

THE PSYCHIANA BULLETIN

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CHRISTMAS IS NOW

By
The Wayfarer

Historically, Christmas is 1950 years old. And many people live in the light of that misty past, lost in the musty paths of history. Or, knowing that is true, others live in romantic vagaries of fancy without ever being sure what they can count upon is life's emotional whirl.

So, it is that Christmas often is empty of meaning, even when celebrants go through the routine of the ceremonies attendant both upon the holiday and the holy-day.

However, I would like to assure us all that Christmas is NOW. It is a living reality every day, this day and every day--or it is not of much value. And, if Christmas is NOW it must affect me NOW. In affecting me NOW, something must happen to me NOW. And I must, therefore, be eager for such an experience NOW in this year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and fifty.

So it is that the writer sat and demanded of himself: "Are you ready for Christmas NOW?" And he, knowing that he could not evade himself for very long, came up with the answer: "Yes, I am ready for Christmas NOW." And he relaxed expectantly, hoping something would come without any effort on his part. But he was disappointed, for nothing came.

Then the voice that was really himself prodded some more: "If you are ready for Christmas NOW you have to do more than wait for its coming; you have to work for its arrival." And again the writer thought of the great Teacher who reminded the world that 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me'; and with that thought was sure that to make Christmas a reality

NOW he had to do something about it NOW.

But, how can a person WORK for Christmas so he may be sure to have it this year? That was the writer's persistent problem, and his answer is why this article is being written. A man sits with himself and asks: "What is the greatest gift I can make to the world at this season? Where can I invest my time to the greatest effectiveness?" And all the while he is hoping in his tired heart that he will find surcease without searching. But he never does find it.

At that moment, if he will, a man can remember: that someone spends days without a song; someone dies without a caress; someone is smashed economically without love; someone is power-mad without character; someone is despot-minded without morality; someone is cold and without a blanket; someone is boastful without truth; the other fellow is somewhere overtaken by disaster. And, remembering that, a man can begin to find the trail for making sure that his Christmas is NOW and not merely a romanticist's fancy rooted only in a historical origin. Christmas to him will be more than a ritual; more than a routine; more than a date upon a calendar. He will discover that Christmas is NOW, but that it means work; and that he who works the hardest is the one who finds it the most surely.

But, the direction of one's working is important. It is never for self. It is always for the other fellow. He who champions a good cause is praiseworthy; but often he who champions a cause which seems temporarily to be lost, though worthy,

is God's hero. For, a little observation and reading will call to mind that someone is exploiting the weak without justice; someone is taking advantage of the helpless without pity; someone is damning social patterns without discrimination; someone is misunderstood without sympathy; and someone is trying to be honest among the scornful.

So it is that the writer came to a three-part formula for guaranteeing any man a true experience of Christmas NOW. Forgive me, if the formula seems so simple, and not new; but go along with me and put it into action; for I know it will have the expected results.

Point One: Right at hand, within your nearby experience, find some Scrooge who needs to be loved into a mood so Christmas may be born within him--in other words, find some extremity of life close at hand which you can set out to alleviate. Stop following the crowd in its superficial search for Christmas joys; let the candle-light and the bells really lead you to that place where you can perform some simple kindness, persistent and unwavering, for someone else. For example: Perhaps, you are a father with a wayward son, too prodigal in your eyes for reconciliation. Ask him back; greet him at the door with outstretched hands. Kill the fatted calf, or if there be none, give him bread and milk--and love. Or, if you are that employer with a hard-headed foreman employee you have "let out" for cause, and that "cause" is only to show your authority or for fear of being excelled in some performance, hunt him out and invite him back. Right now you may find him in a restaurant washing dishes to earn money to feed his family while trying to uncover a job comparable to the one he had with you. Go, take this employee back into your counsels; you really deeply know how indispensable he is to you and you to him.

Or, it could be that you have had an extra good year in business or in health, or in some other successful way, whereas your neighbor has suffered an attack of polio or cancer or paralysis. At the moment this neighbor might be weary of living, might be greatly discouraged at the "fate" which descended upon him without his consent and despite his worthiness. Go to that neighbor, share something with him both of spirit and of "wordly goods," and I promise you the discovery of your life. Further, especially will it be true that the younger

of us will need to be thoughtful of our elders. There is likely some old man or old woman near you who is bitter at life--who has no use for a Christian's formal love that is not loving, who mocks at all social considerations, and who, perhaps conscience-stricken at his own infamy, is encrusted with hate and ill-will. He might even be a "sour-puss" or a "wet blanket" or an old "soak"--and then again, he might be a gentle-voiced skeptic and unbeliever, though steeped in the world's learning. Go, please do, ferret out such a one, and extend to him a warm hand; give him a glad and sincere smile. Get underneath his veneer. Change the course of his polluted stream by getting nearer the source and at its purer beginning. But, for your sake, go ferret him out.

I venture to speak of one other instance. Do you hate any person in the wide world? Perhaps even violently? Don't you know that hatred is so damning, and so shrivelling? For your own future release from tension, and for the restorative value to society, make up your mind to forgive such an offender and this very day tell him that you no longer hate him. At this moment you may not be able to love him, but at least cast hate out of your heart, and go forthwith and tell him it is so cast out. To your great surprise, having done this, or having done anyone of the above things, or any other of your own thinking,--I say, to your great surprise you will find the joyous truth that Christmas is NOW.

" May every soul that touches mine -
Be it the slightest contact,
Get therefrom some good,
Some little grace, one kindly thought,
One aspiration yet unfelt,
One bit of courage for the darkening
sky,
One gleam of faith
To brave the thickening ills of
life,
One glimpse of brighter skies beyond
the gathering mist,
To make this life worthwhile,
And Heaven a surer heritage."

---Author Unknown

Step Two of the formula I present in making Christmas real NOW is this: Remember that God's resources are without limit, and they are for your use. His resources are wider than the ocean, deeper than the heart of the earth, and more comprehensive than the universe. Think of it: these

resources are ours for the asking and the taking. I think of no better word for you to speak daily than this one: **I WILL CLAIM GOD'S RESOURCES FOR MY LIFE TODAY.** And then yours will be something to "shout about" if you go about living in that light immediately. Wonder of wonders for you, life will be changed for the better. Do you realize that God has not promised that we will always be "in clover," but that there will be barren plateaus to live upon sometimes? In moving westward the early pioneers crossed all kinds of terrain before arriving over the mountains. They met with storms, too. But, though this is like life, we have the assurance that we do not long remember the blistered feet, nor the stormy winds, nor the pangs of childbirth when we experience for ourselves the vistas after climbing the heights, learn that the wind has made us strong to withstand their buffeting, and have looked into the face of the child born as a consequence of our birth-pangs.

God's resources are ours. We ask that they be ours. We put away our doubts about their availability and their potency. We claim them for our own happiness. We do not stoop to conquer; we strive to conquer in the full confidence that God is on the side of good. What I am saying here is that God's power and His goodness are free for the taking, such is the nature of His spiritual laws. It is true we may have to dig for the ore, but he will provide the ore, and also reveal to us the best methods for its refining. Sainthood is not a state nor a condition toward which this writer strives; but I know some dear people who in my judgment have arrived there. In wondering at their secret, I was happy to see someone else express it this way:

"Why were the saints saints?

"Because they were cheerful when it was difficult to be cheerful; patient when it was difficult to be patient; and because they pushed on when they wanted to stand still; and kept silent when they wanted to talk; and were agreeable when they wanted to be disagreeable. And because they rested their case with God. That was all. It was simple, and always will be."

He who has learned that God is real and that He will always "temper the wind to the shorn lamb" and "give power to the faint,

and to them that hath no might will give strength"--I say, that whoever has learned this well, is a powerful person, and is one who will find that for him Christmas is Now.

Step Three in the formula to make Christmas real for us **NOW** will require some further effort on our part; but it is so rewarding! I put it this way: Do some spiritual decorating. See if I can make this clear. The writer used to live in Dr. Robinson's home town, and he remembers how wonderful it was at the outset, of the holiday season to go into the high hills behind the city to search for the fragrant boughs of cedar, the lovely branches of fir, the spidery hemlock, and the snow berries which hung white upon the bushes along the trail. Oh, I remember these climbs, and the fun was so real as we gathered them to take home to use in the decorating of our houses, churches, stores, and streets. They gave such touches of cheer and joy to all places where they were placed--and they were ever so much more beautiful than man-made festoons. They made lovely settings for the placement of gifts and the adornment of mantles with pine cones. Then, I recall a later date when nearer the coast in the Northwest I climbed on ladders to get the select tips of holly from the trees. I have pulled the mistletoe from the live oaks and it has hung over the door entrances. Soon before Christmas Day the writer will go to the attic and will get down last year's Christmas box and will watch the children take everything out, lay the display upon the floor and then after a detailed evaluation will proceed to put the tinsel, lights, and icicles upon the tree and mantle.

Something is happening all the while. Something is happening all the while to the gatherer of these decorations. But more happens as he places them in their places --sort of a spiritual renovation that is indefinably precious. He is overtaken by a self-decoration of spirit. The drab is brightened; the dull is now only background for beauty; dreariness is overcome. The soul is changed. It is also spiritually decorated with an indescribable change that has made over the whole man. Really, Christmas is discovered to be **NOW**.

Therefore, let romance and history tell their tales at Christmas; let them be redemptive and vital. But let nothing dissuade you from finding out that Christmas is all around us and its greatest enjoyment is the discovery that it is **NOW**.

Those Who Walk With God

A letter came to us recently which posed the question, "Can you prove the existence of a Creator, or Divine Power?" On the surface, this question would seem to some to be somewhat naive or even childish. But what with the tremendous force and influence of atheism in the world today, I believe a comprehensive answer is justified.

Atheists will say that this planet, our solar system, the human race --- that all of these things are happenstance, and are in existence through chance only. They will tell us there certainly is no "Divine plan as such, and no Creator or Intelligent Principle or Law ever had a hand in designing this world we live in.

All well and good! If this philosophy is of their choice, then far be it from me to criticize. However, I do disagree, as too many unexplained events and circumstances cannot be satisfactorily answered under this type of atheistic philosophy. And from whence comes our strength and renewed faith for our daily tasks through this unbelief in God? Are we to rely on ourselves alone for inspiration and comfort in times of distress and need? There have been many, many experiences which people have had down through the ages which are hardly to be explained or believed unless one has a firm faith in the Life Principle which is God. The founder of Psychiana is one example. I am also thinking of another experience which a friend of mine had during the last war. The facts in this story are true, and to those who say, "There is no God," I say, "Listen":

"It was a dull, dreary day as the Carrier Task Force plowed its way slowly through the rough, white-capped sea, some 400 miles off the coast of Chichi Jima, in the Bonin Island group. The date was April 16, 1944, and the next strike was to be made on this island fortress, located a few hundred miles southeast of Iwo Jima. It was the first time any Allied striking force had raided the island, which is practically in the front yard of Japan proper.

"Briefly, the mission of the carrier planes was: **ATTACK SHIPPING AND SHORE INSTALLATIONS IN THE HARBOR AREA.** On the west coast of Chichi Jima lies a very beautiful harbor, some four miles in diameter and surrounded by high, craggy peaks on the south, east and north. The entire island is not over 25

miles long, and is about 6 miles across at the widest point. Crewmen and pilots alike were thoroughly briefed on the mission, and finally the call came: **MAN PLANES!**

"The huge carriers in the force turned their ugly, dull-grey bows into the wind. A few seconds later the planes rolled down the flight deck, picked up speed, and climbed slowly into the air after leaving their sea-home. Overcast skies and a few widely scattered rain squalls would not make the mission any easier, especially if the planes would not be able to fly direct to the target but had to take a circuitous route thereby using up vital gasoline supplies.

"The flight to the target was uneventful, but it had been necessary to maneuver in and around the thunderheads which were between the task force and the island. Finally, the fleet of 80 or more fighter-planes and bombers sighted the island, and readied their loads of destruction. The harbor was completely overcast, and, in situations such as this, it was the individual pilot's discretion as to what his target would be.

"After the planes were in position for their strafing and bombing runs, they slowly peeled off, one by one, and headed for the murky overcast below. Some went on through the overcast, while some remained above. The pilot of one of the bombers who decided to go through the clouds, which hung like a shroud over the harbor installations, had a premonition of impending danger. He dismissed the thought, however, and concentrated on his attack. Through the overcast his torpedo plane went, and before he knew it he had broken through the overcast about 500 feet from the ground. One quick look told him to release his bombs on the nearest shore installations and head west through the harbor to the harbor entrance, about 5 miles away.

"He had released his cargo of destruction when suddenly his gunner said, over the intercom, "Watch that anti-aircraft gun on the hill to your right --- he's coming awfully close to us!" Then all hell broke loose! The pilot later explained that since the entire action lasted only a few seconds, it was hard to tell what actually happened. But as he heard his gunner's warning, a shell from the anti-aircraft battery on the hill made a direct hit on the plane just forward of the cockpit. Smoke billowed into

the cockpit, momentarily blinding him, but also shocking him to the realization that this was going to be one of the toughest fights of his life. He thought he was going down, but the smoke cleared and he found himself out over the harbor. He told us later that, as soon as he realized the plane would still fly, he began to pray, or rather affirm, that he would be enabled to get back to the ship. The exact affirmation he used was, "I am going to make it back through your Power, God." He said that this affirmation was used by him almost continually until the ship came to rest once more on the flight deck.

"But as he started heading for the entrance to the harbor he found he had to go between two Japanese freighters, their guns spouting flame at him. He passed so close that the sailors could be seen running excitedly about the decks. He made it through this barrage and finally reached the open sea, outside of the harbor.

"He began climbing for altitude, all the while watching his instruments to be sure the plane was functioning properly. As he heaved a sigh of relief, and assured his young crewmen that they were going to make it back alright, he felt a slight pain in his right leg. Glancing down toward the floor he noticed a pool of blood behind his right foot, and raising his pant leg, he found that a piece of shrapnel from the anti-aircraft gun had torn his leg open. He made a crude tourniquet to stop the flow of blood, but he found that, because of the wound, he could no longer move his right leg. This meant that he would have no rudder control for the flight back, and more frightening still was the fact that he would have to try to land the plane on the carrier without half of his controls!

"As he steadily climbed upward his affirmation of safety for himself and crew was uppermost in his mind, and he dismissed for the time being those problems which would

arise when he reached the carrier. He was beginning to get nauseated from his wound but he knew he had to keep his consciousness at all costs. He could find no other planes from his own carrier, so he joined those of a sister ship.

"The agonizing trip back finally came to an end as the group of planes sighted a carrier. Rain had begun to fall and the sea was rough and ominous. The wounded pilot called the ship and told them he wanted to get aboard as soon as possible as he didn't know how much longer he could hold up. They signaled "O.K." and the pilot slowly made his approach --- an approach which he knew if he missed, might mean death for the three people aboard the plane, due to his loss of blood and shocked condition. He knew he was going to come in on the first approach regardless, and did. But, due to many circumstances his plane did not pick up a cable and he crashed into the barrier and the plane caught fire.

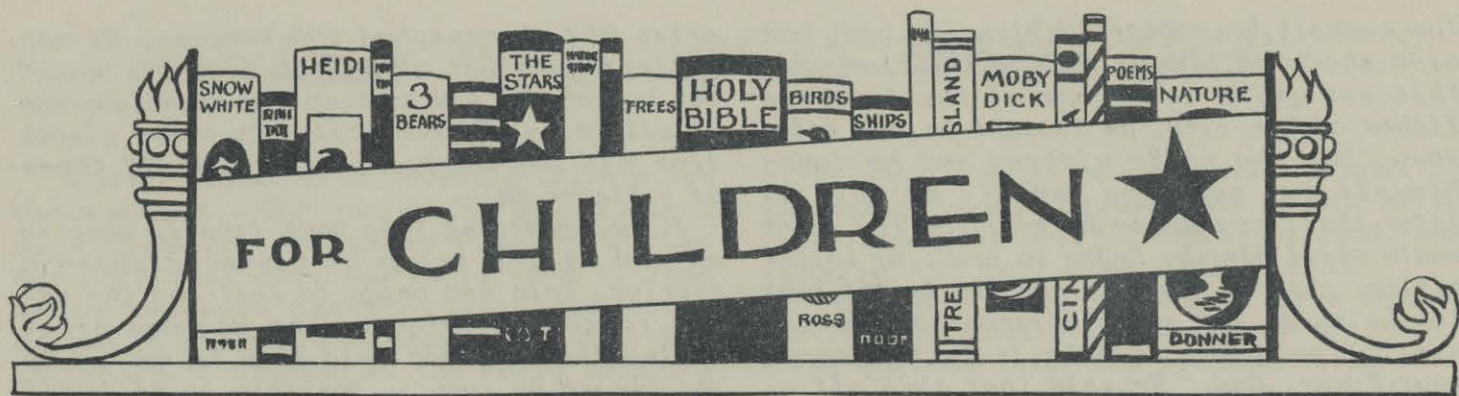
"The deck hands extinguished the fire and extricated the three men from the burned and damaged plane. The crewmen were unhurt after the ordeal but the pilot had become delirious. It was found that the plane's hydraulic system had been shot out, the oil line had been nicked in several places, and the gas tank had only five gallons left (This type of plane burns 60 gallons of gas per hour). The head mechanic on the carrier later said that he didn't know how the plane and crew were able to make it back. The doctor said he wouldn't have believed it possible for a man to fly an airplane with such a wound as the pilot suffered. But the pilot recovered and he and his crew went on to fly many more missions in World War Two."

What does this story show? To some, nothing. To others it will augment their faith in the God-Law. And no one will ever be able to convince the men in this story that there is no God!



"All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen."

--Emerson



Being Santa Claus is Fun

By
Gladys Miller



It was raining very hard out of doors and the early December days were chilly and raw, but that did not bother Jamie, for he was happy and having a lot of fun playing with Maggie and Jiggs Hamster. A big smile spread over his face as he stood by their cage and watched them chase one another and romp about.

Jamie's Aunt Mable had given him a pair of golden hamsters last month when he was ten years old. He loved to

watch them play and thought they were the most delightful pets a boy could have. His father had built a little wheel for them and they soon figured out how to run on it to make it turn. They boxed and wrestled with one another to the delight of the children, and the last feat that Jamie hadtaught Jiggs was to walk around on his hind legs and eat carrots and lettuce from the top of the cage.

Just as the little creatures were finishing their breakfast this morning Jamie heard Mary's voice from the kitchen. Mary was the little friend from next door. "In here, Mary, come quick and watch Maggie wash her face, she's so cute," Jamie called from his room. Mary bounced in, her eyes bright and her two brown pigtails standing straight out beneath her green beret.

"Oh-oo," she squealed, "you're the luckiest boy I know--they are cute, aren't they?"

"Touch them, Mary,--see how soft they are--just like Miss Stevens' fur coat!"

"Makes you want to rub your cheek against them, doesn't it?" she suggested.

The children talked on and watched the hamsters tumble about the cage for awhile. They gave them paper to tear into little pieces and pile in their nest. Then suddenly Mary put on a look of concern and changed the conversation by asking: "Do you know what you are going to do for Hal's Santa Claus? I can't think of a thing I can make."

Mary and Jamie were members of the neighborhood Sunshine Club and they had decided with their leader, Miss Stevens, to each be Santa Claus to some child who would not otherwise be remembered.

A serious talk followed; it must be a gift of love, they agreed, and should be earned or made by the giver. The real spirit of Christmas, Miss Stevens had said, was not getting and asking all the time, but really was to give something to another who could not give in return. They had decided that Hal, the classmate who was now in a wheel chair, should be the one.

The days of December were passing one by one and Jamie began to get very anxious about his gift. Then the Sunshine Club met again and everyone was pepped up and bubbling with plans. Mary had decided to make a box of cookies--Helen had made a scrap book--Jim was working on a crystal radio set (Jamie knew Hal would like that an awful lot)--each one had plans; some were working and earning money to buy their gifts. When the meeting was over Jamie was really worried and confided in Miss Stevens with these plaintive words: "I give mother the money I earn; she needs it for groceries since father is out on strike, and with my paper route and extra errands I do not have any more time."

"I have an idea," Miss Stevens said. "Write him a nice Christmas letter, one like

you wrote to me when I was ill last year; that would make a lovely gift."

"Thank you, Miss Stevens, I will try."

It was the middle of December now. Jamie was not as happy as usual. He had made a Christmas card for Hal, but it seemed so small a gift. Tom had used some errand money and bought the swellest kind of a little truck; Jamie had seen it and the radio set Jim was getting ready. Everyone seemed busy --everyone but Jamie, it seemed.

That night after his mother had told him goodnite and had turned out the lights he lay a long time without feeling at all sleepy. When he had said his prayers he quietly added, "...and please, I want to be a Santa Claus, too."

The next morning after a good rest Jamie dressed, ate his breakfast, then brought fresh carrots to his little hamsters. Jiggs grabbed with his little paws and ate hungrily; then he picked up the second piece and Jamie shook the cage to arouse Maggie before the supply was exhausted. Maggie failed to appear. Jamie scratched on the wires--still no Maggie. A worried look covered his face, and after another good shake of the cage, his anxiety got the best of him and he reached into the pile of chewed-up papers and strings where she usually slept. Working his hand slowly and carefully into the pile

he found a warm spot. A little nip on the finger told Jamie that Maggie was alive alright. Cautiously he started uncovering her and soon spied Maggie, and snuggling close to her were squirming little somethings which he knew at once to be hamster babies. Jamie yelled for surprise and joy. Alarmed by his shouts, mother came running.

"Look, just look," he shouted. "Maggie has babies." He separated them gently with his finger tip and counted--one, two, three, four--"and they're mine, aren't they, mother?"

"Indeed, they are," replied his mother. "Whatever will you do with them?"

"Sell them to the pet store," he began; then he stopped abruptly, his eyes went wide, his mouth opened as he came forth with this new idea: "I know--oh, goody! Now I can be Santa Claus too." He seemed strangely thankful as he finished, "I'll give Hal a pair for Christmas--can I, oh, can I, mother?"

The family joined in helping Santa. They decided the babies would be just old enough to move by Christmas time. Father made a little cage and equipped it with pieces he found in the basement.

And when the Sunshine Club took its Christmas to Hal, Jamie was just about the proudest member of them all.

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

Minnesota
October 15, 1950

Dr. Frank B. Robinson
Moscow, Idaho

Dear Dr. Robinson,

I wish to add my thank you to the count-

less letters of appreciation you receive from those who study Psychiana. My name does not appear upon your list of students. Over a year ago a friend began loaning me your wonderful lessons, at the correct intervals, and I found them too inspiring to refuse.

Application of the God-Law has done me much good. It has largely relieved my mind of fear and worry, furthered my writing career, and helped financially.....

Sincerely yours,
E.V.E.

A Special Note to Our Students



Dear Fellow-Members,

When Christmas time rolls around each year, we like to make a special effort to wish each and every one of our members a "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!"

Although current events are not such as to warrant complete satisfaction and happiness, we sincerely believe that each one of us can help bring the long-sought peace to the world through our faith in God. If you and I and our neighbors can practice outwardly what we inwardly know to be the truth, others will take notice, and they in turn will imitate our actions. It's something like a snow ball rolling down a hill --- it continues to grow and grow.

So then, let us grow spiritually during the coming year of 1951 and make our influence felt among those who need an "uplift." Let us give freely of ourselves that others might know just a little more happiness.

We give these thoughts to you in the spirit of peace and helpfulness, and again wish you

A very Merry Christmas!

Alfred B. Robinson
Psychiana

A BRAND-NEW *Bulletin* comes off the press in February!



Yes, the *Psychiana Bulletin* will have an entirely "new look" beginning with the February, 1951, issue! It will be larger (10 pages or more), it will be in handy pocket-size form (5½ X 8), and will have additional features for your enjoyment!

The poll we recently conducted told us of your wishes and the *NEW Psychiana Bulletin* is our answer to all of our readers. *The Wayfarer*, Marcus Bach's column, *Living Thoughts for Better Living*, the inspirational stories of Pamela Dawn, and our other regular features are all combined in the new *Psychiana Bulletin* --- especially in answer to your requests!

So, make certain you won't miss the big inauguration issue of our brand-new *Bulletin*! If your subscription has expired or is due to expire, why not renew it right now? The price of the new *Bulletin* will be the same --- \$1 for 12 issues! We know you are going to like this new publication, and "Thank You!" for making it possible.

Don't Miss the February BULLETIN!