Thomas Froggatt

Transcription of Obituary published in the Primitive Methodist Magazine by James Davis

Three weeks to the day and almost the hour Thomas Froggatt followed his wife to the painless land. He was born at Featherknowl Farm, Ludlow Circuit, April, 1835, and died at the same place, February 8th, 1909.

He gave his heart to God, and joined our church when a boy, receiving his first class ticket before he got into his teens. He shows an unbroken membership of sixty-two years.

He was devoted to his business, farming, and equally devoted to the interests of our church. He housed the meetings and the ministers for years, and led the singing with his concertina. More favourable conditions came. He prepared the way for the erection of the commodious sanctuary at Ashford, and generously contributed to its prosperity. For years he was society steward, class leader, and took part in the management of the school. When all declined he took the stewardship of the circuit and manipulated its affairs with credit. He was not a preacher (though offered the position), but was a real friend to all the preachers.

His genuine simplicity was beautiful to behold. He was eccentric while a genius. The casual observer misunderstood him and smiled, but those who knew him best admired and wished there were more like him. Honesty, integrity, loyalty, were principles not to be trifled with, and shunted when temptation and trial came. How scrupulous he was, how exact in every detail secular and religious. Two years ago, from an accident, his health failed, and it was wonderful how his energy tried to overcome the trouble, but when his helpmate and companion departed he seemed stunned. We asked him to take care of himself, he said, "I don't know how it will be: some wonder why I don't cry: but I can't. We shall see before long." How significant: he dropped harness at once, going to meet his loved one on the evergreen shore.

His funeral was largely attended, notables of the neighbourhood being present. A week later the writer conducted a memorial service for the friends he loved and hopes to meet by-and-bye.

References

Primitive Methodist Magazine 1909/327