

Nursing Echoes.

We have to thank many friends scattered all over the World for lovely Cards of Greetings at Christmastime, and so many kind wishes for a Happy New Year.

How much we treasure these kind remembrances as we embark upon the year 1950, to be the most momentous in our History! But let us proceed with a review of a few of the beautiful salutations received: The International Council of Nurses card from Headquarters this year was of simple design in the form of a book mark, in the centre the initials "I.C.N." partially over dark blue are inscribed in silver and beneath the very potent words of Florence Nightingale are quoted:—

"It is the Individual who makes the Association, and what an Association is depends upon each of its Members," and which is followed with Greetings.

The selected views in colour of beautiful Adelaide aroused our deep admiration with its good wishes from all members of the Returned Army Nurses Club, Adelaide, South Australia. The spacious grandeur of that city, the magnificence of Parliament House, the long vistas of Almond Blossoms, all this and Mount Lofty in the distance leaves us deeply impressed. Miss M. E. L. Matthews, from S. Australia, sends Greetings in Pines and Holly.

From Miss Dorothy Allen in Africa, a scene in the City of Durban, and from Miss Jean Macdonald from Cape Town a scene of the Veldt; from members in Canada—Miss Pearl Morrison, the Mountain Lake Singing Tower with Miss Dorothy Frances Gurney's charming poem "The Garden" inscribed in gold; from Miss Oakley Williams, "The Blue Barn"; a painting of a cluster of Christmas Roses and Violets brings Greetings from Miss Mary L. Jacobs. Glorious snow scenes from Miss Edith M. F. Pritchard from U.S.A.

Greetings were received from the Trained Nurses Association of India and many more lovely cards, too numerous to mention.

From Q.A.R.A.N.C. we received a dignified card bearing the badge of the Corps, and inside a reproduction of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," Military Pageantry in the 16th Century, from a print in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries; the reproduction of a wood engraving entitled "Fishermen at Billingsgate," was both interesting and historic. Another

greeting card much appreciated showed Florence Nightingale in benignly humorous mood.

Dear little robins and doggies frisked around the office in Christmas mood.

ON a day in December, when the advent of Christmas brought an atmosphere of happy expectancy, felt at no other season of the year, we found our way to the Home for Incurables, Streatham, to pay a long promised visit to Miss Jessie Holmes, S.R.N., a loyal and founder Member of the British College of Nurses, Ltd.

As we approached the bedside of this long sufferer, a radiant smile in that serenely happy face greeted us.

At once she declared, "I must tell you good news! I was chosen to write an article on 'Count your Blessings' for the *Christian World*," part of which we reproduce here.

Of Miss Holmes it could truly be said that through a deep religious faith lifting her far above her tragic circumstances, she has found the secret of how to count her blessings, and although a suffering and incurable cripple she can say "I am happy in my fate."

"The greatest blessing is to know the Lord Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour and Friend—nothing to pay—a free gift to all. Having accepted it, our hearts are full of thankfulness: we can never be thankful enough. Our outlook and our sense of values alter: we begin making the best of things. . . ."

"In a Home for Incurables so many are making the best of things. Of course, you don't at first say, 'Thy will be done.' That comes easier when we can talk to Jesus about it, and then,

whatever the burden, it never will be greater than we can bear. Jesus Himself, in agony in the Garden, said, 'Father, if it be Thy will, let this cup pass from Me.' It was not answered in that way, but angels came and ministered unto Him. So it is with us. How wonderful that though we forget Him He never forgets us, and really wants us. All the trouble in the world to-day is—because we are trying to live without God. . . ."

"Let us, therefore, take the Saviour as our Friend. Pain will be eased, and we shall count our blessings. . . ."



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Newly appointed Matron of Whittington Hospital,
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