

T H E F L A M E
(SEE OF IDAHO)

Chapter one.



THE RT. REV. FRANK B. ROBINSON, D.D., PH.D.
BISHOP OF IDAHO

ANTHONY SUCCESSOR OF THE HOLY CATHOLIC

This book about the Flame. You have never heard of the Flame. Yet, were it not for the Flame you would die instantly. It is the Flame which keeps you alive. Nevertheless, you have never heard of the Flame. Nor have you ever heard anyone speak of it. But you have used it. You have used it today. All unconsciously, 'tis true. But you have used it nevertheless. As a matter of fact, I am using the Flame in writing this book, and you are using the Flame as you read and understand it. By the time you close this book, your mind will be fully made up to consciously use the Flame, and through it's influence, you will begin at once to draw to you, and actually produce those things which are absolutely necessary to your complete happiness. For the Flame can do this. In fact, the Flame exists for that specific purpose.

Is the Flame then, something tangible? Yes and no. It is tangible in that you may use it for the achievement of every good thing you can possibly need throughout your earthly life, and through whatever other life there may be after this one, if any. It is intangible in that while it is possible for you to come so close to It, you will never be able to explain just what the Flame is. Before you have perused this book very long, you will begin to experiment with the Flame. You will find that while you cannot see it, the Flame is the most powerful thing ever to come into your life.

The above statement is not strictly correct. The Flame does not make an entrance into your life at some unspecified time between

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MOSCOW, IDAHO

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THE RT. REV. FRANK B. ROBINSON, D.D.
PRESIDENT OF THE HOLY CATHOLIC

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birth and death. The Flame brings you into existence. It remains with you as long as you desire it to. So far as you are concerned, the Flame first began to manifest at conception. It's first faint operations became evident when two tiny germ-cells united in the womb of your mother. The Flame took over at that point. From that day to this, it has zealously built you, step by step, into what you are today. It will continue to build you and if you are wise and smart, from this point on you will consciously use the Flame throughout the rest of your life.

Had you consciously used the Flame years ago, there is nothing you now desire which would not now be fact. Have you longed to be a millionaire? Has it been your desire to live in a wonderful home, and have three or four cars to drive? Have you longed for complete freedom from want, fear, and worry? Had you known about the Flame, these things would now be yours. But it is not too late to enjoy the fullness of joy, peace, happiness and overwhelming abundance which the Flame brings to all who come to an understanding of the Law which governs the operations of the Flame. As a matter of fact, the Law governing the operations of the Flame and the Flame itself are one and the same thing. One may say that the Flame and the Law governing the Flame are identical.

It makes little difference how you designate the Flame, so long as you discover it's existence and, after having discovered it's existence, you use it as it should be used to bring to you now, all the things you desire, which things you may have deemed quite impossible of fulfillment at this time. That is because you have been totally in ignorance of the operations of the Flame. That should begin to change sometime this week. It will not take you very long to read this book. It may take

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a bit longer to digest it. As a matter of fact, it may take several readings before you grasp the first requirements of using the power of the Flame. After you have learned that, you will then want to keep this book constantly near you. It will become a bible to you. You will need to refer to it many times, and each time you do, you will find in it the information you need to assist you in rightly divining the next step in bringing more and more of the power of the Flame into your life.

At first your friends will begin to marvel at the stupendous change which is taking place in you. They will inquire as to the reason for the change. You will inform them only after you have become so proficient in the use of the Flame that you can draw upon it's power at will. But you must not attempt to inform others of the Flame until you have mastered it yourself. When you have become master of the technique of using the Flame, you will be in great demand in your community. People will seek your help. For to know the Flame means to know the power that can completely change discordant and unhealthy lives, making them ~~\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$~~ to bubble over with joy, health, peace, happiness. It will bring them much closer to the long-sought-after eternal life.

That day may be some time off. But not too far off. For the Flame works fast. The only brake upon it's operations is the brake you will apply yourself. You will do this in spite of yourself I believe. But you should not. This brake will of course be incredulity or, shall we call it, doubt. That is wrong. Not all will doubt, and I trust you are one of those who will not. But you may. If you do, it will be your duty to reopen this book and go over once more, the fundamental requirements for throwing the Flame into action in your life. But let us not talk about incredulity.

Byzantine American Catholic Church

Instead of talking about doubt and incredulity, shall we instead talk about what will be accomplished both in your own life, and in the world about you, when knowledge of the Flame becomes universal. For that day must come. Perhaps you will live to see it. Perhaps I shall. One thing is sure---now that it has been manifested beyond peradventure of doubt that the Flame exists and can bring to each of us a superabundance of joy, peace, happiness, material and physical supply, it will be an impossibility to keep secret this discovery which, I am sure you will admit, is the greatest discovery the human race has made to date.

Many think atomic fission is the greatest scientific discovery of all times. Until the discovery of the Flame, it undoubtedly was. But now that the Flame has been discovered, and now that it's effectiveness and efficiency cannot be doubted, there is nothing which can stop the human race from taking advantage of the Flame. For it's operations are for all. Not just for me. Not just for you. Not just for a favored few who "believe" certain precepts and teachings. The Flame operates alike for good and bad. What anyone "believes" has nothing to do with the operations of this great Force which is the Flame. If then, the Flame operates alike for all, good and bad, it must be a law. That is fundamentally correct. It is a law. It is a law which has operated from the beginning of time. But like the law Marconi discovered, it has lain dormant until now. The simple law governing etheric waves always existed. But ~~it's~~ it's existence did no good until Marconi brought evidence of the law he had discovered, to light.

The secret of atomic fission has just recently been discovered. But the law governing atomic fission has always existed. Man just dis-

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covered what has always existed. Only man did not know of the existence of the dynamic, explosive force wrapped up in every atom. And you are full of atoms. You consist of atoms. "At the heart of every atom is a sun" said a Greek philosopher 2000 years ago. But it has taken mankind 2000 years to discover that even at the heart of the atom there is energy and force of such stupendous magnitude that man does not yet know or understand the full import of his most recent discoveries.

The discovery of the Flame makes the discovery of atomic fission of minor importance. For it is the Flame which controls the atom. It is the Flame which is responsible for whatever is inside the atom. More than that, the Flame is responsible for the life of they who discovered atomic fission. No discovery can be made which is outside the Flame. It is all-embracing. It envelops everything in the universe. All that has happened in the past, all that is happening now, and all that shall happen in the future, can be attributed directly to the Flame.

At this period in Time, this civilization stands at the cross-roads. One road will lead to the total destruction of the human race. The other road will lead to it's complete redemption. Which path is followed will be decided by the Flame. If man heeds the discovery I am passing on to you, and uses the Flame, all will be well. But if man does not run for shelter to the Flame, he will almost completely annihilate himself. I see no middle path. Moreover, the existence of the Flame is universally looked for. Wisely, thinkers understand that man is powerless to help himself out of the mess his ignorance of the Flame has gotten him into. So he looks here and yon, hoping against hope that somehow, in

some inexplicable manner, something may happen which will liberate man, banish the fear of another war, and place man on the high pedestal where he belongs rightfully. But where to look, man does not know.

The answer lies in the Flame. Only the Flame can liberate man from the curse of war. Only the Flame can bring peace to the earth. Only the Flame can restore perfect health to the sufferer and only the Flame can make wide open a pathway along which man can tread, the end of which pathway is complete union of man with God, the Creator. Only the Flame can do that. But the Flame can do that. Moreover, in addition to solving our national problems the Flame can solve# our individual problems too. This means every little problem and every big one.

Perhaps there is in your home today, a problem which seems too big for you to handle. It may be that one of your loved ones is ill with a disease which is called "incurable". Well the Flame has the answer to that one too. The power it possesses can be used and the illness will disappear, no matter what it is. The Flame is just that powerful. Then again, perhaps there is a domestic or financial problem in your home. It may be that a cleavage has occurred between husband and wife, or father and so. Or daughter. If it seems that no avenue of escape exists, then the Flame can be called upon and the correct answer will be instantly supplied. Almost at once, peace and serenity will rule once more in your home. It could be that, in spite of the high wages being paid these days, not enough money to make ends meet is coming in. In this case, the Flame can be called into action and almost at once another position, paying far more money will manifest and everything the home needs will be supplied through the good offices of the Flame.

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In the past twenty years, I have seen so many demonstrations of the power of the Flame that I feel I can write with absolute certainty, and say to the reader that the power of the Flame is completely limitless. No matter what may be needed, if it is for the edification or benefit of any individual, the Flame can respond and will respond when called upon to do so. I have seen so many cases which have responded to the powerful rays of the Flame that I do not keep track of them any more. Cancer. Diabetes. Heart trouble. Gall-stones and a thousand other ills to which we all fall prey, have disappeared, and are still disappearing as a result of the operations of the Flame.

To but faintly comprehend what the discovery of the Flame means to this world is to make one stand in awe before such a power. The question may be asked:- "Why was not the Flame discovered long ago?". I cannot answer that question. I do not know. Nor do I know why the radio, the telegraph, the telescope and atomic fission were not discovered ages ago. Perhaps the human mind was not ready to receive such discoveries. Certainly in no other age than this could the truth of the \$\$\$ existence of the Flame be comprehended by the human mind. It is the desperation of the times which has made the discovery of the Flame completely necessary. Had it not been for this discovery, it is quite possible that this civilization might completely destroy itself in the next few years. It may do that anyhow. But I do not think so. I feel quite sure that the discovery of the Flame has come to this earth in the nick of time. I do not believe that mankind will destroy itself, although if it does, none will be to blame outside of man himself. The Flame cannot be blamed. It existed, with all its power since the

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beginning of time. But man has not, until now, discovered it. I believe it will be found that "man's extremity is God's opportunity". I feel quite sure that the discovery of the power of the Flame is not coming to earth too late.

There will be little hesitation about accepting the Flame at face value. It is a matter of just how fast can I tell men and women about it, and just how fast will they begin to use the power of the Flame. Knowledge of the Flame will spread very rapidly I feel certain. There is so much need of such a power that, when it becomes evident that some unusual power has been discovered, man will flock to discover how he may find and use such a power. The Flame will respond instantly to every call made upon it. No obstacle is too great for it to overcome. No problem, national or individual, is incapable of solution when the Flame is brought into the picture.

When the day comes when all men and women know the power of the Flame, there will exist on this earth a civilization the like of which the human mind has not dreamed. What the super-religious has attributed to "heaven" will be manifested and witnessed here on earth. All sickness, sin, sorrow, tears, toil, doubt and fear will be eliminated by the Flame, and life eternal, for which we all yearn, and eternal youth shall manifest. You see, the Flame exists for that very purpose. It is completely capable of bringing such a bounteous, happy state into existence. It can do it in your lifetime and mine. Whether you choose to use the power of the Flame is a decision only you can make. For it is possible, of course, for one to completely refuse to use the power of the Flame, although I cannot imagine any man in his right senses doing that. But it could happen. Let us hope it does not happen to you.

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My first experience with the Flame was about sixty years ago. It was a vivid experience. It will last as long as time and memory last. The experience sank deep into my soul and purified it. It has been pure ever since. The deeds I have done in the body may not all have been pure, but the soul, through which the Flame operates, is as pure this day as it was the day the Flame made it's first demonstration to me. It would be attempting the impossible were I to try to depict you what I experienced in the Flame. My poor pen will not write that well. Nor are there sufficient adjectives in the vocabulary which could be used to pass along to you, what it is like in The Eternal Flame.

I saw the beginning and the end. I was privileged to know just a slight foretaste of what eternal life means. I saw, ### to the very full, what happens when the Flame is permitted to operate unobstructed by material things. I saw the look of indescribable happiness which shone from the faces of they who passed noiselessly to abd from, in the Flame. I saw the streets. Paved with pure gold. But it was the gold of the Flame. It was eternal gold. The city itself can only be described as "beautiful". The sense of the presence of the Flame permeated every fibre of my being. It was reflected in what I saw all around me. Outside the city, the hills were decked in a glorious sheen of such remarkable brilliance that tongue cannot describe the colors of that Land of the Flame. But they were spiritual colors. They shall never fade. They had no beginning. They shall have no end. So it is with every inhabitant of the Flame. Although I was permitted to experience the glories of the Flame but for a few ##### minutes, they are still engraved on my mind as indelibly and as clearly as if it happened

only yesterday.

There have been many entrances into the Flame since that day. Each one has presented a new vista of glory. Each was for a different purpose, and each fulfilled a different mission. But that first true experience with the Flame will remain with me not only through this life, but through all eternity. For what I saw in the Flame was eternity. The beings who occupy that place of bliss are eternal beings. They never had a beginning. They can never have an end. Yet time was when they walked round on this earth, even as you and I. I doubt very much if they remember that though. Everything on this earth is material. It is physical. It must decay. But everything in the Flame is permanent. It is eternal. One thing those ~~\$\$\$\$\$~~ visits to the Flame have convinced me of. The seen things of this life are quite temporary and unreal. The things of the Land of the Living Flame are eternal. No wonder it makes one's imagination shake when one realizes that free and full entry into the Flame, rather full and free knowledge of the Flame is at last being brought to humanity.

The Flame. How I worship those experiences in which I have been permitted to see and know the Flame. Even since that day, some sixty years ago, I have endeavored to keep as close to the Flame as is humanly possible. I still am able to enter and leave at will. The great danger about that though is that while there, I feel constrained to stay there. I do not desire to re-visit this material land. Yet I must. It must not be deduced from the above that the Flame is millions of miles away. You will understand from what I now write that it is as close as this

existence,if not closer.

It happened like this. We were living at the time in a little village in the south of England. Long Crendon, in Buckinghamshire. My father was pastor of the little Baptist chapel. We lived in a thatched home provided by the chapel, and called "The Manse". Now Long Crendon is one of those fabulous little hamlets which dot the southern part of England. Their beauty is beyond description. This little place nestles snugly at the foot of the Chiltern Hills. If anything could disturb the peace and serenity of that quaint yet lovely little hamlet, I do not know what it might be.

Just a handful of English people live there. Most of them will die there. Perhaps three hundred souls whose lot in life will never take them away from the surroundings in which they were born. The surrounding country is what might be termed farming country I suppose, although when we westerners speak of ranches and farms, one of our western ranches would cover three or four Long Crendons. A narrow winding road is the main street. It curves for it's few hundred yards of length. It has neither sidewalks nor pavements. I do not know that it even has a name.

Ten miles away is the slightly larger village of Thame. The Thame road enters Long Crendon, and there it ends. At the turn of the road into the main street, stands a little thatched bakery and grocery store. It has been there for seventy-five years. Well do I remember in my boyhood days when I would be fortunate enough to get hold of a ha'penny, spending it in this little tiny grocery and bakery. A Mr. and Mrs Betts were the owners when I lived there. A few years ago I

re-visited Long Crendon and the first place I stopped was the Betts grocery and bakery.

Entering the little store which looked awfully familiar, even though some fifty years had passed, I looked hard at the gentleman who came into the store from the living-room in the rear.

"Is it possible that you are Mr. Betts? I asked.

"Yes Sir, I'm Betts" he replied.

"Well I'm Frank Robinson. My father used to be minister of the Baptist Chapel here---do you remember either him or I?"

"Yes I remember you both, but I wouldn't know you. I hear you went to America and did quite well" said the old man, who told me later that he was 84 years old. I was able to gather together three old gentlemen who knew me in those boyhood days so long ago. They ^{per}mitted me to take their picture which I had made into a slide. I show it every so often.

"Wont you come into the 'ouse and 'ave a cuppa tea?" inquired the good Mr. Betts.

In the little living-room ~~\$~~ which we entered, I met Mrs. Betts again. She too had survived the years although signs of illness and disease were written all over her. The tea and cake were typical English hospitality. I spent about an hour there enquiring about some of the folks I knew some fifty years before. Most of them had passed on. Some were left, and on these I called later the same afternoon.

Main Street, if that is it's name, ends in a village church-yard. Quaint,

Quaint, hallowed, rustic old St. Thomas Church stands there today as it has stood for nearly one hundred years. The grass and the weeds grow between the graves and all over them. But one cannot enter into that church-yard without being impressed by the sweetness and sacredness of it all. Here lie men and women who trusted in God. They lived their simple, humble lives knowing little of this mad world with its equally mad confusion. They knew nothing of submarines, atom-bombs, germ-warfare or ~~biological~~ biological or other forms of human destruction. No. They were born there. They were poor insofar as this world's good goes. But they worked hard. And they ate heartily. Every Sabbath they would wend their way either to the Baptist chapel or the Church of England. There are but two churches in this little spot.

Some of them died young. Most of them lived to a good old age. As I wandered aimlessly among the tombstones I could not decipher the names on most of them. Time had done a good job of effacing them. But what matters it? They lived and now they have gone. Many of them I knew. And here I was, some fifty years later, once more visiting the boyhood home and refreshing my soul with the sacred memories which Long Crendon cannot help but bring. For it was here I made my first acquaintance with the Flame.

These good folks sleeping so quietly and peacefully here knew nothing about the Flame. My father, the Baptist minister knew nothing about it. Nor did the rector of the Anglican church know about it either. There had been those down along history's trail who must have had personal contact with the Flame, but none had recorded it if they did.

These good honest old souls whose bodies lie buried here in the little church-yard in Long Crendon, did they know the Flame now? The thought crept into my pondering mind ~~\$\$\$~~ and the answer too. The Flame. Had I not discovered It's existence right here in this little rustic English hamlet? Was it not here that the all-illuminating Light stole into my soul, transforming it forever and making it a messenger of the Flame to the four corners of the earth?

Not even the father who had given me birth ever knew what had happened in this little hamlet some sixty years ago. He is still alive. He knows that somewhere along the line something happened, for all of a sudden there came into existence, evidence which cannot be controverted that I had been in touch with something which had made a staggering change in my life. The results of my Long Crendon contact with the Flame began to be apparent soon after it happened. But it was not until many years later that the true effects of that, and many others contacts with the Flame burst into full fruition.

But I am getting a little bit ahead of my story. Near the Church of England with it's old grave-yard, and branching off from the "main" street of Long Crendon and running up into the Chiltern Hills, is a narrow street. I presume you might call it a street although it is a rough, unpaved thoroughfare which will barely allow a cart and horse to pass through it. Frog Lane is the name it has boasted for one hundred years. At the upper end of Frog Lane is the Manse which the Robinson family occupied at the times this story begins.

The Manse, as explained before, was a thatched home, built many years

ago, but standing as sturdily today as it did the day it was built. It is a wooden structure, some of the supporting beams being about eight inches square. It is one of the best houses in Long Crendon. On the re-visit which I have alluded to, I met the people who live there now. I as for, and was given permission to go through the old home. Downstairs and upstairs. I sat for many minutes in the room where I used to sleep--the room in which my brother Sydney, two years younger than I am, was born. This boy passed away a few years ago in Toronto Canada. A grand boy. But he had never met the Flame, consequently his life was one of continued trouble and meaningless effort.

The Millers, who now live in the Manse, had kept in an old trunk, some books and records which were there when I lived there as a small boy. I was happy when they gave me some of them and brought them back to the United States with me. Surrounding the house, was a high brick wall which gave to us complete seclusion. On the other side of the wall was the home of Squire Blake, one of the wealthier individuals of Long Crendon. I remember the fat old squire with his red bow tie, arguing religion over the back wall on numerous occasions with my father. Then Dad would go over to the squire's home and perhaps partake of a few glasses of ale, stout, or some other drink dear to the heart of most Englishmen.

In the corner of the back yard, I had reserved a little spot all of my own. After I had met the Flame, I would make daily rendezvous with It. Many rapturous moments came to me while there, on my knees, or lying on my back almost completely hidden by the log grasses which grew throughout the entire back yard. For the Flame was always there when I needed It. Sometimes I might have to wait a little while, in silence, but sooner or later the Flame would appear. It was worth waiting for. But again I get ahead

of my story. That's a bad habit for a writer to have. However, I warn the reader that the format and technical structure of this story will receive but little attention from me. I can write English and you can understand English. The story I have to tell you is of such impelling and striking import, that even though I tell it simply and perhaps in a stumbling manner, you will understand what I'm writing about. I have never been able to "pad" a book. I have never been ~~one~~ one to hire a "ghost writer" to put "polish" and "atmosphere" into any book I have written. I never begin to write a book until I have a message to give to the world. If I have a message, the manner in which I write it doesn't matter. The people will understand. They always have, and I'm quite sure they will understand this book also.

Across the street from the Manse, was an old Salvation Army Barracks. I recall how, when but a child, and shortly before I met the Flame, I would peek through a knothole in the main gate which stood guard over the Manse, and watch the procession every Sunday afternoon and Saturday night, leave the barracks for their open-air street meeting at the corner of Frog Lane and the main street of the village. The barracks was an old wooden affair. The seats, hard boards. On the floor in the aisles, sawdust had been scattered, also across the front of the hall where the "penitent-form" was.

The captain in charge of the Long Crendon Salvation Army Corps was a middle-aged man, somewhat on the greying side. When the procession of about six or seven good souls was ready to leave the barracks, the captain would swing his six-sided concertina several times in the air, start ~~singing~~, singing, and the "procession" would march slowly down Frog lane to ~~the~~ main street. The officer had no uniform. Just a Salvation Army hat. He and

lived in a ramshackle apartment on the ground floor at the rear of the barracks. I don't believe there was a salary attached to his position, for the villagers and the two churches were called upon to voluntarily support the officer and his wife. I see them now; a bedraggled and motley crew of half a dozen simple honest folks marching down Frog lane to their corner, there to try to win "sinners" to Jesus.

"I believe, Jesus saves, and His blood makes me whiter than snow"

This was usually the song when leaving the barracks. When I visited Long Crendon a few years ago, the old barracks was still there. But it was not standing. It had fallen over on its side. No attempt had been made to restore it. There is no Salvation Army in Long Crendon now, but there is a ~~\$\$\$~~ corps in Thame, a few miles away. Every once in a while the officer in charge of the Army in Long Crendon would visit with my father and mother. Usually he left with enough food for a few days anyhow. I recall one occasion vividly. Squire Blake, who lived just "over the wall" was a land-owner. He owned what is known in that countryside as "farm-lands". Each fall, after harvest, the gleaners would follow up, the women wearing aprons while the men carried sacks. They would go over the fields from end to end, picking up what few stray straws of wheat the regular harvesters had missed. Harvest there is performed with scythes, modern mowers and reapers were unknown in those days.

The women would fill their aprons with these straws of grain while the men would pack them into sacks. The miller would grind the wheat for these simple, honest, very poor folk, free of charge, after the regular harvest of Squire Blake had been taken care of. Well on the evening of which I speak, the Captain of the Army local corps was

making one of his regular visits with my parents. It was about this time that my father was thrown into jail for refusing to pay taxes which were to be used to support Catholic schools. A Movement was in existence called the Passive Resisters. My Dad was one of the moving spirits in that movement. The Salvation Army captain was another. They were both marched off to the local calaboose on the same day. However, they did not stay there very long for Squire Blake, a good Catholic, paid their taxes for them, thus freeing them both from bondage vile.

I knew very little about religion then. I was not many years old. But I do recall asking my mother, after the captain had left, why it was that there was more than one religion in Long Crendon. I propounded the theory that there can be only one God, then why so many different systems of churches and worship. If there is but one G_od, why not have all people worship the same way or in the same manner? queried this precocious youngster. (This was before I had met the Flame.)

Perhaps a few words about mother may be in order at this point. She died when I was eight, so I have not the memories I should have. But what memories do linger in my mind I shall hold and cherish as long as my life lasts. She was one of the very sweetest mothers. Known throughout the whole countryside for her remarkable sweet and humble character, she could be put down as one of the greatest believers in God. She wasn't much for creed or dogma. To her, the presence of God meant everything worth while in life. It could be that my insatiable search for God can be traced back to that sweetest of all mother. She bore four children. Leonard, Arthur, Sydney and I. I was the oldest and there was just two years difference in our ages. She dies soon after Arthus was born. I shall not ever forget that night. It was a lung and bronchial condition which

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would not yield to treatment. Perhaps there were other contributing causes which I shall not mention here.

THE REV. FRANK B. ROBINSON, D. D., PH.D.
BISHOP OF IDAHO

On the night she died, my father had requested the local physician to send to an adjoining town for a throat and lung specialist. He came, carefully examined mother, and left with the sad word that death was but a matter of days. She could not live. I hung round her bedroom door constantly. Just before she dies, she called for me. Drawing me close to her, on what was her death-bed, she wispered several things in my ear. One of them was:- "Good bye Frank, I'll see you in the morning". But the "morning" to which she alluded has not come yet. It will, some day, and in that day, when all of us shall be known as we are, not as we seem, I am convinced that in the wholeness of God, all who have ever lived shall know the purpose and meaning of life. And death. In that day, which must be spiritual in it's every part, I expect there to be some sort of consciousness which will permit perhaps just a faint remembrance of each other.

I may be wrong about this. I'm not quite clear about it. But judging from what I have learned about God in the sixty-four years of my life, I am of the opinion that all that has happened, coupled with all that is happening now, and coupled with all that shall happen in the future, must bring a complete union of God with man. I do not believe a single soul can be lost. If one is, then God is not supreme. Another has taken from God that which God alone gave. I cannot agree with that. As I look back now, from my little study window, back--away back down the years, there is but one thing I am absolutely convinced of. I am convinced of the absolute positiveness of God. I am also convinced that all of God lives now, in us, completely available to us. Where we fall short is in not

realizing that God does live now, and that we, doubting Thomases if anything at all, cannot and do not give God credit for being able to manifest Himself to us while we ourselves manifest as human beings in the flesh.

must
"Oh you ~~\$\$\$~~ be a lover of the Lord, or you wont go to Heaven when you die" was one of the songs the Salvation Army officer sang when leaving his ramshackle barracks in Frog Lane for his weekly street meeting. I have never been able to bank too much on what may happen in Heaven. I am much more interested in what can happen on earth. The theory of the separation of God from man is a theory which I have never been able to accept. I do not for one instant infer that I know how all men may come into actual contact with God. But I do know that such a contact exists. I know that even if I do nothing more than awaken men and women to that supreme fact, I shall have made no little contribution to my fellow men. At a later date, another will come along who will be more qualified than I to really open up the Gates and show men and women just how they may make instant and full contact with the invisible Spirit of God.

I do not particularly crave that honor. All I ask from this life is to be able to honestly, sincerely and effectively, point the eyes of men and women to "The Father Within". You may please take my word when I tell you that God does live within. Unless you find God there, in you, your chances of ever finding Him in this life are very slim. The preachments of no church are able to reveal God from without, yet that is what they all attempt to. They try to make the discovery of The Power of God too easy. They endeavor to "pass the buck" by asking their adherents to "only believe". Now that is all right. It is good. The trouble with it lies in the fact that personal believing, even in God, of itself means

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very little,if anything.

Belief is a passive attitude of mind. It requires no definite action of any sort. One may believe one thing one day and another thing the next. But to actually find, and be able to use the Power of God requires definite, determined, dynamic action. It means work. It means long years of hard spiritual adventure. It means that all other desires and wishes must be subjugated to the one over-all desire to actually know God here and now. The promises of priest and preacher are just that and nothing more. There is no more proof of the verity of their claims than there is that the moon is made of cottage cheese.

God lives. All will admit that. Then if God lives, He lives now. And if He lives now, then there must be a way in which all human beings may actually and literally find God and all the latent Power that implies. This can be done. But it must be done by taking definite action. "Belief" will not make the discovery for us. What we believe may be true or it may be false. But why bother about beliefs? Why not get right at the core of the God question by making a personal, vital, vivid contact with God--now? If this cannot be done, there is no divine Creator. We are mere creatures of a process of wonderful physical and mental and spiritual evolution, who live three score years and ten and then drop into total oblivion. That, I do not believe. That, I know is not true. For since meeting the Flame, all such ideas have been completely purged from my mind and soul. The Flame brings to me the answers as I need those answers. For The Flame is connected with God. You have probably suspected this even at this early stage of this book.

But God must live. Not at a distance. God must live at the very heart of creation. We shall define our refernces and statements about God to the human race. In the case of human beings, it must be The Spirit of God, the very life of God, which gives to them the ability to live. To think To act. To reason. To perform all functions necessary for a human body to perform. In other words, what we actually are is human beings, physical beings with the very Life of God in us as the motivating Power. The simple contention I make is that if God lives in us, there must be some way in which we can contact the Great Life of God in us. There is. But the way is not through "beliefs", no matter how earnestly and honestly such "beliefs" are held.

To find the Life of God in us, means to find too, all the Power God has, living right here in us all. This is something comparatively new in religion. Yet true religion cannot teach anything else. No true religion will teach that man is separated from God. No true theological philosophy can separate a divine God from His highest creation, attributing the separation to man's own blindness. Had man ever known God, he would know God now. He never would have left Him. And when, in the fullness of time, man does discover The Spirit of God in him, depend upon it, that man will never leave God, even if he could. So the doctrine of the separation or "fall" of man, with his ultimate redemption hanging on a system of religious "beliefs" is not true religion. It is not sound logic or philosophy. It can reveal God to but few. There are too many different religions and too many beliefs for any of them to be of much use to the human race. One is befuddled. He does not know what to believe. He listens to them all, hears that their benefits are reserved for another life sometime after death, and the great majority of Americans walk

away from such beliefs.

There is a growing conviction among thinkers in this world, and many religious leaders, that the true concept of God will be able to reveal The Power of God to man, and that without any particular belief of any sort. When one possesses The Power of The Spirit of God, one does not need beliefs. Nor does it take beliefs to understand that God must live in us. That's just plain every-day simple American logic and common-sense. It requires no stretch of the imagination to understand that simple fact. Yet it is this fact alone upon which we must begin our researches into the supposedly "unknown" realm of God.

Someone once wrote:- "To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the day the night, thou canst not then be false to any man". I'll go a step farther than. I'll suggest that when a man knows himself truly, as he really is, the habitation of God, not only will he be true to every man but he will be true to his God too, for he will have discovered his God in him.

The complete union of God and man will remove from this earth everything which makes it such an unhappy place on which to live. Complete union of God with man, means, if you please, "Heaven on earth". It means release from sin, sickness, sorrow, pain, crying. Followed to it's logical conclusion, it means eternal life. Countless ages without end, all spent in the fullness of the knowledge of God, and all based upon the simple proposition that man has found a common basis upon which he can live his life, secure in the knowledge that The Almighty lives in him. It's that simple. But it's hard to work out. Let none value The Spirit of God too lightly.

Let none talk glibly about The Spirit of God. It is the Power that created the universe. Let none attempt to write about The Spirit of God unless the mellowing Power of that Great Spirit is known by personal experience. For The Spirit of God is the Author of Life---the greatest, most awful Power this earth can know. Let none attempt to guide others into the Realm of The Spirit of God, unless there is at the time they write, a constant flow of this great God-Power into every fibre of their being. The one who talks lightly about the Power of God, and attempts to lead others into an experience with that Power, will entangle himself ~~#####~~ inexorably in the bonds of destruction, unless he has first-hand, personal illumination from that Great Spirit.

At this stage in the evolution of the human race, it has been given to but to partake of the glories which always accompany direct contact with God. This contact is always unexplainable. It is extremely hard to write about it. It is harder still to tell about. I believe spiritual contact with God should be kept an inner secret. The one possessing the secret of that knowledge will be shown the way to draw others. He should not attempt to lead anyone unless under the direct guidance and illumination of God. This is one Power no man can imitate. It is one Power none may deal lightly with. When I suggest to you that because God lives in you, you can become like God, using the very same Power God uses, I am speaking unto you the most profound Truth this or any other world can ever know. So do not underestimate what is written to you here. The pen is faulty. The rhetoric is not flowery. The formation of this book is weak. But God many times takes the inherent weakness of a physical man to reveal His strength and Power to others. For God knows that the man who really is in contact with Him, is, above all, humble and sublimine to the Power of God.

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We here much in these chaotic, dangerous days about power and powers. There lies in front of me a book entitled "The Soviet Power". Then we hear too, about the "Great Powers", meaning The United States, Great Britain, France and perhaps a few others. But these are not powers in the true sense of the world. They are nations without God. Nations are composed of individuals. But if either nation or individual were a "power" in the true sense of that word, they would not be vying with each other for "the balance of power". The only power the nations of this earth know is the power to destroy themselves. One fears the others. Yet it would be a grave mistake to say that any sort of true power exists in any nation.

Power originates in God. The Spirit of God. Outside of that Spirit, there can be no real power. Therefore, I submit that the problems of this nation and this earth will not, cannot be solved unless and until, right at the very heart of the negotiations, is recognized the only True Power there is--The Power of God. I am speaking of this Power now as a tangible, existing, potent Power, the application of which to the lives of either nations or individuals means life or death. It means their whole future.

Wars come and go in spite of religious beliefs. But no war can possibly come when the Spirit of God is allowed to take It's rightful place in national history. It is said that it would be a complete impossibility to form a union of churches. I do not agree. I believe that if all churches, and those people who are not affiliated with any church, would stand on the one common denominator of The Spirit of God, the longed-for Heaven would dawn here on earth. But there would have to be in each life, an actual experience with the Spirit of God. Those who wished to join in such a union must be required to prove that they have

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