

# PROFILES OF INTEGRITY



1872-1919

*Marilyn Boyer & Grace Tumas Ehrman*

# PROFILES OF INTEGRITY

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*Real People  
Who Demonstrated  
Godly Character*

Marilyn Boyer &  
Grace Tumas Ehrman

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# Credits

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Grace Tumas Ehrman, for her sensitive and colorful portrayal of these heroes in writing their stories.

Mary Ann Edman who, with help from her husband Ed, produced the layout and design, along with other beautiful graphic effects. Thanks, Mary Ann, for your commitment to excellence!

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# Introduction

Prepare to be inspired by amazing men and women who left us a legacy of character to emulate. Both Booker T. Washington and George Washington Carver had a seemingly impossible start to life and yet they served God and left us a shining example to be followed today.

Horatio Spafford lost his daughters to a storm, yet he trusted God's goodness and left us with the hymn 'It is Well with My Soul' which has blessed countless generations. Kate Shelley risked her life to save multiple passengers on a doomed train. Lieutenant Armand Pinsard managed to maintain a joyful attitude in impossible circumstances and finally dig his way out to freedom and an Allied victory.

Alvin York was saved miraculously, stood strong for his beliefs and ended up as a war hero.

We trust in a loving Savior who has the universe under control and works all things together for our good. May you learn to trust and love Him more as a result of reading these stories.

*Marilyn Boyer*





*Character is power.*

*Character, not circumstances,  
makes the man.*

*—Booker T. Washington*





# *Thoroughness*

## DEFINITION

Bringing to completion each task  
I do with excellence



## MEMORY VERSE

Better is the end of a thing  
than the beginning thereof:  
and the patient in spirit is better  
than the proud in spirit.

Ecclesiastes 7:8

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# The Broom Test

*Booker T. Washington*

*Hampton Institute, Virginia*

1872

“**M**a’am?” His voice had a soft Virginia drawl. Miss Mary F. Mackie, the headmistress at Hampton Institute, glanced sharply over her desk at him.

“Just how much money do you have?”

“Fifty cents.”

Hampton board was ten dollars a month, tuition another \$70 per year. She pursed her lips and shook her head.

“Next!”

Sixteen-year-old Booker T. Washington's grubby brown face fell. She wouldn't take him. She actually wouldn't take him. After all those years working for Mrs. Viola Ruffner, scraping pennies together, they weren't even going to let him in. Maybe it was his clothes. He glanced at his filthy jacket, his muddy homespun jeans. He hadn't had a bath in months.

Tall Black men in second-hand suits pushed past him, books tucked under their arms. Girls with cotton dresses and black hair twisted into chignons signed in at the desk. They all trooped by him, a strong and proud race, and disappeared into classrooms he couldn't see. He could hear them talking, laughing. So this was Hampton Institute, built in 1868 by its hero, General Samuel Chapman Armstrong. It had smooth green lawns, the large red-brick building with its steep slate roof stretching like a castle to the sky. The place he had dreamed about back in the little log cabin in Malden, West Virginia. The place he had walked over 500 miles to attend. Sleeping under wooden sidewalks, slaving on the wharves, begging rides, he trudged the last 80 miles on foot. Now he was penniless. And they wouldn't let him in.

Miss Mackie kept her face turned away from him, ignoring him. She looked hard as flint.

A Yankee woman. If only he had a chance to prove that he was worth something! Ever since he had sweated in the coal mines of West Virginia, teaching himself to read from letters stamped on the barrels, he

had dreamed of this day. In Hampton classrooms students learned mysterious numbers, words that made your heart beat, lands and oceans, whole planets of knowledge. Books lined the shelves. He ached to know what was in them. To take them down and touch their pages.



*Booker T. Washington*

The last students had gone. His legs hurt from standing so long. But he wouldn't leave.

Suddenly, Miss Mackie spoke. "The recitation room needs sweeping. Take the broom and sweep it."

This was his chance. Now he could prove to her that he was good enough to stay. Grimy floors, chalkboards covered with white dust greeted him as he entered the schoolroom. He set to work. He swept the floor three times. Then he wet a dust cloth and carefully rubbed down each bench, table, and desk. He climbed up to reach and dust the woodwork. He wiped the walls and the baseboards near the floor. He dragged every piece of furniture out of its place, cleaned under it, and pushed it back again. He opened doors and cleaned out all the closets. He even poked his dust rag into corners until the room shone. When he had dusted the whole place thoroughly, he did it a second time. And a third. After the fourth time around, he stepped back, satisfied. The President of

the United States could want it no cleaner. How glad he was that that stern Yankee woman, Mrs. Ruffner, had taught him such thoroughness! Now he couldn't enter a room without picking up a scrap of paper or running his sleeve across a dusty chair. He called Miss Mackie.

She swept into the room. His heart pounded as he watched her. She knew just where to look for dust. Bending down, she swiped her clean white handkerchief across the undersides of the benches. She peered into closets, ran her hand over the woodwork, the tables and desks. She inspected the floor. Finally, she stood up and looked at him. Her handkerchief had not picked up one speck of dirt or a particle of dust from any surface in the room. It was absolutely clean.

When she spoke, her voice was quiet. "I guess you will do to enter this school."

He had passed his college test with flying colors. He would work hard, pay off his tuition. At last he had proved himself worthy of Hampton Institute.

Because he practiced thoroughness in his life, Booker T. Washington could perform a difficult task given to him. His thoroughness not only enabled him to enter college, but paved the way for a long life of usefulness to his fellow Americans as president of Tuskegee Institute.





## Questions

1. How far had Booker T. Washington walked to get to Hampton University?
2. How had he earned the money to travel there?
3. Why did they initially turn him down?
4. Why did he want to attend school?
5. What test did Mrs. Mackie give to him? What was her purpose in doing so?
6. How did he perform the job?
7. How had he learned the skill of thoroughness which prepared him to pass this unusual test?
8. How had Booker's mastering the quality of thoroughness been used to impact the lives of many?
9. Isn't it amazing how God prepares people for future effectiveness through simple disciplines in the early years of their lives? Think of some opportunities you have right now to cultivate thoroughness in your life.



# *Contentment*

## DEFINITION

Realizing that God has given me all I  
need for my present happiness



## MEMORY VERSE

Not that I speak in respect of want:  
for I have learned, in whatsoever  
state I am, therewith to be content.  
I know how to be abased, and I  
know how to abound: everywhere  
and in all things I am instructed both  
to be full and to be hungry, both to  
abound and to suffer need.

Philippians 4:11-12



# Waterland

*Horatio Spafford*

*The Atlantic Ocean*  
*November, 1873*

November 22, 1873. The passenger steamer, *Ville du Havre*, sailing from the United States to Europe, cut through the frigid autumn waters and sea mists around the rocky coastline of Newfoundland at a steady clip. Within its lighted decks and third-class berths it carried 107 people. Suddenly, a heavy vessel flying the red-blue-and-white British flag loomed up out of the fog like an iron monster. Too late to turn, the *Loch Earn* struck the *Ville* with a grinding crunch. Inside, tables lurched and chairs overturned. People



*Horatio Spafford*

ran towards the lifeboats as water began gushing into the ship's hold. In twelve minutes, the deck began tilting upwards before diving straight down towards the bottom of the sea. Within twenty minutes, it disappeared completely.

Anna Spafford surfaced amid choppy waves and bits of refuse. Suddenly, a swirling vortex sucked her head underwater. Her baby was torn from her arms. Surfacing again, the waves smashed her body against a pile of debris, bruising her arms. Just then, she saw the baby's dress sinking through the water. She flailed out desperately, clutching at the soggy clothing. Her fingers closed on the seams. Then another wave knocked her away and the baby sank like a stone. Out to sea, a young man riding a chunk of wood grabbed the two girls, Annie and Maggie, and told them to hang onto his coat pockets as he searched for a larger piece of wreckage. Thirty minutes later, he seized a plank drifting by. Struggling to pull the girls aboard, he saw their eyes close and their fingers slip away. Then they were gone. Nobody saw the fourth child.

Gasping and shivering, her hair shimmering with salt and her dressing gown hanging in tatters from her shoulders, Anna clung with both hands to a piece of

floating wreckage, bobbing like a cork alone in the pitiless “waterland” of an endless sea. All she could hear in her pain-numbed mind were the words, “You were saved for a purpose!

Someday, God, I will know why this happened. But not now.”

Back home, the air still smelled like fire. Sometimes it crept out of odd corners, through the sweet-smelling yellow timbers, fresh mortar and new red bricks going up all over the city. The skyline of Chicago had changed. Gone were the rickety old tenement houses, the tumbledown stables full of musty hay, the wealthy houses lining the waterfront near Lake Michigan. When the Great Fire of October, 1871, killed 300 people and left another 100,000 homeless, Horatio G. Spafford had lost almost everything to the flames.

Alone in his house in the northern suburbs, he was busy clearing up some urgent law business before leaving for Europe to meet his wife and daughters.

The house was quiet now. No sounds of girlish laughter from eleven-year-old Annie, nine-year-old Maggie, five-year-old Bessie and baby Tanetta. Together, he and Anna, his soft-faced Swedish wife, welcomed reformers and preachers into their home. But Anna’s health had started to crack. To help her



*Anna Spafford*

recover, the Spaffords planned a trip to Europe in the autumn. They also wanted to assist D. L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey during their popular revivals in England. When sudden business kept him a little longer in Chicago, Spafford sent Anna ahead with the girls.

He waved the girls on board, together with their French governess, Emma Lorriaux. He was confident after a few days, he would see them again. As he cleared up the papers and prepared to leave, a telegraph messenger thrust a paper into his hand. It was from Anna. He tore it open.

The words nearly blinded him. It was Anna screaming at him from across the sea.

“Saved alone. What shall I do?”

He had felt this way before, numb, stunned. When their four-year-old son Horatio slipped into a scarlet-fever coma three years ago, he had felt like dying, too. Now as he stood on the deck of the ship sailing across the Atlantic, to reunite with Anna, he heard the captain’s voice calling him up to the bridge.

“A careful reckoning has been made and I believe we are now passing the place where the *Ville du Havre* was wrecked.” The captain pointed. “The water is three miles deep.”

Three miles deep. He down stared at the slate-grey water. Somewhere down there his beautiful girls lay in a watery grave. Only 47 out of 300 people survived. But not one of his girls. Somehow, although he could

not understand it, God had allowed this to happen. Slowly, he turned away from the railing. Sitting alone in his cabin that night, wondering what he would say to Anna when he saw her again, he began to write.

“When peace like a river attendeth my way, when sorrows like sea billows roll, whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, ‘It is well, it is well with my soul.’”

Later, Philip Bliss set his words to music. In 1880, Horatio and Anna Spafford settled with their next three children at the “American Colony” in Jerusalem. He and his wife would labor for a Christian utopian community in the land of Israel for the rest of their lives.

Horatio and Anna Spafford demonstrated contentment by accepting through faith the difficult circumstances that God brought into their lives.





*When peace like a river, attends my way,  
When sorrows like sea billows roll;  
Whatever my lot, You have taught me to know  
It is well, it is well, with my soul.*

*It is well, (it is well),  
With my soul, (with my soul)  
It is well, it is well, with my soul.*

*—Original lyrics of “It Is Well with My Soul”  
by Horatio Spafford*



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## Questions

1. What disaster struck the *Ville du Havre*?
2. What happened to Horatio's family?
3. Tell about how the Chicago fire affected the Spafford family earlier.
4. Why did Horatio send his family on ahead to England?
5. Where was Horatio Spafford when he wrote the words to "It Is Well with My Soul?" What motivated him to write them?
6. How did the Spaffords illustrate contentment?
7. How can you comfort and encourage someone who is going through rough circumstances?
8. How might you respond to someone who says God isn't in control of their circumstances?
9. Think of a situation you struggle with. How can you purpose to demonstrate contentment? Remember God has the big picture and He has our best interests in mind. Maybe on earth, but for sure when we get to heaven, we will understand it all, but for now we can trust that God will do what is best for us.