

Jamie Buckingham

Rings Are Not Super, Naturally

It's incredible—the way people want to delve into the supernatural but are unwilling to go to the one reliable source.

The newest fad for telling fortunes is the "mood ring." Advertised by J.C. Penney as "Psychic Rings" they are supposed to change color as your mood changes—therefore allowing you to see your "true self" as well as predict the future. If you're angry it turns black, if amused, lavender. Newspaper ads call the ring everything from lapis humani to liquid crystal. (Liquid crystal???) It's said to have some kind of spiritual component which reflects the deep self.

One woman would not drive her car until her ring turned blue. A supposedly intelligent man waited until his ring turned pink before buying stock. A preacher, would you believe, said his ring told him what kind of sermons to preach. If it was white you got heaven, tranquil blue you got positive thinking, and if it was red (you guessed it) you got hell. I guess when a man's trying to do God's work without God's power he'll try anything to gather a crowd although it makes me wonder how he got along before he bought his ring. Maybe he wore a copper bracelet

Truth Is Out

Anyway, now the truth is out. The secret component is nothing more than a bit of photo paper glued to the back of any clear object—plastic, glass or crystal. The paper changes color as the temperature changes.

James Scott, product marketing manager of industrial products at NCR-Encapsular Products in Dayton, Ohio, where the photo paper is made, said recently: "The mood ring photo paper uses the same principle as the paper used in the digital thermometers that change color as the temperature rises or falls."

Scott went on to say, "We've been selling this paper for the mood rings like crazy." (It goes for \$20 per square foot in large quantities.) "The paper is glued on the back of anything, bonded with epoxy resin to protect it from moisture, and put in a ring setting."

Of course, you expect the gullible public to buy junk like that. Old Phineas Taylor (P.T.) Barnum was right when he said, "There's a sucker born every minute." However, it does shake my faith in the integrity of American businessmen when a supposedly reputable jeweler gets in on the act, excusing his exploitation of the public by saying, "Well, they're going to buy them somewhere, why not from me?"

I used to wonder about that fellow described by Isaiah. You know, the one who went out into the forest, cut down a tree, used part of it for firewood and with the rest he carved an idol and bowed down and worshipped it. Surely nobody's that stupid, I thought. Then came the mood rings. Weird, especially since God has given his people the perfect way to know ourselves and to know the future—the Bible. Yet we turn our backs on it for junk like crystal balls, horoscopes, astrology charts and now—mood rings.

Well, I wish I had time to develop this theme a little deeper, but I've promised myself I'd spend some time each day with my pet rock. I got it for Christmas. It only cost \$9 and it's so cute. Just looking at it helps take my mind off my troubles.