

LANDMARK BAPTIST HISTORIAN

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"Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: ask thy father, and he will show thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee." Deuteronomy 32: 7

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**McCalister, Lester Ellison
(ABA)**

Brother McCalister was born January 12, 1926, at Alicia, Arkansas, and saved in August 1936, at Arbor Grove Missionary Baptist Church. He was baptized by the same church. He moved to Santa Paula, California, in 1937.

In 1943, he moved to Tulare, California, and joined the Tulare Missionary Baptist Church. In the following November, during the Northern California Missionary Baptist Association, he surrendered to preach.

In the fall of 1946 he attended in Missionary Baptist Seminary in Little Rock, Arkansas. In November that year, the Mt. Tabor Missionary Baptist Church called him as pastor and Antioch Missionary Baptist Church of Little Rock ordained him. He pastored Mt. Tabor for eighteen months.

Emmanuel Missionary Baptist Church of Bakersfield called him as pastor. He served them about a year and a half.

In May 1951 he returned to Little Rock and signed up for Seminary.

In August 1951 the Unity Missionary Baptist Church, located between Benton and Hot Springs, called him as pastor.

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Lester Ellison McCalister Special Edition

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In August 1951 the Unity Missionary Baptist Church, located between Benton and Hot Springs, called him as pastor.

In May 1953, he received the Master in Bible Languages degree, and shortly after that the Tulare Missionary Baptist Church called him as pastor from 1953-57. During that time, the church was still associating with the California State Missionary Baptist Association.

The First Missionary Baptist Church of Brentwood called him as pastor from 1957-61. It was while there that he began working with the California Cooperative Association.

He pastored the North Highlands Missionary Baptist Church, North Highlands from 1961-71.

In 1966, he joined the faculty of Missionary Baptist College in Sacramento and served there for three years.

He pastored the Community Baptist Church in Orange from 1971-76.

The Simi Valley Missionary Baptist Church called him as pastor from 1976-85. In 1984, Roy M. Reed asked him to come to California Missionary Baptist Seminary in Bellflower and serve as dean which he did in the spring of 1985.

He served on the faculty of CMBI during the years he pastored the church at Orange, and continued during the time he pastored the church at Simi Valley. At the request of Bellflower Church and the CMBI trustees, he took over as Administrative Vice President, where he served until the close of the school year in 1989.

In the fall of 1988, Bellflower Church became interested in purchasing a youth camp from the Camp Fire Girls. They asked him to take over the monumental task of rebuilding and refurbishing the camp. They renamed the camp, "Camp Metoche."

In the fall of 1996, at age 70 1/2, he retired from active ministry.

However, this retirement lasted only a year and three months. The First Landmark MBC of El Centro called him as interim pastor, and he served there until they disbanded.

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THE LIFE AND TIMES OF LESTER McALLISTER 1926—2002

The Landmark Baptist Historian

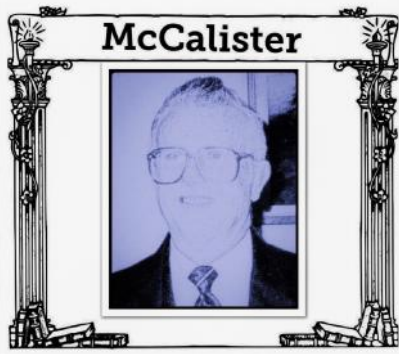
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609 Figueroa Street
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Robert W. Cullifer, Editor

Lbfolsom@aol.com
916.718-9770



**LIFE
STORY**



Lester & Carroll David, about 1939

Image from CHAPTER 1
Of Life and Times of L.E. M.

Forward

My father and mother both died when they were 93 years old.

Dad died in May, 1998 They never talk of their youth,
their courtship, their early lives, and I never asked.

Now, there are so many things

I would like to know, but shall never know.

I did not want my children and grandchildren
to experience the same fate.

Therefore, I have recorded some of the things

I felt were important

about my life so that they will at least know a little.

I have titled this The Life and Times of Lester McCalister.

It begins with the history of my birth and continues
until the year 2002. Though my life is not yet finished,

I doubt that I will ever need

to write an addendum, but we will just wait
and see what God has in store.

Lester McCalister

Chapter 1

Early Life In Arkansas

This is an account of the life and times of Lester McCalister. I was born January 12, 1926, in Alicia, Arkansas. My parents' names are Ethel and Wesley McCalister. I know nothing of my grandparents on either side because at the time of my birth they were already dead

My mother's maiden name was Howerton. She had two brothers and two sisters. Her brother's names were Otho and Bill. Her younger sister's name was Mary Ann. Mother had an identical twin sister named Odessa. My mother's full name was Ethel Ozella Howerton.

My father's full name was Van Wesley McCalister. He had two brothers and one sister. His oldest brother's name was John. His other brother's name was Reese. His sister's name was Isophene.

My mother's and my father's families were very clannish, a problem which in time lead to divorce. My mother's family all lived in Arkansas. My father's family also lived in Arkansas when I was born but a little later they moved to California.

When I was about 16 months old our family moved to California to the city of Santa Paula where my father's family lived. This did not last long because we were too far from my mother's family. As a compromise we moved to Clinton, Oklahoma.

My first memories grew out of the time we lived in Clinton. One memory I have is: my father kept his carpenter tools in his car. One night he forgot whether he had locked his car, so he ran out of the house barefooted, jumped off the front porch into the front yard, which had no grass. Instead the lawn was a lawn of goatheads. He jumped right in the middle of them. Needless to say, he didn't do that again!

A short time later, because the country was in the midst of the Great Depression, carpentry work was scarce in Clinton, so we moved to a farm in Custer City, Oklahoma. The farm was owned by a man named Evans. One thing I remember is that he had two sons who were in college. My father, who had only an eighth grade education, yet possessing teacher's credentials to teach school in Arkansas, was called on to help the boys with the college algebra.

Another memory of the time we lived on the ranch was of my father plowing and harrowing the wheat fields using a six-horse team. I liked to ride the harrow, but inevitably the time came when my foot slipped off the harrow; leaving me with a sore body, no life-threatening injury.

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When harvest time came my mother had the task of feeding all the men who work in the harvest. This entailed a whole morning of cooking and baking, as well as setting tables out in the yard under shade trees. I enjoyed these times because the meals were usually fried chicken, mashed potatoes, biscuits, and gravy. And, of course, home-made pies. Yum!

Mr. Evans raised a few sheep and a few pigs. One year a ewe died giving birth to twins. He gave me one to raise. Of course it became a household pet until it was almost grown. I would play with it in the yard, teasing it until anytime anyone came within range the sheep would butt him. That Fall we sold the sheep and my folks bought me my first three-piece suit.

I was also given a young pig one time. We raised it on a bottle and kept it in the house. I don't remember the outcome of the pig; I just remember having it.

When living on a ranch like we were the owner furnished several things; a house to live in, a cow to milk and her calf, which would be hours to butcher for beef. We were furnished feed for pigs and a certain number of chickens each year. My mother would hatch the chickens in incubators, then raise them to frying size, when she would kill them and can the meat. We also were given a garden spot in which we raised a lot of vegetables, which fed us through summer. My mother also canned enough to get us through the winter.

Another feature of our home site was a storm cellar. As you know, you need them in Oklahoma. This was where we stored the canned fruit and vegetables, as well as things like the potatoes.

I remember some time somewhere along the line Mr. Evans loaned us a pony. It was a small horse, not a Shetland pony, but larger. He had a very easy gait so riding him was almost like sitting in a rocking chair.

The house we lived in was quite modern for that time, it seemed. If I remember correctly it was sealed up outside and inside with lumber. The doors and windows fit tight because it's cold in Oklahoma. I don't remember what the lowest temperature was, but I remember one winter morning we woke up and my dad, whose bed was under the window, got a face full of snow when he uncovered his head because the snow had drifted in through the cracks in the window frame. When we went into the living room the snow I drifted in through the keyhole in the front door and was piled up from the floor all the way up to the keyhole.

That was also the winner we all had the itch. It's the only time we ever had an invasion like that. It was very contagious and swept through the community like measles or chickenpox. We broke out with a rash and it would itch like crazy. Mom would mix dry sulfur with petroleum jelly and we would spread this foul-smelling concoction all over our bodies. We slip in lawn long johns and socks to keep from getting it all over the bed clothes. In the morning I would dress by the stove and shake my socks and long johns over a red hot stove and my, would it sparkle! That was the only thing about the itch I thought was funny.

During the winter time my father would have to string ropes from the house to the hen house so he could gather eggs, and then to the barn so he could milk the cow and haul wood during a snowstorm, using the rope to find his way through the heavy snow.

We had a 1928 Dodge touring sedan at that time. In the wintertime Dad would take corncobs and pour a little bit of coal oil over them and build a fire under the oil pan of the car to heat the oil. Then he could crank the car to start it. I do not have many recollections of our life during much of this time. I do remember we had a round water tank three feet deep with a windmill that pumped water to fill the water tank, to furnish water for the stock. In the summertime I would go swimming in that water tank.

We used a cistern with stored water for the house. Gutters on the roof carried water to the cistern. In the early spring we would turn a diverter attached to the gutter and let the water from the roof wash it clean. Then we would close the diverter and run the water into the well. When the water began to get low it would get stagnant and full of wiggletales, something which look like tadpoles, only smaller. We would just strain them out of the water and go ahead and use it.

Three large granaries on the ranch where we lived were used to store wheat. A neighbor who lived near us had a boy about my age. Boys will be boys, and since nearly everyone else smoked, even though my dad didn't, except for an occasional cigar, we had to try it. We couldn't get tobacco so we used corn silks, coffee grounds and Indian tobacco. My friend and I would climb into the top of the wheat granary and smoke. We would bury the cigarette butts in the wheat. It's a wonder I didn't catch on fire or blowup something.

Just before we moved to Arkansas the farmer dumped the wheat onto trucks to take to market. When the last of that grain came down the chute with it came the cigarette butts my friend and I had hidden. Of course I got called to the truck immediately. My father said, "Son, you've been smoking in the wheat granary, haven't you? And of course I said, "No, not me." Dad said, "I don't have time right now to punish you for lying to me I won't punish you for smoking but I will for lying to me."

Almost immediately after that we moved to Arkansas to a town called Haines, a place in east central Arkansas not too far from Memphis, Tennessee. The depression was still going strong and there was no carpenter work so my father became a sharecropper. A sharecropper is a man who is permitted to farm between ten and twenty acres of land one-third share of the crops raised on that land.

The last name of our landlord was Roebuck. He provided my father with the tools for farming, a single mule, a house, a barn, a place to keep chickens, and a garden plot. When we first moved there the road was just dirt. Later it was upgraded to a gravel road. We thought we finally had it made living on the side of a gravel road with the house, barn, the chickens lots of eggs, and a place for a garden.

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Actually, the house was nothing to brag about. Before the depression the farmers would use the houses to house the black folks who were still there after slavery was abolished. They were the sharecroppers. The white landowners did not think they needed much, so they did not do much for them. The houses were usually four rooms with a fireplace, wood siding, tin roof and the ceiling sealed. It was a single walled and we would save all our rags throughout the summer and use them to stuff in the cracks in the siding to shut out the draft. Usually this was only done in the living room. The rest of the house was left cold.

I must point out the disadvantage of being a sharecropper. Mr. Roebuck, who owned the plantation, also owned the store. Everything we purchased was purchased from him: our groceries, medicine, farm equipment, seeds for planting, and a lot of our clothing. Then at the end of the year all these purchases were added up and subtracted from the proceeds of my father's third. If you are not a good man for keeping your own records you would always end up owing more than your third. My father was good in math and kept good records; therefore we came out just a little had each year.

We were finally back where my mother's folks lived and I became acquainted with all of my aunts and uncles and cousins on my mother side of the family. I have a lot of cousins!

I was probably about 8 years old or maybe younger and my memory is quite vague, but there are a few things I remember. I became quite close friends with one of my cousins, Vernon Jackson, who was about my own age. His family owned a very gentle mule which he and I would ride to various places such as the Black River to fish and swim. We also got into trouble together.

At the end of the first picking of cotton it was hauled to the gin. Anything over a bail remaining would be stored in a temporary shed and covered with a tarpaulin. Vernon and I had a habit of slipping around smoking and part of the time we would smoke where the cotton was stored. If someone came we would put out our cigarette butts and push them under the cotton. As you can see I wasn't the smartest kid, but neither was my cousin. Later the next picking of our cotton started and it was not long until Dad had a bale of cotton ready to go to the gin. After the wagon was filled Dad went to the storage shed and loaded what was left. Course, there were the cigarette butts Vernon and I thought we had hidden.

Again Dad called me aside and said, "You and Vernon have been smoking in the cotton shed, haven't you?. Of course like a good little boy I said, "No." Then he said, "You remember I promised you in Oklahoma last time I would not with you for smoking but I would for lying to me? This makes the second time you've lied to me about smoking and now I'm going to whip you for lying." I do not know why he had it and I do not know why it was so handy but he had several links of fine copper wire covered with a thick soft rubber. He folded together until it was about two feet long and then he proceeded to give me a whipping that I have never forgotten. The only problem was that it really didn't stop me from lying, or smoking.

Another memory I have at that time was the worst day of my life. One spring I became ill at school and was sent home. Since it was springtime and we were known to do it my mother said, "You have been eating green peaches, haven't you? I told her, "No, I have not." I just kept getting sicker. My stomach was upset. That night I had a high fever but don't remember the next two or three days because I went into a coma. I had taken bologna sandwiches for my school lunch and the bologna had spoiled. How my parents pulled me through is something I've never fully understood It was many years before I could eat bologna sandwiches.

We had a house with a fireplace and Mom cooked on a wood stove. Every year when the crops were laid by my father would go into the woods and begin cutting wood for winter. He would cut the trees down using a crosscut saw, which was about 8 feet long with a handle on each end. Two men would operate, one pulling one way and the other one pulling the other way. When the trees were cut down they would cut them up in the blocks, with one length for the fireplace in another shorter length for the cook stove. They would then load them up on a wagon and haul them to the house, stack them and let them begin to dry out. Later when he had time my dad would split them into the proper sizes for the fireplace and the stove.

One day while Dad was splitting wood I was running around jumping one block to the other. Dad said, "Son, you be careful or you're going to fall. But I just kept jumping from one block to the other. And he was right. I did fall and hit my nose on the edge of the block he had split. The next thing I remember was looking up and see him leaning over me picking small bits of bone out of my nose. He did a good job setting my nose and taping it well. It healed without being particularly crooked and what scar was there was covered when I started wearing glasses.

Another memory that I have: one year our cotton was about two inches tall and the weeds had grown up taller than the cotton. It was time to chop the cotton, a process by which you went in the field with a plow and plowed the dirt away from the cotton row and then people walked down the row chopping the weeds and thinning the cotton to the width of the hoe. Then you would go back in the field with the plow and plow all the dirt back up against the cotton rows.

It was during that time my Dad became extremely ill and had to stay in bed. When it looked like he would not be able to take care of the cotton my mother contracted her 2 brothers and 2 sisters asking them for help. They owned their own farms of about 40 acres each. They told Mom that when they finish their fields they would come and take care of ours.

The sharecropper who worked the place next to ours was a black man. One day as he was returning from town he stopped by our house. As was his custom, he came to the back door and knocked. Mom went to the door and he said, "Miz McAllister, I haven't

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seen Mr. McAllister in his field for several days and the weeds are about to take over. Is he sick or something?. Mom said, "Yes, he is very sick and we don't know when he is going to be able to get up and go back to work."

The neighbor left and returned to his own home, went into his fields of cotton, took his family, his mule and plow and moved in our fields and work them out before returning to his own fields. I suppose that did as much as anything to cure me of any prejudices when I became older. I found out that a black man was more compassionate to my family's needs than our own relatives. That may be one of the reasons I've never been clannish or tied to aunts, uncles, cousins or even my brother.

One of the winter staples in our food supply in those days in Arkansas was sorghum molasses. There were several kinds of sweet cane grown, but mostly it was sugar cane. This was used not only to make sugar but also syrup. This syrup taste very strong, so it was not what we used. We use sorghum cane. It makes a very mild syrup which is also very thick, especially in the winter when the weather turns cold.

Dad had a small patch of sorghum growing beside our house. When the cane was mature he would take wooden pieces shaped sort of like a sword and go along and strip the cane stalks clean of leaves. There was a black man who would go through our community each year with his large copper pot, about three feet wide and about eight feet long. He also had a juice mill that he hooked his mule to and the mule went round and round turning the juice mill. The juice out of the cane would run into the copper pot under which he kept a fire going. He would boil the juice until it was just the right thickness. Then he would drain it off into one gallon buckets. We would then use this during the winter on hot biscuits and butter. I still like my hot biscuits, butter and sorghum molasses, but the molasses is hard to find. People's tastes change and the market grow smaller and smaller. Few southern farmers make real sorghum molasses any more. Most of molasses today is made with at least part sugar cane and is not as good as it was when it was pure sorghum.

Only one other instance I remember: we attended the Missionary Baptist Church in Haines and one of the preachers who came by and preached for us occasionally was named J. L. Brown. He was an older man and sported a full beard. He wrote books for children also. I still have a copy of one of them, a book titled *Brown's Scraps*. Our home was always open to the preachers and Brother Brown came often to our home for dinner after church. I would sit on his lap, comb my fingers through his beard, listening to him quote me his *Brown's Scraps* or make up new ones just for me.

It was also at the church in Haines I memorized and quoted my first verse of Scripture for a youth meeting. I still remember the reference: Matthew 6:24: "For no man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and this despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

... I guess my dad had become tired of being around my mother's family so he started looking for another place to live. The car we had in Oklahoma had been sold or junked. So he hitchhiked back to Lawrence County close to where he and my mother had both been raised. He found a job on a farm and was paid a dollar a day. As my father walked and hitchhiked back home he wore out the soles of his shoes, patching them several times with cardboard.

The farm was owned by a man named Brady who had two sons. I remember little or nothing of the brothers, except one of them had no toes on one foot. His older brother was chopping wood and the younger brother would put his foot on the block of wood. His older brother told him that if he did that one more time he was going to lose part of his foot. The younger brother stuck his foot up there one more time and his brother chopped his toes off.

They furnished us the house, a place for garden and a place for chickens and pigs and the cow. This house was sealed on the inside. It was not sealed sheet rock or lumber but rather with a very heavy paper. The only thing recently that I have seen similar to it is the roles of paper that they put on the back of sheet rock when they manufacture it. Only that paper had flowers printed on it. It really didn't keep out much of the cold but it did stop all of the wind.

I don't remember exactly how and when we moved from Haines to Arbor Grove, but I do remember that my dad was always afraid someone was going to steal something. The night before we moved he put the chickens in a chicken coop, locked it, and left it in the hen house, which he locked. Dad was known for being a light sleeper, but that night someone broke the lock and stole the chickens, coop and all.

Even though I do not have a lot of memories of our stay in Arbor Grove I do remember some things which were very important to me. One important event I remember was that in May 1936 my brother Carroll David was born.

The other memory I have is that in August 1937 I was saved. This was the time of our summer revival at the Arbor Grove Missionary Baptist Church. I did not go to the altar when the invitation was given but at the end of the invitation the evangelist asked if anyone needed to be saved and would like for people to remember them in prayer. Several of us went forward and took the preacher's hand asking for prayer. After services my family loaded into the wagon and went home. I couldn't sleep that night and sometime after all of the family had gone to bed I got up and went outside. My father had a sweet potato patch right close to the house and I walked out into the sweet potato patch, knelt down, and asked the Lord to save me. He did!

The next day my father and I were walking somewhere and I was walking behind him. I said, "Dad, I was saved last night." He said, "oh." That was the only comment he ever made. I always wondered why he never said more. That same month I was baptized

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in the river.

I have just finished reading John Grisham's book *The Painted House*. He describes the life of a boy being raised in Arkansas near the same area where I was raised. He wrote of the parents of his main character waiting for the hill people and the Mexicans to make their annual trip to Arkansas to pick the cotton. In my time neither the hill people nor the Mexicans came to help pick the cotton. The cotton was picked primarily by those who lived on the farms.

Because of this our school year was broken into three sessions. We started to school in late summer. Then when harvest time came school was let out for two months, after which we came back for the winter session. Then after the Christmas break we would go to a spring session. That way all of the kids would be out of school to help with the harvest. Since I was only 10 years old my job was to sit in the shade and babysit my brother. As much as I hate to pick cotton I think I would rather have picked then to babysit.

For my 10th birthday I asked for a BB gun. I got a Daisy rifle. It had a hard trigger and I would pull it instead of squeezing it, making it always shoot to the right. My father said, "Here, let me show you how to shoot." The BB's came in a round red box about the size of a shotgun shell. My father said, "Stick your finger in the box and hold it out and I will shoot." I said earlier in this account that I was not very smart and this proves it. I put my finger in the box and held it out to my side and he shot my finger.

Well, suffice it to say we had a lot of fun of that winter with the BB gun. As the mice would run over the paper in the attic we would try to shoot them. It did not prove to be a better mousetrap, however, so no one beat a path to our door.

Just before winter set in the time came to butcher our meat for the winter and next spring. We ate very little beef back then, mostly pork. Sometimes Dad would buy a little beef and perhaps a little lamb. We also ate a lot of rabbits and squirrels, and we always had chickens, but pork was our main meat. As weather began to turn cool we prepared for butchering. This meant building a fire in the backyard and place in a 50-gallon drum in the fire filled about one half or two-thirds full of water. As soon as the water began to boil Dad would go shoot the hog. He would then slide the hog into the barrel of boiling water and let it set just a few minutes, then bring it out on some boards. He would take a hoe and begin scraping the hair off the whole hog. When he had scraped the hog as clean as he could with the hoe, he would take a knife and scrape off the hair he had missed. They would take the hog into the house to the dining table begin cutting it up. The head was cut off and put aside. Later it would be boiled and all the edible meat scraped off. This would be used to make head cheese.

We did not have freezers and the only way we could keep the meat was the salt down. This was done by putting a layer of salt on the bottom of a big box. Dad would then place a layer meat, another layer of salt and a layer of meat until the box is full. Then the top was placed on the box. This preserved our winter's meat. Sometimes, if we had a smokehouse, the bacons and hams would be smoked.

The trimmings and the shoulders were usually made in the sausage. All of the skin was cut up into small pieces, and along with the fat scraps were put into Mother's large cast-iron pot that she used to heat water in to do our laundry. The fat was cooked out of these skin and fat trimmings. The fat was then put in small buckets, sealed, and this supplied us with lard for our cooking until next year at hog killing time. The skin pieces and the scrap fat pieces with all the fat cooked out of them were called cracklings. These were used to snack on during winter and to mix with the bread dough, especially the cornbread to make crackling bread.

I remember the cold weather that winter. It became very cold and everything froze solid. We also had a lot of snow, so my father built me a sled. We had only flat ground but no hills to slide down, so he cut a broom handle into two pieces, drove a nail into one end of each of them. That way I could get on the sled, take the two poles with the nails in the ends and push myself over the snow. I had a lot of fun with that sled. It was so cold that winter the trees were free so solid that when the temperature dropped at night you could hear them crack like an explosion.

One of the memories of my youth is how hard my mother worked. Both Mom and Dad worked from dusk to dawn to dusk at hard, back-breaking labor. The old adage was certainly true in those days, "Man works from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done." Not only did she keep a clean, orderly house, but she also took care of the garden and the chickens, after working in the fields whenever needed.

One of the tasks so foreign to today's homemakers was the way women then would do laundry. Mom would build a fire under the big cast-iron pot which sat in the back yard, draw water from the well to fill it and a couple of # 2 wash tubs. She would heat the water to boiling in the pot and fill one of the tubs with

hot water. We would get our clothes very dirty in those days, so she would put them in the boiling water for a few minutes, stirring them with an old broom handle, and then put them in the other tub which had been filled with hot water. Using a rub board and strong lye soap, she would scrub them vigorously. Then she would rinse them in the clean water in the last tub, wringing them out by hand as much as possible, hanging them out on the clothesline strung up at the back of the house where the sun and wind could dry them. Sometimes in the winter this would take two or three days, because when she hung them up they would freeze. That meant leaving them hanging until they were thawed out and dry. After washing the clothes they would all have to be ironed with irons heated on the stove.

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To a generation which showers every day, this might seem strange, but baths were very special to me as a boy. There were no showers or bathtubs in the rural houses then, just a # 2 wash tub. Everything that was exposed was washed daily--face, hands, ears, neck and feet. Back when I was seven or eight I remember I had a cousin who so hated to wash his feet every night, he would wash one foot twice. Sounds stupid, but this was true.

Saturday night we got a full bath in the # 2 wash tub. We did not have Dove, Palmolive, or Irish Spring. We just had the regular laundry soap, very strong with lye. I guess the lye took care of the weeks accumulation of germs. We didn't have toothpaste either. We used either salt or baking soda on our toothbrushes. Interesting, isn't it, that it toothpaste marketed today is advertised to contain baking soda?

This may sound a little crude to those of you who read it today, but maybe it will help you to understand that, in many ways the "good old days" were not always that good.

While living in Arbor Grove I attended a two-room school house. The first four grades were in one room and the fifth through the eighth grades were in the other room. I was among the group in the younger grades. Schools were much different then than they are now. Then the teacher was in charge, and I do mean in charge. We did not have a principal--just the two teachers. The teachers desk was actually what we now call a library table with crossbars across the bottom. This was a very good place for the teacher to store the hickory switches. The only problem was they had to be replenished quite often. The teachers never threatened to use the switches. hey just used them.

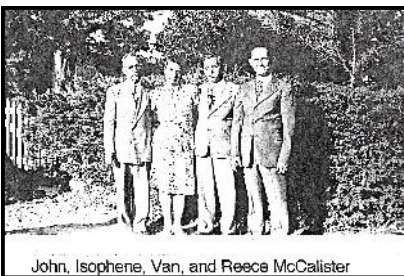
Across from the school was a country store owned by a man named Doc Neece. I don't know where the Doc came from because he was not a doctor. In the store he had a coke box. Remember, there was no electricity in that area then. Still, with just ice in the box the cokes were so cold that when you took the cap off the coke would turn mushy like shaved ice. And all this for just five cents.

Doc Neece had a daughter, an old maid, who was one of our school teachers. The Neece's attended the same church we did {the Arbor Grove Missionary Baptist Church}. This daughter also gave piano lessons. She offered to give me piano lessons if Mom would do her laundry each week. In my mind I thought that piano playing was just the girls. I said no way! I regretted that as soon as we got to California about one year later and I saw that my cousin Gerald could even play boogie-woogie.

We had no inside plumbing when we lived in Oklahoma or Arkansas. We had to use what we called an out house, which was placed away from the home so you could not smell it. It was just a hole dug in the ground with a small building built over it. A seat with two holes cut in it (one for adults, and a smaller one for children,) went across the back and a door was hung on the front. We did not even know what toilet paper was then, so we made good use of the Sears catalogues we received twice each year, one for the winter and one for the summer. When we got a new catalog we would take the old one out of the to the out house. Sometimes you would get to looking at the pictures and wishing for things you would almost forget what you were there for.

My father really never was cut out to be a farmer so, with the depression over, in the fall of 1937, I believe it was October, we packed up what we wanted to take with us and sold everything else. We caught a train in Hoxie and headed back to California. a few days later we arrived again in Santa Paula where my father's two brothers and his sister lived. It was there I saw my first indoor toilet furnished with toilet paper.

End of Chapter One



John, Isophene, Van, and Reece McCallister



Ozella, Van, and Lester McCallister, 1927



THE LIFE AND TIMES OF LESTER McALLISTER 1926—2002

CHAPTER 1—EARLY LIFE IN ARKANSAS
CHAPTER 2—THE SANTA PAULA YEARS
CHAPTER 3—THE EARLY TULARE YEARS, 1943-44
CHAPTER 4—THE WAR YEARS
CHAPTER 5—THE SEMINARY YEARS
CHAPTER 6—THE PASTORING YEARS
TULARE, CALIFORNIA 1954-1957
CHAPTER 7—BRENTWOOD, 1957-1961
CHAPTER 8—NORTH HIGHLANDS, 1961-1971
CHAPTER 9—THE ORANGE EXPERIENCE, 1971-1976
CHAPTER 10—SIMI VALLEY, 1977-1984
CHAPTER 11—BELLFLOWER YEARS, 1984—RETIREMENT
THIS COMB-BOUND MANUSCRIPT IS A FASCINATING READ.
PERHAPS IN FUTURE HISTORIANS, EACH CHAPTER WILL BE
PUBLISHED.
—RWC

LESTER E. McALLISTER

BIOGRAPHY WRITTEN BY MARY McCALISTER



Lester Ellison McCalister.

Born January 12, 1926, at Alicia, Arkansas. Saved in August, 1936 at Arbor Grove Missionary Baptist Church, just south of Hoxie, Arkansas. Baptized by the same church. Moved to Santa Paula, California in late fall, 1937.

...His father, V.W. McCalister, a Missionary Baptist deacon, and mother Ozella, contacted the Ford City Missionary Baptist Church, Taft, California, and Brother Walter Smith started coming to Santa Paula once or twice a month for mission services which were held in their home. These services were successful enough that the group rented a large tent and asked Bro. Bill Dowell, then pastor of La Habra Missionary Baptist Church, to preach for two weeks. At the end of that time the First Missionary Baptist Church of Santa Paula was organized.

In 1943 they moved to Tulare, California, and joined the Tulare Missionary Baptist Church. The following November, during the Northern California Missionary Baptist Association, he surrendered to preach.

He had already enlisted in the Navy with the provision he could finish the first semester of his senior year in high school, at which time he would have enough units to graduate. He went to San Diego for boot camp and served in the Navy for little over two years, most of that time spent in the Philippines. He was mustered out in February, 1946, and that Fall enrolled in Missionary Baptist Seminary in Little Rock, Arkansas.

In November that year the Mt. Tabor Missionary Baptist Church, located between Ola and Russelville, Arkansas called him as pastor and Antioch Missionary Baptist Church of Little Rock ordained him. He pastored Mt. Tabor for eighteen months.

Because of financial problems he returned to Tulare, California, where he worked to pay off some debts. While working he did about six months of mission work in Exeter, California. Then the Emmanuel Missionary Baptist Church of Bakersfield called him as pastor. He served them about a year and a half.

Because he had to re-enrolled in school by May, 1951, or loses G.I. supplement, he returned to Little Rock in April and re-enrolled in Seminary. In August 1951, he preached a revival for Unity Missionary Baptist Church, located between Benton and Hot Springs, after which they called him as pastor. He continued attending seminary, but moved into a house near the church so he could have more time to work with the church. During his stay they built a new church building, to replace an old school building they had been using as a meeting house.

In May, 1953, he received his Master in Bible Languages degree, and shortly after that the Tulare Missionary Baptist Church called him as pastor. His family returned to California and he pastored this church for more than four years. During that time the church was still associating with the California State Missionary Baptist Association, which he served as Assistant Moderator during his last year as pastor at Tulare.

In 1954 he was contacted by some good friends in the Bakersfield area whom he had pastored in 1950, who wanted a church in Oildale. He began going down to Oildale each Friday night to hold Bible studies. For awhile the pastor at Ford city missionary Baptist Church in Taft Assistant. Interest in the Bible studies grew until the group decided they were strong enough to organize a church. After a weeks revival a church was organized and they called A. D. Compton, Jr., as their pastor.

In September 1957, the First Missionary Baptist Church of Brentwood called him as pastor. It was while there he began working with the California Cooperative Association.

After four very fruitful years at Brentwood he accepted the call of the North Highlands Missionary Baptist Church, North Highlands, California. During almost ten years he spent there, they built the auditorium, the south wing, and a parsonage. The church grew from an attendance of less than 50 a to a record attendance of 214. They established a very successful bus ministry which is still being carried on by the church.

In 1966 he joined the faculty of the Missionary Baptist College in Sacramento, owned by Landmark Missionary Baptist Church, and served there for three years. The college was started while L. D. Perdue was pastor. When he joined the faculty Jim Wilkins was pastor.

In January, 1971, he accepted the pastorate of the Community Baptist Church in Orange, California. This congregation was meeting in one of the oldest buildings in Orange. However, the congregation was not that stable, and inroads were made by a group of young ministers who had accepted universal church teachings. Feeling he had lost his leadership position, he resigned the church in November, 1976.

Almost immediately the Simi Valley Missionary Baptist Church called him as pastor, and the family move there in December. He served this good church as pastor until 1985.

In 1984 Roy M. Reed asked him if he would come to California Missionary Baptist Seminary in Bellflower and serve as dean. He was reluctant to leave the church at Simi Valley, but his hearing loss had become quite acute. After agonizing for a long time over this decision, he decided in the spring of 1985 to make the change from pastor to Dean.

—Continued next page

LESTER E. McALLISTER

BIOGRAPHY WRITTEN BY MARY McCALISTER

—Continued from previous page

He had been serving on the faculty of CMBI during the years he pastored the Orange, continued serving during the time he pastored the church at Simi Valley, and served as Dean from the spring of 1985 until shortly before Bro. Reed's death. After Dr. I. K. Cross resigned and moved to Arkansas, at the request of the Bellflower Church and the CMBI trustees he took over as Administrative Vice President, where he served until the close of the school year, 1989.

In the fall, 1988, Bellflower church became interested in purchasing a youth camp from the Camp Fire Girls. They asked Lester to take over the monumental task of rebuilding and refurbishing the camp, which had been neglected by the Camp Fire Girls until it was in terrible condition. They renamed the camp Camp Metoche, and the following spring work was begun.

After 8 years of hard work the camp was restored to usefulness, able to handle 300 campers and a finisher furnish our people with excellent camp facilities for Missionary Baptist camps.

In the fall of 1996, at age 70 1/2, he retired from active ministry. The churches of California gave he and Mary a two-month trip to New Zealand as a retirement gift, a gift which could never be surpassed. Then they spent the summer of 1997 driving across the country in their motor home, up into Canada, and back west across the country. They were privileged to visit many of our churches along the way.

However, this retirement lasted only a year and 3 months. The First Landmark Missionary Baptist Church of El Centro called Lester as interim pastor, where he served until the fall of 1999, when he resigned and moved to Ventura where he now lives.

The Cooperative Association was very good to Lester during all his years of associating with California churches. He was asked to serve on the committee which established the current mission policy. He served on the standing missionary committee, serving as treasurer, chairman of the committee and was elected to serve as a California representative on the standing missionary committee of the ABA. He served two years a moderator of the messenger meeting, preach the annual sermon two times and served several years on the Hume Lake Pastors' Conference committee

He feels he has a very close relationship to our California churches, and appreciates the fact that he is made to feel welcome wherever he goes. As far as he is concerned, there is no better group of churches anywhere in the world. As a retired pastor, he now enjoys teaching an Adult Bible Class at Calvary Missionary Baptist Church, Santa Paula, and accepts preaching appointments to fill in when he is called to do so.

Lester married Mary Sloan April 10, 1944. They have five children, Michael, David, Kathie, Philip, and Becky, thirteen grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

Filed in the Archives April 20, 2004



L. E. McCalister's CMBI Application For Admission

new student
 re-enrolling student
 student
 years of previous attendance _____

APPLICATION FOR ADMISSION

CALIFORNIA MISSIONARY BAPTIST INSTITUTE AND SEMINARY
 P. O. BOX 848 - 9246 ROSSER
 BELLFLOWER, CALIFORNIA 90706

attach
 small
 photo
 here

Date _____

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS: Please print in ink or type all information, answering all questions. With this application, enclose a \$10.00 fee, which will be refunded if you are not accepted for admission, but will be retained by the school if you fail to register. Please request transcripts from high school and colleges you have attended. Have three people who know you well send a letter of recommendation to CMBI.

NAME McCalister Lester Ellison PHONE # 639-4147
LAST FIRST MIDDLE Maiden

ADDRESS 1002 E. Trenton Orange Calif. SEX M
STREET AND NUMBER CITY STATE

Soc. Sec. # 564-26-2330 Age 46 Birthdate 1-12-24 Birthplace Alicia Ark

Marital status Single Married Divorced Separated Widowed

Citizen of US? yes If no, citizen of what country? _____ "F" Visa Visitor Immigrant

Selective Service # _____ Classification _____ Date _____

Local Board # _____
STREET AND NUMBER CITY STATE

Have you served in the Armed Services? yes Branch of Service? Navy

Date of Discharge 2/23/46 Type of Discharge Hon.

Do you plan to apply for G. I. Benefits? NO C # _____

Name of parent or guardian _____ Relationship _____

Address _____ City, State, Zip _____

Church where you hold membership Community Missionary Baptist

Address 192 SO. ORANGE ORANGE CA 95667

Do you use tobacco? NO, liquor? NO, narcotics? NO Do you plan to continue such? _____

Do you agree with the Doctrinal Statement of CMBI? yes

What Christian work are you doing? Pastor

Do you agree to abide by the Christian Standards of Living expected by CMBI? yes

What influenced you to apply to CMBI? _____

What is your purpose in attending? _____

Are you a minister? yes Ordained Licensed () by Antioch M.B.C. Little Rock Ark

L. E. McCalister's CMBI Application For Admission

APPLICATION FOR ADMISSION, page 2

Your educational objective: Uncertain (), One or two years (), Degree: Th. A. (), Th. B. (), Th. M. (), Th. D. , other, _____

LIST ALL SCHOOLS ATTENDED (high school and above) and provide transcripts from each.

school	address	years	course	degree	date
TULARE U.H.S.	East TULARE ST. TULARE CALIF.	4		grad.	1944
Missionary Baptist Sem	Little Rock Ark	4		GBL SBL MBA	1948 1952 1954
MISSIONARY BAPTIST COLLEGE	SACRAMENTO Ca.	3		-	194-67

List activities participated in, offices held, honors received, etc.: _____

Has any institution of higher learning dismissed you or placed you on probation? No.

If yes, explain: _____

Give complete name and address of your pastor and business men or teachers who know you well:

Rev. _____

Mr(s). _____

Mr(s). _____

List complete name and address of three credit references:

1st National Bank, Fustan & Callings, Orange Ca
Bank of America, Fustan & Chapman Branch, Orange Ca
Cracker Bank, Fustan & Muts, Orange Ca

Give a short account of your conversion experience: I was saved in a service meeting in Arbor Grove Missionary Baptist Church, Walnut Ridge Ark in 1936 was baptized by the same church and surrendered to preach at the Cal. Missionary Baptist Association at Kernburg in Nov. 1943.

I certify that the statements in this application are true and complete to the best of my knowledge and that I have attended no institution other than those listed. I realize that any false statements on this application will warrant immediate dismissal. If admitted I agree to abide by all rules and regulations.

APPLICATION FEE

Check ()
 Money order ()
 Cash ()

Signature: L. E. McCalister Date: 4/20/72

Rec'd by _____
 Date _____

Lester E. McCalister

Moderator's Address—1988

Designed For Service

Cooperative Association of Missionary Baptist Churches of California



Resting in the harbor at Long Beach, California is one of the grandest ships that ever sailed the seven seas. The Queen Mary, that stately regent of the sea, is now a museum piece.

The enormous engines that would drive her through the rough storms and the dependable navigational equipment have all been stripped away. Souvenir shops now line the decks and the cabins have been converted to hotel rooms. What once was the finest sea liner of all time is now a favorite spot for conventions and high school proms.

When you walk on board the Queen Mary you are greeted by what appears to be a British crew. But I soon learned that the men and women are actually actors and actresses hired to play the part of officers and crew with studied British accents.

The one thing the Queen Mary cannot do now is fulfill the reason for which she was built--to sail the high seas!

Everything appears the same, yet nothing is the same. The vessel has become a monument to past glory.

Sad to say, many of the Lord's churches, like the Queen Mary, seem to be moored in a safe harbor, not taking any chances or making any waves, pleased just to be holding their own.

The prophet Haggai found Judah in the same circumstances when he arrived in Jerusalem to finish the restoration of the Temple. The work on the restoration had stopped. The people had used the imported material to finish their own homes and had stopped all work on the Temple. Their excuse was, "it is not the time."

This same attitude is very evident today in many churches, both in the church members and their pastors. "The time is not right ...", "After all, these are the last days and the falling away spoken of is so great there is no need of trying anything."

Also, just as Judah had used that which was meant for Temple use, we have used that which belongs to God upon ourselves, an evidence of our selfishness. We live better, have more, work a shorter work week, than any other time in the history of man. Yet we have less and less to be used for God and His cause.

In Haggai Two, God gives us two other reasons why God's house has been forsaken. The first one was because of jealousy. Judah could not match the glory of the original Temple. They were jealous of this past glory. They wouldn't even try to do something with what they had. Their attitude was much like the attitude of a man who is jealous of another man, who, he thinks, is paying attention to his wife. Instead of correcting his ways and showing her more attention and love, he begins to become abusive to both the other man and his wife, whom he says he loves.

Do we not see this same attitude in churches and pastors today? They are envious and jealous of the past, or of those who have found ways of doing God's work with some measure of success. But, instead of seeking ways to improve and implementing needed changes, of doing something to make this "present" the admirable "past" for future generations, they just sit around finding fault, or looking for errors they can expose. After all, the Lord never intended for us to grow or be big, did He? So if we grow and prosper, then we must be doing something wrong.

The second reason for God's judgment upon Judah was that they showed contempt for the present. If they could not match the past glory of the Temple they would just go home and do nothing.

Many pastors and churches have been frustrated by this same attitude. "We can't do much, so why try at all?" Yet, there is no reason why God's people and especially the people of His churches cannot reach newer and greater heights than ever before. We have the same God. The same Holy Spirit empowers His churches. We have even greater means available than ever before. Certainly the opportunities are greater than they have ever been.

Haggai encouraged Judah with a twofold attack on their discouragement: (1) the assurance of the presence of the living God (Haggai 2:4); and the assurance of God's promises (2:5-9). Haggai reminded the people that an unclean heart will contaminate everything it touches; that you cannot produce a holy heart by holy activity. We must never forget that God begins with the heart. He wants hearts that are pure, holy, and loving. Success is not a long-term cure for discouragement. True success is the result of hearts given wholly to God and people living lives dedicated to the worship and service of God.

Like the Queen Mary, our churches were meant for high adventure on the high seas. They are not museum pieces of past glory, but restored and refurbished ships ready to set sail on the turbulent waters of our time.

Our ministries and programs are not meant to be like souvenir shops to keep alive a memory, but members of a crew getting ready to sail with a mission.

We are not actors pretending to sail, but experienced seamen eager to get out of the harbor and back to sea.

The task for our churches in our time is to put the engines back into the shop, clear the decks of the souvenirs, and start sailing again!



Pages 10 - 12

Lester E. McCalister

Moderator's Address—1989

Let's Go On The Offensive

Cooperative Association of Missionary Baptist Churches of California

"The gates of hell shall not prevail against her." We as Missionary Baptists always rejoice when we hear a brother preach on the perpetuity of the Lord's church, and we have every right to such rejoicing, for no other people on the earth can rightly lay claim to the fact that, from the time of John the Baptist to the time of this great messenger meeting today, God has so protected her that "the gates of hell have not prevailed."

LET'S GO ON THE OFFENSIVE Matthew 16:18



We meet here today as living proof that God keeps His promises. It has been estimated that during the Dark Ages alone, more than fifty million Baptists like us were martyred by paganized Christianity, Satanic forces trying to prevail against the Lord's church. To the best of my knowledge no one has ever tried to estimate how many New Testament church saints gave their lives for a testimony of their faith in the first three or four centuries of her existence, or how many lives were taken by those of the Reformation: Luther, Calvin, Knox, the Church of England, and others. But thank God, the gates of hell could not prevail.

But I fear we of the latter part of the twentieth century have forgotten there is another great promise in these words of Jesus in Matthew 16. We have become so concerned with defending the faith—and we should always be ready to defend the faith—but it is high time we go on the offensive for it. Jude instructs us to "contend for the faith once delivered to the saints." To contend means more than to defend. It also means to advance toward the enemy. We have heard the terms "last day falling away" and "Laodicean church age" until we have withdrawn, circled the wagons, and sought protection under them as we arrayed ourselves to defend these great truths to the death. It is time we heard our Head as He says, "Go!" We must go on the offensive. James says to "resist the devil and he will flee from you." It is time that we put our offensive team on the field. The same power is available to us as was available to those of the church

In Jerusalem and they reached thousands with the Gospel. When persecutions came, Instead of entrenching and assuming a defensive position, they went on the offense and went everywhere preaching the Gospel, and, sure enough, the gates of hell could not prevail against them. Tradition tells us that by the end of the first century all the known world had heard of Christ.

If the churches at Ephesus, Philippi, Corinth, and others had just assumed a defensive position. where would we be today? When persecutions came upon the churches In the Dark Ages, did they draw back Into defensive positions? No! Even though It often meant leaving their homes, farms, and loved ones, they went on the offensive, spreading the good news of the Gospel everywhere they went, widening the reach of the Gospel ever wider. When opposition became Intolerable and the New World opened up and offered new opportunities, they again went on the offensive. Again the gates of hell fell before them and they, against great odds, came to America. By their offensive action they opened the way for us to enjoy the blessed freedom of this assembly today.

Let us pledge now to rise up--go on the offensive--attacking, In God's name, the very gates of hell with the Gospel. Instead of retreating to a defensive position, and growing smaller year by year, let us again pray for missionaries, and pray for church members who are living away from the locale of their home churches, to become burdened for a church in their own back yards. Let us defend, with our very lives if necessary, the blessed "faith once delivered to the saints," but let us also rise out of our foxholes and go on the offensive. Those gates of hell cannot stand against the attack of the truth. LET'S GO ON THE OFFENSIVE!



Pages 7 - 8

Bro. McCalister has served our Local And State Associations in a variety of offices.

Lester E. McCalister

The CMBI Years



1972



1973

L.E. McCalister

Brother L. E. McCalister teaches Defense of the Faith, Homiletics, and Parliamentary Law at C.M.B.I. He also directs chapel during the Thursday and Friday sessions.

He was born in Arkansas and raised in western Oklahoma. He came out to California at the age of eleven. In August 1937, the Arbor Grove Missionary Baptist Church in Floxie, Arkansas baptized him.

After spending time in service during the war, Bro. McCalister attended the Missionary Baptist Seminary in Little Rock. He was awarded a Graduate of English Bible, a Graduate of Bible Languages, and a Master of Bible Languages at that Institute.

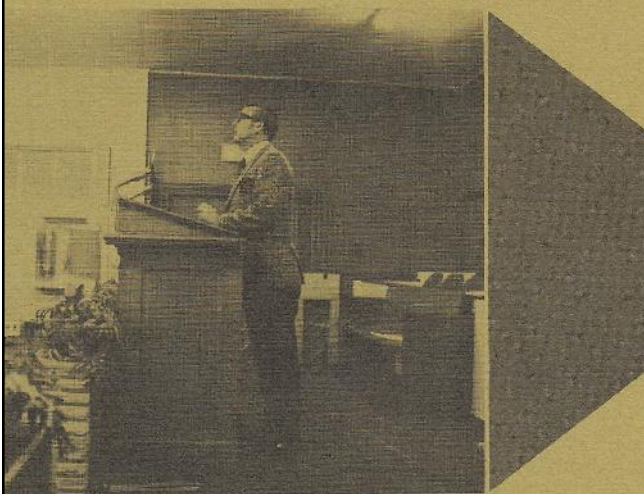
Bro. McCalister pastored 3 churches in Arkansas and 4 churches in California before going to the pastorate of Community Baptist Church in Orange, California in 1971.

1974 Faculty Photo



L. E. McCalister
Pastor: Antioch Missionary Baptist Church of Orange, Defense of the Faith, Homiletics, Parliamentary Law, Chapel.

IN DEDICATION



Because of this dedication to the training of young preachers, the Annual Staff is proud to dedicate this annual to Brother L. E. McCalister, a man known for his unyielding optimism and enthusiasm. He is highly respected as a pastor, evangelist, and teacher.

Born in Arkansas, Brother McCalister is the son of a Missionary Baptist deacon. He surrendered to preach when he was 17, and entered the Missionary Baptist Institute of Little Rock in 1946. There he received the degrees: Graduate of English Bible, Graduate of Bible Languages, and Master of Bible Languages.

He and his wife have five children, one of which is a deacon, another is a preacher. He has pastored churches in Arkansas and California and is currently pastor of Antioch Missionary Baptist Church of Orange.

Brother McCalister has been on the CMBI faculty for three years and is currently teaching Homiletics, Defense of the Faith, Parliamentary Law, and is in charge of Chapel during the Thursday and Friday sessions. In addition, the CMBI student body has elected him as their Faculty Advisor.

In the years ahead, CMBI students can look back and thank God for men such as L. E. McCalister.



1945--Brother and Sister McCalister with Brother L. D. Perdue and Brother Roy M. Reed.



Baptismal service while pastor of Unity Missionary Baptist Church of Benton, Arkansas.



1946--Student at the Missionary Baptist Institute.



1968--Pastor of Tulare Missionary Baptist Church, Tulare, California.



1961--Pastor of Highlands Missionary Baptist Church, North Highlands, California.

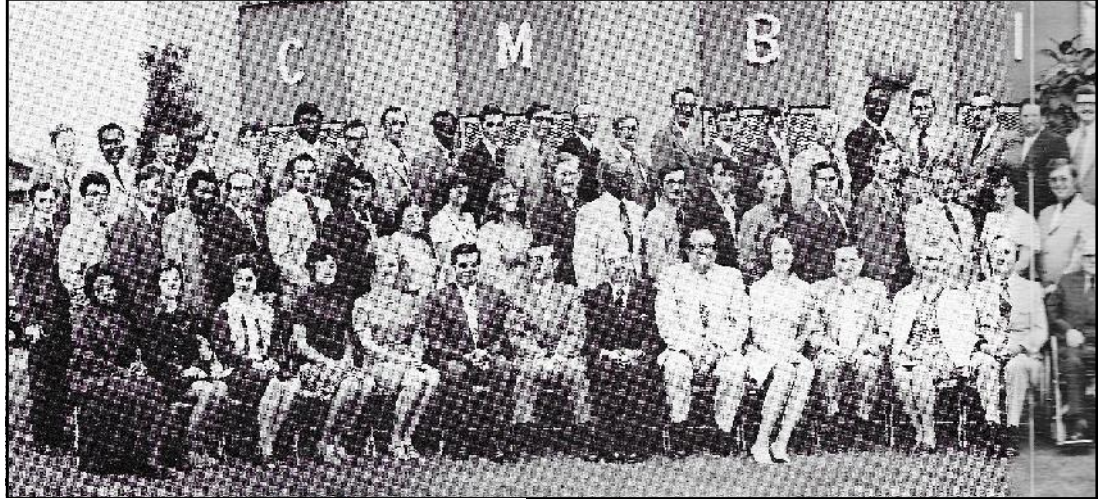
1974 Yearbook Pages All Green Colored

Lester E. McCalister The CMBI Years



L. E. McCALISTER
Defense of the Faith, Parliamentary Law, Homiletics: Orange, Ca.

1975



Pastor
L. E. McCALISTER

ANTIOCH MISSIONARY

BAPTIST CHURCH

192 S. Orange St.
Orange, California
Sponsoring Japanese Missions



Missionary
CLARK STEPHENS



Members of the Missionary Committee

D. S. Madden, Ray Bynum, George Walton, L. E. McCalister, June Godbehere



L. E. McCALISTER
Ministerial and Bible Interpretation Department



You want to make that two out of three?



1976



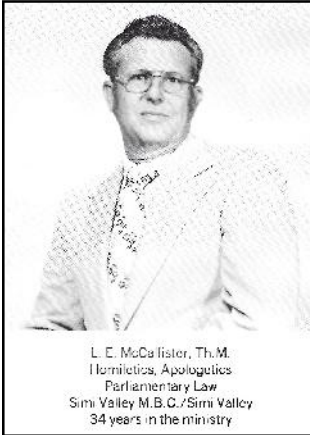
1977



1976-77 Officers

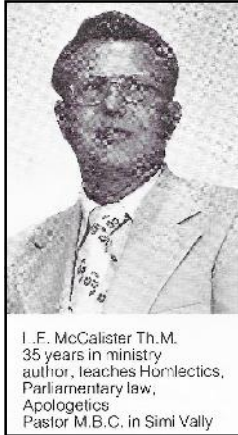
Wayne Beene, L. E. McCalister, Dale Baldrige, Roy Reed, Ron Wilson, E. A. Sharver, Martin Canavan, John McClung, Larry Reeves, J. W. Godbehere, I. K. Cross, D. S. Madden

Lester E. McCalister The CMBI Years



L. E. McCalister, Th.M.
Homiletics, Apologetics
Parliamentary Law
Simi Valley M.B.C./Simi Valley
34 years in the ministry

1978



I. F. McCalister Th.M.
35 years in ministry
author, teaches Homiletics,
Parliamentary law,
Apologetics
Pastor M.B.C. in Simi Vally

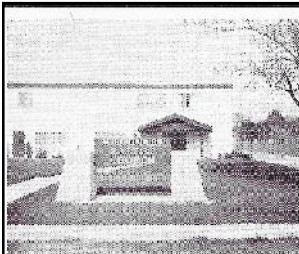
1979



L.E. McCALISTER Th.M.
36 years in Ministry
Homiletics
Parliamentary Law
Ministerial Practicalities
Apologetics
Pastor M.B.C. Simi Valley

MARY McCalister G.B.C.
English Composition
English Grammar

1980



**SIMI VALLEY
MISSIONARY BAPTIST
CHURCH**

4495 Barnard St
(805) 527-2096

Pastor L.E.
McCalister

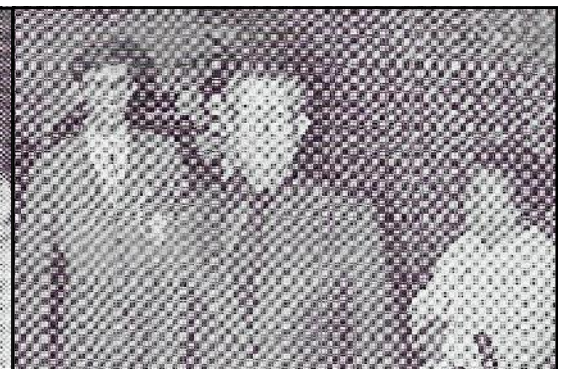
**SPONSORING
PHILIPPINE
MISSIONS**



1982



Lester McCalister, Simi Valley



All photos either number are year of CMBI banquet.

1981



Lester E. McCalister The CMBI Years

Study
To show
Thyself
Approved



**SIMI VALLEY MISSIONARY
BAPTIST CHURCH**

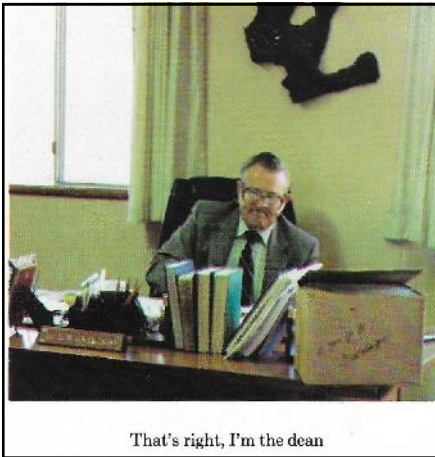
**SPONSORING:
Philippine Missions**

4495 Bernard, St.
(805) 527-2096



L. E. McCALISTER
Pastor

1985



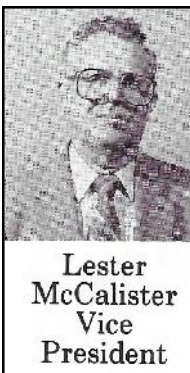
That's right, I'm the dean



Hey look they're taking a picture.



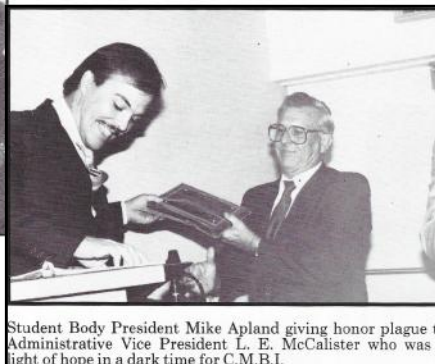
1986



Lester
McCalister
Vice
President



1987



Student Body President Mike Apland giving honor plaque to Administrative Vice President L. E. McCalister who was a light of hope in a dark time for C.M.B.I.



Lester E. McCalister

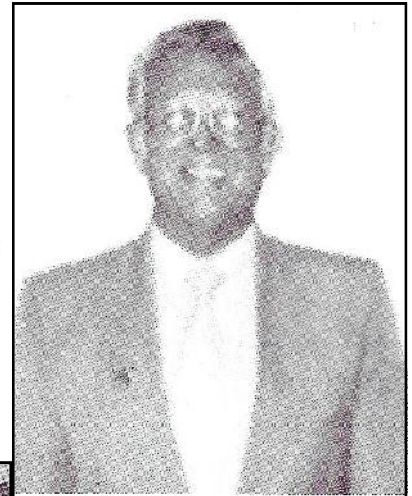
The CMBI Years

1987

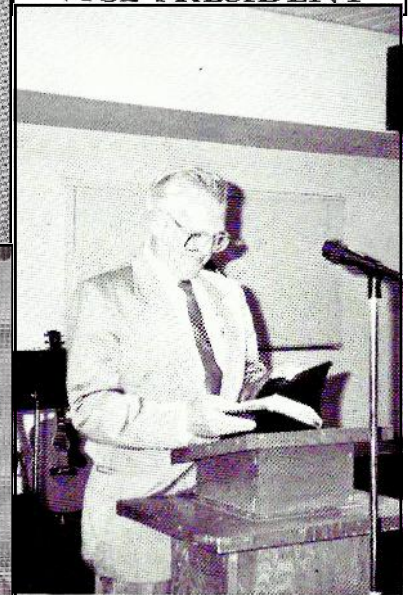


THE BAPTIST SENTINEL IS A LABOR OF LOVE. No one really gets paid for its publication. The printer produces it each month at his actual cost because he believes in what we are trying to do. The editor does the work of preparing the copy, and receives nothing in addition to what he is paid for his other work as school administrator and instructor. All the personnel involved in seeing that an interesting and informative publication goes into the mail each month do so because they feel it is an important part of the ministry of the California Missionary Baptist Institute & Seminary. It is circulated literally around the world, and its message reaches thousands each month.

The cost of publication, including postage, continues to climb, and this work is kept going at a minimal cost to the readers because of the contributions of churches and individuals who, like those who produce it, believe it is worth the investment.



LESTER McCALISTER
VICE-PRESIDENT



Bro Mac received a bible



L.E. McCalister



"If only they knew"



For the last time

1989



Lester & Mary McCalister

Lester E. McCalister The Baptist Sentinel



T SENTINEL December, 1982



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION OFFICERS from left are: Clerk, Tom Van Ginkel; Mission Treasurer, Larry Clements; 1983 Annual Sermon, Joe Steddum; Parliamentarian, L. E. McCalister; Ass't Mission Treasurer, Mike Olson; Moderator, Otis Dees; Ass't Moderator, John McClung; and Ass't Clerk, Terry Parsons. Those not present for the photo: Ass't Parliamentarian, Roy M. Reed; 1983 Mission Sermon, Jorge Torrentes; Alternate for Mission Sermon, Joe Duke; and Alternate for Annual Sermon, K. D. Ward.

T SENTINEL May, 1983



LOOK 'EM OVER. These are the officers and speakers elected for the 1984 meeting. From left, Robert Williams, moderator; Tim Sullivan, mission sermon; Bill Fritz, ass't moderator; L. E. McCalister, ass't parliamentarian; Monroe Patterson, annual sermon; Arthur Richardson, evangelistic sermon; D. W. Bergstrasser, ass't clerk; Pat Christian, ass't moderator; Larry Clements, clerk; Bill Hoppert, publicity director; David Butimore, music director, and Bill Cooper, youth committee. Not present for the photo were Roy M. Reed, parliamentarian; Lester Scott, ass't publicity director, and Al Telruo and Ken Hosman, on the youth committee.



IT HAS BEEN 40 YEARS since these two men surrendered to the gospel ministry on the same night in a service at the Missionary Baptist Church, Tulare, CA. Their names - if there are any who don't know - are L. E. McCalister and Roy M. Reed. Their ministries speak boldly for their service in their calling. At the same service Bro. Art Harris also surrendered to the call of the ministry. His picture was not available.

May, 1984



HEY! IT'S THEIR 40TH. Yes, indeed, Pastor and Mrs. (Mary) McCalister celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary on March 24. Pastor McCalister serves the Simi Valley Baptist Church. Hope I look that good when I'm 40 - Sic!

May, 1984




STATE ASSOCIATIONAL OFFICERS AND SPEAKERS from left, Robert Williams, Moderator; Tim Sullivan, Mission Sermon; Bill Fritz, First Assistant Moderator; Lester McCalister, Assistant Parliamentarian; Monroe Patterson, Introductory Sermon; Arthur Richardson, Evangelistic Sermon; Dieter Bergstrasser, Assistant Clerk; Pat Christian, Second Assistant Moderator; Larry Clements, Clerk; Bill Hoppert, Publicity Director & Host Pastor; David Butimore, Music Director; Bill Cooper, Assistant Music Director.

Lester E. McCalister The Baptist Sentinel



L. E. McCalister Named Dean



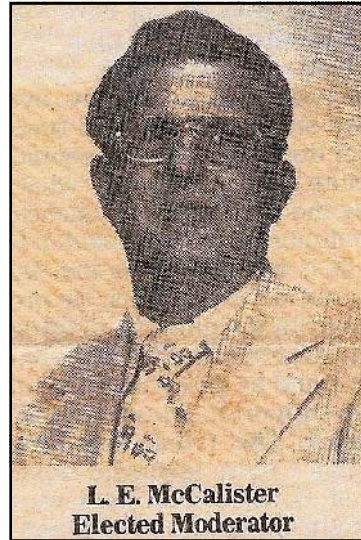
Dr. L. E. McCalister

By unanimous recommendation of the faculty and trustees of CMBI, and a unanimous vote of the church, the First Missionary Baptist Church of Bellflower, Ca., has selected Dr. L. E. McCalister to become dean of the California Missionary Baptist Institute & Seminary. He will begin his duties here on May 1.

We have had no dean at the school since Bro. Clements left us in the late summer last year. During this interim Bro. Carl Farrar, our dean emeritus, has continued to serve, and Mrs. Canavan has done much of the work in addition to her other duties.

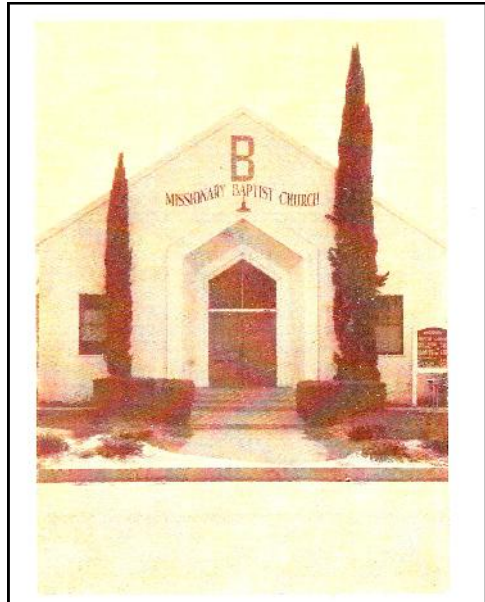
Bro. McCalister has been pastor of the Missionary Baptist Church of Simi Valley for the last several years. He will move to the Bellflower area as soon as he can complete housing arrangements, and will commute until such time as moving arrangements are complete. We are looking forward to his coming to give his talents and experience to the school work. We need a man of experience very much right now and it seems God had led Bro. McCalister to us. We ask you pray for him and to continue to support the school in every way you can as he labors with us. We have some fine young students in the school and we would like to have more. Pray the Lord of the Harvest that He will send more laborers into the field - young men who will give themselves completely to the ministry of the gospel.

April, 1985



May, 1987

Other Clippings



Tulare Missionary Baptist Church, which I pastored from 1953 to 1957.

Other Clippings



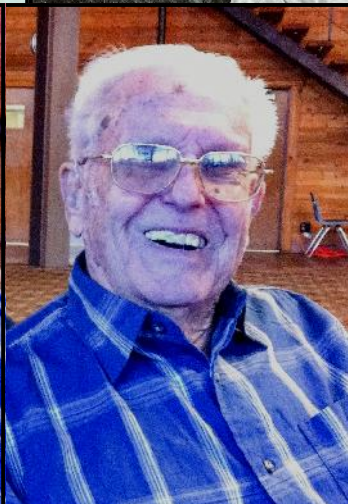
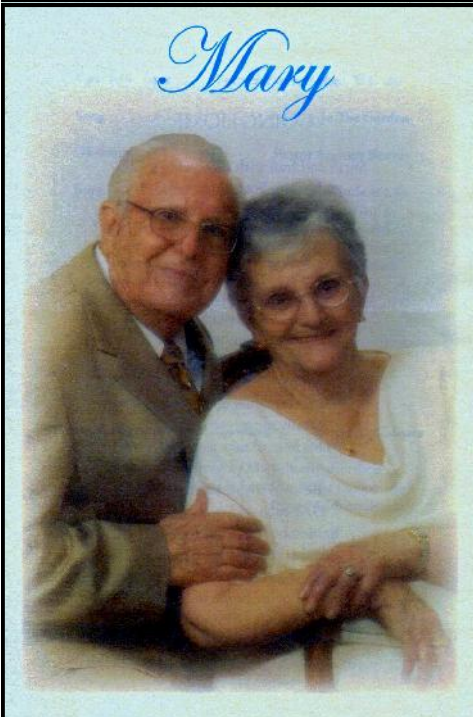
BACK IN—The Rev. and Mrs. Lester McCalister, who grew up in Tulare, returned here Tuesday. He will be pastor of the Missionary Baptist Church, Kern and California streets. (Advantage-Register photo.)

Former Tulareans Return To Take Over Local Church

The Rev. Lester McCalister, who grew up in Tulare, will deliver the first sermon of the new church at 10:30 a.m. His new pastorate, the Missionary Baptist Church, Kern and California streets, will occupy the building which was formerly the home of the late Mrs. Ray Steen, who died in 1957. The couple has four children, Michael, six; David, four; Ruth, three; and Phillip, eight months. They will occupy the building at 10:30 a.m. Tuesday. The Rev. and Mrs. McCalister, who grew up in Tulare, returned here Tuesday. He will be pastor of the Missionary Baptist Church, Kern and California streets. (Advantage-Register photo.)



McCalister Photo Gallery

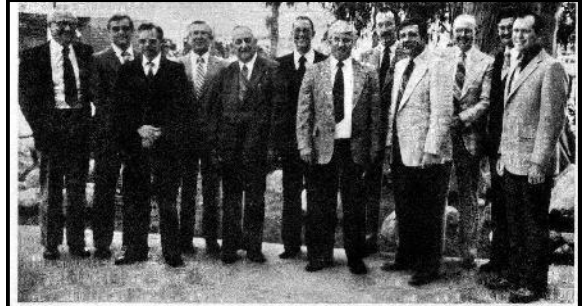


Hume Lake Fun

McCalister Photo Gallery



1960 Highlands MBC—Ground Breaking

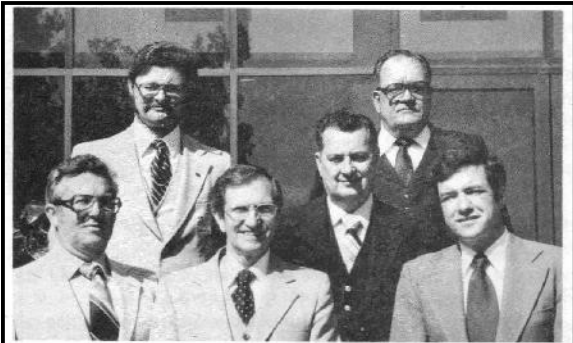


OFFICERS AND SPEAKERS FOR 1984: From the left are: Robert Williams, Tim Sullivan, Bill Fritz, L. E. McCalister, Monroe Patterson, Arthur Richardson, D. W. Bergstrasser, Pat Christian, Larry Clements, Bill Hopper, David Butimore, and Bill Cooper.

1983 Officers—Cooperative Association



1968 Officers—Cooperative Association



Left to Right
L.E. McCalister, Dave Butimore, J.C. Pack, J. W. Godbehere,
D. S. Madden, Larry Clements

**1994 Officers
Cooperative
Association**



1981 - 1982 OFFICERS



McCalister Photo Gallery



1965 Missionary Baptist College—Sacramento

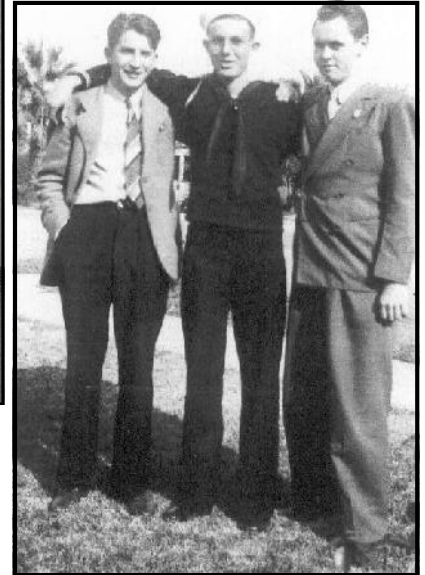


1980 CMBI Yearbook



1987 CMBI Yearbook

From Archives File



L. D. Perdue, L. E. McCalister, & Roy Reed
Circa 1944



Mission Treasurer
L. E. McCalister
Box 651
Brentwood, California

1961 Coop



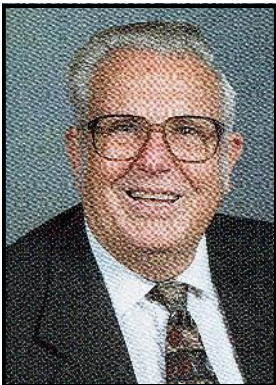
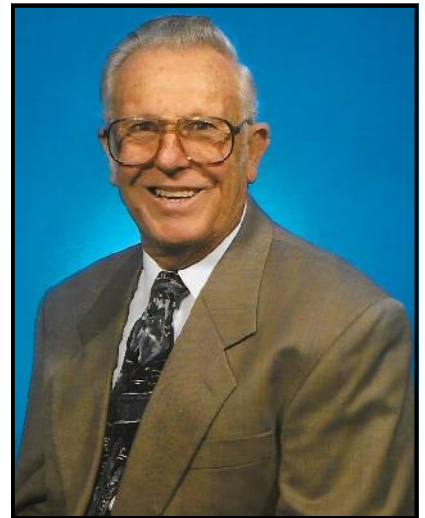
L. E. McCalister
Treasurer

1964 Coop

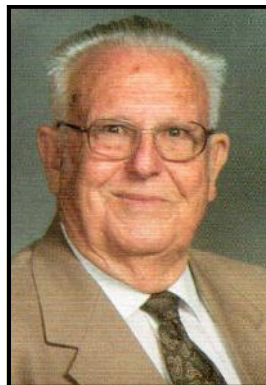


Standing, left to right: Roy Reed, Ray Owen, Clifford Pack, Martin Canavan, Dewey Caves, Paul Magness, John Wilkins, L. M. Branch, Hoyt Chastain. Seated, left to right: James Wilkins, Bill Hoppert, Lester McAlister.

1966 Coop



2000 ABA
Photo Directory



2005 ABA
Photo Directory



2003 Cooperative Assn



2004 Cooperative Assn



2012 Sac. Valley
Association

McCalister Photo Gallery



**2012 Sacramento Valley
Missionary Baptist
Association**

So. Cal. Cooperative Association



California Missionary Baptist Institute—Bellflower, CA

*L. E. McCalister
Pastor, Educator, Editor, Camp Director & Builder
He has cast a long shadow in California*

Our California Baptist Ladies At our State Association Meeting in Redding 2017



—Baptist Ladies Information Request—

1. Full name:
2. Date and place of birth:
3. Parents names:
4. Marriage details:
5. Children:
6. When and where saved:
7. When baptized:
8. Where baptized (name and address of church or other location):
9. Pastor who baptized you:
10. What church offices have you held?
11. Are you a singer or musician?
If so, what instrument/instruments played:
12. What Associational offices have you held? Local, State, National?
13. Schools or seminaries attended (year, name, location):
14. Degrees or Major (degree, school, year):
15. Books, tracks, articles written (name, date):
16. What Bible character do you most identify with?
17. Secular jobs:
18. Cities lived in:
19. Secular training:
20. Military service:
21. Hobbies or interests and activities:
22. Additional comments: (Items standing out in mind from any time in life)

Please send Completed Information Request and Photo to:

Robert W. Cullifer
Lbfolsom@aol.com
or 1413 Sebastian Way—Sacramento, CA 95864

Send Us Your Photos!