

Ask Dr. Billy Graham

DEAR DR. GRAHAM: I recently met a girl in one of my college classes who claims she is a witch, but she denies she has anything to do with the worship of Satan or anything evil. This seems weird, but I am fascinated and wonder what you think.—K.C.R.

DEAR K.C.R.: I know that someone like this girl would claim there are various kinds of occult practices, and that she is involved in practices which have nothing to do with satanism. But the Bible—as well as the history of occult practices—shows this is not true. Ultimately all occult practices have their origin in Satan rather than God. They are a false substitute for the worship and service of God, and as such they are wrong.

That is one reason why the Bible constantly tells us we should avoid any type of occult practices. This could include not only the type of thing this girl is involved in, but any type of fortune telling, sorcery, charms, spiritism, or any other occult practice or belief. These were all common in the ancient world, but God's people were commanded not to have anything to do with them. "Let no one be found among you...who practices divination or sorcery, interprets omens, engages in witchcraft, or casts spells, or who is a medium or spiritist or who consults the dead" (Deuteronomy 18:10-11). When those who were involved in occult practices in Ephesus turned to Christ, they immediately burned their occult books (see Acts 19:19).

We have seen a great upsurge of interest in the occult in recent years. I have asked myself why that is the case, and I am convinced it is because of a deep spiritual hunger on the part of many people. I suspect you are like this, and that down inside you are searching for the meaning of life. But you will not find the true meaning of life in this way. You will find it only in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who loves you and wants to come into your life.

Don't get fascinated by practices which will not lead you to God. Instead, you can know God personally by giving your life to Jesus Christ. You can invite him into your heart by a simple prayer of faith, and my prayer is that you would make that step of commitment without delay.

Fans Help To Keep Your Cool

It is difficult to keep your cool during a Carolina summer. Not everyone can afford or wants to have air conditioning.

A whole-house attic fan can be a great help, say housing specialists at North Carolina State University. The thermostatically controlled fan is the most efficient. It usually costs 50 to 75 cents a month to operate.

First, determine the size fan you'll need for the house. Consider the number of cubic feet in the attic and the number of air changes you want per hour. Most families figure 30 air changes an hour is sufficient.

Multiply the length of your attic by its width, then multiply that figure by its height. This gives the volume in cubic feet.

The capacity of all fans is marked on the fan in CFM. That stands for cubic feet of air moved per minute. Multiply the volume of your attic by 30. Then divide the answer by 60. This gives the CMF rating of the fan you'd need to change the air in the attic 30 times an hour.

The old-fashioned electric paddle-blade ceiling fans which were nearly standard in Southern homes before air conditioning became so popular are another popular option.

"Super Sitters" Classes Open

For many young people, babysitting is their first job. However, it is a job that carries big responsibilities—whether they are caring for brothers and sisters or other children.

A workshop to train "Super Babysitters," ages 12-19, will be held Monday-Thursday, June 18, 19, 20, and 21, 9:30 a.m. to 12 noon in kitchen one of the county office building. Classes will discuss caring for children in different age groups, and will make a stenciled babysitter's bag. There will be a \$3.00 materials fee. Class size will be limited. Call Nancy H. Abasiokong, Home Economics Extension Agent, by June 13 to register (482-4365).

Aunt Biddie's Kitchen

The way it is supposed to be, a Southern cook is just supposed to make good biscuits. Your Aunt Biddie is here to tell you, sad to say, that it just won't always work that way. Aunt Biddie has made enough incredible biscuits in her life to re-cobble the streets of Charleston.

Do you remember, when you read "Elsie Dinsmore," where Elsie's papa had a mad fit because Elsie was caught eating a hot muffin? Papa had heard someplace that eating hot bread would kill you. Now, I don't know as anybody ever did die of eating what I cooked, but if they did, I'd bet it was a biscuit that was at fault.

There are a lot of things that can go wrong with a biscuit. And a very straight and narrow path—and not necessarily one that goes by the cookbook—by which one can go right. Differences in grease and flour and baking powder make different results. An oven that is cooler than it's supposed to be won't brown bread right, and it gets tough inside. Too much grease makes a biscuit heavy; too little and you've got a pan of crumbly cinderblocks. Too much soda will make bread yellow as gall; too little milk and it'll take a steam roller to flatten out the dough, and an axe to cut it, once it's baked.

So it takes a light sure hand to make good biscuits. And no wonder that a cook who brings good bread to the table every time will get to be right proud. And pride, we know, is apt to go before an awful fall.

That puts me in mind of a good neighbor of many years ago, Miss Sallie Williams. Miss Sallie was generally thought to be the very finest cook in the community. And she took that situation very seriously. One evening after supper we were all setting out on the porch; everybody that would come down the road, just about would stop and take a chair or a step for a spell. And the little new preacher was talking about how he'd been to dinner on Sunday over at Aunt Patsy Timmons's, on Plumbranch. "I eat a whole big bread-pan of her biscuits," he said, not knowing any better, you know. "That was the best biscuits I ever eat in all my life," he said.

Well, Miss Sallie sat there a rocking, just shaking her foot a little bit, while the talk went on. Then directly she got up and says, "Well, I b'lieve I'll go across the road for a little bit. Don't nobody go away, for I want to come back and visit."

And she was gone, and gone, and it was pitch dark and the crickets singing when we finally saw the form of Miss Sallie, coming up the road. "All that talk about cooking just set my mouth awaterin' for a good homemade biscuit, she said. And we lit the porch light to see what she had brought. It looked like a plate of little flat rocks. I don't know what pride had done to these biscuits, but something had made 'em right blue. Like granite. But she passed 'em around and we all had to take one, and try to brag.

Since biscuits are a have-to, in a Southern kitchen, your Aunt Biddie has learned to cheat a little bit. I don't mean with box-mixes either, although they'll help in a pinch. But a little bit of yeast will work a wonder. it takes just a little bit longer, but I'll declare it's worth it.

You need:

- 1 package of dry yeast
- ½ cup warm water
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 cup of plain flour
- 1 cup of scalded milk,
or diluted canned milk
- ½ cup soft shortening
- 3 cups self-rising flour (about)
- Melted butter

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