuing drought has led to significant crop. 20 million people are acutely threatened in their existence. In addition to old people, babies and small children are threatened by starvation. In Ethiopia, some 5,6 million people rely on aid according to the United Nations.

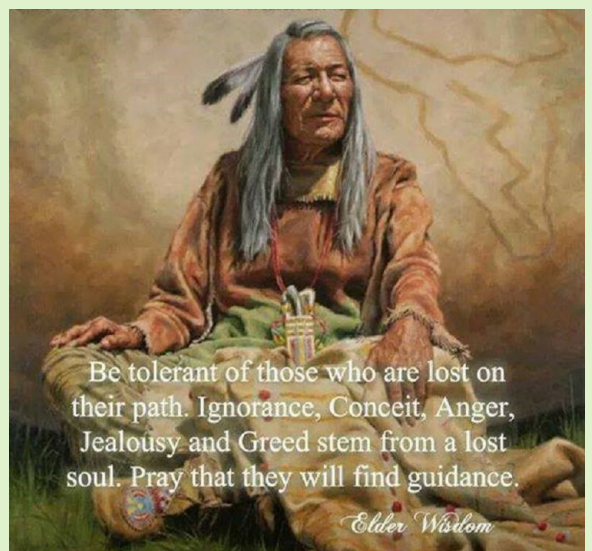
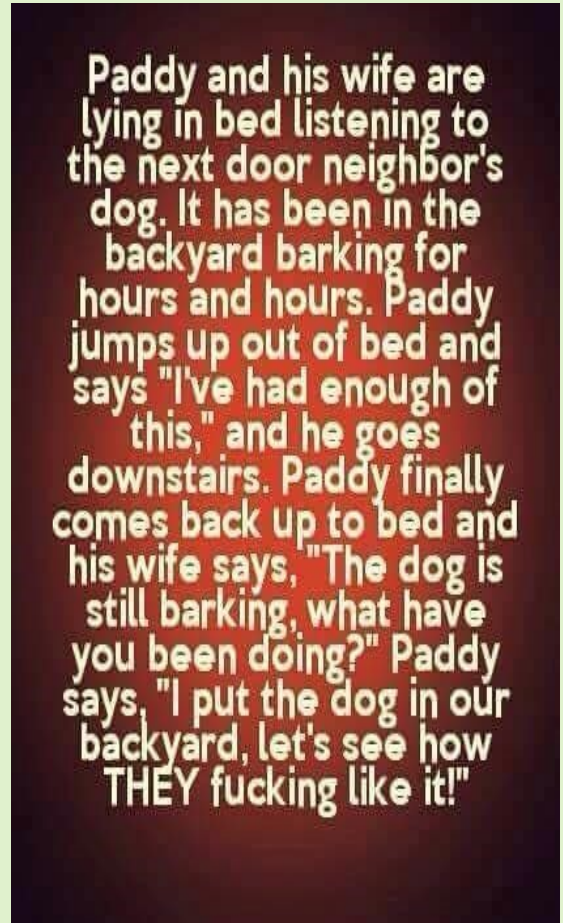
After the global food, health and wellness article manufacturer nestlé announced in may 2016 that nestlé's daughter nestlé waters established a joint venture company in Ethiopia together with the owners of local packager abyssinia springs , Nestlé complements the production of milk and dairy products. Apart from exporting various products to Ethiopia, nestle also buys premium coffee from Ethiopia, fanabc.com

In addition, Nestlé is subsidized by the Swiss State for export of strong baby skimmed-Milk Powder. Thanks to the "Chocolate law", which aims to promote export of dairy products, nestlé receives around 25 million francs each year.

As the guardian reports, over the past ten years, the city of oromia has attracted many foreign investors and groups who also need water: a Chinese Tannery, Stahlmühlen, water factories and hotels have emerged. Groundwater is deep, up to 800 metres must be overcome until water bubbles. It costs a lot of money to invest big corporations to build their own wells and also past water, which is no longer available to the population.

Local residents must go to sululta by means of public transport or walk the long way to get to water. There's a faucet built by the sudanese nile petroleum. When people reach these water, they must be classified into the long queues of waiting people.

At the end of the city there is also a faucet on which the residents supply water. The China-Africa overseas leather products group provided this tap. But the tannery is also accused of polluting water supply in the region with the tannery. 50 Ethiopian soldiers are monitoring the security situation here because in the region people are rightly angry. In Ethiopia, more and more foreign companies are getting down, and there is nothing left for locals - they are starving! (source the guardian.)



Be tolerant of those who are lost on their path. Ignorance, Conceit, Anger, Jealousy and Greed stem from a lost soul. Pray that they will find guidance.

Elder Wisdom

That's' All Folks !

Simon's World

By Simon Baddley



Ερημίτης - Erimitis



My friend the writer Richard Pine, who lives in a village in the north of Corfu, has drawn my attention to a recent article by Gerald Durrell's widow - [Lee Durrell](#) - about the 'development' of [Erimitis](#), a nature reserve in the north east of the island. Richard's already written about this man-made disaster in the international press (*TLS*, [Kathimerini English edition](#), *Irish Times*) and Lee Durrell has a [terrific piece in the Sunday Times](#).



The 'tiny, green jewel' of Erimitis in North East Corfu [faces being bulldozed](#) for a 45-acre tourist resort. Places where nature remains undisturbed have become so rare these days that we have a duty to try to save them. Such a place, near and dear to my heart, is found on what is still one of the most beautiful islands in the world — Corfu. Glimpses of that beauty are seen in the ITV series *The Durrells*, the lovingly crafted story of the childhood of my late husband, Gerald Durrell, on Corfu in the Thirties. Gerald left Corfu as a boy in 1939 and returned as a man in 1960, not without trepidation. He said: "There is always an element of risk in returning to a place in which you were happy." But Corfu worked its magic once again, and Gerry was overjoyed to be back.

The later Sixties began casting a shadow over him, however. He was dismayed to come across so much plastic on the beaches and offended by the unsightly developments at Paleokastritsa, long one of the island's peaceful beauty spots, which now reminded him of a "Greek Margate".

Fast-forward to today, and the undisturbed nature area being threatened is a headland on the northeast coast known as Erimitis, or "the Hermit", referring to a local fable about a man who lived there as a recluse after his daughter was kidnapped by pirates. It is accessible only by foot or by sea, and the human touch there has been light, with traces of centuries-old buildings, wells and a quarry. Otherwise the dense evergreen maquis is punctuated with bright pebble beaches, brackish lakes and marshes teeming with life. Home to otters, orchids and magnificent strawberry trees, the area is also rich in waterfowl and raptors. Locals and tourists take pleasure in walking (or running!) the steep narrow paths and swimming in the clear warm waters beyond the shore.

Over the years Erimitis has attracted artists, writers and naturalists. Edward Lear was known to visit the area, and Nikos Ghikas, one of Greece's greatest painters, loved it so much he built a house and lived there from 1969. More recently the botanist David Bellamy has led students and fellow naturalists "in the footsteps of Gerald Durrell" to discover and delight in the fauna and flora.

Ερημίτης - Erimitis
Continued from Page 32

This natural paradise, however, is in great danger. The Greek government has sold the headland to an American property developer, [NCH Capital](#), which plans to transform it into a tourist resort. Thus, one of the most beautiful and least developed areas of the Mediterranean is about to be bulldozed for what will be one of the biggest development projects in the history of the Ionian islands.

Viewed in a satellite image, Erimitis is a tiny green jewel of 500 acres nestling between a drab inland countryside and the bright blue sea. NCH now has the freehold on 120 acres and plans to sprawl its “tourist village” over 45 acres, with nine acres of buildings.

Bafflingly, there seems to have been little consideration of the effect this development would have on the wider infrastructure of roads, water supply and rubbish collection, already stretched to breaking point in many parts of the island. One example, as every visitor to Corfu over the past few years can sadly corroborate, is the piles of rubbish along the roads.

A few concerned citizens have made the municipality of Corfu well aware of the situation, but little action has been taken. Imagine the pressure a huge complex at Erimitis would add.

And what about the effect on the responsible and sustainable tourist industry that has grown up here over the past 40 years? New and returning visitors bring profits to the local people and tax revenue to the government. They come to see and experience the beauty and tranquillity of the region, not to be crammed together in a holiday complex that could be anywhere in the world. It is difficult to imagine that such an extensive development could be sufficiently site-sensitive as not to render a much wider area disagreeable to tourists and the locals. If people start to go elsewhere, the local economy will suffer and, in turn, the community.

Then there’s the impact on faunal biodiversity: the eradication of a unique and fantastic array of birds, reptiles, amphibians, fish and invertebrates.

It is not surprising that local opinion has come out strongly against this development, regardless of political affiliation. The regional authority of the Ionian islands, backed by local residents, appealed to the Greek Supreme Court against the sale of Erimitis. Syriza, at that time the main opposition party and now the party in power, protested that the sale was “illegal, unconstitutional and in breach of international law”. Inexplicably, both challenges were dismissed.

Gerald wrote to the Greek prime minister in 1968: “I do hope the necessary authorities in Athens give more power to people on the spot, who are as worried as I am at the all too rapid and tasteless development on the island.” I do not know if Gerry received a reply, but exactly 50 years later I wrote to Alexis Tsipras, the prime minister, voicing my objection to the development at Erimitis... and did not receive an answer.

Gerry avoided Corfu in the 1970s, but came back with me in 1983, wanting desperately to show me the natural places and the wildlife that had made his childhood so special. That is when I fell in love with the island. We returned in 1986, with family and friends, to an old villa in Barbati, where we feasted on Corfiot specialities, swam at night in the tepid, moonlit waters and took leisurely boat trips up and down the coast.

On these excursions Gerry would turn his back to the island as we motored by the vast new hotel complexes that scarred the landscape, waiting for our signal that we’d passed these “carbuncles”. Then he would turn and gaze quietly at the olive and cypress-clad hills he remembered so well and at the bright horseshoe bays of his childhood. Gerry died in 1995 but I know what he’d think of this fiasco.

The clock cannot be turned back, no matter how hard we try, but the exigencies of modern times can be challenged, especially as we learn from our mistakes. Corfiots, other Greeks and foreigners who love the island have learnt that uncontrolled and insensitive development has taken a serious toll on Corfu and its environment.

We also know short-term gain by the few at the expense of the many is not acceptable in a small island community. Many in Corfu and elsewhere have already raised their voices against the development of Erimitis. We should continue to do so loudly until the situation is resolved in favour of Corfu and no one will ever turn their back, muttering “carbuncles”, on the enchanting headland of the Hermit. Gerald left Corfu as a boy in 1939 and returned as a man in 1960, not without trepidation. He said: “There is always an element of risk in returning to a place in which you were happy.” But Corfu worked its magic once again, and Gerry was overjoyed to be back. The later Sixties began casting a shadow over him, however. He was dismayed to come across so much plastic on the beaches and offended by the unsightly developments at Paleokastritsa, long one of the island’s peaceful beauty spots, which now reminded him of a “Greek Margate”. Fast-forward to today, and the undisturbed nature area being threatened is a headland on the northeast coast known as Erimitis, or “the Hermit”, referring to a local fable about a man who lived there as a recluse after his daughter was kidnapped by pirates.

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ocay villas

Villa Theodora has been open for visitors since 2000.

The building is part of our heritage, having been the birthplace of Peter and Kostas's Great- Grandmother'

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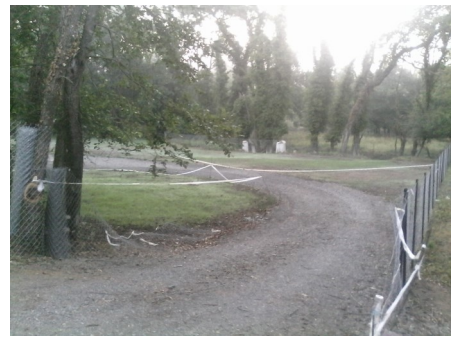
Heavy lids



Laying pipework



Lots and lots and lots of grouting



New lawn cordoned



Open sesame



Perfect finish



Spiral staircase



Water coming

Hilary's Ramblings Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

Gunfight in the Midday Corral

IT WAS ALMOST EXACTLY MIDDAY as I was coming back from a walk in early June. The grasses were already running to seed, the umbellifers mostly bare of their own. I heard a crackling noise, like very dry, just-lit kindling. As any of us who live in the countryside are aware, the summer months put us on fire-watch. From tiny blazes do giant conflagrations grow! I looked for the smoke, but none was obvious in the kindling field, corralled as it was with wild hedges. Then I realised that the sound was not incipient flames, but seed-pods popping under the heat of the sun. Crack! Pop-phut-crackle-crack! Crack-popopopop! Crackle-phut! It sounded like a distant, continuous gunfight, or a thousand firecrackers going off. I wondered which of the plants was doing the exploding; I could see grass-stalks fluttering violently as the seeds hit them, but the speed of the discharge was so high that they travelled too far and fast to identify the source.

Across the road, the field was not popping, but as I progressed homeward, similar sounds were coming from a high bank. It seemed the locations making the noise were those where acanthuses were growing, so I concluded that it was these flowers that were ejecting their seeds.



My Mac dictionary says that acanthus is 'a herbaceous plant or shrub with bold flower spikes and spiny decorative leaves, found in warm regions of the Old World', its name deriving from 'akantha', thorn in Greek. It grows about two feet high, its top half consisting of spiky, hooked petals of

white and purple. I read somewhere that it was the very first plant to be brought into cultivation as a decorative feature. Probably by the Greeks, as it was they who subsequently appropriated the form of the petals as a stylised architectural feature, used especially as a decoration for Corinthian column capitals.

Can you think of any other plant that has lent its form to architecture? Well, the stylised form of the rose is employed in the Rose Window of churches. Other plants, like the lily (Fleur de Lys) and the thistle, are often stylised as emblems or crests, but not in the grand elements of a building. So, the acanthus is a flower of high distinction. Even when it makes scary sounds.

ON A RATHER WET JUNE WEEKEND (4pm was 'rain o'clock' for a few consecutive days here), as the dogs and I turned from our little lane onto the slightly larger asphalt road, I saw movement under my feet: hopping frogs, less than a centimetre long. Where they spent their time as spawn and

developing tadpoles to become fully formed amphibians is a mystery, as there is no standing or running water in the vicinity. Maybe it rained them - it has been known; they get sucked up into the clouds, then dropped again. Yet another enigma of the natural world.



YOU KNOW THOSE TRUCKS THAT PASS BY EVERY SO OFTEN, with very loud megaphones advertising their wares? In early spring they sell young chicks; later, plant pots and flowers; in summer, sardines and watermelons; in autumn, rugs and winter shoes. But always there are some that flog potatoes.

Was it a sign of austerity? This particular truck was advertising 'polytelies patates, patates polytelies!' Luxury potatoes, potatoes luxurious! Since when have tatties become food items redolent of opulence? Since the Crash? Or are these particular spuds gilded; infused with truffles; stuffed with diamonds? Who knows? I prefer the normal kind.



SEEN IN MY LOCAL BEACHFRONT TAVERNA during their rather nice Sunday evening Greek Night, late June: Two couples in their 50s, without a doubt English, sitting with their backs resolutely turned to the dancers, eyes fixed on the giant-screen TV, which was (silently) playing - you've guessed it - a World Cup match, and not even an England one. Why even bother coming here?

Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from Page 37

Sc-ramblings: The Rebellion Kicks Off

I can't remember where I bought it, but my first cookery book was Italian Food by Elizabeth David. I have it here beside me now - it cost 90p, that's how old it is. I think it must have been bought as a response to a summer job I got, waitressing (and doing a bit of food prep) in a Pizza-Pasta restaurant run by a pair of Sicilian brothers, that had recently opened in my home town. I loved that job. On entering the staircase that led to the first floor premises, you breathed air heavy with the scent of garlic and herbs; unlike in homes, where food smells weren't encouraged in those days. When the last client left, we sat down for a pizza of our choice, and on Saturdays, as a special treat, the chef (a very glum and gloomy character from Naples) rustled up a glorious tray of chicken in pizzaiola sauce, bubbling from the pizza oven. Seeing the pizzas being made as I went in and out of the tiny kitchen was an educational experience that demonstrated how little should go on a true pizza (it was originally poverty food, but its character makes for high profit margins these days!), and remind one just how overloaded today's mass-market parodies are.

So, I think I bought the book to find out a bit more about Italian cooking, for the sake of work as much as for myself. As a result, that cuisine became my first culinary love affair, later joined by Middle Eastern food, and very recently by British Indian Restaurant cuisine.

Published in 1954, at the end of rationing ('We are all weary of cheese-paring,' wrote David), the book inevitably treats some of the recipes as curiosities rather than ones to be attempted; where at that time in the UK would you have obtained fresh sardines, for example? (Question: Can you now?) Even when I bought the book, olive oil was only obtainable, outside a visit to 'Little Italy' in London or Manchester, in a tiny bottle from a chemist, with the assumption it would be used for questionable 'medicinal purposes'. Likewise, pasta - other than the dreaded tinned variety - and Parmesan cheese that hadn't been ready grated were a rarity. Basil? Dried mushrooms? Forget it! Thus, until I came to Corfu, many of the recipes were of only academic interest - and indeed many still were for a long time, but we'll come to that later.

Now newly qualified with a degree in Sports Science and Philosophy, I was living near London, where I had found a job in the sports gear industry, just starting to cater for the new jogging craze (as a qualified middle distance running coach, I ended up as informal adviser to a number of famous people - including Harold Evans, then the campaigning Editor of the Sunday Times!). I started cooking for my flat -mates (boyfriend and a pal of his). I can't remember menu details, but lasagne was a favourite. Next door to my workplace was a good green -grocers, where I bought broccoli for the first time (nothing but cabbage and cauli still, oop north). Once I made a dish that was the biggest palaver ever, for not marvellous results - Gnocchi Verdi, never again. (Lifestyle guru Shirley Conran famously declared that life is too short to stuff mushrooms; no, it's too short to cook Gnocchi Verdi.) When folk came around to eat, my signature dish was the Chicken Pizzaiola from my waitress days, served with Parmesan Risotto. And I

did perfect my scrambled eggs - lots of butter, no milk and a good grinding of black pepper.

While my boyfriend's mum was a knock-out cook in traditional English style (very well- prepared meat with about five vegetables, followed by a divine strawberry Pavlova, followed by an afternoon in torpor), food elsewhere was still not very interesting. Reciprocal dinner parties were usually some grey, tasteless, under-seasoned roast or stew and chips from the freezer, followed by commercial ice-cream. This took me straight back to schooldays. But eating out was somewhat better, for the Chicago Pizza Pie Factory had come to town, and that was our meal-out first choice - though those evenings were infrequent due to lack of funds. I now find thick, squashy pizza bases unpalatable, and much prefer the thin, slightly crispy ones offered in Corfu, for example in Arhondariki in Sinarades.

But while I was no longer the victim of cheapskate mass catering, there was still some bad stuff waiting to ambush me.



Rearrangements!

- DORMITORY When you rearrange the letters: DIRTY ROOM
- PRESBYTERIAN When you rearrange the letters: BEST IN PRAYER
- ASTRONOMER When you rearrange the letters: MOON STARER
- DESPERATION When you rearrange the letters: A ROPE ENDS IT
- THE EYES When you rearrange the letters: THEY SEE
- GEORGE BUSH When you rearrange the letters: HE BUGS GORE
- THE MORSE CODE When you rearrange the letters: HERE COME DOTS
- SLOT MACHINES When you rearrange the letters: CASH LOST IN ME
- ANIMOSITY When you rearrange the letters: IS NO AMITY
- ELECTION RESULTS When you rearrange the letters: LIES - LET'S RECOUNT
- SNOOZE ALARMS When you rearrange the letters: ALAS! NO MORE Z'S
- A DECIMAL POINT When you rearrange the letters: IM A DOT IN PLACE
- THE EARTHQUAKES When you rearrange the letters: THAT QUEER SHAKE
- ELEVEN PLUS TWO When you rearrange the letters: TWELVE PLUS ONE
- And for the grande finale:
MOTHER-IN-LAW When you rearrange the letters: WOMAN HITLER



A Holiday with Granny



By Greek author and blogger, Effrosyni Moschoudi - from her short story collection Facets of Love

Part 3

SPYRI AND MARKOS WALKED SIDE BY SIDE on their way to the beach, shooting the breeze and reminiscing, their eyes bright with mirth as they recalled memories from the summer they'd spend together as youngsters.

When they arrived at the beach, Markos walked up to the water. The tiny waves that came to lap gently on the shore splashed the front of his loafers, but he didn't seem to mind. He had his eyes closed now, arms spread wide apart, as he took in a deep breath, his head tilted back.

"Oh! How I've missed this beach, this place!" he said with a heavy sigh. When he turned to face Spyri, his expression was coloured with regret.

She knew instantly how he felt, even though he had said nothing else, and wondered if his regret could have anything to do with her at all, or if he was just feeling sorry that he had missed having so many magical summers here with his aunts and cousins.

She didn't have much time to ponder about it though because, out of the blue, he let out a cheer, and said: "Look! The pier! Do you remember, Spyri? We used to fish off its end! Can we go on it please?" He pointed to the sports pier that stood at a close distance across from a hotel bar. The length of the beach from where they stood all the way to the pier was lined with straw umbrellas. Behind them, and bordering the lush lawn of the hotel property, a narrow boarded walkway ran the length of the beach to the pier and beyond.

"Of course," said Spyri, even though she'd been on the pier that morning. But she was happy to do whatever he wanted. Just being there with him felt like a surreal dream. "Can we use the walkway please?"

She pointed to her sandals, "These aren't the best for walking on sand." Even though she'd normally grab a chance to walk on sand barefoot, she wanted badly to look pristine in his eyes.

Markos gave a cute little smile, looked down at his loafers, and shrugged his shoulders. "Sure. I'm easy either way." He didn't seem to mind they were wet at the toes. Smiling still, he gestured for her to go ahead.

As she walked along the walkway, Spyri could hear Markos's heavy footsteps behind her and still couldn't believe it was him following her. Everything had happened so quickly. Less than an hour ago, she was still unsure about visiting his aunt's house, and now she was on the beach, his intoxicating cologne wafting in the breeze, making her feel high. High on love.... *This doesn't even feel real... this better not be a dream or I'll wake up pretty cross in the morning!*

When they got onto the pier, Markos approached her side again and, together, they walked to the end. There, they bent forward and looked down at the water in perfect sync, as if they had rehearsed it. The water was so serene and clear that they could see their faces on the surface, and every pebble on the seabed.

"Wow. All these years... where did they go?" he lamented out of the blue, turning to face her again.

Spyri opened her mouth to say something jovial to change the mood.

She could sense his sadness, and didn't understand it fully. She believed in moving forward, never lamenting, never regretting anything. She imagined he was upset over the divorce and the loss of his aunt. It would be best to change the subject. But, just then, noise from behind beat her to it.

There were a few people on the beach, guests of the hotel no doubt, who sat at the bar and the stretch of beach in front of it at little round tables. A little boy had been playing on the sand and was now shrieking at an ear-piercing volume. Another one stood before him, and they seemed to be fighting over a plastic little spade.

Continued on Page 40

Effrosyni Writes - A Holiday with Granny
Continued from Page 39

Neither of them seemed older than three or four years of age. A single bucket lay on the sand at their feet, and they both ignored it.

The boys' chubby little hands were clutching the spade, both claiming it, like their lives depended on it. A man and a woman intervened to take the spade away and dissolve the tension between the kids. It had worked. A soothing silence ensued.

Markos turned away from the incident and shook his head as he focused his eyes on the open, deep blue sea in the shimmering distance. "Kids..." he lamented.

Spyri gave a frown. "What about them?"

"I'm glad I didn't have any."

Spyri tilted her head. "Oh? You and your wife didn't want any?" He turned to her, and she gazed into his face for a few moments. He looked tired, but not just because he hadn't slept, like he'd said earlier. And his eyes, they looked clear now, and more green than ever before. In her mind, he turned thirteen again then, the boy who used to stand beside her on this very spot once teaching her how to fish with a line.

"No. Of course I wanted kids," he said finally. "A proper family!

But my ex-wife didn't. I should have seen it coming, Spyri..." He shook his head again, his features hardening. "I had seen all the warning signs but chose to ignore them, to my detriment. She was a fair-weather friend. She wanted the good life, the fancy stuff, the big house... but not to run a house, not to have any responsibilities at all, let alone to raise any children."

He hung his head down, his gaze falling upon his loafers, long lashes shading his eyes and Spyri couldn't see them any more. "It's still beyond me how I could have been so blind for so long." His voice had grown frail, its volume reduced to almost a whisper by the end of his sentence.

A long sigh escaped from his lips, those lips Spyri had lost so much sleep over when she was a young girl. Now, a fully grown, independent woman, she'd have thought she'd be stronger. Yet, she felt the same urge again to kiss him the way she once did. And it took all her restraint not to put her arms around him.

Spyri's heart contracted with feeling to see him so upset, so full of bitterness. Instead of holding him, she allowed herself to put out a hand and squeeze his arm gently over his shirt.

The gesture seemed to sober him up somewhat, and he looked up and away, eyes focusing far, at the distant shores of Epirus and Albania across the water.

"Don't get me wrong," he said after a while, avoiding her eyes, "I don't love her any more. Actually, I can't even recall what it was like to love her." He gave a tired smile. "The magnitude of her betrayal and her nasty character years before that meant I found it easy to stop having any feelings for her. But I can't stop feeling sorry..."

Finally, he turned to look at Spyri and, impossibly, now took her hand in his. "I feel so sorry for the time I lost. For all the summers that I could have had here. With my lovely aunt, my beloved cousins and dear old friends... like you, Spyri."

The warm feeling of his hand in hers caused Spyri to gaze at him mutely, and a huge lump formed in her throat. Blinking profusely, she tried to process what he'd just said and done, and realized her heart was thumping against her chest. *What is he saying? Am I just a friend to him? And if he has been missing only a friend all this time why is he holding my hand? Is that a friendly gesture, or am I supposed to think there's more?*

Lost for words still, she looked down at their hands that were clasped together. His fingertips were caressing hers ever so softly.

She felt the delicious tingles in the pit of her stomach and wondered if old friends are allowed to do that and call it just friendship.

"Um... shall we keep walking? Would you like to sit and have a coffee somewhere?" she managed in the end, pointing at the far distance where The Seashells, a coffee bar she loved to frequent, stood beside a couple more hotels built on the shore.

"Yes! Can we go to The Seashells for old times' sake? Remember my aunt and your grandmother used to take us there for ice cream? Please tell me it's still down there!"

To see the childlike enthusiasm on his face felt amazing. It transported her back to the old days. She gave a titter, feeling increasingly elated. He still held her hand, after all. "It's still there, Markos, but it has a different name these days. Mr Stathis has passed away and his children run it now. Come! I'll introduce you. Let's see if the oldest one still re- members you." She beckoned and they made their way to the base of the pier, holding hands still, Spyri walking on air. When they returned to the boarded walkway, Markos let go of her hand with an awkward smile and gestured to her to go on it first.

As they moved along to get to the bar, silently now, just one thought permeated Spyri's mind, torturing her... *Did he let go of my hand because we were going to go on the walkway again where it's impossible to walk side by side, or did holding my hand mean nothing? He probably feels upset and just needs a friend right now...*

Once again, Spyri scolded herself for thinking he might have romantic feelings for her after all this time. That is, if he ever had any to begin with.

To be continued.

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Nature



*Courtesy of
Giannis
Gasteratos*



This is their sea

Peregrine Falcon that just got an Alpine
Swift for lunch...Paxos



Courtesy of Bert Rossum



Courtesy of Bob Giles

A little help please. I am thinking that this is possibly a Copper but which one? I was attracted to it by its iridescence. It really did glisten in the sun.



*Courtesy of
Ralf Frank*

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH

We are an Anglican church in the heart of Corfu Town, offering a warm welcome to residents and visitors to our services and social events.

Services for July:

Chaplain Rev Jules Wilson leads the services.

Sunday 1st July

10:30 Family Communion Service
Sunday School in Church Room.

Sunday 8th July

10:30 Family Communion Service

Sunday 15th July

10:30 Family Communion Service

Sunday 22nd July

10:30 Family Communion Service

Sunday 29th July

10:30 Family Communion Service

HTC South

Friday 13th July

18.00 Communion Service at the Catholic Chapel Messonghi

I sought the Lord and he answered me; he delivered me from all my fears. Psalm 34:4

Weekly Events during July:

The church is open Tuesdays & Wednesdays 10:00 to 12:30 for coffee, chat and exchange of library books.

Weekly Events during August are suspended.

Monday

17:30 The Kontokali group meets

Tuesday

10:00 10th - Master's Crafters Group

10:00 24th - Coffee Morning in the church room

Wednesday

11th - 12.30 Lunch 'n' Meet

Thursday

10:30 Bible Study 12th & 26th only

17.00 Worship Group at HTC

18.30 Al Anon Group Meeting

Friday

10.00 Prayer Meeting

Other Events during July:

Thursday 12th July

18.00 PCC Meeting

Thursday 19th July

09.15 Pastoral Care Team Meeting

HTC SUMMER FAYRE

THANKS HAVE BEEN GIVEN BY THE VOCATIONAL SCHOOL FOR SPECIAL NEEDS, ANO KORAKIANA FOR THE SHARE OF MONEY PRESENTED TO THEM FROM THE PROCEEDINGS OF HTC SUMMER FAYRE IN JUNE. THEY PURCHASED POLO SHIRTS FOR THE CHILDREN TO BE WORN DURING NATIONAL PARADES.



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DIOCESE IN EUROPE
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IN GREECE



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