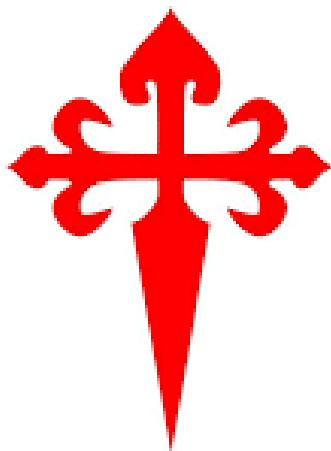


# El Camino de Santiago

June – July 2023



A summary of two pilgrimages to Santiago: 1) along the Camino de Frances and 2) the subsequent pilgrimage via Fisterra and Muxia along with a journey to Fatima including the text of a daily journal and accompanying pictures.

For the Glory of God, in atonement for my sins, for the sanctification of my soul, my family, and those of my fellow pilgrims, and for the intentions, spoken or written or otherwise manifested, laid out elsewhere.

Wednesday, June 7. 5:50 PM EST Logan Airport

Boston, MA, USA

The sequel begins. Five years after our first epic journey along the Way of St. James, nine of us have embarked on what for me is part II. We pass time in Boston's airport in a variety of manners. Our layover here leaves us ten hours of dead time as we await the seven hour flight to Barcelona, the train to Pamplona, and a taxi to St. Jean. It is the calm before the storm.

We are a motley crew. In addition to me, Kiera and Chloe, Philomena and Leo represent the Joe Goldade Family, Pawel and Ania the Soczowkas, along with West Virginia's finest, Ben Sturm. The last entrant, of course, is my dear Father-in-law, Sylvester Jacobs, who joined us right after we finalized plans, and who adds so much in the way of gravitas, experience, and piety to our group.

The conventional starting point of the Camino Frances is St. Jean Pied de Port. Due to the remoteness of its location, arriving at the start poses almost as great a challenge as achieving the end. If all goes well, our trip, which started at 11:00 AM in Pittsburgh will finish at 10:00 PM tomorrow in St. Jean. In the process we will take two planes, two trains, a bus, and a taxi. Awaiting us in St. Jean is a nice lodging, where we will hopefully make up for all the sleep lost en route. Thus, we should begin our pilgrimage in good condition on Friday morn.

The journey to St. Jean, although taxing, allows the opportunity for our group to congeal. And that we have done. I am quite pleased to see that all seem to get along, and all are rapidly meshing well. Time will tell how this plays out on the Way, but the prospects fascinate me.



Saturday, June 10. 6:54 PM

Parroquia Zabaldika

Zabaldika

Day 1 (Roncesvalles = 25.1 km down, 753.4 km to go) and Day 2 = 34.3 km (59.4 down 714.1 to go)

It has been three days since I last wrote, yet it might well have been three years. Much has transpired, which accounts for the long delay. What follows is the report. However, it must be said that this report will be hindered by the fact that I am sorely short on food and sleep and thus mentally fatigued. Presently I write from

an albergue attached to a 13<sup>th</sup> century church. (As I began to write – much to my delight – Pawel and Sylvester arrived at the door.) Here is how we arrived at this point.

We boarded the plane from Boston to Barcelona on Wednesday night after a seemingly interminable interlude. The flight was much nicer than WOW Air the last time, and we arrived in Barcelona about thirty minutes late. We found the shuttle bus and train without issue and arrived in Pamplona on schedule. We found out that the taxi service that I reserved was not in fact reserved, and so we ended up taking three taxis for \$339 to St. Jean. Once there, at about 9:30 PM, we found our lodging place devoid of operators. With no way to reach the proprietor, we became convinced that we would be on the streets that night. Lo and behold, I found the keys to our three rooms in the locks, and so we thanked God and assumed possession. There was no food to be had in St. Jean at that hour, but we found a hot pizza vending machine! We picked up six of these and went back for our feast only to be met by the angry proprietor asking where we had been. (At this point I have no excuse for my poor writing except for my own inadequacy, for I just now returned from a fine communal meal at this place which is completely run by husband-wife volunteers.)

Anyhow, we had a fine slumber at St. Jean and left at 8:00 AM – which departure time was ensured by the menacing French woman who ran the place. We then checked in at the pilgrim's office, got our shells, visited the pilgrim shop – still run by the French Canadian lady from last time – and were on our way. We naturally commenced straight to the church in St. Jean and placed our camino in the hands of St. James and Our Lady. As we climbed assiduously up to Orisson, everyone found their pace and gravitated towards those of similar speed. Leo, Kiera, Philomena, Chloe, and I up front, Ben and Ania following, Sylvester and Pawel in the rear. As we dragged inexorably up, Chloe fell back and got sick. She was tended to by a nice fellow from Spain. Then, as we neared our destination, a huge thunderstorm hit. Between the wind and the driving rain, we lost visibility and all sense of everything but survival. Orisson hides in a nook in the mountains, so one cannot see it until upon it. Thus, it left us in suspense/despair until we clawed into it, a soaking heap of humanity.

We settled in at Orisson for some soup and drinks (it was Friday after all) as the rain receded and we recovered. A bit after noon our journey resumed, and we climbed our way through the Pyrenees to Roncesvalles. We opted for the steep path out of the mountains and found it easier to pass than last time, probably because grip was improved by the moisture. Our group of five arrived intact at around 5:30/6:00 and checked in to the legendary albergue here. As we showered, set up our beds, etc., we grew concerned about the whereabouts of the others, especially as another storm threatened and then opened up. Fortunately, Ben and Ania arrived after hunkering down outside Roncesvalles to get out of the rain. Sylvester and Pawel came in the back door a bit later, having taken the alternate path. We then enjoyed a phenomenal pilgrim's meal at 8:30 in which just about everyone delighted. During this meal I got to speak broken Spanish/broken English with a fine Spaniard named Juan. We all laughed heartily at Chloe as she stared down the fish on her plate and attempted to eat it. We had such a good time that we almost missed getting back for lights-out at 10:00. It was a superb day one.

On day two, today, we set out to get as close to Pamplona as possible in order to make it to Sunday's Mass at the cathedral. Once again, the walking groups took their natural form. The five amigos waited in Zubiri for 1-2 hours for Ben and Ania. It was decided that all should fend for themselves and look to rejoin at Mass. It seemed impossible that we would find lodging for all nine of us anywhere. And yet, as God would have it, we came to this place. An hour or two later Ben and Ania arrived, and an hour later Sylvester and Pawel made it complete. It was a minor miracle that we all set down to that meal together a short while ago. The others had been rejected at or rejected other places, and all wound up here. God is good.

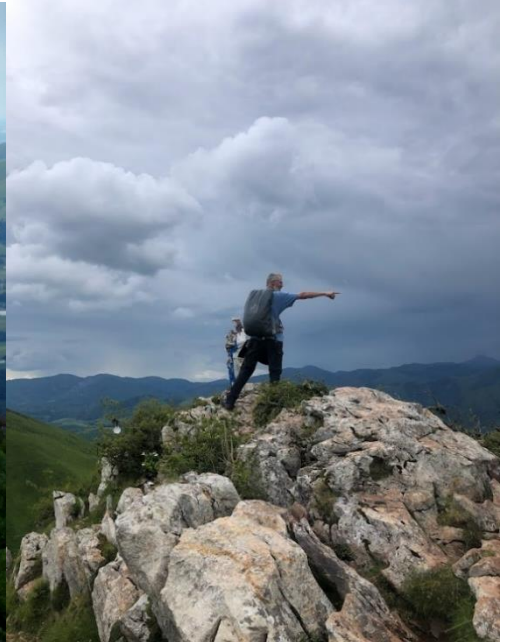
After being freaked out by what looked like a hippie gathering from the seventies (the pilgrim's blessing that we fled) we now await sleep and the good God in His glory descending upon the altar in Pamplona tomorrow.























Monday, June 12.

6:22 AM



Albergue Baztan



Uterga

Day 3 = 25.8 km (85.2 down 683.3 to go)

The dynamics of this Camino were fated to be quite distinct from the last one. Though my intentions were to arise and commence walking by 6:00 each morning, here I am at 6:30 writing yesterday's entry. So it goes.

Yesterday was a unique one. We were in no hurry to get started as we planned on going to a traditional Mass at the cathedral in Pamplona at 10:00 AM, 8 km from our lodging. Therefore, after a small breakfast we departed at 7:42 AM. A very pleasant walk along the river brought us to the formidable walls of Pamplona and the cathedral a block off of the path. We arrived by 9:15 and toured the cathedral before Mass. Mass was said at a beautiful side altar with perhaps 150 attendees. It was awesome. However, toward the end of it, the Novus Ordo crowd started arriving en masse and bells started ringing, destroying both tranquility and recollection. It was the Feast of Corpus Christi, and first communion day, so Mass was packed, and they had a huge procession afterward. It was quite inspiring with thousands marching resplendently. Tellingly, however, no one, virtually, knelt before the Blessed Sacrament.

We were supposed to all meet up for Mass, but Sylvester and Pawel missed the cathedral and walked right out of town. We waited for hours until Pawel showed up, just as we had set in place grandiose reconnaissance plans in the absence of communication devices.

We then ate at Burger King, and it was good.

Our hike continued finally at about 2:30 after we exchanged and withdrew some money and failed to find phones. We climbed the long hill to Alto del Perdon, clambered down the rocks on the other side, and arrived here. A huge thunderstorm then set in, catching Sylvester and the West Virginians. The latter arrived at this place a couple of hours after us, having had no sight of Sylvester, who had been between them and us. A bit concerned, Leo and I went to the albergue across the street and found him feasting amidst glad company. All was well.











Monday, June 12.      7:46 PM      Albergue Villamayor      Monjardin  
Day 4 = 37.7 km (122.9 down 645.6 to go)

I write tonight in the midst of another evening of concern. We await our four comrades and another pending storm. Hopefully the former beats the latter. At this point we are just praying that the former show up at all.

We rolled out of Uterga this morning after a nice breakfast at 7:30. Having overtaken Sylvester about 5 km into our trek, we all agreed to meet at this village by the end of the day. About 10 km into the day's walk we came upon Niilo, the Finn that I had the joy to meet the night before. Niilo is a Pentecostal attending Lutheran services who is disillusioned with Protestantism and is leaning toward Catholicism or Orthodoxy. He is a teacher of Lutheranism at a high school in his home country and shares many of my own views. We left him behind after about 15-20 km, but the walking was fast in his company.

We walked the entire day with Luke, Liam, and Josh, three recent high school grads from Bellarmine Prep in Tacoma, Washington. All are bound for Thomas Aquinas College, and all are of solid faith and impressive intellect. They are a spirited crew that also attended the Latin Mass at Pamplona, and they helped keep us going at a solid 5K/hr clip throughout the day. Our crew and theirs have meshed perfectly over the last two days. Hopefully we will continue together.

Today we stopped at the wine fount and partook liberally. Another highlight for me was our stop at the Irache monastery where the decision was made to initiate the uprising that would become the Spanish Civil War in 1936 and which was also the seat of the Carlist government during the Carlist War of 1870-1876.

In the meantime, we have overcome all money matters and the only concern for our group is finding SIM cards so that we can communicate as we go. We tried three phone shops today. Two were closed, and one had none until tomorrow. Hopefully Logrono will come through for us.









We are ensconced in a former monastery, now a municipal albergue in Viana, preparing in our various ways for bed. “We” refers to our typical five in addition to Pawel, who traveled 39.9 km to catch us today.

The day began as rough as the last one ended. We awoke with no idea of the whereabouts of the lost four, who never arrived the night before. After waiting until 9:00 for them to eclipse the hill, we split up, thinking that perhaps they missed the turn and skipped the town altogether. Leo and Kiera shot ahead in search of them that way, and Philomena, Chloe, and I waited in Monjardin. After a while we prayed a rosary. The instant we completed it, Pawel arrived in town. The others followed in short order. Thus, after making plans for our final meeting place and time – Cathedral in Santiago at 9:00 AM, July 11 – we started our walk at 10:15 AM. In the meantime, Niilo went through, and the Jesuit boys departed.

The first 12 km was a steady, easy downhill trek which culminated in our arrival at Los Arcos. En route, we stopped at a food truck run by a Texan who is attending CMU next fall. Her father is from Bethel Park. Small world. When I said “hola”, she asked if I was from Pittsburgh!! One can imagine my shock. The UPMC hat is what tipped her off. We also ran into Kim, who lives in Dunedin, New Zealand – home of Baldwin Street. We compared steep streets and talked RC Draft.

Los Arcos was our one long stop – for the mandatory visit to St. Mary’s Church, my favorite. We stayed for half an hour. Afterward, we crushed the last rolling 18 km to this place, especially the final 6 km as a storm hit all around us and the winds whipped wildly.

We arrived at 4:30, exhausted but a bit relieved – relieved that the stress of this journey will no longer be financial or logistical, but merely physical. Sylvester, Ben and Ania know where to go and how to get there, and they have the means to see their way through. If we completely lose contact, which is likely, they will camino their way and we ours. And we will all meet in the end with dear Saint James.







Wednesday, June 14. 8:18 PM

Hotel Duques de Najera

Najera

Day 6 = 38.3 km (191.8 down 586.7 to go)

I write tonight from a three-star hotel in Najera, the former capital of the Kingdom of Navarre in the 11<sup>th</sup>-12<sup>th</sup> centuries. We are a stone's throw away from the final resting place of many of the kings, though we were unable to see them as the monastery was closed when we made the attempt.

We kicked off the morning's walk at 6:02 AM. It was a crisp morning that once again threatened rain. We got into Logrono a bit before 8:00, having seen no one en route. All the churches, including the cathedral, were closed, so we saw little of great moment. We then hurried through the next 12 km or so to Navarette, where lunch beckoned. We ran into the Washington boys along the way, so they joined along. In Navarette we got into the parish church (San Maria) and were overwhelmed. The altarpiece climbs to the heavens with gilded images of the heavenly climb. It reaches out at several places, including over the tabernacle for a 3-dimensional effect missing in Los Arcos. The rest of the church similarly astounds. It was amazing and inspiring.

We had a quick lunch and decided to take the last 16 km in two steps, anticipating a break at the top of the hill midway. As it turned out, there were many pilgrims in front of us, so we trucked through it all in about 2.5 hours and got to this dumpy little town at 2:00. We had a hard time finding lodging, so after a while we gave up and got rooms at this hotel. The girls and I in this room, Leo and Philomena in another, and the Washington boys in a third. We had a heck of a time finding food because of siesta, but we landed at a burger and beer place that was slow but satisfying, and relatively cheap.

We have a plan in place now for travel over the next three days that is cheap and averages the requisite 32 km per day and will leave us waking up across the street from the Burgos Cathedral on Sunday morn.

One last note – we have established contact with Ben via text with wifi. He is about 30 km back in Logrono with Sylvester likely somewhere between us and Pawel, probably closer to where we are.









We follow up on our 90 euro hotel room tonight with a 6 euro bed in a municipal albergue. Such is the Way.

A relatively uneventful day today with a twist a short while ago. We departed Najera at 5:30 this morning, and it finally felt right. We are now walking with the full expectation that the Washington boys will come along. Different people take their turns in front, back, and middle, and we usually stretch out over a fair distance, grouping up or not at random within the 8-some. I have grown to admire a lot about these young men. They are stalwarts of the Faith and decent kids. They are authentic, astute, and full of love for God. Luke is the smiling ringleader with whom I walked the first 15 km this morning, setting a solid pace over increasingly treeless, rolling farmland. Liam is the most intellectual, the future seminarian with whom I traversed the middle ten, and Josh is our good-hearted translator, who just had surgery on the dastardly blister that has accompanied him for miles. He may have to be shipped up to Burgos to recuperate for a couple of days. The surgery was the twist at the end of which I spoke above.

Whatever the case, we ploughed through about 32 km today with much less company than heretofore. We got to our lunch place at 10:00 AM in Santo Domingo de la Calzada. It was the same pizza place at which the boys and I ate last time. Most other eating establishments were not yet open. Kiera and Philomena accidentally ordered vegan pizza. It was hideous looking, but they got through it. We tried to visit the cathedral, but admission was too expensive. Then we wrapped up the last 10.5 km by 1:30-2:00, and our day was at a close. I suggested going an extra 7 km, but it was not feasible. Josh's foot was a disaster, Leo is dealing with some serious issues on account of his shoes, and the sun's rays were letting us know it meant business. So, we turned in to this cheap albergue in this non-descript little village with not much to do but slice up Josh's feet. Our new friend, Dominic from Georgia, who is going to Washington and Lee this fall, did the trick as we all watched. And now, Leo sleeps, the others socialize, and I am going to read my book as we kill time en route to our 7:00 meal.











Friday, June 16.

4:24 PM

Bar Albergue San Juan

San Juan De Ortega

Day 8 = 36.1 km (259.7 down 518.8 to go)

Before writing last night, I spent some quality time with Thomas a' Kempis and Warren Carroll while the girls played cards in the courtyard. It was a pleasant evening, though we were all famished by dinner time at 7:00. The meal was quite good. Afterward, I engaged for a long time in debate with Dominic about religious liberty and the United States Constitution and then Liam about the SSPX. The conversation was both spirited and charitable. In the meantime, plans were made for Josh to go to the hospital, accompanied by Liam. Luke and Dominic would continue with us in the morn. Then, as I was preparing to sleep, Leo announced, "Grandpa is here!" And sure enough, upon investigation, we found him at the neighboring albergue sharing a meal and drink. If my calculations are correct, he must have traveled 50+km that day. He got in at 7:30, seemingly no worse off for the wear. We all had a joyful conversation and made plans to hopefully meet up again in Burgos on Saturday. Meanwhile, he had seen nothing of Ben, Ania, and Pawel.

So, this morning we set out at 5:33 amidst chilly conditions. We went the wrong way going out of town, but fortunately the path we took circled back to the actual route. We then strode along roads and through fields in three 12 km sections. The first to Belorado, with its plentiful paintings and foot and handprints of the people in the movie *The Way*. Then we had breakfast – my first tortilla de potato. Next 12 km took us to Villafranca Montes de Oca – a town we stayed in last time – where we had lunch. It was my second tortilla de potato. Plus, we had ice cream and a beer, which really hit the spot. (I drink more alcohol in a month on the Camino than I do in any given year at home.) Finally, we climbed to our destination in an old monastery (12<sup>th</sup> cent.) founded by San Juan, a disciple of Santo Domingo de la Calzada, through a forest of pines and others. Along the way, we passed the baptismal font of Santo Domingo and a Spaniard dispensing food and drinks for a donative. He scolded Dominic for not giving enough for a banana. I guess the word donation connotes different things to different folks.



So here we are, reunited with Josh (who is not allowed to walk for 4-5 days) and Liam, awaiting the arrival of just about anyone from our original group, and for places to open up for la cena.







Saturday, June 17. 6:55 PM Municipal albergue – Casa de Cubo Burgos  
Day 9 = 26.1 km (285.8 down 492.7 to go)

Dinner disaster was only narrowly averted last night. The albergue where we stayed usually serves it, but it did not, the other albergue was closed, and the only bar/restaurant around was full-up with reservations. Nevertheless, the owner allowed us to order pizza if we ate on the patio outside. Afterward, I read and went to bed.

This morning we launched our walk at 5:31 in relatively warm conditions. It portended the heat that was to come. We hoped to avoid said heat by completing the short stage before noon. All went well until we crossed the highway at about halfway. The yellow arrows pointed out the path, and we dutifully followed. However, I soon realized that we were on the wrong side of the airport. Consequently, I called a halt to our forward progress, and we took an alternative “path” to the other side. In time, we merged with the way we wanted to go in the first place. A few km later we found our way to the scenic route into Burgos along the river. It was much more pleasant than the road routes offered otherwise.

With about 6 km to go and Kiera in very bad shape, the three fellows – Leo, Luke, and I – left the three girls – Kiera, Chloe, Philomena – in a shady spot on the trail. We detoured up to a functioning Carthusian monastery, founded in the 15<sup>th</sup> century on land belonging to Queen Isabel the Catholic’s father, King Juan II. It was magnificent. We toured and returned to the others about an hour after we left.

The walk into Burgos was slow and a bit grueling, but we arrived and searched for the albergue until about 2:00 PM. Having washed up, we feasted at Taco Bell and got some frozen yogurt. We then toured the cathedral and returned. Now we shall get together with Grandpa and find dinner. Tomorrow, we scheduled 41 km and are obliged to sneak out the emergency door at 5:30 AM. Rain is forecast. Time will tell.









Sunday, June 18.      5:10 PM      San Estaban Municipal albergue      Castrojeriz  
Day 10 = 41.1 km (326.9 down 451.6 to go)

Today marked our first repeat performance from last time on the Camino. In an effort to get through the Meseta quickly, we stepped off 41.1 km, two stages in Brierly's book. Leaving at 5:40 AM, we encountered temps in the 70s and no rain. In such ideal conditions we reached the day's midpoint by 9:30, and after a snack in Hornillos and lunch in Hontanas, we finished our walk around 2:30 PM.

Not much excitement today – what can one expect from the Meseta? – but we picked up Nikola, the Taiwanese-American girl we met on day two at about the halfway point. She joined us to the end. She is in a tight spot, having to finish by June 30, but too injured to go the necessary speed to do it. She will likely bus to a further point so she can rest and resume. Meanwhile, Josh is recuperating and will start walking again, likely on Tuesday. Liam separated from the group and is with Dominic about 4K behind us. There is friction among the boys about what pace to keep. I feel somewhat responsible and hope that they can figure it out quickly.

There was no sleep in Burgos last night as the town stayed up with peak noise until 4:30 AM. When I did fall asleep around 1:15, the woman on the bunk below about five minutes later violently vomited for forever, and I could find virtually no sleep from that point on. I think I am done going to Burgos.

Kiera is getting along better; thanks be to God. Tomorrow, we shoot for another 44 km across the lovely Meseta.







Monday, June 19.

9:39 PM

Santa Maria Parroquial

Carrion de los Condes

Day 11 = 44.2 km (371.1 down 407.4 to go)

The night wraps up as I write this evening. We and the reunited Washington boys just feasted on bread, apples, wine, Trina, and ice cream. It was a festive meal.

Little of interest happened yesterday after writing, so we bedded down early in preparation for our early wake-up. Our trip commenced at 4:57 AM. Consequently, we scaled the big hill to the Meseta in darkness and did not get a chance to take in the view from above. Luke slapped a piece of duct tape over a piece of graffiti on a sign at the top that mixed the hammer and sickle with our Lord's name. On the tape he wrote "Viva Cristo Rey!!!".



We ploughed through the first 19 km in 3.5 hours and rested in Fromista at 25 km an hour or so later. The last 19 km followed the path along the road the entire way. It was not too hot, thank God, but it was arduous for lack of scenery, and on account of general fatigue. After a break for lunch, we arrived in Carrion at 3:00.

We stayed at an albergue run by the Augustinian sisters. We had a sing-along, which was a good time aside from some of the song choices. Remarkably, though, at one point the lead sister looked at me and said that I was a guitar player, and so I should play a song. She responded to my clear “no” with increased entreaties and then gave up. I have no idea how she knew, and when I asked the other nuns, they said it was just “nun’s sense”.

Liam was taxied up to join us this evening. He and Josh will walk with us again tomorrow. We will see how it goes. Kiera did fine work today, but tomorrow promises another challenge. May her guardian angel take good care of her and the rest of ours the same for us all.







Tuesday, June 20.

5:53 PM

Santa Cruz Benedictine Monastery

Sahagun

Day 12 = 40.6 km (411.7 down 326.8 to go)

Today I write from the first repeat albergue of this trip. We made a point of staying with the Marist fathers in Sahagun because it was such an uplifting experience last time, I knew the Washington boys would appreciate it, and because I was hoping to reacquaint with the priests there. As it is, Fr. Daniel is still stationed here, though we did not see him, and the Italian priest, Fr. Andrea, is no longer here. Fr. Cormack, from Ireland, greeted us and has directed things. They follow the same pattern as five years ago. We just got done with tea. Soon will be Mass, pilgrim's blessing, and dinner.

Our morning started off ominously with the flash of lightning and the emphatic riposte of thunder. We delayed our start 20 minutes as a consequence and lit out at 5:50 AM. We raced through the barren opening 17 km, the first 5-6 km in the rain, in three hours. Some of us got hit with a quick storm before the next break. We lunched at a rather disgusting bar in Moratinos, and we completed our journey by around 3:00. It was a fine day of walking, even though it brought us to this unfailingly ugly town of Sahagun.

Josh and Liam walked with us today. They do wonders in terms of lifting the spirits of the girls. I am grateful.

Yesterday I failed to mention one great disappointment in Carrion and one event of interest. The letdown: I was excited to get a picture at the central plaza named after Franco. To my great dismay, a police officer explained that it has been renamed – "you know, because of the past". Naturally. Point of interest: we met a strange Welsh woman who shared her late-life story when I asked what she was doing in Spain. It was a dramatic tale of love. After a while, we begged off, and she insisted on giving all the girls a kiss – Europe style. It was entertaining to watch the girls squirm.



Wednesday, June 21. 4:10 PM

El Jardin del Camino

Mansilla de las Mulas

Day 13 = 36.4 km (448.1 down 330.4 to go)

This afternoon I write from a private albergue on the outskirts of Mansilla. It charges exorbitantly, but we had little choice. The municipal albergue where we planned to stay has closed, so we had to backtrack to this place. There would surely have been a mutiny if we pushed forward the 6 km to the next town.



Dinner last night in Sahagun was pleasant. We provided pizza, empanadas, and salad, all of which seemed to go over well. I spoke for some time with Fr. Daniel afterward and gave him the book – Warren Carroll’s *The Last Crusade*. Thereafter I went to bed and slept to my alarm for the first time on this journey.

We took our leave at 5:40 this morning and covered the 17 km to El Burgo Ranero by a bit after 9:00. Luke and I spoke at length with a woman named Liz from California – the typical Catholic with little practice but some sense of the Faith. After a short break, we walked the long, flat, boring road, 13.1 km, to a small town called Reliegos. This is the town with the Elvis bar. A final 6.2 km brought us to the town of Mansilla. Overall, it was an uneventful day marked by Kiera’s and Philomena’s heroic fight with abundant blisters. The blisters are numerous and large, but the girls forge on. Meanwhile, the Washington boys complained of the liturgical abuses at Mass yesterday and the progressive laxity of Fr. Cormack, a “glorified sociologist” (!). At least they can see the problems. Might they be part of the solution?



Thursday, June 22.      3:27 PM      Hostal Central      La Virgen del Camino  
Day 14 = 27.6 km (475.7 down 302.8 to go)

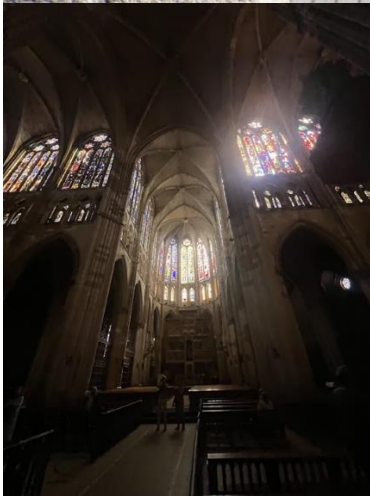
I write today once again from an unexpected location. We attempted to find lodging at the municipal albergue, and it was closed. No other albergues at hand, we were forced to take expensive quarters. Such has been the norm for this trip. Everything has dramatically increased in price. Oh well.

Last night we ate at Burger Leo’s Bar in honor of Leo. Service was bad, food was worse, and it took forever, but we got a lot of pictures of Leo. We returned and went to bed, anticipating a fine sleep before our late 7:00 departure on this, our rest day.

Thus, well-rested we traversed the 18 km into Leon along the road/highway. They detoured the route so that we did not cross the cool, blue bridge with switchbacks above the town. Also, since there was no construction like last time, we entered by the normal route, which supplies nowhere near the expansive view we had before. Alas, it was also on this entry that my shin pains from last time reappeared. I guess I had to get hit with something. Everyone now has had injuries or blisters that have hobbled them. I was the last to be afflicted.

We toured the beautiful, elegant, and simple Gothic Cathedral in Leon, found some lunch at a bar/restaurant near St. Mark’s Plaza and sped through the final 6 km to this suburb of Leon. We will reach the outskirts of Astorga tomorrow and head to the mountains in the heat over the next two days. The mild weather gives way to the 90s tomorrow.







A very strange day of walking precedes my writing today. The oddity began last night, though, when, after paying dear for accommodations, we decided to skip dinner. Instead, we went to a fine supermarket and picked up ice cream, chips, Trina, and Pepsi. We, the girls and I, feasted while watching Spanish overdubs of American TV. We then hit the sack with plans for a 5:00 start this morning. With high heat threatening, we wanted to take care of business early. But we did not make concrete plans, and this led to the strange day. We thought to go to Santibanez de Valdeiglesia just short of 30 km distant, but we left the option of going to Astorga open. There was little food available as we walked, so we stopped at the first available spot about 17 km in. It was so early, no one was really hungry, so we just snacked generally. We then rolled across the legendary bridge to Hospital de Orbigo at about 22.5 km. here we had ice cream as we made our decision. To stop at Santibanez meant finishing our walk well before noon in a place where food would be scarce on a meatless Friday. Thus, we decided to continue the extra 10-13 km to Astorga, where lodging would be cheap and food choices plentiful. We all sang the rosary and engaged in fruitful conversation until we arrived at the cross above Astorga, 5 km out. We rested here awhile. The day closed with the walk over the ¼ mile bridge over the RR tracks and climb up to the albergue. We arrived around 2:00. It was a great day with little interruption, everyone in good spirits, and virtually everyone, including me, pain-free. A perfect setup for the hills that commence tomorrow.







Saturday, June 24.

12:44 PM

Albergue Gaucelmo

Rabanal del Camino

Day 16 = 20.6 km (536.6 down 241.9 to go)

Hard to believe that pen strikes paper just after noon, but here we are at the “end” of the shortest day ever on the Camino.

Yesterday after writing, several of us went to the cathedral. We were surprised to find Niilo on the way out of the albergue. He told us about how his calf muscle blew up and he had to get it treated. He was forced to rest and had therefore taken a train and bus across the Meseta to Astorga. He was a bit dispirited, but he was looking forward to resuming his efforts on the morrow. He joined us on our trip to the cathedral and in our disappointment to find it closed to those unwilling to pay the fee. Niilo then treated us to a round of beer at the bar.

Dinner proved utterly unsatisfactory. We went to an Irish establishment, but Friday’s strictures proved impossible to overcome. I ate vegetable soup for dinner. Fortunately, Trina and Danish butter cookies proved a tasty supplement.

After everybody roamed about town for a while, bedtime beckoned. Alas, the rooms were sweltering, and then a big brass band started to play in the adjacent park. The music blared until nearly ten. When it finally ended, I put down my *Imitation of Christ* and fell asleep.

Since we were going virtually nowhere today, we left the albergue at just past 7:00. The immense crowds of pilgrims, many of whom just started or resumed in Astorga, provided for a wholly new experience. We bobbed and weaved and eventually abandoned the trail for the road. Meanwhile, the massive number of bikers scattered us often. In this atmosphere we climbed through the first 14 km to the Cowboy Bar, which we visited briefly. We then continued to the wonderful little village of Rabanal, where we took lodging in the albergue run by the British Confraternity of St. James. We got here around 11:15, checked in at noon, and now have plenty of time to kill before Gregorian Chant vespers, compline, and a pilgrim blessing. Tomorrow, we ascend to the cruz de ferro followed by the long decline to Molinaseca and Ponferrada, a town of pleasant recollections.





Sunday, June 25.

1:03 PM

Albergue Guiana

Ponferrada

Day 17 = 32.0 km (568.6 down 209.9 to go)

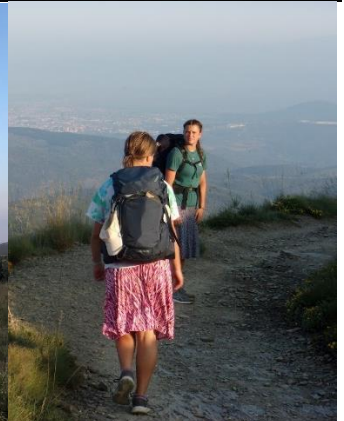
Once again pen meets paper early in the afternoon. Different story than yesterday, though, as we traversed about 32 km today. We lit out at about 5:29 this morning in an effort to beat the crowds and the heat. It worked marvelously, though the number of pilgrims increased as we hit Foncebadon at 6:30. Luke recited the knight's code of chivalry, and we dropped off our rocks at the cruz de ferro just before 7:00 AM. I gave Chloe mine since hers had gone missing. It was rather unexciting. Some girls were crying ahead of us. Presumably they felt the moment in greater depth.

We proceeded down the mountain quickly, though Kiera's knee acted up after an unfortunate step. The footing was rough. A short break at Acebo, 16 km in, was followed by a nonstop walk to Ponferrada. Along the way we passed Camilla Alvarez, a fine student of mine of fond memory, who graduated from North Allegheny this year. She recognized me. I was unsure until she said her first name. We had a good talk, and she introduced her



mom. They are walking the Camino from Burgos. We also ran into Niilo in the homestretch. His leg is a mess. Sadly, he will taxi to Sarria and finish from there.

Yesterday, after writing, we ate at a fine restaurant with grapes for a roof. We had a great time at tea, singing songs led by a Frenchman with a uke. We went to Latin vespers with the Benedictines and cooked up and ate spaghetti for dinner. Good times all around, followed by a virtually sleepless night.







Monday, June 26.

3:04 PM

Municipal albergue

Trabadelo

Day 18 = 34.4 km (603.0 down 175.5 to go)

I write today from the municipal albergue in the far end of the half-mile long, one road town of Trabadelo. This is one of several small villages resting in the Rio Valcarce valley.

Yesterday turned out to be an interesting one in Ponferrada. Whereas our first Camino was primarily devoted to walking all day long, this year, in order to minimize expensive down-time in Santiago, we have cut down on some of the distance each day. And since we leave so early in the morning to avoid the heat, we are left with a lot of time on our hands at each stop. Yesterday we went to McDonald's. We were famished as we crossed the mile between the albergue and restaurant. Our anticipation proved well-founded. The meal proved heavenly. After the feast, I spent a long time with Niilo, Luke, and Philomena. Niilo has decided to skip off to Sarria and hopefully survive the last 117 km from there. His frustration shows vividly. After stocking up at the store in preparation for today's walk, at 8:15 PM or so Leo, Luke and I decided to take a walk. The plaza in the old town by the Templar castle had come to life. I anticipated the same in the new part of town. Alas, it had not, no doubt because it was Sunday. I treated the boys to another ambrosial feast – a pepperoni pizza at Domino's. Afterwards, we walked back to the albergue, worried we had missed our curfew. En route, a yippy dog turned into maneater when Luke walked by. We all just about died laughing. We got back around 11:00, had a conversation with Doug from Texas (who was walking with a couple of actuaries and was desperate for some company), and hit the sack.

Today's hike began at 5:36 and ended just before 1:00 – in time to beat the 90 degree heat. It was a rather nondescript day – 16 km to a quick stop. Shortcut along the road to Villafranca del Bierzo (approx. 24 km) by around 10:00. Ate a snack and rested until 11:00. Then, the final trek up the valley to here. My shin issues returned about 15 km in in spite of doubling the meds. Now we await the big hill to O'Cebreiro tomorrow, 10 km into our journey. With that we will arrive in beautiful Galicia and a pleasant run to Santiago thereafter.





Tuesday, June 27.

6:15 PM

Xunta albergue

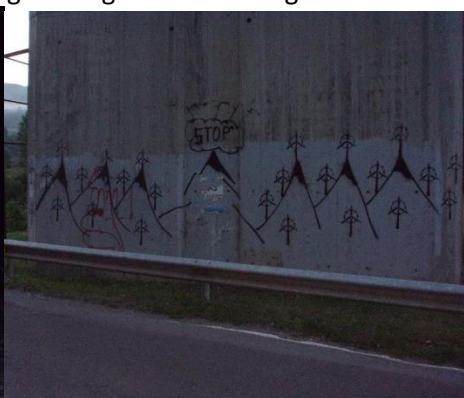
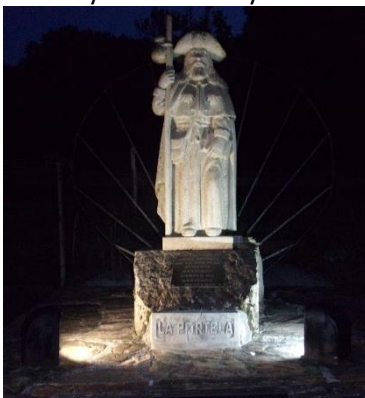
Triacastela

Day 19 = 39.4 km (642.4 down 136.1 to go)

Last night we ate dinner at a gas station. The service was good albeit slow, and the food tasted fine. We returned to the albergue, where the young folk played cards with a 19-year-old French girl named Hannah. She started the Camino five days outside of St. Jean and is quite fluent in French, Spanish, and English. She provided great entertainment to all.

This morning we hit the road at 5:36. At 7:40 we commenced the attack on the hill. Determined to knock it out in a fell swoop, we pushed all the way to the top. Leo, Luke, and I eclipsed the hill at 8:55, the others coming in 15 and 30 minutes later. It was exhausting but exhilarating. The view atop the mountain surpassed last time as the mountain tops peaked out through the billowy clouds. We lapped up the view, got some food, and took off. We reached the highest point of the day's walk a couple of hours later and decided to go the final 12 km to Triacastela, for about 40 km on the day. It was unanimously agreed that this was a fine day of walking. This, of course, was due to the bounteous beauty of my beloved Galicia and the long downhill at the end.

Folks were generally healthy today, though my shins acted up and Josh was hobbled by various pains. Five days of relatively short stages will get us to Santiago.











Wednesday, June 28. 5:25 PM

Albergue Casa Cruceiro  
Day 20 = 32.5 km (674.9 down 103.6 to go)

Ferreiros

Another good day on the Camino today. We returned from dinner last night and all the boys (none of the girls!) watched Matt Walsh's documentary *What is a Woman?*. After this edifying episode we went to bed. Sleep was a long time in coming, but the morning alarm was not. We slipped out of the albergue at 6:03 and started on our way. I had forgotten about the uphill climb out of Triacastela, but it had not forgotten us. Nonetheless, we rolled through the beautiful Galician countryside, arriving in Sarria in just over three hours. We had breakfast at the same place as last time with equally happy results. Then we resumed our walk toward the little crossroads of Ferreiros some 13-14 km later. The last part was enlivened by the company of a couple of priests – Frs. Luis and Alvaro of the Disciples of the Hearts of Jesus and Mary. We ran into them as we completed our rosary, and we walked with them for an hour or more. They are Spanish priests stationed in America, faithful to their faith and vocation. They bring groups of kids on the Camino every year. They have befriended the SSPX priests in Denver



and are sincere fans of Franco. It was so refreshing to hear a different perspective on the Generalissimo and on the Faith in Spain. I pray that God rewards the efforts of these faithful priests.



Thursday, June 29.

2:23 PM

Pension Casa Curro

Palas de Rei

Day 21 = 33.5 km (708.4 down 70.1 to go)

The crowds have arrived on the Camino. Newbies abound as we continue along. Last night we watched *For Greater Glory*, as the Washington boys had never seen it. All seemed appropriately moved in spite of the limits of watching a movie on a phone.

We started out at 6:05 this morning. It was a pleasant jaunt through the Galician countryside until we got to Portomarin. There began the great ascent that continued for 18 km. We ate and rested about 20 km in at Hospital de la Cruz. The wind and low temperatures ultimately drove us inside. Everybody added a layer as we headed out for the day's second half. Once again, the delightful environs accompanied an increasingly expectant group on a quick, happy walk. We ended the journey praying the rosary as we passed the Alto del Rosario. It was a good day that ended with the uncertainty created by difficulties finding lodging. This is the fourth or fifth place we looked. But it is a nice and cheap pension in the middle of town.

Right before getting into this place, we ran into the padres again. Fr. Alvaro is hard at work trying to get the thurible to swing this weekend at the cathedral in Santiago. His determination fills me with confidence of success. He will let us know soon if it will come to pass.







Friday, June 30.

3:34 PM



Albergue Casa del Peregrino

Day 22 = 29.4 km (737.8 down 40.7 to go)

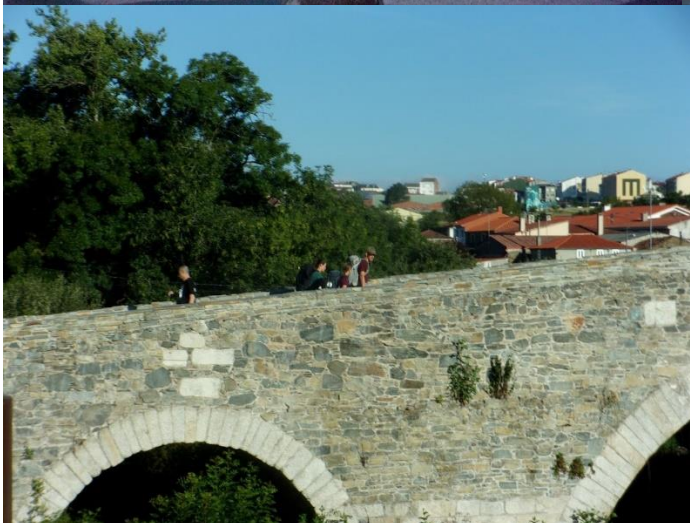


Arzua

We got off to a late start this morning (6:35 AM) as we were walking short and cool temperatures have set in. Thus, there was no discernible reason to rise early. As always, Galicia provided a beautiful setting for a peaceful walk. We trekked about 20 km, took a short break, and then walked about 10 km more, wrapping things up around 12:30. We had a great debate as to whether or not to keep going, and thus we ended up here, just past the point where the Camino del Norte joins up. We are in a fine albergue that we have all to ourselves, and we have just returned from a huge pizza lunch. I ate a piece of octopus. It was disgusting. Now I will never feel obliged to do it again.

Two things of note today. Firstly, as we consider the rest of our time here, we are seriously thinking of making a side trip to Fatima. A long bus ride, but not too expensive. We will do it if logistics fall into place.

Secondly, at 10:20 this morning I reached the age, day and time at which my Dad died. I got a picture in his race shirt at the moment. However, since we are six hours ahead, I am going to get another soon. And at that time I shall have a drink in his honor. I love you, Pa, and miss you dear. May your soul rest eternally in peace. I pray that we will be together again in Heaven.







Saturday, July 1.

3:10 PM

Albergue Lavacolla

Lavacolla

Day 23 = 30.1 km (767.9 down 10.6 to go)

Had a Gin and Tonic (Gin Tonic) with Leo and Luke yesterday, along with Kiera, who did not drink. We drank a toast to Dad and I got the second picture at 4:20 PM. Interesting way of serving the G&T. The waitress/bartender poured gin in three glasses over ice and lemon and then handed us the bottles of tonic water. All was served with a plateful of green olives. We did not know how much tonic water to add, so we each emptied our bottle. It tasted good.

This morning we left our homey albergue at 6:35. A 22-year-old seminarian from Iowa named Matt Smith joined us for the first 10-12 km. It always seems like a minor miracle to meet these young folks raised in the Novus Ordo who still maintain the Faith, and to such an extent. May God bless him and reward his generosity.

After a quick bite, we ploughed through the ensuing 18-20 km, completely blowing past Pedrouzo/Arca, en route to this place. We rest a mere 10.5 km away from our final destination. I would have liked to have finished up, but it was not to be. We landed here at 12:35 and called it a day. Since we could not check in to the albergue until 2:00, we went up the road and ate a fine meal. There, we investigated further the possibility of visiting Fatima. Bus times match up, so it appears doable, albeit arduous, with about 14 hours of bus-riding bookending a few hours of touring. I think we will do it. How could we not?









From the top (fourth) floor of a sixteenth century monastery directly across from the cathedral in Santiago I write this afternoon. What a joyous day it has been! We launched our final day at 5:26 in the morning. We zoomed through a cloud for most of the walk and got into Santiago around 6:40. The Santiago sign is now a rainbow, so we did not take pictures there. Leo was the first to spot the cathedral, around a half-mile out. We “turned right at Cervantes” this time, bounding through the archway, and entered a completely deserted Obradoiro Plaza at 7:06 AM. After a few pictures, we proceeded to the office and secured ourselves the #2-9 spots in line. Thus, after waiting an hour and forty-five minutes we secured free meals at the Parador. After getting our compostelas, we dropped our bags at this place and headed to the cathedral. We ignored the Mass (I prayed my rosary), which was concelebrated by the two priests we met earlier, and then took in the botafumeiro – the huge thurible – at the end. After exploring town for a while, we got ice cream at the wonderful helado shop and then awaited our free lunch. At 1:00 PM we took our seats at the fancy restaurant along with the grumpy #1 guy and #10 – Luke from Michigan. I was trepidatious about the meal, as were the girls, but we managed to swallow the unidentified first dish. The second dish, to my great ecstasy, was steak and french fries. Most glorious. Some Santiago torte cake wrapped it up, and we moved along.

After checking in to the hostel/pension, Liam, Philomena, Chloe, and I visited St. James and hugged his statue. Philomena and I then toured the cathedral where we found that Santiago Matamoros had been removed! The rainbow flags fly on the government buildings across the plaza, but there is no more room for St. James in his own house. God help us.

So now we rest up, anticipating our most precious meal of the day at McDonald’s. En route, we will get our first stamp as we begin our trip to Fisterra tomorrow. We will sleep in here and take the breakfast they have offered, and start out a bit late in the morning on the short first stage toward the coast.

One point of note, the compostelas are now printed out instead of hand-written. It is efficient, but I do prefer the personal touch of old.











Monday, July 3. 1:39 PM Albergue Coton Negreira  
Day 25 = 21.2 km (21.2 down 68.5 to go)

Last night we dined at the beloved McDonald's of Santiago lore. It proved most exquisite, but not quite a repeat of last time. We looked into a place to stay for next week and found prices exorbitant. It costs the same amount to take an overnight bus to Fatima as to sleep a night in Santiago!

After failing to fall asleep for over three hours last night, I landed a good 5-6 hours of sleep courtesy of the late start this morning. The noise of Santiago was relatively subdued, as was the case all day. It seems Santiago sleeps on Sundays. Though it make our lives as pilgrims more difficult – God bless them for it. We had a wonderful breakfast, buffet-style, this morning and exited the place at about 8:05. It was another beautiful hike through Galician woodlands, with the huge hill just past midway. We had not rested or eaten beforehand, but my hopes were buoyed by the anticipated meal in the valley following. We scaled the thing in 25 minutes of arduous effort and drifted down the other side. Alas, no break was forthcoming, for the café I had anticipated proved imaginary or illusory. Whatever the case, we took no break at all and just pushed on to this albergue in Negreira. It is a nice place, unlike the one we stayed in here last time. They even offer towels for the shower.

All maintain good spirits. Hopefully Kiera's knee holds out. She performed well in spite of some issues today. Otherwise, all are holding up nicely as we count six more days down to the finish line.







After staying last night in new accommodations, finely tailored to the needs and comforts of pilgrims, I write today from the least accommodating venue that we have found thus far. We have taken our lodging in somewhat renovated traditional Galician abodes. The bathroom, much akin to a dungeon torture chamber, is in a building up the road and has no lights. Our lodging stinks like a sewer. The girls at least found refuge in a relatively nice place reserved for infirm folks. Oh well. It is cheap. But we will not stay here on the return trip.

After a day of listlessness and a night without sleep, we embarked on today's journey at 5:30. The stunning Galician landscape was shrouded in mist for the duration, animating our every step. The temperatures reached no higher than 70 degrees, further vivifying the day. We knocked out almost 34 km by 12:45 with but two short breaks. Rain finally materialized, but only briefly, at the end of the walk. And now we are here looking forward to a trip to the local bar/restaurant, which will be or home the bulk of the remainder of the day.

The day was generally pain/incident free. A long climb at the start and a very steep climb around 25 km punctuated relatively rolling grounds. It was good. Right after our morning meal, we passed a group of some 50 young hikers. Luke and Leo took off running past them singing patriotic American songs in honor of Independence Day at the top of their lungs. A funny scene, to be sure.









Wonderful day today, but the hour is late, so I must be brief. After the most horrendous stay in an albergue ever, capped off by an unbearably sleepless night, we lit out at 5:31. We cruised all the way to Cee, 19 km off, at which we arrived by 9:00. The scenery was beautiful and the weather perfect. We found Sylvia's Confectionary, and it lived up to all the hype – delicious pastries at ridiculously low prices. We gorged. We then flew through to the beach and ocean at Fisterra, in which we first dipped our feet just past 11:45. The water numbed our feet but alighted our spirits. After 2.5 km of bliss, we found a fantastic pension at dirt-cheap prices. We ate lunch in town and sped up the cape to the end of the world. There after pictures, we clambered down the rocks to the shore of the Cape of Death, as they call it. We soaked it all in, returned, got our Fisterrana, had dinner on the harbor at the pizza place, and then headed across the cape to the opposite beach, where we soaked in a wonderful sunset. All in all, it was a marvelous day. And now I go to sleep with the sound of seagulls wafting in the air and through my window. God is good.















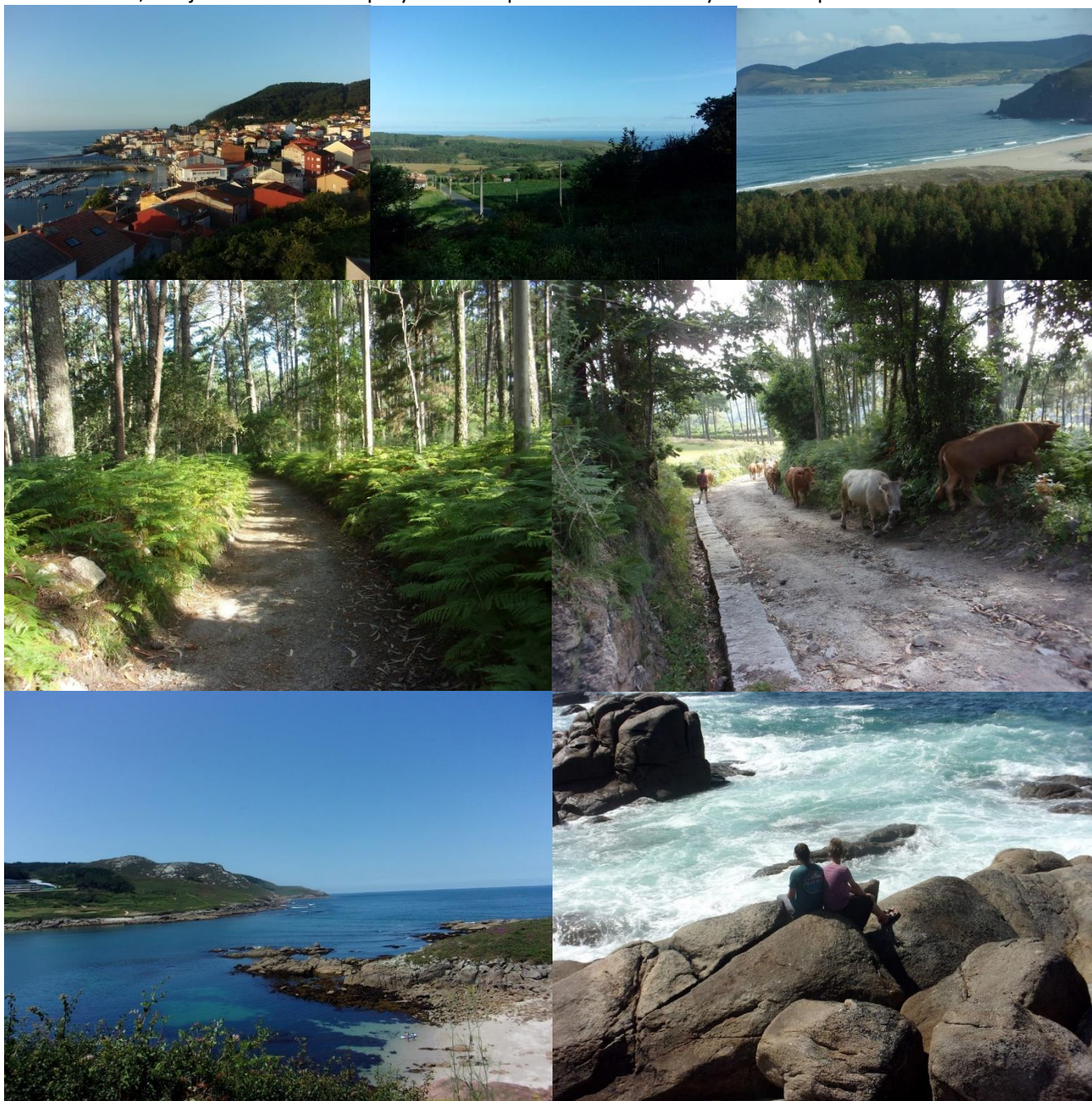


Whereas the seagulls last night imparted solace to me, they riled the rest of our crew. None of the boys slept. And all, including me, awoke to the obnoxious screeching of a gaggle of these things outside the pension at 6:00 AM. Oh well. Sleep in the meantime was glorious.

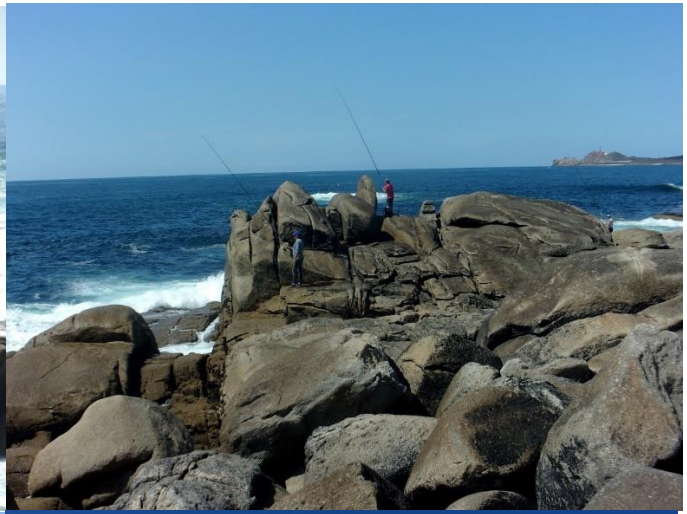
Since it was a short walking day and we stayed out late, we slept late this morning. The clock read 8:05 as we began the Angelus and our trek. The first half of the walk delighted the eyes as one entrancing forest/ocean/beach scene followed another. We dropped into Lires around 10:15 and had a light meal. A slight but steady upgrade consumed the next 9 km with a quicker decline bringing us into this tidy little coastal town at 2:15.

We checked into this magnificent albergue, got our Muxianna, had some ice cream since all restaurants were closed, and walked out to the rocky shoreline at the end of the town. All kinds of legends surround this place, and it is easy to see how the assemblage of rocks amidst the crashing waves might inspire as much.

As I write, Philomena has just informed me that John Brierly, the author of many Camino guides, including the ones I use, has just died. We will pray for the repose of his soul. May he rest in peace.







Friday, July 7. 1:21 PM

Albergue Ponte Oliveira  
Day 29 = 34.4 km (62.5 down 52.9 to go)

Ponte Oliveira

I write today from a town I had not anticipated staying in. It is sort of the story of our trip. Things that go unexpectedly end up better than expected!

We left our wonderful albergue at 5:38 this morning and began the hike out of Muxia and away from the Atlantic Ocean. It had treated us kindly, so I was a bit sad to go. We finished our day yesterday with a meal at the same pizza establishment that we visited in Fisterra. Upon request, they made those of us who asked pepperoni pizza. It was magnificent. Upon returning to the albergue, some went to the roof to watch the sunset while I went to bed. Before doing so, however, I noticed upon looking at the map that we could cut off significant distance if we stayed to the roads and took an alternate path. Thus, we cut our own trail through the day's first half and officially completed 22 km by 9:00. Since it was Friday, we wanted to have a big meal, and as luck would



have it, we landed at a place in Dumbria that served pizza even at that early hour. And it was cheap. We feasted for a long time before resuming. A bit after 10:00 we returned to the road. We made two wrong turns (one requiring backtracking, the other – before Dumbria – granting us a shortcut), but 4 km later, we made it to the Fisterra/Muxia split. This brought an unanticipated jolt of energy and elation to me as we entered familiar ground in reverse. The final 6 km was over land I had walked twice previously but never seen, since it was in the wee hours. It turned out to be pleasant and then stunning as we saw the raging rapids of the Rio Xallas, rapids we had only heard in the past. We then thought we completed our trip as we bounded into Oiveiroa. We planned on redressing our stay in the nasty Xunta albergue with instead a stay in the place I had stayed in previously. However, as we approached, we saw a horde of vehicles parked all over the place. I have no idea what they were there for, but the owner of the establishment we went to said he was “completo” – full – and so was the rest of the pueblo. A bit concerned, we called a place in the next town and happily found they had room for us. As it turns out, they gave us our own room with ten beds. They also have a bar/restaurant and other fine accommodations. Once again, the good God takes care of us.

We now have just over 50 km remaining and two days. Meanwhile, the rest of our original nine have made it to Santiago. Except for Pawel, who went his own way just short of the mark. We anticipate meeting up with them tomorrow or the next day. Hopefully they will join us for the trip to Fatima on July 9 and 10.





The penultimate day of our Camino concludes at the same albergue as day 25. We arrived a bit more weathered and weary but even more hopeful, for we stand but 21 km separated from our final destination. Tomorrow we will depart at 5:30. We plan to lay our burdens down at the feet of St. James by 9:00 or 9:30 in the morning, God willing.

After a pleasant, peaceful night in Ponte Oliveira, we awoke and set out at 5:30. The departure was anything but peaceful. The rain, light, but steady, commenced almost immediately. More intriguing, though, was the noise that accompanied our progress. Music blared from a residence nearly a mile away. We heard it from our first steps, and it naturally grew louder as we approached the source. Sure enough, some sort of all-night party, with flashing lights and a DJ proceeded apace through the six o'clock hour. We walked past, baffled by its presence in this puny little hamlet. [The song that most poignantly emerged from the party was KZRB by Shakira!]

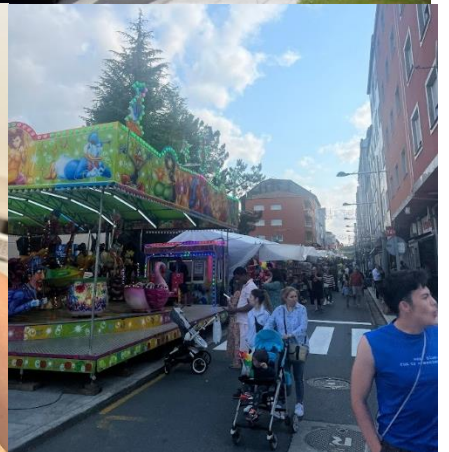
We pushed on for 18 km of relatively uneventful walking, except that we bypassed the hill to save Kiera's knees from the steep, wet downhill on the far side. We cast our predictions as to when we would encounter Grandpa. Then we settled down for a bite at the same place, Vilaserio, as we had four days before. Rain returned as we resumed our course, but we continued in high spirits. We ran into Grandpa at the exact location that I predicted. He was rolling right along and expected to reach Fisterra in two more days. He had no interest in going to Fatima since he figured they had made a circus out of it. Instead, he will simply meet us in Santiago on July 11.

We slipped over the last 10 km to Negreira and checked in to the albergue, where the lady running the place was pleased to see us again as we were her. They are celebrating the feast of St. Christopher (San Cristobal) today. As he is the patron saint of travelers, cars, etc. they had a parade of cars, trucks, and tractors, every one of which blew its horn, and most of which were highly decorated, that went on forever. It was so long that I grew weary of it, wondering if it would ever end. That was the last of the excitement for the day. [except for a festival]

Tomorrow the marathon begins. 5:30 wake up. 21 km walk. Gather our compostelas. Visit St. James. Reserve lodging for the 11<sup>th</sup>. Meet up with the West Virginia crew. Catch the red-eye bus to Fatima. Visit Fatima. Part ways with the Washington boys. Catch another overnight bus back to Santiago. Meet up with Grandpa. One last night in Santiago. Fly home over the course of 24 hours. God carry us through. St. Christopher protect us.









I write today after a break on Sunday and Monday brought about due to the aforementioned marathon combined with my failure to bring my journal with me to Fatima. Nevertheless, on the day before we begin our series of flights en route to home, I write from a supremely fancy 3-star hotel just outside the historic district of Santiago.

On Sunday morning we hit the road from Negreira at 5:31. We intended to eat just past the halfway point, just after the huge downhill. Unfortunately, both potential resting points were closed, so we trekked on. We passed many pilgrims going the opposite direction. Many of these clearly did not know what to make of the merry band going the opposite way. It was kind of funny. Meanwhile, we all but bounded our way through, each step more joyful than the last. The first view of the cathedral came as we emerged from the woods with 2 km left. It surpassed all previous vistas in both beauty and effect. This is definitely the way one should enter Santiago. Arriving in the plaza at 9:30, our elation at not only reaching Santiago but of being completely done was unmatched. And so, we repeated the prayers of thanksgiving (singing the Salve) and reciting the pledge of chivalry, followed by all necessary pictures. We then got our compostelas and stored our constant companions (backpacks) in lockers at the pilgrims' office. We met the West Virginia trio at noon and spent the day eating ice cream, Burger King, and Domino's, and praying for a long time before St. James and Our Lord in the cathedral.

After our all-you-can-eat pizza dinner we walked out to the bus station. Our bus arrived promptly at 10:00 PM, and we spent the next seven hours trying to sleep. We generally failed, and so at 4:30 Portugal time we emerged from the vehicle a cold, hungry, weary mess. Our hope was sustained by the 24-hour McDonald's that we knew was nearby. It was closed! As was everything else, such that we nearly froze to death in the middle of summer.

We made our way to the Fatima shrine where we spent some 90 minutes praying at the exact location where Our Lady appeared to the shepherds. It was tremendously moving to pray Our Lady's own words where in fact she delivered some of them. We spent the rest of the day touring the shrine, visiting museums, and praying in one place or another. In spite of our concerns that the place had become a circus like Santiago, we found it full of great respect and fervor, where the Mass (albeit Novus Ordo) and rosary are prayed virtually incessantly through the day. The atmosphere thus lent itself to recollection and prayer. All the stuff built post-1960 is hideous garbage, but the original stuff is marvelous.

We (sadly) saw the Washington boys off at about 5:00 PM, paid one last visit to the shrine, ate dinner, and awaited our second overnight bus ride. This commenced just after 10:00 PM Portugal time and wrapped up just before 6:00 AM Spain time. I lucked out by getting the very back row of seats, and so I got some sleep.

After eating some breakfast, we found our beautiful hotel and paid. Then we left our bags as we bandied about town. We met Grandpa just before noon and had a happy reunion. After dumping his bags at the hotel, we visited St. James and Our Lord, ate some ice cream, and returned to meet everyone and check in at the hotel at 2:00. We look forward to a refreshing day of celebration before starting for home.











Thursday, July 13.

1:51 PM

Barcelona Airport  
Day 33

Barcelona

Today was the day of our big homecoming. Emphasis on the word “was”...

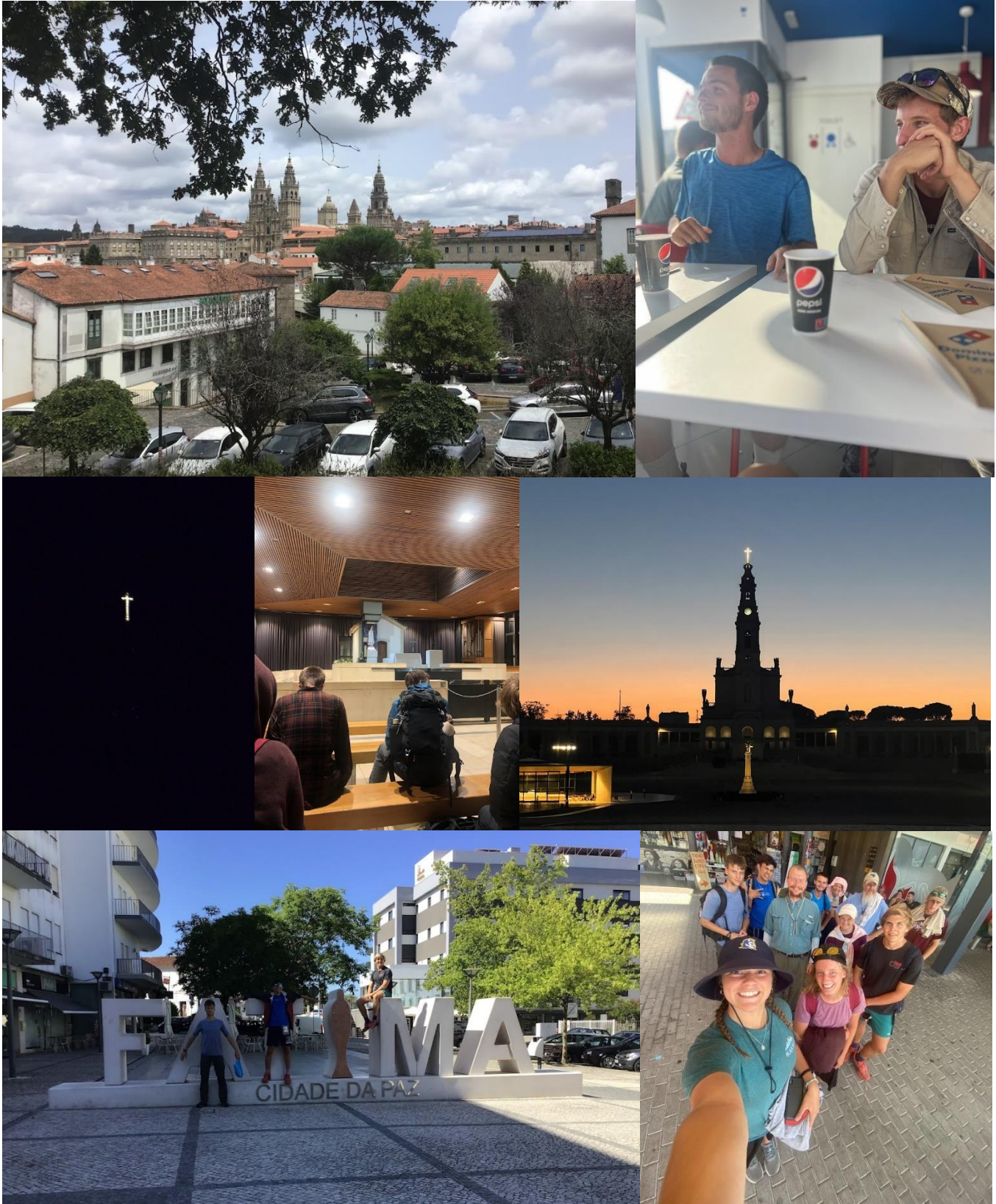
After checking in at our fancy hotel on Tuesday, we rested and washed up, and we were very hungry. But alas, it is Spain, and it was only 6:00 PM. I asked the fellow at the hotel for recommendations for our celebratory meal, and he was quick to respond. But the place he suggested opened for dinner at 8:30 PM! And, indeed, this is the norm. So, we crawled the streets of Santiago looking for just about anything when an old favorite came through. O Patron, a place we frequented years ago said they could serve us right then – at 7:00. We feasted and returned happy. After drinking a few triumphant toasts, we slept like the dead.

A nice breakfast was followed by a quick taxi ride to the airport. Our second “camino” had begun. We flew without issue to Madrid (although the lady in Santiago all but demanded we check our bags to avert overloading the seating area of the plane) and then to Barcelona, but then the excitement began. The computer refused my efforts to check in online, so after scurrying all over the airport, we finally left and came back to the counter where Level Airlines was just setting up, four hours before our flight. They gave us physical boarding passes, and we were pleased. We had a fine meal, spending what was left of our communal euros, and we waited for the plane. For the next 4-5 hours. Shifting from one gate to the next, we hung on the broken promises of an eventual flight. Finally, three hours after take-off time, they funneled us onto buses that took us to what appeared to be a plane junkyard. One really drunk/stoned guy started talking with Ben and Ania. He was a mess. Nevertheless, we boarded the plane in one piece, and I expressed my gratitude that our next steps on solid ground would be on American soil, and that we had such a long layover (11 hours) in Boston that could absorb the disaster. It was all too soon! The flight was delayed further as police came to escort the drunk/druggie from the plane. All cheered and the plane finally took off about 4 hours late. We were on our way, and Chloe and I were



watching *Get Smart* when... the pilot came over the intercom to inform us that customs in Boston would close before we arrived and therefore the plane was returning to Barcelona.

Stunned, we returned, back through the junkyard, the bus, passport check and all the rest. We lost Grandpa as we found our spot in line at check-in. They gave us a voucher for hotel, transport, and food and promised a 600 euro refund. We took a cab at about 2:00 AM for what became a 65 km ride to the hotel, where we checked in at just before 3:00 AM. The airline said they would send an email alerting us to our new flight, so I set an alarm for 7:15 in order not to miss it. The email still has not arrived. We had a good breakfast, took two taxis back to the airport (250 euros) and have been sitting here since. We have made contact by phone but were told simply to wait. And that is something at which, from so much experience, we excel.









As it turned out, we were completely abandoned by the airline. They had no intention of seeing us through to our destination. I chased down person after person from Level and Iberia Air, each one passing me on to the other or to the phantom email. By 5:00 PM I had reached an unprecedented level of helplessness when I was rebuffed by the Level representative after a bunch of phone-calling and keyboard-rattling. Embarrassed by his own company, he gave me another piece of paper with phone numbers and no hope of resolution.

It was at this point that I was approached by a woman who recognized me from the aborted flight. She and her husband and I then went to another agent, who, though sympathetic, again, sent us to someone else. We went there and demanded a manager, who finally said, "I am not permitted to do this, but...". He wound up getting them on a flight to New York and us on one to Washington, D.C. at 9:05 AM the next day. We doggedly prayed as he worked things out, not relenting until the boarding passes were printed. Sheer joy replaced despair as we realized hope for the first time all day.

Deciding it best not to leave the airport for a hotel, we planned to sleep there that night. Sylvester settled in with his Jack and Coke, and the rest of us took a stroll out to the Mediterranean Sea – a stone's throw away as the crow flies, almost two miles by road. With spring in our step, we passed through a game preserve before arriving at the most inviting body of water I had ever seen. Stirring sandy beach met warm, beautiful blue water enticingly. We soaked it in for ten minutes before the late hour demanded our return.

After a relatively sleepless night on the cold hard airport tile, we took the consecutive flights without incident back to the States. The overseas flight from Madrid was unfathomably nice, though it began with grave concern. For it was an Iberia Air flight, but when they bused us out to the plane, it was marked Level Air on the tail. Our communal groan was followed by bliss when we found pillows and blankets on the seats, free headphones for movies, several meals, snacks, and ice cream en route. Ben puked it all up just before landing! Marek Soczowka was waiting at the airport with our Suburban, in which he took us to Morgantown. I then drove our crew, minus the Mountaineers, home, where we arrived to a warm and wonderful greeting at about 9:10 PM. It was good. Deo Gratias!

#### Final Thoughts:

This journey exceeded expectations in every way. Everyone made it without serious issue. And everyone seemed to profit by it. Everyone found their way to approach the Way and executed it to great effect.

The weather played massively in our favor. Highs were typically in the 70s, averaging about ten degrees lower than last time. The Washington boys invigorated us as well. Our daily routine came to mirror last time except that we started just a bit earlier in the morning most days. Fewer churches were open, so we visited fewer. However, there was more solitude in walking with our higher numbers, ironically. I was able to pray 15 decades each day, usually one with the group. This was satisfying. We swapped walking partners constantly, though some natural pairs did form.

Kiera and Chloe and Leo and Philomena did a great job. Kiera overcame great pains from both blisters and various strains on both muscles and bones. Chloe was constant throughout and came to be glued to Josh. Leo proved indomitable despite shoe issues, and he attacked the hills relentlessly. Philomena dealt with severe blisters quietly and ploughed on. We enjoyed earning all of the certificates and compostelas. These increased the stakes along the way.

I hope to return with others in the future. Hopefully not too long hence. Next time I hope to follow the northern route. After hiking from Fisterra to Muxia, the thought of a whole Camino along similar ground seems irresistible.

Once again, the good God took care of us all along the way. So many things played in our favor that only He could be responsible. All thanksgiving and glory go to Him.

St. James, Our Lady of the Way, Our Guardian Angels, Pray for us. Viva Cristo Rey!









**Camino de Santiago**  
Credencial del Peregrino

---

PRESENTED TO:

**Jason Winschel**  
FIRST AND LAST NAME

---

PASSPORT # \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS **Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania**  
**United States of America**

---

AFFILIATION: American Pilgrims on the Camino

BEGINNING THE **9** OF **6** OF **2023**  
DAY MONTH YEAR

STARTING IN **USA**

---


ON PILGRIMAGE TOWARD SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA  
ON FOOT ☒ BY BICYCLE \_\_\_\_\_ ON HORSEBACK \_\_\_\_\_

SIGNATURE *Jason T. Winschel*

Y ha recibido, en el día de hoy, la presente Credencial de Peregrino, en la que se ruega se estampen el sello idóneo de la localidad que corresponda, para acreditar su paso.

CUMPLIO LA PEREGRINACION  
ARRIVED IN SANTIAGO  
el día **02 JUL 2023** del año \_\_\_\_\_

Credencial autorizada por la S.A.M.I.  
Catedral de Santiago de Compostela



**Pilgrims Prayer**  
Codex Calixtinus - 12th Century

---

God, You called your servant Abraham from Ur in Chaldea, watching over him in all his wanderings, and guided the Hebrew people as they crossed the desert. Guard these your children who, for love of your Name, make a pilgrimage to Compostela. Be their companion on the way, their guide at the crossroads, their strength in weariness, their defense in dangers, their shelter on the path, their shade in the heat, their light in darkness, their comfort in discouragement, and the firmness of their intentions; that through your guidance, they may arrive safely at the end of their journey and, enriched with grace and virtue, may return to their homes filled with salutary and lasting joy.

---

Credencial del Peregrino

FIRMAS Y SELLOS

9-6-23 9-6-23

ACCUEIL SAINT JACQUES  



REFUGE AUBERGE ORISSON  


9 JUN 2023  


The Abbey  
La Abadía  


10-6-23  


Una pausa en el camino  


**M. I. CATEDRAL**  
11 JUN. 2023  


FIRMAS Y SELLOS


12-6-23  


Albergue  
BAZTÁN  


13-6-23  


PARROQUIA SANTA MARÍA VILLANAYOR DE MONJARDÍN  


14-6-23  


ALBERGUE ANDRÉS MÚNIZ VIANA (Navarra)  


13/06/23

FIRMAS Y SELLOS

14-6-23  


ALBERGUE SANTA LAIA  
Redecilla del Camino  


15-6-2023

16-6-2023  


CORTA DE SANTA MARÍA DE MURGO  
BURGOS  


17 JUN. 2023  


Amigos del Camino de Santa Burgos  


17-06-23  


18-6-23  


FIRMAS Y SELLOS

20/06/2023  


SAHAGÚN  
SANTA CRUZ  


21/06/2023  


Albergue El Jardín del Camino  
Mansilla de la Mulas (León)  
Tel (+34) 987 310 232  
Móvil (+34) 600 471 597  


22/06/23  


HOSTAL CENTRAL  
LA ALBERGUE DEL CAMINO  


22/06/23  


Amigos del Camino de Santiago Asturias  


22 JUN 2023

FIRMAS Y SELLOS

24/06/2023  


Albergue Guiana  
25 JUN. 2023  


ALBERGUE MUNICIPAL TRABADELO  
26.6.23  


27 JUN 2023  


28 JUN. 2023  


Plaza Constitución  
Tel.: 626 52 53 30  
982 53 06 30  
BARRIA 11  


FIRMAS Y SELLOS

29-6-23  


Casa Cruceiro  
Ferreiros  
30-6-23  


31-6-23  


PARROQUIA DE SAN TRISTE DE LUGO  
PALAS DE REI (LUGO)  


30 JUN 2023  


ADIANTE  


30-6-23  


CAFETERIA El Alemán  
DAS DEUTSCHE CAFÉ  
BOBIE ARZÚA CA Compañía  
30-6-23  


FIRMAS Y SELLOS

30/06/23  


Albergue Casa del Peregrino  
M. 686-70 87 04  
Cima de Montaña A Coruña  


31-6-23  


TASAGA  


1-7-23  


KILOMETRO 15  
20 JUL 2023  


0-1104/23  




Nome/Nombre/Name: JASON N. NISOMEL  
 Enderezo/Dirección/Address: USA  
 DNI-Pasaporte/Identity card-Passport: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Data de inicio/Fecha de comienzo/Departure date: 3-7-13



3-7-23



4-7-22



  
**Pastelería Silvia**  
Plaza Constitución, 21, Cee  
981 74 61 01





525



*LiresCa*  
Lires 31, Cee - [www.liresca.com](http://www.liresca.com)  
6-7-23

Lires 31, Cee - [www.liresca.com](http://www.liresca.com)  
6-7-13



06 JUL. 2023  
Fin do Camiño  
MUXIA

06 JUL. 2023





# CREDENCIAL DEL PEREGRINO

## S.A.M.I. CATEDRAL DE SANTIAGO



**Escanee el QR y regístrese para obtener la Compostela**  
**Register for the Compostela scanning the QR Code**



Fecha de registro  
Registration date

\_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_ / \_\_\_\_

Código alfanumérico generado  
Generated alphanumeric code

\_\_\_\_\_

**Nombre y apellidos / First and last name**

A

JASEN HINCHEL

**Fecha de inicio / Starting date**




6 / 7

**Lugar de inicio / Starting point**

FINISTERE

**Completado / Completed**



**OTICIA DE ACREDITACIÓN PEREGRINO**

**S.A.M.I. CATEDRAL DE SANTIAGO**

**JUL. 2023**

Santiago de Compostela, a

de

de 20

Deberán figurar **AL MENOS 2 SELLOS POR DÍA**  
CON LA FECHA, para acreditar su paso



2-7-23



5-7-21



5 JUL

Debes pagar AL MENOS 2 SELLOS POR DÍA  
*Arribada*  
 albeague ★★  
 06 JUL 2023  
*Fin do Camiño*  
 MUXIA

Supermercado  
**TRUÑES**  
 Manuel Castiella Pazos  
 N.I.F. 76.802.983-S  
 M. 605 648 934  
 981 744 079

**ALBERGUE O CASTELINO**  
Telf. 981 747 387  
**HOSPITAL-DUMBRÍA**

7-7-23



7-9-4



M. 605 648 934  
T. 981 744 079



• 34697

Deberán figurar **AL MENOS 2 SELLOS POR DÍA**  
**CON LA FECHA**, para acreditar su paso



7-7-11



7-7-2



08/07/





Omnes dies et noctes quasi sub una sollempnitate continuato gaudio ad Domini et apostoli decus ibi excoluntur. Valve eiusdem basilice minime clauduntur die noctuque, et nullatenus nox in ea fas est haberi atra (cf. Ap 2125), quia candelarum et cereorum splendida luce ut meridies fulget. (Códice Calixtino)



El Cabildo de la Santa Apostólica Metropolitana Catedral de Santiago de Compostela sita en la región occidental de las Españas, a todos los que vieren esta carta de certificación de visita, hace saber que:

*Jason Winschel*

ha visitado la Basílica donde desde tiempo inmemorial los cristianos veneran el cuerpo del Beato Apóstol Santiago.

Con tal ocasión, el Cabildo llevado del deber de caridad, al tiempo que con gozo, le dan al peregrino el saludo del Señor y piden -por intercesión del Apóstol- que el Padre se digne concederle las riquezas espirituales de la peregrinación, así como los bienes materiales. Bendígallo Santiago y sea bendito.

Dada en Compostela, Meta del Camino de Santiago, el día 2 del mes julio del año 2023

Después de realizar 779 kms. Desde S. Joan P. Port  
donde comenzó el 9 de junio del 2023 por la ruta del Camino Francés



*JF*

José Fernández Lago  
Decanus S.A.M.E. Cathedralis Compostellanae



Capitulum huius Almae Apostolicae et Metropolitanae Ecclesiae Compostellanae, sigilli Altaris Beati Iacobi Apostoli custos, ut omnibus Fidelibus et Peregrinis ex toto terrarum Orbe, devotionis affectu vel voti causa, ad limina SANCTI IACOBI, Apostoli Nostri, Hispaniarum Patroni et Tutelaris convenientibus, authenticas visitationis litteras expediat, omnibus et singulis praesentes inspecturis, notum facit: Dominum

*Jasonom Winschel*

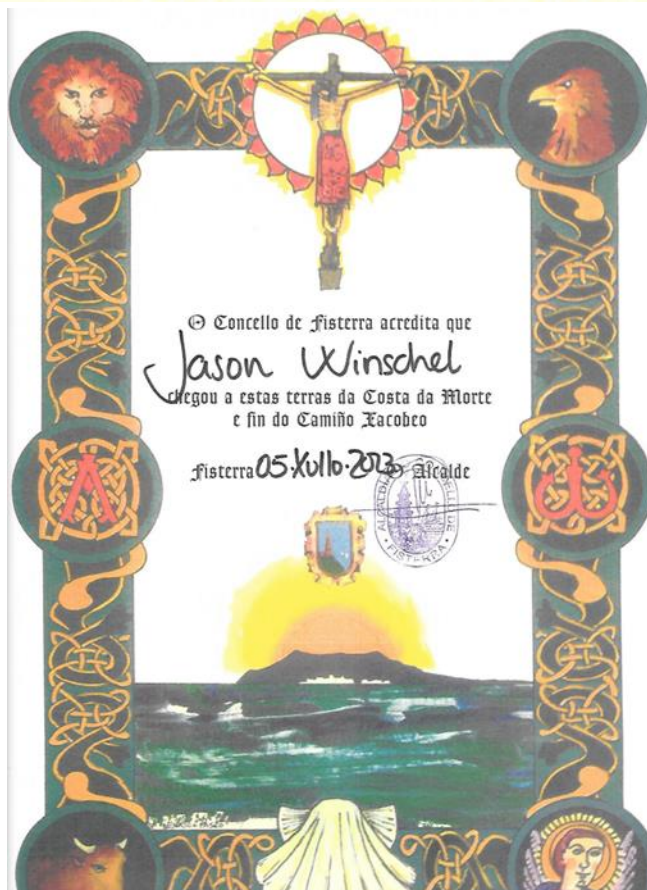
hoc sacratissimum templum, perfecto itinere sive pedibus sive equitando post postrema centum milia metrorum, birota vero post ducenta, pietatis causa, devote visitasse. In quorum fidem praesentes litteras, sigillo eiusdem Sanctae Ecclesiae munitas, ei confert.

Compostellae die 2 mensis Iulii Anno Sancto Dni 2023



*JF*

José Fernández Lago  
Decanus S.A.M.E. Cathedralis Compostellanae

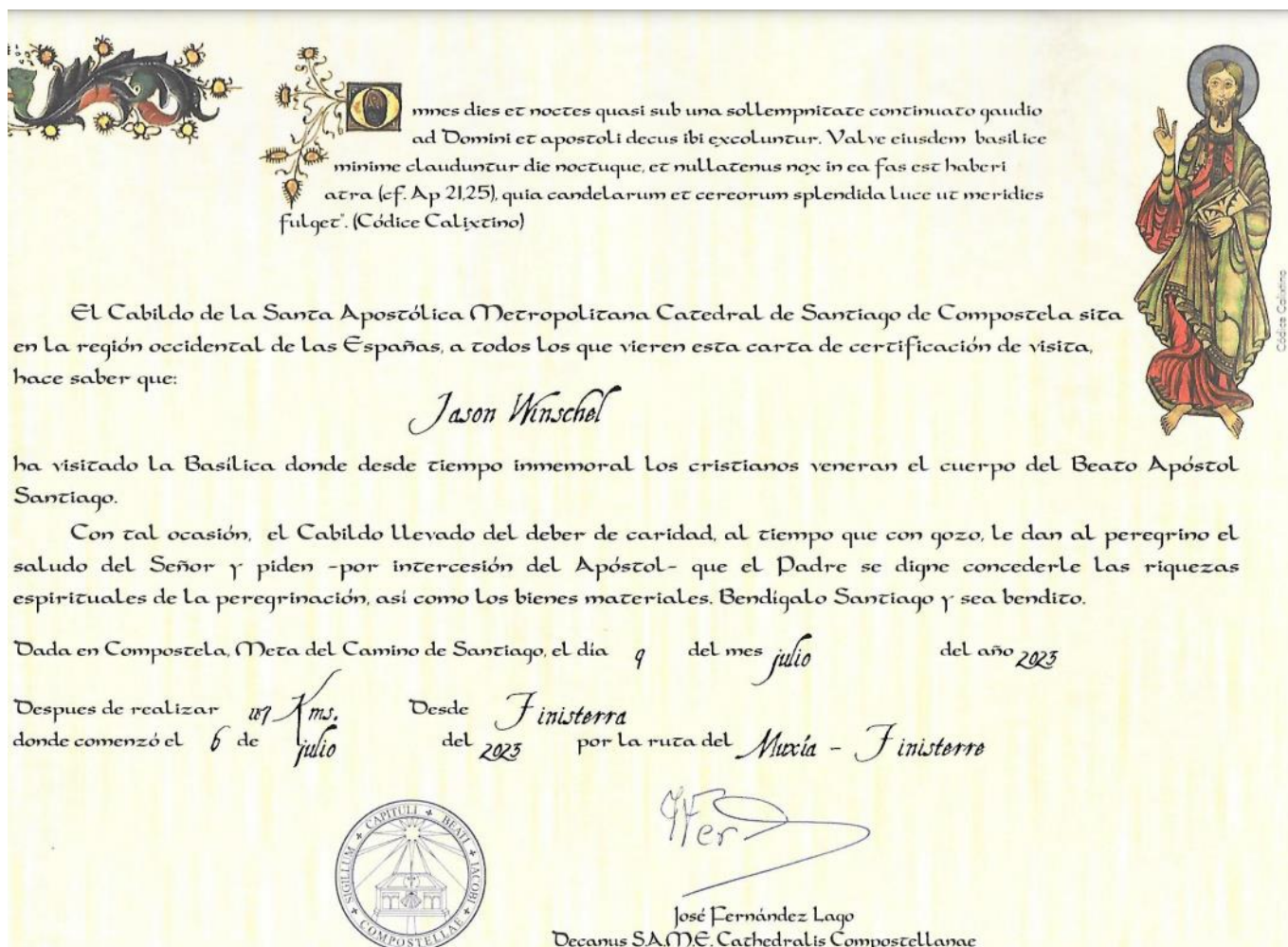


© Concello de Fisterra acredita que  
*Jason Winschel*  
Chegou a estas terras da Costa da Morte  
e fin do Camiño Xacobeo

Fisterra 05 Xullo 2023 Alcalde









**Camino de Santiago**  
Credencial del Peregrino

PRESENTED TO:

**Kiera Winschel**  
FIRST AND LAST NAME

PASSPORT # \_\_\_\_\_


ADDRESS **Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania**  
**United States of America**

AFFILIATION: American Pilgrims on the Camino

BEGINNING THE 9<sup>th</sup> OF 06 OF 2023  
DAY MONTH YEAR

STARTING IN STPP

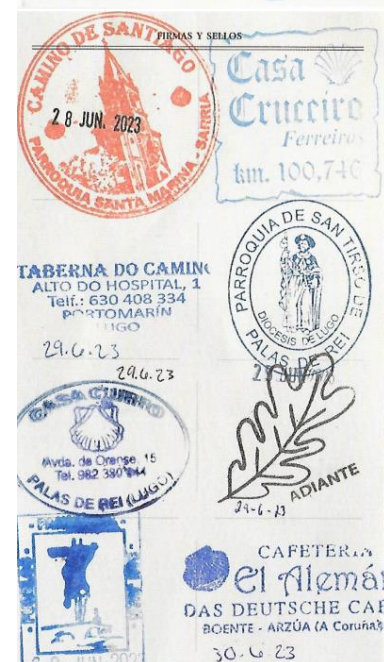
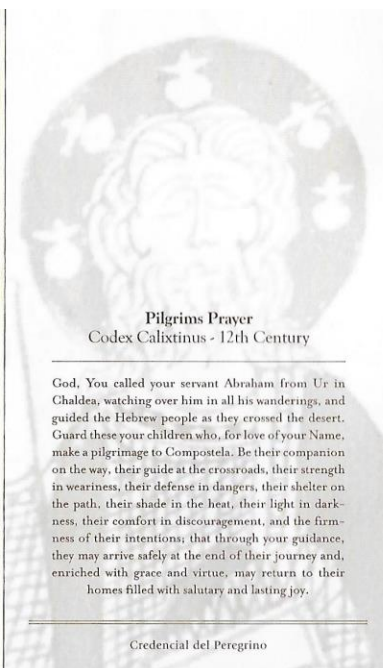
ON PILGRIMAGE TOWARD SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA  
ON FOOT ☒ BY BICYCLE ☐ ON HORSEBACK ☐

SIGNATURE 

Y ha recibido, en su calidad de peregrino, la prestada Credencial de Peregrino, en la que se le ha estampado el sello idóneo de la localidad que se le ha prestado, para acreditar su paso.

CIEMPO LA PEREGRINACION  
ARRIVADO IN SANTIAGO  
el día 10 del mes de NOVIEMBRE del año \_\_\_\_\_

**02 JUN. 2023**  
Credencial autorizada por la S.A.M.I.  
Santiago de Compostela





# PROLONGACIÓN XACOBEA A FISTERRA E MUXÍA

Nome/Nombre/Name: Kiera Winschel  
Enderezo/Dirección/Address: \_\_\_\_\_

DNI-Pasaporte/Identity card/Passport: \_\_\_\_\_

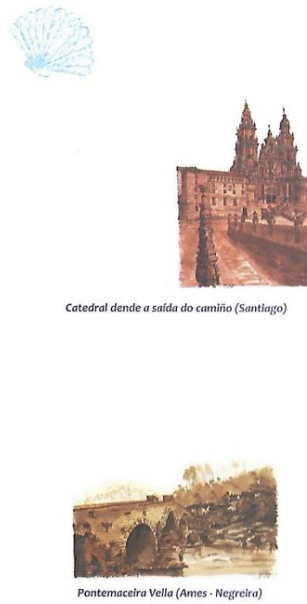
Data de inicio/Fecha de comienzo/Departure date:  
July 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2023



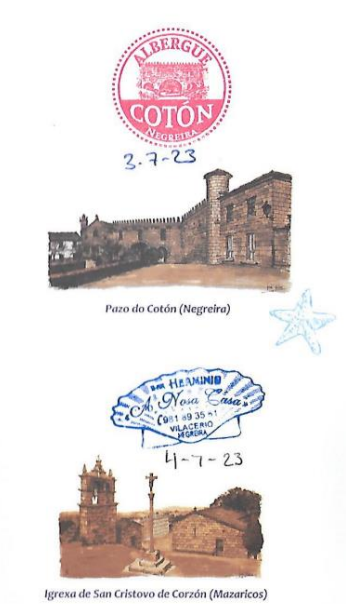
Stempel und Datums/ Cachets et dates



Selos e datas / Carimbos e datas



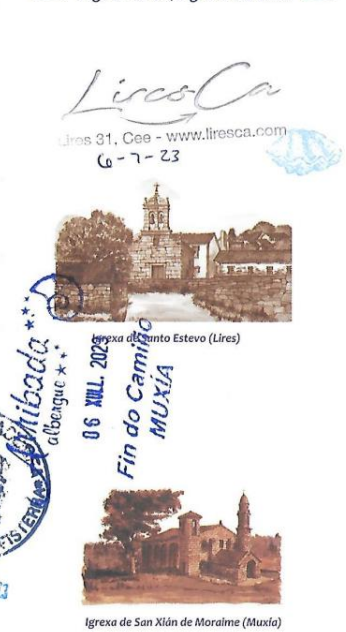
Sellos y fechas / Stamps and dates



Timbri e date / 스탬프 과 날짜



Segells i dates / Zigiluak eta datak







Omnes dies et noctes quasi sub una sollemnitate continuato gaudio ad Domini et apostoli decus ibi excoluntur. Valve eiusdem basilice minime clauduntur die nocteque, et nullatenus nox in ea fas est haberi atra (cf. Ap 21,25), quia candelarum et cereorum splendida luce ut meridies fulget. (Códice Calixtino)



El Cabildo de la Santa Apostólica Metropolitana Catedral de Santiago de Compostela sita en la región occidental de las Españas, a todos los que vieren esta carta de certificación de visita, hace saber que:

*Kiera Winschel*

ha visitado la Basílica donde desde tiempo inmemorial los cristianos veneran el cuerpo del Beato Apóstol Santiago.

Con tal ocasión, el Cabildo llevado del deber de caridad, al tiempo que con gozo, le dan al peregrino el saludo del Señor y piden -por intercesión del Apóstol- que el Padre se digne concederle las riquezas espirituales de la peregrinación, así como los bienes materiales. Bendígallo Santiago y sea bendito.

Dada en Compostela, Meta del Camino de Santiago, el día 2 del mes julio del año 2023

Después de realizar 779 kms. Desde S. Joan P. Port  
donde comenzó el 9 de junio del 2023 por la ruta del Camino Francés



*JF*

José Fernández Lago  
Decanus S.A.M.E. Cathedralis Compostellanae



Capitulum hulus Almae Apostolicae et Metropolitanae Ecclesiae Compostellanae, sigilli Altaris Beati Iacobi Apostoli custos, ut omnibus Fidelibus et Peregrinis ex toto terrarum Orbe, devotionis affectu vel voti causa, ad limina SANCTI IACOBI Apostoli Nostri, Dispariarum Patroni et Tutelaris convenientibus, authenticas visitationis litteras expediat, omnibus et singulis praesentes inspecturis, notum facit: *Dominam*

*Kiera Winschel*

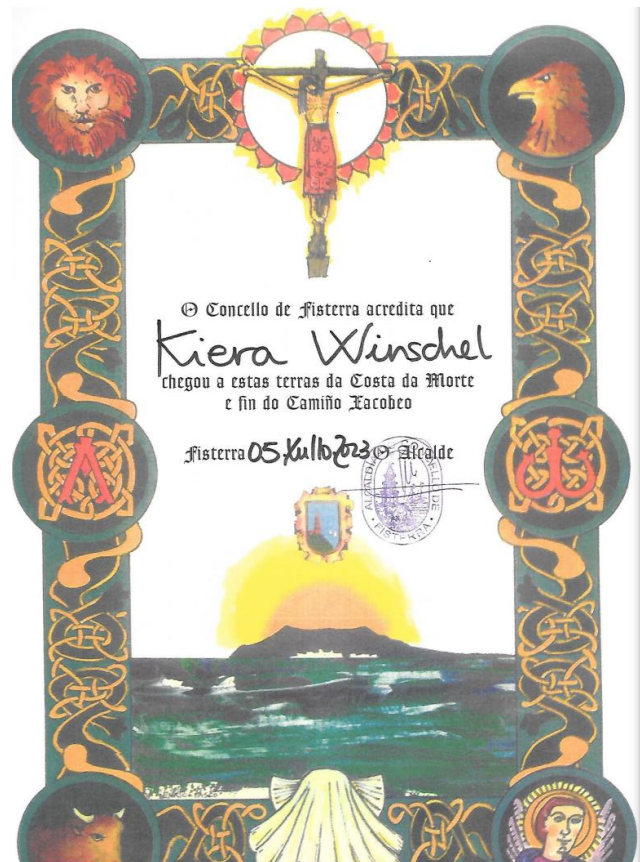
hoc sacratissimum templum, perfecto itinere sive pedibus sive equitando post postrema centum milia metrorum, birota vero post ducenta, pietatis causa, devote visitasse. In quorum fidem praesentes litteras, sigillo eiusdem Sanctae Ecclesiae munitas, ei confert.

Compostellae die 2 mensis Iulii Anno Sancto Dni 2023



*JF*

José Fernández Lago  
Decanus S.A.M.E. Cathedralis Compostellanae



© Concello de Fisterra acredita que  
*Kiera Winschel*  
chegou a estas terras da Costa da Morte  
e fin do Camiño Jacobeo

Fisterra 05 Julio 2023 © Alcalde



**MUXÍA, FIN DA RUTA XACOBEOA**

Aqueles peregrinos que elixan o Santuario da Barca como final do seu longo camiñar recibirán o preciado don do perdón, premio á constancia e á fe. E para que así conste, outórgase esta credencial a .....

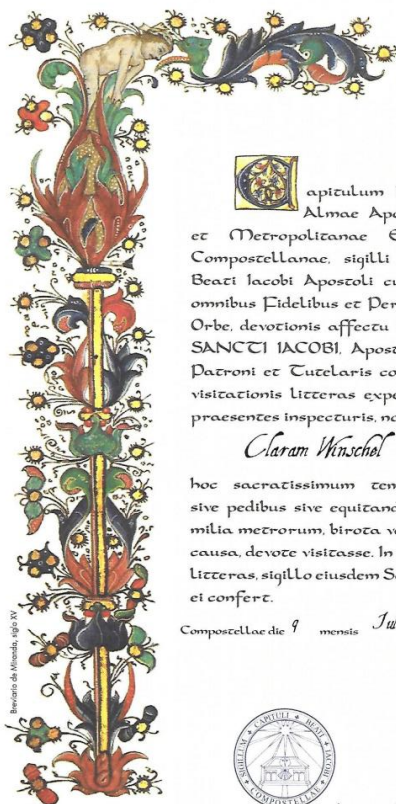
**Kiera... Eleanor... Winschel**

En Muxía, **6 xullo 2023**... o alcalde

*In Mari Gallica  
Arctrebarum apparuit  
B.V. Maria B. Jacobi  
in cymba lapidea*  
(Cronicón de Walfrido, Séc. XII)

"No mar Galaico dos arrotrebas apareceu a Virxe María ó beato Xacobo NA BARCA DE PEDRA"





**C**apitulum huius Almae Apostolicae et Metropolitanae Ecclesiae Compostellanae, sigilli Altaris Beati Iacobi Apostoli custos, ut omnibus Fidelibus et Peregrinis ex toto terrarum Orbe, devotionis affectu vel voti causa, ad limina SANCTI IACOBI, Apostoli Nostri, Hispaniarum Patroni et Tutelaris convenientibus, authenticas visitationis litteras expediat, omnibus et singulis praesentes inspecturis, notum facit: *Dominam*

*Claram Winschel*

hoc sacratissimum templum, perfecto itinere sive pedibus sive equitando post postrema centum milia metrorum, birota vero post ducenta, pietatis causa, devote visitasse. In quorum fidem praesentes litteras, sigillo eiusdem Sanctae Ecclesiae munitas, ei confert.

Compostellae die 9 mensis *Julii* Anno Sancto Dni 2023



*Jes*

José Fernández Lago  
Decanus S.A.M.E. Cathedralis Compostellanae



**C**um omnes dies et noctes quasi sub una sollempnitate continuato gaudio ad Domini et apostoli decus ibi excoluntur. Valve eiusdem basilice minime clauduntur die noctuque, et nullatenus nox in ea fas est haberi atra (cf. Ap 21,25), quia candelarum et cereorum splendida luce ut meridies fulget. (Códice Calixtino)



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*Kiera Winschel*

ha visitado la Basílica donde desde tiempo inmemorial los cristianos veneran el cuerpo del Beato Apóstol Santiago.

Con tal ocasión, el Cabildo llevado del deber de caridad, al tiempo que con gozo, le dan al peregrino el saludo del Señor y piden -por intercesión del Apóstol- que el Padre se digne concederle las riquezas espirituales de la peregrinación, así como los bienes materiales. Bendigalo Santiago y sea bendito.

Dada en Compostela, Meta del Camino de Santiago, el día 9 del mes *julio* del año 2023

Después de realizar *usq. Finis.* Desde *Finisterra*  
donde comenzó el 6 de *julio* del 2023 por la ruta del *Muxía - Finisterro*



*Jes*

José Fernández Lago  
Decanus S.A.M.E. Cathedralis Compostellanae



**Camino de Santiago**  
Credencial del Peregrino

---

PRESENTED TO:

Chloe Winschel  
FIRST AND LAST NAME

---

PASSPORT # \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania  
United States of America

---

AFFILIATION: American Pilgrims on the Camino

BEGINNING THE 9 OF 6 OF 2023  
DAY MONTH YEAR

STARTING IN SJPP

---

ON PILGRIMAGE TOWARD SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA

ON FOOT ☒ BY BICYCLE \_\_\_\_\_ ON HORSEBACK \_\_\_\_\_

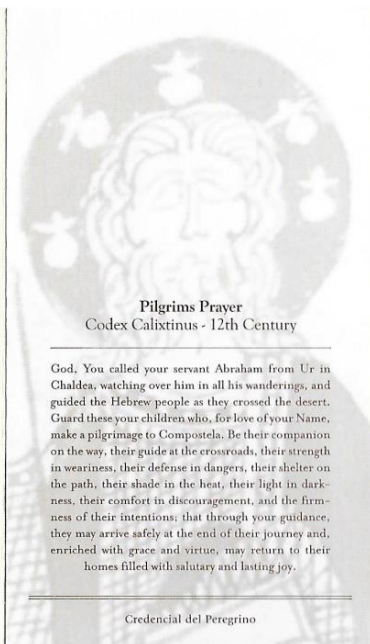
SIGNATURE Chloe Winschel

Y ha recibido, en el día de la expedición de esta Credencial de Peregrino, en la que se ruega al viajero el sello de la localidad que corresponde para acreditar su paso.

CUMPLIO LA PRESCRIPCION

el día 02 de Junio de 2023 año

Credencial autorizada por la S.A.M.I.  
Catedral de Santiago de Compostela





## PROLONGACIÓN XACOBESA A FISTERRA E MUXÍA

Nome/Nombre/Name: Clube Winesch

Enderezo/Dirección/Address:

DNI-Pasaporte/Identity card-Passport:

Data de inicio/Fecha de comienzo/Departure date:



Stempel und Datums/ Cachets et dates



ago de Compostela, a de de 20

Sellos e datas / Carimbo e datas



Catedral dende a saída do camiño (Santiago)



Pontemaceira Vella (Ames - Negreira)

Timbri e date / 스탬프 과 날짜



Igrexa de Santa María das Areas (Fisterra)

Sellos y fechas / Stamps and dates

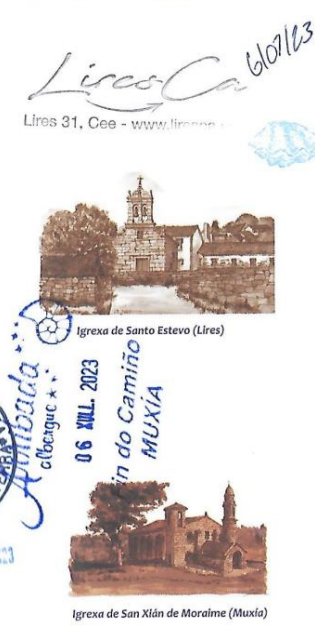


Pazo do Coton (Negreira)



Igrexa de San Cristovo de Corzón (Mazaricos)

Segells i dates / Ziguilak eta datak



Igrexa de San Xán de Moralmé (Muxía)







Omnes dies et noctes quasi sub una sollemnitate continuato gaudio ad Domini et apostoli decus ibi excoluntur. Valve eiusdem basilice minime clauduntur die noctuque, et nullatenus nox in ea fas est haberi atra (cf. Ap 21,25), quia candelarum et cereorum splendida luce ut meridies fulget. (Códice Calixtino)



El Cabildo de la Santa Apostólica Metropolitana Catedral de Santiago de Compostela sita en la región occidental de las Españas, a todos los que vieren esta carta de certificación de visita, hace saber que:

*Chloe Winschel*

ha visitado la Basilica donde desde tiempo inmemorial los cristianos veneran el cuerpo del Beato Apóstol Santiago.

Con tal ocasión, el Cabildo llevado del deber de caridad, al tiempo que con gozo, le dan al peregrino el saludo del Señor y piden -por intercesión del Apóstol- que el Padre se digne concederle las riquezas espirituales de la peregrinación, así como los bienes materiales. Bendígallo Santiago y sea bendito.

Dada en Compostela, Meta del Camino de Santiago, el día 2 del mes julio del año 2025

Después de realizar 779 kms, Desde S. Joan P. Port  
donde comenzó el 9 de junio del 2025 por la ruta del Camino Francés



*JF*

José Fernández Lago  
Decanus S.A.M.E. Cathedralis Compostellanae



Capitulum huius Almae Apostolicae et Metropolitanae Ecclesiae Compostellanae, sigilli Altaris Beati Iacobi Apostoli custos, ut omnibus Fidelibus et Peregrinis ex toto terrarum Orbe, devotionis affectu vel voti causa, ad limina SANCTI IACOBI, Apostoli Nostri, Hispaniarum Patroni et Tutelaris convenientibus, authenticas visitationis litteras expediat, omnibus et singulis praesentes inspecturis, notum facit: Dominam

*Chloe Winschel*

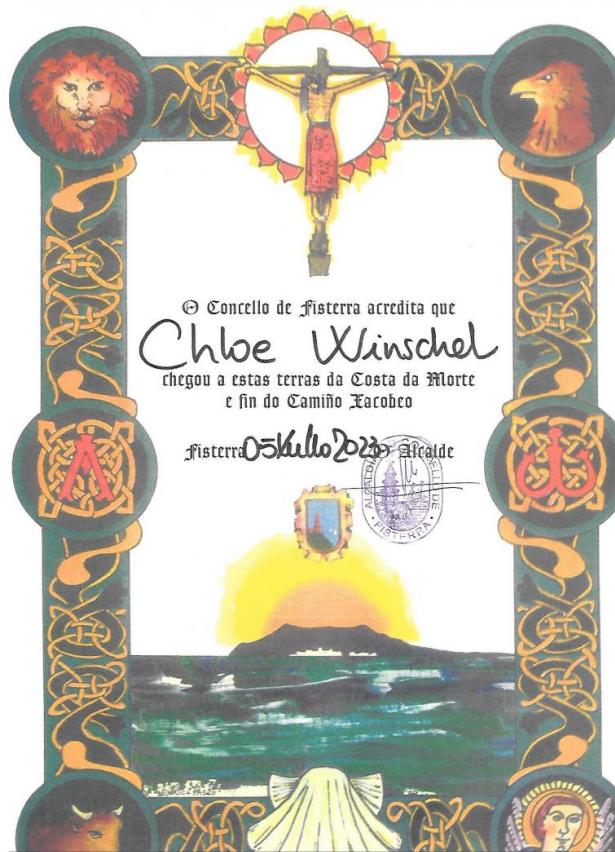
hoc sacratissimum templum, perfecto itinere sive pedibus sive equitando post postrema centum milia metrorum, birota vero post ducenta, pietatis causa, devote visitasse. In quorum fidem praesentes litteras, sigillo eiusdem Sanctae Ecclesiae munitas, ei confert.

Compostellae die 2 mensis Iulii Anno Sancto Dni 2025



*JF*

José Fernández Lago  
Decanus S.A.M.E. Cathedralis Compostellanae





# MUXÍA, FIN DA RUTA XACOBEOA

In Mari Gallaico  
Anstrobarum apparuit  
B.V. Maria B. Jacobo  
in cymba lapidea

(Cronicón de Walfrido, Séc. XII)

"No mar Galaico dos  
arrotrebas apareceu a Virxe  
María ó beato Xacobo  
NA BARCA DE PEDRA"

Aqueles peregrinos que elixan  
o Santuario da Barca como final  
do seu longo camiñar recibirán  
o preciado don do perdón,  
premio á constancia e á fe. E  
para que así conste, outórgase  
esta credencial a .....

Chloe...Marie...Winschel

En Muxía, 6.xullo.2023. o alcalde



*Chloe*



Capitulum huius  
Almae Apostolicae  
et Metropolitanae Ecclesiae  
Compostellanae, sigilli Altaris  
Beati Iacobi Apostoli custos, ut  
omnibus Fidelibus et Peregrinis ex toto terrarum  
Orbe, devotionis affectu vel voti causa, ad limina  
SANCTI IACOBI, Apostoli Nostri, Hispaniarum  
Patroni et Tutelaris convenientibus, authenticas  
visitationis litteras expediat, omnibus et singulis  
praesentes inspecturis, notum facit: Dominam

*Chloem Winschel*

hoc sacratissimum templum, perfecto itinere  
sive pedibus sive equitando post postrema centum  
milia metrorum, birota vero post ducenta, pietatis  
causa, devote visitasse. In quorum fidem praesentes  
litteras, sigillo eiusdem Sanctae Ecclesiae munitas,  
ei confert.

Compostellae die 9 mensis *Julii* Anno Sancto Dni 2023



*Her*

José Fernández Lago  
Decanus S.A.M.E. Cathedralis Compostellanae

Mnnes dies et noctes quasi sub una sollemnitate continuato gaudio  
ad Domini et apostoli decus ibi excoluntur. Valve eiusdem basilice  
minime clauduntur die noctueque, et nullatenus nox in ea fas est haberi  
atra (cf. Ap 21,25), quia candelarum et cereorum splendida luce ut meridies  
fulget". (Códice Calixtino)

El Cabildo de la Santa Apostólica Metropolitana Catedral de Santiago de Compostela sita  
en la región occidental de las Españas, a todos los que vieren esta carta de certificación de visita,  
hace saber que:

*Chloe Winschel*

ha visitado la Basílica donde desde tiempo inmemorial los cristianos veneran el cuerpo del Beato Apóstol  
Santiago.

Con tal ocasión, el Cabildo llevado del deber de caridad, al tiempo que con gozo, le dan al peregrino el  
saludo del Señor y piden -por intercesión del Apóstol- que el Padre se digne concederle las riquezas  
espirituales de la peregrinación, así como los bienes materiales. Bendigalo Santiago y sea bendito.

Dada en Compostela, Meta del Camino de Santiago, el día 9 del mes *julio* del año 2023

Despues de realizar 127 kms.  
donde comenzó el 6 de *julio*

Desde *Finisterra*  
del 2023 por la ruta del *Muxía - Finisterro*



*Her*

José Fernández Lago  
Decanus S.A.M.E. Cathedralis Compostellanae







June 9



June 10



June 11



June 12



June 13



June 14



June 15



June 16



June 17



June 18



June 19



June 20



June 21



June 22



June 23



June 24



June 25



June 26



June 27





June 28



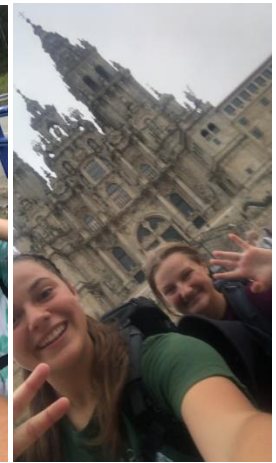
June 29



June 30



July 1



July 2



July 3



July 4



July 5



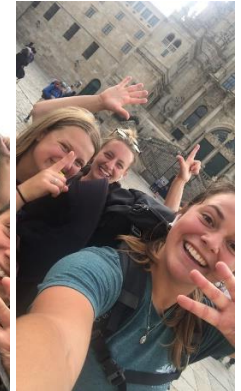
July 6



July 7



July 8



July 9

