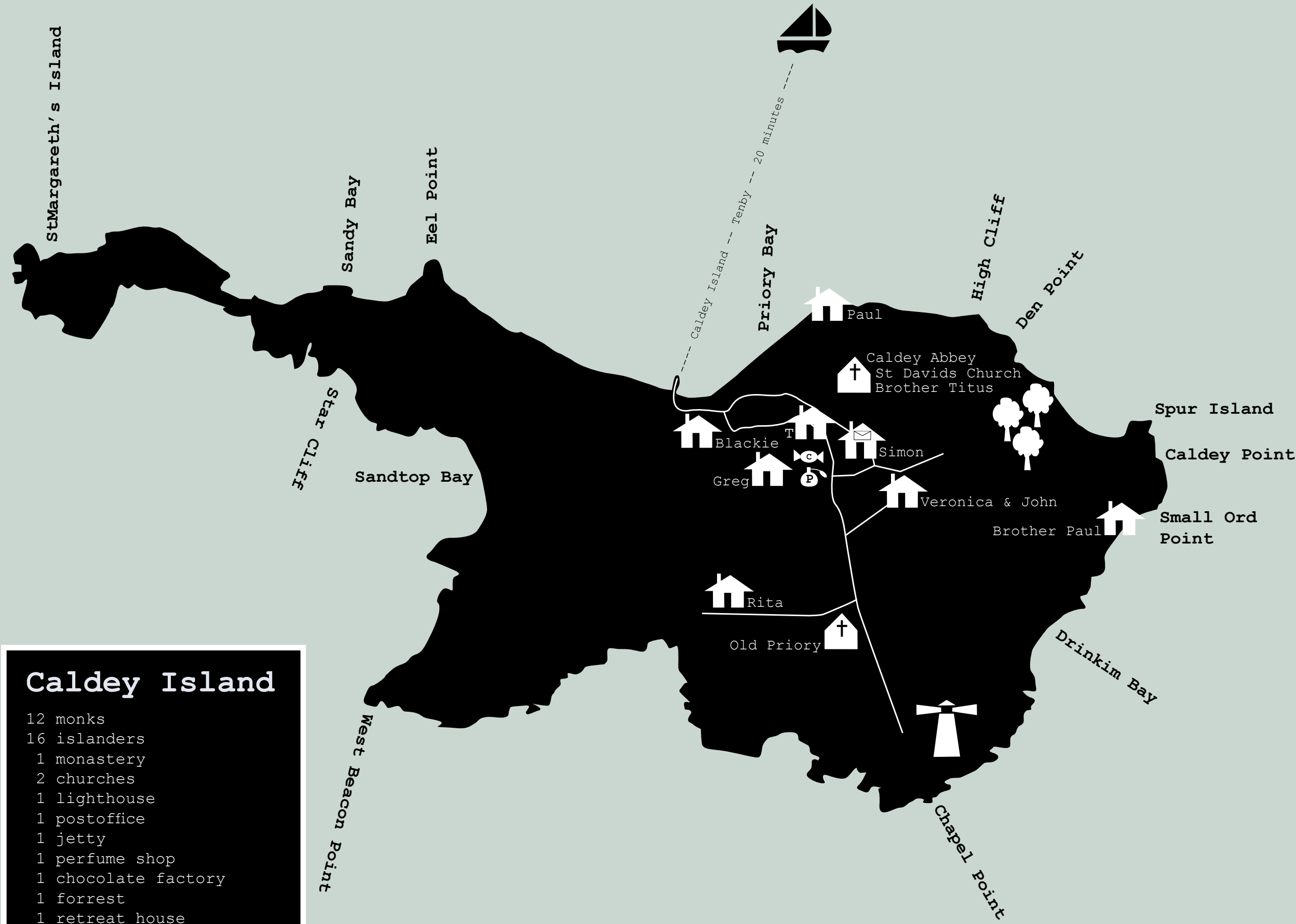


# Weather Permitting

Ilse Wolf

Aerial Media Company





# Caldey Island

- 12 monks
- 16 islanders
- 1 monastery
- 2 churches
- 1 lighthouse
- 1 postoffice
- 1 jetty
- 1 perfume shop
- 1 chocolate factory
- 1 forrest
- 1 retreat house

\_\_\_\_\_Titus\_\_\_\_\_

sent:  
13:17:15  
02/01/2014

Hi, Ilse, the peak  
of the storm is  
expected this af-  
ternoon. Go to the  
north beach from  
where you can see  
the island.

They say that if you're at Caldey for one  
year, you can still get back.  
Just walk out the front door.  
The second year, you will have to jump out  
of the window.  
The third year, you just can't.  
Many people decided to come here for a few  
months.  
Like Blackie. And Simon.  
And they have been here for forty years.

















**Rita**  
**84 years old**  
**Islander since 1981**

This is my 33rd year on the island. I became a nun when I was sixteen years old. After 28 years, I left and I became a computer controller. The abbot during that time asked me if I would work at St Philomena's, the retreat house. I accepted. Being on your own can be hard, but I love solitude, I'm a loner. If you've got the Lord, you're never lonely. And I always had him.

I got a little bird in the house. I rescued her, she was very ill. All her feathers were broken. She couldn't fly. When she got out of her cage, she kept falling on her little chin. She runs around the house all day. Her name is Lucky. When I go off the island, I take her with me.

These days I'm playing the piano on that horrible thing in church. It doesn't have any volume control, but I like it. I look after the water as well. We have to read the meters every day. It tells you how much water goes through. The cows are very good at making pipes leak.

The rule here was that you could live on the island after your retirement if you wanted to, provided that you looked after yourself. The monks could tell me to leave tomorrow, it's up to them. They are in charge. Until they throw me off, or until I get too ill to look after myself.



**T**  
**77 years old**  
**Islander since 2000**

I came here the year that the school closed. When I fully retired, at the age of 64, I needed something to do. My wife didn't want me under her feet, as many wives don't. I wrote to the abbot if there was some maintenance I could do and now I'm the bookkeeper of the island.

There are little groups here. For instance, you can say that Rita and I form a group, although she has more friends here. And then you get the little group who goes to the club quite regularly. It's not as close as the community

in the eighties and the nineties. We are almost a retired community at the moment and that is not a good thing. I can't say I fit in. I don't really get along that well with people.

The first years there was no radio, no television, nothing. You had your daily round. You had a routine. It was a good way to live for a week or two weeks. You had this feeling of isolation, but it wasn't unpleasant. It's a bit unreal, but I don't recommend it for the rest of your life.





Caldey is a tiny island off the coast of Wales where time seems to stand still.

What once was a bustling island full of children, a school and a village hall, nowadays forms the base of a secluded existence. No supermarket. No streetlights. Only a solid core of 28 inhabitants, including 12 monks who blend into the rough nature. The islanders are dependent on the tide, the light and each other.

Ilse Wolf, 2014

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