

THE PSYCHIANA BULLETIN

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A PERFECT DAY

By
The Wayfarer

Perfection is difficult to attain in any field. Everywhere we turn we see many striving for it and, at the same time, many who do not care enough to be striving. But perfection is worthy of struggle, and even an approximation to the perfect brings the deepest sort of satisfactions that abide.

Have you ever gone to the Fair? Or to a Rose Show? Or to a political convention where the "platform" was being worded? Then you know how difficult it is to get perfection anywhere. It is hard to grow a perfect rose, for something is faulty in stem, form, color, or trueness to type; yet there are hundreds of entries as rose fanciers keep trying to grow "the perfect rose." As a lad the writer used to have fun at the county fair, where all kinds of exhibits were displayed--needlework, bakery foods, livestock, and implements. There great interest was stirred up by a champion in each of the fields if there were animals involved, or the blue ribbons elsewhere. And yet none could ever say that "perfection" had been arrived at, beyond which nothing else was to be done.

In fact, cannot many of you remember when the Mazda globe first appeared to illumine our houses with electricity? Or, when the first self-starter on an automobile engine was displayed at some auto show? Do you not recall when ready-mix concrete became popular with contractors? Or when pre-mix cake flour helped to make baking simpler and easier? These innovations were improvements on the matter in hand, ever pointing toward perfection in these respective fields. And as long as the mind of man is working creatively, or as long as society

lasts with its demands for improvements in all types of tools or machinery or gadgets, there will be a never-ending stream of improvements or innovations--all being a frank attempt at perfecting the situation or mechanism at hand. And that is as it should be.

The same holds true with our social patterns and methods of getting along with each other. We try prison reforms in order to make more perfect our justice; we amend articles of incorporation to get a more desirable combination of factors; nations are born, like the USA in order to "form a more perfect union"; trade unions perfect new schemes to protect their memberships; churches project new down-to-earth techniques in order to teach their youth or their children; international politics seethes with ideas, and it is to be hoped that in the foment that arises there might come a true solution to the vexatious imperfections of the present troublous times.

It is natural to be trying to get the perfect done. It is, also, natural to realize that the mind of man is finite and therefore is itself less than perfect. Which is another way of saying that some mighty Infinite needs to be consulted for further light and revelation in order to achieve the highest and best in living. To do less is to be defeated. To do less is to admit our contentment with imperfections--and this is a most serious and spurious contentment.

But the chief place where we have a chance to shine in this area of thought is in our religious outlook and inlook--our

expression and impression of spiritual power. None yet had found the last word that comes from God--there is always a higher word that is revealed constantly to the alert and to those who seek. That higher word may be an elaboration of an ancient creed, as so often happens to those who accept an ancient creed and then let life flow through it to make it vital for the present. That often occurs, also, when some independent thinker strides into the arena of time and presents a new concept of living, powerful and universal. The great mystics are among those who point out that God still is making Himself known to His created, and that His power has never yet been exhausted by any believer, just as His majestic holiness has never been fully expressed upon this earth.

None of us has found the "perfect day" either. I know there is a song which is written by Carrie Jacobs Bond like this:

When you come to the end of a perfect day
And you sit alone with your thought,
And the chimes ring out with a carol gay
For the joy that the day has brought...

And yet that "perfect day" of which she speaks is a poetic image of a happy day, imagined to be complete, but not in itself exhausting all of the elements to make one great super-satisfying experience. We speak of it as such, but it is not absolute in its inclusiveness.

But I want to talk about a "perfect day" in the strictest sense of that term. I want us to face the implications of the highest possible experience any person may have for his enjoyment. I want to have a rich discontent with "what is" so that you might discover an abiding "contentment" with what may be. Your perfect day is still coming; so is mine; and let's talk about it some more.

One arrives at the perfect day for himself when he lives to the maximum of his capacity. That sounds like a platitude, but it is not so. To find a person who is living up to the level of his capacity is rare, for most of us are doing no more than "getting by" with ourselves and with our jobs. We have not adopted the principle of the second mile. We have not filled our waking hours with creative thoughts. And now let me plunge the knife to the heart of the matter--we have not discovered the capacity of "appreciative living." Children do not appreciate fully their parents--how can

they with their limited experiences? Parents are unappreciative of the rising generation and their eagerness to do things differently. Men hesitate to express appreciation of women whose outlook upon life is quite different; many women feel oppressed because they have not appreciated their men folk. He who has learned to appreciate his world to capacity has found himself a perfect day.

There are degrees of capacity in people when it comes to their appreciativeness--just as there is a wonderful variety of pots and pans, small and large, to contain a wide range of materials. Would you say that a teacup that is full to running over is any less "full" than a barrel that is also running over? Not at all. And here is where we make some of the worst mistakes of living, because we have failed to perceive the infinite variety of capacities individuals have. Whatever my CAPACITY, therefore, in any one field of appreciation, I have found my perfect day the moment I live to capacity.

Let us take a man who has little appreciation for nature--for example, the blue sky overhead. One look and he would be satisfied; whereas the artistic person might look at the blue sky and write like this:

The blue sky still belongs to God; He makes it soft above the pastures and sharp over the mountains. He mirrors it in the lakes and throws in the green fir for contrasts. Where the eagle soars, and where the wild goats roam in artistic silhouettes. Here is blue sky, pure air, the absence of dust and with flecks of mist gone, folded gently by the billowing clouds, now white, now ominously black with storm. Cobalt is not the word for it--rather, like blue gentians and sometimes like robins' eggs. Blue sky, kissed by gentle winds and stooping to touch the horizon of men with gentleness and peace. It is God's sky, and man's sky, if he will only look up.

Nonetheless, if each were filled to his capacity, no matter how he voiced his sentiments, for him it is a "perfect day."

But, will you go with me one step farther along? For there is a second element that gets into "a perfect day" for any man. It is the concept of God and His relation to His world of life, including mankind. God

is the only "perfect Being" known to human thought. In Him there is absolute perfection. We say God is omniscient, omnipresent, and omnipotent. There is no flaw in Him, for we ascribe to him "perfection of Being." This means that perfection comes to men when they learn of the liason between themselves and God. There is a way to discover that connection. In the very first place, do not look too far away for God, for you will find Him inside yourself. His power and His goodness are there, too, all for your understanding and utilization. In the second place, do not expect more things to be God's doing until you are ready and eager to have God express Himself through you. God can make all of our harp-strings vibrate with music if we put the strings at His disposal. He will only play tunes on our harps if we give him all of the strings to use; but when we do that how wonderful is the music we hear and enjoy and with a new appreciation.

This is the springtime of the year. In this month we will have Easter. There is newness and freshness and revitalization all around us. The attention of millions will be focused upon the parade of fashion. And yet I hope you will not miss the note of cheer and newness which I express as my hope for all when I say I want you to have on Easter a "PERFECT DAY" of appreciation of living. I am desirous that you find on that day an outlook which will last you for all days. If there is some deadness or dried husk within us, let us find some new life springing forth. If we have hibernated so long that we are all shrivelled up and almost past reviving, let us learn to have new faith in self and in God. If we do not see the good in the world, let us take steps to change ourselves so that we will find it.

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FROM
NEAR AND FAR

California
March 1, 1950

Psychiana,

I have taken your twenty wonderful Lessons in the year of 1943-44, under the name of my mother Both my mother and myself have realized the greatest gain ever from your wonderful teachings of God, and

Your "perfect day" is within your grasp. Live to capacity and believe in God for results. Then you will never forget April nor Easter of 1950. For myself, I have found the perspective of the following original verse most helpful:

Through The Mist

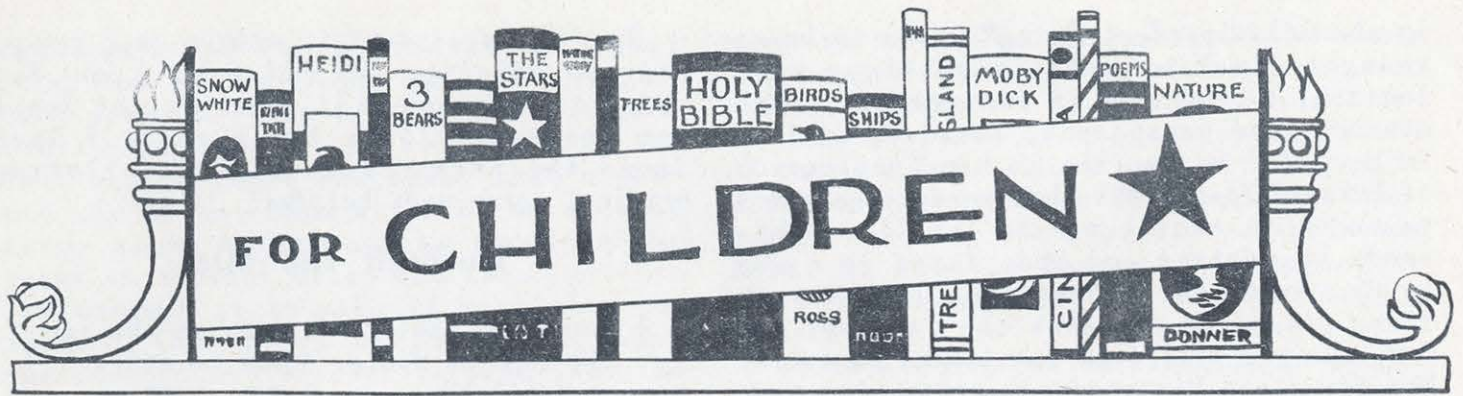
I stand, so small a figure, at the far
Dim edge of space. About me stars
drift by,
And swirling nebulae adorn the sky.
Could I become a rocket to pierce that
bar
Of emptiness, or through cloud-gates
ajar
This soul of mine go walking - then
this cry
Within might cease, that asks of
Yonder why
Amid such glory there is sorrow, death
and war.

But more than shapeless mist there is
to see -
Much greater than the void that comes
from doubt -
When asking questions of eternity.
There is that Power that makes one
more devout,
Who bids us break the bonds of men, so
we
May in their joy find faith to go
about.

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speaking from my heart, I put into practice each and every day the Power of the God-Law in my life, and I have a world of friends who just can't seem to understand why and how I draw people unto myself. I love friends and to say that I have many would be putting it in a small way. I would like to spend a great deal of my time in this work, and as time permits I shall lead people to know this worthwhile study of God and people. I shall thank Dr. Robinson the rest of my life for his gracious teachings and I shall forever be a firm believer in Psychiana.

Your happy follower forever,
G.E.



Picnic Weather for the Thompson Family

By
Sally Brightside



"Don't you think it is warm enough to go on a picnic, Nora?" asked Alice.

"It just feels like that kind of weather to me, but I'm not sure Mother and Father will agree with us," answered Nora. "Maybe we could use strategy," she continued.

"If that is something you put on your face, I don't think they'll like it," said Alice.

Nora sighed, "Remind me to give you a dictionary for your birthday, dear, but in the meantime strategy is something you do. Like if we want Mother and Father to say we can go on a picnic we could think up something nice for a surprise and then ask them."

"Who is going to surprise whom and with what?" asked Bob who had just come into the room.

"I think it would be fun to have a picnic on Saturday and Nora and I were wondering if we could do something nice for Mother and Father so they would give the idea some special consideration," explained Alice.

"I'd sure go for that," said Bob, "and I'll bet Tom would, too."

"Who's talking about me?" asked Tom. "If it is anything strenuous don't suggest it till I get some food."

"How does the idea of a picnic strike you?" asked Bob.

"That strikes me where I'm willing to do most anything," answered Tom.

"We haven't had dinner out for awhile. Do you suppose we can scrape enough money

together to take Father and Mother out for dinner tonight?" asked Nora.

"If we can get dinners for a dollar we're lucky and that makes six dollars for all of us," contributed Bob.

"I have exactly thirty cents," said Alice after counting her change.

"You've got me beat by ten cents," moaned Tom.

"You aren't even in it," teased Nora after consulting her purse, "I've got seventy-five cents."

"Don't get puffed up, sis," warned Bob, "I have a dollar."

"You don't need an adding machine to tell you that makes exactly two dollars and twenty-five cents," said Tom. "Dad can eat that much alone."

"How about taking them out for hamburgers. We all like to do that and you can get them at the Castle for a quarter each," came from Alice who was trying to figure how much that would be.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," murmured Nora. "That would be a dollar fifty for the hamburgers and we'd have seventy-five cents to buy coffee for Mother and Father and they could even have dessert," continued Nora.

"Why didn't we ever do something like this before?" asked Tom of no one in particular. "I don't care whether we get to go on the picnic or not. It will be fun to treat Mom and Dad. Don't anyone forget and decide to have dessert. We haven't got that much money."

"Isn't it nice that Mother had a late meeting and Father is picking her up? We can ask them both at once," said Alice. "Here they come. Get set to ask them."

"How unusual to find all our children together in one room at this time of day," said Father to Mother as they came into

the living room.

"You don't suppose they're up to something do you?" asked Mother.

"We are, but its something nice," Alice told them. "We want to take you out to the Castle for hamburgers."

Father looked at Tom and said, "I thought for a minute someone said they wanted to take me out for hamburgers."

"They did, you and Mother both," said Tom.

"How perfectly lovely," exclaimed Mother, "shall I change my dress or go as I am?"

"Let's not bother to change," said Father, "I'm starved." Mother smiled to herself when she saw the look that Nora gave Bob when Father made that remark.

"We haven't been here for a long time," said Father when they were seated in a big booth at the Castle, I hope their hamburgers are as good as they were."

"Oh, dear," came from Alice, "it is a long time."

"What do you mean?" asked Tom. She pointed to the menu where the twenty-five cents after the hamburger had been changed to thirty cents. Nora and Bob had made the same discovery. Nora motioned to them to pretend everything was all right. Then Bob tried to explain by sign language that they still had forty-five cents to the good.

"Whatever goes on around here?" asked Father. "Have my family all taken to sign language?"

"Oh, no, we were just practicing for something to come up later," said Bob haltingly.

"Speaking of later let's get our ordering done so we can talk about something,"

said Father.

"All we want is a hamburger," spoke Tom for the children.

"That is just what I was going to say," said Mother.

"Oh you and Father must have coffee and dessert," said Alice, "we have enough for that."

"Whatever do you mean?" asked Nora kicking her under the table.

"Well--" stammered Alice.

"You didn't see the package I carried in for Mother or you wouldn't worry about dessert," said Father. "She was late at the meeting you know, so she bought one of those wonderful cream cakes on the way home. I wouldn't want to have that go to waste. We'll have dessert at home, if you don't mind."

"We really don't mind at all. In fact it is kind of a super idea," said Bob. "Maybe we'll decide to have cokes with our hamburgers after all."

"What did you want to talk about, Dad?" asked Nora.

"Now promise you won't laugh," said Father, "but on our way home Mother and I got to talking about how much the air smells like spring and thought it would be fun to have a picnic this Saturday."

Nora started to laugh and one by one the other children joined her.

"Whatever is so funny about a picnic?" asked Mother.

"It isn't the picnic we're laughing about," said Nora, "it's us."

"You look perfectly all right to me," said Father.

"Wait till we tell you," said Bob. "This is really one for the family scrap book."

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Mr. Toadstool

By
Sally Brightside

III

David had never seen a schoolhouse like this one. It was round and it looked--you guessed it--like a toadstool. There were some steps up one side of what looked like the stem of a toadstool. David put his foot on the first step and it started moving. Before he hardly had his breath he was up at the door which opened as if by magic. The walls were covered with pretty pictures. There were flower pots in all the windows. On a table in a big glass jar were some fish. They waved their tails at David and he was sure the biggest one said "hi."

"Shall we go down?" asked Mayor Thimbleton. He led David to a bench. They were hardly seated before the bench whisked them down to the ground.

"Just like a Ferriswheel!" exclaimed David. "I sure like that school." (*More next time*)

QUESTIONS



& ANSWERS.



Question: How many years has Psychiana been in existence?

Answer: Psychiana was chartered in the late fall of 1929, and the first Psychiana advertisement was placed shortly after the turn of the year. Therefore we are in our 21st year of existence in 1950. It is planned that on our 25th anniversary we will publish a brochure with pictures, old advertisements, and a chronological history of the movement, and I know this would be very welcome among our vast membership.

Question: What is your opinion of the Hydrogen Bomb project?

Answer: I think we believe as a great many people do that this weapon of war could cause a ghastly holocaust if used in a third world war. It seems a pity that great minds and tremendous energy should be expended toward projects which ultimately could destroy life on this earth when there is still so much to be accomplished by man. We are here to live--not to fight.



The Strange Autobiography of Frank B. Robinson

To obtain an insight into the thoughts and actions of Frank Robinson in the latter period of his life, it is almost essential that one acquaint himself with the youth and childhood of this man. For through his own words in *The Strange Autobiography of Dr. Frank B. Robinson* is revealed those experiences which made an everlasting impression upon his mind, and which were to later influence his progress along life's rugged road.

Dr. Robinson spares none in relating to the reader the details of his colorful life. His childhood days with a tyrant for a father; his stretch in the British navy; his wanderings in Canada and the United States; these all pass in review through the simple story of this controversial figure.

Each Student of Psychiana should have this book by the founder of Psychiana, as all of his writings and philosophy will be better brought into focus through an understanding of the life of Frank Robinson.

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