Diversions

Anxious client finds palmist's antics humorous



By JULIA LUNDAY

When I visited the palmist, I was trying to pose as a serious client.

I didn't know what the typical palmist's client was supposed to look like, so as a last resort, I went as myself.

I made one small change, however—a tiny trick to find out whether the lady could really read my palm or my mind or whatever: I took off my wedding ring. "Sort of."

"And the man is married."

"Bingo." My husband is, after all, a married man.

"This relationship will get you nowhere," she continued. "You just think you love him because he's so terrific in bed."

My husband, I knew, would enjoy hearing this.

"But I do love him," I solemnly replied. "And I know he loves me. His wife is a scat-

Looking around the room, I saw a child's Bible story book resting on the table beside an empty milk carton. Under the other chair was a long, round object wrapped in a green garbage bag. Hanging on the wall was a plastic-framed print of the Last Supper.

Sister Sarah (not her real name), a "Reader-advisor," lives in a modest, doublewide trailer on the outskirts of a small town, somewhere south of Chapel Hill. When I followed the driveway to her back yard, I noticed a new-looking Lincoln Continental nudged into a corner of the cluttered lot.

Sister Sarah had assured me that she did not charge for readings when I made my appointment via telephone, but I was beginning to get a little worried.

The Sister was a rather broad, little, oliveskinned woman, clad in a pink cotton housedress. I followed her into a tiny room that contained two vinyl dinette chairs and a small wooden table. After asking me to be seated, she exited to quiet some loud children who were in another room.

Looking around, I saw a child's Bible story book resting on the table beside an empty milk carton. Under the other chair was a long, round object wrapped in a green garbage bag. Hanging on the wall was a plasticframed print of "The Last Supper."

When Sister Sarah returned, she smiled broadly and asked to see my palms. After a glance, she nodded and said, "You are troubled."

I shrugged noncommitally. Actually, I was hungry.

"You are involved with somebody," she went on. "A man."

truth. "He cares about her in spite of that," per-

sisted the Sister. I fought back a smile. "And you must get away from this man. 'Thou shalt not commit adultry.' Does the man live near you?"

terbrain and a lousy cook." That was the

"Pretty close," I answered truthfully.

"You must stay away from him until Monday." This was Friday. "If you find yourself tempted to be with him, just say my name and the temptation will go away. If that doesn't work, you may call me on the telephone."

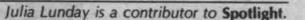
"That's going to be hard to do," I told her.

"You can do it," she assured me. "But you must return on Monday so I can burn the candle and pray for you." She reached down and grabbed the green garbage bag, withdrawing a yellow candle that was as tall as a yardstick and as big around as a small tree.

"For this, she said, "the cost will be \$90, but you do not have to pay me all at once." I wondered about Sister Sarah's interest rate, but I didn't ask.

"I do not charge for readings, " she said, "but I do charge to solve your problem."

I thanked the Sister and left, making no promise to return on Monday. And as I got into my car, I cast a knowing glance at the shiny Lincoln Continental.





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