



Carl Everett Conrad

Born: September 11, 1911
 Easton, LA, Evangeline Parish

Education: Louisiana College
 N. O. Baptist Theological Seminary
 Awarded Honorary DD Degree, Louisiana
 College, 1975

Married: Frances Daigle, June 5, 1939 - 54 years

Pastor and Missions Work:

First Baptist Church, Pine Prairie
 Oak Grove Baptist Church, Clearwater
 Coliseum Place Baptist Church, N.O.
 First Baptist Church, Morgan City
 Clerk, Adolphe Stagg Association
 Executive Board Member, LBC
 LBC Area Missions Director
 LBC Director of French Missions
 LA State Missions Director
 Featured Missions Speaker

Writer/Designer:

Home Missions Magazine
 Tracts - French Missions
 Designed Map of LA Mission Areas
 Designed a Chapel for Houseboat People

Retired:

60+ Years of Service
 1977 - Louisiana Baptist Convention
 1977-2001 - Missions Volunteer & Member
 of FBC, Broussard (Age 90)

Carl:

Deceased June 18, 2007

Frances :

Home with her Lord
 December 8, 1993

Bower-Conrad Missions Offering

The legacy of service bestowed freely by God's dedicated pioneers requires an accounting: "To whom much is given, much is required." A responsible support of mission foundations will balance the books. The Bower-Conrad Missions Offering enables Evangeline Baptist Association to sustain and to enlarge missions in the new millennium. The funding is a tribute to two faithful servants who deserve their Lord's, "Well done."

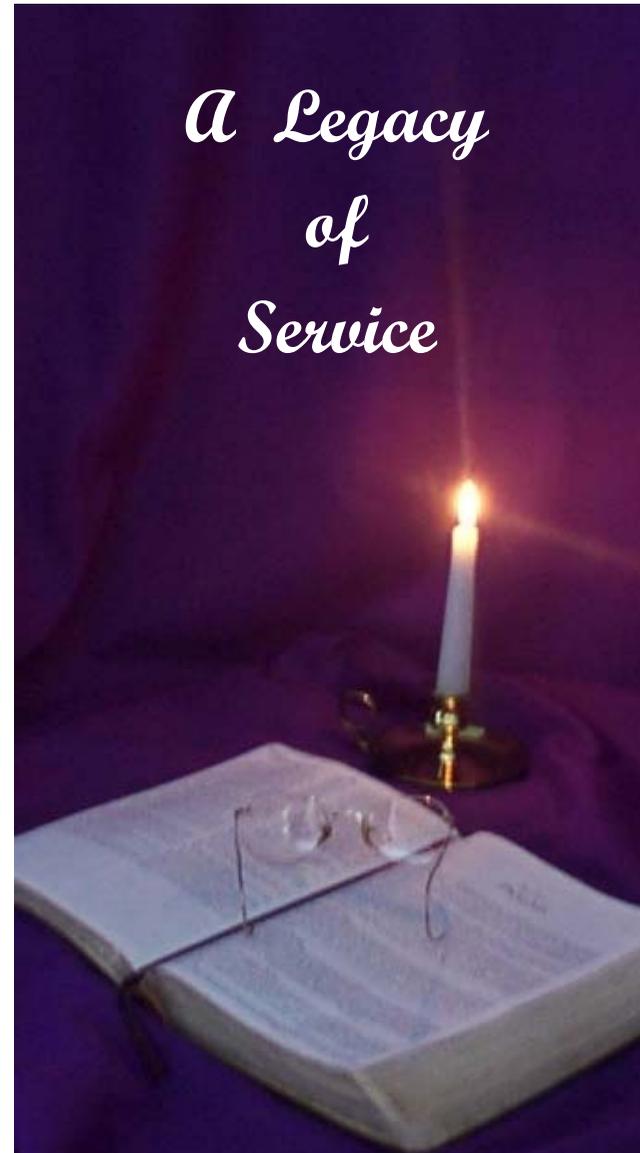


Evangeline Oak, St. Martinville

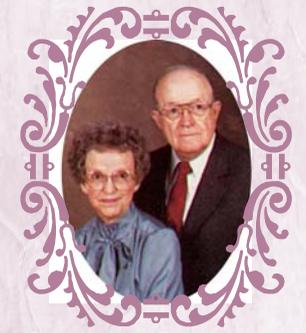
Evangeline Baptist Association

3000 W. Pinhook Road
 P. O. Box 81244
 Lafayette, Louisiana 70598-1244
 Telephone: 337-237-6956

A Legacy of Service



St. Clair Hayden Bower and Carl Everett Conrad exemplify those who pursue God's purpose for life. As pioneers of the Evangeline Baptist Association, they made spiritual expeditions into an intriguing, sometimes hostile, environment. Hardships and sacrifices were by-products of two hearts that beat steadily and selflessly for missions. Going "two by two" as joint laborers with them were Annie Lou Whiten Bower and Frances Daigle Conrad.



St. Clair Hayden Bower

Born: March 16, 1907, Troy, AL
 Education: Newton Baptist Institute, AL
 Howard College, AL
 Baptist Bible Institute, N.O.

Married: Annie Lou Whiten, May 25, 1932-64 Years
 Pastor and Missions Work:

Sulphur Springs Baptist Church, St. Clair
 Association, Alabama
 Maragouin Mission
 Krotz Springs Mission
 Calvary Baptist Church, New Orleans
 New Life Baptist Church, Grosse Tete
 Welsh/English-French Church
 Plaquemines Parish Missions, Sulphur Miners
 Crown Point/Indian Missions
 Port Sulphur Baptist Church
 Northside Baptist Church, Lafayette
 Began following missions while serving as
 pastor: Breaux Bridge; Scott; Broussard;
 Youngsville; Emmanuel, Lafayette
 Featured Missions Speaker
 Dir. of Missions, Evangeline Baptist Association

Other Work: WWII U.S. Air Force, Chaplain, India
 & Burma

Writer: Bower on the Bayou

Retired: 60+ Years of Service
 1973 - Louisiana Baptist convention
 1973-1983 - Associate Pastor, FBC,
 Lafayette (Age 76)

Deceased August 28, 1996

Annie - Home with her Lord
 March 10, 2004

Calvin - Professor, Notre Dame, Illinois

St. Clair H. Bower

“That’s a Bower” is a comment friends used to describe the humor of Rev. St. Clair Bower as speaker and writer. His adventures in missions on Louisiana bayous took on the character of a Mark Twain on the Mississippi. Rev. Bower’s words blended human nature with a godly spirit, provoking grin and thought. His autobiography, Bower on the Bayou, captures the man and the mission. Chapter 2, “The Bend of the Bayou,” is a story-sermon often repeated for missions emphasis and recruitment of disciples to go and do likewise.

After completing seminary studies in Louisiana, Rev. Bower planned to return home to Alabama for a pastorate and marriage to his sweetheart, Annie Whiten. He was disappointed that there were no Baptist churches between New Orleans and Lafayette. It was not unusual to walk five miles to a home “preaching place.” The climate, coffee and mosquitoes did not invite him. Therefore, “I made up my mind not to like South Louisiana.”

Then, he heard the call: “Come over into Grosse Tete, and help us.” He saw the unfed spiritual hunger of the people. Their response to his efforts made him more responsive to God’s plans for him, and he dedicated his life to South Louisiana missions.



Grosse Tete Baptist Church

Rev. Bower made evangelical work in the area more effective by uniting English and French speaking people into one church body. His formula for spreading the gospel was missions + missions + missions.

ANNIE

Matching her husband’s work ethics, Miss Annie Bower was talented, tiny and tough. Admired for her artistic needlework, she had a love of home and hearth that was balanced with an equal zeal for missions. Bower’s Bayou declared that when the big women of Bayou Grosse Tete met this 95 pound woman, they loved her and said, “Poor Brother Bower, she won’t last six months in this country.” But, Miss Annie did, despite her beginnings as a new bride in foreign territory during the Great Depression - tough!

Rev. Bower played the trumpet. “I would pull in to a landing and play ‘When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder.’” The inquisitive followed the sounds of “Gabriel’s horn” and heard a sermon. Son Calvin Martin, wanted to help his father with music in mission work. Piano lessons soon revealed the gifted musician within Calvin. A trumpet’s notes echoing across the bayou might have inspired him.



RETIREMENT

Following his retirement, Rev. Bower continued his life’s journey on the computer, a skill learned in his late 70’s. In “retirement,” as in early years, he remained mentally, physically, and spiritually active. The food for Rev. Bower’s soul came from a happy heart which sparked his spontaneous wit and positive outlook. His words bubbled forth: “lovely times;” “wonderful people;” “best move I ever made;” “beautiful day;” “at the right place at the right time;” even, “wept for joy.” The last sentence of Bower on the Bayou reads, “Annie and I are having some of our happiest times.”

Rev. Bower’s joy of life had been good medicine for him through the years. Despite a serious heart condition since his forties, he was 89 years old when he quietly entered into an even better life. Three weeks after his death, Miss Annie directed a State Missions program. She conquered her grief and imbued the program with a depth of commitment that reunited her with St. Clair through love for missions.

Carl E. Conrad

In Louisiana College, Carl Conrad considered China missions for his life’s work, but “God had other plans for me in the French mission fields of Louisiana, where I belonged.” He hitchhiked from college to his two churches on alternate Sundays, then walked miles “up the prairie” to develop missions. He had been converted at age 11 under a brush arbor, so was familiar with the makeshift setting for meetings. Brush arbors were frameworks of small limbs topped by leafy branches to provide shelter from the sun. “Pews” were planks laid over blocks of wood. “Bottles with stems sticking out and a little coal oil, gave us light.”

“Why did you accept Christ?” he asked in French to his first converts, an elderly couple who couldn’t speak English. “Because you came to us and listened to us.” He counted their words as a “trophy,” a confirmation of God’s call to missions on the home front. He understood that each soul is precious to God and worth the saving. “Everyone is important.”

FRANCES

Frances Conrad was described by her husband as a valuable asset, and as devoted to missions as he. “She knew Sunday School and WMU organizations from A-Z.” Active in the Women’s Missionary Union on the local and state level, Frances served as president in both areas. She discovered the present location of the Evangeline Baptist Association office, and initiated the annual spring Associational Missions Banquet.

As State Missions Director, Rev. Conrad played a significant role in the development of mission pastors, who were the sons he never had. Every weekend he traveled to be with a pastor, and stood side by side with him in the arena of missions. “Often we had to start from scratch because people knew absolutely nothing about the Lord.” He showed, rather than lectured, that the gospel came alive to others through missions. Generous with his time and money, he tended to the spiritual and personal needs of those under his care. He was a visible, humble leader, counselor and respected friend. His reward? “Deep, deep fulfillment.”

A unique ministry was to houseboat people living on the Atchafalaya. They were poor, with little education, social life or spiritual discipline, and were more comfortable in their isolated world than in a structured church setting. The Conrads entered their domain on the river’s bank with a portable organ. First, came the children to the pied piper’s call of Frances at the organ; eventually, came the adults; finally, came an invitation to a houseboat.

“I held a service one night on a houseboat; a woman about 65, was saved. She had lived on the bayous all her life, had never married, so stayed with her sister. When she made a profession of faith, her sister put her out.” The childlike outcast had nowhere to turn. First Baptist Church, Morgan City, built a small home for her; from there she walked 1-1/2 miles to church every Sunday.



Not even a widow with a mite, she wanted to tithe. “Frances put some coins into a monthly stack of offering envelopes for her. Each week she picked up the top envelope for her ‘tithe.’ When she had troubles or sickness, she would come to us. We listened to her troubles, and took her to a doctor. She was our ‘child,’ and we looked after her. That’s a part of missions, you see.”

RETIREMENT

After official retirement, Rev. Conrad served as missions volunteer and ministering member of First Baptist Church, Broussard, until age 90. His challenge to twenty-first centurians: “Go among the lost people. They will not come to you.” A modest, devout Christian and ever the gentleman, Rev. Conrad’s walk with God is defined in the unadorned funeral service he wrote for himself. “I want no pious platitudes - just the words of the hymn, ‘Only a Sinner Saved by Grace.’”