



Often, she would visit with the seamstress, who made her gowns and had taught her how to make pretty little things with cloth and thread. One day as they sat together in the attic sewing room, the older woman could see that the girl was sad.

"What is it that makes your mouth turn down so?" she asked her.

"Oh, I just don't know. I have everything anyone could ever want, friends who love me, and a wonderful party to go to each night of the week. Yet, even with so much, my heart feels empty. It seems as if there should be something more. I feel that I'm meant to do something important with my life. But I just don't know what it is."

"Don't worry," said the seamstress as she hugged her. "You'll find your way."

"But how?"

"Is it near or far? Is it right there before you to see? I cannot say for sure. But I do know you've already begun your journey."

