

Steps were then taken to build the little Church we know and love so well. A site was chosen not too far from Mrs. Peacock and Miss. Fawssett's house so that they could look after the Church and at the same time for it to stand where it could be seen from some distance.

Fortunately Sir. Herbert Baker, whose name is so well known in connection with the Pretoria Cathedral was able to draw out a plan for us to work on.

Having procured the design, building operations began in good earnest.

Mr. Davidson made himself responsible for the building materials his natives, waggon and oxen carted stones from a quarry that had been made on the farm, and beautiful big river stones were brought from Dwaas River four miles away by this means.

We were fortunate in finding a good builder, Mr. Brady, who stayed with the Davidsons while he and the native boys built up the walls of the Church.

Carpenters volunteered their work. Mr. Horace Wale was in charge of the roof assisted by Mr. John Mortimer, who, he tells me spent every Sunday morning planing the beams ready for the weeks work. A friend of Miss. Fawssett's in England, Mrs. Saunders sent money for the windows in memory of her father. Major Crosse and another relative sent money for the permanent Altar Rails. The Altar and the Lectern were made by Mr. Horace Wale and the wood given by Miss. Fawssett.

Mrs. Peacock gave the Cross and Candlesticks for the Altar in memory of her husband. Our beautiful font was given by an Associate of the Community of St. John the Baptist Clewer, and the order executed in Pretoria.

The chairs were given by Mr. H.B. Fawssett.

The thatched roof which has lasted so well and only once been reinforced was executed by Mr. Hans Benade with Mr. Davidson's assistance. Miss. Fawssett chose the name "St. John the Baptist" for dedication. For as she said it was a church "In the desert". The veld was very wild in those days and no roads to speak of.