

July 1946 to November 1946.

In July 1946 there came to the Parish of Waterberg, Transvaal (a large wide-spread parish of which we are a branch) a young Priest whom we learnt to love in the short space of four months that he was with us. He left to go to hospital where he was desperately ill. At times we hoped he might recover, and he was ever in our thoughts and prayers; but he was called to Higher Service and on March 8th 1947 passed away from pain and suffering tended devotedly by his Mother who took him back to their home in Rhodesia where he died peacefully.

Apart from his Parochial duties, which in such a large parish were far from light, Enoch Meggitt was very interested in Medical Missionary work. While waiting in London to come out to S. Africa he took a three months' course in Medicine with a view to helping in any Missionary work he might have. Our natives are still in need of much medical attention, but conditions have greatly improved since Father Meggitt came to us and helped us to revive the Clinic. My husband had always longed to have a Clinic to which the poor sick natives could come to for relief of their diverse bodily diseases. This dream was realised in 1945 when an empty cottage on the farm was turned into a consulting room, dispensary, kitchen and Nurse's room. An African nurse was installed but, to our deep disappointment, she found the life too lonely and left after a few months, and in spite of advertising we could find no substitute.

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It was just at this juncture that Father Meggitt with his cheerful enthusiasm and skill filled the breach. Once a month he came to hold Services at 24 Rivers, and on his free day (Monday) he would stay with his well-stocked case of medicine etc. and with my daughter, Mrs. Baber's, help would diagnose and prescribe for many patients before leaving for his headquarters at Nylstroom.

I remember two cases in particular, one of a little girl Cecilia, "Do not let her carry water on her head" he said to her Mother, "her heart is not as it should be". The Mother took the advice and her daughter is strong and well today. The other case was of a woman in great pain. Father Meggitt diagnosed her case as Appendicitis and took her and her husband at once in his own car to Nylstroom where she caught the train for Pretoria Hospital. Her life was saved and she returned cured to her family.

Through Father Meggitt's revival of our Clinic we have now left behind the dreadful conditions our natives lived in some years ago. We now have a fortnightly visit from a Doctor where hundreds of poor diseased people have injections, pre-natal advice is given and different ailments treated. We have a competent and fully trained African nurse who goes to different cases in the surrounding stads, can report anything serious to the Doctor and give invaluable advice to Mothers and babies. This of course needs money to carry on - our present help from the Government may not last as they are retrenching.

One more incident shows how very devoted to Medical Missionary work Father Meggitt was. I remember so well one Monday morning early he was taking the Holy Sacrament to a very sick native who *Lad* lived on our farm for years about 4 miles away. Padre asked for two or three things he needed, "You see" he said, "I want to open the awful abscess Motopo has near the collar bone and clean it out before he has his Communion. An hour afterwards a rather pale looking tall Priest came back in his Cassock to the kitchen where I was working. "Well" I said, "was it very dreadful opening that wound? - you may not feel like breakfast". "Oh yes" he said, "I'll have a good wash, and I shall feel quite O.K."

Such cheery words and underneath a wonderful self-sacrifice and we have kept his personality and devotion as a foundation for our Clinic.

Father Meggitt



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Keep the record please
Let the record please
Keep

P.O. Box 2

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Mr Magitt