

Baden's Story

My Dad, Baden, was the son of Samuel and Edith Mick, born in Cobden Ontario in 1913. He spent his younger years there and then the family moved to Moorefield. He later went to Orangeville, Ontario to College. He then went to Lima, New York to attend Elim Bible Institute for 2 years and received his ordination as a minister there.

At that time he went to help his parents now on a farm near Drayton Ontario, and opened a non-denominational church nearby in Holland, Ontario, at about 20 years of age.

Around 1934 (21 years old) , he began travelling by "Shanks Pony" with a friend named Ross Schwindt, towards northern Ontario. They stopped along the way at any settlement that did not have the gospel to hold meetings in houses, or town halls. They made their way north, past North Bay and on to a small place called Nellie Lake, near Cochrane. At that time in 1934 Nellie Lake had about 12 families, 1 grocery store, a post office in a home, set on railway line. There they found an old log church that had been abandoned, so they set to work to clean it up and opened up for meetings. They were able to find work on the road crews nearby to earn a living while planting this church. By this time he was 22 years old. A 14 year old girl named Avis Riness lived back in the bush with her family and she heard about these 2 young men holding meetings in town. They met soon after and in 1936 they were married at Iroquois Falls, Ontario.

Baden and Avis then moved down to Moorefield area to help his parents, Sam and Edith on the farm for awhile. They assisted pastoring a church in Harriston at this time. Eventually they moved near Paris, Ont. to help build Braeside pentecostal camp. They heard many missionary stories while here and both felt a deep burden for the people of the poorest country in the world- Mozambique, South Africa.

They then moved to Norwich and worked and held house meetings. There their first child was born in 1937, Mountiford (Ford). They had previously decided to go overseas and had been preparing to go to Mozambique as missionaries, learning the language, and settling home matters. But their son developed a very bad asthmatic condition and it seemed to be a lasting condition so they decided to stay on home ground and minister to Mozambique through prayer. It was about this time also that circumstances led them to take in a little girl, Wendella, later to be adopted.

For the next 26 years they lived in several different southern Ontario towns, always working for a living while holding house meetings, or planting churches. Their next child, Joyce Edith May, was born in Burgessville in 1938. Next a son, Sandford Samuel Baden, was born in Bright in 1941. Then Steven Paul was born in Goderich

in 1947. They then moved back to the Bright area to a farm in Blenheim Township where I, Karen Marie, was born in 1953.

To Karen's dismay they left the farm to move into Bright where Daniel John was born in 1956. There endeth their progeny.....except for grands, greats, great-greats, etc....\

Eventually they settled in Woodstock Ontario where they lived until Dad's death in 1984. He had a heart attack and had been recently diagnosed with MS.

Today in 2008, Mom, at 87, still lives on her own in an apartment in Woodstock. ALL of her kids and their kids live within about 1 hour of her, with the odd exception of 1 granddaughter and 2 grandsons in Edmonton, and 1 daughter (me) in the far north of Manitoba where the jobs are plentiful and the fishing is GREAT!! My husband and I like to hold house meetings and go on mission trips. We like the rugged places so when 2 good jobs came open here in 2006, we decided to finish our working years here in the far north.

Mom tells many stories of their adventures in the early years of ministry. She tells about driving along in an old Whippet car, and seeing a wheel spinning down the road beside them. As she remarks that "someone" lost a wheel, Dad notices his right fender gradually sinking to the ground!---"it appears to be OUR wheel!"....as they floated to the side of the road, gracefully and without event.

But my favorite story is the one where she had many recurring dreams in the spring of 1953, while she was carrying me. She dreamt of many African children walking with their arms raised up, calling out. Of course I never heard that story until many years later, when I was preparing to go on a mission trip to Africa in 2001 and I had remembered Mom telling me years ago that she 'would have liked to be a missionary in Africa. That's all I knew. So when I started to wonder, and hope, that I could take her along, She began to ask questions.....like: "where in Africa are you going", she says..... I said: "MOZAMBIQUE" ~~THEN she tells me about her and Dad having had such a burden for Mozambique, and preparing to go, and not being able to, and many years later having those dreams of the African kids!

And here I was going to take her to an orphanage in Mozambique where 1000 kids were living! Here she has been praying for Mozambique for 65 years and never dreamed that at age 82 she would get to go and see the results of her prayers.....it was pretty emotional, let me tell you ! I felt so honored to be able to take her...and what a story of God wanting to bless his servant--- planning that whole thing behind the scenes. It is a tribute to the REAL nature of God!

And so this is the story of my Dad, and his family, as told to me by my Mom .