

her speak, I decided that I wanted to go to the National Training School for Women & Girls [Nannie Helen Burroughs School] and be a missionary to Africa. Before that vision came to me, my future was uncertain; I was a Ward of the New York welfare Department; my parents were unknown to me; I was forlorn.

In 1928 (at the age of 13), upon the approval of the New York Welfare Department, the interest and foresight of Rev. and Mrs. Boddie and members of Bethesda Baptist Church, I was accepted by the National Training School for Women and Girls to work my way through school. Seeing that I had no family, Dr. Burroughs took it upon herself to train and mold me into someone worthwhile. She thought of me as her daughter, though she never legally adopted me. The school became my permanent home and field of endeavor. It was more than a workplace. It was my life.

Through Dr. Burroughs I was privileged to meet such personalities as Kelly Miller, Carter G. Woodson, Booker T. Washington and other great men and women who shared her dreams, supported and defended the existence of the school. I remember Dr. Woodson's response to a lady to whom he appealed for a contribution to support the school. She refused saying, "I cannot give you anything for Nannie Burroughs' School, because she is merely duplicating what we are doing in the public schools." "You are very much in error," said Dr. Woodson to the misinformed lady. "At the National Training School, Nannie Burroughs is doing a work which neither the public schools nor the university can do. The other schools have their spheres, and the National Training School has its special sphere."

In June 1936, I graduated from the High School Department of the school and then pursued special courses in Music, Business Junior College, Arts and Crafts, Religious Studies and whatever available courses time would permit me to take. Dr. Burroughs taught me to do everything from the kitchen to the platform; from the office to the classroom. I participated in graduation ceremonies for hundreds of other women who "ENTERED TO LEARN AND DEPARTED TO SERVE."

My sphere was expanded to the nearby Tabernacle Baptist Church which I joined in the early thirties under the pastorate of Rev. Ernest J. Bradshaw. I have been privileged to express my gratitude to God through service in the church, the school and the community. One of my greatest loves was the Friends Gift Shop that I managed through many retreats and education institutes.

Through the years I learned the rigorous details of preparing materials for publication—guidebooks for all aspects of mission work, nation-wide crusades, program kits for Women's Day and other special occasions—while Miss Burroughs served as Corresponding Secretary and then President of The Women's Convention, Auxiliary, National Baptist Convention, U.S.A., Inc. It was in these strategic positions that she saw the need for women to claim their emancipation through education and training. As David, the Psalmist, fashioned the instruments upon which he skillfully played throughout his life, so NANNIE HELEN BURROUGHS, the educator, created or acquired the tools of her trade. I witnessed the birth of *THE WORKER* in 1934. I saw the fulfillment of her dream for a Dormitory in 1949, and when the Memorial Chapel was dedicated in 1959, I was there.

In 1962, a year after Dr. Burroughs' passing, I was appointed by the School Board of Trustees as Managing Editor of the *WORKER*. The Board also renamed the school for its founder and first president, The NANNIE HELEN BURROUGHS SCHOOL. When I retired in October 1987, it was illuminating to discover that God was expanding, still, my sphere in His world. Here and beyond the protective environment of the school I live securely because He lives in me.

My tribute to DR. NANNIE HELEN BURROUGHS is in gratitude to God for the gift of her life and for the sacrifices she made to help me to become "ALL THAT I AM."