

137 S. Colonial Ave  
Richmond 21 Va

Jan 3, 1945

Dr. Frank B. Robinson,  
Moscow, Idaho.

My dear Dr. Robinson:

On Sept. 21, 1939, I received the first of the series of lessons in the advanced teaching of Psychiana, I have bound into one volume those marvelous words of wisdom, and have continuously studied them throughout the intervening years. I had studied numerous religions through the 69 years of my life, but never had I found such complete solace as that embodied in your teaching. It has become my religion - my rule of life. I was living at 186 Quincy Street, Brooklyn, New York, at the time of my enrollment. I cannot explain to you the eagerness with which I greeted each new lesson.

My progress in the work has been slow but there have been changes in my life but I am overcoming the burdens that had afflicted me. I had been forced to accept the lowest position in Federal service, after an "indefinite furlough" from a well-paid position. In November, 1942, on account of all too strenuous duties, I was forced into disability retirement. Then in April, 1944, I suffered a partial stroke & paralysis. Despite those handicaps

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and following the directing influence of the God-law, I am in a fair state of health as I write this. Through thrift and economy I now have two bank accounts and have greater happiness than I had previously known. My domestic problem was settled forever on Dec. 26, 1942, and I was relieved of a handicap that I had borne for 22 years. I believe I stand at the threshold of the open door which marks for me the crowning achievement of life.

On July 11, 1934, I filed with the office of Secretary of State, preamble and draft for a Court of International Relations. Around that plan I had written the manuscript for a book "Substitute for War". This writing was consecrated before and since my illness, and the ~~second~~<sup>choosing</sup> paragraph of page 5, and second paragraph of page 6, of Lesson 12 has been my inspiration.

Each night at 12 midnight Eastern time my thoughts go out to you for direction and guidance (and that hour is here now) and I feel the near presence of the man who has brought life's most blessed promises to me.

I am seeking a potential publisher for my book, and let us together work as God directs, for peace in this war-torn world.

Having gained incalculable benefits from the course I have studied so earnestly, I should like to continue with you in any extension course which you may have prepared.

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I am enclosing herewith, and  
intensely human story in the  
life of Jesus. This was written in  
1926, and I am sure you will  
find it extremely interesting: a  
story of Jesus, the man.

You are permitted to use the  
in any of your publications

Please accept this humble tribute  
from your student

Ever sincerely your friend  
George A. Markham

George A. Markham,  
137 S. Colonial Ave  
~~43 Loversing Avenue,~~  
Richmond 21. Va  
~~Buffalo, New York.~~

2,500 words.

## " THE OTHER MARY "

By George A. Markham

Not only the casual reader of Holy Writ, but the most profound students of the Bible, have failed to shed light upon the intensely human side of Jesus, of Nazareth. That He was the beloved of a charming woman whom he had known from childhood, and returned her affection in kind, becomes apparent from reading the meagre history- "The half of which has never been told."

In a hillside cottage in Judea, on a rough, winding roadway, there lived a family consisting of a brother and two sisters, and this home was the only abiding place of "The Man of Galilee" during the few years of his ministrations. Although centuries have buried that simple home 'neath the dust of decay, through association with Jesus, the Man, this history still lives.

They were very plain people and worked for their living; the sort of people to whom Jesus would be attracted, and in whom He found His greatest comfort and most-faithful followers. They were poor, but frugal and honorable. Their home was small and the brother was the sole support of the two sisters, and it is said that they lived in harmony and love. This simple home was always in order, and its occupants constantly watched for the coming of the Man who frequently sat at meat with them.

Jesus was a sojourner, whose business called Him among the people,

and while He loved the entire family group, the special object of His affection was the younger sister, who bore the commonplace name of " Mary." Jesus knew of the family cares that weighed heavily on the shoulders of the man of the house, as He was, Himself, the son of a poor artisan that knew many family cares. It is certain that the family of Jesus sacrificed much that He might be carefully trained in preparation for His great calling.

Every act of Jesus was marked with moderation, and He was filled with reason, but He was, never-the-less, despised by a certain sect of people who were high in power. Just six days prior to the culmination of this, the greatest, romance ever recorded in history, He had been driven from the great and thriving city of Jerusalem, where, in company with others, He had gone to witness the dedication of a temple built in honor of Solomon. His life had been threatened by His enemies, but through miraculous means He escaped and continued on His journey. His objective was the place where three years before He had passed through the ceremony which marked the final preparation for, and the beginning of His predestined mission on earth; a thing foretold through the ages.

Members of His religious faith were in contempt, but He knew that in those quiet surroundings along the banks of the River Jordan, He would be free from molestation. In that section there were many people who had witnessed the ceremony of His ordination, and word was passed along by these faithful ones that Jesus was sojourning in their midst for a few days.

Centuries have added their honors to His great name, but to those simple people He was known as "Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth," and the son of Joseph, also a carpenter.

At the time of which we write, He was thirty-three years of age, six feet tall, weight one-hundred eighty pounds, fair complexion, and with auburn hair and beard. His distinctive appearance made of Him a marked man. Although in those days news did not travel fast, the young man did not know how long He would remain in any one place, nor when, for safety's sake, He would be forced to flee, yet Mary and her sister, Martha, and Lazarus, the brother, had knowledge of His whereabouts.

In the period of this narrative, the climate of Judea was very warm, and it so happened that the brother of the two young women was stricken with a fever, and in the sultry heat his condition suddenly became critical. Mary and Martha had a hasty conference which resulted in despatching a messenger to Jesus. A young man whom they trusted bore this brief message:

" He whom thou lovest is sick."

The entire circumstance was comprehended in those six words. It was unnecessary for either sister to mention their name, as the message had indicated that a man was ill.

Jesus was surrounded by the man who accompanied Him on his journeys, and when the message was repeated to them, they could not understand why He did not hasten to the sick bed of His friend, or at least send the messenger back with some cheering message to the distraught sisters, who evidently awaited with eagerness His near presence.

These men were well-aware of the love that Jesus bore toward the family of Lazarus, more especially of His love for Mary, the younger sister. They, too, knew that Martha was very impulsive and inclined to be impatient at times.

The small assemblage, after some little delay, discovered something of great import in the message, then Jesus sent the messenger away with the words:

" This sickness is not unto death."

After having given that assurance, He remained along the riverside for two days, and at the end of that period He informed His followers that He intended returning to Jerusalem, the place from whence He had fled so recently.

There were many remonstrances from His friends, and their advice was accepted. Jesus told them that Lazarus was only sleeping, and that He would go to Bethany, by way of Jerusalem, and awaken the sick man from that sleep. The disciples and other friends failed to find any advantage in awakening a sick man from refreshing sleep, after having been so desperately ill, and one of the friends remarked, " If he sleep, he shall do well," then Jesus told him that the man was dead.

While this knowledge filled the heart of Jesus with sadness, He told them that He was glad He was not there, because He knew that Lazarus would not have died had he been present; BECAUSE IN HIS PRESENCE NO PERSON COULD DIE.

One of the disciples was named Thomas Didymus, and he knew that Jesus suffered when this intelligence had been imparted to Him. To give vent to his own feelings, he remarked to one of the party, " We will go along with Him, that we, too, may die. "

Immediate preparations were made for the journey to Bethany, which was about two miles beyond the walls of Jerusalem. In the meantime many of the neighbors of Mary and Martha, all of them Jews who had known them for many years, came over to the cottage, after the manner

of all neighborly people, to comfort them in the loss of the splendid young brother. This saddened group was sitting around the open space where the fire usually burned, and somebody came in and quietly told Martha that there was a party coming down the hill from the direction of Jerusalem, and he whispered that Jesus was one of the number.

In her usual impatient manner, Martha did not wait a moment, and without saying a word to Mary, or the neighbors, she ran to meet Jesus. She went directly to him, and acted on her first impulse. In scolding voice she cried, " Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died! "

Jesus knew the disposition of this woman, and with a look of infinite tenderness He gazed inquiringly into her eyes . Martha hesitatingly qualified her abrupt remark. " But I know, that even now, whatsoever Thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee. "

She believed this to be a sort of conciliation for her impatience, and Jesus answered her by saying, " Thy brother shall rise again."

Jesus had taught this woman many times, and she remembered His words, but she was still impatient over His tarrying so long on the road, and impulsively she again burst forth, " I know that he shall arise again in the resurrection at the last day."

Then it was that the Man of Galilee impressed upon this impulsive woman the lesson she should know. Halting on the wayside, He revealed to her His true character; the reason why He came into the world and took upon Himself an earthly human body; the reason for His arduous preparations, and there the majesty of the Son of God asserted itself. Standing on this rocky roadside before the rebellious Martha, and with head proudly erect, he said, " I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live,



and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die! "

The rebellious heart of Martha was humbled, and bending His eyes upon the trembling woman, He softly inquired, " Believeth thou this? "

Never before had Martha realized the great majesty of the humble friend of their fireside, and she was thoroughly humbled. A moment of hesitation, then she replied, " Yea, Lord, I believe thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world."

Without waiting for the council that might fall from His lips, and very much ashamed for having scolded Jesus, Martha turned thoughtfully toward the house of mourning wherein lay her beloved brother.

When Martha reached home she found that Mary was still sitting therein, pensive, quiet and grief-stricken. Martha, knowing of the love of Jesus for Mary, and thoroughly aware of the fact that Mary loved Jesus more than all else on earth, and not wishing to let their Jewish friends share her precious secret, lest they interfere with the meeting between Jesus and Mary, called the younger sister aside and whispered in her ear, " The Master is come and calleth for thee."

With tears of joy welling from eyes red with weeping, Mary arose quickly and ran to meet her lord and master who was still at the place where Martha had left Him.

The rough, dusty road never seemed so smoothe! Never before had it held that quiet, restful calm, but the vines and flowers growing along the roadside were unnoticed by her. Forgotten was the house of mourning! The man she loved, the only person on earth who could pour balm into her aching heart, was waiting for her. He was on the road before her; the lodestone of her every earthly and heavenly desire! In His presence was the peace she sought; ~~ion~~ His ~~chips~~ the council for her yearning heart!

Those at the house had missed her, and their first thought was that in the agony of grief she had gone to weep on the tomb of Lazarus. But the keen eyes of one of the mourners beheld her running along the road toward Jerusalem, and thinking that grief had deranged her mind, the gathering set out in pursuit to stand between the girl and harm.

Before her presence was missed from the house, Jesus saw the beloved form of His Mary. He did not stand still as He had stood when Martha came toward Him, but He went to meet her. Once He descried the form and face of Mary, His eyes were set on her alone, and He paid no heed to the Jews who ran after her along the road. Mary quickened her step and with outstretched arms she ran to Jesus and fell at His feet. Her confidence in the man she loved, was so different from that of her sister.

Let us now witness the difference between the two women. The identical words that surged from the lips of the impetuous one, now fell from the trembling lips of Mary. Where one voice scolded, the other raised a note of supreme confidence that could have been born only of love. Raising her stricken features to the tender face of Him who bent over her, tremulously she uttered the burden of an aching heart:

" Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died! "

Silently they gazed into each other's eyes. Behind Him was the little circle of His friends, and before Him the weeping Jews who had followed Mary. The heart of Jesus was heavy in the moment of His sweetheart's sorrow. Witness the scene! In His anguish He groaned,

tears sprang from His eyes. His very life went out in compassion toward this woman He loved, and that agony is briefly comprehended in the written words:

" JESUS WEPT! "

The prominence of those two words have no parallel in Holy Writ. The historian knew their significance, and the translators understood their meaning, and they constitute the shortest verse in the whole Book.

Still in the agony of grief that bound two hearts into one, the gentle hands of the greatest lover of all the ages reached down, raised and supported the weeping Mary and He tenderly enfolded her in His arms.

" Mary, dearly beloved," He inquired, " where have ye laid him? "

Then, unmindful of those who followed, they walked toward the house and Mary recovered her power to think and speak coherently.

We can believe that she placed her trembling hand in that of her loved one - for " the half has never been told ", and as they moved away she replied, " Lord, come and see."

They lead, the others followed, and they came to the cave with the stone over it. We are told of how Jesus brought Lazarus forth from the tomb and restored him to his sisters. We are told of how this tender Mary, whose heart was touched by everything in life that needed comfort, and who, on one visit to her home, had bathed the travel-worn feet of Jesus in costly ointment, and who was commended for having taken the better part, followed Him even to the foot of His cross.

She knew that this journey, this pilgrimage of love, had brought

her loved one to Jerusalem, into the presence of His enemies, and to danger, and to death. There she saw the beloved body wracked with anguish, dying in shame and ignominy that a dying world might *always remember Him,* ~~be said,~~ and history records her as "THE OTHER MARY," thus placing her name in the ~~scripture~~ calendar with Mary the Mother of Jesus, and linking together these two, the dearly-beloved of Jesus, the Man.

George A. Markham,  
 137 S. Colonial Ave  
~~43 Loring Avenue,~~  
 Richmond 2 Va  
~~Buffalo, New York.~~

January 16,

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George A. Markham  
137 S. Colonial Ave.  
Richmond 21, Va.

My dear Mr. Markham:

Your letter of a recent date has been received, and we are pleased to note the progress you have made with PSYCHIANA, and thank you sincerely for the writing "THE OTHER MARY". Through these days of turmoil and international strife it gives us much pleasure to know that our students are carrying on the great work.

We are enclosing a blank for "YOUR GOD POWER", and will be pleased to receive your enrollment in this course at your convenience.

Thank you for writing in this regard, and please accept our best wishes for your future health and success.

Very truly yours,

"PSYCHIANA"

BY \_\_\_\_\_

HS

George A. Markham  
137 S. Colonial Ave  
Richmond 21, Va.



Dr. Frank B. Robinson  
Moscow, Idaho.

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