A great day for Beverley Joy

Sixteen-year-old ESTELLE SHARPE, daughter of the superintendent of the Kurrawang Native Mission, tells this moving story of a little native girl who will present a bouquet to the Queen.

though she did not like leaving her mother and father all the new wonders in life that were to be opened to her and yet she never wept away any tears that may have fallen.

Our first job was to get them clean, so into the tub they both went for a good scrub and a thorough washing. I think this was the first bath they ever had but soon we

had them out and were putting on clean clothes such as Bev had never seen before. Some little children take their clothes off very early, and little Johnie didn’t seem to think nothing of it when Mummy brings out clean clothes for them to put on after their bath, but Beverley just could not speak for joy.

It was the first time she had ever had a single, pants and dress that were just the right size for her and the first time that she had ever had shoes and socks on her little feet. Her eyes just filled with tears of joy and pride as she looked in the mirror at the little girl she had never seen before. But she had to come away from the mirror to have tea.

Poor little lute, I don’t think she knew how to happen when we sat her at the table but as she saw the food being put on the plate her eyes grew big with astonishment and she nudged her brother alongside and said, "Daddy, bully gigs!" which means, "Look, Ronnie! There is plenty to eat!"

After dinner there was another wash and then to bed. Beverley was a little alarmed when we took off her nice clothes but when we gave her a pair of pyjamas and a little night gown and told her they were "nothing more than dresses to put on in bed" she was satisfied.

As she climbed into the first bed she had ever slept in we gave her a little sleeping doll and this last job completed a wonderful and exciting day. I wonder what she dreamed about that night.

I wish so many things had happened to her. Beverley and Ron soon settled into our way of life and we thought they would never need a doll and Ron, a toy truck. This was their first real purchase, and the price it was, on the morning of Christmas Day, when she was only two and a half years of age, was a wonderful thought to Beverley. As small as she was she realised the possibilities of the little word and every spare moment was spent looking for books and pictures of children going to school.

One day two men came to the mission to see Daddy and just as they were leaving, Bev called over to say hello to them, "That was what was happening. Oh, the joy and excitement when we were told that Beverley had been chosen to present the Queen with a bouquet.

Of course we told Beverley immediately and you should have seen her. She could not contain her joy and there, the happiness shining out of her big brown eyes. Suddenly she turned and ran back to her sister, and then it all came out. The children came running inside to see what had happened.

Was Beverley Joy going to give flowers to our lovely Queen of whom they had heard so much and seen so many pictures? Yes, it was true.