

THE

# PSYCHIANA

## BULLETIN

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NO. 10

### LET THERE BE MUSIC

By

*The Wayfarer*

Have you ever considered what a dismal world we would live in if there were no music of any sort? If there were no human soloists, and no bird-songs, and no instrumentation? If the beat of the tom tom were omitted, together with the whine of the trombones and the sweetness of the flutes? Take music out of the church ritual, out of radio, out of school curricula--remove it even from the tinkle of the waterfall or the ruffles of the trout stream--and who would want to live?

As a matter of fact, however, I suppose most of us would want to live, for we would have some music in our hearts. But that's it; that is exactly what I want to talk about.....the kind of music which can be within, which needs no mechanical instrument to release it, which sets the tone of all relationships, and which lifts a spirit to the peak performance. Bands, orchestras, and the written score for these, together with printed music for the human voice, are all wonderful--but behind them all and as the secret of their development, lies this one great reality: there has to be music and melody and harmony and rhythm in the human spirit FIRST before anything can be born on paper.

"Music hath charms to still the savage beast." "Music washes away the daily dust." These maxims are true. But they are more true when thought of as the invisible and original music which has the human heart for its sounding board. Let us examine this idea a little, beginning with any humble soul in any humble setting. I think I can tell when a person has music within; and I am sure I know what helps to create

that original cadence; and that is what I would pass on to us all this month.

Lightness of heart, eagerness for work, gaiety of spirit, happiness of demeanor are the result of this basic music within. Without it we are drab, unstrung, tense, foreboding, irritable, and generally disagreeable. We are "heavy-hearted" and "woebegone," and "out of tune" with the world.

How to get music? How to make it known to others? Perhaps we can answer these questions.

*Have Fun.* "Enjoy yourself; it's later than you think." Release some of the energy stored up. Unbend. If you are young, dance. If you are old, dance. Throw a party. Invite your friends to your house. Learn to laugh. Tell jokes. Play tricks. Do stunts. Work out puzzles. Travel to the mountains. Hike new trails. Read new books. Have a hilarious time. Don't be so serious minded. Stop thinking of yourself too much.

When was the last time you invited friends to your house to indulge in pure fun? For some folks it has been a long time. Do something full of spirit with your children's friends. This is autumn and Hallowe'en. Become a witch; get out the goblins; trick or treat; stir new brew in laughter's cauldron.

I venture a word of caution; leave alcoholic liquors alone; they are false stimulants and really "gum the works" as they create an unreal and fantastic hang-over. Most anyone can have a party and spike the punch; but that kind of hilarity is unreal. And the truest fun is the wholesome fun that comes from the sort of partying that anyone can do without liquor.



Look for the humorous as you go along. Make others laugh. There are so many "funny" people and so many laughable situations! Look for them and with yourself at the center, have fun. That's music.

*Break the routine by having a hobby.* I know the round and round of the "daily grind" will deaden any person's keen senses in due time; but within every human there is some spark of genius, some burning desire to exploit, some initiative which "must out"; and if people look for openings they can break their routines with the performance of some unusual (out of the routine) activity.

Mother used to love flowers. Petunias and pansies were her favorites and they seemed to grow profusely in her loving care. None can be so busy but what in a flower box or in the yard somewhere, a plant can be coaxed into loveliness. I testify that no more rewarding effort can be woven into this autumn life than now to walk among the chrysanthemums, or to nod heads with the giant zinnias, or to pilfer the gold from the prize marigolds--in some bit of heaven as the creation of your own hand earlier in the summer. By all means, also, do something that is just right to coax along that Christmas cactus, won't you?

I am well acquainted with a young high school lad who is carrying full subjects at public school and with commendable grades. He plays in an orchestra and enjoys acting in dramas. But all of his spare time is spent designing automobiles; and he was good enough in the national soap derby put on by General Motors to walk away with honorable mention as a runner-up to the winner. I have watched him stroke his new 1950 model, miniature of course, of his idea of a streamlined automobile body, and I saw poured into it the soul of a lad who was filled with music but had found its outlet with the development of this hobby.

*Organize yourself as a rescue party of one.* However you construe your mission, there is the greatest possible joy any one can ever have when he saves another person from disaster and for destiny. That might be in the field of religion. It might be expressed in putting a home together which is threatened to break apart; even it could be found in "adopting" a difficult youth for guidance and constructive education. Look all around you now; so many need to be saved from the lesser to the higher,

from the ignoble to the noble, from the mean to the mighty, from defeat to victory. You will not need to look far to find such a person.

"Let the lower lights be burning  
Send a gleam across the wave;

You may rescue in the darkness,  
you may save."

I would like to carry this thought a bit further. You simply cannot live alone and like it; humans are not made that way. They are made for fellowship. Isolation is impossible. We are increasingly interdependent. All must help each other. This is no more glaringly illustrated than when in a city there is a transportation strike, or a milk strike. Likewise it is evident in a family where each needs to carry his full share of responsibility. The rescue party of yourself may be, therefore, to rescue yourself from some very thoughtless habits which have disrupted the co-operative life of which you were once, and are even now a part. It might be in your own home, or in your office, or with your farm crews, or at the mine, or in the factory or warehouse. Save yourself from yourself and for your social world in which you move. I promise you there will be more real music in your heart at that moment than you have had for a long time.

"There is a destiny that makes us  
brothers,  
None goes his way alone  
All that we send into the lives of  
others  
Comes back into our own."

(Markham)

*Learn and Love work.* Idleness is the devil's work-shop; it is also the reason for many a mental difficulty and nerve-block. Too much self-indulgence with nothing to do actually damages persons. So, find some hard work to perform, and get to it at once. The hardest or most distasteful thing do first, too. The tendency in school, for example, is to work most at the subjects best liked and whatever time is left then spend upon the "hard" subjects; but the reverse should be the order: first the hard or distasteful studies, and then the easy and most enjoyable. When I was a lad mother said to us children over and over again: "I don't care when this afternoon you split



and carry in the wood, but before dinner please carry it in the wood-box." Often we waited until the very last moments before dinner to do this "unrewarding" task; but she would stand over us and see that we completed our assignment before we ate. So that, later on, we learned that it was better and much more satisfactory all the way around if we did the "chores" first, and then played or performed the lesser duties.

That is true with living. He who is busy is happy. He who finds pleasure in his work is a happy man. Besides the pleasure there is the deep satisfaction of getting some of the world's work done. A lazy man is not near the heart of God. The world's work is manifold and exacting, and God has no "other hands, feet, mind" than ours to get His work done in His world today. Hence, it is for us to get on the job with labor and stay on the job happily performing tasks, tasks of whatever nature.

In the round of our intricate metropolitan life, think of the number of man-hours required by many people to satisfy us all. Take the wheat crop as an example. Trace the grain of wheat all long the line. First and last, of course, there is God who originated the laws of life and of growth. Then there is the rancher who buys the seed, the warehouseman who stores it, the grower who plants and harvests it, the elevator man who stores it, the truckers who move it, the millers who grind it, the salesmen who sell it, the packagers who manufacture the containers (sacks and barrels) to merchandise it, the grocers who stock it, the housewives who use it to make bread (or the bakers) and cakes, the hardware industrialists who make the pots and pans for the bakers, the fire-makers and stove makers who furnish the fuel for heat--and so on; the list could be multiplied. All of these people work to eat; then eat to work. But if there were no work, there could be no eating--in due course of time. Consequently, the ability to be happy at one's job is a kind of inner music that expresses itself blithely and with a lot of pleasure.

*Believe in God.* I have put this last for climactic reasons; but it might have been put first for basic reasons. How shall we find our belief in God? The same way we find belief in our parents or in our teachers, or in the rising of the sun each day--from our own experiences that repeat them-

selves with confidence. So our contemplation of God and his works gives us poise and peace. It is utilization of the limitless Resource at our command. It is the unhesitating expression of His nearness with power to change.

I believe that God is orderly and has provided laws that are operative in favor of each person who leans upon those laws; just as the bird that flies can fly because it spreads its wings and can always count upon the "supporting resistance" of the air through which it flies. Just as a builder of roads can depend upon the typical action of dynamite and rock, so can a man depend upon the power of God. Seek and ye shall find. Trust in Him and do good. He is dependable and always trustworthy. He is certainly able and powerful. If I believe in God I must believe in His power that is available for me if I but ask it.

This power will sustain me when I am "lower than a snake's back;" it will give me the inner drive to withstand every inclination or invitation to fail in my duty. It will hold me together when my spirit falls apart. It will be enough and on time--never too little and never too late. That **POWER OF THE LIVING GOD** will be my matchless source of strength. He will bring me harmony and rhythm. He will provide tunes for me worthy of recording. He will make melody of the simplest experiences. He will fill my heart with song. He will thrill me to the finger-tips with His vibrations of delight. In Him will I trust. "From whence cometh my help? My help cometh from the Lord, maker of heaven and earth."

When we are having fun, breaking routine with a hobby, organizing ourselves as a rescue party of one, learning to love work, we are following out our belief in God Who desires of us all these things and has offered all the power in the world to keep us happy and filled with music always. Therefore, "make mine music"; and, I add again, "Belief in God will fill the heart with song and laughter and melody." And that is yours for the taking.

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# Those Who Walk With God

In today's high-pressured, super-rushed, and war-weary civilization, it is sometimes difficult to forget about the problems and cares of the day and just relax or do a little dreaming. Our own individual problems seem to keep us mentally busy all of our waking hours, but, yet, they are really insignificant problems when compared with the work the God-Law does every day, every hour, every second. In Its infinitude, and with the quietness of eternal peace, this dynamic Creator sustains the creation which It first brought forth millions of ages ago. It gives the animals of the forest food --- It provides the correct amount of oxygen in the ether surrounding the earth so that life can be sustained and perpetuated --- It causes the beautiful Autumn foliage of the trees and flowering shrubs to turn a myriad of blending colors --- It causes YOU AND ME TO THINK --- TO LOVE --- TO TRY TO GAIN PEACE OF MIND --- TO WANT TO BE CLOSE TO THAT SOURCE OF ALL LIFE!

Yet how It gets things done! And without the noise and bustle of present day methods. Factory machines are very busy all day and some of the night. You can know this because of the hum of their motors and moving parts. But do they accomplish as much as the Infinite Intelligence of this universe, which does Its work as silently as a cat? And have you ever stopped to realize just what can be accomplished through silence? We know that **THOUGHT** is the impetus for finished material things --- thought and the faith in God necessary to carry these thoughts through to completion. We also know that thoughts are born **IN SILENCE**. And this is the reason Dr. Robinson was so insistent about your daily communion periods, for it is in these quiet moments

that you will get acquainted with and receive the guidance necessary to your complete happiness! **YOU AND YOUR CREATOR!** This is the message of Psychiana. The knowledge that **YOU** --- here and **NOW** --- can receive from the God-Law those right desires of your very own heart through the quiet periods you spend each day with your Creator. Silently --- ever so silently --- does this Intelligence do its job; and just as silently should you endeavor to contact this realm and all it contains.

Speaking of creating I would like you to read this letter we received from a Student recently. She wrote:

"..... I started your course, I believe, in March of last year and there is no doubt that I am aware of the Power of God as never before. I have always known his Love, but have not known how to create, as I do now.

"When I first contacted you, my husband had been ill a year with coronary thrombosis. This year has seen him back at his old job of teaching and he has only missed five days this year. Truly remarkable, as three times he had been given up. The doctor said only prayers pulled him through.

"Also, with all the load of caring for him, my child, and I have gained weight and look better....."

"All my prayers and good wishes for all."  
Sincerely,

G. M. S.

Remember to try to gain those precious moments alone with God. Great things **CAN** and **WILL** be achieved through your silent communion periods, and you will know that God is in operation at all times for you.

*"Business is religion, and religion is business. The man who does not make a business of his religion has a religious life of no force, and the man who does not make a religion of his business has a business life of no character."*

---Maltbie Babcock



Ohio  
May 25, 1950

## Of Special Interest!

We are contemplating having duplicate recordings made of several of Dr. Robinson's chats with Students. However, we need to have an idea of how many of our members own phonographs, and how many of our members would like to have an album of these talks by Dr. Robinson. We hesitate to go ahead without some idea as to the number who would want them. So would you mind filling in the enclosed post-card and mailing it back to us? No postage is needed, and your name and address need not be included. Simply fill it in and mail it back to us. We will appreciate it very much.

Thank you!



New York  
May 21, 1950

Psychiana  
Moscow, Idaho

Gentlemen:

I have just returned home after spending two months on the road doing construction work. I regret to say I'm unable to remit a payment at this time, as I shall not receive my pay until the 31st of this month. At that time, you may feel..... assured a substantial payment will be remitted to you.

Let me say, here and now, I am very glad I am studying your philosophy of religious belief and I find it most interesting and encouraging. Each book was, to me, a closed door opening upon unforeseen revelations, which we see around us every day and yet did not have the understanding of what it all meant and why it was so. As you so aptly put it, the secret of this God-Law is so very simple, that that is the very reason why we could not feel its power. I am anxious to get the fullest knowledge possible from your lessons.

Truly yours,  
G.W.

Dear Dr. Robinson,

Your lessons have been and are a great source of help and inspiration to me. I am a mother of two --- a boy seven and the girl nine. I grew up with some of the knowledge you teach and could never see teaching these children some of the things taught in Sunday Schools so I have been teaching them myself to the best of my ability. Then your lessons came along --- Great gems of Spiritual awakening! Obstacles that seemed like mountains then have shrunk to practically nothing and I am more conscious and aware of that Great Power that dwells in us all.....

Your wonderfully inspired teachings will blow up tons of other literature as nothing can stop the power of Truth from manifesting over all other fallacies no matter how deeply rooted they seem to be. Growth does not start at the fullness thereof but at the seed of a formation. Once again thanks for starting such a grand movement.....

Sincerely,  
Mrs. E. M.

Maine  
August 16, 1950

Psychiana  
Moscow, Idaho

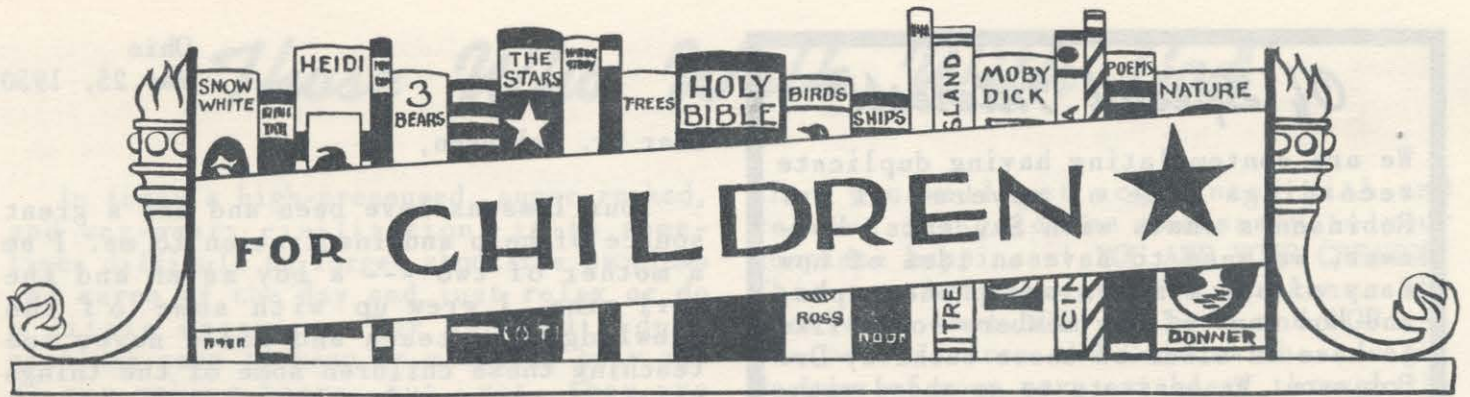
Since I've received the first lesson of Psychiana, there has been a great change in myself and I have never felt such a peaceful feeling in many years. Yes, I am sure the great God-Law has helped me several times already. It really works.

It is true, I have had quite a little bit of trouble in the past few weeks, but the God-Law has unmistakably come to my rescue. Of this I am absolutely positive.

Words cannot explain my gratitude to Dr. Robinson and his associates for being so wonderfully kind to me in bringing these wonderful lessons to me. Lesson Seven was indeed the most startling revelation of God I have ever known. I am now beginning to have a clearer knowledge of God..... and in this knowledge I am getting a more peaceful existence. Yes, the God-Law is for me as well as everyone, and I am very happy in knowing these wonderful truths.....

Very truly yours,  
H. L. H.





## 'Twas The Night Before Halloween

By  
Peggy Lou



It was almost dark when Johnny hurried into the store. There was a big smile on his face because he had all his money besides what his Mother and Father had given him, just to spend on Halloween. At first he walked up and down the aisles in the store, looking at all the jack-o'-lanterns and the orange and black decorations. There were so many things that he didn't know where to begin.

Staring down at him from one of the shelves was a great, big pumpkin, like the one Jim Kenyon had last year. John had always wanted one just like it; so he walked up to the storeowner to ask how much it was.

"So you want to buy that, sonny?"

"Yes, sir, but that's not all. I want to buy lots of other things too. I've been saving my money all summer," Johnny told him.

"Well, that is good," the man said. "Do you want to get some masks too? We've got some brand new ones. Here's a skeleton face that will really scare someone."

John looked at the frightening black and white skeleton mask. "Oh, yes," he answered, "I'd like to buy that one. And do you have a ghost costume to go with it?"

"Sure, son--doesn't cost much either."

"Then maybe I could get some noise-makers besides. And I want the biggest box of confetti you've got."

"OK," the man answered, "we'll fix you all up so nobody will even recognize you."

"Oh, that's good," Johnny said eagerly. "You aren't going to get any wax though, are you?"

"Nope. Some kids in the neighborhood got some wax last year and put it on our car windows. And it took me all the next day to get it off. So we all made kind of a pact and decided we wouldn't get any anymore. And if anybody gets caught putting it on, we're all going to make him clean it off. None of us wants to be stuck with that job."

"I don't blame you," the store-owner told him. "Well, I'll wrap up all your purchases. Think you can carry everything?"

"Oh, sure. I'll have to carry it all tomorrow night; so I can sure carry it now." Johnny took his big package and thanked the man. Then he went to the bakery next door to get a pumpkin pie.

By the time he started home, it had grown dark. He was in a hurry and wanted to take the short cut through the cemetery; so he set off that way. Everything looked so eerie. He remembered last year when one of the boys dared his little sister to go into the cemetery. They told her there were goblins and ghosts all over, but she went bravely in. She came running out a few minutes later, screaming that she had seen a skeleton. After that Halloween, Johnny never liked going through there.

Suddenly right next to one of the graves he saw a big, white object. "I wonder if that's a ghost," he thought. He began to worry and started to walk faster. Then the white mass fluttered right in front of him. He jumped away but saw that it was just a big piece of newspaper.

As he walked on, he could hear the owls hooting all around. And there were mysterious shadows on the graves. He began to run because he heard a low, whimpering sound. "Just like a person rising from the dead,"



John thought. He had heard stories about things like that. The sound grew louder and closer as he hurried on.

Then right in front of him, huddled near a tombstone, the boy saw a dark figure. "Maybe it's a witch," he thought. As he went closer, he realized that the crouched figure was making the whimpering sounds. Then he saw that it was an old woman. She had a scarf on her head and a ragged shawl around her shoulders.

John walked bravely over to the old woman, and he saw that she was crying. "Wh-What's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, you startled me," she answered, looking up suddenly. She wasn't ugly at all--certainly couldn't be a witch, he thought. Then she asked him, "Why, what is a little boy like you doing out here so late at night?"

"Well, I just got all my things for Halloween," he told her. "But what are you crying about?"

The woman looked at the tombstone sadly and then at Johnny, "I didn't think anyone could hear me."

John thought that she had known the person whose tombstone she was crouched near; so he asked, "Was he a friend of yours?"

"Yes--my husband." The boy didn't know

what to say, but she continued, "You see, he died a year ago, and we haven't had very much since then. Tomorrow is Halloween, and I can't get anything for the children."

"How many children do you have?" he asked her.

"Three--two boys and a little girl."

Johnny looked at his big package and the neatly wrapped pie. "Well, I have too many things really; and I don't need 'em at all. So would you take them home with you?"

"Oh, no, sonny, I couldn't do that."

"Sure you could. I can get a sheet or something at home to wear, and Mom can bake us a pie tomorrow; so please take these with you. I think there's even enough for three." He put the packages in her arms and started to go away.

"I don't think there's any way I can thank you for all this, son, but we certainly do appreciate it," the old woman told him.

"Well, gee, that's OK," he answered and then started for home. The night seemed kind of friendly now, and Johnny felt good. His old lantern from last year would be just fine, and he was glad that someone else could have the things he bought. It would be a good Halloween.

★ ★ ★

## Happy and Sad

By

Sally Brightside

Happy smiles and says, "I'm pleased to meet you," when mother introduces him.

Sad hangs his head and mumbles "hello."

Happy holds the door open for mother.

Sad pushes in first.

Happy says, "I can do it if I try."

Sad says, "I can't do that."

Happy says, "May I come in?" when he goes to the neighbors.

Sad walks in without asking.

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



# QUESTIONS



# & ANSWERS.



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

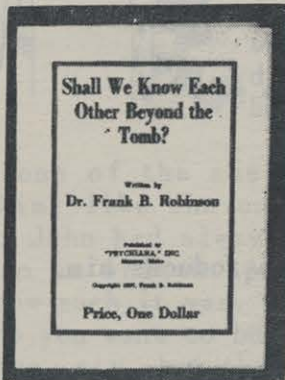
on the subject matter which you hadn't thought of.

Question: Is it permissible for more than one person in any one family to study the Psychiana Lessons together?

Question: How many books did Dr. Robinson write altogether?

Answer: Certainly. In fact, you would probably get more out of the Lessons by studying together as the other person would raise different ideas and present other thoughts

Answer: Over the period of years extending from 1928 to 1948, Dr. Robinson wrote 24 books. Some of these are not in print at the present time having been discontinued some years ago. The books which have been and are out of print are: *Gleams Over the Horizon*, *Crucified Gods Galore*, *The Name of the Beast--666*, *Secret of Realization*, *What God Really Is*, and *America Awakening*.



## SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER BEYOND THE TOMB?

by

Dr. Frank B. Robinson

What happens to us when we die? Are we able to recognize friends that have passed on? What purpose does the body serve in our conscious life? Is death necessary in the scheme of creation?

This subject probably interests more people than any other, and in this work Dr. Robinson gives his honest and frank opinions concerning his beliefs of death and the possibility of any after-life.

The Price of "SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER BEYOND THE TOMB?" is

\$1.00 - - Post-Paid!

Order Your Copy NOW!