

Pricilla's Purpose

Crying, Pricilla ran into the garden, "Oh, Father, why did you have to leave me here?"

"Maybe he left you because you're crazy!" the girls laughed.

"Girls," Miss Gail called as she entered the garden, "get back to work! Pricilla?" she asked gently. "What's the matter? It's alright, darling, sometimes we all need to cry."

"Oh, Miss Gail," Pricilla sobbed, "why did my parents leave me here? Why did God leave me here? What does He want from me?"

Gail Summers pulled away to look at the little, tear-stained face, "I'm sure your parents wanted you, but just weren't able to keep you. Pricilla, can you do something for me?"

"Of course, Miss Gail, anything for you!"

"Don't blame God. God doesn't want to hurt you. He loves you and is willing to do anything for you, even send his son to die for you."

"But how could He leave me here if He loves me? That's how I know my parents don't love me!" Pricilla asked doubtfully.

"Maybe He has you here for a purpose." Several minutes passed as they sat, each in her own thoughts.

As Mistress Rachel Green walked through the garden on her way to the main building she announced coldly, "Miss Summers! I *must* speak to you in my office immediately!" then she turned and scowled at Pricilla, "Shouldn't you be doing your chores?"

Pricilla whispered in fright, "I'm finished with my chores, Mistress Rachel."

“Speak up, child!” Mistress Rachel exclaimed as she firmly grabbed Pricilla’s arm in her tight grip.

Pricilla answered a little louder, “I’m finished with my chores, Mistress Rachel.”

“Pricilla Adams! Do not tell me a falsehood! Come along, both of you.” Gail followed as Mistress Rachel dragged Pricilla through the main building to the kitchen out back. “Miss Abbey! Pricilla isn’t doing her chores, she lied about it too. See that she finishes her chores and does another. Oh, and, no dinner for *her* tonight.”

“But, Mistress Green, she already finished her chores!”

“Do what I said, Miss Abbey, or you’ll find yourself without a job!”

“Yes, ma’am,” Miss Abbey whispered timidly.

That evening, Gail went to visit old family friends who lived in town. On the way, she reminisced how she first met David. Claudia and David Winslow had always felt like siblings to Gail, even when they met as children. She remembered mother being excited to see a friend she hadn’t seen in years and to meet her two children, David and Claudia. Gail had been excited to meet them since mother had mentioned they were coming. She was smitten from the moment they walked in the door. Since then, she has secretly hoped that one day David might be more than just a friend or brother. That was two years before her mother died and she had gone to live with them for about eight years before working and living at the Home.

“So Mistress Rachel said that I am not to get close to Pricilla or I would have to find new employment,” Gail finished as she related the days events.

“What are you going to do?” David inquired.

“I don’t know what I should do. What do you think?”

David thought for a minute... “What do you think God wants you to do, Gail?”

“It’s obvious Pricilla needs love, which I can show her through Christ.” She paused, “I know what I must do; I’ll ignore what Mistress Rachel said. Thankfully, she can’t fire me, that’s the board’s job.”

The next day Pricilla found Gail in the garden, “Miss Gail? Yesterday, you said God may have a purpose for me being here. What do you think that purpose is?”

“Nobody knows God’s purpose for your life but Him,” Gail answered softly while motioning Pricilla closer. “I’m not sure what He wants you to do, but I do know He wants you as his child. Then He will show you your purpose.”

“Miss Summers! I must speak with you, immediately!” Mistress Green called angrily across the garden.

“Excuse me, Pricilla.” Gail added quietly with a smile, “ you might want to go help Miss Abbey in the kitchen for a while.”

*45 Riverdale Lane*

*Charlottetown, NC 27294*

*12 May, 1909*

*Mr. John Brewster*

*Board of Directors*

*Charlottetown Home for Girls*

*12 Manor Lane*

*Charlottetown, NC 27294*

*Dear Mr. Brewster and Board members:*

*My name is Gail Summers and I work at Charlottetown Home for Girls. I've been notified by Mistress Green that the board wishes me to resign because of a letter she wrote, in which she told you I disobeyed some rules. I don't wish to contradict her, but the truth is, I was simply trying to be a friend to one of the girls in our care. Although Mistress Green could give me no good reason she ordered me to stop. I haven't.*

*I will resign if the board wishes me to. Thank you for taking this into consideration.*

*Your servant,*

*Gail Summers*

Two days later, Gail and Claudia were at the Winslow home in the drawing room. Claudia had just finished playing a lovely song on the pianoforte.

"Do you still play, Gail?"

"Yes, but not very well," she admitted.

"I've played for you, now it's your turn." When the piece was finished, Claudia exclaimed, "That was beautiful! Gail, are you available Friday night? We have some friends, the Brewsters, who are having a ball and they invited us; we would be delighted if you could go with us."

“Excuse me, did you say Brewster? John Brewster?”

“Yes,” Claudia answered, “would you like to go?”

“Oh yes! May I bring Pricilla Adams?”

“Of course! I look forward to meeting her.”

Friday night, as the Winslows, Gail, and Pricilla arrived at the Brewsters', Pricilla breathed, “Miss Gail, it's gorgeous! I've never seen anything so wonderful!”

“It is indeed,” Gail smiled.

As David helped Gail out of the carriage he whispered so only she could hear, “Gail, you look beautiful.”

“Thank you, David.”

“Miss Pricilla,” he bowed, as he helped her down, trying to hide a smile.

“Thank you, Mr. Winslow,” Pricilla giggled.

“Come in Winslows!” exclaimed the motherly woman at the door.

“Thank you, Ellen,” Claudia said as she hugged her. “This is our friend, Gail Summers. She works at the Home, and this is one of the girls, Pricilla Adams.”

Ellen replied warmly, “Nice to meet you, Gail, Pricilla.” She motioned to a tall man to come over, then continued to Gail, “I'm Ellen and this is my husband. John, this is Gail Summers. Gail works at the Home; this is one of the girls, Pricilla. Now, if you will excuse me, I must say hello to my other guests.”

“Ah, Gail Summers? You're the one who sent the letter?”

“Yes, sir. And may I present Pricilla Adams.”

David walked up, “Excuse me John. Gail, I believe this is my dance?”

“Of course! How could I have forgotten? Excuse me, Mr. Brewster.” As David whisked Gail away, she caught a glimpse of John asking Pricilla to dance.

“Pricilla, do you mind if I ask how old you are?”

“Not at all. I’m thirteen.”

“Are you close to Gail?”

“She is more like a mother than a friend.”

“Has she ever been mean to you?”

“Oh no! Miss Gail could never say *anything* mean!”

John smiled as he thought, *“I think I will ask Miss Summers to take Rachel Green’s position and demand a resignation from Miss Green.”*

“David!” Gail called while quickly walking up to him in the ball room, “Mr. Brewster has just asked me to be the mistress of Charlottetown Home!”

“Gail,” David said slowly, “can I talk to you?” Gail nodded. “On the balcony, please?”

A few minutes later, Gail excitedly walked over to Claudia, “David just asked me to marry him!”

“And your reply was?” Claudia asked eagerly.

“Yes!!” Claudia and Gail laughed.

Slowly, Claudia said, “I heard John offer the job of mistress to you. What are you going to do?”

Gail straightened her shoulders and walked up to him, "Mr. Brewster, I am honored that you asked me to be mistress of the Home, but I cannot accept. David and I are to be married."

David joined them, "And we would like to adopt Pricilla."

A month later, Pricilla sat on the window seat in the Winslow's library overlooking the gardens, not wanting her visit to end. She looked up quickly when she heard Gail and David enter, "Now that David and I are married we were hoping you would be a part of our family."

"You mean...?" Pricilla questioned, then threw herself at them where they engulfed her in a hug. "Nobody ever wanted me before!" she sobbed.

"We want you. So does God."

At Pricilla's next words, Gail's heart fluttered, "If God wants me, I want him too. Will you help me?"

"Yes, darling, we'll help you."

Then, with joyful hearts, David and Gail Winslow helped their soon-to-be daughter accept Christ.