

The Agiot

67th Edition

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Don't Miss
Love is All Around In The Corfu Groves

August 31st, Saturday
Agios Ioannis
7.30 pm Gates Open

The Troggs
Vince Vortex and The Cucumbers
Amalgama
Omega5
Heather Skinner

Introduced by The Unique Steve Dell
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Our current sponsors are thanked for their support. Many of them have been with us since we started in 2009. Their trust and loyalty is beyond question. There are some names not mentioned here as they have not yet been approached for 2013 and we do not take their contribution for granted.

Anybody interested in either sponsoring financially or by donating goods or services should contact the editor here.

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Agiotfest 2013
Continued from Page 2

There will be our annual Sponsors' Evening on Friday June 21st, starting at 8.00pm at Villa Theodora. Our sponsors are invited, naturally, to come along for tasty nibbles and Famous Grouse mixers, and a chance on the night for those interested to contribute to the event by taking 'shares' in the stage, advertising, transport, sound and light system and the rest of the associated costs of putting on this big show. So please come if you will to a fun 'musical evening' where a shareholding can be offered for as little as 25 Euros.

It should be said at this point that the estimated cost of putting on the show this year will be Euros 7000. This does not include the cost of the performers themselves.

Find us on Facebook:

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Agiotfest-Music-Festival/129472247074639?ref=sgm>

Anybody who reads this far, without nodding off, can you please go on to Facebook if you can and register a 'like'? Better still ask your wife or husband or friend to do similar. Every piece of exposure we can get in this way is definitely driving us onwards and upwards. Thank you!

FOLLOW US ON TWITTER @agiotfest1

Interact with Agiotfest at <http://pinterest.com/agiotfest/>

STOP PRESS

The 100+ Club, our associate had its first monthly draw on Tuesday 30th April [last night].

Details are:

The first draw was carried out at Hovoli Kafe'neon, Acharavi opposite Dimitra super mkt.

Lorraine Whitehall from Newbury, Berkshire, a non member of (The 100+Club) drew out number 17. Lorraine here on holiday for one week, with her friend Denise, donated 5€ towards the charity fund. Many thanks.

The winner was Spyros Vlachos from Hovoli winning 70€

Number of people present was 16.
Members present 5
Evening represented by Ken & Jan Harrop (Project leaders) and Louise Taylor (steering group member)



Image is of Lorraine Whitehall & Spyros Vlachos.

Go to <https://www.facebook.com/groups/421068094624153/> for 100+ Club details

Vince Vortex &
The Cucumbers



"You have been
warned
they are back"

READ THE AGIOT NEXT MONTH TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THE PERFORMERS

Village News

By
Dr Lionel Mann

"Sumer is i-cumen in, Luhde syng coucou."

Some eight hundred years ago monks in Reading welcomed the return of a migratory bird with an easily recognised call as a sign of approaching summer. This year we have similarly welcomed the return of migrants Derek, Carole and Jackie. A further encouraging omen has been the emergence from winter storage of the taverna tables and chairs to be ranged across the plateia.

Mark and Jenny are also back. We are delighted to be able to report that Jenny is better than when she left.

Martin Stuart and Henk have

visited and the first Dutch cyclists have kept Waldo and Danielle busy as have also young Lukke, who has graduated from scooter to bicycle, and Stella, who is now a toddler.

Peter's Italian friend, Bruno, with whom he travelled the East, has been visiting. He brought with him Akha, a beautiful Alsatian bitch. Bono has revelled in such distinguished company, but we hope that due precautions have been taken or Italy will be graced with a troop of little Bonos.

We have not had a bad winter. There has been a fair amount of rain to keep the island green for the summer, but many more days of warm sunshine, ideal for walking. We wonder why people do not visit to enjoy such pleasant conditions instead of slithering around in deep snow. To sit outside in warm sunshine on Christmas Day surrounded by the promising aroma of roasting turkey and boiling sprouts is far preferable to huddling shivering by a faintly glowing radiator.

We have been exasperated by the utterly false portrayal of Greece in the pernicious prevaricating sensationalist popular media, seizing upon a few isolated incidents to unload their trash on the ignorant. Corfu is just as safe, happy and welcoming as ever it has been. Come to enjoy it.



"Stella"

"When Nitsa was
Young"

Will be continued

Next Month

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

Strawberry Ice-Cream

Ingredients

500g Fresh Strawberries
1 tbsp. of Lemon Juice
600g Fresh Cream
1½ Cans of Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 Fresh Egg, beaten
1 tsp. of Vanilla Essence

Go:

1. Purée the strawberries in a food processor. Rub them through a sieve, if you prefer, to get rid of the

seeds.

2. Whip the cream until firmly peaking.

3. Gently fold in the 1½ cans of condensed milk, the beaten egg and the vanilla essence.

4. Finally add the strawberries with the lemon juice.

5. Stir gently and pour the mixture into a plastic tub. Cover and put in the freezer for 36 hours.

Bon appetit!

Corfu Weather Statistics

April 2013

Min. Temp: 22°C
Max. Temp: 34°C
Avg. Temp: 26°C
Precipitation: 0.0mm
Avg. Wind Speed: 138km/h
Gust wind: 34km/h

MouseHouse Penthouse

Ocay Villas is very pleased to announce that this summer the beautiful little gem called MouseHouse, which lies in the quiet nook of coastline in the south of Corfu at Agios Nikolaos, has recently had its small 'Penthouse' completed and is ready for summer visitors.

It may be rented as a totally self-contained unit, or taken by part of a larger group or family in conjunction with the existing ground floor MouseHouse.

Downstairs sleeps six in three bedrooms and upstairs two in dreamy

comfort, the whole being surrounded by a charming garden and many open fields.

This beautiful retreat is now mature and ready to accept up to eight persons at really very, very competitive rates, which are shown below:

MouseHouse: High Season £650 p.w., Low Season £350 pw.

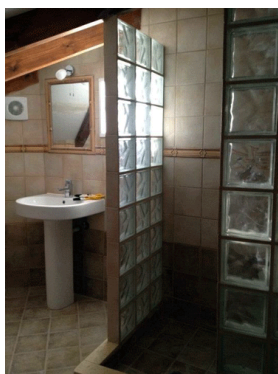
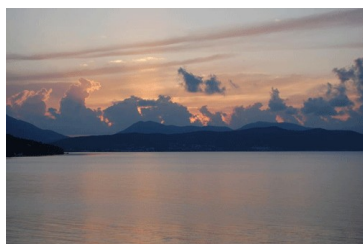
Penthouse: High Season £350 p.w., Low Season £250 p.w.

Combined: High Season £900 p.w., Low Season £700 p.w.

Go to www.ocayvillascorfu.com to see further details. Please note MouseHouse is available year-round.

Only a short walk or drive away from MouseHouse lie some of the prettiest and safest beaches in Corfu. Inland wonderful trails for walking abound. Along the coast is an abundance of great places to eat locally-caught fish.

MouseHouse is special. It is different. Fall under its spell.



HOVOLI OPEN SINGLE DARTS CHARITY COMPETITION

As reported last month, this great annual event was well supported. Courtesy of the organisers, here is a list of essentials that occurred that night, including details of the winner and runners-up.

HOVOLI HOME OF DARTS - OPEN SINGLES DARTS TOURNAMENT OF CORFU - 31ST MARCH 2013

RAFFLE IN AID OF "SMILE FOR A CHILD" CHARITY



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 4 bottles wine Ken & Jan
 365 euro was raised for The Smile of The Child.

365 euro was raised for The Smile of The Child.

A big thank you to all who supported this event,

Thank you to Spiros Pelouyios for his help as event announcer.

**From The Hovoli organisers
 Ken, Jan, Louise, Alekos and Spyros.**

Darts competition Cup Winners.

1st Xristos Douraliou.
 2nd Rob Benn.
 3rd Spiros Pilouyios.
 4th Rob

2nd Chance Cup Winner: Kostas Pantelidis.

Losers' Cup

The Losers' Cup is taking place in Central Corfu on Saturday 17th May.

Entrance fee is 5 euros.

Cup presentation and nosh at Kostas Taverna, Agios Ioannis in the evening.

We have about 16/20 superfit competitors enrolled but only a phonecall to Paul Scotter on 6948701369 will book your entry to this world famous competition, and you can confirm start time and itinerary.

Proceeds of the entrance fee is split equally between The Red Cross Hellas and The Agiotfest Fund.

Kavos and Birthdays

By
Paul McGovern



"All is quiet in Kavos"

Just to prove once and for all there is another Kavos, far removed from the garish publicity it receives on British T.V. and media, here is a recent photo in the sun, showing the village in its quieter mantle.

In the streets there was much activity, the inhabitants setting to so all is ready for the 'invasion'. This hive of activity was definitely two gears faster than the usually more sedate Corfu preparation. There was no sign here of the inevitable

shrug and certainly no time to pose the question to us 'neutrals' 'where are the tourists this year?' Oh, they will come alright!

In this beautiful Spring-time weather Lula of Lovebites fame was given a birthday meal in her garden, which was cooked on the quiet by her son Peter, Elina and Bruno whilst I whisked her away on a cunning decoy trip. She at least pretended she didn't have a clue, which was sweet of her.



The family all came down apart from Alexandra, away in Italy.

Friends from the U.K., Les and Chris, and the Perennial Lionel made up a very jolly party of fourteen, not counting the four-legged guests.



Talking of which, here the infamous and forsaken- in- love Bono is seen trying to cuddle Andy.

Joke of the Month - Sent in by Les Woods

"How was your game, dear?" asked Jack's wife Tracy.

"Well, I was hitting pretty well, but my eyesight's gotten so bad I couldn't see where the ball went," he answered.

"But you're 75 years old, Jack!" admonished his wife, "Why don't you take my brother Scott along?"

"But he's 85 and doesn't play golf anymore," protested Jack.

"But he's got perfect eyesight. He would watch the ball for you," Tracy pointed out.

The next day Jack teed off with Scott looking on. Jack swung and the ball disappeared down the middle of the fairway. "Do you see it?" asked Jack.

"Yup," Scott answered.

"Well, where is it?" yelled Jack, peering off into the distance.

"I forgot."

"A friend is someone who knows the song in your heart and can sing it back to you when you have forgotten the words."

Fleshpots Of The North

By
Mark Thompson

'Spring is here, spring is here: life is skittles, life is beer'. Well with all due respect to Tom Lehrer-no it isn't at least so far as beer & skittles is concerned. As I write in addition to concern as to what kind of season we'll have we're also awaiting, with far from bated breath, the susurration of the envelope containing the next exorbitant tax demand as it falls on the mat.

It remains to be seen what new, punitive ways the Greek Ministry of Finance has found to extract even more tax from us. The most recent novelty I heard of was a tax on wells, to which I would object most strongly, having access to 2!

Whilst tax collecting may not be the most exciting job in the world, clearly some imagination is required when seeking to extract cash from the long-suffering populous. I'm not talking about oddities like beard tax or soap tax or even the pasty tax of recent memory, but rather taxes applicable and payable by the larger part of the population.

I strongly believe the Greek tax collectors would do well to look in the history books as in most cases we've been there before. In England examples of 'thinking outside the box' could be said to be brick tax (1784-1850), hearth tax, otherwise hearth money, chimney tax or chimney money (1662-1689) or wallpaper tax (1712-1836). Perhaps the most famous of such property related taxes was window tax (1696-1851). Even today buildings from the period can still be seen with bricked-up windows spaces ready to be re-glazed at a later date.

This levy was seen by some as a 'tax on light and air' and others

claim it gave rise to the expression 'daylight robbery'. However I hate to disillusion the romantics amongst you, but the first verified, written example of the phrase was in Harold Brighouse's play *Hobson Choice* in 1916 long after the tax had been repealed.

Though some suggest that the expression relates to an 17th/18th century practice which, in the event of robbery by a highwayman, if the victim reported the crime and presented proof of loss to the sheriff of the county, in which the offence took place, before the sun set on the day of the offence, the county was liable to refund the victim the full extent of the loss.

I can find no legal precedent for this apparent largesse; however details of a specific case in Hertfordshire are mentioned in the letters of Monsieur Cesar de Saussure to his family-'A foreign view of England in the reigns of Geo I & II'. But rather like the beard tax that Henry VIII may or may not have sought to levy, legends relating to highwaymen should, in my opinion, always be taken with a pinch of salt.

Perhaps the best and indeed earliest example of 'blue-sky thinking' on tax was that devised by John Morton c.1420-1500 Archbishop of Canterbury 1486 and in 1487 Lord Chancellor to Henry VII. Morton was charged with replenishing the Royal Estate so depleted by Edward IV's in-laws, the Woodville's, following his death and before the accession of Richard III. Today described, somewhat harshly, as a specious piece of reasoning what became known as Morton's Fork certainly worked well for both Morton and the king. Though the latter part of Henry's reign was character-

ized by financial rapacity which stretched the bounds of legality. By then however Morton had gone to his reward.

The 'fork' had 2 prongs and held that 1. If a man was living modestly and thus saving he could afford to pay tax whereas 2. If he was living extravagantly he was obviously rich and could also afford to pay.

Many of my neighbours profess their distrust of banks and given recent events in Cyprus one can well understand their scepticism. Further soon after I arrived in Greece I remember reading in one of the English language newspapers that many Greeks refuse to pay tax, whilst they might accept their liability they had no faith that the taxman would pass the money to the Ministry of Finance.

Now one might have mixed opinions of the Inland Revenue and its collectors of taxes, but I never heard such suggestions of dishonesty against UK civil servants. I'm only grateful that I don't live in Cyprus and have over €100,000 for the government to get its sticky fingers on. I know Benjamin Franklin counseled that nothing in this world is certain but death and taxes and as this year unfolds the former begins to look more attractive than the latter.

Yours, skint in the fleshpots,

Mark Thompson

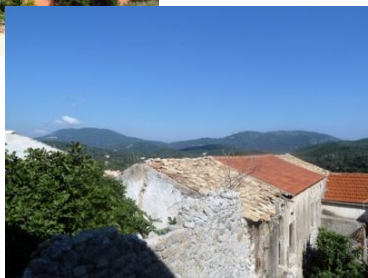


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A New Beginning

By
Peter McGovern

We are pleased to announce a new website for the Real Estate at www.ocaypropertycorfu.com.

This is a fresh look at desirable property around the island currently for sale. It runs in conjunction with the existing website at www.propertycorfu.org.

The new location has a handful of properties at present but these will be added to continuously. I am actively seeking and sifting the many properties for sale, with a special eye out for discounted values and genuine and ardent vendors.

Also, we are looking for and providing rental accommodation across the island.

If you think it beneficial to link to this new site then please let me know at

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The World of Simon

By
Simon Baddeley

We saw them away round Sunday noon, after they'd reached the end of a long slow queue through airport security.

Was it Friday we had a picnic in the British Cemetery?

The bell in the ivy above the gate rings as we enter. George Psialas, a little more stooped came out to greet us. Could we picnic? "Of course, of course" he'd said, talking of the storm that, last month, had broken off branches, damaged shrubs and gouged ditches beside some of the cemetery's grassy paths, washing away bulbs. He picked Lin a bouquet of red and blue to which he added a slightly incongruous twig of palm attached to a clump of butter coloured seeds. At Lin's suggestion I placed them in a clay pot on Norman Sheriff's grave; 'Stormin' Norman, who'd bought Summer Song in Spain in the early '80s and for a retirement - from the railways - adventured with his wife Pauline along Mediterranean coasts to Turkey and back to Corfu.



We searched, fruitlessly, for the tortoisés I'd seen on my last visit, with mum when she came to Corfu in 2010. It was October. The grass had been short after summer. Now this sanctuary is profuse with greenery; abundant, as is all Corfu and Greece, with spring flowers and blossom.

On Saturday - "our last day" - we guided Guy as he drove us over the mountains at Trompetta, down to the sea at Roda and back into the foothills of Pantocrator via Loutsas to Old Perithia to have lunch at Foros (Ψησταριά Φορος, Ανω Περίθια), where we were served by Thomas Siriotis who remembered previous visits and asked after Richard Pine. I told him about Richard being back from hospital in Dublin. "His liver, yes"

"He must not drink any more wine" I said "How can you do that?"

"I haven't drunk for ten years" he said "Ouzo! It can make you feel sick but you can't be sick. You want to die."

I had thought that to eat food without wine, especially in Greece, would be an imposition. Perhaps not so. As we studied Thomas' menu he sketched us on a blank visiting card, including Oliver, entranced by a furry Alsatian puppy that came out to meet us, seeking scraps from our table. "Her name?"

"Leda"

"So her father is Zeus?"

"Of course"

He didn't say anything about the swan or not so's I could follow. We sat in and out of shade under a vine canopy.



Lunch with Oliver, Guy and Amy at Foros

I had liver, hardly shown the grill, as I preferred. Lin's was better done. We shared liver, souvlaki, roast cheese, chicken pie, giro, plates of slim well browned chips, salads with feta and crispy bread with small jugs of red and white wine, water and - on the house - to finish, moist brown walnut cake.

"Thanks for bringing us here" said Guy who paid the bill "We'd never have found this on our own". I noticed that the place we're used to calling Old Perithia seems now to be referred to by people working there as Ano (upper) Perithia. Is it to get away from the connotations of 'old, palia'? That it is not really a collection of semi-deserted ruins but something becoming a village again? As we left Thomas handed us a cloth wrapping ten fresh eggs from chickens he keeps at his home in Loutsas

Bell Hell

By
Dr. Lionel Mann

Some fifty years ago I was Organist and Choirmaster of Hampton Parish Church. The church, commissioned by William IV to replace an ancient Templar chapel that was there, stands on Bell Hill about fifteen feet above the Thames, which it overlooks. The few yards across the road from Hampton Court Bridge to Staines and a little park, the shady retreat of persons wishing to pass a relaxing summer afternoon watching the river traffic ranging from kayaks and skiffs to packed excursion steamers.

The tower of the church houses a peal of eight bells, rung before the main services on Sundays and Holy day by a team of local ringers. Occasionally a visiting team would come to ring a complete 'change', a ringing lasting for hours using an ordered succession of all possible permutations of eight bells. Such changes bear exotic names as Grandsire Triples, Bob Major, Grandmas Quads or Deep Minor and the successful completion of one is recorded on a panel in the ringing chamber with the names of the participants, quite an achievement as even one bell out of the prescribed order renders the whole exercise invalid.

Fortunately the Choir Room in the crypt at the far end of the building was virtually soundproof and the bells did not interfere with the 'Sing-In' with which I warmed up the choir before choral services. However our local peelers practised for a couple of hours every Tuesday evening. I lived in the Old Grange, just across the street from the church, and that was definitely not soundproof. In common with most of the denizens of Church Street I usually found reason

to be elsewhere on Tuesday evening; the continuous clangour of the bells was excruciating. The distant pealing of bells over a snowy landscape at Christmas is enchanting, but at a hundred yards' range it is literally deafening; even ordinary conversation is impossible.

After lunch one Saturday I went across to practise on the organ. I had been playing for only ten minutes when the bells started ringing. Nobody had told me that a visiting team was coming to ring. I had a large powerful three-manual and pedal pipe organ, well capable of competing with the bells, but I like my music to have variety, loud and soft. I find continuously loud music tiring and objectionable, inartistic. It was a beautiful sunny summer day so I switched off, closed up and went out to cross the ferry from the park and to stroll along the Surrey towpath to nearby East Molesey where there was in the season always a good cricket match to watch. There the bells were no more than a distant tinkle, the crack of bat upon ball clearly audible. I missed tea and stayed until stumps were drawn. The bells had long fallen silent, probably through some fault in the sequence. I hurried back to the ferry to arrive home in time for dinner.

After Matins the following morning I found the Vicar in the Choir Room recounting his doings of the previous afternoon to a highly entertained audience. Charles Knapp was a very good-natured individual and his goodness rubbed off on to all with whom he came into contact. He also had a delightfully impish sense of humour.

After lunch he had been taking a snooze in an armchair in the lounge when his young daughter awakened him.

"Daddy, there's a man come to see you and I've shown him into the study. It's about the bells and he's very angry."

Just downstream from the park there is a long low island in the river, Garrick's Ait, upon which some enterprising persons had erected shacks in which they stayed on fine weekends. Driven to distraction by the persistent pounding of the bells the islanders had crowded into a boat and rowed over to the park where they were joined by the equally incensed visitors in an indignation meeting at which they chose one of their number to present their grievance to the Vicar.

Knapp stumped into the study; he had one artificial leg, having lost the original as a subaltern in Flanders during the First World War.

"I can't think why anyone should want to make that infernal din on a fine afternoon like this." The spokesman wasted no time in getting down to business.

"No, neither can I." Knapp's totally unexpected and honest reply completely disconcerted his visitor. They started chatting and discovered that they were graduates of the same Oxford College. Mrs. Knapp brought in tea and biscuits and the pair passed an hour in companionable conversation. The bells were still clattering away when the man left.

The disgruntled islanders accepted defeat and crammed into their boat for the return. About five yards out from the island the greatly overloaded craft sank under them, leaving them to flounder very soggly ashore.

"If I'd been really up to my job I'd have stood on Bell Hill with a finger raised to the heavens and declaimed, 'That's the wrath of God upon ye,'" the Vicar chuckled.

The room fairly rocked with laughter.

Chaplain's Chat

Articles from the chaplain's column in *The Corfiot*,
(written between 2003 and 2008
by Revd. Dr. Clifford Owen)

First Anniversary (Corfiot, January 2004)

Twelve months ago I was invited to start refilling the slot known in this magazine as Chaplain's Chat. Knowing nothing of the island, church or people, I decided to play it safe and entitled it 'First impressions of a new boy'. A year has passed and so I can now reflect with a little more precision.

A five year appointment is a welcome extension from the previous three for chaplains of Holy Trinity Corfu, but short compared to my previous jobs, which were thirteen years each. In that time span there are likely to be major changes both to church and vicar; and in a sense, so it should be. A church, like any body of people, is a living organism and live organisms grow and change. Five years is not long on the church growth scale and so when I say 'one down, four to go' I think primarily of setting myself the correct pace, knowing that time and stability are needed for a job to develop.

During my first year I have done a lot of listening to get something of the history. I have been fortunate to meet Revd. Bill Elliot, a previous chaplain, and also Gwen Pickering, widow of the Revd. Rob Pickering, one of the earliest chaplains. Gwen made sure that I understood the debt we owe to Major John Forte, who effectively restarted Holy Trinity Corfu over thirty years ago. As I listened to their stories it was obvious that both still retain a pastoral heart for the church here, and their obvious concern for individuals proved just how much of their own soul and emotions they invested in Corfu. Shortly before she left for England in

August, Pauline Pallavicini, former churchwarden and Corfu resident for thirty years, talked fondly of the unique contributions of previous chaplains. 'Each one brought something unique,' she said, 'and in the course of time, your contribution will become clear'. Well it might. It might not! In the meantime I'm getting on with the job.

Holy Trinity Corfu has the advantage of not needing immediately to go out in search of people because the people seem to come to it. Many weeks pass where one can get a whole day's work without leaving the church office and computer. The human traffic is considerable compared to most English churches I know. It is probably something we have in common with most European chaplaincies, in that the church functions as an English speaking reference point; a drop-in. Nevertheless my wife and I have managed to get out and about, meeting people in their homes and tavernas. The Saturday morning walks have been a delight to meet folk also (though I underestimated the level of physical fitness that Hilary expects!)

Last year I commented on Greek driving and wheely-bins. I have to revise my comments. The wheely-bins I have become dependent upon and I honestly think that the Greek Corfiot driving is as good as anyone else's. But two wheelers still seem to work on a different highway code; and I have joined them on my folding bike by interpreting 'monodromos' (one way) signs liberally! I was naturally pleased to pass the MOT in the Chaplaincy Ford Fiesta but wondered if it was possible to fail! I see that I have completed 13,000 kilometres in the 'Flying-Fiesta'. How many k's do other residents do?

How is my Greek doing? I used the phrase 'edging forward'! Whilst I am banned from Brian Church's column in the Athens News: 'learn Greek in twenty five years', I would say that

there is no simple division between fluent and non-fluent. There are levels of fluency depending upon what the task is. It takes me an hour to translate a couple of paragraphs of the instructions on a medicine bottle. I can ask in a shop for yellow paint for the 'dromos', but don't know enough Greek to stop people parking in the space! I can read on which day and where the 'prosklese' (invitation) is for but take ten minutes to work out exactly what I am being invited to. I have put together a Greek letter with help which says: Dear Mr. Mayor, I thank you so much for your last ten invitations. When my Greek improves I may be in with a chance of translating your invitations before the particular event has taken place. So help me God, please!

I have asked myself the scary question: is there a need for an Anglican Chaplain in Corfu? I have answered in the affirmative for two reasons. First, though I am sure the Faith would survive and spread without a chaplain, a chaplain is a visible sign of pastoral unity. A church like HTC has to host a broad spectrum of worship styles and the chaplain has to display them in a unity within himself. He has to provide the teaching and theological basis which holds it all together. Second there are reputedly 6,000 English speaking residents on the island. That represents a moderately sized small town in England, which would definitely warrant a vicar and possibly a curate. So folks, it's sheer numbers of you that will keep me in a job for the next four years. If I do well there will be successors too!