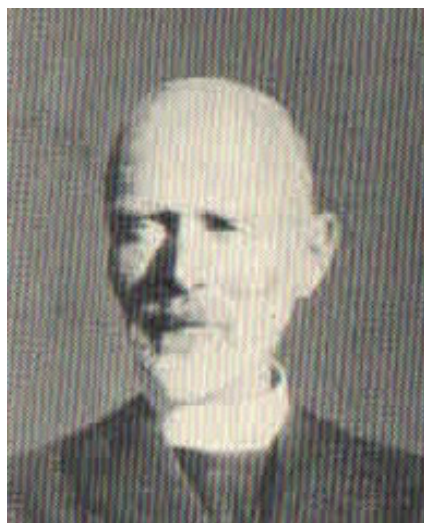


17 July

## Fr JAMES KENDAL

24 July 1865 – 17 July 1948



James Kendal receives eight pages of obituary in *Letters and Notices* but they say little! He was born in Worcester, one of 13 children of whom one other became a Jesuit and three of his sisters entered religious life. Educated at Mount St Mary's, he was one of 25 scholastic novices who entered in 1883. He went on to spend 8 years in Malta and 40 in Southern Rhodesia - 22 in Bulawayo and 18 in Salisbury. He started in the classroom in both places but moved to be spiritual father also in both. When he contracted double pneumonia and recovered the doctor said his

'soundness of heart and serenity of mind' pulled him through. He used the same bicycle for 28 years. He kept bees and wherever he went he would provide honey for the community.

He edited the *Zambezi Mission Record* for some years and contributed at least two articles of his own – describing his visit to Chikuni Mission in 1911. They are 'period pieces' but record Fr Moreau's reputation as the 'best farmer on the Zambezi Mission' who grew maize, cotton, plantain, bananas, oranges and papaya.

Two articles appeared in *The Herald* when Kendal died. One read: 'The death recently of the Rev Father James Kendal SJ has removed an outstanding and lovable figure from the Colony. His work here for so many years was always marked by graciousness and kindly insight. ... He published valuable articles on various topics and also verse of instructive and frequently humorous tone. Here is one on the burning issue of 1923: 'Responsible government' or Union with South Africa:

We hear sometimes from friends unkind  
Rhodesians don't know their own mind;  
That, since to think we are too lazy  
Our politics are crude and hazy;  
And while our grievances we air  
We act as if they were not there;  
And, though not willing to die martyrs  
For railway companies and Charters  
We go on hugging bond and fetter  
And feebly hope for something better;  
Nor move a finger or a toe,  
our gilded chains to overthrow;  
But spend our brains on endless schemes,  
Woven with spiders' webs and dreams ...

