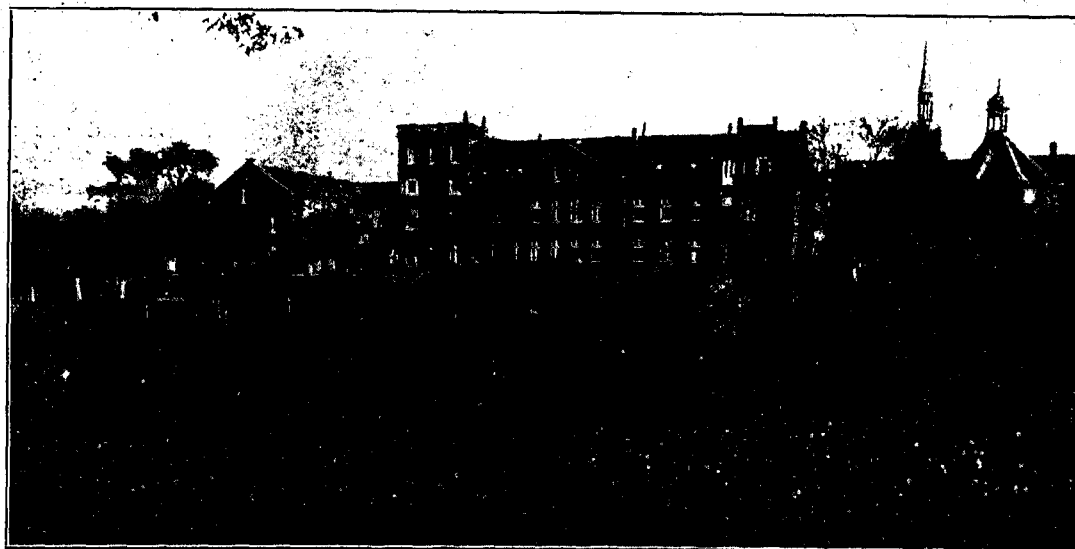


THE PILGRIMAGE TO KAISERSWERTH.

"Du bist die Liebe, lass mich Liebe werden."

When it was first proposed that the International Council of Nurses should meet in Cologne in 1912, a very tempting item in the programme was the suggestion of a visit to the Deaconess Mother House at Kaiserswerth on the Rhine. The word Kaiserswerth means so much to the nurses of the whole world, for it was here that our own great pioneers—Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale and Agnes Jones—came for practical instruction and inspiration upwards of sixty years ago. To make a pilgrimage to Kaiserswerth has long been the ambition of many of our younger nurses, and on Thursday, August 8th, upwards of 300 nurses of twenty-three nationalities took steamer from

werth. A perfectly lovely woman, physically and morally; that we gather, assuredly, from the fine pencil drawing taken after death, which we found in the little Garden House Sanctuary (the Gartenhauschen), and with which we have become familiar in the History of Nursing. For many years we had longed to stand by her grave. She was only forty-two when, after almost superhuman labours, she was laid to rest just sixty years ago. Iron railing protects the little patch of earth where under the stone, with its well-known symbols of dove, olive branch, and star, all that is mortal of this wonderful woman is hidden away, and on which is inscribed the text, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." From Cologne a splendid wreath of laurels, tied with purple ribbon, had been care-



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S ROOM (WINDOW THIRD FROM TOP, CORNER BLOCK).

Cologne and, in spite of dull weather, enjoyed a vast amount of happy converse and an excellent dinner on board, coming presently to the little old town of Kaiserswerth, where, in a downpour of rain, which had no power to damp spirits, they were met by the kind Pastor von Velsen, and conducted through picturesque streets of gabled houses, where gaily-painted shutters and boxes filled with brilliant flowers presented a charming exterior.

To reach the Mother House one passed through the peaceful cemetery, and here those who know the true inwardness of the history of this romance of nursing first waited by the grave, alone and just inside the gate, of Friedrike Fliedner, the first wife of Pastor Theodor Fliedner, to whom must be given due recognition for the creative genius, and marvellous and spirited energy which found practical expression in the foundation of the first hospital and Mother House at Kaisers-

werth. fully brought by English delegates, and this was reverently placed on the grave, a gift from the National Council of Nurses of Great Britain and Ireland, with love and admiration from all the British nurses gathered there, by Miss Elma Smith, who had represented Elizabeth Fry in the Triumph of Hygeia in the Pageant. The rain pattered down, the beautiful green leaves but shone the more, the ribbon took on a deeper and more royal purple; those who lingered there realised a beneficent calm, a moment of profound peace, and then passed on, with a beautiful memory the more.

In this cemetery is to be found the grave of Pastor Fliedner, and by his side that of the second wife—kind Karoline—who died at the age of 82, and of Gertrud Reichardt, the first deaconess, and rows and rows of little stones record the names of the sisters who have toiled and died at Kaiserswerth.

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