

while our telephone rang ³
and the information girl
said a taxicab driver was
looking for me. You can
imagine how happy
I was! He brought the
pocket book with every
thing in it.

People went out of their
way to be friendly to us
all the time we were
in New York. Everyone had
told us that wouldn't
happen.

When I told the Leslie
Youngs how ^{even} a woman
on the street stopped
and told me that my
shoelace was untied and
she was afraid I might
trip, how they laughed!
Leslie said: "It's because
you look like such friend-
ly people." But Mum, you
and I know different. We
know that God is looking