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The Agiot

163rd Edition

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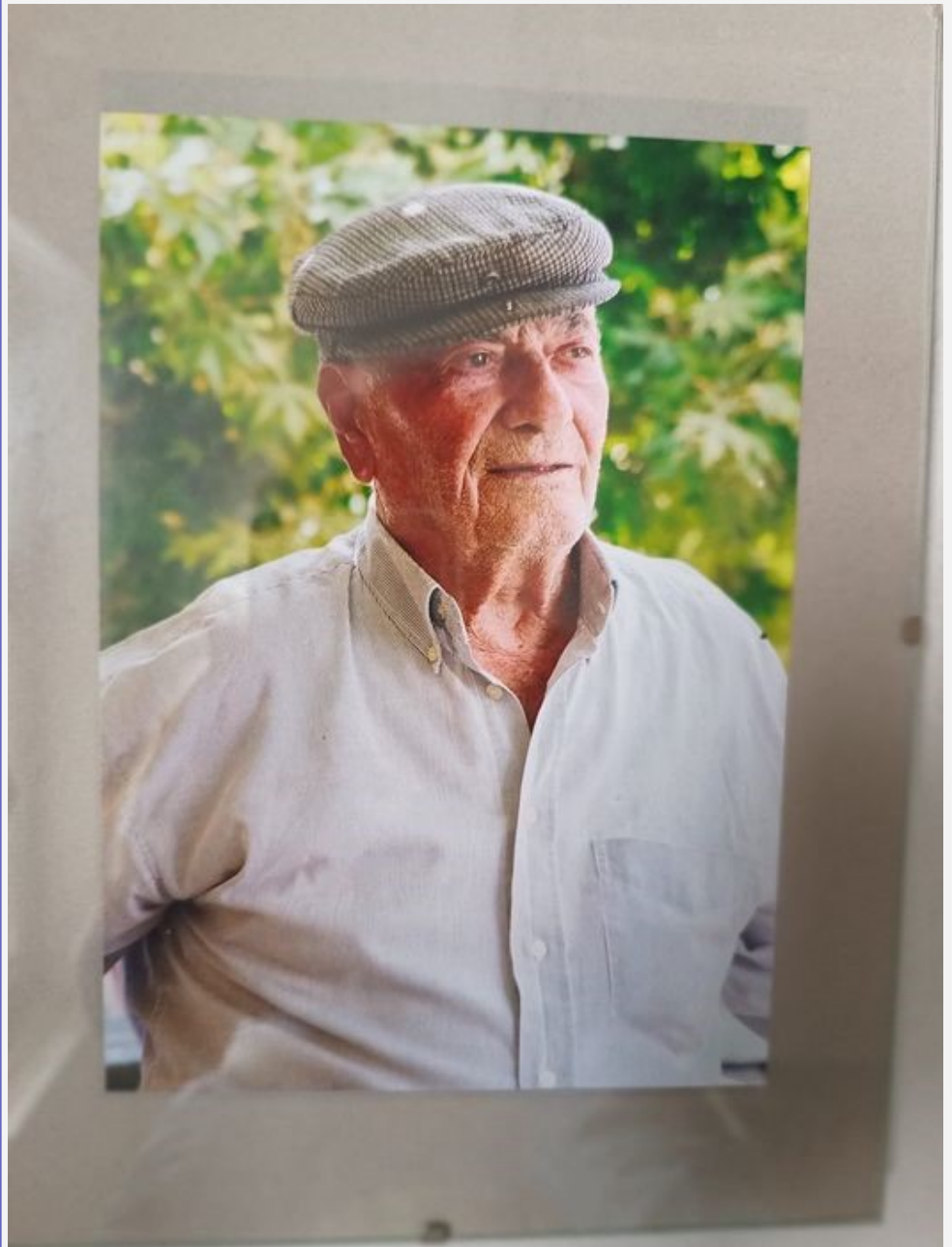
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The Life and Times of Kostas Halikias

By Paul McGovern, Editor

It all started on December 31st, 1927. Or, maybe, on January 1st, 1928.

In the village of Agios Ioannis, tucked into the folds of the Corfu countryside, most of the women were home, preparing for the New Year, looking after their children, the men were honouring an ancient tradition, off to meet their pals for the very long card games which would straddle the years.

Taverna cards in 2007



Ioannis Halikias was suitably seated at a table in Bey, the placename for where the main road runs through Agios.

His wife, Theodora, was in her bed, upstairs at the cottage now known as Nonna's, where we live today, in the heart of the old village.

She went into labour in the evening gloaming. She and her husband had three children already; Spiros [Pipis], Aggeliki [Koula], and Sofia. The couple were hoping for a boy, as two years previously they had lost a two-year-old son to pneumonia.

After a few hours the baby's head emerged. A girl! She was well. She was healthy. Her name was to be Antigoni. This joyous news found its way swiftly to Ioannis's card table. The Agios drums have always been reliable.

'Not another girl!' Ioannis was heard to exclaim.

But fate had decided otherwise. Back at home

Theodora went into further contractions. Hey presto, out pops a healthy boy! This was a total shock. Nobody knew she was carrying twins, least of all the mother.

In those days timepieces were very rare amongst the villagers. So, the exact time of birth was never established for either child. To this very day it still remains known only to the Greek Gods.

Kostas Halikias cried lustily, something he was not shy of doing ever after.

His birth was registered as January 1st, 1928.

Kostas grew up in this one-roomed house, with his siblings and parents. Two more children were born to Theodora, both girls, Katina and Marika.

The family of nine shared the one room. Curtains were used as room dividers, for a form of privacy. The 'toilet' was outside, at the back of the buildings.

Downstairs, reached by the external steps which still exist to this day, was the village kaffenia and corner shop, established in 1908 by Ioannis's brother Nikos Halikias, and his wife Spiridoula. This room in later years became a wine shed, which many of you will remember, and today is our cosy parlour, where I'm writing this up presently, with Rebetika music playing on my laptop. If I close my eyes I am back there right now, in 1928.

In this cottage, the young Kostas was raised. From an early age he was helping with the family chores, such was the way. When he was six-years-old he walked the seventy metres down the lane to his Primary school. That school was for the entire village, and existed in the solitary room on the first floor of what today is Villa Sofia, home to our son Peter, his wife Elina, and their children Danae and Jason. This room had desks for thirty to forty children. Today it is inhabited by just one child; Jason.

Kostas was forming his formidable character in those days. I was fortunate enough to spend some time with his mother before she died and she told me he was always fighting-and winning-against other boys. Look at the photo and you can readily guess where he inherited those formidable genes!

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The Life and Times of Kostas Halikias – Continued from Page 2



Theodora

Nikos and Spiridoula continued with running their kaffenia. Meantime, Ioannis Halikias served his time as an 'Agricultural Policeman'. The whole family also worked the fields, just to survive, as was the norm back then; vegetables, fruit, olives, vines, were all

cultivated by the family on the many stremmas of land they owned. Pigs, cows, sheep, goats, chickens were kept. They always had a donkey and the pride of the animal fleet was a horse, which pulled a cart. This cart was in regular use, taking brushwood and logs all the way to town, to be sold to the Desila factories, which produced rope and canvas.

When Kostas was ten-years-old a change of some significance occurred. Nikos and Spiridoula gave up the kaffenia, it was moved directly across the lane, and took up residence in what today is part of Kostas taverna. Pipis was doing well with the horse and cart, so the kaffenia was run by Ioannis, yet he and Theodora continued living in the one-room cottage. It was 1938. Nikos himself kept the original kaffenia as a storeroom, out of which certain produce was sold to the villagers, including bread and the omnipresent wine.

The sound of war was ever encroaching and in 1940 Kostas's formal education was summarily terminated. He never saw a classroom again.

His war years were spent helping his family, learning survival skills. The village was occupied, an Italian sentry box erected on the main road. [near to today's Aqualand].

Kostas, several years ago, told me one tale from the Occupation. He was down in the fields known as Vrysi. He was with his cousin Lollos [George the Taxi's dad]. They were scrumping apples. Suddenly, a harsh voice shouted in a strange language. It was shouting at *them*. They were running, but something made Kostas stop, and turn. It saved his life. A German soldier was pointing a rifle directly at him.

The Officer demanded to see in their bag. Apples. He was not interested, but he volunteered them to carry boxes all the way to the airport turn-off. If Kostas had been shot you would not be reading this.

The war came to an end. In Agios Ioannis there were some minor incidents, but to be recorded elsewhere. Then the Civil War rumbled on for a further three to four years, causing some divisions within the families, a trend which has continued to this day. Such is Community life.

It was at about this time when a twinkle entered Kostas's eye. The twinkle was Nitsa. They courted in the old-fashioned way, got engaged in 1953, then married in 1957. Nitsa came from Bey, she is part of the very large Analiti family, and following her marriage, she moved to the Plateia with her groom, to take up residence in the flat above today's taverna.



August 25 1957

In 1950 Kostas had taken his first proper job outside the family. Corfu airport was doing its first major work extending its runway. Young and fit men were urgently required for heavy groundwork at the new runway. He was one of many hired. Not only did he have serious designs on young Nitsa, but his need for providing a dowry for his sisters had increased his need to make money, as his elder brother, Pipis, and wife Efthalia, were somewhat withdrawing from family interests, leaving a greater responsibility upon Kostas. Any income he could achieve would help him in this ambition. All the time he kept up his agricultural toil, summer and winter, year in, year out.

In 1958 the former Manor House became the first youth Hostel in Corfu, run by Vasilis Komboliti's three Aunties.

In April of that same year Kostas and Nitsa had their first daughter, Lula, followed two years later by Anna.

Continued m Page 4

The Life and Times of Kostas Halikias – Continued from Page 3

Two deaths rocked Kostas' world.

In September, 1960 Pipis died. He had contracted European malaria as a young adolescent, at our local lake [Limni]. At hospital they did a biopsy on his spleen. This intervention is believed to have invoked the growth of a cyst, which he put up with for many years. He was advised to go to Athens to have the cyst removed, but he was forever postponing it. Eventually, one day in Agios, it burst. He was rushed to hospital in town, but they could not save him. He was forty-two.

In the following early summer Uncle Nikos died too, childless. He was seventy-four.

The end of war had given a further opportunity. Germany was being rebuilt.

Many young people were flooding north from Greece, Spain, Italy, later Turkey.

In the Autumn of 1961, Kostas left his young family to take a job in a ceramic factory in Winisch Eschenbach, Bavaria. Six months later Nitsa left her girls with her mother Sofia, at Bey, and travelled to join her husband in the factory.

It would be a year before Kostas came back to Corfu. They had done well in Germany. Now it was timely for him to come home and collect his daughters, for the family to be reunited in their new country.

Lula was overjoyed to hug her dad again, but Anna was reluctant, being younger. 'Who is this strange man?'

The family stayed in Bavaria for four years, the girls learned German, money was being saved. They took a fortnight holiday one year in Corfu.

K o s t a s was particularly thinking of a Dowry for Antigoni, his twin. After the death of his elder brother Kostas had assumed the family baton.



Young Kostas

And in 1965 it was time to return to Greece. Kostas worked with his aging father in the kaffenia and in the winter of that year the two rooms which then comprised the rest of the ground floor were knocked into one and the old building metamorphosed into a new taverna. The former kaffenia was now a spare room and utilised to serve the taverna.

In the following summers a few more visitors came to the new taverna, but at one moment Kostas received another job offer from Germany. Too good to turn down, so, in 1968 he was off again, this time for eighteen months only. During his absence his sister Marika's husband Spiros filled the gap. He was another unfortunate who died well before his normal time, at the age of forty-five.

MODERN TIMES



Gentle Ioannis

Ioannis died in 1977, aged eighty-nine and Kostas became head of the family. By 1970 the base of a legend was already assured. [By the way, you could buy a bed for the night in the Youth Hostel for 18 ΔΠΧ -Drachmas- which is about five cents in today's money].

For twenty years the taverna with 'no name' became a living myth, a pilgrimage, a sacred place that entered the hearts of so many young people from across the world; from Britain, Germany, Sweden, Australia, France, Holland, North America, they came, and came again, and brought their friends.

Continued on Page 5

The Life and Times of Kostas Halikias – Continued from Page 4



The Degenerates



In control

There are still some left to recall the thousands of tales which still imbue these buildings from that era. People who returned in later years, older, calmer, some bringing their own children to be introduced to the magic.

All the years that tumbled by Nitsa was the quiet strength behind her man. Never complaining, working sixteen-hour days, cooking, cleaning, feeding children, being calm, being caring, smiling shyly, welcoming all and cooking the best moussaka in Corfu. No wonder Kostas Taverna was bound to triumph.



The best team



Father to many

There was a magic in the air, the plateia became an acupuncture point for the world.

Kostas was King. A benevolent King. But a King nonetheless. He was Wyatt Earp in a frontier town of sex, drugs, alcohol and rock and roll.

[Kostas Taverna Juke Box had genuine ‘Awesome’ status.]

‘I look once’, he told my own dad, referring to a potential trouble maker. ‘Then they down’. Sometimes the rowdier were barred. They always returned, tail between legs. Invariably, Kostas would embrace them, share a wine with them and sit on the ledge outside Nitsa’s kitchen, having flattened them the day before.

This was the Golden Age.

But nothing lasts forever. The generation of ‘degenerates’ had discovered new hunting grounds by the late 80’s. Cheaper holidays of this type were streaming in availability from the Far East.

The Youth Hostel went Yuppy and became a hotel.

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The Life and Times of Kostas Halikias – Continued from Page 5

In the early 90's the early summers became a desert in the plateia, though the taverna remained open.

Gradually, thanks to two Dutchmen, Henk and Wim, the taverna's future was saved by a thread. Henk brought bikes-and Dutch cyclists, Wim brought walkers. It was enough. Just.

Lula worked at the taverna for ten years during this time.

Things picked up. At the end of the decade Villa Theodora was born from the ashes of the Cactus Hilton, which started a newer, more sedate, form of tourism, which still jostled well enough with the 'Last of the Summer Wine.'



Dancing at 60



With old friend Gordon



With his Grandsons



Dapper



Totally illegal riding



Later still, from 2007, foreigners started moving home here, mostly Brits, in successive waves, dictated by their prevailing economic conditions. This added a further layer of custom to the old place.

All through these years Kostas never lost the love for his land at Capri. He and Nitsa tended it every winter.

The Life and Times of Kostas Halikias – Continued from Page 6



Kostas and Nitsa's 60th Wedding Anniversary

In 2006 he passed the taverna on to Anna, but could be seen in the ensuing summers, sweeping the plateia and keeping a weather eye open on his domain. Nitsa continued to work hard for the kitchen.



He kept the home fires burning for sixty years



Kostas with his Great Granddaughter, Danae



Dancing at 90

Nitsa's Kitchen, over the lane from the taverna, was the final post for both Kostas and his treasured wife. Daylight hours would find them ensconced in this ancient room, sitting at a plain table talking, eating, dozing, watching telly, being visited by friends and offering a wine or two to allcomers. In the evenings Kostas would climb the steep stairs opposite to the flat and bedroom above the taverna.

He kept active until a fall in August, 2020 became his Achilles Heel. The same fate befell Nitsa two years later.

Eventually, they needed to move from above the taverna to a Ground floor, converted flat at Anna's Pension. Then came their final journey to their bed.

Kostas Halikia died on the 6th September 2022. He was 94.

Nitsa is still with us but remains in the same bed, slowly fading.

Kostas's legacy to his family is immense. I would say, immeasurable.

Younger people do not always appreciate the sacrifices of their elders.

But they will come to do so in time.

R.I.P. the King.





'Nick's niche'

Nick The Clock's World

The Comic With A Conscience



I went to the cinema last night. The man sat in front of me had his dog with him. The dog seemed really engrossed in the film. When the film ended I said to the owner "this might sound weird but your dog seemed to really enjoy that". "Yes I was surprised too, he hated the book."

6:54 AM · 2021-11-02 · [Twitter Web App](#)

**If you walk a mile
in my shoes**

**You'll end up in a bar
drinking a beer**

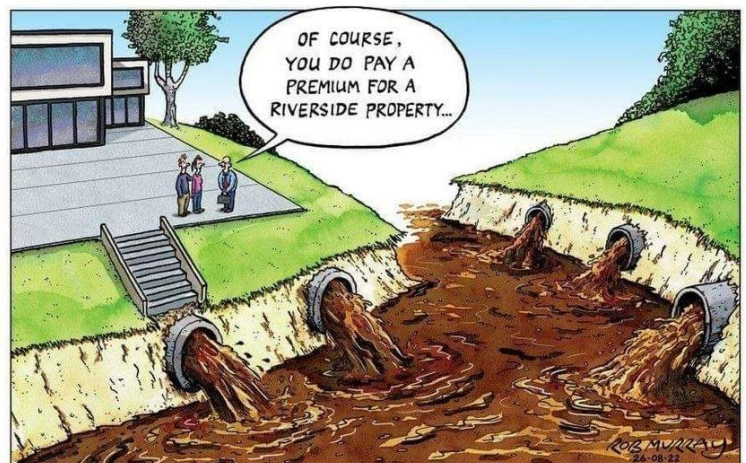


**MY NEIGHBORS ARE
LISTENING TO
GREAT MUSIC.
WHETHER THEY
LIKE IT OR NOT.**



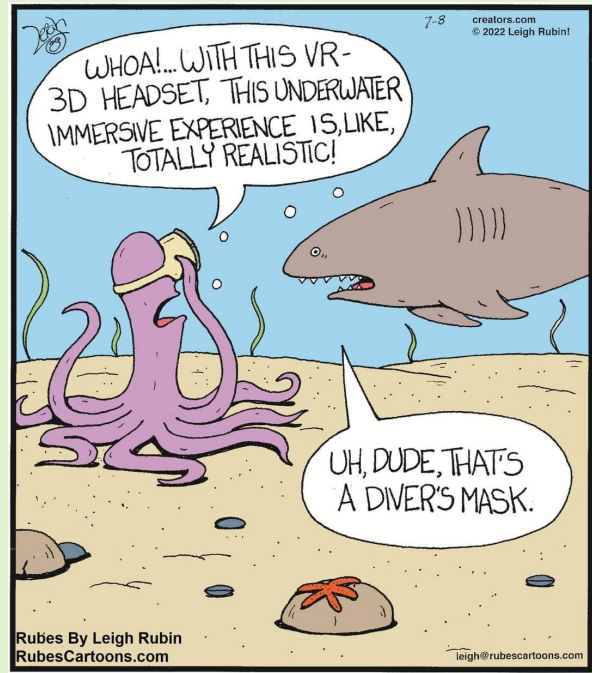
**The government
means well for you,
media tells you
the truth
and big pharma
wants you healthy**

and other fairytales
for naive adults

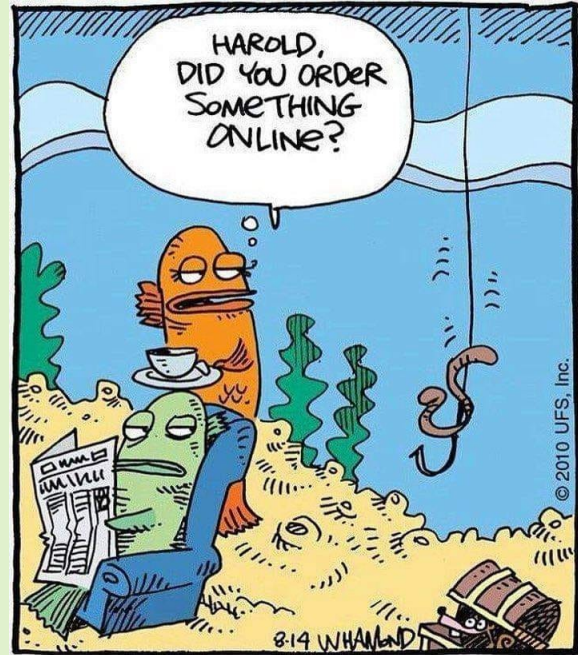


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Nick The Clock's World - Continued from Page 9



Two Irishmen are hammering floorboards down in a house
Keep Calm And Oh Feck It Enjoy Some Craic
 Paddy picks up a nail, realizes it's upside down and throws it away
 He carries on doing this until Murphy says, "Why are you throwing them away?"
 "Because they're upside down!" says Paddy.
 "You daft twat" replies Murphy, "Save 'em for the ceiling."



A recent study found that humans eat more bananas than monkeys. I can't remember the last time I ate a monkey.

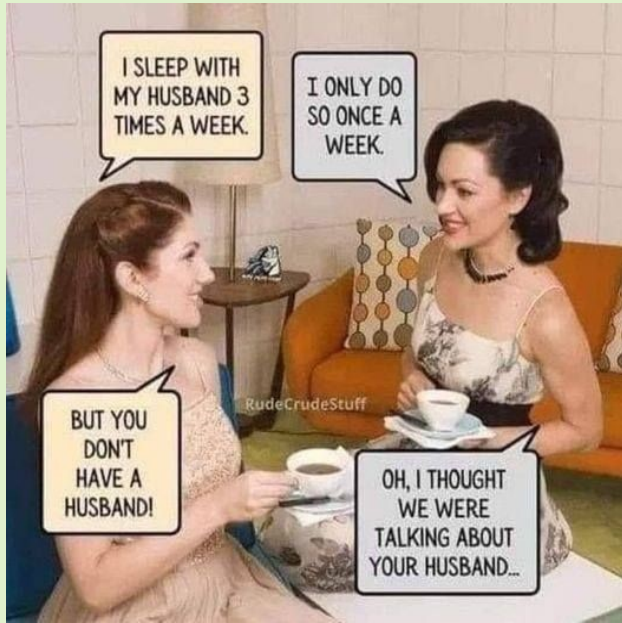
Me washing \$200 worth of groceries in 2022



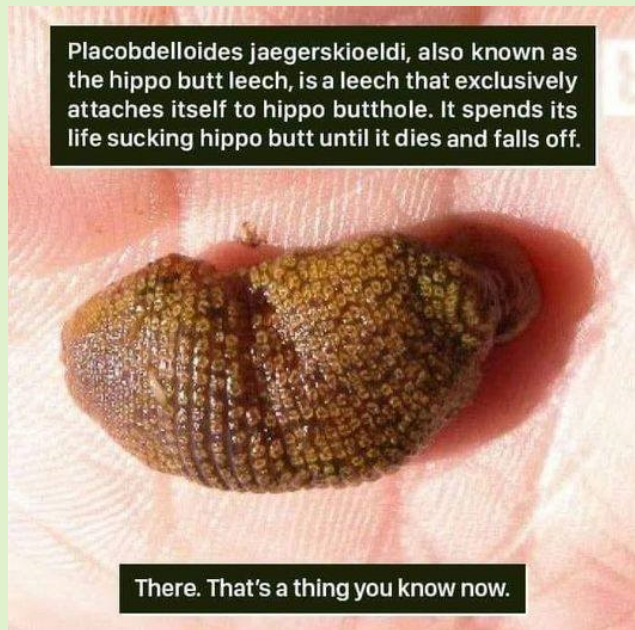
Finally, I found a meme that won't offend anyone



Nick The Clock's World - Continued from Page 9



I hit it with half a can of Raid, with the slipper twice and about five times with the broom Then I realized it was just my wife's hair clip!



Nick The Clock's World - Continued from Page 10

You may not know this... Many inanimate things have a gender.

- 1) Ziploc Bags are Male, because they hold everything in, but you can see right through them.
- 2) Copiers are Female, because once turned off; it takes a while to warm them up again. It's an effective reproductive device if the right buttons are pushed, but can wreak havoc if the wrong buttons are pushed.
- 3) A Tire is Male, because it goes bald, and it's often over-inflated.
- 4) A Hot Air Balloon is Male, because, to get it to go anywhere, you have to light a fire under it, and of course, there's the hot air part.
- 5) Sponges are Female, because they're soft, squeezable and retain water.
- 6) A Web Page is Female, because it's always getting hit on.
- 7) A Subway is Male, because it uses the same old lines to pick people up.
- 8) An Hourglass is Female, because over time, the weight shifts to the bottom.
- 9) A Hammer is Male, because it hasn't changed much over the last 5,000 years, but it's handy to have around.
- 10) A Remote Control is Female. Ha! You thought it'd be male, didn't you? But consider this - it gives a man pleasure, he'd be lost without it, and while he doesn't always know the right buttons to push, he keeps trying!


is it possible to take a skin graft from your buttock and transplant on someone who isn't one of your family.
Arse skin for a friend.

Nick The Clock's World - Continued from Page 11

GEORGE ORWELL	ALDOUS HUXLEY
	
<small>Neil Postman "Amusing Ourselves to Death" ©TheFreeThoughtProject</small>	
Orwell feared those who would ban books.	Huxley feared no one would want to read books.
Orwell feared the truth would be concealed from us	Huxley feared the truth would be drowned in a sea of irrelevance
In 1984 people were controlled by pain	In Brave New World people were controlled with pleasure
ORWELL FEARED FEAR WILL RUIN US	HUXLEY FEARED DESIRE WILL RUIN US



THE SIZED



DID YOU KNOW?

In an attempt to reduce cleaning costs, the Amsterdam airport installed a picture of a fly in every urinal so men can aim at it and avoid splashing the urine outside. It worked. "Spillage" was reduced by 80 percent. The urinal fly was introduced to Schiphol in the early 1990s, suggested by Jos van Bedaf, manager of the cleaning department.

www.thesized.com

off the mark.com

by Mark Parisi



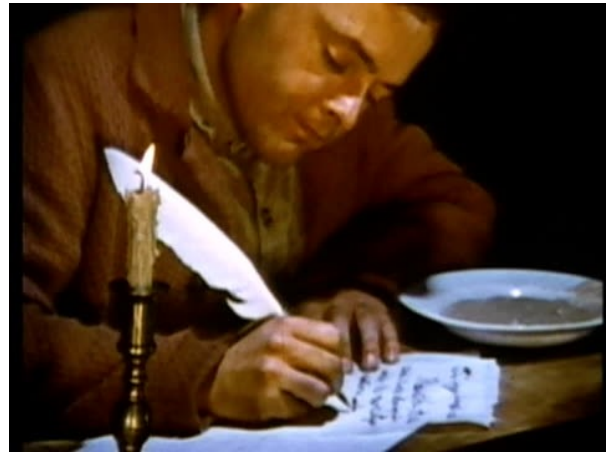
offthemark.com

ANAK FEB 15/11

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That's' All Folks !

Letters to the Editor



Dear Gentle Reader,
Welcome back to the Agiot, which has not been with you since the summer past. Much water or red wine has passed under the Agios bridge since then, so it would not be possible to fill you in with all that has gone down since we last met in these pages. Please forgive me for that.

There is only one item that dominated the last six months; as you will have already read, the death of our beloved leader.

Included here is just a small segment of condolences that piled in following his peaceful death, at the age of 94.

[Vasilis Pandis](#)

Πληρης ημερων,τα συλλυπητηρια μας!

[Doug Heathjr](#)

τα συλλυπητήριά μου σε εσάς και την οικογένειά σας

[Willie Seymour](#)

A big part in many people's lives! A gentleman with heart of gold!

[Irene Atkinson](#)

Thinking of you all at this very sad time he was a very special man who will be sadly missed

[Sally Goodchild](#)

Thinking of you all at such a sad time ❤️

[Sally Henley](#)

So sorry for your loss Paul x

[Diane Carden](#)

All our love to you and your family
A life well led indeed- good journey now Kostas - you deserve to be with the angels [Jay Nichols](#)
Happy memories of him Paul will live on xx

[Vicky Lintovoy](#)

Συλλυπητήρια σε όλη την οικογένεια.
Λυπάμαι πολύ.

[Andy D 'Cruz](#)

So sorry, hope you are all managing

[Jane Hewett](#)

Sending Love to Lula X and all the family Paul X

[Patricia Stach](#)

Oh my god, when did he pass away?
My Condolences from the bottom of my heart, I really loved him. My best wishes to Nitsa and the whole family. I am so deeply sad. i was so happy and thankful to see him last year for the last time.



Thanx for the information. I wish Nitsa, Loula, Anna, you and the whole family the strength for the next days. My heart is with you... This wonderful man will be never forgotten. 😞

[Ioannela Rossi](#)

My condolences ❤️ he was so sweet 😞

[Alexander Vlachos](#)

Θερμά συλλυπητήρια

[Adsy Couto](#)

So sorry for your loss Paul. Xo

[Thelma Johnson](#)

Condolences to all the family, life well spent,

[Spyros Rossis](#)

Τα θερμά μας συλλυπητήρια σε όλη την οικογένεια Paul. Να ζήσετε να τον θυμάστε .

Letters To The Editor – Continued from Page 13

[Michael Collett](#)

Our heartfelt condolences to all the family and close friends.



[Colette Tart](#)

So sorry for your loss Paul, and all of your family xxx

[Antonis Moraitis](#)

sending you all love. Kostas was the loveliest man and so proud of his beautiful family. It was a privilege to know him. He had a life well lived ❤️

[Claire Sesay](#)

as sad as this news is, what a legacy this man and his beautiful Nitsa have made ❤️

[Margaret Ann Dolan](#)

Sorry for your loss xx

[Αγγελική Σκλαβούνου](#)

Θερμά συλλυπητήρια 🙏🙏🙏

[Christina Mikalef](#)

Συλλυπητήρια σε όλη την οικογένεια του...

[ΜΑΓΔΑ ΠΑΝΑΡΕΤΟΥ](#)

Συλλυπητήρια πολυ καλος ανθρωπος ηταν

[Faye Nutley](#)

Sorry to read about your loss [Paul](#) 😞 xx

[Mel Sperling](#)

Sorry for your loss God bless Kostas

[Sofia Pan](#)

Καλό ταξίδι κύριε Κώστα!!! 🌹🌹

[Daniel Anthony O'Connor](#)

So sorry to hear this, Paul. What a great man he was! We all loved him. Hope you and the family are okay x

[Mirjam Mulder](#)

Thinking of you and your family and sending caring thoughts your way to support you through this ❤️

[Sue Kardakari](#)

My sincere condolences 🌸 he was a lovely lovely

man thinking of all the family ❤️❤️



[Stefan Pende](#)

Very, very sad news. My sincerest condolences to you and your family! We'll see next week! 😞

[Σπυριδούλα Σουριανού](#)

Τα θερμά μου συλλυπητήρια να έχετε την ευχή του έφυγε και ο τελευταίος λυπάμαι πολύ 🙏🙏

[Kizzy Cooper](#)

Thinking of you xxx

[Gert Depke](#)

Sorry for your loss, Paul

[Joan Rutherford](#)

So sorry to hear of Kostas passing. Love to you and all the family xxx

[Sue Gentry Done](#)

So sorry for your loss Paul 💙. Thinking of you and your family and sending love and hugs xxx

[Elizabeth Clifton](#)

I am so sorry for your loss - lovely man. Please send my condolences to the family xxx

[Katerina Skoura](#)

Θερμά συλλυπητήρια να έχετε την ευχή του καλό ταξίδι θείε Κώστα



[Aggeliki Sagia](#)

Θερμά συλλυπητήρια

[Rachel Griffiths](#)

So sorry for your loss, sending love to you all xxx

[Teresa Taylor](#)

Sending you all our love. Lovely Man who made us feel so very welcome. You are in our thoughts. ❤️

[Mary Ann Smith](#)

Oh, Paul and Lulu, I'm so sorry of the loss of Kostas. Was so hoping I would see him before this. Give my love and Deepest Condolences to all the family. Love to all. ❤️😞

Letters To The Editor – Continued from Page 14

[Kris Andersen](#)

So sorry for your loss, much love to you and your family at this tough time 🧡💜🧡💜

[Dimitris Analitis](#)

Θερμά συλλυπητήρια

[Tirza Zwaard](#)

Condolences 🌹 a real gut man! Sending all my love! ❤️

[Ελένη Μωραΐτη](#)

Θερμά συλλυπητήρια!! 🙏

[Helen Thompson](#)

Thinking of you all Paul ❤️

[Peter Bowley](#)

Sorry for your loss ❤️

[Marilyn Thomson](#)

I send you all love and hugs at this sad time. Costa was the main man in the village, he will be sorely missed. Will be strange going to the village and not see him. Thinking of you all and special hugs for

Nitsa. ❤️❤️❤️❤️ xxx

[Clive Dodd](#)

Sorry for your sad loss I have met him a few times on visits quite a character r.i.p Kostas you will be missed

[Κατερινα Κιτσακη](#)

Συλλυπητήρια. Να είστε καλά να τον θυμάστε.

[Anita Blackie](#)

Very sorry for your loss, condolences to you and Loula and the family x

[Stefanos Motsos](#)

Συλλυπητήρια, να έχετε την ευχή του!!!

[Susie Manetas](#)

How very sad for you all Paul. My condolence to all the family. Sxx

[Jan Elizabeth Drury](#)

Sending condolences to all the family xxx

[Martin Stuart](#)

Deepest condolences to all the family I will see you

there.

[Jackie Reid](#)

[Martin Stuart](#) give everyone a hug from me. Thinking of you all

[Βασιλικη Γραμμενου](#)

Τα θερμά μου συλλυπητήρια καλο ταξίδι καλο παράδεισο στον ποιο αξιαγάπητο άνθρωπο στην ποιο καλή ψυχούλα γιατί ήταν όντος ψυχούλα και άνθρωπος με ανθρωπιά να καλά να τον θυμάστε να έχετε την ευχή του 😞😞😞😞😞



[Angela Licini](#)

Condolences, love to you and all the family, always thank you Costas ❤️

[Mary Minter](#)

So sad to hear you've lost a loved one. Take care...

[Malcy Lewis](#)

Sending Massive hugs and love to you all xxx thinking of you all xxx

[Pascal Lyn Lp Foil](#)

Therma Sillipitiria o Theos na anapausei tin psychoula tou...

[Karen Barker Taylor](#)

So sorry for your loss Paul, sending love and sympathy to all your lovely family xxxxx

[Edel Connaughton](#)

May he rest in Peace 🙏, love and blessings Paul, Lula and family 🧡 xx

[Jacqueline Anne](#)

Love and hugs to you all Xxxx

[Margreth Chel](#)

Sincere condolences Paul and Lula. He will be missed. 😞

Letters To The Editor – Continued from Page 15

[Valeria Kourteli](#)

Τα θερμά μας συλλυπητήρια. Καλό παράδεισο θείε Κώστα

[Theofilos Chalikias](#)

Τα Θερμά συλλυπητήρια μου

[Sheila Lawrence](#)

We send our love to you all xxxx

[ΒΑνδρεας Βς](#)

Τα θερμά μου συλλυπητήρια..ζωή σε εσάς

[Lesley Anne Woolven](#)

What sad news. Best wishes to you and the whole family. He will be sorely missed by so many. ❤️



[Ian Robert Wilson](#)

Such sad news [Paul](#), please pass on our condolences to all the family - he will be surely missed by all that had the good fortune to meet him. I will always have the fondest memories of Costa.

[Jane Baker](#)

Oh Paul, I'm so sad to read that poor Kostas has passed away. My heart goes out to you all at this very sad time, most especially to his lovely Nitsa.

Thinking of you all, and sending much love ❤️❤� xx

[Mickey Lowe](#)

Condolences Sending you love and to the family.



[Spyridoula Pagrakioti](#)

Τα συλλυπητήρια μου να έχετε την ευχή του καλό παράδεισο 🙏🥹

[Janet Cox](#)

Sending condolences xx

[Diane Kontou](#)

Deepest condolences ❤️ xxxx

[Alexia Mane](#)

My condolences 🌸

[Νίκος Μηλιώτης](#)

Θερμά συλλυπητήρια!!

[Katerina Kyriaki](#)

My condolences to the family

[Patricia Kapsokavadi-Rosborough](#)

RIP Kostas. Condolences Paul and your family at this tough time. Trish.

[Claire Dawkins](#)

So very sorry Paul xxxx

[Sophia Valentina](#)



Pete (Bowley) read last month's Agiot, and was shocked - but in a nice way - about the jokes. He says they COULD NOT be published in Britain now, because they are so un-PC. Long may that last!

Ed: - So true, Anonymous Scrawler! But it can be published from Corfu. Hoorah to that!

The World of Simon

*Ed: - A glimpse into the minds of Simon.
One mind is in England.*

Waking from a Dream. Awake it struck me that if in the liminal state of dreaming I could invent a performance so astounding, so grippingly beautiful, if the visions came from inside my head, things I had never seen in my life inside or outside of art, fiction,

cinema, or show, yet drawing on visions and fictions and that I could reference to what my eyes and ears have seen and read and heard in 70 years, then were I as talented awake I could do and invent anything.

[Ed: - Simon. You can! Just leave a pen and notebook on your bedside table.]



Tidying the tool shed



Our local charity Handsworth Helping Hands (find us on Facebook) doing a "skip-it don't tip-it" day in a street in Handsworth, Birmingham.



The dry bay at Holford Drive Recycling Centre, Perry Barr, Birmingham. Most of this will be incinerated after separation; the rest going into landfill. This is one of HHH's volunteers, Winnie, after we've deposited a van load of waste collected from the streets of Handsworth.



Handsworth Helping Hands volunteers clearing fly-tipped building waste.

The World of Simon - Continued from Page 17

While the other is buried in Greece.

[St Christopher Άγιος Χριστόφορος: Γιατί απεικονίζεται με πρόσωπο σκύλου?](#)



A shop on George Theotoki where we discussed the puzzle of a 'dog-headed' St Christopher

Linda and I were window gazing on the south side of George Theotoki Street in town. At a stationer with a stand outside the shop, a postcard of an icon caught my eye. It showed a saint with the head of a dog. Looking closely at it I saw that it was [St Christopher](#), Άγιος Χριστόφορος, Christ-bearer. It was titled as from The Byzantine Museum in Athens - with no date, artist unknown.



Γιατί απεικονίζεται με πρόσωπο σκύλου?

Neither the shopkeeper, George nor Maria, the children's shoe shop next door, could explain it. Intrigued I asked at the Icon Gallery on the south side of Plakada t' Agiou of N. Theotoki. The man I spoke to - darn it, forgot to get his name - was familiar with this image.

"It goes back to very old times, Egyptian"

"Anubis" I thought



Anubis in the Book of the Dead - a guide to the journey from life to after-life used between 1550-50 BC

"The image was disapproved of by the Orthodox Church" he added "These icons only reappeared in the 17th century when the church became more tolerant. They can be seen in some of the older churches on the island from that time."

Lin said "You can see this isn't a proper icon. Look at the feet and the head shown sideways."

It turns out there's a wealth of information and conjecture about the [dog-headed St Christopher](#). ([Jim Pott's](#) sends me [this Greek link](#)) I'm talking on the phone to my friend Simon Winters in London about another project, and our conversation turns to the strange icon. He'd not come across it. St Christopher is not mentioned in the bible. His story has been passed down through storytelling and tradition. I've noted his image since infancy on medals hung from the mirrors of bus and taxi drivers. How intriguing are such survivals through the ages. Our conversation turned to the mysterious centuries of Christianity before the faith became the one, I learned at school - and that but one of so many varieties.

The name of the shopkeeper where I saw the icon?

"My name is Christopher"

*** **



The St Christopher Chapel in the coach and car park of the Corfu Town Green Bus Terminal

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The World of Simon - Continued from Page 18

In the coach park of the Green Bus terminal on the edge of Corfu town there's a chapel to St Christopher, patron saint of travellers. There is no similar chapel at the harbour where the ferries leave for the mainland and the ports of the Adriatic as far as Venice, nor is there so far as I know one at the airport, now managed by a German conglomerate, where contemporary politeness would have made a 'multi-faith room'. The Green bus station is quite new, replacing a friendlier fume-filled space near the sea at the foot of the town. The new terminal appeared in 2016. [Richard Pine](#), who lives in Perithia, furthest village from the city on the north coast of Corfu, was vitriolic about the place - Ο Νέος Σταθμός...



The old Green Bus Station near the sea

Simon. I discovered to my alarm and despair that the bus station moved over the last weekend and

one is now deposited in a no-man's-land

near the airport. Too too shaming. RP

Dear R. Is that bus station move a permanent one? Coming into town, there must be a point you can get off earlier with a reasonable walk to the city centre. I hope so as I too rely on the bus. S

It has been planned for years - a real, modern, bus station - fully functional, devoid of humanity, androids serving coffee, miles from anywhere because planners do not take people into account. At present there is no stopping point between Lidl and the terminus but they will surely have to invent one, as it goes everywhere except where one needs to. Bring back the old one - at the Spilia - sez I...

I'm trying to work out how you get from the new and inconvenient (except for airport tourists) Green bus terminus. No problem where it is for me. I just use my folding bicycle which stores in the luggage compartment. I suppose there's a shuttle into town, but there might be a convenient stop closer to the city

centre. It seems rough on the local people who have no interest in being close to the airport and want to get into town. If you find out anything vaguely positive let me know.

...there is a shuttle but that is presumably not a long-term solution - the bus into town goes up the long hill past all those shops selling electronics etc., down the other side, out onto the roundabout by the 'other' Lidl and there you are. In the middle of no-mans-land. The return is even more stupid as it goes all round the world, including San Rocco, to come out exactly where it should have started from, but doesn't stop!



Walkers to the city centre making their way carefully from the new Green Bus Terminal

I have just been at the new Green Bus Station. It's as miserable as you've observed. But the staff are proud of the place. I strolled in wheeling my little Brompton bike and was ordered out again. I folded it up and was forgiven. But at once two cleaners arrived to wipe the floor where my bicycle wheels, leaving no marks, had passed. I gather there's a stop on the way out of town by the Old Port - Café Sette Vente - which may make things a little better, but as I cycled into town from the new station up that brief stretch of firmly divided dual carriageway - Ethniki Odos Lefkimis - I passed a single file of tourists negotiating the narrow rough path (I wouldn't call it a pavement)... ..that runs up Dinatou Dimolitsa, leading to a longish stroll up Mitropolitou Methodiou into San Rocco Square. A mess! I admit the old bus station was probably not so good on health and safety with people and buses and diesel fumes mixing it in that little space, but it was agreeably located. Like most things people will get used to it, but I cannot say or think anything good about this non-place, its access so unfriendly to anyone on foot.

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The World of Simon - Continued from Page 19

Someone must have ensured this little church to St Christopher was included in the new building's plans, yet when I asked around this July no-one I asked upstairs in the office, nor at the enquiry desk knew anything about it or could answer my question about the superb icons being painted on its interior walls. The chapel is hardly larger than a wardrobe, perhaps an allotment shed - no stasidia nor lectern and the stand for candles, once lit, sits, on the pavement outside.



My ebike outside the St Christopher chapel at Corfu's Green Bus Terminal

There's a collection box and case for beeswax candles inside. I'm used to myriad sizes of Greek churches from spacious cathedrals, the barn sized churches - all 36 of them - that are dotted around Ano Korakiana, attached in many cases to families, some locked and unused or even, like the distant Church of the Prophet Elias that marks our southern parish boundary ruined, but for a protective roof, to the small roadside Kandilakia marking the place of an accident - fatal and survived - and others that look similar but are markers reminding of a church some yards from the road. There are even shrines hardly larger than a sun dial or an elaborate garden bird feeder, with room for a small icon, and a candle, imitating the doors, windows, dome and cross of a larger church.



The World of Simon - Continued from Page 20

So here they were. These finely painted works inside this little bus station chapel. Who was painting them? I dropped in on successive days over a fortnight - to admire their craftsmanship, hoping to catch the mysterious unknown icon painter at work. No luck.

I remembered that a while ago my friend Mark had answered a question about a strange unfinished three floored house beside the road from Tzolou into Ano Korakiana whose ground floor has been incomplete these last 12 years at least. Two attractive terriers bark enthusiastically at me as I cycle by. I've not seen anyone there.

"Who lives there, Mark?"

"An icon painter"

So, returning from town I stopped my bicycle on the wild flowered verge before the house and called out.

<Χαίρετε>

A lady came to the balcony. She helped me - awkward in my 80th year - up flights of unbannistered concrete stairs to the fine door of a studio. Over the next hour I learned *she* had painted the icons - and indeed, with her husband, many more all over Greece; that she had not yet been paid for the Green Bus contract; that I *must* not even think of intervening on her behalf - a typically unwise impulse of mine. Her name is Irene Vitouladitou. I felt honoured but also delighted at having begun to sate my curiosity.

I asked about the dog-headed St Christopher.

"God knew he wanted to be a holy man. But Agios Christopher was a beautiful man. Women threw themselves at him. God in mercy gave him the head of a dog."

"I have heard and read many other explanations, but not that one. Did you make that up for me?"

A reference in a Greek Orthodox compendium:

Thou who wast terrifying both in strength and in countenance ... didst surrender thyself willingly to them that sought thee; for thou didst persuade both them and the women that sought to arouse in thee the fire of lust, and they followed thee in the path of martyrdom...

The story I learned, perhaps at a Sunday school, in childhood:



Hieronymus Bosch's 1490 painting of the legend replete with symbols

... a child asked Christopher to take him across the river. As they crossed the river the child grew heavier and heavier so that Christopher could hardly hold him up. Struggling to the other side, Christopher said to the child: "You put me in danger. The whole world could not have been as heavy on my shoulders as you were." The child replied: "You had on your shoulders not only the whole world but Him who made it. I am Christ your king, whom you are serving by this work." The child vanished



Irene Vitouladitou's unfinished work in the St Christopher Chapel at the Green Bus Terminus in Corfu

Little Brother is Watching You

By Paul McGovern, Editor



When you land on this page you may, already, have a preconception.

You may agree with what is shown or discussed below.

You may disagree, in which case it is easy for you to scroll down to the next page.

You may be somewhere in the middle, in which case why not give it a go?

Whatever you choose, that is the point. *You*, and you alone, have that freedom of choice.

This page, primarily, is about those freedoms being stripped from you as you read this, at an alarming and increasing rate, in the World beyond this current screen. This is happening regardless of which of the three categories above you are in.

To help to make sense of the memes and links below *please* first try this video clip by Richard Vobes. It is humorous, if nothing else. But, of course, when you have viewed it, you will know that it is, also, something else. I hope you will find the seventeen minutes a well-worth investment.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oEYqUECCLf0>

Did you watch it? Does it ring any bells?

This World War 3 was declared in 2020, although it had been in the planning for many decades before that, if not longer.

Remember Covid? It has gone a bit quiet, hasn't it? Don't worry, it will come back in one shape or another, to mesmerise the masses.

The Evil Ones, for that is what they truly are, have many different types of poisoned arrows to shoot at you. And many of these are happening simultaneously. New ploys will appear.

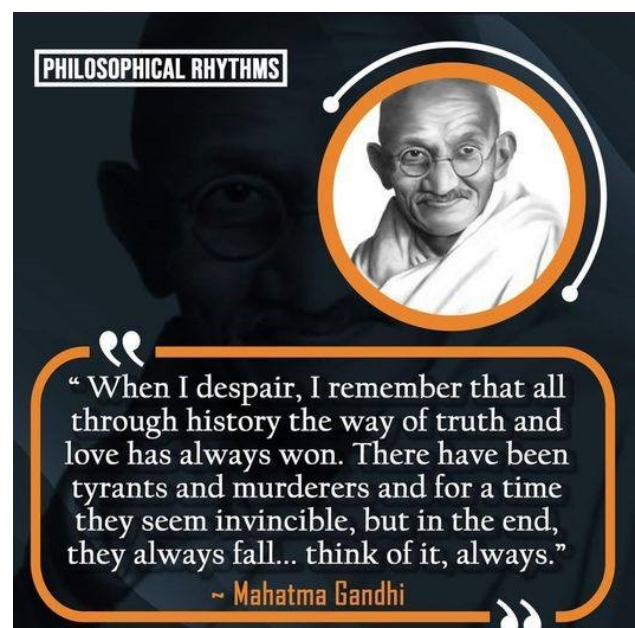
Some of us rebels believe that we will be saved by 'White Caps', or 'The Rapture'. I am not in that camp, though it is just my personal opinion and who can say if I'm right or wrong?

I believe it is down to us, on an individual basis.

Some people say of the Enemy 'there is nothing we can do; they are too powerful.'

I would say to those people that there are many things we can do. But I'm not deluded into believing it will be easy. The Enemy is very powerful.

But it is not all-powerful. It has two major disadvantages: it is numerically tiny, compared with the masses. And, it is not Good. For this is a fight between Good and Evil.



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Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from Page 22

Maybe, we cannot confront this Enemy head-on. As they gain in confidence their power would simply crush us. But we can stage a guerilla war, a war of attrition. Boycotts, non-compliance, protests, stepping out of the 'system', learning new ways, acquiring new skills, growing food, spreading useful information, sacrificing creature comforts, linking to like-minded people, reading.

Knowledge is power.

A good friend of mine-he knows who I mean if he reads this-suggests that we all start thinking 'local', to rebuild Societal systems from scratch, on a local community basis.

The cynic would say that our resistance will not be tolerated. Well, I seem to remember the British Government said they would never give in to Terrorism. They did. In Northern Ireland.

Many fence-sitters think they will ride out the storm that is coming. They won't. Trying to climb a bit higher up the increasingly greasy Societal pole will only bring the briefest of respites.

Year	Pericarditis	Myocarditis	Total
2019	3,151	335	3,486
2020	10,830	1,437	12,267
2021	16,239	2,724	18,963
2022 (to 27/11/22)	20,260	4,364	24,624
Total	50,480	8,860	59,340

Dr Campbell stats

'In 2005, 2013, and 2014 National Institute of Health [headed by fauci] did studies on corona virus that showed Hydroxychloroquine completely obliterated it. There are 285 peer reviewed studies that show 80% of the people who died, would not have died, if they had taken Hydroxychloroquine.'
Robert F. Kennedy Jr.



Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from Page 23



Please take some time to see this range of videos, highlighting some of the arrows which will be fired at you or are already rushing toward you.

Corona 25 on its way

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Kctbb_beTtg

Whitney Webb [in-depth investigative journalist].
Breaking down the confusion.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=q28wkPhMQrY>

Dr. Peter McCullough, a voice of reason

<https://rumble.com/v1ryxpk-emergency-saturday-broadcast-dr.-peter-mccullough-live-in-studio.html>

What is going on with our hearts?

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oqSSLZ34Qwk>

How Elites Will Create a New Class of Slaves

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=w-d3jFIGxdQ>

Jordan on climate

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5QDj-n-PurQ>

Robert Malone on who controls the world

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5wMj3tzrykU>

Dr Simone Gold [Dr. Zero]
New California Medical Law

https://www.theepochtimes.com/californias-misinformation-law-targets-doctor-zero_4967978.html

The Final Lockdown Look what is happening now with surveillance

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TgbNku6aAWY>

Possible Bank Restrictions

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

Digit ID Legislation being pushed through sneakily, in the Uk right now. YOUR chance to object via this link!

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NcrwXQdGkn0>

Yeadon tells it as it is

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=q28wkPhMQrY>

Take your time with these, some of them are lengthy. But if you doubt give time to reason with your doubt. Do not pass them off as 'Conspiracy Theories'. That term did not exist before the assassination of JFK. The CIA coined the phrase to describe anybody who was questioning the narrative of the official line at the time. And, as we now know, dark forces were in a Conspiracy to topple that President, and it was *not* theoretical.

GLOBAL WARMING: COVER STORY

LGBT: DISTRACTION

BLACK LIVES MATTER: DISTRACTION

UKRAINE: BIG DISTRACTION

COVID 19: EVIL FEAR MAKER RELEASED BY PLAN

WHITE HATS: I DON'T KNOW

MASS GLOBAL SURVEILLANCE: HERE AND NOW AND RAMPING UP

DIGITAL I.D.: HERE AND NOW AND RAMPING UP.

DIGITAL CURRENCY: ON ITS WAY.

FUTURE UNNECESSARY INJECTIONS: FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE

THE NEW SOCIAL CONTRACT NONE OF YOU HAVE SIGNED UP FOR

DIGITAL IDENTITY= DIGITAL PRISON.

YOU CAN IGNORE REALITY BUT YOU CAN'T IGNORE THE REALITY WHEN IT STRIKES.

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Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from Page 24

There are cracks in the Enemy's system.

The B.B.C., mouthpiece for outrageous Propaganda, interviewed this fine Doctor, never realising that he would let the cat out of the bag over the mRNA injections. Watch her fumbled response at about 5.08 when he goes 'off script'.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hhp6OriPuVI>

And follow this link to see how the Thai Government had to backtrack on their plans to reintroduce vaccine mandate and PCR testing. Interesting.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=A16LqZ9N10c>



The Way Things Were and Are

One Kingdom Will Remain, Forever

The address to the congregation of Holy Trinity Church's Chaplain, Jules Wilson, on Remembrance Sunday, 13 November 2021

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN I LIKE TO WRITE THESE TALKS, not at my desk with my commentaries, but in a coffee-shop surrounded by the world going about its business. People on their laptops and phones working or browsing away, families with push-chairs taking their little ones out for a change of scene, friends meeting and chatting and laughing - talking about the minutiae of life and simply enjoying being together.

This is freedom, what it feels like: Safe. Normal. Peaceful. Isn't it strange that people have had to die in their millions to enable this kind of simple living? You would think that if this is how we want to get on with our lives, side by side dealing with the parochial challenges of daily life and the in-built personal complexities of being a human being, then we would be able to. All of us. But we don't seem able to.

In a way, the Bible is both a help and a worry when it comes to considering these things. The "w" word (war) is mentioned over 200 times and it is a thread from beginning to end. In other words, it seems it has ever been thus.

Listen to the way in which the story of David and Bathsheba starts in the second book of Samuel... "One spring day, during the time of year when kings go off to war..." It sounds almost as natural as if they were saying "One spring day, during the time of year when they prune the olive trees!" Isn't it terrifying that war is talked about so casually?

And think of Solomon in that famous reading we hear so often at funerals from Ecclesiastes 3: "a time to love, and a time to hate; a time for war, and a time for peace." Really? We human beings can switch so easily between love and hate? Switch between peace and war... just like that?

And if you think of that worship book in the heart of the Bible, the Psalms... so many written to God as war wages or threatens all around.

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The Way Things Were and Are - Continued from Page 25

Some of those psalms are the deepest expression of love that it would be possible to write. But many others, a desire to see God intervene and destroy their enemies, or to strengthen their arms in the fight or improve the aim of their arrows.

Just part of life. Really? How come?

I was listening to Leonard's talk this week as he had shared it with us and he started his reflection in a very different way with a straightforward and direct statement.

War is sin. Blindingly obvious. But it sounds shocking too, doesn't it? And following on from that he expressed that it is a kind of outrage, that we should dedicate a Sunday to remembering... sin! And the consequences of sin? That it should be part of our worship calendar. It made me think.

But of course, as he and I will go on to say, this is not the last word.

Today in our globalised, secularised world we tend to think things are more complicated. The consequences of historic decisions and political mistakes, failed and renewed dangerous ideologies - a kind of cycle of discovery-disaster-rediscovery-disaster and so on; we look to the massive military-industrial complex and seek out the conspiracies that follow the money trail; war makes many rich and many, many more poor. But Leonard is on the button, is he not? Aren't all these contemporary complexities simply other words for sin? For brokenness? For greed, pride, anger and idolatry? Hardness of heart? In other words... failure?

So, what do we do? Throw our hands up in the air? Declare this is just the way it is and give in to this innate capacity to hate?

Well, all that we have said is true. But that's not all there is to say... as a mum and dad in the coffee shop check again on their little girl; as the barrister makes another coffee and shares a smile and joke with another customer.

As a good friend of mine loves to say... "Thank God for Jesus!" Our Father in Heaven, does not leave us in this state without hope, direction and the power to change. When our God of Grace and Freedom chose to step onto the earth he loved and created he did so with a purpose. To teach and to transform. And we know what we are like. That's no

easy task. Sure he could click his fingers in a moment and force us out of fear of pain and death to do what he believes we are capable of choosing for ourselves. But where's the love in that? Isn't that simply replacing an earthly power-crazed despot with a heavenly one? But our God of love and freedom does not do that. To take away our freedom is to take away our capacity for love - we have to desire peace, we have to desire that each other is blessed and fulfilled and free - or it's fake - and we will fight that just as free-spirited people all around the world fight against oppression and injustice. No, as we heard in our reading, we are not forced or beaten into submission... so... nation will rise against nation. There will always be those who abuse freedom and power.

But their actions will not have the last word. No... our Creator God wants more for us than this. And he modelled it for us in Jesus Christ. A servant heart, a compassionate soul, a desire to see even his enemies blessed and forgiven - more a desire for his enemies to become his friends. He desires for us to choose to be saved from this inherited pattern of violence.... For us to choose to be saved from our sin.

And he didn't live and die these hopes in a safe monastery somewhere on top of a mountain. He lived it in an occupied nation in a continent almost permanently at war.

And he called his disciples, that believed in him and this future for humanity, to live in the same way.

And so, for the first few centuries, the response to war of those who first followed Jesus was really very straightforward. They couldn't do it. Like Peter in the garden of Gethsemane, they sheathed their swords. And often at great cost.

On the 11th of the 11th the saint we remember is Martin de Tours. When he came to faith in Jesus he had to switch allegiance to a new commanding officer (away from antichristian Julian to Christ). He refused his pay as he was retiring and boldly stated, "I am the soldier of Christ: it is not lawful for me to fight." You can imagine the response. He was charged with cowardice and jailed. But he did more. In response to the charge, he volunteered to go unarmed to the front of the troops.

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The Way Things Were and Are - Continued from Page 26

He wasn't afraid of death - why would he be. He just couldn't kill any more. His superiors planned to take him up on the offer, but before they could, the invaders sued for peace, the battle never occurred, and Martin was released from military service. Many others weren't so... lucky.

But over the centuries, more complex theologies were developed to live with the reality of two Kingdoms - the kingdom of those living by the old ways of war and violence; and the Kingdom of Jesus, the Prince of Peace. Attempts to create rules of Just War where the innocent could be defended against the continuing and ongoing pattern of violence, with its roots in the brokenness of humanity, while the Kingdom of Jesus could spread and change the hearts of all.

Well, as we know - complicated is an understatement for the history, the justifications, the aggression, the abuses and the sacrifices that have followed.

And in the last few decades and especially in the last few years, we don't need to name them - we have seen even these attempts at an international language of restraint and peace being abused and corrupted. And families pay the price.

Yet the two kingdoms continue to grow side by side. The wheat and the weeds in the same field.

We might reasonably ask of our Lord, isn't there another way? Can't you simply flick out of existence those so saturated with this 'sin' that the harm that they do could be avoided? Can't you create a divine forcefield around the children, boost the range of the weapons of these defending their homes against aggressive tyrants? Can't you stop it!! Please!

And we pray these things in one form or another in our Vigils. Does He not hear?

Well, in Jesus we see that our loving Father in Heaven does more than hear. He experiences our pain and our hate, our joy and our love. He's here among us, with us. Empowering our spiritual battle, the battle for our souls, the battle for our desires to love as Jesus loves. And I've no doubt, miracles happen where they can day in and day out.

And Jesus says something astounding. He says that when we fight this battle, the real battle for the soul of humanity, an astounding promise awaits. "Not a

hair of your head will perish. Stand firm, and you will win life."

And that is life in all its fullness. Kingdom life. Eternal life. The life that will enable us to carry the pain of others in our own hearts and to desire that even our enemies, even those for whom we see no hope, will be able to receive the Grace that now we can only glimpse in the heart of our Lord and Saviour.

So it is, of course, more than right and good that we make this day a special day to remember. To remember the real fight we are in - the spiritual battle to learn to love as we have been loved; to remember the pain and the courage of those who fought this battle not just with words but with their bodies - putting themselves in harm's way that others would be protected; who paid the price in themselves for the sin that still takes hold of the human heart... so that others may live in peace and freedom - and be able in safer circumstances, to choose Jesus' Kingdom path and find their own ways to serve it.

The coffee shop continues happily oblivious to the priest typing away in the corner. Some decent blues starts playing in the background. The little girl has fallen asleep and is being gently rocked by her mum.

Somewhere else, a young man dies in the mud from a bullet. A mother receives a letter and slumps in a chair. An old man sits in a grotesquely ornate office plotting.

Our Father in Heaven, feels it all. He takes the soul of that young man in his arms and welcomes him. He breathes comfort into the heart of the mother as she wrestles with her faith and her loss. And His sighs of grace fall on the deaf ears of the man in the office.

But one day... one Kingdom will remain. Forever and ever, Amen.

Jules Wilson

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The Way Things Were and Are - Continued from Page 27

Agios Ioannis, Corfu, provides a link between people from different countries, with different tongues. Here are photos from then and now representing those people, whether in Agios, or in their homeland, who share or have shared one special place on Earth together.



Heyday of Kostas taverna 1980's



The more sedate taverna today



Corfu celebrity Alex Damaskinos by Dick Mulder



Sanna Ternald only uses the best products

<



A small and cosy Christmas cave in Brännö Sweden

The Way Things Were and Are - Continued from Page 28



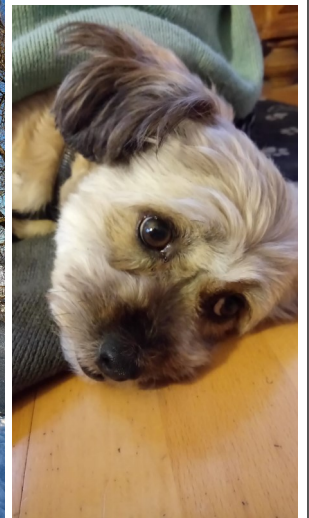
Janske van Haaren's Dutch Christmas



Agiot Nidge Dyer as a young boy



Jane Hewitt's home in Horsmonden Kent



Kyra



Erica Åhström's Swedish Christmas

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The late Chrissie Hill with friend Rita

>



The late, great David Dickinson R.I.P.

<

David's final local

>



Village and Island News

by Paul McGovern

The heat of summer passed into a golden fall, then Christmas.

It has been a mild winter, thus far, in Corfu.

The main story for this time in Agios has been the death of beloved Kostas, already dealt with here, and the ongoing infirmity of poor Nitsa, who has been bedridden since she broke her hip on June 21st. Since then she has been attended to daily by Lula and Anna, with various visits from health professionals.



It's done?

The other story running at the same time was, at last, the completion of stone paving in the old plateia, a matter that looked a job too far at one point. But, the Greek Gods smiled, and the last of the stones were hurried into their resting place just in time for the Panygeri.

Of course, we should not expect too much. Below is a communication from the implementation team, which is also translated into English.

Ολοκληρώθηκε η πρώτη φάση κατασκευής της πλατείας Αγ.Ιωάννη βάσει της μελέτης της Διεύθυνσης Τεχνικών Υπηρεσιών του Δήμου Κεντρικής Κέρκυρας κ Διαποντίων Νήσων.

Το έργο προέβλεπε πλακόστρωση με πλάκες τύπου Σινιών ενώ οι εργασίες συνεχίζονται με αναβάθμιση του ηλεκτροφωτισμού, τοποθέτηση καθισμάτων, κάδων απορριμμάτων και κλάδεμα δέντρων.Το έργο «Κατασκευή Πλατείας Αγ.Ιωάννη» έχει προϋπολογισμό 100.000ευρώ και με την ολοκλήρωσή του ικανοποιείται ένα διαχρονικό αίτημα των κατοίκων επί τρεις περίπου δεκαετίες.

Συνεχίζουμε με όλες τις δυνάμεις μας και πάρα τις αντιξοότητες και τα απρόβλεπτα, κλείνουμε πληγές πολλών ετών και διαχρονικές ανάγκες των πολιτών. Ευχαριστώ τη Διεύθυνση τεχνικών υπηρεσιών για την αγαστή συνεργασία και τις κοπιώδεις προσπάθειες καθώς και τη Διεύθυνση οικονομικών για τη συμβολή της.

Completed the first phase of the construction of St. John's Square based on the design of the Technical Services Department of the Municipality of Central Corfu and the Dipontian Islands. The project provided paving with slabs type Sinias while the work continues with upgrading the electric lighting, placing seats, trash bins and trimming trees. The project "Construction of St. John's Square" has a budget of 100. 000euros and with its completion a long-standing request of the residents for almost three decades is satisfied. We continue with all our strengths and despite the adversities and unforeseen circumstances, we are closing wounds of many years and long-standing needs of citizens. I thank the Technical Services Department for their cooperation and hard work and the Finance Department for its contribution.

Translated with www.DeepL.com/Translator (free version)

No continuance of work is as yet evident. But let's not get impatient, as it has only been seven months; no upgrading of lighting has yet happened- I think one broken bulb was replaced-no new seats adorn the square, or, alas, trash bins. Trees are occasionally trimmed, accidentally, by passing lorries. And the famous plane tree shivers at night for the want of a warm skirt of cosy wall. The periphery is yet to be finished off.

Elections are in sight, so watch this space.

Village and Island News - Continued from Page 30

Ingrid and Andrea are caring cat-lovers. They have tidied up around the bins on the main road and provided a sanctuary for the feral cats that have always been at that spot, living off scraps from the bins.

Here is a short piece from Ingrid from this period, together with her photos.



'Today in Agios Ioannis...

Cleaned up this morning at the bins and rebuilding the cat house, removing bamboo and making the cat's life a bit more comfortable.

Can anybody help me to feed these cats in Agios Ioannis regularly from September/Oktober for I am also busy with other cat colonies?'

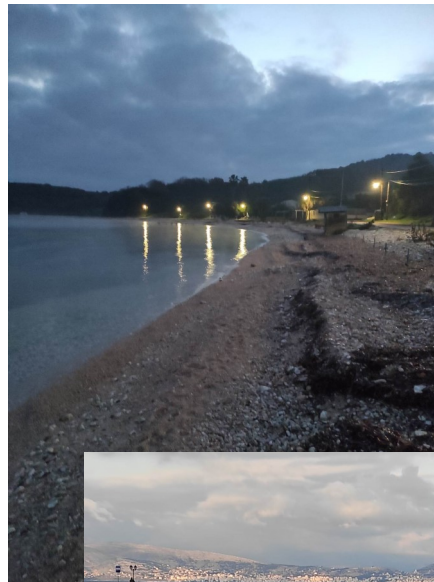
I am leaving you this month with a collage of various photos taken during this period.



A so typical Corfu vista from Kim Pangratis



Corfu airport expansion



Dawn in Avlaki

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Harbour wall Kassiope

Village and Island News - Continued from Page 31



Goldilocks



Inundation



Kim P



Limni

<

Our ever-changing valley

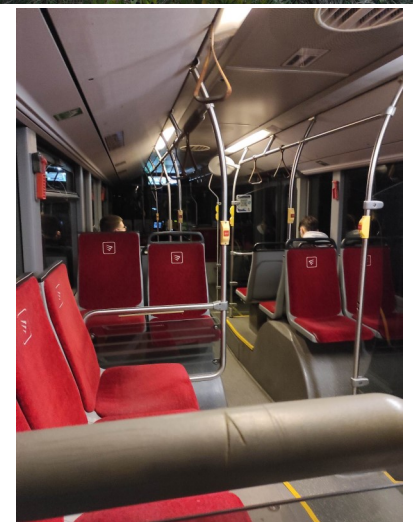
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The attack



Peter with his children on his 36th birthday



Our local bus no. 8

Continued on Page 33

Village and Island News - Continued from Page 32



By Ralf Rheingauers Frank

The sea once asked one of its fish, "Why do you always stay with me and never leave me?"
The fish replied: "Because you are my life and I carry your love in my heart."

Moraitika

by Efrosini.Moschoudi



I have been holidaying in Moraitika and Messonghi almost annually since the mid-1970s, seeing that I have family roots in both these idyllic villages of southeast Corfu. Driven by my love for these places and its people, I have created an insider's guide on my website

which I've packed to the brim with my best recommendations for things to do, other resources, and even links to articles where I share about my family and my holidays on Corfu in the 70s and 80s.

You'll also get to see a little about the books that my passion for the island has inspired me to write.

Moraitika and Messonghi are both perfect for families and quiet couples. Check out my guide today and learn more about these fantastic little villages.

Lots of fun to be had, and they're great starting points for exploring other wonderful areas too, even by pleasure little boats! Go here: <http://effrosyniwrites.com/your-guide-to-moraitika-corfu/>



Dark Skies

by Efrosini.Moschoudi



From Effrosyni Moschoudi's Facebook profile
<https://www.facebook.com/efrosini.moschoudi/>

You are powerful, more than you know. The darkness that's fallen upon you, upon the whole world, may be deep, but it is only temporary. Every day, even if you don't realize it, you do your bit to shine your light upon the darkness so it may disperse.

We're all doing it together. You are not alone... You've been through some extremely gruesome days, but you've remained steadfast. Like a piece of coal, you've suffered the pressure but it wasn't for nothing. It turned you into an exquisite diamond!

God knows what He is doing with you. Even the hardest times have been important. Necessary. Nothing has been a coincidence. Nothing has been a judgement from God, but a needed process, a lesson from a kind Teacher. Your hardships, your lessons, will sooner or later make you realize how strong you are.

Continued on Page 35

Dark Skies - Continued from Page 34

Be proud for having made it up to here. Give yourself a pat in the back and keep going! Your kind heart is doing all the work, even if you don't know it yet. Your light matters. Keep shining it. You're doing so well!

Make forgiveness and love for yourself and others a daily exercise. Make gratitude and joy the ultimate pursuits inside your heart. No matter the pain you may be feeling. Once you try these practices, you'll realize this is actually the fastest way to extinguish pain.

Remember. You're not just a name with a body. You're LIGHT, a divine energy that no darkness can ever harm, let alone extinguish. You are a spark of God. Divine, powerful, eternal. Act as if you know it, and soon, you will remember your true essence.



When you start to worry and to feel fear as you ponder upon the current state of the world, all you have to do is think about Daniel in the Lions' Den. Do as He did... Stay close to God and evil will never touch you. This is the only way to survive the devastating world events that have been unfolding since 2020.

The world is undergoing a process that seems baffling to many, but not to all. To those who have studied the Bible or have just done some basic research, this process is well-known. Some of us have known for a long time The New World Order would try all this... This process we are undergoing has been prophesied and many have warned us, therefore we know well how it ends.

Being a process, it has a beginning and an end. All you have to do is hang on until it is over, but you have to do it in the faith that God will keep you safe at all times. It is important that you keep fear at bay. The satanic elites (aka The New World Order) will ramp up the fear factor this winter... so you must remember that. Don't let anything scare you. Especially since it will only be smoke and mirrors.

Remember. No nuclear war can ever happen. And no alien invasion will ever be true. They will attempt to scare you witless so you may allow them to implement a one-world government. But this will never come to pass because God has intervened and His decision is final.

What awaits us all is not worldwide slavery and mass genocide. No. What awaits us instead, by the grace of God, is a world of peace, joy, health and prosperity for all. But first, remember. We have to go through the worst. The darkest hour. It's coming this winter.

Keep the faith, and don't believe the lies they will tell you as per above. Always keep some extra food and some cash for the big shutdown - max 2-3 weeks.

If you are still reading, it means you have an open mind. Or, at least, that you are curious in a healthy way. I congratulate you for that. It also means that the idea of God does not repel you. It means that the spirit of the Antichrist has not permeated your thinking, has not destroyed your capacity to think with logic and reason.

And for this seemingly impossible feat, because the cunning of the demons running this world has been mighty and relentless since 2020, know that God has marked you as His own.

Continued on Page 36

Dark Skies - Continued from Page 35

Being one of God's children, you will make it till the end, you will come out unscathed. When our earthly paradise dawns, completely free of evil, you will be fully awakened to your true power and your true essence. And then, together, we will help all our fellow humans that have been victimised, rendered blind and deaf. We will help them, but only if they let us. Because free will is the supreme law.

For now, it is impossible to help those who refuse to listen. We can't wake them up. Only God can do that and He will have to show them. Not long now... I pray they will all survive the Revelations to come. And so, it is []

THE NEW WORLD ORDER



by A. Ralph Epperson

From Effrosyni Moschoudi's Facebook page:
<https://www.facebook.com/efrosini.moschoudi/>

This is a free book that's a couple of decades old. The author highlights, among other things, references to the New World Order by public figures from as far back as Karl Marx and Adolf Hitler. It is recommended reading for those who still think any references to a satanic elite running the world are just fairy tales or 'conspiracy theories'.

Their one-world government plan that is unfolding right now had been in preparation for many decades indeed. Here are some excerpts from the book and the free download link. I don't think anyone can read this book and not get convinced, or at least not start to wonder...

"... National socialism will use its own revolution for the establishing of a new world order." ~ Adolf Hitler

"In the end the people will lay their freedom at the controllers' feet and say to them, 'make us your slaves, but feed us.'" ~ Aldous Huxley, from his book, "Brave New World Revisited"

"... the twenty-first century ... will be the era of World Controllers" ~ Aldous Huxley

"Ultimately, our objective is to welcome the Soviet Union back into the world order. Perhaps the world order of the future will truly be a family of nations." ~ President George Bush, 1989

Free download link (PDF, kindle and other formats):
https://archive.org/details/TheNewWorldOrder_342

From the Facebook page of Effrosyni Moschoudi
<https://www.facebook.com/efrosini.moschoudi/>

I am posting this for anyone among my brothers and sisters who needs to hear these words of comfort today. God is in the ether, permeating everything, down to the last grain of sand, the last drop of water. Forget the old bearded man in the sky - that's a lie. It separates you from the true nature of God, putting distance between you and Him. The truth? God is never far away. He never left us. He lives inside your heart, inside your soul. And He put angels in charge of you, always protecting you, always looking out for you. But only if you pray, if you call them close. This is because of free will. The ultimate law that no one is allowed to break. Not even God and His angels can help you unless you ask them to.

God is an all-loving, all-healing, all-protecting consciousness that is omnipresent, omniscient and omnipotent. Therefore, help is always on the way if you're open to receive. If you need strength or help today, remember, open your heart to all possibilities and God WILL deliver.

Do not depend or rely on the doctors, the media or the government. These belong to the dark side. They manipulate, they enslave, they ensnare. That's the system, it was built for this purpose.

Continued on Page 37

Dark Skies - Continued from Page 36

Only God saves, only God never lets anyone down, only God always tells the truth if you care to quieten yourself down, focus on your heart centre and really listen. All you have to do is ask. God takes care of all the creatures in nature, providing sustenance to all, and clothes all flowers in the field with breath-taking colours.

Would He ever let man or woman, His most magnificent creatures, ever go without? Or even perish? Or let our beautiful planet, our Gaia, the jewel of the universe, ever get destroyed? No. Never. That's why there is NOTHING in our future that could ever scare me. The incessant talk of nuclear war and asteroids, comets, bad aliens, it's all media fairy tales of the dark ones. To keep us in fear. Don't fall in their trap. There is only one kind of 'alien' on and over earth right now and they are angels. Meaning no harm. Loving us beyond our understanding.

Yes, multitudes of God's angels are here to witness the end of days of the evil world we've known all our lives, to protect us from the receding evil that's been plaguing us, to witness the awakening of Humanity and the dawn of the Golden Age - the transition to paradise on earth. This is where we are at. We are about to witness the tearing of the veil.



We live in an evil world that is like a false matrix for our minds. The dark ones created it to dumb us down thousands of years ago. This is how they hold us captive. By lying, by manipulating and by withholding the truth from us about all things. They have lied to us about everything... Yes, the dark ones hijacked our planet and enslaved us and as you know it's recorded in the Bible. And God allowed them to do this because of their own free will. To see where it would lead. But the dark ones recently went too far, trying to destroy Humanity all together, and that, God would never allow. So, now, we are about to escape our evil prison as God and all the ancient prophecies foretold.

We are finally peeking through the veil, off and on now. Start looking. Really looking. What is really happening? No matter what I tell you about what I see, you'll never believe me. You have to look for yourself. Start trusting. Remember your childhood. You were wide-eyed back then, innocent, knowing nothing but REALLY... you knew everything. But they made you forget.

Now is the time to remember. To believe in 'magic' again. That anything is possible in the eyes of God. To believe in the omnipotence of God Creator as well as your own. The dark cloud is lifting. So be like a child and trust. The truth will come to you. The memories are kept safe inside. They'll start to resurface soon and you will be reactivated with all your ancient memories and your original, supernatural DNA, the way God created you in the first place, before the dark ones tampered with it.

You think you're just a body with a name? An identity? No. You are a powerful light being, having an experience in a physical body. You came from the stars. You willingly descended to this dark matrix to help humanity awaken in this specific lifetime. That's why we're all here. And you're doing so great. Just by standing quietly in your truth, praying, meditating, visualising, shining your light, and you are powerful beyond your understanding. You are divine, eternal, and you are about to remember who you really are. Stay in faith and hope, my brothers and sisters. Visualize and think of only the best, the most blissful, the happiest outcomes. Fear is your only enemy. In reality, there is no enemy left to speak of. God and His angels are here, protecting us, and everything is working out perfectly in the divine plan. Everything is under control. You are doing wonderfully and you've gone so far already. You deserve credit for standing strong, so strong, through this satanic mess.

No matter how dark it gets in the following months, it will be only temporary. Smoke and mirrors that cannot and will not touch you. Believe me when I say, the darkness we were living in all our lives was even darker - we just didn't know. But it'll all lift, the world showered brightly with heavenly light. And then, there will be no more evil. Only joy, only godliness, justice and truth. For all God's creatures.

Love and light  

Agiotfest by The Minstrel

There has not been a physical Agiotfest since 2019.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Tr72UypW39c&feature=share&fbclid=IwAR3VcqXz7xijhgBfF2k2pr9vT0kBYOHeZN6AszkoF4pBrzUAVJDZBV71M4>

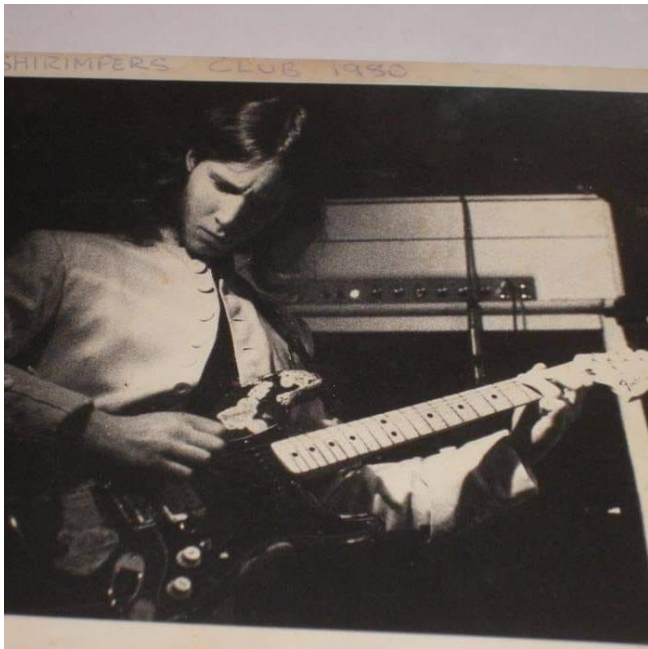
Since then, it has been, somewhat, interrupted by World Events.

I'm often asked, 'Is there one this year?'

The honest answer is, 'I don't know.'

I want to do one, my heart is in it. But, at my dodderly time of life, I don't want to bang my head against a brick wall of Political nonsense either.

So, I'm sitting on the fence, waiting for a sign.



A young Paul Fennell

I'm also still saddened at the passing, last February, of my friend Paul Fennell. We were just getting our heads around the complexity of such an event. Every year it was getting better.

We were a perfect team, as we complemented each other's attributes. We both were in love with it and had endless fun and laughs making it happen.

He never looked for praise
He was never one to boast
He just went on quietly working
For the ones he loved the most.
His dreams were seldom spoken
His wants were very few
And most of the time his worries went unspoken too.

He was there.. A firm foundation
Through all our storms of life
A sturdy hand to hold on to
In times of stress and strife.
A true friend we could turn to
When times were good or bad
One of our greatest blessings

The man that I called DAD 📖

13/2/1961 - 1/2/2022

The main reason for the success of Agiotfest; it was done from those hearts. Money was pushed down the list. I think it showed each year.

It wasn't just Paul and me. There was a fantastic team around us. I hope I'm not going to mention you all here, for fear of omitting anybody, but you all know who you are, and have been commended in other articles in this magazine.

Two other major factors made Agiotfest what it became; The Fans and The Bands. How lucky we have been. We have had some great and constant fans down the years-they are our rock. Then we have been blessed with some wonderful-and giving musicians.

Continued on Page 39

Agiotfest - Continued from Page 38



Los Jaguey

One such band hailed from Mexico City in 2015; Los Jaguey. In recent times Ricardo from that band has suffered ill-health. Please take a few minutes to read his story here. After the story there is a link, for anybody who is able to contribute a little to help this gentleman.

When he and his two friends came all the way here to play for us, they demanded no fee, no expenses. We just put them up and offered our hospitality. They were happy just to be invited. Now, at least, I'm able to return a little for the kindness they showed us.

Hello everyone! Ricardo Jiménez Jacob is a Mexican musician and writer originally from Mexico City.

As some know, Ricardo contracted COVID in January of this year, which developed Guillain Barre Syndrome in his body, an autoimmune disease that affected the nerves from the abdomen down and down.

Recovery will first require reconnecting your nerves and gaining the strength to stand up and then rehabilitate yourself to be able to walk. This process will take a long time.

At this time it is in the process of reconnecting the nerves of the affected parts. At first he didn't feel his feet or legs. In this time he has recovered sensation in knees and fingers, as well as some mobility.

That is why we ask for your support in this process and why this campaign was created, to which you can help by contributing financially or sharing. You should know that the platform is super secure

You help us a lot by sharing!

There is no small contribution when it comes to helping!

Note: Donations will be allocated to medicines, physiotherapy ... and extra expenses.

Or.. The money will be used to pay for existing expenses as a result of the condition as well as to follow up on physical rehabilitation medications, physiotherapies) of Ricardo, and then get the necessary equipment to adapt it at home, as well as necessary extras.

Gracias.

<https://donadora.org/campanas/rehabilitacion-ricardo-jacob>

* * * * *

Commitments

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4eUJEIS45gE>



Dave and Tracey

<



Steve Gibbons in Villa Theodora

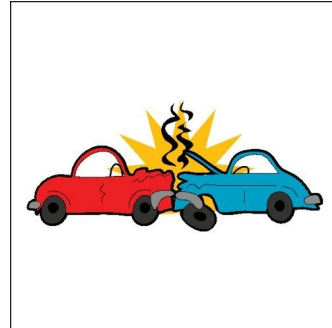
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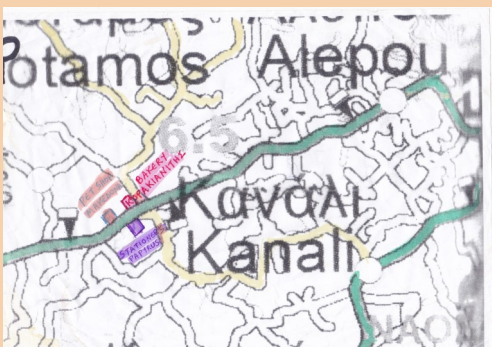
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©The 100+Club Corfu

Ed: -Below is just a snippet from the 100+ Club, who for many years now have been constantly providing relief to people all over the island, with no remuneration whatsoever for themselves, and a good deal of work they have carried out consistently, to help others.

If you live in Corfu, why not pop along to one of their monthly draws, with no obligation to join?

Ken and Jan Harrop and Paul and Jan Scotter will assist in any way they can.

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/421068094624153>

Dear Members,

The 100+ Club is proud to announce that 30 bags of chocolate coins, 30 mini selection packs and 30 other items of chocolate were purchased to the value of 149.10€ and donated to the Shoe Box Appeal.

Thank you for your support.



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!

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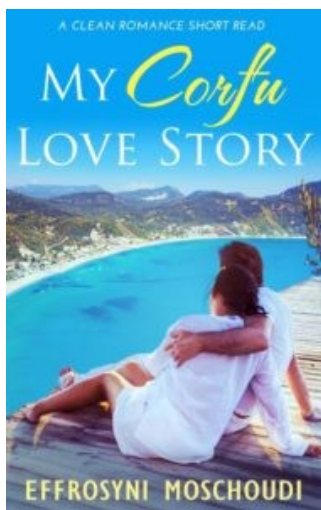
Emma Tamplin



I would like to find a lovely boat/ yacht that has a super skipper ie: great fun, really kind and caring. Why? Because I want to bring my Special Client's out to Sea for the day..on the Clear Corfu water. It has been proven that looking at the sea and especially the light on the sea, calms the mind and gives us Serotonin. This is called BlueGym. Many of us, without realising it, are still carrying the anxiety depression and fear that Covid and lockdowns inflicted on us. I too lost all my confidence. But I have got myself back on track again and I will be sharing all that worked for me when you are onboard. My idea is to Teach small groups how This day of Spiritual Life Coaching is designed to give you tools, and exercises that you can use so that you continue to go forward on your path in a positive way. We will stop in secluded coves to swim and you can let go fully of anything that is holding you back. I plan to teach my clients How to flip any negative pattern of fear and transmute it to

positive. This will be a unique day, light and fun. My goal is that when you step off the boat in the evening you will how much your positive energy has expanded. You will feel peace in your heart and soul again. So, now you can see why I am looking for a Special skipper. I would like to meet Skippers who have their own boat. The goal would be to start next Spring. Off season months. If you might be the one for this job.. I would love to hear from you.. Emma. I am also considering buying a, boat/ yacht. I love those wooden decked boats..

please contact me through: ehtamplin@gmail.com



"The author really paints a wonderful, vivid picture of Corfu. I felt as though I was there, could feel the sun and the atmosphere of this stunning Greek village." ~Novelkicks.co.uk

"Effrosyni has a style of writing that just leads you onwards, so you want to carry on reading, no matter what the time of night." ~Ade G., Amazon UK reviewer

Clean romance short read. Now, also in paperback! Spyri never forgot that old summer in Corfu when she met Markos... Visit Amazon: <https://bit.ly/3pAP3rf>

EFFROSYNI MOSCHOUDI



<https://bit.ly/3nTKpUV>



FREE BOOK! Calm Through the Storm is about world events behind the scenes and truths that the media will not discuss. It is perfect for those who are looking for answers, for the religious, and the spiritual. The book will tell you what to expect in the immediate months to come, how to prepare ahead of time, and how to navigate it all so you can come out unscathed from the panic only because you will know the incredible, empowering truth behind it.

The book discusses many controversial subjects that only a fraction of the world's population knows about at the moment. Among them: the Cabal, Nesara/Gesara, the QFS, the RV, The Ascension, The Great Awakening, The Alliance and The Galactic Federation. Sure, it's not a book for everyone. It is

only short, around 100 pages, but here's a promise: If it resonates with you, it will change the way you see the world, yourself, and even God, forever. Go to my website to download 'Calm Through the Storm' along with other free books: <https://effrosyniwrites.com/food-for-thought/>



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ΑΠΟ |
10 πμ | **13 μμ**

ΚΑΦΕ ΚΑΙ ΣΑΝΤΟΥΙΤΣ
ΔΙΑΘΕΣΙΜΑ

OCLAY TRAVEL

It has been a busy period, the last six months, for Oclay Travel, so far showing robust bookings for 2023, which will remain so if the Government doesn't interfere.

Go here <https://travel.oclaycorfu.com/> for some fine villas and apartments, just like this one in the beautiful coastal village of Avlaki, a mere stone's throw away from the beautiful wildlife reserve of Erimiti.



Villa Iliana

OCLAY PROPERTY

A really good opportunity exists to secure a local cottage, right bang smack in the middle of the old village, yards from Kostas Taverna: -

If you're reading this, you're a lover of Corfu, and more specifically of Agios Ioannis, right?

So, we might have some good news for you. A house with yard and garden is available for purchase on the main (only!) street in the old part of the village. It's just steps from the delightful square, and from the renowned Kostas Taverna.



Agios Lane House

The building is old, the lower floor being of undetermined age, and the upper one being more modern, probably added in the mid-20th century. Inhabited until relatively recently, it is nevertheless in need of comprehensive renovation, but is in

good shape structurally.

The building is free-standing on three sides, and is adjoined by a single-storey cottage on the fourth wall. The front opens into a small yard fenced with railings and bordering the village road. Doors also open onto the lane running alongside and into the communal space at the rear. Just across the open space at the rear is a strip of garden, lengthy but quite narrow, which would be ideal for growing vegetables.

The accommodation comprises, in the two-floor section, two rooms downstairs and two rooms upstairs, currently linked by an outside staircase. The internal walls separating the four rooms are lathe and plaster and easily removed if desired. Opening from the lower floor is a very spacious single-storey kitchen with a corner fireplace and access to the side and rear shared outdoor spaces. Additionally, an outdoor WC opens from the kitchen. The total internal floorspace is around 65 square metres, of which the kitchen stretches to approximately 15 sq.m.

The house requires full internal renovation, which would include electrics, plumbing, indoor bathroom, kitchen, internal staircase, work on the main roof and a full roof replacement on the kitchen area, conversion of the outdoor bathroom to a store, new doors and windows, and general aesthetic refurbishment. It already has a soak away, located at the foot of the garden.

Continued on Page 46

OCAY PROPERTY - Continued from Page 45

Demolition of the outdoor staircase (a 20th century addition) would increase the usable space in the front yard. Access for construction work is straightforward.

Rather than replacing the kitchen roof with another pitched one, it would not cost a great deal more to lay a flat roof, with access broken through from the upstairs area, thus creating a private and secluded roof garden with views over the lower village towards Pelekas.

Parking is available in the square just steps away, though it can get congested in high summer. Nearby services, in the commercial area alongside the main road from Corfu Town, are a few minutes' walk and include several coffee bars, a grill room, pizzeria, good supermarket with fresh fruit and vegetables, a pharmacy and a bakery. Aqualand Water Park is about 15 minutes stroll. A mountain bike

company operates out of the village. A regal and frequent bus service runs to Corfu Town and to the west coast beaches of Ermones, Kontogialos, Glyfada and Myrtiotissa, which are 10-15 minutes' drive. The surrounding countryside offers pleasant strolls, and areas for more taxing hikes are close by.

With these amenities available, and given the village's existing popularity amongst discerning holiday-makers who wish to avoid the island's commercial resorts, the house is eminently rentable (a rental office which handles many local properties operates out of the square). The wider area is home to many foreign permanent residents, with a vibrant social life and plenty of activities if desired.

The price is negotiable, in the region of 60,000 euros.

BESPOKE BUILDING

Here are photos, showing the last six months of progress at: **Ano Korakiana:**



July Solid grid plastic below



July Soak aways



July concrete arriving



July bases appear



July bases finished



October patio doors



October emergence of log cabin



October 2nd log cabin

OCAI PROPERTY - Continued from Page 46

Moonshine Valley:



July shell



July Ring beam in place



July Power point



August Rising walls



August Hard at it



September Making good this side



September Cathedral roof



September All lines on interior done



November rendering from distance

OCAI PROPERTY - Moonshine Valley - Continued from Page 47



December verandah



December stairs electrics plaster



December rear view



December plaster finish



January tidying field



January laying to soak away

High & Low Weather Summary for January 2023

	Temperature	Humidity	Pressure
High	18 °C	100%	1031 mbar
Low	3 °C	55%	1004 mbar
Average	12 °C	82%	1018 mbar

* Reported 1 Jan 00:20 – 22 Jan 22:50, Corfu. Weather by CustomWeather, © 2023
 Note: Actual official high and low records may vary slightly from our data,
 if they occurred in-between our weather recording intervals...

[More about our weather records](#)

For more about the weather GO TO:

<https://www.timeanddate.com/weather/@2463678/historic>

&

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



Proof there is rain

Corfu Characters

Dick Mulder



Dick

Ed: - It gives me a lot of pleasure to introduce you to another Corfu character. This one is Dutch, but don't hold that against him. He and Mirjam are good friends and local pillars of the community. What is more they have benefited the island by promoting it wonderfully, paying back to the island at least what they obtain from it.

Without further ado let Dick take over now.

I am hoping this may be part 1 of his Corfu story.

'I want to live here!', I said to mywife, while we watched the world going by from behind our glass.

'Well, what a coincidence', Mirjam answered, 'me too!'

And we we tapped our glasses together, beckoned the friendly waiter at the Liston and ordered another drink.

That memorable conversation took place in May 2002, halfway our two week holiday. It was our first holiday on Corfu and we loved it from the moment we set foot on it. Or should I say: both of us loved the island at first sight.

Every moment of that holiday, the feeling grew stronger. And I'm not ashamed to say that I was quite depressed the moment we had to leave our lovely island, when the second week of our holiday ended.

Was our life in Holland a terrible mess, that we wanted to leave? Nope, both of us had a good job, we lived in a

nice house in a quiet neighbourhood with our two children Joni and Jimi and could afford to visit a restaurant or bar on a regular basis. Our friends and family lived in our vicinity, so what else can you expect from life?

For both of us it came as a surprise that all of a sudden, we were making plans to move to another country. And we were not the only ones. Friends and family who heard about our plans for the near future were surprised too. Especially some family members couldn't believe it. 'That crazy idea will pass', some of them said. 'They will come to their senses'.

But it didn't. That very year we went for another two-week holiday, this time in Roda We started to sew some seeds by contacting Dutch residents on the island, asking them about their life on Corfu. Most of them were very enthusiastic. The warning most gave us was: it is different from having holidays here. Well, that sounded reasonable, no?

Ever since our first acquaintance with Corfu we came back for the holidays. Yes, we did some other trips too, to find out if there was a better location to spend your life. We went to Cuba, Curacao and Costa Rica (as long as it started with a C), and they were nice experiences, but Corfu was and remained our favorite destination.

During the years we expanded our social circle on Corfu, hungry as we were for their experiences and feelings about their life. And it wasn't always paradise, most of them said. We believed them, but Holland wasn't either. I worked in IT in those days, and almost every day when I was in a traffic jam direction The Hague where I worked as a programmer, and look at the traffic jam on the opposite direction, I thought: what the bleep am I doing here? So, the love for Corfu grew stronger and stronger every time we came for the holidays.

And I still remember that feeling every time we landed at Corfu airport and set foot on the island: we're home again!



Mirjam

Video Plus Corner

Why Japanese Chef's Knives Are So Expensive https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7dZmeh_28Eo

The Late Leslie Phillips
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LkXNH-jJLVU>

Deportees
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=72u5q-0R48A>

1862 Minnesota Massacre
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZksxLpEqHg0>

Word's Loneliest Wolf
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QUHxU-7BmA0>

Peterson on Putin
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9GYjw4MoR8w>

Lek and her Elephant friend.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5e1ucXD1_no

Miracle at Sea
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wnJ5BhcNEqs>

Dogs are best
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VW3XQDDGhA4>

Anneke Lucas: Former sex slave reveals horrors of abuse
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=194O3loi2o8>

NWO v NOW
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=H8XiG4ILzic>

Diane Morgan
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XDlIsSrRUzs>

A dead village in Russia with only one inhabitant. What happened here?
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gtuv8PvAaxs>



Paola Hermosin
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YOh8OSWgxMk>

A journey into the past
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lpGJHNy_Fhg

Benny Hill
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TKitpxNDHys>

I went to the Most Crowded Island on Earth
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pRHDwuS7o7s>

Geechy Boy
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LtV53iib_FQ

The Man who saved an Alligator
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3-8t02CjTOU>

Hilary's Ramblings Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

Afionas - Instagram-ed to death



IN THE HANDS OF SOMEONE WHO KNOWS WHAT THEY ARE DOING, social media is a great tool. It can 'make' businesses, ones that otherwise would have to throw money at paid-for advertising. For a tourist destination, a well-directed campaign can be most helpful for promotion. I wish it had been available in the mid-90s, when I was in charge of tourism promotion of the island for the local government.

But once 'influencers' zoom in on a single location and create an Instagram hit, ruination follows. And that, I'm afraid, has happened to Afionas.

Up until last month, I was in the habit of naming my three favourite picturesque villages as Hlomos in the south of the island, Kouramades in the centre - and Afionas in the north. No more, and my advice today would be: In the summer, stay well clear.

In 2018, I am informed, Afionas was outed as 'Corfu's most Instagram-able location'. The hordes (the 'eejits'), followed: those people without a mind of their own; without the gumption to seek out a divine spot by themselves, and to recognise it when discovered; with only the capacity to follow the fashionable crowds. So, they all head for poor Afionas, clogging up the roads (traffic queues sometimes stretched three kilometres, pre-covid), and requiring damaging infrastructure such as new

parking area within the village, a traffic-light system, and tourist shops selling plastic tat. And a canteen. A CANTEEN! The sheep-like grockles through the little alleyways, all heading for the place where they can snap THAT Instagram shot, with themselves in a silly foreground pose. This will be the pic that will gain them lots and lots of 'likes'. Loads of likes to up their kudos!

In Santorini, the favoured Instagram location looks out over the town's multiple blue-domed churches to the sea far below. Ooooh, aaaah! go the envious social media observers, back home in rainy Blighty, not knowing that their friends the snappers have waited in line sometimes for hours to get their turn at the viewpoint. Articles in the UK papers have shown comparisons between the perfect, envy-inducing Instagram pics, and the horrible reality of the sweaty queues, waiting to get to the coveted photo point.

The one positive is that Afionas is too far from town to attract coach tours from the cruise ships. And for that we should be grateful.

The Instagram visitors often don't stick around to enjoy the place. For many, it's In, Snap, and Out. Maybe they'll pick up a stuffed bun or a packet of crisps at the canteen, and perhaps a plastic beach accessory at a tourist shop, before moving on to snap their next potential hit Instagram, at the expense of an actual holiday experience. They won't stay to enjoy the good food, or find out a little about the village's very ancient history, to simply relax and enjoy. Seduced by photos of the double-sided beach at Porto Timoni (another Instagram opp in waiting!), maybe they'll set off down the marked footpath, unaware that, though not a protracted walk, underfoot it's one of the most challenging hikes on the island. Wearing flip-flops barely adequate to cross a bathroom floor with, as I spotted one family about to do.



Continued on Page 52

Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from Page 51



This is an edited version of what I wrote about Afionas in 2009, so you can see what's lost. Present-time comments are in [square brackets]:

AFIONAS IS VERY OLD INDEED. Although systematic excavations have never been implemented, archaeological remains in the vicinity of the 'Sunset Viewpoint' [location of the canteen and favoured Instagram spot] on the far side of the settlement have been dated to the Middle Hellenic Period, around 3000 BC, when it was called Amfionas. ... Off the shoreline, in sea that once was land, there are ruins of buildings under two and a half metres of water. Fishermen report seeing rocks on the seabed which resemble ancient columns. Pots of various kinds have also been spotted.

If these sightings are valid, it seems there was a now off-shore city which was abandoned as the sea encroached. Did the residents of this city, relocating to a safer spot inland, re-establish their town at Amfionas, whose ruins [now smothered by the canteen] we can see today near [more modern] Afionas?

In the 'modern' village, the blue-and-white colour scheme is reminiscent of a 'Chora'-type village in the Cyclades - a hilltop settlement above a harbour and (formerly) reached from the sea by way of a steep mule path to deter pirates. If any village in Corfu deserves a Cycladic garnish, Afionas is the one. In contrast to the majority of Corfu's villages, built facing away from the sea, Afionas is embraced by water, giving its visitors almost the feeling of being on a small, separate island. And indeed, the blue and white theme comes straight from the Cyclades.

In 1988, Fred Gebhardt bought a number of tumbledown houses in the centre of the old settlement. Already a Corfu resident for a decade, he had previously been a ship's captain; he had visited the Aegean and fallen in love with the Cycladic colours - white to beat off the merciless sun and blue to reflect the surrounding sea. Settling in Corfu's only Aegean-ish village and gradually restoring his property, he introduced the blue and white colour scheme, and it was subsequently taken up by others [looks great on Instagram, don't it!].

The village is further enhanced by a growing number of activities which are making their base there [written in 2009, remember]. The perpetrator of the blue and white theme, Fred Gebhardt, is an artist who has converted part of his rambling property into an atelier and gallery. Heidi Kalkmann is also an artist with a studio and gallery, and she also runs 'Oliven und Meer', a beautiful souvenir shop which is a treasure trove of local products, including olive oil, olive soap, ceramics with an olive theme, and her own olive paste. [Heidi's former shop is now the main tourist tat dispenser.]



Continued on Page 53

Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from Page 52

In 2001, in an article about tourist traps, I wrote:

SOMETHING CHANGES IN A LOCALITY which is stared at all the time [or Instagram-ed to 'death by a hundred thousand clicks']. It is easy to say that it becomes a cliché, like the Kanoni view of Mouse Island, now regarded as Corfu's trademark, as shown on a million brochures. It is easy to blame the tat that inevitably accumulates around a much-visited spot, like the souvenir shacks which line the road to the Paleokastritsa monastery [and which have now materialised in Afionas].

Lawrence Durrell believed in the existence of a 'Spirit of Place'. Perhaps the change in the locality comes from within this Spirit. Perhaps it gets worn out by all those eyes [and devices] - eyes which, while passively seeing, actively take away a fragment of the place. Edward Lear captured the freshness of Paleokastritsa. Looking at it today, the view has not changed substantially, but the freshness is no longer there.

Holiday companies (consciously or unconsciously) exploit this phenomenon when they search for new, ever more distant, destinations - ones which as yet retain their fresh Spirit of Place. Ones not seen by many eyes, roads less travelled by, places off the map.

But eventually, the visitors [and their Instagram mania] will cause the Spirit to flee. [As it has from Afionas.]



This is the Instagram view they all covet - with themselves in the foreground

The Queen



A funny and true story about the Queen:

Around 2005, the Queen and her Personal Protection Officer, Dick Griffin, were walking alone one afternoon in the hills near the Scottish royal castle, Balmoral.

Two tourists approached them, and engaged in

conversation. Griffin recalls:

"There were two hikers coming towards us, and the Queen would always stop and say hello.

"They were two Americans on a walking holiday.

It was clear from the moment we stopped that they hadn't recognised the Queen, which was fine.

"The American gentleman was telling the Queen where they came from, where they were going next, and where they'd been in Britain.

"I could see it coming, and sure enough, he said to Her Majesty: 'And where do you live?'

"She replied: 'Well I live in London, but I've got a holiday home just the other side of the hills.'

"He said: 'How long have you been coming up here?'

"She replied: 'I've been coming up here ever since I was a little girl, so over 80 years.'

"You could see the cogs whirring, so he said: 'Well, if you've been coming up here for over 80 years, you must have met the Queen.'

"Quick as a flash, she said: 'I haven't, but Dick here meets her regularly.'

The hiker then asked Griffin what the monarch was like in person.

"Because I was with her a long time, and I knew I could pull her leg, I said: 'Oh, she can be very cantankerous at times, but she's got a lovely sense of humour.'

"The next thing I knew, this guy comes round, puts his arm around my shoulder, and before I could see what was happening, he gets his camera, GIVES IT TO THE QUEEN, and says: 'Can you take a picture of the two of us?'

"Then we swapped places, and I TOOK A PICTURE OF THEM WITH THE QUEEN.

"And we never let on, and we waved goodbye.

"Afterwards, Her Majesty said to me: 'I'd love to be a fly on the wall when he shows those photographs to his friends in America, and hopefully someone tells him who I am!'

RIP, Your Majesty

Another, far more obscure, passing.

Nonetheless, a life well lived.

Fred Mayer.

<https://www.armytimes.com/news/your-army/2016/04/15/inglorious-bastard-frederick-mayer-has-died/>

Poetry Corner

Fly

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly;
 "'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you may spy.
 The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,
 And I have many curious things to show when you are there."
 "Oh no, no," said the little fly; "to ask me is in vain,
 For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down
 again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high.
 Well you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider to the fly.
 "There are pretty curtains drawn around; the sheets are fine and
 thin,
 And if you like to rest a while, I'll snugly tuck you in!"
 "Oh no, no," said the little fly, "for I've often heard it said,
 They never, never wake again who sleep upon your bed!"

Said the cunning spider to the fly: "Dear friend, what can I do
 To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?
 I have within my pantry good store of all that's nice;
 I'm sure you're very welcome - will you please to take a slice?"
 "Oh no, no," said the little fly; "kind sir, that cannot be:
 I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see!"

"Sweet creature!" said the spider, "you're witty and you're wise;
 How handsome are your gauzy wings; how brilliant are your
 eyes!
 I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf;
 If you'd step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
 "I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to
 say,
 And, bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
 For well he knew the silly fly would soon come back again:

So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
 And set his table ready to dine upon the fly;
 Then came out to his door again and merrily did sing:
 "Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with pearl and silver wing;
 Your robes are green and purple; there's a crest upon your head;
 Your eyes are like diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead!"

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
 Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;
 With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer grew,
 Thinking only of her brilliant eyes and green and purple hue,
 Thinking only of her crested head. Poor, foolish thing! at last
 Up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast;
 He dragged her up his winding stair, into the dismal den -
 Within his little parlor - but she ne'er came out again!

And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
 To idle, silly flattering words I pray you ne'er give heed;
 Unto an evil counselor close heart and ear and eye,
 And take a lesson from this tale of the spider and the fly.

Source: <https://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/the-spider-and-the-fly-by-mary-howitt>



Keats' Sonnet XVII

Happy is England! I could be content
 To see no other verdure than its own;
 To feel no other breezes than are blown
 Through its tall woods with high romances blent:
 Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
 For skies Italian, and an inward groan
 To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,
 And half forget what world or worldling meant.
 Happy is England, sweet her artless daughters;
 Enough their simple loveliness for me,
 Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging:
 Yet do I often warmly burn to see
 Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,
 And float with them about the summer waters.



In Memoriam

Since the last Agiot in July, much sadness has visited and taken these people from us, all known to this magazine, and Agios Ioannis.

August 15th; Peter Stroud- Former North Corfu resident -Aged 72

September 6th; Kostas Halikia - Father-in-law- Aged 94.

October 5th David Dickinson-my dear old friend of fifty-four years Aged 76

October 6th; Ron Baker-resident of Sinarades- Aged 69.

Unknown date; Tony Dunford-Former Corfu Resident.

Our deepest condolences to their loved ones. A fair journey for them all into their next dimension.

Nature



Carduelis carduelis on Arillas seafront



A lovely garden visitor today, a Hummingbird Hawk-moth (Macroglossum stellatarum)



By Bert Rossum - Blue Rock thrush

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

MUSHROOM SOUP

Ingredients

- 1 tablespoon of olive oil
- 2 garlic cloves, minced
- 1 medium onion, finely chopped
- 500 grams button mushrooms, finely chopped
- 1 tablespoon of flour
- 1 litre vegetable or chicken stock
- 250 ml milk
- 125ml light cream
- Salt and pepper to taste

2] Sprinkle flour onto the cooked mushroom mixture and combine thoroughly, using a whisk. Continue to whisk while adding stock, milk and cream.

3] Increase heat but don't let the soup boil. When the soup is steaming, reduce heat to low and cook for about ten minutes, stirring frequently. Taste, and add salt and pepper as desired.

4] Puree but leave out a few mushrooms for garnish.

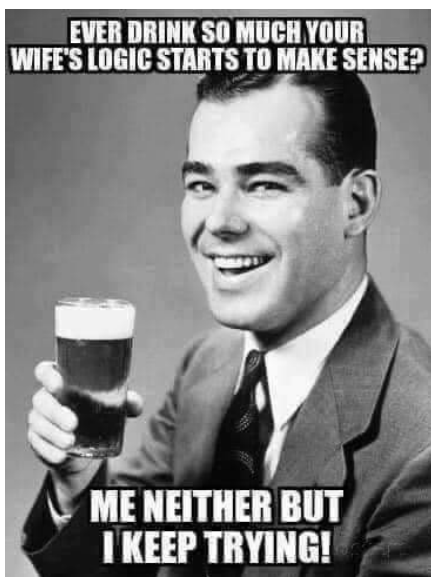
Καλη Ορεξη!

GO

1] Sauté garlic and onions in oil at medium heat until softened. Add sliced mushrooms and cook until the mushrooms are soft and darker brown.



Gooners Gags



I joined a Carpenter's Class the other day. We haven't made anything yet..... we've only just begun

10:55
 4 Search
 WalesOnCraig
 1 d · 🌐

You can't beat a nice Wank in the sunshine.



👍 13.1k 3.6k comments 14.5k shares

👍 Like 💬 Comment ➦ Share

Morganna Lambert commented on

Home News Marketplace Feeds Notifications Menu

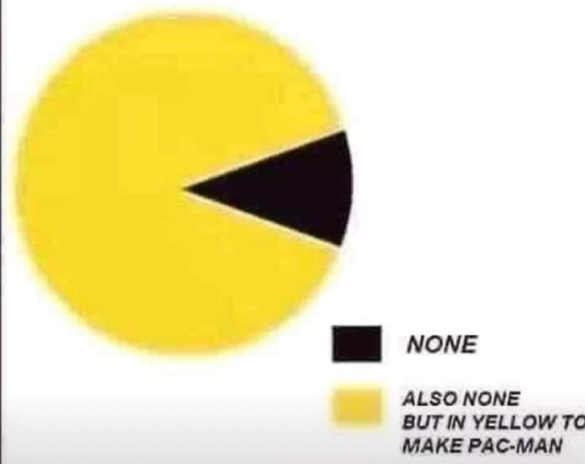


Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 56

She stared into the fridge for 20 minutes because the orange juice said concentrate



PROBABILITY OF ME MATURING:



HOW I GOT DIVORCED

Well, last week was my birthday. My wife didn't wish me a happy birthday. My parents forgot and so did my kids. I went to work and even my colleagues didn't wish me a happy birthday. As I entered my office, my secretary said, "Happy birthday, boss!" I felt so special. She asked me out for lunch. After lunch, she invited me to her apartment. We went there and she said, "Do you mind if I go into the bedroom for a minute?" I told her that was fine. She came out 5 minutes later with a birthday cake, my wife, my parents, my kids, my friends, & my colleagues all yelling, "SURPRISE!!!" while I was waiting on the sofa...naked.

If a woman is uncomfortable, watching you masturbate, Do you think:

A: You need more time together.
 B: She's a prude.
 C: She should sit somewhere else on the bus.

IT'S VERY RARE TO FIND SOMEONE WHO ISN'T FULL OF SHIT

Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 57



Thank you so much for doing our laundry !



Simon Harris - #LovelyBitOfSquirrel @simonharris_mbd

What a lovely touch! At the end of the Brentford - Man. Utd game, David De Gea gave his gloves to a kid in the front row.



Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 58

The plumber said:
 "Why haven't you paid
 the bill for the work I
 did last Friday".
 Paddy replied:
 "Well it was not what
 you quoted"

The plumber said:
 "I didn't give you a
 quote?"

Paddy replied,
 "Yes you did! when I
 asked what day you
 could come? you said
 you were free on
 Friday!"

The wife loves it when I leave notes for her around the house



22:52 4G

#thismeansmore #YNWA liked

YNWA Kaiser 🏆🏆🏆🏆...
 @YNWA_Kaiser

Just had some great financial news, couldn't have come at a better time with the cost of living crisis and the price of everything going up. The kid I sponsor in Africa has been eaten by a lion.

17:27 · 22/10/2022 from Halewood, England · Twitter for iPhone

Tweet your reply

I wonder how fast this ostrich was going when he hit the fence!



Laughter to lift the nation
 Jim Gallacher · 1 d · 🌐

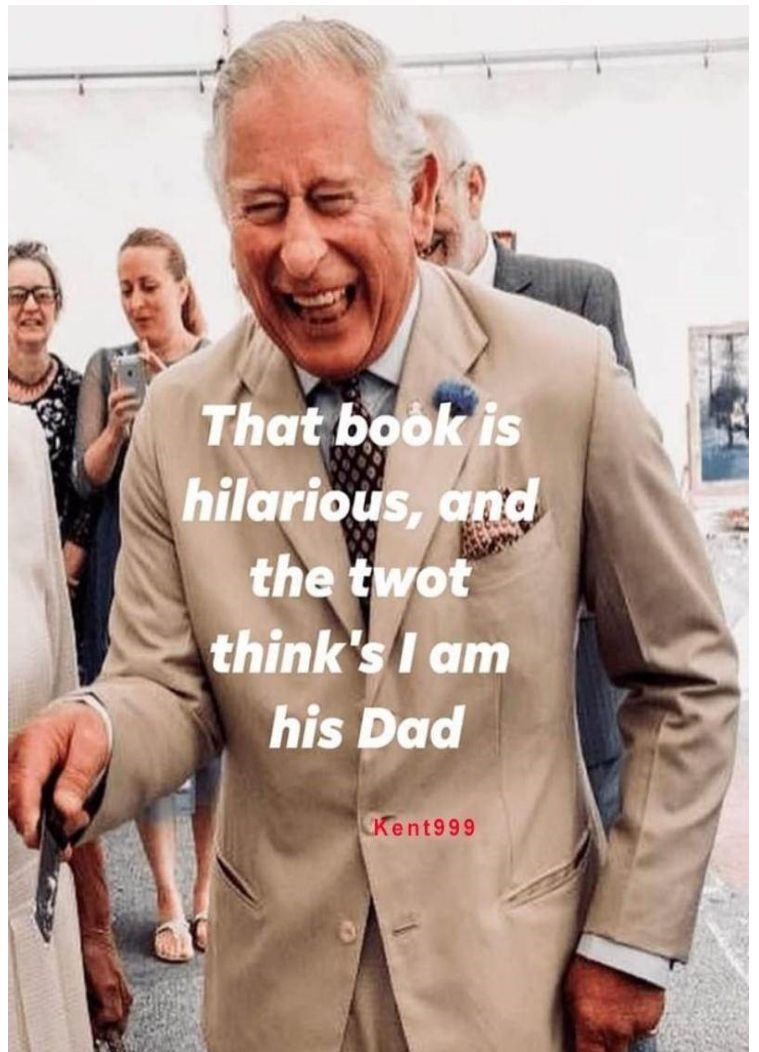
After 35 years of loyal service they finally found out he doesn't actually work there.



Qatar 2022 has been one of the safest World Cups ever. With the lowest ever levels of hooliganism, violence, and alcoholism. The least number of arrests and some of the best behaved fans of all time.

Which just goes to show - it was the gays causing all the trouble...

Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 59



Police are investigating a strange new cult of bald men on buses.