

THE PSYCHIANA BULLETIN

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POOLS OF POWER

By
The Wayfarer

I had been walking along a country road where very little modern highway engineering had been done. Hills were not levelled nor had grades been eased. Sharp bends were as natural as in the old wagon-trail days of the pioneers. Afoot, I was tired, perspiring, and thirsty. I did not recognize the clumps of shrubs beside which I stopped, as I looked back whence I had come. Looking ahead toward that invisible place toward which I was going, I saw not one thing new in the terrain. It was late afternoon and the slanting rays of the mid-summer sun were casting long fingers of shadows upon the dusty roadside.

The grass along the roadway was gray and dirty. The leaves of the thistles with their faded lavender blooms, once growing in rank profusion, were drooped and unnaturally shrivelled. The horizon-line was like a brown pencil stroke, sered and thin. There was no water in the ditches, nor had I found any spring during my travels that day since sun-up. By now, too, I had emptied the small canteen of water I carried. Everywhere it was pitifully dry. Grasshoppers surprised me with their sudden but short-lived flights into the stubble. The earth was cracked at many places, and when I swept off the thick layers of dust beneath my feet I found nothing but hardpan up through which I knew no water of refreshment could ever come.

As I walked along toward the sunset and into the twilight a cloud stood bizarre and naked in the copper sunlight; but there was something peculiar about that cloud. It was growing rapidly, swelling in size much like an inflating balloon. Only, this particular cloud was moving between the sun and me,

first at long range and then coming toward me over the meadows; but, grotesquely enough, it had the features of a huge man who was laughing. Always it rolled toward me, growing larger by the minute, sometimes black and sometimes red against the sun--but always hurrying in my direction.

That cloud was the most amazing spectacle I had ever seen as it rolled uproariously toward me, ever changing its hue from black to red and again to black each alternate minute. All around me was the silence of the Eternal, and I could notice nothing astir in the brown grasses and over the yellow fields. I did not even see any more grasshoppers. I wanted someone to talk to, or to talk to me; but there was nobody in sight, and nothing but that awesome silence and the provocative and mysterious cloud.

Across the fields this cloud now moved toward me menacingly, I thought, as I stood rooted to the ground in my surprise. And when it moved into the road some distance ahead of me and started bowling in my direction in earnest, I could see nothing for me but a collision with it, and I took to the ditch, I fear rather unceremoniously. But yet I heard nothing--not even the sighing of tiny winds, nor the hissing of raindrops upon hot stones. I wondered what would happen when this strange cloud engulfed me. Would I be overwhelmed, knocked down deeper into the ditch, or suffocated by it? I did not know, but I was filled with fear. I simply could not get out of its way, and as the cloud billowed over and around me I gave in to it--out of necessity, of course.

And it was in that once dry ditch where

I had thrown myself that I later awakened from my disaster, drenched and shivering. But somehow strangely refreshed. How long had I been there? Whether only an instant, or an hour, a season, or a year, I never have been able to say; but when I could look around me again, to my amazement I was once more in a green world. The dust had been washed from the grass, the thistle was bright in its curly green, and over the roadway lay hundreds of little pools of water, apparently disconnected from each other, gifts of the cloud and faithfully mirroring its light as it still hung low over me and the road. With its changing colors there was also the sound of joyous laughter comparable to nothing I had ever heard before. What a transformation had taken place! My dry and burned out world was now lush and green. The desert had blossomed like the rose, as it was promised in the good Book.

It was when I stood up to get back upon the road again that from within that cloud, still ominously low over my head, I heard a musical voice repeating, now softly and then loudly, in a symphonic cadence of distilled sweetness, these words: "pools of power...pools of power...pools of power." Since I could make nothing of such cadenced words, and I saw nothing in the bright pools of water upon the roadway to give me a clue, I said out loud,--I fear with an astonishingly loud voice in the midst of the awesome silence--"What are you trying to tell me?" Whereupon the cloud lifted with flashing laughter and disappeared into the limitless sky leaving behind it trailing sounds of tinkling softness that were echoes of the only words I could understand. "pools of power"... "pools of power."

By this time the sun had set, and the birds were singing, but it was not yet dark. So I started walking again toward my invisible destination, and these are some of my thoughts which came to me as I strolled along in the gathering night. Was the voice I heard the voice of God? Speaking to me on the every-day journey I was taking as I went about my "daily dozen" of deeds toward my destination? I like to think that it was so; and if so, I shall always remember how cheerful it was, how musical, how richly intoned to match my yearning spirit--a broadcast that was in perfect tune with my spiritual receiving set. It was the voice of joyousness and buoyancy, not of sadness and depression.

Why had the cloud singled me out upon the

roadway, if the cloud contained the voice of God? That I shall never know. But I was completely overwhelmed, first in fear and then in peace. I was "bowled over" by its impact upon me. I was overwhelmed. I was literally drenched--but also spiritually engulfed. Now I remember how God has overwhelmed persons I have known, those who have been seeking great truths or yearning for giant achievements, and in that overwhelming of personality there came subsequent release of power that could only be god-like and marvelous. I knew then, too, that when anyone picks himself up from the ditches where he has flung himself to avoid the "cloud of God" that he is renewed and revived and revitalized, and moves into his world with a brand new dynamic that refuses to admit defeat on any front, within or without. I tell you I have seen it happen to old and to young, to men and to women. God always elects to magnify the man who elects, or submits to, His power.

The contrast of the terrain before and after the cloud passed also provoked questioning. Was it only the rain at even? Or, could it be a new "revitalizer" of the whole realm of nature that became suddenly Eden-like in its pristine purity and marvel? God had washed His world, but not only with the rain. God had restored it to its original glory and brightness. That is when field, flower and forest give off a new effulgence of glory. That is why there was no longer any dust, no shrivelled leaf, and no weary roadway. I have seen this literally happen to men and to institutions who have become suddenly and miraculously imbued with the transforming power of God. Life is sweetly vigorous. Multitudes are swayed by new confidence of voice and of plan. Undeviatingly a new arrow flies straight to its target of world-redemption and social justice and international peace. The day of such indwelling power is never over. Man is picked up by that power and restored to new potency in his own generation and for his own needs. Such refreshment is not man-made; it is God-induced. Such transformations are convincing proof of the reality of God in His present universe, of which man is the created center. He who stumbles along in arid places, facing the twilight of night, parched and weary, may find complete transformation through the power of the Almighty overtaking him. This is what I concluded as I strolled along that evening.

But I was the most deeply perplexed by the words "Pools of Power." Yes, as I walked

along I stepped over and beside the little pools, thousands of them, of clear water in the roadway. And they reflected now the stars of the heavens. They were little reservoirs of reserve refreshment when again the sun would shine fiercely. They would be ultimately absorbed either by the earth or by the sky, but they were none the less reservoirs for future use and for a sustained transformation. I remember and know from my own observations that man makes great reservoirs to store water for use during the dry seasons. Every large city has some reservoir resources, man-made. Years ago writing in "One World," the late Wendell Wilkie spoke of "reservoirs of goodwill" that missionaries of the Christian churches had established throughout the world by their enterprises.

And I keep on thinking about these reservoirs of power--pools of power--that God gives those who will make some provision to store His energy "against a later day of necessity." All man needs to do, I find out daily, is to construct some little place (or great, for that matter) and God will do the rest. He fills these places with "pools of power." It is His rain that falls into these prepared reservoirs; man does not need to make the rain nor manufacture the power; all he needs to do is to be a hearty recipient of that power and prepare a place so that the reserves can be stored in many

little pools.

Some weeks ago I stood with my wife on the highest mountain overlooking Crater Lake, the most beautiful "pool" of water I have ever seen upon the face of the earth. It was a giant eruption of a volcano that left this "depression" in the heart of the mountain. But now, continuously and silently, springs and melting snow--all God-given--fill up this "depression" with the bluest water in the whole world. And its southwestern Oregon location makes it one of the scenic wonders of the world for vacationists. It is a wonder pool beneath the Cascadian sky. For some persons and institutions it will take an earthquake to make the reception of God's power possible, I find, but what a marvel when that happens.

Pools of power. Will they be yours? Let the March winds of Time bluster and blow! You will have the quiet pools of power of the Timeless One to sustain you and refresh you for all time to come. And that is something worth yearning for, isn't it?

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February 1, 1950
Pennsylvania

Psychiana
Moscow, Idaho

Dear Friends:

Enclosed you will find check to cover invoice for the *Bulletin* and *The Way*.

I cannot express the gratitude that it does deserve. I certainly wish everyone could study and enjoy this course of lessons, what a change would come into existence.

I was a complete failure, worked hard, many hours a day, never seemed to accomplish

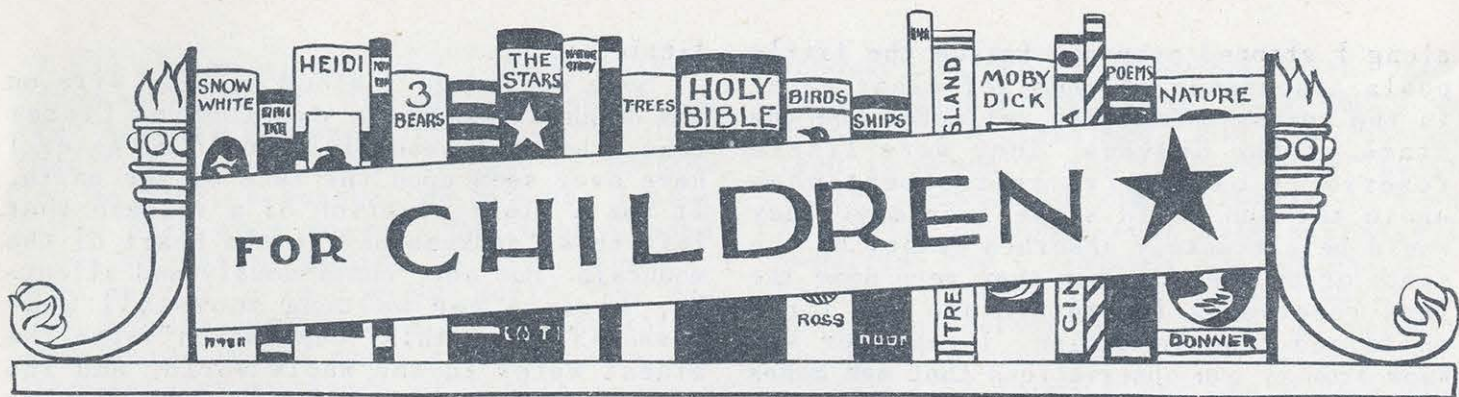
any of the illusions I set out to do. But now, how very different. Wonderful peace, no worries and not one business, but two that are very successful, and growing larger by the minute.

My greatest longing and desire is for my most loving Father that is always so very close, so very dear to me.

Life is so very beautiful, so very wonderful. I can't say that the physical holds my interest too greatly. It seems to be rather unimportant at times, for when one knows God, that great magnetic force is far too appealing to resist.

And I realize Dr. Robinson was responsible for this wonderful change in my life. But God will reward him beautifully, and he will be satisfied to know he did his work well.

Cordially yours,
F.A.H.



The Golden Rule Surprise

By
Agnes Faith



Ned bounced into his house with a happy face. He had been in school all day and had come home to attend to his duties before mother returned from work. But as he opened the door a fragrant smell hit his nostrils and he took one deep sniff. "Oh-h," he said aloud, "what in the world can that be?"

He ran to the kitchen where he was surprised to see Mrs. Hill working at the table. "Why, mother! you home? Am I late? How come you're

so early?", he questioned.

"Oh, I managed."

"But how?" inquired Ned.

"I asked Mrs. Jackson to let me take the afternoon off for a very special reason," mother explained. Ned tried to act like he couldn't imagine what his mother meant, but there never had been an hour all day when he wasn't thinking that he was twelve years old this very day. "Better run along and make your deliveries, son, then you won't be late for dinner."

"Sure thing! I'll hurry!", and he was away like a streak.

Ned and his mother lived alone since his father was gone, and the hours that the two could spend together at home were really special. Ned did odd jobs delivering parcels for the corner drug store after school. Ned's mother worked every day, so anything as important as a birthday needed special planning.

Mrs. Hill thought of the things she wished she could buy for Ned. He was such

a good boy, and would like many gifts she knew, yet he never coaxed for them.

"How I would love to get one nice thing," she thought, "but the cake will make him happy especially with his pals, Bob and Harry, to share it. After all a cake with candles should make for a happy day."

Ned hurried to the store and worked as fast as he could. Finishing the last chore he called, "Well, so-long Mr. Neale, I guess that's it for today; if there's nothing more I'll hurry home. I think Mom has a birthday 'sprise for me. After all, what's a fella's nose for if it isn't to tell him what's going on in the kitchen. It smelled a heap like Mom was baking a cake."

"Birthday, eh? Now Neddy, why didn't you tell me?" asked Mr. Neale. "What do you want--a football, skates, or what?"

He didn't know he had hit the very thing Ned had longed for so hard. He did want skates--oh, HOW he wanted them so he could play on the lake with his pals, but he had never told anyone that.

"I'd take skates," he announced, "but we can't buy such things."

Just then the phone rang. Ned grew restless as the conversation lengthened and his heart took a complete tumble when Mr. Neale explained: "Sorry, Neddy, an emergency at Mr. Scott's; do you suppose you could possibly take some medicine out there?"

The boy opened his mouth to say he would go after dinner, but he suddenly remembered something. Father had taught him life's great rules when he was still a small boy. "The other fellow is first, son, the golden rule is God's rule--don't ever forget." "The other fellow's first"--his mind repeated to him, and then he heard himself say, "Okeh, Mr. Neale, I'll take it."

The druggist sensed Ned's disappointment,

but he was silent as he watched Ned leave on the errand. It was more than a mile to the Scott home and that was a long way in the dark and cold. But, after what seemed hours to Ned, he accomplished the errand.

Mother would be worried--the dinner would be spoiled--instead of bouncing home in all the joy he had planned, he was heart-sick and late. He passed the drugstore and it was dark. And then after a few blocks he was home.

He opened the door slowly until he saw his mother, who did not appear worried, but instead had a smile on her face.

"Happy birthday, Ned," yelled Bob and Henry, rushing toward him. "You big bum, where've you been?"

"We know," said mother. "Mr. Neale stopped to tell me on his way home from the store. Come, eat your supper and then the boys will share your surprise."

No meal ever tasted better and he was ready for dessert when mother brought in the cake. The four sat down together. There it was, more lovely than Ned imagined, a large white cake with pink candles lighted.

Ned watched them burn a few minutes, then with one puff blew them out.

"You cut it, Ned, and I'll get the plates," volunteered his mother and returning she carried big helpings of ice cream and explained that Mr. Neale had brought it. Ned was busy with the cream and cake and did not notice the parcel his mother was holding.

"Here, son--something for you to open."

He opened the box and peeped in--there lay the most beautiful pair of skates he had ever seen--"racers!", shiney, new racers!", he gasped. "Whose are they?"

"There's a letter," said Bob. "What does it say?"

Ned fumbled in opening it, and then nervously read:

"Dear Neddy:

We knew it was your birthday today and planned all along to give you something to show our thanks for your fine work. Good skating, and a Happy Birthday."

Mr. and Mrs. Neale.

In his prayers that night Ned said thanks for the day and called it his "Golden Rule Surprise."

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Mr. Toadstool

By

Sally Brightside

II

"If you want to ask any questions you may," said Mayor Thimbleton.

"How did I get so small?" asked David.

"Oh, that. Mr. Toadstool does that on the way down. If he didn't you wouldn't be able to see or hear me," said the Mayor. "Would you like to see how Mr. Toadstool picked you out?" asked the Mayor.

"Sure would," said David.

They walked over to the stump of a tree. It was hollow and by putting his head just the way he was told David could see way up to his own yard. "When you picked the first strawberry and gave it to your sister, Mr. Toadstool decided he'd like to know you better," said Mayor Thimbleton.

Just then some children came along. They were all dressed in green. They were coming home from school. Mayor Thimbleton must have guessed what David was going to ask because he lead the way to the schoolhouse. (More next month)

We are venturing some material for children of various ages, which we hope you will like. We invite your correspondence with suggestions. This same art head will be in each issue; and one thing "to do" for children is to color these "books," and from month to month see how wide a variety of "library" can be developed. The same will be true of the other drawing on this page. Try it.

QUESTIONS



& ANSWERS.



(This section will be devoted to questions which come in to us from our Students. If you have a question, the answer to which you feel would be of interest to a great number of our Members, send it in to us. We reserve the right to choose those questions which are published.)

Question: What is the present total enrollment of all Psychiana Students? Also which state has the largest enrollment.

Answer: All Psychiana Students who complete the Psychiana Primary Teaching and who are in good standing receive a Life Membership Certificate at the completion of their primary studies, and are thereby considered

life members of Psychiana. This total has been estimated somewhere between six hundred and eight hundred thousand. This figure includes only those who were duly recorded in our records. However, the number of Students who are actively receiving the Primary Lessons at the present time is approximately 6,000, and this is exclusive of those enrolled in the Advanced Lessons.

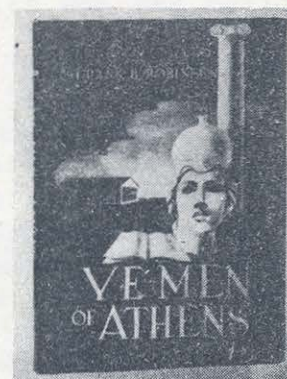
The states having the largest enrollment are: New York, California, Illinois, Texas, and Iowa. The section of the United States containing the most Students is the Middle West with the eastern seaboard running a close second.



They Have Found a Faith by Marcus Bach

And

Ye Men of Athens by Dr. Frank B. Robinson



During the month of March, 1950, only, we are making available to all of our Members these two books, **THEY HAVE FOUND A FAITH** by Marcus Bach and **YE MEN OF ATHENS** by Dr. Robinson at the special reduced price of \$3.50. **THEY HAVE FOUND A FAITH** is regularly \$3.00 and **YE MEN OF ATHENS** \$2.00. But during the month of March, 1950, we are offering both of these exceptional books for \$3.50. Each will be a fine addition to your own library, so send your order in today so you may take advantage of this special offer. We cannot extend this offer beyond March 31, 1950.

Send your order to: Psychiana, Moscow, Idaho. We will send these books to you **POST-PAID!**

\$3.50 during March only!