

## George R. Dawe -Western Baptist Bible College writes in 1998 memories

Mrs. Dawe and I were associated with Westbourne Baptist Church from 1934 to 1938.

Westbourne worshipped in an old red brick building at 1215 4th Street E. in Calgary.

The Order of Service then was as follows:

10 A.M.,	Communion every Sunday morning.
11 "	Morning Service
12:15 P.M.,	Sunday School
7:30 P.M.,	Evening Service
9 P.M.,	Back Home Gospel Hour Broadcast.

Prior to our association with Westbourne, the church and its pastor carried on an aggressive evangelistic ministry throughout Central Alberta. The Sunday evening broadcast was very popular and reached beyond provincial borders. Through this ministry a fellowship of churches was formed in the early 30ies including Crossfield, Drumheller, Benalto, Edmonton and smaller satellite works.

In 1933 the writer took a young man from his pastoral charge in Mission, B. C. to Prairie Bible Institute, and on the return trip called at Westbourne to meet Pastor Morley R. Hall for the first time. Our conversation centered around the necessity of a Baptist school to serve the needs of the young people of our expanding Baptist fellowship of churches. Out of that conversation came the impetus which led to the founding, in 1934, of the Western Baptist Bible College. It was a church-based school. Westbourne Baptist Church provided its classrooms. Pastor Morley Hall became its first president and Pastor G. R. Dawe its first principal. The deacons of Westbourne served as the college Board of Governors. Both Pastor Hall and I served on the faculty, Mrs. Evelyn Dawe taught New Testament Greek and Missions and Miss Jemima Ewing taught English. Among the first student body of 25 to 30 students were a number of school teachers. From the first graduating class came a number of outstanding pastors and missionaries: David Milligan, Wm. MacDonald, Jean Dougan, Mary Wylie, Helen Standerwick, Don Hills, Gilbert Clark, to name a few.

The College functioned from 1934 until the emergence of World War II in 1939 caused the suspansion of classes for the duration. During this conflict one of our fine young students lost his life; his name was Arthur Foster. Through the ministry of both students and faculty, during these years, the Regular Baptist Missionary Fellowship extended its witness northward to the Athabascas, eastward to the Saskatchewan boundary, along the Jasper trail westward and into the Crow's Nest Pass to the south.

One couple, among many worthy of mention, came out of the College and Fellowship in Alberta. Pastor Morley Hall used to hold street meetings in down-town Calgary. One evening a young Welshman stopped to listen, and under the preaching of the Gospel, was gloriously saved. His name was John Pickford.

John attended Prairie Bible Institute and transferred to our College in its first year. He married Alberta Davis who was also one of our students that first year, and thus began a fruitful ministry. Mr. Pickford became an excellent pastor; furthered his education into university, and in process of time joined the faculty of our College. He rose to the position of President of the school, which post he held for 17 years. He was greatly used in many phases of our Baptist work and at one time was elected president of The Fellowship of Evangelical Baptist Churches in Canada. Dr. Pickford became involved in the formation of the B. C. Baptist Foundation which has provided housing for seniors and assisted in financial support for various Fellowship agencies. Someone has said that the pen is mightier than the sword, and the Lord used His servant in this field also as the author of several choice volumes. After several years of ill health, Dr. J. H. Pickford was called home to be with Christ on June 27, 1995. He is survived by his wife and three daughters.

George R. Dawe.

HINDS' FEET

Psalm 18:33

Lord, make our feet like the feet of a hind,  
Steady for the slippery trail;  
Sure for the rocky, uneven way  
That leads through the unknown vale.

Lord, make our feet like those of the hind,  
Sensitive to others' need;  
Sharp, to hold in the sudden shift  
From slow to a faster speed.

Lord, make our feet swift like the hind,  
To tell the gospel story;  
To help a child with untried steps,  
Or to aid the aged and hoary.

Lord, make our feet soft like the hind,  
To stalk the devil's quarry,  
But strong for the steady precipitous climb  
Up the rugged steeps to Glory.

---George R. Dawe