

Memories of Fr. Charles McPherson C.Ss.R

 redemptorists.co.uk/in-memoriam/memories-of-past-confreres.html

Published: 26 May 2014

by Fr. Beverley Ahearn C.Ss.R

Fr. Charlie (Charles) McPherson who died in 1966, as a member of the Erdington Community, though he actually collapsed and died in Clapham, while on holiday.

I lived for a couple of years with Charlie before his death and I was talking to him once about the care of the sick, saying how much time he seemed to give to the care of the sick in the parish, going to then to visit them, to bring them Communion, to celebrate the sacrament of Penance with them, and he said then he said yes he said I do my best to look after the sick and I hope when I die I go before the Lord I can say at least Lord I looked after Your sick to the best of my abilities and I hope that this outweighs other negligences and other deficiencies.

Charlie himself had been in Clapham, and worked on the Parish there, knew a lot of people, so when we began to be allowed to take holidays each year in another community he used to go to Clapham. And he went there, this would have been the early '60s, he went there on one occasion and decided to visit a few people that he had written to, he had been in contact with before reporting in at Clapham community itself. And the first house he went to, there was no answer when he rang the bell, so he thought, well I will leave my case here, go and visit one or two other people and then come back and say hello and pick up my case. So he just slipped round the side of the house left his case at the back door. A label was on it so the lady would know who it was when she came home and off he went, and on his return he rang the bell and she seemed so surprised to see him. And Charlie said well I left my case there at the back door I thought you'd have seen it and she said oh no I haven't, she said come and look then, so they walked to the back door and she said where did you leave it and he said there pointing beside the dustbin and she said oh the dustmen came this morning and they've emptied the dustbin, and they obviously thought your case was rubbish and they took that with them. So Charlie had to knock at the door at Clapham and try and work out a story of how he had arrived without any suitcase.