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134th Edition

The Agiot

MERRY CHRISTMAS



gasleralos

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Saint Spyridon, patron saint of Corfu: his life and miracles.



By Greek author and blogger, Effrosyni Moschoudi

[HTTP://EFFROSYNIWRITES.COM/2015/12/12/SAINT-SPYRIDON-PATRON-SAINT-OF-CORFU-HIS-LIFE-AND-MIRACLES/DECEMBER 12, 2015](http://effrosyniwrites.com/2015/12/12/saint-spyridon-patron-saint-of-corfu-his-life-and-miracles/december-12-2015)

Today, December 12, The Greek Orthodox Church commemorates and honors St Spyridon. In Corfu, it is a special day of joyous celebration, seeing that St Spyridon is the patron saint of the island. As you may know, Greeks don't just have birthdays; they also celebrate their name days with parties, offering sweets and receiving gifts. If I tell you that every Corfiot family has at least one member called Spyridon (Spyros) or Spyridoula (Loula), you can imagine how much partying goes on around the island on December 12!

My family always had my granddad, Spyros Vassilakis, to honor on this day, and so, it's always been a special day for me, and even more so now that Granddad has passed away. I thought I'd blog about St Spyridon this year and share a few facts and legends surrounding his name...

Who is St Spyridon?



St Spyridon was born circa 270 A.C. in Askeia, Cyprus. He was a pious man and a shepherd. When his wife died, he entered a monastery and, later in life, became Bishop of Trimythous. He died peacefully of old age in 348 A.C. It doesn't sound like much, I know, but what if I tell you about the miracles performed by this legendary man, both when he was alive and centuries after his death? In his life, he performed many miracles and even brought people back from the dead with the fervor of his prayers!

St Spyridon was present in the First Ecumenical Council of Nicaea (325 A.C.) where he took an active role. It is said that he converted a pagan philosopher into a Christian there and, according to legend, he performed a miracle in the process. While talking with this man, he took hold of a potshard to make a point that one thing can be three things at the same time (like The Holy Trinity can be Father, Son and the Holy Ghost). As he held the potshard, it is said that it burst into a flame, water dripping down



his hand. It is said that all that was left from the shard of pottery in his hand was dust (while others say he held a brick). It is because of the specific account that St Spyridon is regarded the patron saint of potters (as well as Corfu).

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This story is just one of many that testify for this pious man's sanctity; some of them date from when the saint was still alive and others began whole centuries after his death.

For example, when the Arabs took Cyprus (648 A.C.), St Spyridon's remains were disinterred with the purpose of taking the sacred bones to Constantinople. However, to their surprise, the Cypriots saw that the relic was intact, and a scent of basil emanated from the grave. They took this as a sign of St Spyridon's sanctity. The relic was taken to Constantinople and when the Turks took the city in 1453, a Corfiot monk called Kaloheraitis took the relic to Corfu and that is where it is still held today, in St Spyridon church.

The Corfiots adore their saint, and that is no surprise, seeing that he has saved their island and its people many times. For example, when a plague swept through the village of Marathias in the 1600s, it is believed that St Spyridon was sighted there and performed a miracle to drive out the plague. There is a big mark like a cross on the ancient walls of the Old Venetian Fortress and, legend has it, that the plague made this mark out of spite for being made to leave the island. The locals know where this mark is and point it out to tourists, although nowadays it's not as clearly visible.



The Old Venetian Fortress in Corfu Town that is said to carry the mark the plague made on its way out of the island...

Another legend related to the plague has it that St Spyridon was sighted in the air dressed as a monk. He was chasing the plague that looked like a cross between a lion and a monkey with bat-like wings. The saint chased her away while beating her with a cross. When they reached the Old Fortress (Capo

Sidero), St Spyridon made the plague scratch the sign of the cross on the wall and swear she'd never return.

This miracle is commemorated on **Palm Sunday**. The church procession stops in Corfu Town on high ground, faces the south towards Marathias and sends a blessing as a thank you to the saint.



This is the side of the fortress that bears the plague's mark...

I asked Gran Antigoni about it the other day; she said the mark is visible on the wall under the cross from the Mouragia side (Mouragia is the picturesque coastal way lined with ancient Venetian buildings that leads to the old port). The other interesting bit Gran said is that the plague killed all but one man in the village of Marathias. In time, he had children with many different women, spreading his name across the village over the generations. She couldn't recall the name but says many people in Marathias still carry this man's surname today.

More annually celebrated miracles of St Spyridon:

During the second siege of Corfu by the Turkish fleet in July 1716, the Turks managed to take over a couple of forts on the island, including the ones in Mandouki and Garitsa. At the time, the island was under Venetian rule and fights between the rulers and the invaders went on for a month while the Corfiots prayed to their saint to save them from the Ottomans.

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Effrosyni Writes
Continued from Page 3

On August 9, a terrible storm (highly unlikely in the Greek midsummer!) destroyed a great part of the Turkish fleet while several Muslims reported that they saw St Spyridon in the form of a monk rush out of his church, a torch in hand, threatening them. This sighting, along with the freak storm in midsummer and the damage to the fleet, caused panic among the Turks. It spread up the ranks and finally resulted in them leaving the island two days later.

This miracle is commemorated annually **on August the 11th**. A grand procession takes place in Corfu town and at night brass bands play music in Spianada square by Liston. All over the island, several varkarola (boat processions) take place too, with fireworks and singing, while the locals treat the visitors to fried sardines in many cases. Paleokastritsa and Petriti are two of the places that annually organize a varkarola.

On another occasion, St Spyridon is said to have saved the island from famine. How? He created a storm that caused three Italian boats filled to the brim with a cargo of wheat to change course and come to Corfu to save themselves. The precious cargo saved the people of Corfu from starvation and everyone knew it was a miracle because the men on board reported they saw a monk in a vision speaking in a booming voice, urging them to drop anchor at Corfu. This miracle is commemorated annually, again around Easter, this one **on Holy Saturday** – perhaps the most greatly sought-after day for a Corfu holiday because of the pot-breaking custom that follows the procession.



And this is where the legends about St Spyridon end.

The following are actual events that happened without a doubt, some in my lifetime, and which were relayed to me. They are well-known all over the island:



The steeple of
 St Spyridon Church
 in Corfu town

- A man was working on the top of the steeple of St Spyridon church once... He lost his balance and fell to the ground but stood back up, unscathed. I've heard this so many times that every time I look at the steeple I can almost see that poor man fall and I cringe
- Corfu airport is situated very near the sea. As the planes approach to land, if you look out the window, it almost feels like you're about to land on water – it's *that* near to the runway. Back in the 80s, this was out in the papers: a plane was having a hard time landing on Corfu airport (weather or technical trouble, cannot remember) and it was so scary and such a near miss that when the passengers landed safely they headed straight to St Spyridon church to light a candle and thank the saint for saving them. It was also reported that when they next opened his casket in the church, they found seaweed inside...

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Effrosyni Writes
Continued from Page 4



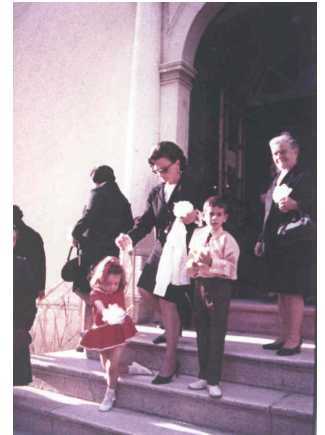
This is the private place in the church where people are periodically allowed to come in and pay their respects to the saint. Most of the time you leave a kiss on the casket, but I've actually kissed his velvet slippers many times too – a rare occasion where the priests actually open the casket and let you get that close to the saint!

- A little girl who couldn't walk was taken to St Spyridon's church to attend Mass. Her parents had brought her from afar, hoping for a miracle. All of a sudden, the girl stood in a trance and began to walk. Her parents were overjoyed and after their excitement had subsided they asked their girl what had happened. She said a monk had come to her in the church and asked her to stand up and walk...
- Back in the 40s, Corfu town was bombarded numerous times by German planes. My grandmother Antigoni was a teenager then, and she and her loved ones ran to St Spyridon church for protection one fateful morning. It was daytime. Gran said to me the Germans used to drop bombs in the day and fire at night... That morning, as the bombs dropped, the church was full. The people were huddled together, terrified, their eyes pinned to the ceiling as they listened to the bombs dropping and exploding. All at once, they saw the ceiling open up, down its whole length. They saw the blue sky for split seconds and then... just like that... the ceiling was restored. The locals still talk about it in Corfu town. My grandmother, at 91, still remembers it vividly as if it were yesterday.



Gran Antigoni (left) and her sister Eleftheria were both present at St Spyridon church that legendary morning. Here we are pictured with the Old Fortress back in the 90s

A photo from the 70s – Gran holding my hand as we exit St Spyridon church. Cousin Lilis (Nathanael) is gracious enough not to laugh at the trouble I'm having!



The Corfiots think of St Spyridon as a living being who walks among them, listening to their troubles, protecting them, providing for them. This is why many jump at the chance to own a tiny piece of his velvet slippers... Periodically, the church replaces the slippers placed at the saint's feet and the fabric of the old ones is fragmented and offered to the people as a 'fylakto' – i.e. a protective charm, if you like. It's the tiniest bit of red velvet inside a paper envelope with a drawing of St Spyridon on it.



The remains of St Spyridon are carried out of the church and taken around town during many religious processions throughout the year. The most famous perhaps is the one on Holy Saturday just before The First Resurrection (of Christ) at midday – a joyful pot-breaking celebration all over Corfu town.

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Effrosyni Writes
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I hope some of you will leave this page feeling a little enchanted today. If this is so, then my work is done. I feel lucky to have experienced this kind of magic all my life and still can't get enough of it. I love St Spyridon with all my heart, and like every Corfiot, I speak his name every day. "Agie Spyridona!" is something I tend to say when surprised, annoyed, amused, but especially when needing comfort.



Gran Antigoni and Granddad Spyros Vassilakis photographed in Mandouki (a picturesque area of Corfu Town near the new port) back in the late 80s

To any of you who have a Spyros or a Spyridoula in your lives, *Chronia Polla!* I'll be lighting a candle for my beloved granddad today.

For me, it's no surprise I wrote about St Spyridon and his miracles via my character Mrs Sofia, in my debut novel, *The Necklace of Goddess Athena*. Below, you will find a short, exclusive excerpt from the book that was originally included when the book was first published but was edited out in the second edition. I thought it was apt to publish it here today for posterity.

I hope you will enjoy it.



Mrs. Sofia's face brightened.

"Spyros? Your christian name is Spyridon? Oh, psyche mou, what a beautiful name you have!" She

appeared through apparitions to cripples and other patients who prayed to him, curing them beyond any logical explanation. She looked into their eyes, saw wonder, and so she carried on, telling them this time about the miracles she'd witnessed herself in the town of Corfu.

She relayed the story of the worker who'd lost his balance while on the steeple of St Spyridon's church. He fell to the ground and stood again, unharmed. Then, she recounted the story of that terrible day during the bombing of the city by enemy planes in the 40's. She and many others had rushed to St Spyridon's church for refuge, praying to him to save their lives, their eyes pinned to the ceiling, brimming over with terror. For one terrible moment, they all saw the roof of the church blow up. They saw the sky, and then, miraculously, the roof closed in again within split seconds. Shocked, they asked each other and, to their amazement, they'd all seen the same thing.

The little boy's mouth was now gaping open, and his mother seemed equally fascinated, her eyes huge and glazed over. Mrs. Sofia had a melodic voice and the unique talent of storytelling. It charmed her listeners and her two new guests couldn't have been an exception.

<https://effrosinimoss.wordpress.com/2018/10/25/yellow-fava-bean-stew-the-greek-way/>

<http://effrosyniwrites.com/2018/10/17/a-glowing-review-of-the-raven-witch-of-corfu-by-author-hilary-whitton-paipeti/>

was ecstatic to hear the boy was named after her protector saint. It was a name that had followed her all her life, like every other inhabitant of Corfu.

Everyone on the island has a bunch of family members called Spyridon or the female equivalent, Spyridoula. As baby names in Greece are carried from grandparents to grandchildren, they're always reminiscent of precious members of one's family, some of them—as in the case of Mrs. Sofia—no longer living. In Athens, the name is not as common, so it was a special treat for her to hear it, and to be able to savor its sound again, so far away from home. She didn't let the chance go wasted. She loved to talk about her beloved saint, and when she offered the boy information about him, both he and his mother stood eagerly to listen. Soon, she was telling them about the two miracles he's mostly revered for on the island: the one where he saved the city from the plague, and the other where he turned his cane into a snake. She told them he still

Letters to the Editor



Message from the Editor:

Welcome Gentle Readers to another bumper Edition. Thank you for continuing to read and increase our readership. It is a joy to produce this little mag.

We have a newie this month. Bruni from Italy gives her own, unique spin on her Corfu summer, which will continue here during your colder, winter months.

Mr. Tickle has released himself to tie you down with his rope tricks.

Our Agiot Reporter did us proud last month, with excellent coverage of the 2nd Corfu Garbage Festival. Which village or Municipality will win the prestigious award?

It only remains for me to wish you all a truly lovely Christmas and New Year, seeing it through the eyes of a child.



Boukari at winter time

Les Woods sent in this.

Spent few hours picking up litter from Ermones beach and Glyfada beach in wonderful autumn sunshine.

Dog enjoyed himself as well.

Ed: - Keep up the good work Les!



'Gyp'

Mel Sperling says;

keep up the good work and please keep me informed of the grand winner of the rubbish awards and take care this was outstanding and truly appreciated amazing thanks.

Ed: All thanks to our Agiot Reporter.

A message from Marie Stille.

Hi Paul,

I found my pictures in the Agiot today, and it looks nice . Bosse and I have produced two posters of the snakes of Corfu, one in English and one in Greek, the latter one translated from English by Ilias Strachinis (Greek herpetologist). We also have written two books on the natural history of Corfu, one on the island's reptiles and amphibians, and one on its dragonflies. The printing of the posters has been financed by us and we sell them at cost (3 Euro each) to anybody interested and give them away for free to schools and other institutions. Both the posters and the books have been made in order to raise awareness and increase knowledge about these different groups of animals and their environment and are, for us, non-profitable projects. We would like to spread information about our work and increase the distribution of our posters to more schools and I wonder if we can write something in Agiot about our projects.

Cheers Marie

Ed: This, I think, will be of interest to many of our readers Marie. Thank you.



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Letters to the Editor - Continued from Page 7

Lennart from Sweden, in reference to the dead palm tree.

Sorry to hear Paul as you say it was like a good friend when passing or sitting in your garden me no like.

Ed: Me no like muchly my dear friend.



Palm in better days

Paul and Jan Scotter messaged, with cryptic reference to their very successful Guy Fawkes party on the 5th.

Good Morning, In true Phoenix style Nitsa has risen, could be the second coming !! as sweeping of the platea is back to normal.....please thank Lula for lending us her mum.....thanks for your support, and see you both soon, Love Jan and Paul P.S. good articles re all the waste...and potential.

Anne Mann on November 10, 2018 at 4:07 am

Hi Paul and family our new email is..... we were hacked hope to hear from you soon I loved your newsletter!

Ed: Always great to hear that a little bit of Canada receives our news Anne!

Lucy Steele mailed.

Just got home after 11hours on the go!! Needless to say, I am 'rather tired' and in desperate need of some 'medication'. The poem was lovely and well appreciated, thanks friend. Look forward to catching up with you soon. All.geared up for Sunday -Remembrance Day - so hope it doesn't rain. Lol Lucy xxx

Ed: You are always welcome Lucy.

Ian Smith mailed to us.

Paul, thanks for including the article about Liapades. It's quite a newsletter, thanks. Ian

Ed: It always gives me a quick buzz when we get a new reader Ian. Especially one who takes the trouble to write in.

Village and Island News



'Christmas is coming'

Winter is poking through at last. It has been a long time coming. True, we have had some rain but, it is always chased quickly away by a brave sun. Temperatures have been high. The plateia has often stood empty in bright sunshine, wondering where its visitors have vanished to. Now, traversing the lanes near Sinarades one day, the sky is saying, 'this is your first winter day humans.' A sad cloak of clouds over green fields. Dawn walking with the dogs in the grey still.



Some bright coloured olive nets in the olive groves this year

Peter Hardiman <



Our street rush hour >

*Village and Island News
Continued from Page 8*



*Can you spot
the cat
<*



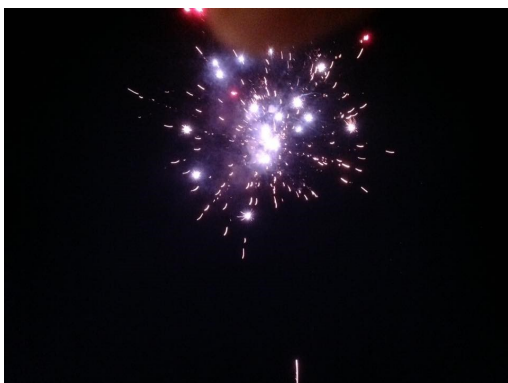
*Pale Moon
Setting
>*



*Cloud
companions
<*

This is the season we get to walk on deserted beaches; for the first lighting of the stove, for cosy family meals around a full table. The dogs relish the cooler days for their walks, splashing through muddy puddles and waking half the village with their dawn halloos.

What better way to kick-start this season than to be invited to a Guy Fawkes evening at the home of Jan and Paul. A huge bonfire, a Guy who looked alarmingly like my mother-in-law, fireworks which would do credit to a professional effort and, as much pork pie and mushy peas as you could get down, served by the hosts.



We are in semi-hibernation at this time, attending to some of the home-jobs severely neglected during a full-on summer. Also, there is office admin work to bring up to date. This self-imposed regime is better described by friend Hilary, as Novfice.

Granddaughter time is the first thing pencilled in every week. Had some fun at the old fort. Here ensued a lengthy game of hide and seek [the fort is an excellent venue for such japes], instigated by our little boss, which played out through the entrance tunnel, through a passageway, up a flight of steps-and back again. It is still in full swing across the canal bridge, into the little ‘Durrell’ park, and thus to the swings and roundabouts.

Only here does it stop, so Danae can befriend two older girls, sisters, who are watched over by their Dad, while their mum chain-smokes from a bench nearby. One little girl, Anna-Marie, is swiftly groomed by Danae. Their circuits of the various amusements are seemingly endless. They are having so much fun I’m saying to Lula later, ‘I felt so very happy today.’

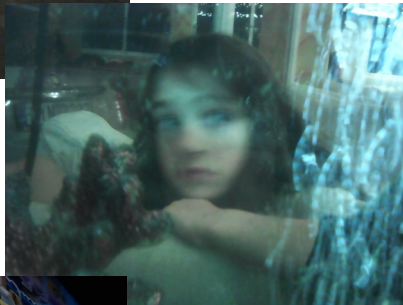
Like all Grandparents do, we got to return her tonight before exhaustion set in. She didn’t really want to go.

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Village and Island News
Continued from Page 9



Silvaland riders
<



Girl
underwater
>



Parathymoupoli
<



Now



Then



Now



Then

A few days later we were at Silvaland in the Kombitsi woods with her and, her friend Melina. I highly recommend this place to families for horse-riding and other activities. The ladies there are relaxed, professional and friendly. Afterwards, we visit Parathymoupoli at Kontokali, a haven for kids.

Peter is back from a successful Tourism Exhibition at the [ExCeL Exhibition Centre](#), dominating the north quay of the Royal Victoria Docks, London. It tugs a bit at my nostalgia strings, as I had been here several times sixty years ago with my Dad, who worked on this Shell Mex river tanker of the period. This boat, I can still smell the heat from its engine room and hear the throb of pistons, was built in 1921 [my Dad's birth year] and broken up at Grays [where I was born].

There is a rumour going around-I cannot reveal here the source of said rumour-that I have been molesting and tampering with some artificial owls, residing in a tree next to a certain villa in the valley. This I refute totally. I know who the culprit is but...my lips are sealed and may only be parted by a Christmas noggin.



Murderers



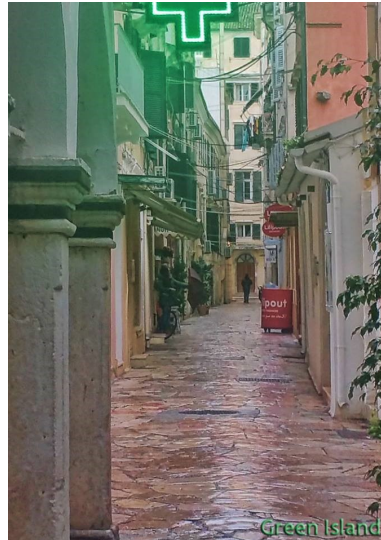
M.I.L. under pressure

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Village and Island News - Continued from Page 10



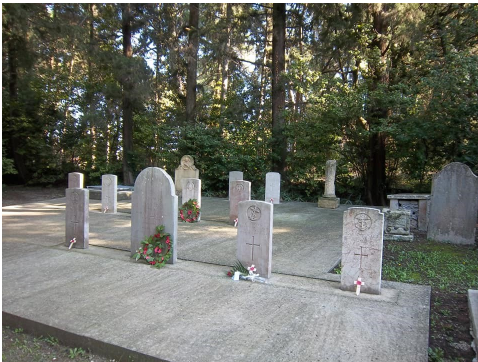
Birds of a feather



A pharmacy is never far away



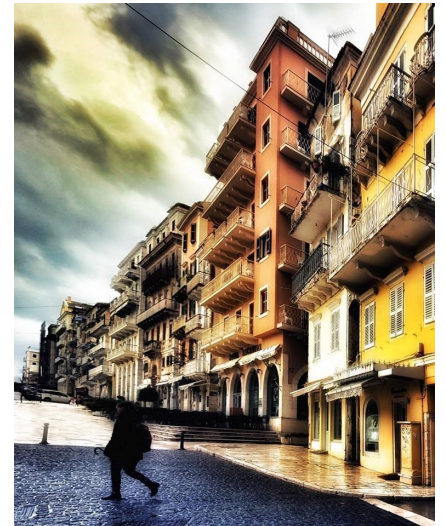
Aleka with her babies



Courtesy of Peter Remington



Horses in the mist Teal Jacks



Courtesy of Martyn Clark



Dream sleep yachts Gouvia



Fort Arapaho Agios Ioannis



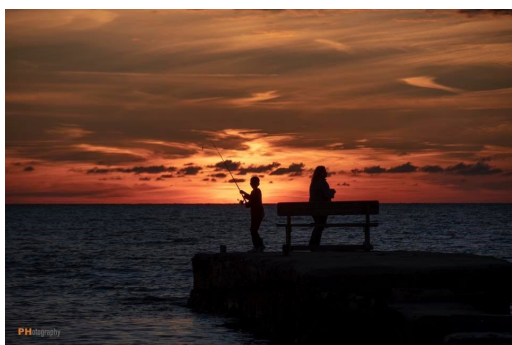
Liston - courtesy of Bev Boughtwood



Peaceful Afionis

Beach Rats

Contributed by Lili Gabbiano



DAY 1
MARCH 24

“Ohhhhhhhhh”, he said. For the first time this year he puts his feet in the water. The first real Spring days are here. Everything is exploding in any imaginary color.

Bang, bang...out of the holes.

Bang, bang...put the face in the sun.

Blub, puff...opening sounds.

Proudly showIng off,

Colors and smells.

The snakes couldn't wait either.
Lined up, stone after stone. All sections occupied.
All overbooked.
Recharging batteries and getting back to life,
Hunt and exploration.

We do not like snakes...I mean it's better to stay away.
Avoid them, just observe from far.

Leave them to occupy the best sunny spots and
Change direction when seen.

On the beach we are safe, usually, and that's where we
live, and breathe.

From now, until the end,
When the sun shines less and hides its temperature
Behind the winter curtains.

Let the summer begin.



Saturday Walks

Saturday, 8 December: DAFNATA - STAVROS: The 'Vouno' and Pantokrator Church (2 hours ***). Meet at Kostas Bar, Dafnata, by the viewpoint, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Areti's Place, Agii Deka Village.

NOTE: Among the best views in Corfu, and defo the best mountain footpath.

Saturday, 15 December: PELEKAS: Corfu Trail to Sinarades, inland return (2 1/2 hours **). Meet at Pelekas, on the final bend, by the small dark red mansion, 10.15 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Archontariki, Sinarades.

NOTE: This walk shall be amended if rainfall has been heavy, due to a ford crossing.

Saturday, 22 December: SOKRAKI: The Corfu Trail and Sokraki Village Ways (2 3/4 hours ***). Meet at Sokraki Villas, at the very top of the 25-hairpin bends from Ano Korakiana, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch may be at Sokraki Villas, but only with a decent number of people.

NOTE: We've only done this walk once before so it will be new to many people.

Saturday, 29 December: STAVROS: Woodland Ways (2 hours ***). Meet at Coyevinas, the junction for Stavros 2 kms after Agii Deka, 10.15 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Areti's Place, Agii Deka Village.

NOTE: The walk where you think you will meet Oberon and Titania!

Saturday, 5 January: LIAPADES: The Olive Way (** 2 1/2 hours). Meet in Liapades Square, 10.00 for 10.30 start (please park on the village road, not in the square). Lunch at Elizabeth's, Doukades.

NOTE: A perennial favourite to walk off your partying!



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

As we grow older
our Christmas list gets
smaller and we find out
that the things we
really want can't
be bought.



facebook.com/PrinceEa

In Victorian England, poverty and low pay were NOT caused by immigrants or membership of the EU.



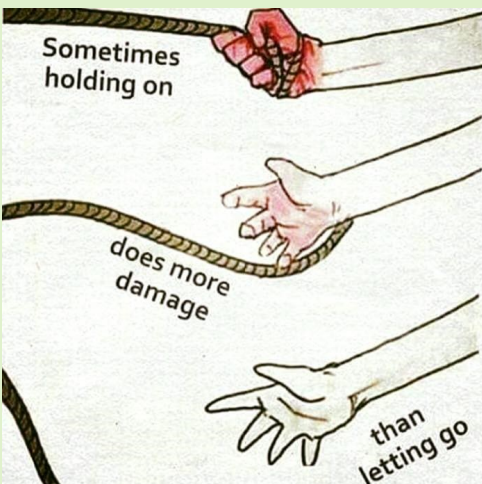
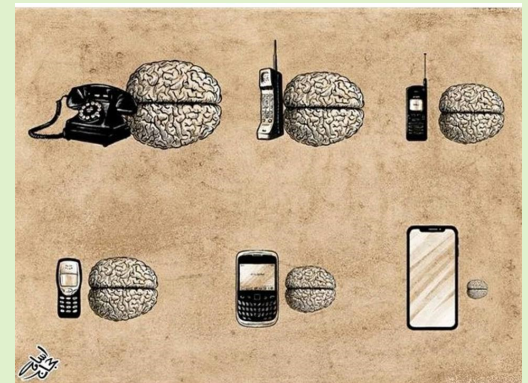
It was caused by LACK OF EMPATHY for others. And greed.



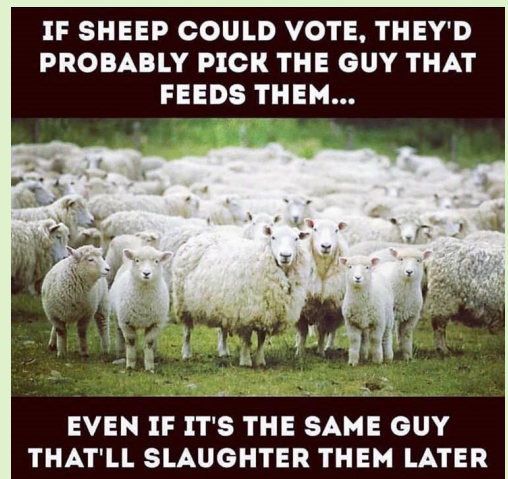
PLEASE BE VERY CAREFUL WITH YOUR WISHES!!!!
40 YEARS OF MARRIAGE..... A married couple in their early 60s was celebrating their 40th wedding anniversary in a quiet and romantic little restaurant. Suddenly a tiny yet beautiful fairy appeared on their table. She said, 'For being such an exemplary married couple and for being loving to each other for all this time, I will grant you each a wish.' The wife answered, 'Oh, I want to travel around the world with my darling husband'. The fairy waved her magic wand and - poof! - two tickets for the Queen Mary II appeared in her hands. The husband thought for a moment: 'Well, this is all very romantic, but an opportunity like this will never come again. I'm sorry my love, but my wish is to have a wife 30 years younger than me'. The wife, and the fairy, were deeply disappointed, but a wish is a wish. So the fairy waved her magic wand and poof!...the husband became 92 years old. The moral of this story: Men who are ungrateful bastards should remember fairies are female..... SEND THIS TO A WOMAN WHO NEEDS A GOOD LAUGH . AND TO ANY MAN WHO CAN HANDLE IT



Last night my wife sent me a text, saying she was in casualty. When I got home I watched all 50 minutes of it.....never saw her once. She still hasn't come home yet. I'm starving! :(



At the end of the day what really matters is that your loved ones are well, you've done your best and that you're thankful for all you have.



DID YOU KNOW?
From 1850 to 1937, cannabis was used as the prime medicine for more than 100 separate illnesses or diseases in U.S. Pharmacopoeia.



Nick The Clock's World

Continued from Page 13

Snow in November happens because people prematurely decorate for Christmas.

I saw a guy at Starbucks today. No iPhone, no tablet, no laptop.

He just sat there. Drinking Coffee.

Like a Psychopath.

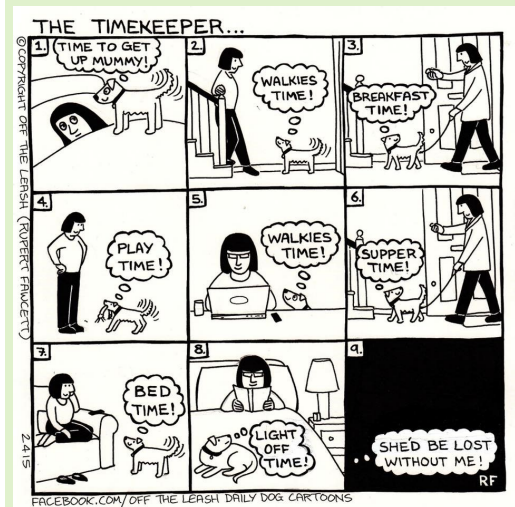
did you know?

Dogs get high when you rub their ears real good. They have a branch of nerves in their ears that extend to their internal organs and release endorphins when you rub them, sending relaxing impulses through their bodies and giving them a natural high.



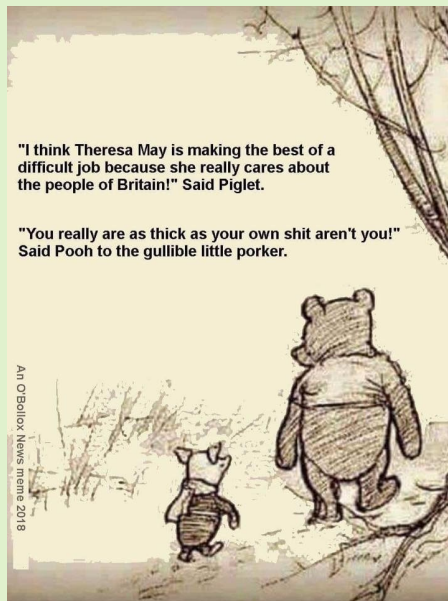
PHOTO: SOOPNEST.COM

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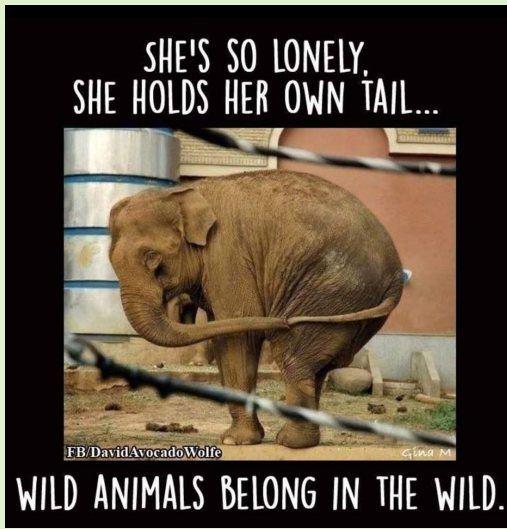


Healing Herbs

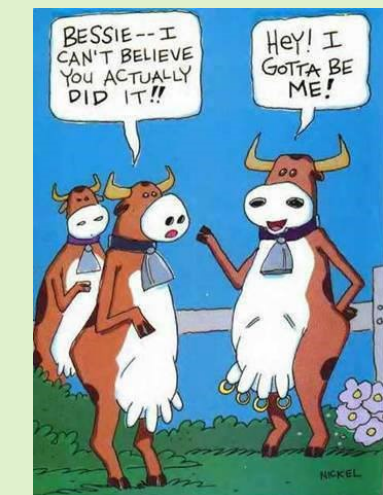
Parsley Fresh breath Antioxidant Vitamins K CA Digestive aid	Chives Mild diuretic Antibacterial Bug repellent	Rosemary Hair growth Anti stress Improves memory	Mint Digestive aid Headache relief Nausea relief
Fennel Bloating relief Heartburn relief Eye health Lowers blood pressure	Thyme Mood booster Sore throat relief Vitamins A & C	Basil Pain relief Immune booster Blood vessel health Antioxidant	Bay leaf Improves insulin function Minimises candida Treats dandruff Antioxidant



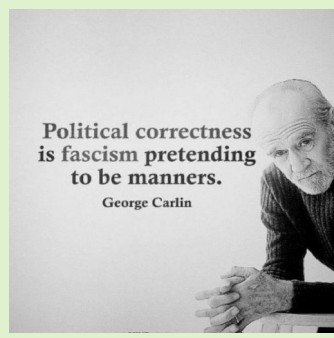
An O'Reilly News meme 2018



**I REMEMBER WANTING TO GROW UP AND HAVE A JOB...
SO YES I'VE ALWAYS BEEN AN IDIOT..**



Dirty Crude Jokes 21+
I am addicted to drinking brake fluid but I can stop whenever I want.



That's' All Folks !

Hilary's Ramblings Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

Central heating causes forest fires (just not in the way you think)

WITH HIS USUAL AUTISTIC-LEVEL LACK OF EMPATHY, Donald Trump blamed poor forestry practices for last month's devastating California wildfires. Slamming him for his insensitivity, the Leftish media pointed the finger (inevitably) at Global Warming (PLEASE! Why don't they just call it 'lack of rain', aka 'drought'?).

Forest fires have multiple causes, especially when they result in the degree of property damage wrought by these fires. Like when houses flood when they are built on a flood plain (who would have THOUGHT it!), buildings burn down when constructed close to flammable forests.

Yes, it's lovely to live in woodland, but unfortunate consequences do materialise from time to time.



Do you hear much about a forest fire when it only burns trees, and does not threaten property? Amid the horror reports from California, what most folk don't realise is that fires are part of the natural process of forest growth, and have always been, before we started building our homes amongst the trees. Many species are dependent on fires for regeneration; the blaze breaks open hard seed casings, releasing the seeds to germinate. Also, old growth needs to be at least partially eliminated if light-seeking saplings are to develop into mature trees. Fire achieves this - but it is better to implement controlled burning than to wait for nature to take its course, as it seems the Californian foresters have done.

Often, measures to manage an ecosystem are not applied because of misjudged attempts to save some species that has been labeled 'endangered'. Vital dredging of rivers in the Somerset Levels was not undertaken due to a directive to 'save' an obscure mollusc, resulting a few years ago in the ruination of homes. One forest (not connected with the recent fires) was left to nature so as to preserve the habitat of a rare owl, with the inevitable result that the unmanaged forest conflagrated, and the owls lost their trees anyway.

Managed forests have to be cleared. Failure to set small, controlled fires results, somewhere down the line, in a holocaust.

Up until the modern age, humans dealt with woodland in a spontaneous, sustainable way. Natural woodland - and coppices where this was lacking - supplied fuel for cooking and heating. This applied even recently: when the coal strikes of the 70s disrupted our provisions, we were sent out into the surrounding countryside with instructions to come back with an armful of sticks. Dog-walking was renamed 'sticking'. Even today, people with wood burners can help manage patches of forest by gathering fallen boughs, and cutting back old growth, to use for their hungry fire. I did just this during a recent cold spell.

In the day before power arrived at their village, and even afterwards when most cooking was still done on a fire of sticks, my mother-in-law and fellow village women, whilst picking olives for a daily wage, would receive consent from the landowner to spend their lunch break gathering firewood, thus doing the job of keeping his land clear of dead wood - and they would think HE was granting THEM a favour!

If the burnt-out communities that lived amongst forest had possessed wood stoves, along with the need and will to gather their own fuel, those fires, without uncleared growth to feed on, may not have developed into uncontrollable blazes, as they did.

And that's why easy-peasy turn-of-a-switch central heating, foments forest fires.

Forecast Fail

ON SATURDAY 17 NOVEMBER, when we should have been walking at Stavros, the gods of pleasant Saturday mornings were at work, bestowing intermittent sunshine. Unfortunately, I chose instead to worship at the shrine of Accuweather.

Thank you, Accuweather, for getting things so, so, so wrong. Where was the 'flooding' you threatened?

Thank you, Accuweather, for making me cancel my favourite walk the previous evening. Thank you for denying me the liver lunch I had looked forward to all week. Indeed, thank you for spoiling my favourite day of all the week, and many other folks' as well! Thank you for the time I spent on my own instead of in company with good friends. If they could speak, I am sure the dogs would join in thanking you for depriving them of a walk away from their usual boring home territory. So much to thank Accuweather for!

Above all, thank you, Accuweather, for completely ruining my weekend.

Continued on Page 16

Hilary's Ramblings
Continued from Page 15

I have decided to trust to instinct (and to the Saturday Sunshine

gods) rather than to the vagaries of computer-generated forecasts. So, I am not cancelling any more walks on the basis of what a website says the evening before. If by early Saturday there is some doubt, I shall, by about 8am, head down to the local cafe and send an email to call off the walk. So, check your account: if there is no message, the walk is on (obviously, if it is chucking it down, no walk).

Those not on my mailing list will just have to take their chances. If you wish to receive notifications about the walks and other matters, please email me on hilary.paipeti@gmail.com and ask to be put on the list.

See the dedicated column for the December walks programme.

Sc-ramblings: Peasant Style

IT IS ONLY IN HINDSIGHT THAT I REALISE that I was privileged to experience what most northern Europeans, with their modern kitchens and supermarket culture, do not - authentic peasant cuisine with a lineage dating back to Medieval times. Even though many of the meals were pretty hideous.

Where do you think soup derives from? Yes, even those veloutés and complex stock-based soups of the swanky chefs are simply posh descendants of primitive one-pot meals cooked over an open fire of peasant tradition.

Until recently (1980s) village folk did not have an oven (except for the traditional bread ovens used for the weekly bread bake, but with the spread of village-shop bakeries these had by that time gone out of use). By then most families had a double gas-burner fuelled from a bottle, and perhaps a rather inconvenient plug-in 'oven' for Sundays.

But village households mostly still cooked on a twig fire; in my family's case inside a large fireplace in the corner of the storeroom on the other side of the alleyway. Handy it was not.

The fire was usually lit mid-morning, and a huge blackened pot was placed on a trivet over the flames. In the pot went whatever was conveniently kept in the storeroom, and stuff that had been carried in from the gardens (a few miles distant) the previous day - in winter cabbage and cauliflower, plus wild-gathered greens, in summer LOTS and LOTS of courgettes. Plus, potatoes and more potatoes, the family staple and filler (although as far as I know they had no Irish ancestry), potatoes went in nearly everything, even pasta. That was because the family was just emerging from a self-sufficient lifestyle

that potatoes, easy to store and filling, had always played a large part in - see last month).

Once the 'soup' was cooked (no al-dente rubbish here), it was taken off the fire and left to sit until lunchtime, which might be hours away. Sometimes the embers of the twigs were used to grill a few sardines, which even when placed in a 'tupper' and left to cool were tasty (unlike the family's infamous favourite: congealed squid).

At the table, our meal might consist of a wide flat bowl containing a few potatoes, halved or quartered according to size, a wedge of cabbage, a chunk of cauli or some wild greens, topped to the brim with the boiling liquid. Then we would add olive oil and lemon juice to our own taste. The 'soup' was warm if we were lucky, the vegetables more than soft, but it was authentic, the survivor of a tradition passed down from infinite generations, from the first humans who had managed to control fire and to cast a pot that would survive the heat.

The 'soup' was accompanied by lots of bread and feta cheese; bread as ballast and mop, and feta because in the past, when the villagers had sheep and made it themselves, it was the only protein on the table (feta was kept in heavy brine so did not go off). Pa-in-law used to tip a glass of (home-made) wine into the last juices, and revoltingly pick up the bowl to drain it straight into his mouth. But French peasants of that generation would do the same, so who are we to criticise.

This of course was not our meal every day of the week. 'Soups' made of various pulses (lentils, beans and chick peas - more stew than soup) also featured heavily, fassoulada, the great Bean Soup of Greece being something to anticipate with pleasure. Pasta figured at least once a week, one of the three dishes in a repertoire that two months ago I named the 'Unholy Trinity'. I quote: 'The 'bolonez' was not so bad, though it did not have the subtle flavour nor the slow-cooked tenderness of genuine 'Sauce Bolognese'. The 'tomato paste' sauce was just flavoured-with-a-heavy-hand olive oil. But the horror was to come when I discovered that the 'butter' of 'Spaghetti me Voutiro' (and rather a lot of it went on the pasta) was actually cheap margarine.'



Continued on Page 17

Hilary's Ramblings
Continued from Page 16

Then there was often a dish of potatoes stewed in olive oil and tomato paste which was quite tasty, and which sometimes was a base for the addition of some squid (see last month), or some meat or chicken if you were lucky.

Summer lunches featured a different set of vegetables, mostly my in-laws' beloved courgettes (remarkably, I still love these). Usually courgettes meant a treat, because the fave way to serve them was with skordalia, the marvellous sauce made with potatoes, olive oil and lemon juice, and so much garlic your tongue stings. (Skordalia was sometimes served with wild greens in winter, so wonderful it is still my go-to recipe for horta.) Spring saw the more-than-delicious casserole of artichokes, potatoes and peas (sometimes broad beans as well), flavoured with garlic, dill, lemon juice and lots of olive oil.

Sundays reminded one rather of that late-60s Moody Blues song, specifically the lines 'Sunday Roast, something good to eat: Must be lamb today 'cause beef was last week.' Must be Pastitsada today 'cause roast chicken was last week. Pastitsada, a limp version of which is passed off for the real thing in tourist tavernas, is the great Sunday and Festival dish of Corfu. It differs from a normal beef stew by the addition of extra spices, including a touch of hot pepper. Every household has its own recipe so I shall not even try to name the spices. Lots of tomato paste goes in (passata nowadays) and

generous quantities of olive oil. The copious sauce is poured over pasta (bucatini is best; spaghetti gets too soft when left to sit in the sauce). Sometimes (and always in my in-law's household), the pasta is served first, while the meat waits as a second course. In past times, the pasta would fill empty stomachs so that the helpings of expensive meat could be kept small, similar to the old role of Yorkshire Pudding before Roast Beef. Now, the meat tends to be served on top of the pasta.

My family's special touch, though, involved their adored potatoes, without which they could hardly get through the day. They put the potatoes, whole, in with the meat stew, to be served as part of the second course, permeated to their centres with the delicious sauce.

Unfortunately, not a single local person I have talked to thinks this is normal or correct. But, hey! it was GOOD!

In case you haven't gathered, lunch was the main meal of the day. In the evening you were expected to fend for yourself, or accept a plate of cheese and olives, or maybe some leftovers from lunchtime - remember the congealed squid I described last month? And if the household was feeling flush or wished to impress, a tin of Spam might adorn the table.

It really doesn't sound that bad, does it? Wait 'til you see next month's gourmet offerings, though!

Next time: Recipes from the village kitchen - Oh dear!

Pine Leaves



The Agiot's contributor, Richard Pine, has been named 'Critic of the Year' in the Irish

Journalism Awards, open to anyone publishing in Irish newspapers.

The citation went: 'The winner of this year's award is someone with great erudition and fine judgement; a critic whose elegant style is always a pleasure to read, whether the subject is Flann O'Brien, the Irish Constitution or the vagaries of human nature. Ladies and gentlemen, the 2018 Critic of the Year is... Richard Pine.'

Mr Pine, who lives permanently in North Corfu, gained the award for his book reviews in the Irish edition of the Sunday Times. He also writes a monthly 'Letter from Greece' in the Irish Times, pens a column in Kathimerini (Athens), and contributes obituaries to the Guardian.

Richard Pine links Lawrence Durrell's 'Islomania' with disputes between Greece and Turkey over the Dodecanese island of Kastellizo.

(Kathimerini)

<http://www.ekathimerini.com/234962/opinion/ekathimerini/comment/the-contemporary-appeal-of-islands>

Richard Pine examines the difficulties faced by Greeks - and by the Greek government - under ongoing austerity measures. (Irish Times)

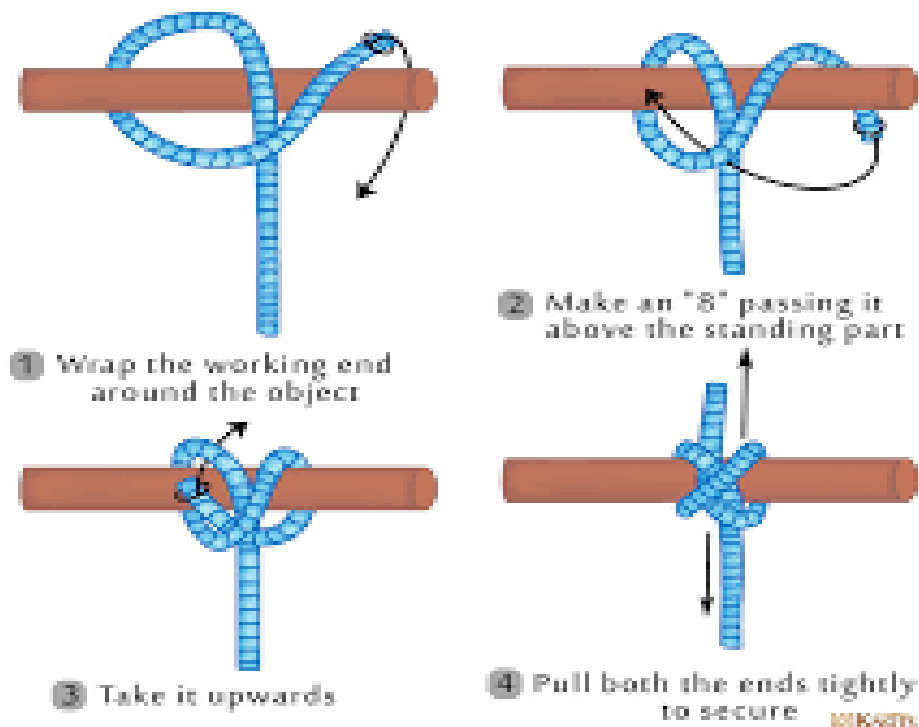
<https://www.irishtimes.com/news/world/europe/austerity-has-left-greeks-so-poor-that-recovery-is-a-distant-dream-1.3687211>

Tickle Ties the knot

In the continuing series of useful knots and how to tie them, this month is one that's useful when putting the rubbish out or finishing off a bit of surgery!!!

The Constrictor Knot

Tying a Constrictor Knot



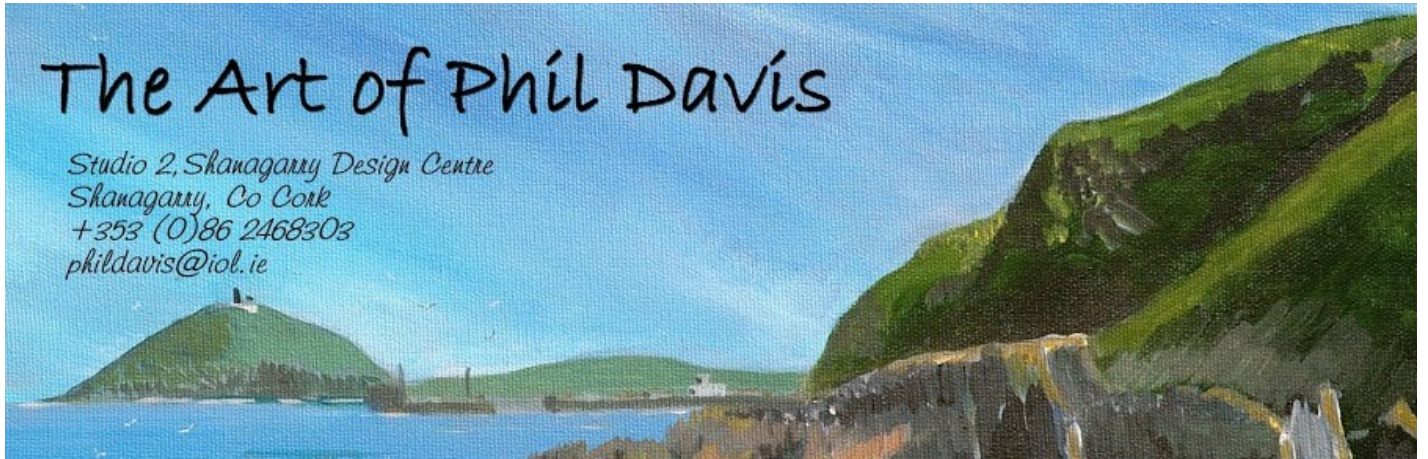
What is a constrictor used for...?

The constrictor knot is appropriate for situations where secure temporary or semi-permanent binding is needed. It is especially effective, as the binding force is concentrated over a smaller area. When tying over soft material such as the neck of a bag, hard stiff cord is more effective. When tying over hard surfaces, soft stretchy line is preferred. The constrictor knot's severe bite (which makes it so effective) can damage or disfigure items it is tied around.

Constrictor knots can be used for temporarily binding the fibres of a rope (or strand ends) together while splicing, or when cutting to length and before properly whipping the ends. Constrictor knots can also be quite effective as improvised cable ties, the knot has also been recommended as a surgical knot for ligatures in human and veterinary surgery, where it has been shown to be far superior to any of the knots commonly used for ligation

The Art of Phil Davis

Studio 2, Shanagarry Design Centre
Shanagarry, Co Cork
+353 (0)86 2468303
phildavis@iol.ie



I'm back working with coloured pencils on my Birds of Ireland series, only about 400 left to do. Lol

Here's a work in progress, "Song Thrush" using coloured pencils on Bristol board.

<https://theartofphildavis.blogspot.com/>



Simon's World

Aristeidis Metallinos – Part 2

In 2013 I got this reply from Jim Potts, author of a recent book about the Ionian Islands, husband of the Corfiot novelist Maria Strani-Potts, to whom I'd sent a DVD containing 250 thumbnail images of the work of Aristeidis Metallinos
Αριστείδης
Μεταλλίνος.

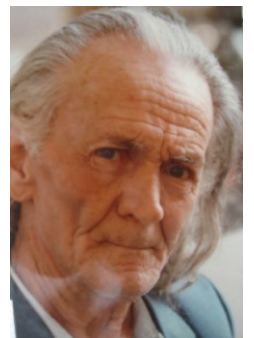


Dear Simon. Just watched the images on our TV screen with Maria. We both think they are brilliant. Maria did not find them at all 'naughty' or controversial (it's in the eyes of the beholder) ... He could eventually become recognised as a major figure ... At some point professional

photos would need to be taken of individual works with top quality studio lighting. But it's wonderful to see all the works, the DVD does the job remarkably well. Thanks again. Jim.

face of the man

>



The self-taught sculptor, Aristeidis Metallinos, lived and worked in Ano Korakiana, Corfu, from 1908 to 1987. Arriving in the village twenty years after the artist's death, Linda and I, desired to know 'our' village as thoroughly as respectful outsiders could. Among Ano Korakiana's many riches – its 36 churches, its domestic architecture, its poets, painters, musicians, its orchestra, and its panorama of woods, sea and mountains - the late artist's home in the centre of the village attracted our curiosity. I believe it was the discretion and sincerity with which we followed that attraction, that brought Linda and I to the attention of Aristeidis Metallinos' family.

Continued on Page 20

Simon's World - Continued from Page 19

One weekend, with great courtesy, we were invited to coffee and cakes in the artist's house, where we were taken to see the rooms where his collected works are lovingly displayed. That first exciting visit led to more. It was an unpredictable and privileged way for *xenos* to sit at the hearth of a Corfiot family. With her father's approval, the artist's grand-daughter, Angeliki, Linda and I, drew up a draft catalogue of all Aristeidis Metallinos' work - listing dates, dimensions, whether statue or frieze, in stone or marble, adding the artist's inscriptions, in Greek and translation. With family guidance I wrote an encyclopaedia entry for the artist that was accepted by both English and Greek Wikipedia.

All of us realised that an actual display of the artist's work would present difficulties. The artist had willed that his works stay together and be part of his village's enduring history. Over several busy meals of coffee and cake we agreed to create a 'virtual' museum.



One of our meetings with the AM family in the artist's home

Tassos, the artist's grandson bought the domain name for a website to be 'an online repository of works by the talented but little-known Greek cultpor Aristeidis Metallinos'. <http://www.aristeidismetallinos.org/> The site, still in draft, is now public. It contains a short biography, an audio of an account of the sculptor's work, while Aristeidis Metallinos was still alive, on RADIOFONIKH EKPOMPH VIVIS TRYFONA. Also, to be read on the site, in Greek, is an article by Professor Eurydice Antzoulatou-Retsila 'Corfiot themes in the craft of the laic sculptor Aristeidi Metallinou'. The site is administered, in consultation with the family, by our son, Richard, who has uploaded a sample of his photos of the artist's work. The site has helped share the village artist's work with a wider audience.



Lin and Angeliki working on the catalogue of the artist's works

'Humankind cannot stand much reality' said the much-quoted poet. To have one man's version of your reality carved in enduring stone and marble is likely, especially in a village, to end sadly - at least for a while. Now and then we read the epitaph on Aristeidis Metallinos' grave in the centre of the churchyard of Ag. Paraskevi, a walk below the village - its last line nearly obscured by time and lichen <Κι αν απ'τον τόποσου έφυγες λιγάκι πικραμένος ας ειν'το χώμα ελαφρύ που είσαι σκεπασμένος> 'And should you leave this mortal coil a little bitter, let the soil which covers you be light.'

We came to beloved Greece too late to encounter this village genius. I'd like to think that the friendship between us and his family, and the work we've done together, has eased the memory of all that might have made him a 'little bitter' <Λιγάκι πικραμένος>

SB 20/11/2018 [Many thanks to Maria Strani-Potts and Lula McGovern for Greek-English translation] 686 words

<http://www.aristeidismetallinos.org/product-details/marble-relief-artist-at-work-1984/>

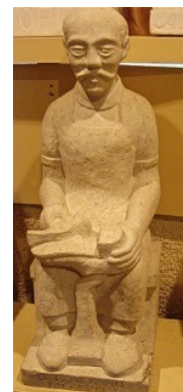
Ed: Simon, your hearts will give this talented man the best chance for the immortality his pain and talent deserves.



'No face'



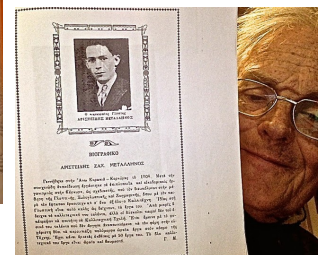
frieze



Village cobbler (AM was among other skills a shoemaker)



Priests re-enacting the myth of Procrustes



young man aristeidis

Corfu Trail Properties & OCA Y Property

A Chance For Agrotourism

Near Ermones, West Corfu

<http://www.ocaypropertycorfu.com/corfutrailproperties/>

Very large concrete skeleton for completion and development.

- Many different configurations possible, combining residential with rental income.
- Potential for agrotourism activities and golfing holidays.
- Peaceful country location, near beach, tavernas, on bus route.
- 25 minutes to Corfu Town, airport.
- Large plot with own water close to the Corfu Trail.

Located on a very quiet country lane carrying mainly local traffic, this property comprises a vast concrete skeleton, to be finished according to a new owner's requirements, with a number of options possible (see below). The outlook is rural, with unobstructed views southwards over fields.

Although secluded, the property is just a few minutes by car (about 20 minutes on foot) to Ermones Beach, one of the west coast's famous strands, yet one much less commercialised and more friendly than Glyfada and Agios Gordis. It is an equivalent distance to the island's only golf course. Ten tavernas, most open all year round, are a short drive away (many less than five minutes), and three well-supplied village shops are similarly close. A bus route to Corfu Town, every two hours until mid-afternoon, passes the gate. The Corfu Trail follows the valley 500 metres from the property, and innumerable hikes can be enjoyed, both by way of the Trail and along paths and tracks over the mountain and through woodland and fields. The surrounding countryside boasts rich plant life, both natural and cultivated, and amazing displays of wild flowers in springtime. Among the cultivated plants are walnuts, figs and olives, and extensive vineyards grow nearby. The building is set in a flat plot of around 2,600 sq.m., part cultivated at present and with its own well for watering.

The floorspace of the construction totals 400 sq.m., 200 sq.m. on each floor. It is laid out as if on three sides of a rectangle, with the long side facing south. The northern aspect, which faces a belt of deciduous trees, is closed in on three sides by the construction, forming a large part-enclosed courtyard for shade on hot summer days.

Originally intended to contain rental units, the building comprises five discrete sections that could be put to use in various ways (floor sizes are approximate):

As three attached two-floor houses (2 x 140 sq.m., 1 x 100 sq.m.).

As four attached two-floor houses (1 x 80 sq.m., 1 x 60 sq.m., 1 x 140 sq.m., 1 x 100 sq.m.).

As a house of 80 sq.m., plus six 2-floor maisonettes of between 45 sq.m. and 55 sq.m.

As a house of 140 sq.m., plus five 2-floor maisonettes of between 45 sq.m. and 55 sq.m.

As a house of 140 sq.m., plus two one-floor apartments of 70 sq.m., and two maisonettes of 55 sq.m.

These are just a few examples of the possibilities, depending on whether the new owner requires it for purely residential purposes (it would house three or four couples or families in comfort), as a source of rental income from holidaymakers or permanent residents, or for living in whilst renting out the remaining units. It would be suitable for group vacations such as alternative activities, golfing parties and agrotourism pursuits, as well as accommodating, in the shoulder season and possibly winter, walkers on the Corfu Trail.

All in all, the property offers a blank screen onto which a new owner can project a dream lifestyle.

Price: 150,000 euros



Corfu definitely punches above its weight in many areas.

It is as if the magical beauty of the island demands performance from its citizens.

Here are five excellent photographers on display. Believe me, there are many others, some often regularly featured in this Newsletter.

Nature

Our thanks to:

Ralf Frank

Giannhs Gasteratos

Peter Hardiman

Kostas Maznakis

Dick Mulder

Courtesy of Giannhs Gasteratos



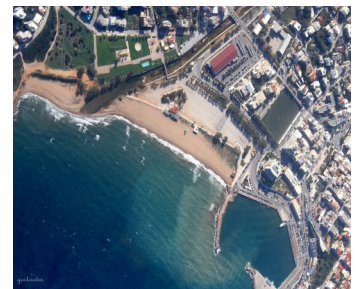
1. Αλικές Λεγκίμμης.
Alikes Lefkimmis



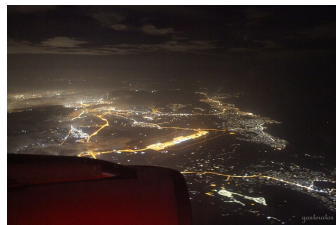
2. Βλέποντας την καταιγίδα από τα 9500μ.
Enjoying the storm from 9500m altitude. — in [Paxoi](#)



3. Λεγκίμμη.
Lefkimmi.



4. Ραφήνα.
Rafina.



5. Σπάτα by night.
Spata by night. — at [Ελ. Βενιζέλος, Αεροδρόμιο, Σπάτα](#).



6. Κορωνησία.
Koronisia. — at [Αμβρακικός Κολπος](#).



7. Πάρνηθα.
Pamitha. — at [Παρνηθα](#).



9. Βλέποντας την καταιγίδα από τα 9500μ.
Enjoying the storm from 9500m altitude. — in [Paxoi](#).



8. Πέραμα.
Perama.



10. Παρνασσός.
Parnassos. — at [Παρνασσος](#).



11. Ροδιά, Πρέβεζα, Άκτιο, Λευκάδα.
Rodia, Preveza, Aktio, Lefkada. — at [Αμβρακικός Κολπος](#).



12. Αμμουδιά.
Ammoudia. — in [Ammoudia, Preveza, Greece](#).

Nature - Continued from Page 22

Photos courtesy of Peter Hardiman



The first Goldfinches (Carduelis carduelis), seen for ages

Photos courtesy of Kostas Maznakis



Red Admiral (*Vanessa atalanta*), Acharavi.



Blue-throated keeled lizard (*Algyroides nigropunctatus*)
Κερκυραϊκή σαύρα
Acharavi.



Κοκκινολαίμης, European robin (*Erithacus rubecula*), Acharavi.



Starred Agama only in town Dick Mulder
courtesy Gill Dick

<

Aunty Lula's Love-bites



ALMOND BISCUITS

Here for the Festive Season try these Almond Biscuits!

These are light biscuits with a surprise almond filling and orange-scented sugar. They'll keep for up to a week in an air-tight container, or freeze for up to two months.

INGREDIENTS:

- 75g unsalted butter [chilled and cut into pieces].
- 115g self-raising flour.
- 75g ground almonds.
- 100g caster sugr.
- 50g marzipan, cut into 20 cubes.
- 2 oranges.
- 50g icing sugar.

GO:-

One Put the butter in a food processor with the flour and almonds. Whizz to fine breadcrumbs. Add half the caster sugar; whizz until the mixture starts to cling together, then work lightly into a ball with your hands.

Two Thinly roll out half of the dough between two pieces of plastic film on a lightly floured surface. Use a 6cm cutter to cut out crescents; Put 10 on a greased baking sheet. Roll half the marzipan into sausages and lay on the crescents. Top each with another crescent -reroll trimmings if necessary] and seal the edges.

Three Make stars with remaining dough and marzipan. Chill for 30 minutes. Pre-heat the oven to 160C/Gas 3/fan oven 150C. Pare strips of orange rind, put on a baking sheet and bake for 3 minutes to dry slightly; cool. Mix the remaining caster sugar and the icing sugar; toss with the rind.

Four Bake biscuits for 18-20 minutes; cool on a wire rack. Gently toss in a little of the orange sugar and pack; sprinkle with the remaining sugar.

Καλη Ορεξη!

WEATHER WARNING

SOUTHERNERS ARE URGED NOT TO TRAVEL UNLESS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

NORTHERNERS YOU WILL NEED YOUR BIG COAT.

Corfu Weather Statistics - November 2018

Summary

Temperature (°F)

Max Temperature

Avg Temperature

Min Temperature

Precipitation

Dew Point (°F)

Max	Avg	Min
82	71	63
73	65	57
64	58	51
0.79	0.06	0
70	56	41



Kontokali = Luko Manaris

Read more at:

http://www.wunderground.com/history/airport/LGKR/2013/9/1/MonthlyHistory.html?req_city=NA&req_state=NA&req_stationname=NA#PFq1VRYHlbugcTGf.99

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

Bespoke Property

Here are two recent early-dawn shots of two villas completed in the valley.



Brook Meadow

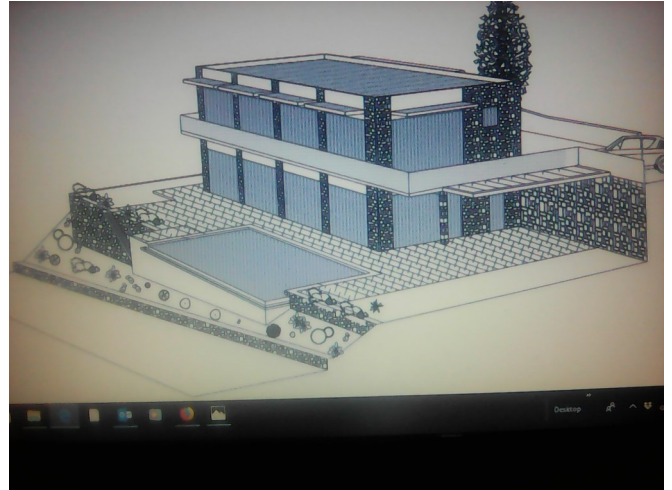


Villa Daphne

As can be seen they are very different in shape and character.

That is the whole point of Bespoke Property. Nothing comes 'off shelf'. Everything is personalised.

To give an example, here are some concepts for a larger Villa, about to be built overlooking the sea at Barbati. It is nothing like the ones shown alongside.



New concept

We never lose sight of the customers right to impose his or her taste and creativity.

So, when you are driving the lanes and see a new build in progress, you will never be heard saying, 'Look, there is an Oca villa.'

Please refer back to Article 13, the shell of a building awaiting tender-loving dressing and completion on the Corfu Trail.

We specialise in such ventures. So, if that type of thing is your fancy, mail in at:

mcgovern@otenet.gr

www.ocaypropertycorfu.com

If you advertise here it will cost nothing. We have a modest but growing circulation. It is our pleasure for our friends to advertise their wares without charge.



Silvaland
Equestrian and
Horse Enrichment
Centres

**SILVALAND
CHRISTMAS
SHOW**

ΚΥΡΙΑΚΗ 2 ΔΕΚΕΜΒΡΙΟΥ 2018

Μικροί και μεγάλοι σας περιμένουμε στην καθιερωμένη μας Χριστουγεννιάτικη γιορτή να υποδεχτούμε τον Άγιο Βασίλη και τα ζώτικα του μαζί με τα αλογάκια τους που θα μοιράσουν δώρα και χαμόγελα.

Show με άλογα | Λαχειοφόρος αγορά | Table Crafts
Face painting | Φαγητό και Χριστουγεννιάτικα γλυκά

ΩΡΑ ΕΝΑΡΞΗΣ: 11:00
τηλ. επικοινωνίας: 6976746692
ΙΠΠΙΚΟ ΚΕΝΤΡΟ SILVALAND - Καλαφατιώνες (10' απ' την πόλη)

A
Very
Merry
Christmas



TOMORROW



**SILVALAND'S CHRISTMAS PARTY AND CRAFT FAYRE ON
SUNDAY 2ND DECEMBER 2018 AT 11.00 A.M.
PLEASE CONTACT ANNA ON 6976746692 FOR YOUR
ENQUIRY.**



**Ο ΠΟΛΙΤΙΣΤΙΚΟΣ ΣΥΛΛΟΓΟΣ
ΑΓΙΟΥ ΙΩΑΝΝΗ
ΣΑΣ ΚΑΛΕΙ
ΣΤΟ ΧΡΙΣΤΟΥΓΕΝΝΙΑΤΙΚΟ ΜΠΑΖΑΡ
ΠΟΥ ΘΑ ΠΡΑΓΜΑΤΟΠΟΙΗΣΕΙ
ΣΤΗΝ ΑΙΘΟΥΣΑ ΤΟΥ
ΤΟ ΣΑΒΒΑΤΟ 8 ΔΕΚΕΜΒΡΙΟΥ 4,30-9,30
ΚΑΙ ΚΥΡΙΑΚΗ 9 ΔΕΚΕΜΒΡΙΟΥ 10,30-2,30
ΟΠΟΥ ΘΑ ΒΡΕΙΤΕ ΠΟΛΛΑ ΕΙΔΗ
ΧΕΙΡΟΠΟΙΗΤΩΝ ΔΩΡΩΝ
ΓΙΑ ΤΙΣ ΓΙΟΡΤΕΣ ΠΟΥ ΕΡΧΟΝΤΑΙ!!!**

*** ΤΟ ΣΑΒΒΑΤΟ Ο ΣΥΛΛΟΓΟΣ ΘΑ ΕΧΕΙ ΜΠΥΡΕΣ,
ΑΝΑΨΥΚΤΙΚΑ, ΣΟΥΒΛΑΚΙΑ ΚΑΙ ΛΟΥΚΟΥΜΑΔΕΣ
* ΘΑ ΓΙΝΕΙ ΚΑΙ ΣΥΛΛΟΓΗ ΠΛΑΣΤΙΚΩΝ
ΚΑΠΑΚΙΩΝ ΠΡΟΣ ΑΝΑΚΥΚΛΩΣΗ**

In Agios Ioannis on the 8th and 9th of December, there will be a 2-day Christmas Bazaar.

It will be at the Syllagos Building on the road [Spiros Sourianos Street] between the traffic lights and Kostas Taverna.

SATURDAY: 4.30 P.M. - 9.30 P.M. & SUNDAY: 10.30 A.M. - 2.30 P.M.
There will be lots of exhibits, and souvlakis, drinks etc. On sale.

**KICK-OFF FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS HERE IN AGIOS
ENQUIRIES: PETER ON 6978206077.**

CHRISTMAS AT HOLY TRINITY CORFU

Sat. 1st Christmas Bazaar. 10:00- 13:00
Sun. 16th Carols by Candlelight. 7:00pm
Thu. 20th Kerkyra Town Carols. 6:00pm
Fri. 21st Carols at Messonghi Catholic Chapel 6:00pm
Sat. 22nd Kassiopi Carols. Lekas Taverna. 7:00pm
Mon. 24th Midnight Communion. 11:30pm
Tues 25th Christmas Family Service. 10:30am



**HOLY
TRINITY
CORFU**
21 L.Mavili Street, Corfu 49100

DIOCESE IN EUROPE
THE ORIGIN OF THE
EUROPEAN
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Fifty two years of experience with insurance of
all types -car, property, 3rd party liability,
health etc.

We care.

Iakovou Polyta 24 (pedestrian street),
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Drop in for advice and quote without obligation.



[P.Giotopoulou, 10-12](#)
[Corfu Old Town](#)

Tel for reservations on :
 _2661 044480 or
[6998345630](#)

La Tavola Calda

Photo courtesy of Dick Mulder



CORFU BEER

Xrysa Jewellery

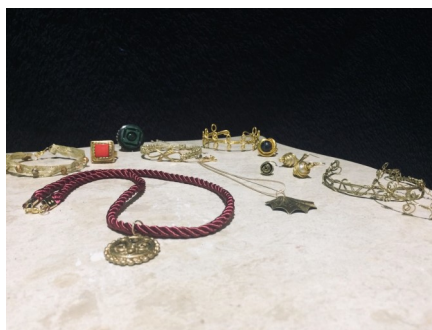


Look at these beautiful pieces designed and made by Xrysa.

Why not spend a modest amount for those smaller Christmas presents?



Phone Peter on
6978206077



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!



If you have a pool or want to get one, we are what you are looking for! Pool chemicals, spare parts for all brands and all the stuff needed for a pool, you can find in our shops!

1st-Nat. Rd. Palaiokastritsa 50, Solari & 2nd-Nat. Rd.
Lefkimmi, Kanalia

Solar energy is for free! Why not get advantage of it? We can advise you for the best solution! Just ask us!

Tel: 26610 36995 Email: info@ecopoint.gr

ΣΑΠΟΝΟΠΟΙΪΑ
ΠΑΤΟΥΝΗ
1850

Apostolos Patounis,
9, Ioannou Theotoki Street,
Corfu 49100, Greece
tel.: +30 2661039806
fax: +30 2661020704
e-mail: info@patounis.gr
www.patounis.gr

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.

Lizzie waited twenty years to return to Corfu...



o cay villas

Just a few weeks left for Villa Theodora
July 2019
Also Check out Villa Lydia

Go to :

www.ocayvillascorfu.com

The Way Things Are and Were



Benitses 1960 seaweed blocked the road



1998



Guitar Cemetery. Confiscated guitars from street musicians in Brazil



Cops hassling the topless and nude bathers at Myrtilotissa Beach near Vatos, Corfu May 1982.



Όταν ο Ισπανός φασιστας δικτάτορας Φράνκο πληροφορηθηκε για το πραξικόπημα των επίορκων συνταγματαρχων της χουντας ρώτησε πόσοι νεκροι;όταν του είπαν κανένας είπε αυτό δεν είναι πραξικόπημα είναι οπερέτα!!!

When the Spanish fascist dictator Franco was informed about the coup d'état of the jungle Colonels, he asked how many dead people there were. When told it was said that his response was; 'this is not a coup d'état, it is an operetta!!!'

Submitted by Aphrodite Goudelis

This is Rubbish

3.11.18. An update on the refuse situation has just been posted on the Corfu Forum website <https://goo.gl/Lq2e8p> (This link will take you to the last comment posted. Just scroll up the page to previous updates if other posts have been added.) There is also an interesting editorial from To Vima (reply number 451 on page 31.) Also, for your information, if you haven't already read the previous update about the Medical Association's guidelines, please do so. It is reply number 115 on page 8 of the thread.

Thank you for your interest in the updates on the website which currently have received over 31,000 views. Feel free to join the Corfu Forum website if you wish to post and comment on the topic. Please do not comment about this matter in this Facebook group. **Any further posts, comments or petitions about rubbish or the refuse situation will be deleted.

Tricia Giles.

http://enimerosi.com/details_en.php?id=27581&fbclid=IwAR3zmXZoO8mARm8vYi5G3KQ8UrrXPNS-R39uyqq70750IHjNs6MquImPlII

A Poem

Slow Dance This is a poem written by a teenager with cancer. She wants to see how many people get her poem. It is quite a poem, please pass it on. This poem was written by a terminally ill young girl in a New York Hospital. It was sent by a medical doctor. Make sure to read what is in the closing statement, AFTER THE POEM.

SLOW DANCE

*Have you ever watched kids on a merry-go-round?
Or listened to the rain slapping on the ground?
Ever followed a butterfly's erratic flight?
Or gazed at the sun into the fading night?
You better slow down. Don't dance so fast.
Time is short. The music won't last.
Do you run through each day on the fly?
When you ask, "How are you?" Do you hear the reply?
When the day is done, do you lie in your bed,
with the next hundred chores running through your head?
You'd better slow down Don't dance so fast.
Time is short. The music won't last.
Ever told your child, 'We'll do it tomorrow?'
And in your haste, Not see his sorrow?
Ever lost touch, let a good friendship die
Cause you never had time to call and say, 'Hi'
You'd better slow down. Don't dance so fast.
Time is short. The music won't last.
When you run so fast to get somewhere,
You miss half the fun of getting there.
When you worry and hurry through your day,
It is like an unopened gift.... Thrown away.
Life is not a race. Do take it slower
Hear the music Before the song is over.*

Dear Reader: PLEASE keep this in your heart - It is the request of a special girl, who will soon leave this world owing to cancer. This young girl has six months left to live and, as her dying wish, she wanted to send a poem telling everyone to live their life to the fullest, since she never will.

She'll never make it to prom, graduate from high school, or get married and have a family of her own. By you passing on this poem you can give her and her family a little comfort.

Thanks to Maxine Wyett for passing this on to us.

Agiotfest and Agiotfair 19 - By The Minstrel



Black Strat blast 2018

IMPORTANT STUFF

AUGUST 30TH AND AUGUST 31ST 2019:

Corfu's favourite out-and-out Rock, Folk, Jazz, Blues, Ethnic music festival.

Tickets for 2019 will go on sale on January 1st 2019.

Tickets will be available through the normal distributors and also through PAYPAL.

To keep our long-held tradition, there will be no restrictions on hand-held picnics and no surcharge.

There will be Corfu Beer, wine, hand-held snacks.

There will be a cafeteria on site too [non-licenced].

Ample toilets. Shower facilities.

Coaches will be laid on, details later in 2019.

Acts are already being booked for the two nights.

We promise the best line-up we can afford.

The new venue will have **CAMPING** available, also simple overnight accommodation, all within the arena.

The new venue is in Agios Ioannis and will be very well sign-posted.

There will be a lot of car parking space and coaches may drive directly to the gate and park up.

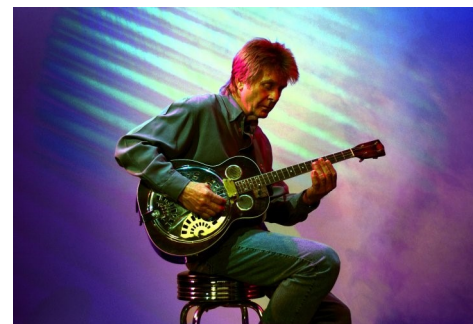
DOWN MEMORY LANE

2009



Sound Check Dylan Project

2010



Joe Brown

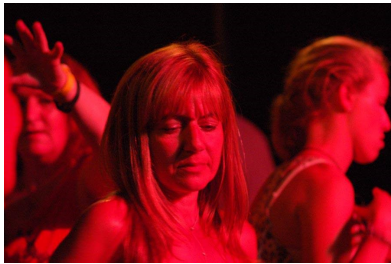
2011

When it comes to entertainment value Jimmy James & the Vagabonds are 2nd to none. I have seen them at least 20+ times always at Skegness. When I received an email from ents24.com earlier today informing me of another night locally to me I instantly booked front row seats. If you love soul / Motown then you have to see jimmy James & the Vagabonds for a guaranteed night to remember. Ian Cank, Runcorn, Cheshire



The Magical Jimmy James

Agiotfest & Agioitfair 19
Continued from Page 32



2012

*Agiotfest is
always for
dancing.*
<

2017



From Cuba

2013

The Troggs came
>



2018



Janice from the Bowie band



2014

2015

From Mexico
>



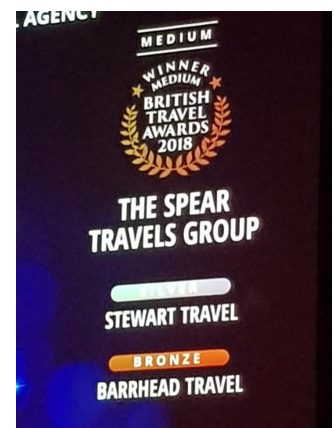
To stay on a winning note, our incredible, modest sponsors Spear Travels, have just pulled off this prestigious award. What a coup!

2016

Agiotfest 2016 - this is a photo taken by a professional photographer on the evening. The blonde lady with her arms in the air and the man in the grey t shirt looking serious (concentrating on his dance moves!) is Jim, my husband, and me! I would not normally post 'selfies' but it was such a great evening, the bands and singers amazing and the atmosphere unique and electric! **Congratulations** to Paul McGovern and team and sponsors for organising the annual Agiotfest. An event not to be missed! xx



Peter and Libby



*Winning against stiff
opposition*

'Thank you, Thank you, Thank you to all our wonderful clients for voting us the best medium sized Independent Travel Agency of 2018. WE WON!!!'

Continued on Page 34

Agiotfest & Agioifair 19 - Continued from Page 33

AGIOTFAIR WILL BE RUNNING FOR THE SECOND YEAR.

This time round it will cover both days and the evenings of the Festival.

AGIOTFAIR 2018: The first one.



Xenia Tombrou organised the Waste Awareness Stand at the Agioifair

Recycling and Waste Awareness at the Agiotfest Music Festival and AGIOTFAIR - Bazaar, 31.08 and 01.09.2018. It was the first time that garbage was sorted immediately into different bags for recycling on a Festival and a Fair. Also, it was the first time that a large Waste Awareness

Stand was present. There was a lot of information about Recycle, Re-use, Recover, Repair, Re-usable coffee cups, Biodegradable plates, Bamboo toothbrushes etc. At the end of the Agiotfest and Agioifair, the grounds were very clean. This was wonderful!

The Waste Awareness Stand was organised by Xenia Tombrou. The Recycling Station was organised by Andrea Lup. There was a lot of help from many volunteers during both days.

The 25km Corfu Challenge, was organised by Hugh Laughton. In the end 26 km and 50 meters of Corfu roads were cleaned.

I like to say to anyone who is organising a get together where many people are present (and therefore garbage will be produced) to follow suit. We can help each other, to become aware, to help to clean up and eventually produce less waste.



Christos digs the finishing touch for a steady recycling center

Designed and organised by Andrea Lup and her husband Christos



Frame, made of pallets, in the background



Frans, a volunteer, is here to help with the set up - at



Only waiting for the see through garbage bags and all is ready for use at the Agiotfest music Festival

Let's not forget! The container for small items like straws, bottle caps etc



Setting up the recycling station - at Agiotfest Music Festival

Pledge to clean up 25km of road on the island of Corfu, organised by Annie and Hugh Laughton, volunteers at Sinies Recycling



The recyclables are collected and sorted on the spot at the Agioifair. Organised by Andrea Lup

The recycling station is moved to the Agioifair. We never had such clean grounds after a festival and a fair!



Waste Awareness stand at Agioifair



Waste Awareness Stand organised by Xenia Tombrou

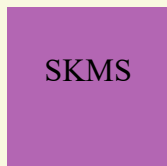


AGIOTFEST SPONSORS

Main Sponsors



Woodbrook Group



Spear Travels



Vrionis



Roadhouse Music



Accommodation



**Sunrise Cars
to suit all budgets**



Daylong



Corfu Beer



100+ Club



www.aeolosbeach.gr/



Green Island



Mousehouse

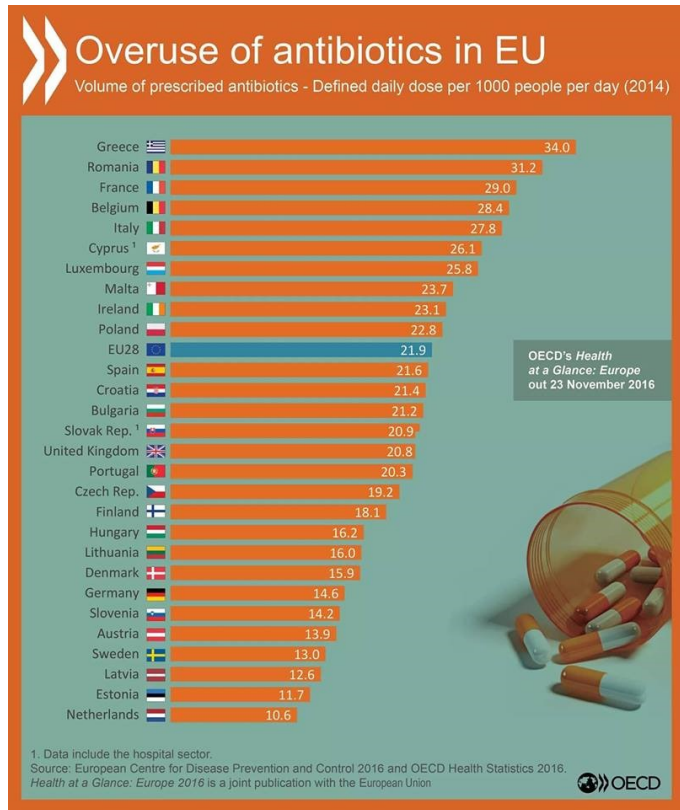


Sally's Bar



Including:

- Adrian Ward (<http://realcorfu.com>)
- Anne Hodgson
- Antoinette Goes
- 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
- Nikos Pouliasis
- 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



Antibiotic resistance



Video Corner

Palm Tree

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mUyS1HIyr9E&fbclid=IwAR1sDqx-dofhFGtgfClrWZltNtw-FupHp_HY0puXlRjB2paPPkrB5cikiMjc

Corfu Archaeological Museum

http://enimerosi.com/details_en.php?id=27210&fbclid=IwAR1ANyQZnIt8AQOOQvDhcOST4ZQWPggxM1FxWN39BiEbJgx7r6sgLNDRO4Nw

High-speed motorbike chase

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wwZL7SjxguM>

Bucking the system: storing water

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4OBcRHX1Bc>

The Monsanto Papers | Four Corners

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JszHrMZ7dx4>

Invasion of the Frankenbees

https://www.theguardian.com/environment/2018/oct/16/frankenbees-genetically-modified-pollinators-danger-of-building-a-better-bee?fbclid=IwAR0dKiujtE1B4h8pOIS-cre4Li80WcQ_9qn1rrk545qqI47XR5O4SUnnrQ

Let's open a Can of Worms [submitted by Daniel Blom]

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TS9PWzkUG2s>

Corfu Nominated

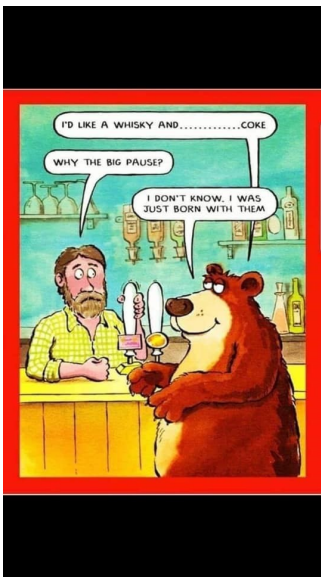
http://enimerosi.com/details_en.php?id=27241&fbclid=IwAR0ORo-Ra2G84H2yYJVDL0Z21vmBiQnWdpQ6e9T2UnXT_qepshLnuJXNPt4

Strictly For Dogs

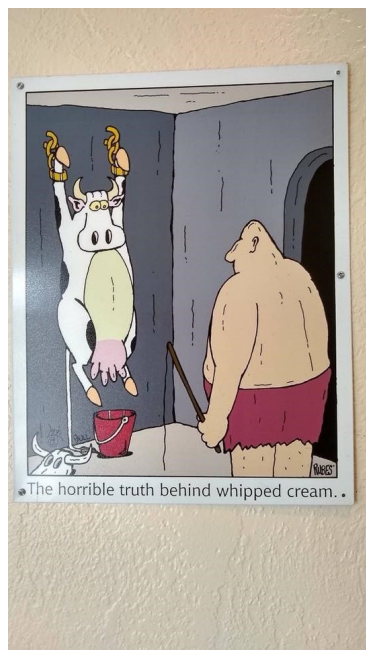
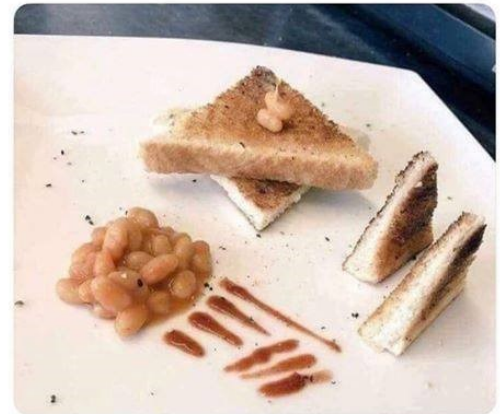
https://healthypets.mercola.com/sites/healthypets/archive/2018/11/22/leishmaniasis-in-dogs.aspx?utm_source=petsnl&utm_medium=email&utm_content=art1&utm_campaign=20181122Z2&et_cid=DM248234&et_rid=475609844&fbclid=IwAR1x8JWcYC-UsimJjO5SorrCIIdjr_zUvHv2Hh3b_ftmrJwd9IdlR_Hyy5s



Gooners Gags



Me after watching 12 minutes of Masterchef



A warning to all you , be careful about drink driving as we are getting close to Christmas and the Police are out there in their numbers checking on people.

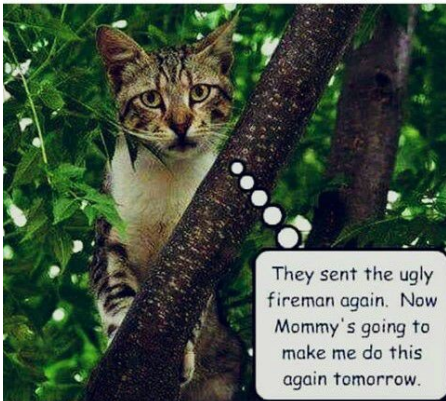
Last night I was out for a few drinks. One thing led to another and I had a few too many beers and then went onto Whiskey. Not a good idea.

Knowing I was over the limit, I decided to leave my car where it was and took a bus home. Sure enough, I passed a Police control where they were pulling over drivers and performing breathalyzer tests. Because I was in a bus they just waved it past. I arrived home safely and without incident, which was a real surprise as I've never driven a bus before and I am not even sure where I got it from.☐

And from that point on, little Mikey knew he loved Halloween.



Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 37



If the ceiling fan could hold my weight, I would never be bored again.

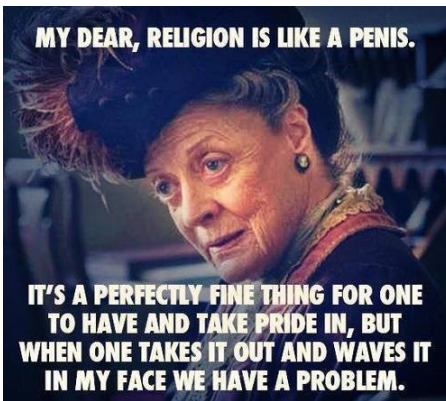
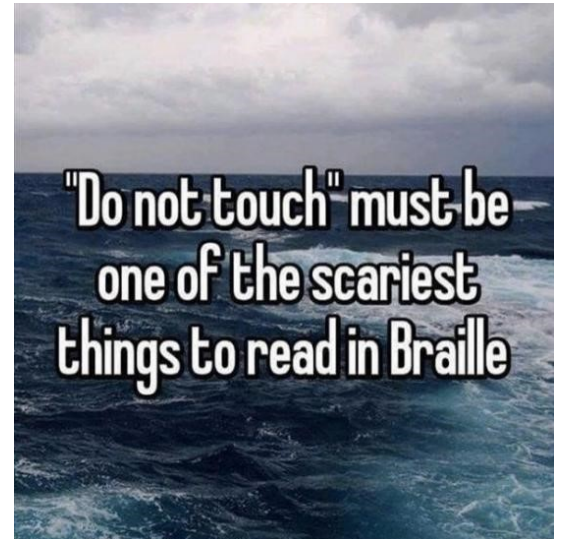
LIFE EXPECTANCY

WITH THEIR HEALTHY MEDITERRANEAN DIET & ATTITUDE TO STRESS

GREEKS (#23) CAN EASILY BEAT THE JAPANESE (#1)

IF ONLY THEY STOP SMOKING

Disarming Thoughts



I ordered a chicken and an egg from amazon. I'll let you know.

My wife just stopped and said, "You weren't even listening were you?"

I thought... "that's a pretty weird way to start a conversation?"

I went to the doctors with hearing problems.

Keep Calm And Oh Fock It Enjoy Some Catic

He said: "Can you describe the symptoms?"

I said: "Homers a fat bloke and Marge has blue hair"

Picked up a hitchhiker last night. He said thanks how do you know I'm not a serial killer? I replied the chances of two serial killer's being in the same car are astronomical.

December calendar. (This will be the only time you will see this phenomenon in your life)

1 2
3 4 5 6 7 8 9
10 11 12 13 14 15 16
17 18 19 20 21 22 23
24 25 26 27 28 29 30
31

The month of December this year will have 5 Saturdays 5 Sundays and 5 Mondays. It only happens once every 823 years. The Chinese call it "BAG FULL OF MONEY". Send this message to all your friends and within 4 days the money will surprise you. Based on Chinese Feng Shui.

My New Year's resolution is to stop using spray on deodorant, roll on next year.....

Just spent 6 hours linking my watches together to make a belt.....it was a complete waist of time...