

BLACK Mountain News

Dedicated to the growing Swannanoa Valley

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American food is safe

by John Sledge

It is time for renewed public confidence in the food Americans eat, according to the medical doctor who heads the organization, "Nutrition Society Today."

Dr. Cortez F. Enloe Jr., who is also editor and publisher of "Nutrition Today," asserted that our basic foods are much safer than many reports would have us believe.

"The American food supply is safe," Dr. Enloe said, "No one in the world consumes a diet that is better balanced for variety and is more nourishing than that eaten by the average American."

He also noted that food in the United States is reasonably priced, requiring only a modest percent of the average person's disposable income.

Dr. Enloe declared that "the government should not be telling the American people what to eat." His reasons are:

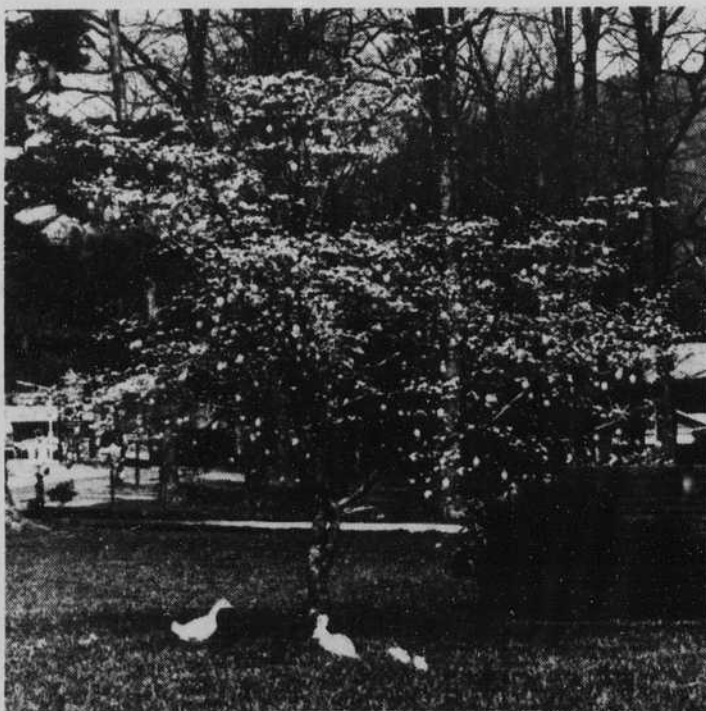
—Scientists disagree, and the government doesn't know any more than the scientists.

—Bureaucratic opinions are apt to be shaded by ideological or political considerations.

—Government is too powerful and too prone to use the hundreds of bureaucrats at its disposal to coerce acceptance of opinions and to back whims with the force of law.

—We welcome this common-sense view of our food supply. It comes as a refreshing contrast to the legions of food "experts" who have often created consumer scare campaigns.

After all, we think the average consumer knows what to eat without government bureaucratic advice. It would be better to seek advice of nutritional experts like Dr. Enloe.



Dozens of multi-colored eggs dangle from this Easter egg tree on Montreat Road.

On the move

by Cynthia Reimer

I have become convinced recently, after suspecting it for a long time, that my brain is directly connected to my feet, a series of gears and belts driving my brain as long as my feet are moving.

I do my best thinking on the move.

While I'm walking, the most marvelously clever thoughts pass through my mind. When I get where I'm going and sit down to write,phhht! they're gone.

On backpacking trips, I know I've written the Great American Novel in a matter of weeks, but no one will ever read it because when I sit down to capture it on paper.... phhht! It's gone.

You might think that if walking produces this wondrous affect, jogging would be twice as good. Not so. Jogging, my feet swell up and fill my whole brain, crowding the thoughts to a halt.

I have a friend who experiences this same phenomenon. For five months hiking the Appalachian Trail she watched those potentially saleable paragraphs shrivel when she stopped to write them down. As soon as she returned home she purchased a tiny pocket tape recorder. Now, back at work in Chicago, she presumably walks the streets muttering into her pocket as the clear, brilliant thoughts pour forth.

That might play in Chicago, muttering into your pocket on the street, but I'm a little nervous about trying it in smaller towns.

Which is, perhaps, just as well. If I had a mini-machine faithfully reproducing my on-the-move thoughts, I might discover that they are really no more clever or facile than my seated-at-my-desk thoughts. And that, I don't want to know!

Written and illustrated by A. Wayne Wilhelm
Gospel accounts of Jesus' resurrection vary in minor details, but basically the message is the same, "He has risen from the grave!" That fact was not, however, the expectation of the women who came to their Lord's tomb early that morning. Their mission was a sad one for their beloved Jesus, on whom they had centered all their hopes, was dead. During His crucifixion they had suffered with Him through hours of agony, but when His precious body was laid hastily in the tomb, there had been no time for them to anoint it with oil and spices. Now they would do it.

As they approached the tomb, one problem was uppermost in their minds. They had watched as an immense stone had been rolled across the opening of the tomb. How could they roll away that heavy stone in order to go in to where the body lay? Their concern was unnecessary for when they came to the tomb they found the stone already moved and the tomb empty. There was an angel nearby who told them, "He is not here for He is risen." Imagine their amazement! It had never dawned on them that God could, and would, remove the stone.

How like those women we poor mortals are! We, too, have stones in our lives which we are powerless to move. We become fearful as we turn here and there seeking help. Often the help we need is beyond human ability. God is now, as then, in the stone moving business. Why does it never occur to us that God can move our stones, and that He will do so if we seek His help? "O ye of little faith," the Lord once cried in disappointment to those who followed Him. He would say the same to many of us today. But there are some who do believe He can remove all that stands in their way, and in faith they ask for His help. The following is an account of one who has that faith.

A young man named Joe,

now crippled as the result of an auto accident, has risen from the bitter defeat of an apparently hopeless situation because of the power of his faith in God. There was a time when everything seemed to be moving according to Joe's plans for himself and his family. He had prepared for a career in social service and was working in a job which he believed glorified God. As a Christian married to a dedicated Christian woman, he was raising two children in a Christ-centered home, following God's will for the family. And then tragedy struck, a

disabling accident. Joe's helpless body was like a heavy stone which completely closed the door to a happy, useful life.

Dark clouds of discouragement descended, bringing doubts and questions. Had they not tried to organize their lives around the teachings of the Bible? Why, then, had God let them down? Why? Why? How could God be so merciless when they tried so hard to please Him? Joe has not found the answers to all his questions, but a strong faith now permeates his life. He believes this never would have

occurred without the experience of physical weakness which brought him to total dependence on God. The reason and mystery he leaves with God whose purpose he does not question.

Joe never abandoned his determination to live a useful life for His Lord. Once the initial phase of recovery had passed, he set himself to the goal of teaching his partially paralyzed body to do things again. It was a slow, torturous effort, but he believed that his body could be adapted to do some useful work. Even while receiving physical therapy in a

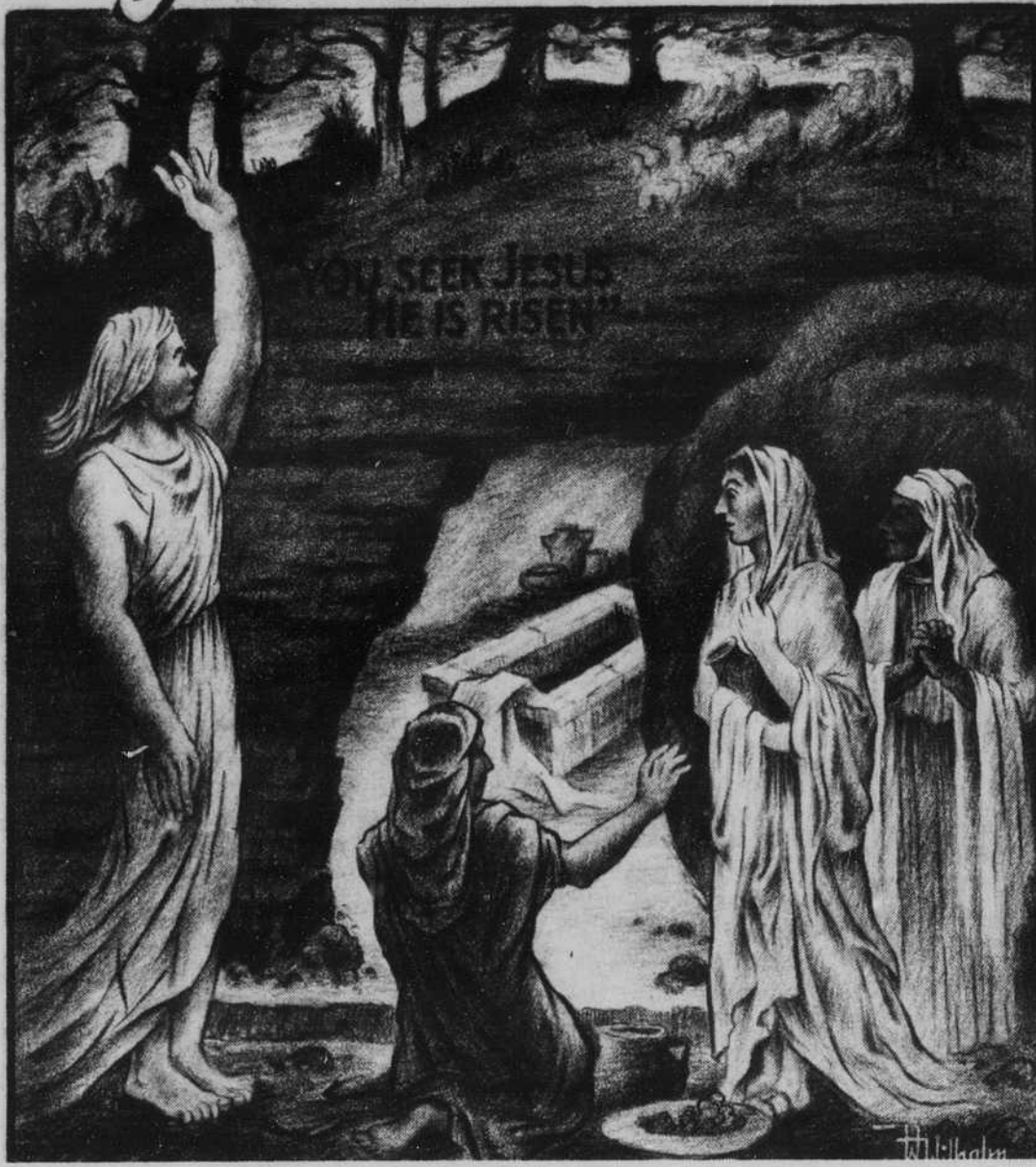
rehabilitation hospital, he sought by means of a fervent prayer to be made useful to others. After patiently waiting for God's answer, an opportunity arose—Joe became a volunteer worker in that same hospital. As he sits there in his wheelchair, Joe is a real inspiration to all who come in contact with him. Patients find in him the understanding and compassion of one who has also suffered. God is using Joe in a greater capacity than the position he held as a trained social worker before his accident. Of this change Joe simply says, "It is wonderful what God has done for me. At first I could not even feed myself, but now I can take a few steps with my quad cane. Best of all, I can be useful in the hospital as I talk and pray with the patients."

Joe has not been completely healed but God has rolled away the stone of abject

discouragement from his life and opened up a new life of service to his Lord and his fellow men. What he has lost physically has now been more than compensated by deepened spiritual understanding and dedication to his merciful, unfailing God.

Everywhere there are those who give up when faced with the task of rolling away the heavy stones of life such as poor health, sorrow or loneliness. Perhaps they have honestly tried to overcome their personal calamities and their poor me attitudes. Out of the discouraging awareness of their own weakness and failure, God may show them that their only hope lies in turning to Him. There are no stones in any life that God cannot roll away for those who put their trust in Him, for He is a merciful God and is moved by the fervent prayers of those He loves.

GOD...ROLLS AWAY STONES



Reflections

Easter message

by Gretchen Corbett

What is this impenetrable, unusual, joyous influence that seems to pass through everything at this time of year, that lingers, like a sweet fragrance, soft and clean, to touch all with its magic?

This influence is a captivating thing. Intangible, yet real. There is a feeling. A sensation. A thrill to it. There is more to it than bunny rabbits and colored eggs and Easter bunnets.

The annual trek to a wooden frame edifice, or a brick structure, or to a cathedral-like piece of architecture with its high vaulted ceiling and huge interior stone pillars will be more than a spring festival, although people will jam to the doors.

With the sap rising in the trees and the bare branches being dressed with greenery and blossoms turning wood and garden into fairyland, it calls for a celebration but Easter is something more.

The atmosphere charged with expectancy, once-a-year joy, interlaced with heavy perfume of Easter lilies. Yet a moving hymn, a poetic prayer is not enough to stir the emotions like the eventual happenings almost 2,000 years ago in a certain garden, on a certain hill, and in a certain grave, all of which the men of the cloth will once again portray with freshness and clarity.

Easter: a message. Crowds proceeding to the church not to weep, but to worship. Crowds not hearing a voice of a dead Christ but a Resurrected Voice. A resurrection that means



Gretchen Corbett

according to Matthew: "In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

"And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

"His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow: "And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

"And the angel answered and said unto the women, fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

"He is not here: for HE IS RISEN, as he said."

A proclamation heard around the world for centuries to come. Not a fantasy. A reality.

Easter: something real for the shopkeeper, for the man in the street, for the worried parents, for the confused floundering youth; something real for all times for all peoples.

The Easter message is the only hope for making a better home, a better government and a better world. A joyous blessed Easter!

Living and Growing

The spring feisties

by Carl Mumpower, M.S.W.

Watch out world, I'm feeling dangerous. Feisty might be a better word, but whatever the condition, I've got it. It's those darn yellow flowers that did it. You know the ones I'm talking about. They look alot like onion plants and they usually are the first colorful thing we see in the spring. I don't know what it is about a jonquil, but it does it to me every time. A little bit of visual exposure, and I start getting these funny tingles in my stomach. My pulse quickens and a grin starts spreading all over my face. Before you know it I come down with an acute case of the spring feisties.

Don't get excited, it's not terminal. It is, however, very catching. One grinning person can infect a whole crowd if they're not careful. The symptoms are fairly typical and easy to spot. Feelings of elation are to be expected. You'll probably also see a tendency to look at the good things about life instead of excessively worrying about the bad. A positive outlook toward the future is common, as is a sense of excitement and enthusiasm. Your energy level tends to go up instead of down and many people with the infection seem to sleep better. There is sometimes a distinct urge to pursue members of the opposite sex. Finally, older individuals who are exposed to the bug often develop an excessive yearning to go out and dig in the dirt, trim shrubs and push lawn mowers. As you can see, the symptoms are varied and insidious. Fortunately, the spring feisty bug seems to be a short lived one. Most people can expect to return to normal within a week of two. It's a pity, isn't it?

The majority of us don't get enough of those kinds of feelings in their lives. Enthusiasm, excitement, confidence, optimism and that "happy to be alive" feeling are too often replaced with depression, hopelessness, insecurity and a negative outlook on life. We can thank Mother Nature for being kind enough to give us things like the spring feisty bug to jolt us around every once in a while, but how much can we depend on her to keep us on track?



Carl Mumpower

You see, the spring feisties can be a permanent and self-induced condition. If we try hard enough, we can get turned on like that a good bit of the time. By building some meaningful purpose in our

lives, by breaking the "all American" habit of obsessing about what's wrong vs. what's right, by trying to give instead of always take from life, and by making happiness a priority, we can take the bug with us throughout our lives.

Spring is a time of rebirth and growth. After a period of death and dormancy, nature begins to do its thing. Could that pattern of dormancy fit you? Are you about to blossom? Go ahead and do it. It's a whole lot more fun than lying around in the dark

covered with dirt. Besides, happy and excited people are a valuable commodity and we need all of you we can get!

Editor's note—Living and Growing is a regular column in this paper and is offered as a service to our readers. If you have enjoyed this or previous columns and would like Carl Mumpower to make a related presentation to your club or organization, give him a call at 252-8390. He would be happy to bring his "Living and Growing" theme to your group.

Letters to the editor

To the editor:

Subscribers to the Sammons Communication, Inc. cable TV in this area must have discovered by now the existence of C-SPAN on channel 11 between the hours of 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. every day except Saturday. C-SPAN is the abbreviation for Cable Satellite Public Affairs Network. This channel is sponsored by the 800-900 cable TV systems in the country.

Besides presenting the U.S. House of Representatives live whenever it is in session, the C-SPAN video recorders are used to pick up for broadcast many events occurring on the Washington scene. It would be worthwhile if only the House proceedings were broadcast, because one could learn the ramifications of the House actions and get to know and understand the actions of that body. But also to have available National Press Club breakfast and luncheon speakers' statements and many Senate and House hearings is educational to say the least.

Among the sessions I have recorded on cassette—voice only, no picture—have been the Senate hearings on the qualifications of each Cabinet member; the sessions of the National Governors' Conference; the Senate hearings on the overview of the US economy; the Senate Appropriation Committee hearings on the Reagan budget; and, only recently, the Senate Select Committee on Aging and the Senate Finance Committee

hearings on Social Security. The first-named group considered the effect of the Reagan proposals on the elderly, with especial reference to "capping Medicaid" and the other hearing was concerned with the effect of eliminating the minimum Social Security benefit. Certainly, in no other way could one get a good understanding of the effects of the proposed cut in funding by the Federal government.

One other very interesting session was that of the Conservative Political Action Conference Panel on "How We Won." One of the speakers was Senator John P. East.

I think that no other source of information in this area is as

useful as C-SPAN. It is highly recommended to Sammons subscribers.

Paul E. Griffith
Black Mountain

To the editor:

We would like to express our appreciation to the Town Council for its sincere and continuing interest in the Lake Tomahawk area.

As demonstrated at the Council's recent meetings, helping the area live up to its potential for recreational use and as a wildlife sanctuary has not been easy. The Council's concern for these goals is welcomed by residents.

Bill and Betty Anthony
Black Mountain

Express yourself!

... in a Letter to the Editor
State your opinion, sign it and bring
or mail it to the News
before 5 p.m. Monday.

"Don't whistle until you're out of the woods."
American Proverb

Holy week in Vietnam

by Edwin R. Andrews

During Holy Week of 1966, a majority of the soldiers of my division in Vietnam were in the field on combat missions. Among the most active was the unit to which my good friend, Chaplain Weldon Wright, belonged. Weldon later told me that one night, as he was walking near the medical clearing station, he heard a voice, shrill with pain and panic, break the peaceful silence of the moonlit night.

"Lord, help me!" The desperate cry came from lips bright with blood from a gaping wound of throat and chin; the moving redness glittered under the surgical light as doctors and medics clustered around to staunch the flow. And again the plea went up for a higher power than they.

"When are you going to help me, Lord?" Waiting in the background while the doctors worked, the chaplain was almost unheard as he asked a medic, "What is this man's religious faith?" "None," answered the medic.

Unable to believe his ears, the chaplain turned to the register where the soldier had been logged into the clearing station, and read opposite the man's name: "Unit...; Reason for admission, GSW (gun-shot wound), face and throat; Religious faith, no preference." The chaplain shrugged. We are awfully independent, he thought—until the time comes.

A space opened in the wall of bodies around the operating table, and the chaplain stepped into it. His right hand was stained red as he slipped it gently across his trooper's chest, far enough to reach his dogtags. He turned the dog-tag to the light and read the soldier's name and—again: "religion: no pref." Again came that hysterical cry.

"When are you coming, Lord?" The chaplain spoke, calmly and firmly, as he assisted the medical personnel in tying off the bandages.

"The Lord is here," he said. The soldier's eyes, shiny and bulging with fear in a face now covered with running sweat, sought the chaplain's face and steadied there; his struggle gradually lessened, then ceased.

"I want you to trust God to help you." The chaplain's challenge pierced the veil of terror, and he continued, "Can you believe that He loves you?" "Yes—yes I know that...I believe it." The response came eagerly, almost breathlessly.

There was time for only a few more words. The now-quieted soldier was moved on the litter to a waiting helicopter. It lifted off in the early morning darkness to take the soldier to more extensive medical help.

As they raced through the lovely night sky toward the dawn, the soldier died.