

THE

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SURE-FIRE FORMULA FOR HAPPINESS

By
The Wayfarer

The pot of gold at the end of some rainbow is the dream of all humans at some time or other in life. It may not be "Finnegan's Rainbow," as in the great play that ran so long on Broadway, but it is that supreme golden moment of bliss which is the core of every man's hope for himself.

Miners dream of this when they set out for Yukon gold; bandits think of it when they rob and plunder; kidnapers have it in mind; chronic divorcees imagine it to be theirs with each new partner; workers look forward to it when they receive promotions; young mothers see it in the faces of their first-born; authors imagine they have it when their books are selected for "The Book of the Month"; undergraduates picture that experience to be theirs the moment they clasp in their hands the diploma; athletes claim it when they are awarded cups and medals--and so on indefinitely throughout the whole gamut of living.

Man is incurably a dreamer. And it is happiness that he seeks. But beneath every such desire--one might say, even guaranteeing it, there must be some kind of a fool-proof religious philosophy as a working formula. Men have been deceived before in following some will-o-the-wisp notion or in accepting a whimsical premise that has resulted in sorry delusion. But, I should like here and now to set forth a two-part formula which will guarantee anyone happiness, I care not what his present circumstances may be. He may be rich or poor, wise or foolish, lender or borrower, white or colored, warden or prisoner, young or old--here it is for use NOW and for use ALWAYS.

The first part of this sure-fire formula is this: IMITATE GOD. Small children like to imitate their elders as a game of make-believe, we say, though to them it is very real. We have all done that very thing when we were young, and we have seen it countless times in our own children. But, I am asking of you something different: I am asking you as grown persons to become childlike in your imitations of God. Remember Jesus' famous words: "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of God." Well, then, let us be like children for the time being in our thinking and learn how to imitate expertly.

That requires purpose, design, and persistence. So actors imitate others in posture, speech, and attire. So the ignoble imitate the noble. So the imperfect imitate the perfect. "Be ye imitators of God, as dear children" is more than a casual suggestion; it is the first half of a sure-fire formula for happiness which, as I said before, everyone is seeking.

I should like to state three things about God which are true, that may help us to understand what it is we are to pattern after, and the nature of Him Whom we are to have constantly before us. (1) *God is Supreme Goodness.* In Him is no wickedness whatever. (Return to the article in the May Bulletin and elaborate the idea somewhat.) The greatest testimony of Jesus, who was a keen and perfect follower of God the Father, written by the chronicler, is this: "He went everywhere doing good." Anyone who knows God fully will set out on the same course of goodness, because that is what

God is. Most of us, instead of going about doing good, merely "go about." A man can think of evil and devilment and anguish and hatred so much that he rebels at God; but all these things are man-made and instead of getting "sore at God," a man should be "provoked at mankind," the real instigator of evil and misery. Anyway, thinking of God as good is redemptive in itself and cleanses the spirit.

(2) A second consideration is this: that this powerful *God is willing goodness for all* of His created. The universe is so constituted that right is triumphant in the long run. Cream will always come to the top, because that is its nature. Let me illustrate. I remember well a young father whose three year old daughter, an only child, died suddenly and without warning of a ruptured appendix. I remember his weeping disconsolately as on a summer day he sat in the shade of a great elm in his front yard. When I could get to talk to him, he was saying these words: "I didn't deserve this, I didn't deserve this." Of course he did not deserve that: someone had told him that this was God's way of punishing him for something he had failed to do, but that somebody had a cruel misconception of God--for He never acts like that at any time. What really took place was that a tiny body, in which lived an immortal and lovable soul, had a physical weakness at the point of her appendix, and this body, being earthy, could not stand the strain enough to survive. A benevolent God could never design such perverseness. For He wills goodness for his children, and he shows them how to survive the "foul clutch of circumstances" even when the physical overwhelms the spirit.

(3) *And God is mercifully just.* He forgives those who seek forgiveness--they who come to Him sincerely for renewal of strength and purpose, when "the chips are down" or when temptation has overwhelmed, will find God ready to "forgive and forget." This "mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting." If any man has chosen to do wickedly, and now repents of that wickedness (no matter what crime might have been perpetrated) the mercy of God will blot out even the memory of that wickedness. God "will remember it against us no more forever." It is erased from our slates. The blot is removed from our escutcheon. None need be penalized nor stigmatized if he seeks in the mercy of God to find His freedom again.

Let us recapitulate and repeat first part of the formula: **IMITATE GOD**, for He is supreme goodness, willing goodness for all of His creatures, and offering them His constant mercy. I believe a daily contemplation of the implications of these truths will be rewarding enough so that our spirits can sing songs and we can say, truly, that we have found happiness. Because, we shall be beyond time and circumstance--lost in the boundless horizons of God. A good place to be lost, by the way.

The second half of the sure-fire formula is equally strong; only its power stems from us and not from God--unless we remember that God is within us, prompting us to noble action. **WALK IN LOVE**. That is not only a suggestion; it is a mandate for happiness. Some things happen to believers--and the only real sin in the whole world is **UNBELIEF**--who go out to prove their love in a hard world where there is so much hate.

Let me change the figure somewhat. When a pail is full it is full and nothing more can get into the pail. But, a pail of identical size when full can hold a wide range of articles that have a sweeping range of values. A pail filled with sawdust is not as valuable as a pail filled with diamonds. A pail half-full of anything is always half-full. The difficulty with most of us is at this point, for one thing: "We are like half-filled pails desperately trying to splash over." That is to say, we are working at far less than capacity at whatever it is we are doing. We waste time and energy and are spiritually lazy. For another thing, most of us are filled up with sawdust when diamonds are our possibilities.

I go back to the figure of **WALKING IN LOVE**. Most of us walk along alright, but it is not in love. We are filled with hate, or bigotry, or self-pity, or self-aggrandizement, or evil scheming. We have contented ourselves with sordid "fillers," lesser good, when we should have been searching and striving to "contain" greater good and diamonds instead of sawdust. Now, Love is the diamond to carry instead of the sawdust of hate. We are to walk abroad this world of ours **LOVING** others sincerely, expansively. Ours is to share. We can not be introverts and find happiness. We must walk in positive love at all times and among all mankind.

There is room now in international politics for Peace. The way to Peace is the

path of Love. Too long have enmities and deep-seated grudges and bitterness been in the hearts of people. Greed has stalked across the blasted earth uprooting everything noble and good. Wars have done no man anything but harm, and they have rarely settled as much as they provoked. I offer a challenge for everyone to start loving his neighbor harder than he loves himself. Is this not the time to uproot any hate or any race discrimination we may have? Get rid of our superior complexes of prior claim to the benevolence of God. Shoot up all the misleading maxims of military heroics. Find a place where we will wrestle with ourselves long enough until every vestige of hate and greed are gone. Start loving with all our hearts. Then the international scene could change over night; for this is the **POWER OF ALMIGHTY GOD** expressing itself through us for the **GOOD** of His world and ours.

"There's a Destiny that makes us brothers,
None goes his way alone;
For the good we give to the lives of
others,
Comes back into our own."

The "Good Neighbor" policy will pay off in any man's world--of economics, or religion, of the arts and sciences, and of deep spiritual satisfactions.

"Do you know the world is dying,
For a little bit of love?
For the love that rights the wrong,
Fills the heart with hope and song,
They have waited, O, so long,
For a little bit of love."

And, personally, we will find abiding satisfactions.



Ah! what a divine religion might be found out if charity were really made the principle of it instead of faith!

Shelley

"If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine,
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine."

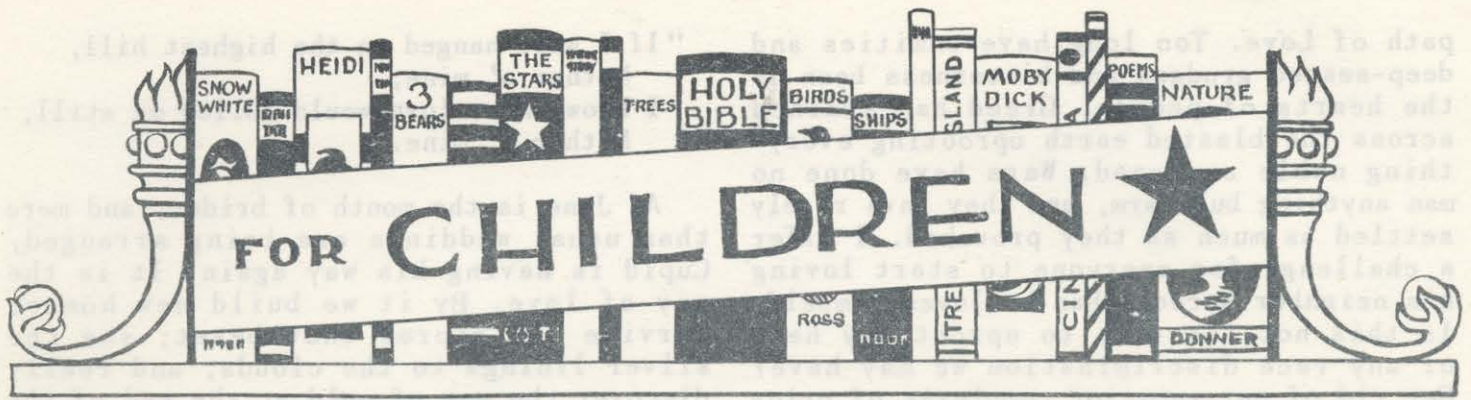
As June is the month of brides, and more than usual weddings are being arranged, Cupid is having his way again. It is the way of love. By it we build new homes; survive the storms that beset; see the silver linings to the clouds; and really discover the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Have you been hating anyone? Try loving him.

Now, when a person imitates the perfect he has no difficulty with the ideal, and none can scorn him nor ridicule him out of his purpose. That is what God is--the perfect One, and a perfect Pattern to imitate, in whose strength we walk in Love. For "Love never fails." Imitate God and Walk in love; that's it.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a clanging cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing....."

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A Cupful of Friendship

By

Gladys Miller



The front door burst open, then closed with a bang. "Oh, mother," screamed Tom, "something awful happened! I'll never play with Jim Taylor again--never!" and his words were drowned in sobs.

"What in the world, Tom?" and Mrs. Andrews hurried in to find her young son a picture of trouble. "What is it? Be quiet long enough to tell what has happened!"

"My ball," sobbed Tom, "my birthday beach-ball from Uncle Alex--

it's gone!"

"Is that all?" was the relieved answer. "Well, we'll find it. Come, wash your face--put in that shirt tail--and let's see what we can do!"

"We can't do! That's it--the ball is gone!--it's busted!"

Tom's story tumbled out in a stream of anguish: "All us kids were playing on Jim's parking and they wanted to try my new ball and I said OK if they would take turns, and Jimmy, the selfish old thing--wanted to be first. I said 'let's draw and see who comes first, but when Leonard won, Jim jumped on him to take it away ...they got in a scuffle and the ball flew away from both of them and rolled into the street."

Tom stopped. He bit his lip to get control again, and his mother knew how hard he was trying to be brave.

"Yes," urged his mother. "Yes--then what?"

"A big truck came zooming past and ran right over it. I shut my eyes, but I heard

the bang and Leonard said, 'There, Jim Taylor, see what you did!'"

"And then?"

"Nothin'--I grabbed my coat and came home--it was Jim's fault,!" and fresh sobs poured forth as Tom relived the accident. "I won't ever play with him again."

Mrs. Andrews remembered the joy Tom had shown in the toy and the care he had taken of it, and she, too, felt sorry over his loss. "Well, let's think a little," she suggested. "Balls can be bought with money, but it is different with friends. All the wealth in the world couldn't buy us a good loving friend. We must think a lot before we cut them out of our lives."

That was true, Tom was sure, but he didn't feel friendly just this moment, and he emphatically shook his head while mother talked. "Not Jimmy! I don't want him over here again," declared Tom, heartbroken.

"Before you decide that, Tommy, why don't you figure out all you lose when you give away a friend--sorta measure the loss."

"Measure,?" questioned Tom. "What do you mean? How could I do that?"

"Well, it takes a pretty big man to play the game--do you think you would like to try?"

Tom was not enjoying his position very much, yet he wanted to be fair, of that much he was sure.

"Just try, son, and if it doesn't work you may go right on feeling as you do toward Jim, and we will tell him never to come here again."

Tom was thinking very hard. He twisted the button on his shirt, glanced out of the window, and then slowly mumbled, "I'll try."

Tom's mother went and got a box of marbles and two cups and put them on the table. Tom's wrinkled brow showed his

curiosity. "Alright, we're ready!" she proceeded. "You must be absolutely honest and think fairly. First, you list everything that Jim has done that is unfriendly or mean, and for each of these you will drop a marble in one cup--then think of the good things he has done, and drop marbles in the other cup. Is it a deal?"

"Its a deal."

"Very well, let's start."

"He busted my ball," started Tom, and quick as a wink he dropped in a marble; "he's selfish," and another marble went in; "he didn't play fair," and a third marble rattled in. Tom waited, seconds passed, then mother proposed that he start on the other cup until he could think of more faults.

"Well," stammered Tom, "he helps me mow the lawn" and mother put a marble in the second cup; "he lets me ride his bike"--in went the second marble; "he asked his father to take me along fishing--he shares his candy--he gave me a new part for my skates"--and marbles had fallen into the cup as Tom thought out loud.

A changed expression had come over Tom's

face. He was thinking of the good times they had shared.

"Is that all?"

Tom shook his head slowly. "No, mother! Most everything I can think about Jim is something nice he has done for me. I guess I...."

A knock at the door interrupted his confession. "Come in," called Mrs. Andrews.

"Oh, Tom, I was an old meany. If I had listened to you and taken turns it never would have happened--and I'll never, never cheat again! But, it's fixed up, Tom. Father sent me to get you and he'll take us down town and get another ball. He will pay half and I'll take the other half from my savings. He's waiting for us outside right now. He says he's ashamed of me, and I'm ashamed of me, too."

Tom's face was really red. He hadn't been able to say a word, but glancing at his mother he sheepishly answered: "Oh, well, we all make mistakes once in awhile... after all, I guess you're the best friend I have"....and Jim grabbed Tom's arm and together they ran toward the waiting car.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Toadstool

By

Sally Brightside

JUST OFF THE PRESS!

It seemed to David that he could hear bells. He listened real hard. He looked at Mayor Thimbleton who was smiling and nodding his head.

David stood up and just in time because there was a parade coming. The music he had heard was coming from the front of the parade. It was bells alright. There were blue-bells, canterbury bells, coral bells, and silver bells. They looked so pretty and made such sweet music.

Right behind them came the johnny-jump-ups. They were jumping up like jack-in-the-boxes and were funny as clowns. Next came some frogs who were singing. They were bright green and very shiny. Their deep voices sounded like night larks.

David had never seen a pussy willow with a head and a tail, but the ones in the parade had both. They marched after the frogs. At the very end came the dogwood. They ran and barked, but they didn't look a bit like real dogs. These dogwood were pink and white.

Mayor Thimbleton said, "That is our Posy Pet Parade. How did you like it?"

David was still clapping. "I'd like to see that again," he answered.

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

Ohio
April 21, 1950

Dear Dr. Robinson,

I wish to express first of all my appreciation for your help in focusing my attention on a workable conception of God, for which I have been striving, now, for several years.

As a Y. M. C. A. secretary I feel that I *must* have such knowledge to carry out the purpose of the organization for which I work. I have never been satisfied with what I learned in my college courses in religion, although they are responsible for putting me on the right path. There wasn't time to delve into the real basic issues involved, so when the courses ended we were left "hanging in mid air," so to speak. Out of *curiosity* I sent for your course, but I can say without reservation that you have lead me farther along the path than did any of my courses in religion or philosophy.....

As a student, may I congratulate you on

the work you are doing. I am looking forward to my last five lessons with great interest, and I am trying to put the God-Law to use in my work.

Very sincerely,
R.M.

* * *

California
April 18, 1950

Dear Mr. Robinson,

I, some years ago, bought your course of study. Since that time I gave it to some one who needed it.

I have read some of your books and wish to state your ideas on religion are the ones I wish to embrace to the fullest extent.

After many years of fruitless search, beginning as an Atheist, Agnostic, then New Thought, I now feel the answer lies with your movement, and yours alone. I earnestly want to help bring the Power of the Living God closer to all who will receive it from me.....

Sincerely,
S.E.



JUST OFF THE PRESS!

We now have in stock the new book by Marcus Bach titled

"He Talked With God"



Here is a candid and exciting report on the life, personality and methods of Frank B. Robinson, founder of Psychiana. It is written by America's foremost researcher in the field of contemporary religions, and the result is an unbiased report on the man who coined the famous saying, I TALKED WITH GOD, YES I DID, ACTUALLY AND LITERALLY.

All members of Psychiana should have this book in their *Psychiana library*, as it contains the complete list of affirmations used by Dr. Robinson throughout his lifetime.

For your personal copy of HE TALKED WITH GOD simply send \$2.50 to Psychiana, Moscow, Idaho, and you will receive your copy shortly POST-PAID!

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