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# El Corazón

From the Anglican Chaplaincy of St George, Malaga  
Volume 5, No. 9, September 2025

**Hello again and welcome to September's El Corazon.**

We hope that you are all looking forward to another edition.

We would like to make sure we draw your attention to the Important details around St Georges Mission Action Plan on page three of this month's offering.

Also Inside this edition:

- [Louis](#) discusses the lessons he has learnt in conversation with his goddaughter.
- [Michael](#) continues exploring a fresh direction in the fourth part of the series
- [Colin](#) discusses the priest, Charles Fuge Lowder.
- [Patricia](#) gives us her take on some of the little differences we all discover here in Spain
- Details of upcoming services and events on page 10.

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

Wishing you all our best — 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!

Want to be among the first to know?

Join our Mailing List by clicking the link below:

<https://stgeorgesmalaga.com/maillinglist/>

or join our WhatsApp group using the QR code:



# A Word in Season

Fr. Louis Darrant



While returning home from a training on the ministry of healing in the UK I decided to visit my goddaughter at home with her family in London. I moved into my new home in Kennington, south London in preparation for my ordination to the diaconate shortly before my goddaughter was born 22 years ago. On this occasion we talked about her university studies, graduation and future hopes. I sat in the same place around the kitchen table as when I was a young curate watching new neighbours get to grips with becoming new parents. It was wonderful. A glimpse of time out of time in which you become aware of the paradox of both how different life feels now and yet still recognising those part of oneself which are still familiar.

Life is certainly very different for my goddaughter. Arguably the impact of social media in contemporary culture is the biggest change. Now we all have a window into other people's lives in a way which previously would have been inconceivable. Yet of course what we choose to show on our platforms will say much about who we are and the motivations which drive us. If you're thinking that social media isn't something you give any time to and find virtue in not being active on Facebook, Instagram, TikTok or whatever then still you have to engage with the world as it is and be able to discern wisdom in the midst of a culture which is always changing. Here's my question: is the church sufficiently at ease with itself to listen carefully to the experience and questions of people from different backgrounds as ourselves whatever their age? I want to believe that there is room in the church for people at a similar stage in life as my goddaughter. There is in God's heart, so why not in his house?

I believe it takes discipline and courage to navigate the different seasons and weather of our lives. For example, I am still as committed to exploring Christian Meditation as the day when I first encountered the practice in my training parish 22 years ago and I try to observe as faithfully as I can the pattern of saying Morning and Evening Prayer as is the requirement laid upon Anglican clergy. I hope these spiritual practices ground me sufficiently in God's Presence to respond creatively to the opportunities and events of life.

Jesus describes himself in St John's Gospel "the way, the truth and the light": images which speak of movement, authenticity, safety and direction. The call of God upon our lives has been described as a summons pilgrimage. In St Matthew's Gospel the community which Jesus establishes is charged with the following: "You are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid. Nor do men light a lamp and put it under a bushel, but on a stand, and it gives light to all in the house".

These images nourish our imagination as a church community as we embark on a significant consultation exercise to shape our priorities over the next five years: St George's as 'city set on a hill' offering sanctuary for all, the hospitality of God and the hope of healing. I hope you will take the time to participate and help us together discern what the Spirit is saying to us. Changing culture, changing lives, but great is God's faithfulness in whom there is shadow of turning!

# St George's Mission Action Plan

Over the coming months, St George's Church is developing a Mission Action Plan (MAP), a vision for the type of church that we want to be in 5 years' time and the steps we need to get there. This is not just some 'nice to have' document that sits in the shelf. Rather, having a credible forward plan helps us to better explain our mission as a Church, focus our activities, take informed decisions, and use our resources more effectively.

Our aim is to launch the MAP on Advent Sunday, 30th November. In order to achieve that, we would like:

1. Members of the congregation to participate in a Consultation Process (Sept/Oct), which takes the form of an online questionnaire run by an organisation called 'Holy Cow',
2. Leaders of the 5 Chaplaincy Council Working Groups - **Finance, Fabric, Outreach, Events, Liturgy** – to consider how their area might change in 5 years and how we can shape that change (Sept/Oct/Nov), and
3. As many people as possible to attend a Congregational Vision Workshop (Nov) when we feedback the results of the consultation and together we discern our future.

Meanwhile the clergy team will be identifying changes in the Church's wider context over the coming years and the Standing Committee will take responsibility for writing it all down and authoring the Plan.

You can find more information about the MAP on a bespoke webpage on the church's site, using this link, <https://stgeorgesmalaga.com/MAP/>, or the QR code below. You will see regular updates on that page, find the link to the Consultation Process questionnaire, and, in time, the link to book a place on the Congregational Vision Workshop.



# SO NOW YOU KNOW



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

*The 35<sup>th</sup> in a series prepared for your interest and enjoyment by Michael Edwards*

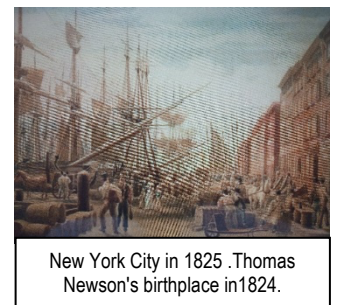


We continue this month with our American Series. Americans of renown who found their final resting place in the English Cemetery, Malaga.

Another Consul, his name Thomas Mclean Newson. His grave is to be found in the Cemetery at No. 326, Section D (2) should you wish to find it.

Thomas was born in New York City on the 22<sup>nd</sup> of February 1824 (that's 201 years ago), of Scotch and Irish parentage.

His father was Capt. George Newson who commanded a military Company in New York City for seventeen years. His parents both died in Connecticut in 1834 when Thomas was just 10 years of age leaving him orphaned; the family being well-off, he was promptly sent to a boarding school.



New York City in 1825. Thomas Newson's birthplace in 1824.

As a young man, he worked as a printer's apprentice, before setting up his own publishing company.

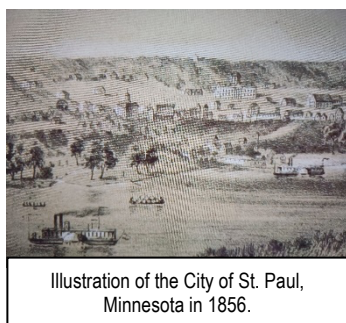


Illustration of the City of St. Paul, Minnesota in 1856.

He made major contributions to the publishing industry in Connecticut, printing Connecticut's first "penny papers" and serving as secretary of the first "editorial association" in the State. He gave up his newspaper publishing due to ill health and moved to the barely settled Minnesota State in 1853 at the age of 26 years.

It was here his health improved, and his publishing career reached new heights: he co-edited the first Republican-affiliated newspaper in Minnesota. "The St. Paul Daily and Weekly Times."

He became good friends with many prominent Republicans, including Abraham Lincoln himself. He served in various positions in the US Army during the American Civil War and was a brevet Major by the time the war came to a close. After the war finished, he led 35 men into northern Minnesota, supposing (and his supposition turned out to be correct) that the area near a place called Duluth contained rich mineral deposits.







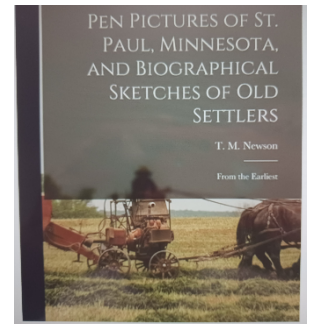
An old photo of a group of early -day miners working in the Black Hills, Dakota (Circa. 1875).

He then moved to the Black Hills, where he organised the first mineral extraction company and performed other important acts of service on behalf of the miners living and working in the area (such as setting up the first telegraph station).

Having become an accomplished citizen in Minnisota, he wrote many books and gave lectures. It was here he continued to devote some of his time to literature and the writing of drama including the play "Life in the Hills".

His skills were such that he also prepared and published many pen pictures of St. Paul, Minnisota and biographical sketches of Old Settlers.

He continued his affiliation with the Republican party, running for local office twice and losing on both occasions.



A head and shoulders portrait of Thomas McLean Newson

In 1890, at the grand age of 66 years, he moved a long way from Minnisota, when he was appointed the US Consul in Malaga. He alas did not continue in this US post for very long as he succumbed to the dreaded decease of Smallpox whilst in office and died at the age of 69 years on the 30<sup>th</sup> of March 1893.

Thomas married Harriet Douglass Brower in 1857 at Albany, New York when he was 29 years old . The couple had 7 children, 6 girls: Mary Jane, Harriet, Nellie, Jessie, Effie, and Grace and the one boy, Thomas McLean.



A very old Photo of Thomas McLean Newson's grave in the English Cemetery taken on the day of his funeral on the 31st of March, 1893.

Note the stars and stripes flag and grand floral tributes.

SO NOW YOU KNOW

Michael Edwards.

## SEPTEMBER NOTABLES

Charles Fuge Lowder, priest, 1820 – 1880



Born in Bath in 1820, the son of a banker, and educated at Exeter College, Oxford where he was influenced by the Tractarians, Charles Lowder became one of the best known 'slum priests' in Victorian London.

Ordained in 1843, he worked initially in the West Country before moving to London to join the staff at St Barnabas', Pimlico at a time of riot and legal prosecution because of the parish's advanced ceremonial practices.

While in Pimlico he was involved in the foundation of the Society of the Holy Cross to 'defend and strengthen the spiritual life of the clergy, to defend the faith of the Church, and to carry on and aid Mission work both at home and abroad'.

At a time of hostility and persecution the society brought together clergy for mutual support, prayer and encouragement.

Inspired to engage in urban mission by reading a life of St Vincent de Paul, Lowder moved across London in 1856 to become curate at St George's in the East End, another parish that was to suffer from the mid-Victorian phenomenon of rioting because of its style of worship. Lowder's task was to run the St George's Mission in Wapping, one of the worst slum areas of the East End.

To him, mission was not a short-lived campaign but a permanent Christian presence in an area where the Church had no foothold and where it would have to earn the respect and confidence of the local people.

The mission started with a single room as a base and progressed in due course to a borrowed iron church. Lowder's presence in their midst greatly endeared him to the local people, to whom he was affectionately known as 'Father Lowder', especially after his efforts on their behalf in the East End cholera outbreak.

Eventually the iron church was superseded by a purpose-built brick church for the new parish of St Peter's, London Docks that was carved out of St George's parish, with Lowder as its first vicar in 1866.

Exhausted by his long years of work, Lowder resigned the living of St Peter's 1880 and retired to Chislehurst. He died soon afterwards, and, amidst scenes of obvious grief, large crowds of East Enders attended his funeral to mourn the priest who had served them so selflessly and for so long.

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

**Fr Charles Lowder is commemorated in the CofE Common Worship lectionary on September 9<sup>th</sup>.**

<b>Major Feasts this month:</b>	<b>September 14th</b>	<b>Holy Cross Day</b>
	<b>September 21st</b>	<b>St Matthew the Apostle</b>
	<b>September 29th</b>	<b>St Michael and All Angels</b>



***Colin Somerville***

## **España es diferente? by Patricia Luce**

Manuel Fraga's brilliant slogan which led to the ever increasing avalanche of tourists first appeared in 1963.

However, in April 1956 our new and very enthusiastic Spanish teacher organised a trip to Madrid. I had been learning Spanish for a couple of months but was keen to join in. My mother who 10 years later when I said I was going to Ghana said "Where?". "You know, the old Gold coast" "What! White man's grave!" seemed unworried at remarks like "Spain? It's dangerous. Never mention religion or politics or you could be shot at dawn". So off we went; we had been travelling all day (no Eurostar then) by the time we were clambering from the low French platform into the high French train where we dozed through the night.

At about 7am we had crossed the frontier and were in a long green room with a clock which in all the years which I travelled that way never said more than 4.15 and there they were! The Civil Guards in their green uniforms and tricorne hats and it seemed to me bristling with weapons.

However, we were soon in the huge old train which trundled slowly on the broad gauge lines across Spain. The seats were like very old soft upholstered sofas (a haven for insects perhaps?) but I noted that each headrest had a clean white antimacassar. Once past the greenery of the north we rumbled over endless acres of what looked almost like desert but was probably corn fields and there standing alone in that vast expanse was a figure of a peasant dressed in black wearing a black beret; where did he live, where had he been working? There was no means of transport, not even a mule or donkey and he stood motionless not responding to the waving of the foolish young foreign girls. The image of that man has remained with me for 70 years.

We finally arrived at the dimly lit station in Madrid. Everywhere was dimly lit as if by 5 watt bulbs.

Two of our group were staying with a teacher friend of our teacher, the others were to stay in a Pension, and I was packed off alone to Mari-Carmen's house. Except for two excursions I didn't see the others until the end of our stay.

Mari-Carmen's flat was very shabby: there was a small room with a table and chairs and a small fold down bed where her sister Angelines slept, since I had her bed in the same room as Mari-Carmen. I was astonished that the sheets were beautifully hand embroidered with the initials of the owner as were the silver napkin rings on the table and the made to measure shirts with embroidered initials that the cousins all wore. But then (can this be true?) I do not remember ever seeing any clothes shops in Madrid.

There were plenty of dry cleaners with the notice "Luto en 24 horas" where a complete wardrobe could be dyed black. This rather reflects the position of a woman who had lost her husband or father and who would be expected to wear black for was it 2 years or 5 years. I cannot remember and nor it seems can anyone else.

In a way poor Angelines (it seems like an epic epithet) was part of this attitude towards women. She had fallen in love with a man who had been married. No divorce in those days. One night she begged me to go to the cinema with her and out of the dark loomed The Man. I was the chaperone. I hated the evening films which started at 11pm and could not understand the discreet dubbing of the American films and when the film was cut as an embrace seemed imminent there would be a tremendous outburst of whistling and stamping.

Back to Mari-Carmen's house. The bathroom was painted dark green with rust stains, it looked like an underwater cavern to me. Mother was a very good cook and produced meals for five people in her extremely primitive kitchen. Apart from an ancient range which she never used she had no stove nor oven at all and prepared everything on two free standing electric rings which she calmly plugged and unplugged with wet hands on wet surfaces! Mealtimes were something of a nightmare not only because of the unusual food but because of the timetable. We ate the main meal never before 2.30pm and the evening meal anytime between 10 and 11pm and I was accustomed to bread and butter at 5pm and perhaps a cup of Ovaltine and a biscuit at 8!

Mari-Carmen's father, an elderly man, controlled the radio and after a beautiful reading of Don Quixote there was Da da de da da Viva Franco Arriba España, but we never heard it all because he immediately turned it off and Mother looked anxiously at me "could this rather dopey English girl be a spy". I had never drunk coffee in my life but every morning I heard with delight mother preparing the coffee beans in a hand grinder. No one else seemed to have breakfast but on Sundays there was coffee with churros (alleluia!). On Monday three or four Marie biscuits, Tuesday left over bread fried and sprinkled with sugar, Wednesday toasted and similarly sprinkled with sugar... In all the time I spent there then and two or three months later I never once saw butter, jam or anything sweet in that house.

At mealtimes Mother would say for example "Do you like cabbage" and I would reply "Si, pero no mucho" and there would appear a steaming dish of cabbage drenched in olive oil...Spanish omelette was great but a small fried fish whose name I forget would appear on my plate with its tail in its mouth underneath large empty eye sockets. Alarming.



I don't recall any dawn executions but there were many Civil Guards about always ready to tell you to dress properly and no hand holding in the street. A few years later as students at Salamanca we took the train for a day trip to Avila. We thought it rather exciting when a man appeared in a black suit and dark glasses and lifting his lapel said "Policia secreta, documentos" Needless to say none of had our passports with us. Strong reprimands and much twittering that we are students and just a day trip. Much displeased he left us alone.

We were much relieved until when we arrived in Avila, we were met by a group of Civil guards who took us off to their cuartel for questioning.... So, I was aware that Spain was a police state, but I was not interested in politics and just thought that Spain was a bit different.

Religion was perhaps more different. I could quote so many examples, from Mari-Carmen's statement that we have babies when God sends them to the very restrictive life of women and girls for example nice girls never went out alone at night. The head of the house was the only person who had the key to the iron gates at the entrance to the flats which were locked at 10pm in winter and 11pm in summer.

A girl might come back with her brother or a respectable family group whereupon they would clap loudly three times to call the cereno who would come in his heavy long overcoat, Madrid winters are cold, with his truncheon and keys to all the flats in his block.

As a group we had two excursions, one to Toledo where we were rather bemused (in our ignorance of history) by the number of churches that once had been mosques or synagogues and we sat respectfully for five minutes in a church gazing at El Greco's masterpiece "The burial of the Count of Orgaz" (This showed the saintly man's corpse surrounded by a great number of noble men with flashing black eyes and pointed beards, very Spanish).

As for the trip to Segovia I must have seen the Roman aqueduct but what really impressed me as we waited for the coach on the scrubby outskirts of the town was the boy goatherd with his goats tumbling down the hillside with all their bells tinkling and straight after a column of some thirty handsome young men in long black cassocks walking silently in pairs. Who are they I asked a Spanish girl. Oh, they are from the seminary she said. I was entranced by these scenes totally alien to anyone living in Essex!

To sum up, Spain was different. After the Civil War the country was devastated and ostracized by other countries for being a dictatorship. For many years nobody wanted to talk about the hatreds and the slaughter. The regime and the Church imposed a very strict moral code on the public and there is no doubt that there were terrible reprisals and executions and fear. Perhaps the enforcers of the law were determined to make the public obedient and they thus gained a sort of submissive acquiescence.

Spain is no longer different but no doubt this makes young Spaniards happier.

**Patricia Luce**

# AROUND THE PARISH

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



Come and join us at the English Cemetery in Malaga for 'Crafty Creations'.

'Crafty Creations' is an all-age experience exploring nature within St. George's Church and the English Cemetery.

Participants will have the chance to make a Cemetery Bug Hotel, make bug hotels to take home, make a 'Butterfly Bar', play hunt the Bee, AND SO MUCH MORE !

'Crafty Creations' is here at the English Cemetery on Saturday 6th September and Saturday 20th September, from 11.00-13.00. Entry is free.

Come and join in. It will be a lot of fun. And remember to bring a picnic!!

## Creation Day Service – Friday 19<sup>th</sup> of September at 19.30.

Held on the steps of St George's, this ecumenical service is organised annually by Lux Mundi to celebrate the season of creation.

## Pet Blessing Service - St Francis Day, 4th October at 11.00.

St George's Church will be holding its first Pet Blessing Service for many years, to celebrate the feast of St Francis of Assisi on 4th October.

This service will form part of our celebration of the Season of Creation, and will include a personal blessing for each pet, as well as their owners, plus prayers and hymns that are appropriate for the season.

Any pet is welcome - including cats - as long as they are under control. And if your pet is unable to come, or deceased, do please come anyway and bring a photo, which we will aim to display on a screen. For more details about the Season of Creation, click [here](#).

# 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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