

THE PSYCHIANA Bulletin

April 1951

marcus bach . . .

Living Thoughts for Better Living



*"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed."**

TWO MOTHERS prayed earnestly for the safety of their sons fighting in Korea. One boy was killed. The other, safe and uninjured, reported to a war correspondent, "The Lord was on my side."

Here is the great mystery of prayer. MacArthur did not solve it. when he said, during World War II, that the boys who died were being received into the loving arms of Jesus.

Any mother whose prayers for the safety of her son are answered must instinctively ask,

* James Montgomery

"What about the mothers whose sons are dead?"

Anyone who has ever earnestly prayed and whose praying seemed of no avail has come face to face with a very realistic question: "Is the world governed by immutable laws and can prayer ever be anything more than a mental and psychological exercise?"

Someone has said that fate and chance and lucky breaks have probably gotten as many men out of a tough spot as pray-ers have.

This Month's Thought to Remember . . .

"That which is striking and beautiful is not always good; but that which is good is always beautiful."

—Ninon de Lenclos

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We are often warned that confusion and frustration lie in wait for those who expect miracles to be wrought by prayer.

A few years ago a nation prayed that a little girl caught in a pipe shaft would be rescued alive. Kathy was found dead.

But years before, when Lindbergh made his historic flight, a prominent religionist solemnly declared that this hazardous adventure had been successful because, "People were praying that Lindbergh would make it."

2.

There are many well-known theories about prayer.

High-powered evangelists pray with many interjections of "Praise!" and "Hallelujah!" They say, "You must pray with emotion. You must pray in the name of Jesus, *believing*. You must *believe* that all things are possible with God. But you must also learn to say, 'Not my will, but Thine be done.'"

Religious liberals say that prayer is praise and worship, rather than supplication. A man should ask for nothing but the capacity to love God and reflect His spirit. They say that if you

ask for specific blessings you make God a servitor, but if you pray that you might better serve Him, He will reward you according to His grace and mercy.

To the mystic, prayer is the elevation of the mind to God. It is meditation and contemplation. It is the art of transforming the attention from self to Godself and identifying the soul with the Oversoul. It is the ability to rise above the attachment of physical sensation. It is losing ones own consciousness in God-consciousness. It is a process in the system of mortification, a blotting out of the ego, a solitary response to the "God within."

From the oldest Protestant catechism which calls prayer "divine communion," to the newest psychotherapist who says, "Prayer is useful in imparting conscious direction to life," prayer has many meanings.

But the average Christian hopes that prayer is a device which will help him in time of trouble, give expression to his innermost feeling in time of joy, and prove to be a channel through which Almighty God can be contacted and somewhat reasonably understood.

3.

A considerable part of Frank B. Robinson's work in religion was devoted to an effort to solve the riddle of prayer and he dared to present some significant and revolutionary conclusions. He tested his convictions in the laboratory of his personal experience and in the lives of students

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pamela dawn says . . .

He Has a God-Self, Too, You Know

WHEN I was a child, mother and I used to drive many, many times across the plains of a big cattle country, for we lived miles from stores, post office, the railroad, or even neighbors. The only team it was felt safe for us to drive alone, was a most incompatible one. Nellie, a big black work horse—slow moving, deliberate, was hitched up with my spirited saddle pony, named Grey Eagle after an Indian Chief. And this pony was swift, lithe—and impetuous.

My family and friends always commented that Grey Eagle and I were alike in temperament! Perhaps it was for this reason that I had such childish compassion for those two mis-mated animals hitched together. For my beloved pony was forever trying to spurt ahead and “get places” but was always held back by leisurely Nellie. It was only when I was astride of Grey Eagle that we could vent our emotions and fairly “go with the wind!”

Now that several decades have passed I look back on that scene and feel that it has been like the strange irony of fate that all my life I have seemingly been “teamed” with just such opposites in people. Either in the home or in business, I was ever

linked with individuals wherein I was required to adjust to THEIR tempo in working, playing, living or even eating! As with that team of horses—Nellie would never alter her stride one iota regardless of how Grey Eagle struggled. So it was with me.

During adolescence this hampering caused a deep seated feeling of resentment, which I am—at this late date—learning to uproot. Inwardly I had blamed first one and then another for “being held back” in my ambitions—or dreams.

On the other hand, through those years I longed to *understand* that those very “hold backers” had just as much right to their ways as did I. Unfortunately, however, they never seemed to have the “give and take” spirit. So I was ever the conformist. Neither could I “kick the traces” any more than could Grey Eagle!

At a tender age I fairly devoured metaphysical literature which came my way. It was only through prayer, and the help of such teachers that prevented many of my hopes from being thwarted. A little booklet written by Arthur Crane back in 1913 held me spellbound, even though I could hardly compre-

hend it at the time. One such paragraph was this:

"My freedom is the freedom of the heart and shines forth brightest when environment seems most to enchain. Freedom is not external *nor in any wise dependent on the actions or thoughts of others*. He who is forcibly detained and does not mind it, who takes all external things as he finds them, *and sees no fault in them*, partakes of My freedom."*

It has ever seemed my Waterloo to endeavor to search for the God-self of those "see-sawing" contacts. But I was admonished early that such was the *spiritual* way out, and I BELIEVED IT. Hence when I criticized them (which seemed all too often) I would wind up by trying to see WHY they were acting that way, and endeavor to look for the spiritual side of that person, regardless.

There were many to whom I could pray silently, "I BEHOLD GOD IN YOU," and in time (according to MY realization) I would clique with that Divine Spark within them. Again, there would be individuals who seemed so perverse that I could perhaps see sparks — but not sparks of Truth! It was to this latter type that I had to "adjust" all the more and DIG DEEPER to find that *common denominator of us all*—GOD.

There had been a loved one who was seriously ill for a long time. So much so that he was irritable and difficult to care for. It was affecting my own health, yet somehow I could not seem

to "reach him," until one day I went in another room during one of his upsets, and silently communed with our great Creator. As a result I have seen that loved one quiet down and glance around as if wondering "what hit him" (spiritually!).

At other times of disparagement I have prayed silently over and over, as though talking directly to the Divine Spark within them:

God is in you
Radiating out from you.
GOD IS ALL THAT IS
REAL.

If we truly aspire to help others, the most blessed thing we can do is to look assiduously for their GOD-SELF, whether it be relative, acquaintance, neighbor, associate, friend or foe! WE KNOW that *there is a spark of divinity* in even the most hardened and vicious criminal, and it can be redeemed through our seeing their GOD-SELF.

A few months ago an artist friend (Hazel) and I made a week-end trip with a party of camera enthusiasts. Commercial buses were chartered for our use. Hazel and I were delighted to be with such a wholesome, interesting group. But alas, there was one "fly in the ointment" and she sat directly in front of me!

"Beautifully garbed, but what a hussy!" Hazel whispered. "How did she ever get into this party?" She irritated us both from the start, her bristling red hair on a level with our eyes,

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* All Mysteries, Arthur Crane

Frank B. Robinson. . .

Be Not Blind



EVIDENCE of the existence of the Spirit of God is not very hard to find. Evidence of the hand of God is all around us. We must be blind indeed if we cannot see it.

The shrinking violet, blooming in some crannied nook bespeaks the very Presence of God. The crocuses which are just now poking their little yellow heads above the earth around my home—these are living evidence of the existence and presence of God. The painted pansy, decorated by the hand of God as no artist could decorate—these too are living proof of the existence and Power of God.

It would not be correct to say that all of God lived in those flowers. But it would be categorically correct to state that these beautiful things are a living example of God in actual operation. For the life of those flowers is part of the Life of God.

This Great Life manifests in a million different ways. The Flower-realm is from God just as surely as you and I are. A different manifestation of creative Power, but the same original Creator.

What Power do you think it is that after an all-winter sleep, awakens then in the spring, giv-

ing the flowers life enough, and grace enough, and power enough to grow again, beautifying every home fortunate enough to have them growing hard by?

Take the pouting, painted pansy. Do you know of an artist who can cause life to flow in the almost perfect models he can make of these flowers? The reproduction can be perfect—but it will lack the life.

No — both the life of these wonderful pansies, and the sheer beauty of their coloring come direct from the hand of God. The actual Life and Power of God is plainly visible in the growth of violets, the crocus, and pansies, and every other form of plant life. If God were not in those creations, they never could have life.

So learn to recognize God when you see God. After all, there is a God. And God must needs to be the most vital, powerful, dynamic Spirit in the universe today. If that Spirit was great enough to bring this amazing creation into being without help from man, certainly it is great enough to bring peace, joy, and happiness to the entire human race.

the wayfarer . . .

In the Image of God

THE realization of what I have to say this month will comfort our spirits, keeping us from despair, from mental ill-health, and preventing religious anemia. It will also challenge us to a mode of conduct conducive to the greater good about which all of us dream.

When my sons were very young they were greatly fascinated by pouring hot lead into a mold, allowing it to cool, then separating the mould sections and taking therefrom lead soldiers which could stand alone. As I remember it, there were several patterns, so when the "army" was "made" there was quite an array of forces. We spent lots of time, too, in painting uniforms upon these creatures of our handiwork, to give them a dash of color.

There is a serious side to this episode, too. No soldier ever came from these molds who was not fashioned completely by the moulds themselves. His pattern was forever fixed. And yet, the decorative color schemes changed his externals, even when the fundamentals remained forever determined. In some respects, how like this is in comparison to the manner in which we are made according to God's moulds. We are struck off the Original Pattern, everyone of us. Yet, with thousands of variations due to heredity, to environment, and

to innate tendencies which often take long seasons to flower.

I like to think at least this about the Original Pattern: (1) The Original is Good — for in Him dwelleth no evil at all. (2) The Original is Perfect, therefore, unvarying, hence most dependable and trustworthy. (3) The Original is Everlasting, always free from "wear and tear" as other moulds are, and hence unique among personalities.

Now then, having been cast against that kind of a Pattern, mankind comes out in "the image of God." Of course, you all know that it does not mean that man is created in the physical image of God; indeed that cannot be, since "God is Spirit" and not a physical being at all. It is, therefore, man's spirit which originally comes from God's spirit, being the image thereof; and the physical variations, called bodies, which "house" the spirits of men, constitute the externals which sometimes are confused in popular language with the inner self. For example: We say, "There goes John," as we see him cross the street ahead of us. And yet by that we should not imply that we see John at all, since we refer only to his physical stature and stride as he stalks across the intersection. Yet, of a truth, there John does go, "housed" within the body, with the invisible spirit that keeps that body

alerted to environment and to responses. I say, being created "in the image of God" has nothing to do with the physical body, although we love that physical body as it has all kinds of possibilities of growth.

I am interested, too, in the

physical variations of "the image" which has come directly from the Original Pattern. For man is subjected to temperature, plagues, culture, elevation, congestion, liberty, oppression, and the like, all of which compel variety so interestingly described
(Continued on page 11)

Questions & Answers

(This section is devoted to questions which have been sent to us by our students. If you have a question, the answer to which you feel would be of interest to other students as well as yourself, send it in to us. We reserve the right to choose those questions which are published.)

I have been out of touch with you folks for some time and would like to know how Psychiana is progressing, if you have any new books, how many students are enrolled, and any other general information you can give me.

We are always glad to hear from those Students who have been out of touch with us for a long time. I might add that our students can always write at any time for information, and we do like to keep our records up to date with regards to changes of address.

In the year of 1950 over 12,000 students enrolled in the study of Psychiana. This is a greater number than the population of this little town of Moscow, Idaho, and represents people from every state in the union.

Also in the year 1950, a new book by Marcus Bach was published entitled *He Talked With God*. This book became one of our most popular publications for it contains the complete list of affirmations used by Dr. Robinson throughout his lifetime. Just the other day Marcus Bach wrote . . . "I passed a little book shop in my town and there on display was a copy of my book *They Have Found A Faith*. And right beside it was a copy of *He Talked With God*."

Then, too, four of Dr. Robinson's phonograph records will be ready for distribution sometime within the next three or four months. We are sorry these haven't appeared sooner but the manufacturing of records takes time.

We hope, my friend, that this has given you that which you desire in the way of information about Psychiana. Do write when you have time, as we always enjoy hearing from all of our members.



Letters

FROM MEMBERS

West Virginia
January 9, 1951

Dear Mr. Robinson,

... I enrolled as a Psychiana student about 5 years ago, and before my enrollment I want you to know that I was really in the rut. I was, of all people, most miserable. My domestic affairs were very unsatisfactory which made me sick both mentally and physically. Domestic happiness was a completely unknown factor in my life. I had but very little which I could call my own and can truthfully say it was the darkest period of my life. No doubt it was this distress and worry which caused my intensive search for peace and happiness. I now have proof that I had been searching in the wrong place. Since I began studying Dr. Robinson's teaching my life has been completely changed.

At the beginning of my studies I was not too much interested in material success, but I was very much interested in domestic happiness. My home was so

bach. . . (from page 2)

who were caught in the problems and vicissitudes of life. He believed almost fanatically in Matthew 7:8, "Every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth."

near to being broken up that no earthly help could remedy the situation. All the time, I was attending church and doing according to what I had been taught. Well, naturally, as my situation grew worse I began to think, "There is something wrong somewhere." I knew the Bible about as well as the average who attended our church, and I want to say I did for a fact begin to question the truths of it. In September of 1945 I saw one of your ads in our daily paper. I answered that ad but it was several months before I enrolled as a student, simply because I did not know where the money could come from to pay the payments. But somehow I managed to get an extra \$1.00 and sent for the first lesson. From that time on the money was always ready when the payments came due.

Well, the first thing I knew our troubles began to straighten out and I can say that we are now two happy people. . . .

Sincerely,
G. P.

Let us try to analyze what he discovered and what he professed.

4.

a) *Effective prayer has as its basis a quality of deep and absorbing compassion.*

This most interesting concept is worthy of thought by everyone who takes seriously the phenomenon of answered prayer. In order to make prayer *work*, the prayer must be more than words or formulas; it must bear evidence of a completely heartfelt desire and be undergirded by an unshaken and unselfish wish for fulfillment. Let us call it a divine pull or a divine drive. Robinson called it a compassion. He insisted that "Prayer is the soul's *sincere desire*, uttered or unexpressed." These words by James Montgomery were living words. Perhaps only those who have experienced the thought they contain can understand them.

Have you ever found yourself wanting one thing in life to the complete exclusion of everything else? Have you ever loved someone better than you loved yourself?

Let's put it this way: close your eyes for a moment and ask yourself right now, "What do I want and wish for more than anything in the world?" The chances are that THAT is the one thing you could pray for with complete compassion and it is probably the one prayer that would be most surely answered. "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire."

5.

If you had asked Dr. Robinson about the two mothers, one whose prayer was answered and the other whose prayer was not answered, he would have said something like this:

"Through some intense compassion the one mother made

contact with the Power of God. Perhaps she knew more about the techniques of prayer. Perhaps she lived closer to the Power of God. I do not say she was a better mother or that her son was more deserving of life. I only say that she *made contact*. And the best way that I have found by which contact can be made is through compassion.

"A person in trouble is tempted to fight windmills by ranting and raving in desperation and calling that prayer. No. Prayer is synchronizing your compassion with God's compassion."

Whatever prayer is, it is certainly one thing, the soul's SINCERE DESIRE. It was Dr. Robinson's idea that this unrestricted desire should be the main ingredient; in fact, he considered it the chief factor, the *elan vital* if prayer was to be answered.

(To be continued next month)

dawn. . . (from page 4)

while she blew billow after billow of cigarette smoke our way as if to avert our gaze.

Hazel recoiled even more than I, saying she could hardly stand to look at her. In response I chirped up meekly, "Guess we'll have to look at her through the eyes of God!"

The unexpectedness of my comment (for we had both forgotten God temporarily) sent Hazel into laughter until the tears came — loosening the tension for us both. Surprising as it may sound, that person never once annoyed us again in any way on the entire trip!

Do we want to get on faster?

Do we want more understanding? Are we blaming others for seemingly "being held back"? Sort of "chafing at the bit" as it were, like my pony Grey Eagle? If so, we better stop short and *practice* the knowledge we already possess for those close at hand who need it so much.

By learning to associate with

the Divine Nature of everyone we will be surprised at the change that will be wrought in their dispositions. And, when we can get the realization that there IS A SPARK OF DIVINITY within another, regardless of their actions, WE WILL HAVE WON THE BATTLE OVER OURSELVES.

Those Who Walk With God

HOW MANY of you are acquainted with people who look and act much younger than their years?—people who get a kick out of living and being with others. I have friends who act just this way and have often wondered what the "secret of their success" is. And I think I have found out.

In the first place, do you carry worries and problems from your work period into your period of rest and relaxation? Or do you leave problems entirely out of your thinking for a few hours while your mind rests up on your family or is allowed to relax by not thinking? Many times our problems are solved for us, without our ever having to find a solution. It is somewhat like the old back-woods farmer who had been thinking of putting in another crop on a "lower forty" acres he owned. One of his friends asked why he worried so about it, and why he didn't just go ahead and put it in. He replied, "The more crops I grow, the more money I'll git. And the more money I'll git, the more worries I'll have." A few

days later a man from the highway department made the farmer an offer for his "lower forty" as a new highway was going through. He accepted, saying, "My worries is over—I got the money for the land and I ain't got no problems!"

It's something like a woodsman who, after hiking in the woods all day with a pack on his back, comes into camp in the evening, and *immediately takes his pack off before resting*. Wouldn't it be silly for him to prepare his supper, build his fire, and clean up the camp, all the while carrying his pack? And aren't we foolish to try to relax in the evening with our minds saddled with the cares and problems of our existence? Of course.

Then the thing for us to do, like the woodsman, is to lay aside our worries and cares no matter how big they may seem, and after an evenings' relaxation and a good sleep, we can again take them up on the morrow but with our minds rested and refreshed.

Please Note Carefully - - -

Due to recent increases in the cost of paper, printing, labor, and envelopes, it is necessary that we increase the price of the Bulletin to \$1.50 for 12 issues. This increase becomes effective June 1, 1951.

However, we are allowing our subscribers to renew their present subscriptions at the special price of \$1.25 a year. This special price of \$1.25 will be in effect **only** from April 1, 1951 to June 1, 1951. After June 1, 1951, the yearly rate will be \$1.50. For your convenience in renewing your subscription please use the following rate schedule:

1 year	\$1.25	THESE SUBSCRIPTION
2 years	2.50	RATES GOOD ONLY
3 years	3.75	FROM APRIL 1, 1951 TO
4 years	5.00	JUNE 1, 1951.

After June 1, 1951, the subscription rate will be \$1.50 for 12 issues.

wayfarer... (from page 7)

by psychologists, sociologists and theologians.

Yet, my friends, as you walk, dine, recline, or do anything else, you are God's image NOW, and forever. I like to think that at birth each child-spirit has come directly from God—unprejudiced, kissed by Him in love, and started upon its earthward journey as a WHOLE being, a cherub indeed. I like to think that while on earth the closest any of us ever comes to the "inside of the veil" that thinly separates Time from Eternity is in that moment when an infant comes from its mother's womb as another "soul" is born "in the image of God."

It is evident, consequently, that we have a destiny that is

not earthy and a spirit which is not mortal in any sense. We possess an inner consciousness which, though often sleeping, can be stimulated into magnificence of action and to greatness of deeds. Yes, we are born "in the image of God."

As pointed out earlier in this brief message, let us consider the three thoughts about the Original Pattern, in Whose image we are made, Whose marks we bear forever; and in this consideration let us find some help for our daily bread and for our spiritual freedom, remembering what Conrad Hilton once said: "That man has no meaning, no worth, no dignity apart from the image of God in him. It is through each of us, as persons, that all greatness springs: great art, great music, great accom-

plishments of a nation are born in the mind of a person."

If the Original is Good, we are innately destined for goodness, and not for evil. Doing evil is not of God. Devastation and ruin are not of God, but of ignorance. Our disposition, being in the "image" of that Original Good, is toward the highest and the best in the world of spirit and of man. I do not think men are perverse and wicked by nature. Some men get that way by their own indulgences or their profligacies or their selfishness—in fact, only when one does violence to the "impact of the image" is there anything but good destined for man.

Further, if the Original is Perfect, we who are made in that image tend toward trustworthiness and dependability. Vascillation, therefore, and instability are un-normal in our character - direction. Viewed from the Creator's standpoint. As long as man is endowed with free choice, or else he would not be a person in the true sense, he must always feel that he is disposed to stability rather than to instability. He believes mightily in himself; to be true. BUT, he believes more mightily — oh, much more mightily — in the

Creator who implanted that desire within him. I argue that the "image" has to be like the Original Pattern.

And, finally, if the Original is Everlasting, we should always remind ourselves that we are immortal, born to be in the world for a season only, and then to depart this life as emancipated spirits who go to join the Original Everlasting Spirit who created us. We do not jump off the cliff of Time into oblivion. We do not sink into the quicksands of eternal forgetting. We are not reduced to ashes to be scattered to the four winds only of history. Thank God, we are predisposed to LIVE, and to live forever in the presence of the ORIGINAL CREATOR from whom we spring and whose image we forever are proud to carry. Man cannot die, for he is immortal.

As I said at the beginning, let us both comfort and challenge ourselves with these words. Spring is here. Crocus prove it. Blue skies herald it. The alders announce it. Buttercups will publicize it. O fellow-traveller, your humble Wayfarer asks you to get new life within yourself NOW, for you are made in the image of God. Believe that and be a new man.

A look at next month's bulletin . . .



The Wayfarer indicates that an every-day faith can and does satisfy in his article "Deep Satisfaction" . . . "Does Psychiana suggest any special type of funeral service?" will be answered . . . Marcus Bach continues his article on "Prayer."