

# THE PSYCHIANA BULLETIN

VOL. 1

NOVEMBER 1950

NO. 11

## QUIET STRENGTH

By  
The Wayfarer

Between the high walls of the box canyon of the Salmon river in God's great out-of-doors known as Idaho the water is especially beautiful. The channel narrows and deepens until the swift current rolls along almost without a murmur. At twilight the quiet water is emerald in the sun, and almost black in the shadows. This is so different from the places where the same water tumbles in cascading torrents over the rocks, white-crested and foam-churned. You would scarcely call the water the same water, and yet it is so. The difference is in the depth of the channel, and not in the water.

I want to talk to you today about the places where for life there is quiet strength....places where the turbulence and the noise are forgotten, and where the stream of living runs smoothly and beautifully to its inevitable confluence with the greatest stream of them all--God.

What I shall say is vital for those who are (1) seekers after such strength. Desire is the all-important prerequisite for enjoyment of such strength after its discovery. So many have not because they seek not. They seem contented with the present turbulence and confusion. They yearn for nothing more. Even though I know that practically all people, in their best moments at least, do yearn for strength that is to free them from the confusions of living. My words are also important (2) for those who believe positively there are places where quiet strength may be found. That is, for those persons who have faith enough in themselves and in their world to recognize that there must be affirmations of belief--without any negative doubts as

to the reality of quietness of strength.

Presuming, then, that you who read are both believers in strength and are seekers after it, let me show you out of my own experience where you may find it. I should like to take you to some of the deep waters that run so swiftly, but quietly, along the loveliest canyons of the river of Life. Amazingly enough, you need not leave your own front yard to discover all of these places of which I shall speak. Though I know that "a change of scenery" or a change of "location" or a "trip elsewhere" is what most people desire when they go seeking strength. I say the best place to find it is at your very door, and I will show you why and how it works.

*Let us start with memory.* In a reflective mood you can turn backward in your thinking and you will readily find instances where strength is yours by reason of your previous experiences. You have fought and won; you have seen and conquered; you have succeeded. Perhaps memory will take you to a quiet path of your youth along the shaded lane down by the old mill stream; or you may find it in recalling that pioneer day when from your own cabin door you looked out upon the very first wheat you grew on your acreage; or, it might be that day when something inside responded to the church bells across the valley; or, it might have been the day you stood at the altar and were married. Indeed, there are far more beautiful and effectual incidents to recall than there are ugly and depressing ones. In any case, let us be specific as one instance where memory gives us quiet strength.



Think with me of the early autumn, when the skies are saffron and the golden-rod is bending in the breeze. Remember the soft low lines of the horizon where the haze lingered invitingly. Look through the vines to find the luscious purpling grapes ready for your eager hand, and listen to the grackles as they announce noisily that summer is ended. Be a boy again and stand at the edge of the pond in the back pasture where the early frost has made the cattails stand brown and sombre in their regal array as the ice forms on the pond's edges where the earth and water meet. Walk again beside the wagon and join the corn-huskers as they hook the ear out of its husk and toss it into the wagon. Autumn is a time of relaxing and of preparation for the stern hours of winter. The writer, especially, remembers the heliotrope shadows on the Thatuna hills that loom lazily behind Moscow, Idaho, where the fir and the pine invite all to their forest pavilions of needle-carpetings and cool nooks over-arched by the cerulean sky in which the first star of the evening hangs blinkingly in the west.

For genuine relaxation watch the leaves fall. Notice how they twist and turn and spiral and swirl. Watch them scurry across the road and street as God's sweeping winds have their way. Notice how they look like irregular infantrymen, moving rhythmically nonetheless, to a hidden order of the silent breeze. It is summer as I write these lines, but already I am refreshed from the heat by my memory of early autumn with its inviting coolness.

So it is that memory is one place where you can find quiet strength. *Another place is in your dreams.* Look to the future and you will not be limited in any way, so great is the power and the magic of the mind. Let your mind flow out and out, and still further out; break the shackles of your circumscribing monotony. Think of a redeemed society, calling to mind (perhaps) what a warless world would be like (and this is God's dream for mankind, remember).

This very day, if you wish, you may build castles in Spain, you can sit on top of Mt. Hood, or stroll the beach in Hawaii, or watch the soft light fall upon the Mediterranean in South France. Shadows that deepen the blue of Crater Lake will be yours now, as you project yourself forward to the day when you will be in person enjoying all these things. When you are to establish your own home, when you

get your first \$1000 in the bank, when your first grandchild arrives, when you redesign your kitchen, or when "your ship comes in"--all may be yours for the simple realization that dreams are the stuff of life for everyone. Here you will find strength, strength of unusual proportions and enough to keep you happy.

*A third place is to start at your own front door and take a little walk with yourself.* You do not have to go far afield. Nature is grand and her secrets unfold to those who search and have their ears attuned to her voices. You do not need to go beyond your own wheel chair out in the yard to find strength. Let me show you what I mean. Though, if you are free to hike and to investigate far afield you will see more things, but nothing more wonderful. For example: I sit on the green grass of my yard, or even in my wheel chair. Let us see what happens when I try to listen to Nature speak--and Nature's voice is the voice of God. There is the grass, root and stem. So I begin wondering about the kinds of grasses in the world, and how they grow; the fertilizer needed, how they seed themselves, their various heights if allowed to mature, and so on. Then I think of the soil underneath. Its nature, its texture, its conditioning, its marvelous activity as it gives freely of all of itself to the growing roots of the grass. Your mind can think of all kinds of soil, of rocks, of sandy loam, of the red earth of Texas, and so on. If you sit long enough you will be enamoured of the bugs and beetles and angleworms, mosquitoes and flies and gnats, and moths and butterflies. Seeking to understand their habits, coaxing them to put on a performance for you, recognizing they are God's creatures, too--all this is for your meditation. Further, you can build for yourself a bird house and a bird bath and the feathered friends will bring you their cheer and their wisdom. Looking up at night the stars and the skies and the constellations, not to say anything about the moon, will astound you.....and, following along your inspection of God's good world from your back-yard seat, you become astronomically minded and find yourself in the midst of a wonderful world. You may, even begin wondering about the air you breathe and the oxygen you take from it to live; whereas the poisonous carbon dioxide you breathe out of your lungs becomes the necessity for the inbreathing of the flora and fauna about. Artistically minded, you



might call for a brush or a crayon and create on canvass in oils, or on paper with chalk, what you see, giving the inner meanings to all things beautiful. I imagine if you called for a microscope to examine the dew or the butterfly wing or the rock crystals or the texture of the honeysuckle bloom--I imagine you would be wondrously pleased and greatly strengthened by such contemplation.

If you permit, as you earnestly seek strength, your attention to be focused upon memories, dreams, and God's natural world, you will be learning of the strength that is yours--quiet strength which will be enough for your every day tasks. But I would like to have you take one further step with me in this study, where you will find the very essence of restoration and power. I want you to enter your own castle--the castle of your own soul.

What do you find when you enter the *castle of your own soul*? I mean, what is the most amazing thing about yourself that at once comes to your mind? To me it is that this hulk of tissue and muscle and bone (made up of so many chemicals) is actually alive, changing and growing and never-the-same. I am breathing, effortlessly; my heart beats, and Someone else put that power within, since I have little to do with its continuance; my blood courses through my veins, red and white corpuscles, to keep me warm and healthy. But there is something more deeply vivid than these wonderful things about my body. The real man, housed within this body, is not visible; he is not discernible even by himself. Call that "soul" or "spirit" or "self" or "being," and you have announced the name of the most wonderful thing about me.

I can think; I can have feelings; and I can have purpose. Someone else endowed me with these abilities. I never sought them; never bought them; never bartered for them. They are innate. How did they get put together in this strange combination which is I? I do not fully know, except that heredity had something to do with it, as did environment, and as do the thoughts of others.

Wonderful as this body is, and is my "personality," I am still more amazed when I reflect that this "inner reality of self" could be, and is, the created image of the Supreme Creator, and that He likes this

"temple" so well that He has taken up his abode within it, just as He has taken up his abode **WITHIN** any man and every man. This is another way of saying that God is nearby and not far off; understandable and not a conundrum; a loving Sustainer and not One to be appeased; a Helper and not a Hinderer. And that discovery is the greatest secret of strength. All of which means that God and I are a team, we are partners, co-workers for now and for tomorrow. He counts on me; I lean on His wisdom. He has ways of making Himself known and I have ways of being conscious of His presence. We are friends. We are companions.

So, in conclusion, I would like to say again: if you are needing strength because your life is like water that cascades over the rocks in the shallows, I can show you how to turn that same water of your life into the deep channels of peace and quiet strength, where the water will run smoothly and emerald in the sunlight, and where the deepest of shadows are only surface shadows to mirror the wonderful world overhead. Let me repeat for you, then, if you deeply desire to find, and if you cast away all negative thinking and doubts,--where you may find that strength. Pull from memory the brightest pictures, project into tomorrow the most magical dreams, promote endless walks with Nature, and let penetrate into your deepest consciousness the truth that God and you are forever partners. Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, survivor of a forced landing in the Pacific, when visiting a veteran's hospital said: "If there is anyone of you who has not yet had an experience of God, my advice to him is to go out after it and get it. Think positively and masterfully with confidence and faith, and life becomes more secure, more fraught with action, richer in achievement and experience. This is a sure way to win victory over inner defeat. It is the way a humble man meets life or death." "Quiet Strength" is yours today. If you seek, you will find. I promise you that. Then go seeking.

The Psychiana Bulletin is published monthly by Psychiana, Moscow, Idaho. Address all correspondence to The Psychiana Bulletin, Box 402, Moscow, Idaho. Subscription rates: \$1.00 for 12 issues.



# Those Who Walk With God

The importance of the little affirmations given to you by Dr. Robinson in the Psychiana Lessons should not be overlooked or minimized, as those seemingly simple affirmations can open the spiritual door of the Realm of God for all who earnestly seek.

One can compare the repeating of the affirmations to any number of everyday activities, such as going to bed at a specified time each day, or starting to work after a usual breakfast of toast and milk, or working in the garden from 6:30 P.M. to 7:30 P.M.---each of these activities develop a certain amount of pleasure within us by indulging in them; not only that, but they become *regular activities* which we all hate to miss. So it is with your repeating of the affirmations given to you by Dr. Robinson. He gave them to you for a purpose, and the purpose was explained at great length in his Lessons.

There have been so many requests for the complete, basic list of the affirmations as used by Dr. Robinson throughout his lifetime that we are going to present at this time that list as set forth by Dr. Robinson and included by Dr. Marcus Bach in his latest book, *He Talked With God*. Each Student must remember that he can adapt any and all affirmations to fit his own particular circumstances, and for that reason I feel that this list will be of inestimable value to you.

The comments by Dr. Bach after each affirmation explain in what manner and circumstances the affirmation was used by Frank Robinson, and I know that from these seemingly simple phrases, can come comfort or help in time of need.

Here are the affirmations:

1. "The way to find God is to believe you have found Him."

*Used by Robinson in his Market Street experience when the search for God had seemed fruitless. He seized upon this affirmation and repeated it daily for about twelve weeks.*

2. "The Life-spirit which is God lives in me as my own life."

*This was employed during days of doubt,*

*particularly when friends ridiculed him for believing that he had found a divine force which would help in his everyday difficulties.*

3. "It is impossible for a man to draw upon the Spirit of God for anything and have that Spirit fail."

*An affirmation used for finding employment and in times of discouragement. Also used as an affirmation of gratitude after success in various endeavors.*

4. "The Spirit of God in me controls my personal affairs."

*Robinson repeated this to help him in his adjustment of economic difficulties long before Psychiana was launched.*

5. "God can and must work continually for good."

*Here is the affirmation which Robinson applied to "bad breaks." A paraphrase on the familiar, "All things must work together for good to those who love the Lord," he found it helpful and productive, he says, "when things hit me the wrong way."*

6. "Live every moment in a consciousness of the Spirit of God."

*When the world pulls you away from spiritual values; when you have trouble in properly evaluating issues of life; when you can't quite trust your own judgment.....*

7. "I believe in the Power of the Living God."

*This is perhaps the most famous of the affirmations which Robinson used. It is usually the first one suggested for student use.*

8. "I am finding the Power of the Living God."

*Second in the "Living God" sequence, these words are designed for self-development in spiritual progress. The Psychiana lessons suggest that this affirmation should not be used until No. 7 has been mastered.*



By mastery is meant a conscious awareness that "God is an available Power."

9. "I have found the Power of the Living God."

Third in the "Living God" sequence denotes rapport (though Robinson did not like the word) with the Divine Presence.

10. "I live in the Power of the Living God."

Fourth in the series. To be used continually for maintaining a sense of oneness with God.

11. "The Living God and I are one."

This final affirmation in the "Living God" sequence is designed to develop the "Christ-consciousness." Although Robinson did not believe in the deification of Jesus, he felt that Christ demonstrated perfectly the ultimate union which may exist between God and man.

12. "The consciousness of the Spirit of God never leaves me."

"Insulated with the Spirit of God," is a term he once used. We may assume that this affirmation was intended to better effect and more persistently maintain the feeling that God once recognized becomes a part of one's life.

13. "I am revealing God to those around me."

Robinson suggested to me that this affirmation was used in the launching of the Psychiana lessons. "Some people," he said,

"accuse me of being self-centered and un-social. If that were true I would resort to the use of this affirmation--as indeed I do. You try it and see if you can keep the good news of God's Power to yourself."

14. "The quieter I keep, the more I reflect the glory of God."

Here is the affirmation for moments of meditation. It suggests the idea of power in person. Robinson says he put this affirmation to the acid test during some of his moments of greatest trouble. "Folks used to say to me," he once said, "'how can you stand up under the difficulties you're having?' I was having difficulties. There was a plot against me, I was threatened and my family was being hounded. The source of my strength lay in the silent moments I spent with God."

15. "The Power of God operates only when called upon to do so."

Here was a basic Psychiana teaching. Put into the form of an affirmation, it suggests what Robinson considered a fundamental truth and a greatly cherished secret. "The Power of God," he declared, "operates best by speaking the word." He meant by this that one should voice his desires emphatically, earnestly, aloud. Calling upon the Power of God meant an actual determined summons designed to "awaken" the slumbering God-consciousness within oneself. The expression, "rousing the sleeping giant of the God-Power," was frequently used by Robinson in my interviews with him. The belief that every man has within him the great God-potential was a thought he often sought to demonstrate.



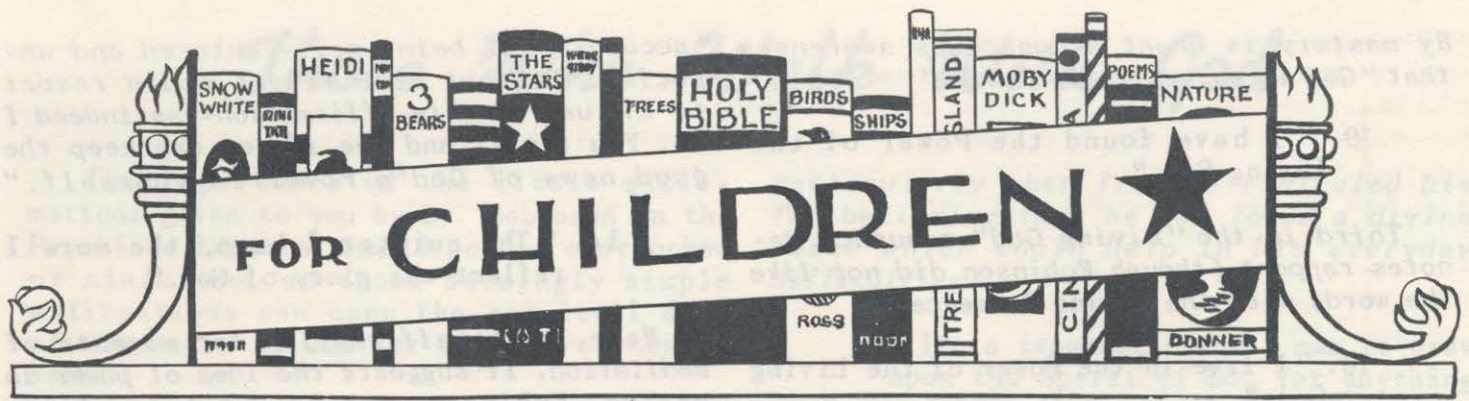
## Christmas is just around the corner!

And one of the finest gifts we know of for a member of your family or a friend is one of Dr. Robinson's dynamic books. But in order to avoid the rush and delay which comes each Christmas, may we suggest that you order NOW your Christmas gift-books or magazine subscriptions. Enclosed with this issue of The Bulletin is a handy order form and return envelope.

REMEMBER—

A Book is A Gift for A LIFETIME!





## Thanksgiving Fantasy

By  
Peggy Lou



"I don't see why we can't have a big turkey with dressing 'n cranberry sauce," Mike complained to his mother.

"Yes," added Wendy, "and mince pie and candy and sweet potatoes."

Mother looked at them both and said, "You know why we can't have a big Thanksgiving dinner--it's too expensive. But Aunt Mabel gave us a chicken, and we'll have a good meal. Now it's getting late, and you two better hop off to

bed."

"Oh, all right," Mike answered, downhearted. And the two children walked slowly up to bed, mumbling about turkey dinners.

Many hours later when it was very dark, Wendy woke up suddenly. She saw a funny little man perched on her bedpost. He was only a few feet high and was wearing a bright, fire-red suit; he had long, grey ears. "Mikie," she shouted, "Mikie, wake up and look!"

Mike rolled over in his bed and grunted, "What's the matter?" Then he saw the dwarf too. "My gosh, what's that?"

Before either of them could say any more, the little man ordered in a squeaky voice, "Both of you hurry and get dressed. I'm going to take you on a trip."

"But where?" Wendy asked.

"Never mind," he answered, "just get ready." So the two of them dressed hurriedly. Then he told them, "Now each of you take my hand, and in a few minutes we'll be in Candyland."

They did this, and sure enough, suddenly they were in an enchanting land they had never seen nor heard of. Mike squealed with delight, "Gee, look!" All around them were houses made of cake, lollypops instead of flowers, and barber poles made out of peppermint candy. Wendy ran up to a tree and picked a rosy sugar plum.

"Can I eat it?" she asked.

"Certainly," answered the dwarf. "Here you can eat sweets to your heart's content." Everywhere they looked the children saw sweets and pastries; even the fences were candy sticks.

"I wish we lived here," Mike said. "Boy, I'd eat all the time."

"I'm not so sure about that," the little man told him, "Look, here's a girl who lives here. Ask her how she likes it." Wendy ran up to the little girl, but noticed that she looked very sad.

"We think you're awful lucky to live here," Mike told her.

The girl, who was very chubby but a little pale, answered, "Oh no, you wouldn't like it at all. We wish every day that we could have some fruit or vegetables, but there's never anything but sweets and pastries to eat."

"But that would be wonderful!" Wendy commented.

"It isn't. We're hungry almost all the time, and nobody wants to eat what we have here."

Mike and Wendy looked at each other, a little bewildered. By that time they were both getting pretty full of sweets. "I guess maybe you would get kind of sick of it," the boy said, "I don't even feel very good now."

"Just suppose what it would be like all the year 'round. Why sometimes when it rains, instead of rain we get chocolate



sauce. It fills up all the buckets and pails around, and we can never eat it up," complained the girl.

Then the dwarf interrupted, "We must be going now. There's still another place to visit."

"Another one!" Wendy exclaimed. "Well, I was going to take lots of cake 'n stuff with me, but I couldn't eat anymore." The children took the little man's hands, and they were off. This time they found themselves in front of a big, old home. The three of them walked inside and saw hundreds of children all around.

One skinny boy shouted, "Pigs!"

And a bright girl responded, "They don't live in the house."

Mike asked the dwarf, "What are they doing? I don't understand."

"Well, this is a children's home; and right now they're playing a game called 'Thanksgiving.' One person names something that he doesn't like very well, and everyone else tries to think of something good about it, something they're thankful for. In the case of pigs, the girl is thankful that they don't live in the house."

"I see," Wendy answered, "Then does the person who answers most often win the game?"

"That's right."

Just then someone shouted, "School."

"We don't have to go on Saturdays and Sundays," some boy answered.

Mike and Wendy thought that was a good game. "These children," the little man said, "are all orphans, and yet they find much to be thankful for. There's something about everything you can be thankful for you know." The two of them looked at each other, a little ashamed; and they were probably both thinking that they had a good deal more than the orphans.

The dwarf took their hands, for it was time to go home. They were very tired. After the little man had taken them back, he started to say good-bye. Mikie asked him, "Where did you come from, and why did you take us on that trip tonight?"

"That's something I won't tell you, but I think you know." And with that he was gone as mysteriously as he had appeared.

Then Wendy said, "Candy!"

"I'm thankful that everything isn't made of it!" her brother answered enthusiastically. Then he added, "That was a good trip, wasn't it?"

"Sure was." And the two children fell asleep.

The next morning their mother came upstairs to awaken them. It was a bright Thanksgiving day, and Mikie woke up with, "Good morning!"

"Well, good morning, Mike," his mother answered.

"Boy, I'm glad we're having a good chicken dinner today," he shouted jumping out of bed.

"Me too," his sister added, "and I'm glad we aren't having a lot of sweet stuff." Their mother looked at them with surprise, not being able to understand why they had suddenly changed their minds.

Wendy said sleepily as she got out of bed, "Just think, Mikie, our house isn't made out of candy, and pigs don't live inside, and we don't have to go to school on Saturdays and Sundays!" Then their mother was very confused, but she was glad too because the children would be happy with their Thanksgiving dinner.

### Your Choice of Selections

Here are the results of the recent poll we conducted to ascertain the popularity of the various section of the *Bulletin*. We wish to thank you for sending the cards in to us, and please watch the *Bulletin* for an important announcement!

In order of popularity:

1. The Wayfarer's Article
2. Those Who Walk With God
3. From Near and Far
4. Questions and Answers
5. The Children's Section

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.



# FROM NEAR AND FAR

Dr. Alfred B. Robinson  
The Psychiana Institute  
Moscow, Idaho

Dear Dr. Robinson,

I cannot thank you enough for giving me the opportunity to learn the TRUTH through PSYCHIANA. I am enjoying every moment of my lessons, and I am more than glad to get Lesson No. 3 because I had grown a bit uneasy about becoming half-asleep during the 15 minute relaxation period at night; then falling off to sleep without giving sufficient time to my lesson. It was gratifying to find in Lesson three the reason for doing so.

Never before can I remember being so completely relaxed from the problems of the day, with my mind so entirely free that sleep comes without being forced, and lasts throughout the night. Should noise awaken me, I find myself repeating the affirmations, and within seconds I go back to sleep until time to get up in the morning. How easy it is to start the day with a "bang"!

I am just so sure that I shall find within the "God-Law" the solution to my needs that I wake up looking for PROSPERITY, and shall never cease looking until I find it. Being able to send you this check is evidence that it is on the way--rather I am learning the way.

May God continue to bless and use you in His service for the WORLD needs the TRUTH that you are so wonderfully making known to mankind.

Sincerely yours,  
Rev. W. A. B.



## A DYNAMIC CHRISTMAS

### ISSUE OF

## *The Way*



Here is one of the best Christmas issues of *THE WAY* thus far! For instance, the article by Dr. L. L. Dunnington of Iowa City, Iowa, will be applauded and deeply appreciated by all readers of the *WAY*. This article titled "Night Over Bethlehem," gives graphic instances of how we can gain a deeper meaning and understanding from this daily life of ours by remembering the *spirit* of the Christmas season.

### AND THAT'S NOT ALL!

The third in a series of four articles by *The Wayfarer* appears in this exciting issue, along with some of your other favorites: *The Hermit*, *the Editor's Desk*, *the Poetry Page*, and all the other fine features. No, this is NOT an issue to miss! So be sure your subscription hasn't expired, or if it has, why not renew it right now? *The Way* is only \$1.00 a year.