

THE DIVINERS

Ma'am, and I want you to take it. Just grab hold and we'll boost you right up." And his voice is real quiet and his eyes're real calm, and he says, "Mrs. Bennett, get up." And I'm up . . . !

GOLDIE. (*Amazed.*) And your back was alright?

LUELLA. I tell you, I never felt better. I might a been a little lightheaded, but—

NORMA. Bein lightheaded's a good sign, don't you think?

GOLDIE. You say the pain was all gone?

LUELLA. Goldie I'm as fit as a fiddle. Course now the Schwinn's quite a mess . . .

NORMA. Folks can give up farmin or minin or schoolin or what have you, but a man can't just toss off the spirit. Like a doctor with healin or a singer with singin—when a man's born to preach then he'll preach. I know he don't have a Church and he's not givin sermons but the spirits within him, you see? Don't you remember the Wednesday night meetins and the singins on Sundays—times when the whole town came together. Nearly thirty or forty people together and all singin with one voice on a Sunday. Without a Church here in Zion I don't know where we're goin . . . one day's the same as the days all before . . . but that's gonna change . . . with him layin on hands now and healin folks, ladies—he knows the Lord's with him, you see? We could build us a new Church in no time at'all. The Lord's brought him to town for a reason.

LUELLA. Well, Norma, you surely can witness.

GOLDIE. A Church back in town'd be darn good for business.

NORMA. Be good for us all, don't you think?

LUELLA. I think the sky's gonna clear.

NORMA. I beg pardon?

START
HERE



END
HERE

