

STRANGE but TRUE

It happened a few times a year, Doris Henderson noticed. By dark of night, a group of robed figures would gather in the backyard of her neighbor's house in Atlanta.

In the summer, they glowed like apparitions in their white robes. In the winter, wearing black, they blended into the shadows.

Sometimes as many as 90 people would be present. With their faces eerily lit by candles and torches, they'd stand inside a stone circle and chant.

There's something strange going on next door, Doris thought, watching through her kitchen window.

Then one day Doris mentioned the strange goings-on to another neighbor.

"Oh, didn't you know?" the neighbor said. "You're living next door to a witch!"

A witch? Doris thought. But there's no such thing as witches, she told herself—at least not the kind who ride around on broomsticks. Then her thoughts turned to devil worship.

It was hard for Doris to imagine Candace Lehrman, the kindly woman who lived in the ranch-



She's the

Like her neighbors, Candace Lehrman took care of coffee. But a couple of times a year, as many as

style house next door with her husband, foster son and nephew, being involved in anything sinister.

But was she, Doris wondered. And all across town—as Candace went

about her mostly ordinary life oblivious to the spreading rumors—people were beginning to wonder the same thing: what was going on at Rainbow Drive?

Growing up in the rural

Midwest, Candace, the granddaughter of a Baptist minister, had been a happy child who loved animals and the outdoors. She had hoped to follow in her grandfather's footsteps,



There's something strange going on next door, neighbor Doris Henderson thought



'It isn't anybody's business how someone chooses to worship,' says Candace