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An hour later, when Mrs. Owen had kissed us good night and Janet had fallen asleep beside me, I lay awake, staring out of the window at the starry sky that looked so wide without any roofs and spires massed against it. I felt quite bewildered by all that had happened, and it seemed ages since the taxi had turned the corner, hiding Mrs. Moody from view. Once again my eyes filled with tears of loneliness, and I wanted to go home—and yet there were those strange words that seemed to comfort me a little: "These things I have spoken to you . . . that your joy may be full."\*

*What things?* I wondered. I wished I'd listened.

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\* John 15:11