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# El Corazón

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From the Anglican Chaplaincy of St George, Malaga  
Volume 5, No. 7, July 2025

## Hello from us as Malaga and the surrounding area heads into the august Feria season

Always an amazing time as young and old come together to celebrate through the night. Music, dancing, tapas and Tinto de Verano – what's not to love!

Last month, nobody got the St. George's image artistic style – it was Matisse. We've given you another one for this month – good luck!

Inside this edition:

- [Louis](#) has a message on 5<sup>th</sup> anniversary at St Georges
- [Michael](#) continues exploring a fresh direction in Part 3 of his new series
- [Colin](#) discusses Social Reformer, Octavia Hill
- [Patricia](#) and Mother [Doreen](#) share more personal reflections on hymns
- Details of the upcoming [concert](#) on Saturday with the Jitterbug Jazz Band
- More from [John Sharrock Taylor](#) from his book

As always, you can scan the QR code on the right to stay up to date with news, events, and services.

Wishing you a Feria season — and we hope you enjoy this month's El Corazón

*Mike and Jo Eaton*



## ALL ARE WELCOME

St. George's is part of the Diocese in Europe within the Church of England.  
**Fr. Louis Darrant, Chaplain**

There's always a lot going on at St George's!

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# A Word in Season

Fr. Louis Darrant



I'm writing this on the fifth anniversary of my licensing as Chaplain of St George's. We're creatures of time and therefore these markers give us some orientation. In many ways I don't feel I have been here very long but taking time to recall the memories of events and people you come to a fuller sense of the road taken. I arrived during strange times. We were still subject to the conditions of the pandemic and the restrictions were changing all the time. I'm glad we are through the stress of trying to work out whether we should open the church the following Sunday or keep it closed. For a number of Sundays John Gardner joined me in the church to respond to the Mass while it was being live-streamed. I wonder what your own memories of that period are? I remember driving from the north of the Valencia Community where I lived to meet Rosella for the first time hoping I wouldn't be stopped on the motorway but preparing my reason for travel if I was!

The chaplaincy is in a different phase of its life now and there is a good blend of both people who has been part of the church for a long time and newer people who are finding their feet. A community which makes room for all! Isn't that a sign of a healthy church recognising that the foundation of our life is not our efforts and achievements but a lively dependence on God in whom we discover a different perspective on our lives. I don't think you can do anything in life without being willing to make mistakes. Brene Brown writes that 'Grace means that all of your mistakes now serve a purpose instead of serving shame.' It's a beautiful description of the Gospel. In the midst of the many activities which occupy our attention it's the sharing of this message which is so transformative.

The Chaplaincy Council is working closely with Aitana as Project Coordinator on the Refurbishment Project. It's a major undertaking for us and the different phases of the project will be communicated across the church in order to keep you fully informed. What will be crucial for us is the development of a vision of how we see the church growing in the next 3 to 5 years. We will of course consult and use the best possible resources available to us, but the key ingredient will be the contribution we make ourselves through the gift of our presence. What is important to you is likely to be important to others so please make it known – music, conversation, silence, celebration, ritual, service, connection, learning, wonder – these are the ingredients by which we nurture a community in which the face of Christ is revealed. But we start by paying attention to the face of each other.

Go before us, O Lord, in all our doings  
with thy most gracious favour,  
and further us with thy continual help,  
that in all our works  
begun, continued and ended in thee,  
we may glorify thy holy name,  
and finally by thy mercy obtain everlasting life;  
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

# SO NOW YOU KNOW



*HISTORICAL JOTTINGS usually relating to St. George's Church, Malaga.*

*The 34<sup>th</sup> in a series prepared for your interest and enjoyment by Michael Edwards*



In this month's edition of " El Corazon ", I will continue to feature another American who is buried in the English Cemetery.

The person I wish to highlight is a certain Edward John Norton, International Diplomat and one time Consul General of the USA.

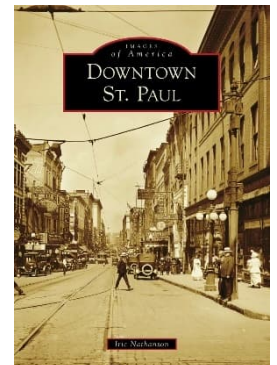
My copy of the Burial Register states that he died on the 28<sup>th</sup> of April 1959 of cancer of the lung and in terms of his occupation listed as Official US Consular Service.

His grave location is given as No. 547 F should you wish to visit. (Next to the 4 war graves, so easy to find). On a recent visit to take a photo of his simple memorial it was interesting to note that the engraving text was brief. Only his name and that he had one time been the Consul General of the USA - no mention of his date of birth and/or death or where he was born. His wife Helen R (Nell) Norton (nee Whitaker) is buried with him.

On the basis of this limited information let's see what else we can find upon the life and times of the American, Edward J Norton.

Edward Norton was born on 29th December ,1874 at St. Paul, Ramsey County, Minnesota, USA. His father was James T Norton, a Store Clerk by occupation and his mother, Mary Elizabeth Akers Norton, a Houskeeper.

The family lived at 286 Broadway, St. Paul. His Grandfather was James Akers who came to St. Paul many years before.



Edward J Norton and his wife Helen with their son William born in Costa Rica in 1901.

Norton was first employed locally by P. R L. Hardenbergh and moved in due course far away from St Paul to Limon (also known as Pueto Limon) in Costa Rica where he made swift managerial progress and was appointed Manager of the Mercantile Dept of United Fruit Company of Costa Rica.

After eight years he returned home to St. Paul to marry Miss Helen R Whitaker of East Tenth Street at her home.

It is interesting to note that he hadn't seen her for this full period of eight years before the marriage.

The happy couple returned to Limon to begin their married life. In 1907 Norton's career path changed somewhat insofar that Norton passed the US Consular Corps examination and was soon appointed American Consul in Asuncion, Paraguay which had set up diplomatic relations with the US in 1861 having gained independence from Spain in 1811.



Asuncion, Paraguay (Circa 1900).

Two years later Norton found himself in Malaga as US Consul, which in many respects is not surprising because it was another Spanish speaking posting and the City traded from their port in the fruit that Norton was so familiar.



After only three years in Malaga he was posted to Bombay, India where he remained for 7 years (I have managed to find an old photo of Norton's time in Bombay which I have included here - an interesting illustration indeed).

In 1919, Norton and his wife were on the move again, this time as US Consul in Sydney, Australia. I guess this would have been a massive cultural change.

After all these various locations, Norton returned home following his appointment in 1922 as US Consular General where his new position required him visit American Consulates around the world. In 1925 he was appointed to serve on the Executive Committee of the Diplomatic Service Personnel and it's President in 1927.

However, in the October of 1929 he resigned on the grounds of political interference by other members of the Committee. So ended a very long International Diplomatic Service Journey on behalf of the US.

In 1931, he and his wife returned to Malaga, he to take over the Presidency of " Bevan House ", a wine, almonds and raisin exporting company. He was also Co. Owner and clearly for years to come the Company traded most profitably, employing many local men and women.



" Bevan House S.A.'s " fruit factory with their employees on a photo call.



A room in the Norton's "Los Pinos " residence in the Limonar District of Malaga.

The couple took up residency in the Limonar District in a fine mansion known as " Los Pintos ". Today it is no more but there still remains an area known by the same name.

The residency was surrounded by Lemon groves and located on a hill next to the Mediterranean.



Edward Norton and his wife Helen with their 1929 Ford Convertible in Malaga in 1947.



In 1931 all tranquillity ended in Malaga as events unfolded leading to the civil war. Norton witnessed first hand the proclamation of the Second Spanish Republic in 1931 and the beginning of the Civil war in Malaga.

I have located a copy of a letter from the US Consul of the Day in Malaga some years later, dated the 23rd of August 1936, which was sent to all Americans in the area informing them that the US could not guarantee that a warship would arrive in Port to provide safe evacuation.



Part of a map of Malaga marked with crosses where the Italian bombs landed during the Civil War.

Note: The English Cemetery and the position of the bomb that landed nearby in Pas.de Reding are shown. (This illustration included at page 66 of Norton's book).

Furthermore, the US recommended that they should leave and, should they decide to remain, this would be in total contravention of US advice to their citizens. Should they opt to remain in the war zone, were required to inform the Consulate in writing the reasons why they had decided to do so.

During the period of the Civil War Norton prepared annual diaries, a total of 12 typewritten and bound volumes including a typewritten draft of a book he entitled "Death in Malaga ".

Edward Norton died on the 29th of May, 1959 at the age of 85 years.

After his death his great - nephew Wiliam Whitaker Harmon sold the "Los Pintos " residence and sent most of Norton's possessions to his home in Chicago. Much later, in 1999, William, together with Enrique Van Dulkem, decided to publish a first edition of Norton's book, "Death in Malaga ", in which Norton, the American Diplomat related the story by way of a testimonial about the daily struggle of the opposing forces in and around Malaga.

In 2005, William donated his uncle's original documents on which he based his book to the University of Malaga.



The Norton's grave in the English Cemetery, Malaga.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT. I wish to acknowledge the details of Norton's early life in St. Paul's, Ramsey County, Minnisota provided to me by Anne Thayer of MNHS Gale Family Library, St. Paul's, Ramsey County, Minnisota, USA. My thanks to her for that.

SO NOW YOU KNOW

Michael Edwards.

## AUGUST NOTABLES

Octavia Hill, Social Reformer, 1838 – 1912



Octavia Hill was born in Wisbech, Cambridgeshire in 1838, the daughter of a corn merchant and banker.

She was influenced from an early age in social issues by her father's interest in prison reform and by her grandfather Thomas Southward Smith, a national authority on sanitation and housing.

Educated at home. She went to London in 1852 to work at the Ladies' Guild, a Christian Socialist co-operative managed by her mother, where she met John Ruskin and F.D. Maurice.

She was soon put in charge of a branch engaged in teaching poor children to make toys and so gained her first experience of the lives of the very poor.

In 1856 Octavia became secretary to the classes for women at the Working Men's College in Great Ormond Street, and a few years later she and her sisters started a school in Nottingham Place.

It was while living there and visiting her poorer neighbours that she came to understand the urgency of addressing the housing problem in Victorian London. In 1864 she succeeded in interesting John Ruskin in her schemes for improving the dwellings of the poor and he advised her to put the work on a business footing.

This proved to be sound advice, and her successful management led to a steadily increasing number of houses being placed under her charge.

Perhaps the most important addition to her responsibilities was her appointment in 1884 by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to manage a great part of their property first in Southwark and later elsewhere. Octavia Hill's help and advice were often sought in connection with the promotion of social reform by legislation. But her faith lay much more in the value of voluntary work, and it was with reluctance that she took part in political measures.

Though Octavia was involved in a number of voluntary organizations, she is particularly remembered for her joint initiative with Canon H. D. Rawnsley and Sir Robert Hunter in founding the National Trust in 1895 which has become Britain's leading charitable organization for preserving historical buildings and places of natural beauty.

Always preferring voluntary to statutory schemes, she was nevertheless persuaded to serve on the Poor Law Commission from 1905 to 1908. Her books include *Homes of the London Poor* and *Our Common Land*.

Strongly motivated by her Christian faith, Octavia viewed human beings more as citizens of this world than as potential citizens of the next. Consequently, she sought to make life on earth as positive an experience as possible for the poor and the disadvantaged.

Octavia never allowed her increasing fame to undermine her personal humility and lived quietly with her sisters in Marylebone Road, where she died on 13th August 1912.

*(Adapted from "Saints on Earth" a biographical companion to Common Worship – Darch & Burns  
Published by Church House Publishing)*

**Octavia Hill is commemorated in the CofE Common Worship lectionary on August 13th.**

<b>Major Feasts this month;</b>	<b>Aug 6th</b>	<b>Transfiguration of our Lord</b>
	<b>Aug 15th</b>	<b>Blessed Virgin Mary (The Assumption)</b>
	<b>Aug 24th</b>	<b>Bartholomew the Apostle</b>



**Colin Somerville**

## **MY FAVOURITE HYMNS by Patricia Luce**

The royal banners forward go  
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow  
Where he in flesh, our flesh who made,  
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

O Tree of glory, Tree most fair,  
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,  
How bright in purple robe it stood,  
The purple of the Saviour's blood!

What I like about my Hymns Ancient and Modern music edition is that each hymn has the name of the poet who wrote the verses and the name of the composer of the music and these usually gave a name to their composition. So, for example, back in England my friend in the choir always was delighted when we had Thornbury sung for “Jesus I have promised...” Thornbury was the small Somerset village where the composer Basil Harwood retired and where incidentally my daughter chanced to be born!

Now to “The royal banners forward go” : two verses of which are shown above. It has a refreshing tune which makes one feel optimistic. The words were originally written in Latin by Venantius Fortunatus a Roman citizen born c540 in Italy. He was thoroughly acquainted with the Latin classical authors although this was perhaps the twilight of the vast Roman Empire.

According to legend he was meditating before an image of St. Martin de Tours when the smoke from the burning incense miraculously cured his blindness (I have a small statue of St. Michael and did wonder... but thought it was a dubious cure and possibly pagan). This prompted his conversion to Christianity. He travelled widely to the northern parts of the old Empire now reeling under the attacks of the Germanic tribes before making his way south to Tours and Poitiers.

Back to Venantius’s hymn, it was first sung during a spectacular procession to St. Radegund’s monastery in Poitiers. Being blind I picture a bright sunny day with hundreds of robed clergy carrying banners chanting the hymn and in the centre the most precious item carried by trusted acolytes a relic of the true cross. Venantius was made Bishop of Poitiers in 590 and remained there until he died.

Just in passing I will add that when in 711 the Moors invaded Spain quickly conquering almost the whole country they attempted to expand into France and reached as far as Poitiers but retreated when they were thoroughly defeated by Charles Martel .

We have reached the 7<sup>th</sup> century and travelled thousands of miles with many digressions, anecdotes and stories which is what so fascinates me. (So much more exciting than standing in the queue at Lidl I enthuse whereupon Mike drily responds “sometimes one has to stand in the queue at Lidl in order to eat”)

1465. Piero della Francesca’s The Resurrection. The Roman soldiers are lying around asleep, and the slender form of Christ steps out of the tomb (not the cave of the Gospels) . He is holding a large white flag with a red cross on it, a sign of victory over death? But it is the expression on His face which is very moving, sad or puzzled as if to say you do not understand; you may never understand.

We can now move on to J. M. Neale (1818-1866) the tireless translator of hymns for the Anglican Church, apparently 58 in A and M!, (I’ve grown rather fond of him) who gave us our version of The royal banners forward go.

But what about the tune Gonfalon Royal? What a strange title for the music. Showing off as I do sometimes and not expecting any contradiction, I said it sounds like a French crusader word. Well, it was composed by Sir Percy Buck (1871 – 1947) in 1913, an eminent cathedral organist and composer of church music . He was also Director of Music for many years at Harrow school for boys who he said would sing most lustily. Was he also showing off a bit when he said the title of this tune is Gonfalon Royal and boys, you should know is an old anglo-norman word for a banner.



Still, it is a lovely hymn, and you can hear it sung by Gloucester Cathedral choir on [YouTube](#). You can also hear it in the original plain chant as sung in AD 569 in Poitiers.

Why do I delve into the background of all these hymns? Because the Church is like a vast edifice – sometimes battered, sometimes even broken – but still a vast edifice full of music, beautiful buildings, mysteries, outstanding lives and witness... We must cherish it.

## **Patricia Luce**

### **My Favourite Hymn – Mother Doreen.**

Following in the footsteps of Patricia and Jennifer I would like to share a favourite hymn/song from childhood days.

I can still remember sitting on the small wooden chairs at 3-4 years old and singing "I will make you fishers of men, fishers of men, fishers of.... if you follow me". The thought that we could be like the fisher men who walked with Jesus inspired me even then!! Fishing for others!!!

Who would know that decades later, when going through the discernment process for Ordination, I would be using that song to answer a question and write an essay.

The question was something like....'give your understanding of and ideas of mission'! It didn't take any time for me to know that I had to answer that using "I will make you fishers of men"!!

I took the fishing industry and country fishing and broke it down into its various forms.

Fly fishing: the times we just put something, say something 'out there' about Jesus and those around listening may or may not 'take the bait'. That's the big step one can take because it takes them completely out of their comfort zone like a fish jumping out of the water to take the fly.

Riverside, lakeside and seashore side fishing: more sedate, not having to wade out into the water. Casting out, letting the bait drop and waiting. Much of one's witnessing is like that. "Will they ever take the bait"? What a joy when the float sinks a bit letting us know it's been taken!! Follow up with careful drawing in!!!

So, what about industrial fishing.....Trawlers fishing is like throwing a net out to capture as many fish as possible. Franklin Graham, son of Billy Graham has just recently been doing that in the UK with thousands hearing the Word of the Lord. The net had been cast. I had the privilege of attending Billy Graham rallies and Louis Palau rallies as a counsellor many, many moons ago!! The joy of hauling the net in!!!!!!

Then there's drag netting, (the most destructive way of fishing in environmental terms). However, as an illustration...going out into the world amongst the 'dregs' the 'bottomless' and sharing the good news.

I've only really scratched the surface of the essay really...it had to be some 1000s words long.

I am conscious that I've not mentioned Trout tickling. Many of us may have done that as kids and the excitement of raising a 'rainbow' in our own hands was amazing! This is where I think there is danger.....church/clergy/laity grooming, 'tickling', a mission field I do not support.....

In all forms of 'fishing' there are dangers for both the fishers and the fished.

Are you being called to be a fisher of men...????

**Mother Doreen SCP**

## AROUND THE PARISH



This concert is part of our Summer Picnic Program. There will be a 45 minute intermission during which you can enjoy a picnic, walk round the cemetery, meet the performers or visit the bar, where food is also available)

Click to book your tickets: <https://stgeorgesmalaga.com/events/>

## **CRAFTY CREATIONS - Saturday 6th and 20th of September. 11-13.00.**

An All Age experience exploring nature at St. George's in the English Cemetery.

Come and make a Cemetery Bug Hotel, make one to take home. Make a 'Butterfly Bar', play hunt the Bee, AND SO MUCH MORE.

Bring a picnic!!!!

AND to finish..... Saturday October 4th PET BLESSING SERVICE 11-12 more on this to follow.....

## **MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL: A story from the book he is currently writing by John Sharrock Taylor**

Or Loving the Boss.

*'You are a disgrace to God!'*

*'You are a disgrace to this cathedral!'*

*And, far worse, you are a disgrace to me!'*

And with this extravagant declaration, Dr Bacchus Dykes, Master of the Music at the Cathedral of Our Lady and St Nicholas, dismissed the choir in the middle of the Wednesday evensong, leaving the congregation gob-smacked, and the presiding canon to pick up the metaphorical pieces. It was, my colleagues assured me, only one of Dr Dykes's many public explosions, and, as a recently appointed member of the choir, I was somewhat surprised that anyone actually tolerated such histrionics.

Whilst each of the weekday choral evensongs was preceded by a half-hour practice, the main rehearsal took place after the service on Friday evening, followed by a convivial session in the Bridge Inn. Once again, we were falling disgracefully short of expectation: *'Well, gentlemen, if you can't do any better than this, you may as well pack up and take yourselves off to the Bridge right away.'*

*'Excuse me, Dr Dykes.'*

*'Yes, John?'*

*'Can you lend me ten quid?'*

*Bacchus looked puzzled.*

*'I mean, if we have to go to the pub as early as this, I'll need money for a second round.'*

Bacchus, (any expectations raised by his first name seem to have remained unfulfilled) was approaching retirement age, and whilst some of us found his eccentricities entertaining, the Dean and Chapter could hardly contain their excitement at the thought of bidding farewell to chaos.

All were agreed that to establish the cathedral as a centre of choral excellence would require the right person. The problem was money. The leading cathedrals in the country, and even the good second-rankers, were paying a lot more than we could afford. Then one of the canons said: 'I

wonder if that old picture behind the high altar is worth anything.’ It was. It turned out to be a hitherto undiscovered Tintoretto, and its sale, shrewdly invested, still pays the salaries, thirty years later, of the Master of the Music and the lay clerks.

Tom Herne, our new leader, was an inspiring choir trainer with an impish sense of humour. Edgar Bainton’s glorious anthem about the New Jerusalem gives the tenors and basses some splendid opportunities for bel canto, or in our case, can belto:

*‘And I heard a great voice out of heaven!’ we thundered.*

Tom stopped us with an airy wave of the hand and twinkled over his bifocals. *‘Gentlemen,’* he said, *‘could you possibly try to sound a little more expensive?’*

Tom worked us hard, and results came, though at some cost. All of us lay-clerks had our contracts terminated after the Easter Sunday evensong and were invited to re-audition. A couple of men declined, knowing that they could not meet the standard required by the new regime. Two, who might have passed the test, also decided to call it a day. Most painful of all, two others, faithful veterans but past their best, auditioned and were rejected.

The following year, our cathedral was selected to host the Royal Maundy, the ceremony which commemorates Christ’s washing of his disciples’ feet at the Last Supper. ‘Maundy’ comes from ‘mandatum’, Latin for ‘commandment’. By washing their feet, Jesus showed its future leaders how he expected them to serve his Church.

The Maundy ceremony dates from early medieval times. King John, ‘not a good man’, according to the children’s poem, was especially generous with gifts to the poor whose feet he washed. ‘Bloody Mary’, on her knees, washed no less than forty pairs of feet. She, and her sister, Elizabeth the First, donated money, food, and dresses for the female recipients. The latter idea was soon abandoned because the trying-on ruckus disrupted the service. The washing of feet continued until the early 18th century, though the feet had always been washed three times before the monarch had to touch them.

In modern times, the charitable element of the Maundy is symbolized by the specially minted coins presented to an equal number of elderly men and women, though the recipients are chosen not for their poverty but for their service to their communities. The Yeomen of the Guard carry silver-gilt salvers bearing red leather purses containing the Maundy money, and other participants wear scented nosegays which recall early attempts to sanitize smelly congregations.

The Royal Maundy in which I sang, together with my chorister sons Richard and William, was honoured by the presence of Queen Elizabeth II and the Duke of Edinburgh. During her reign of more than seventy years, Elizabeth missed only five Maundys, two for childbearing, two for Covid, and one when she was on a royal tour abroad.

It was an unforgettable experience to join with the choir of the Chapel Royal in words that were heard at the coronations of medieval kings, and since the coronation of King George II in 1727, have been inextricably wedded to Handel’s thrilling music:

‘Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet anointed Solomon king, and all the people rejoiced and said: God save the King! Long live the King! May the King live forever! Amen, Alleluia! Amen!’



After the morning rehearsal, I was approached by the smiling Senior Gentleman of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal: *'And now, we shall be delighted if the gentlemen of the cathedral choir will invite us to drink.'*

*'Consider it done,'* I replied.

We settled ourselves with our pints of Theakston's around a big table in the Bridge Inn, and our youngest lay clerk asked the question that was in all our minds: *'What's she like?'*

*'It's hard to put into a few words. She's a great lady, and she's also humble.'*

*'Humble!'*

*'On her twenty-first birthday, five years before she became Queen, she made a speech which has become part of the history of her reign: 'I declare before you all that my whole life, whether it be long or short, shall be devoted to your service and the service of our great family to which we all belong.' Her long life of service shows that she meant every word.'*

*'Does she have a sense of humour?'*

*'Definitely, and she's always quick off the mark. She was chatting with a guest at one of our garden parties when the woman's mobile phone rang. The Queen said, 'You'd better answer that. It might be someone important.'"*

*'Then there was the time when a new young guard kept her waiting at the gate when she arrived driving herself.'*

*'Good afternoon, Ma'am. Identification please.'*

*'I'm the Queen.'*

*'I know, Ma'am, but we've been told 'no pass, no entry.'*

*'How was that one resolved?'*

*'Famously, the Queen carries no clutter, but her ladies-in-waiting have handbags equipped for all emergencies.'*

The Senior Gentleman said. *'Before I tell the next story, you need to remember two things: first, that the Queen cares much more about the dignity of the monarchy than she does about her own prestige; secondly, that as Senior Gentleman I'm the nearest thing that the Chapel Royal has to a shop steward. Well, some time ago, we were in a meeting with Her Majesty when she said: 'I've been thinking: When a royal procession passes between the two ranks of the choir, would it not be appropriate for you all to bow?'*

*'At this point all my colleagues subjected me to the famous Paddington hard stare, which means 'No way, Jose'. I took a deep breath and replied: Ma'am, it is difficult to sing and bow at the same time.'*

*'Yes, I understand that.'*

*'And Ma'am...'*

*'Go on.'*

*'I am a gentleman of her Majesty's Chapel Royal. And I bow to nobody. She laughed, and that was the end of that idea.'*

It was an unlooked-for privilege for us members of the cathedral choir to spend a pleasant hour with the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal. It was clear to all of us that they loved and revered their 'boss'.

**John Sharrock Taylor**

# St. George's Chaplaincy Worship Centers and Services

## Malaga



**St George's Church,  
Av.de Priés 1, Malaga**

**Sundays, 11.30 AM**

**<https://www.achurchnearyou.com/church/8530/>**

## Velez-Malaga



**La Antigua Capilla de San  
José, 7 Calle Linares,  
Velez-Malaga  
Temporary change  
please see  
[stgeorgesmalaga.org](https://www.stgeorgesmalaga.org)  
for details**

**<https://www.achurchnearyou.com/church/8549/>**

## Salinas



**Church of the Sagrado  
Corazon de Maria, Salinas,  
Archidona**

**Saturdays, 11.30 AM  
2<sup>nd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> Saturdays of the  
month**

**<https://www.achurchnearyou.com/church/8488/>**

## GETTING IN TOUCH

**Chaplain:** Fr. Louis Darrant, 630 909 131

**Churchwarden:** Caroline Warren, 696 082 714

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