



OCTOBER, 1941

# SANCTUARY

VOLUME 1      MAGAZINE      NUMBER 5

PUBLISHED MONTHLY TO SERVE YOU WITH SPIRITUAL AND PRACTICAL ADVICE AND HELP YOU FIND SANCTUARY FROM THE TROUBLES AND CARES OF THE TIMES.....

## *Thou Art My Rock*

*Flora M. Adams*

Thou art my rock, my fortress, my tower;  
Always I lean on Thee. Thou hast the power  
To guide me and keep me secure.  
Thou art my shelter, my refuge, my mountain;  
I rest in Thee; and from out thy fountain  
Flow waters, refreshing and pure.

Thou art my salvation, my shepherd, my light;  
I shall not fear through the black stormy night  
For Thou art my comfort and rod. |  
Thou art my King, my Judge and my Saviour;  
I shall remember Thou made straight the way for  
My hesitant feet. Thank Thee, God.

In God is our Sanctuary. "And I will dwell in them and walk in them. And I will be their God and they shall be my people."

# SANCTUARY MAGAZINE

Issued Monthly from 502 Garden City Drive,  
Syracuse, New York.

Owner, Publisher, Editor, Viola Byrnes Colarocco  
Co-Editor, William G. Colarocco

Sanctuary invites you to send in your strange stories, if you have any in your life--and almost everyone does, stories that cannot be explained entirely by the physical. They must be true. They may be incidents of answered prayers, strange dreams which came true or any unusual incident of a psychic nature. The Christmas prizes will be as follows:

- First prize for strange story . . . \$2.00
- Second prize strange story . . . \$1.00
- First prize poem . . . . . \$1.00
- Second prize poem . . . . . .50

If any reader, patron or friend of Sanctuary would like to help us make these prizes larger, we will be very happy and thankful for your help and will bless your donations. In that way we will either pay more prizes, or increase the size of the prizes to the four winners. When you send in your donation, tell us what you would like to have done with it.

The names of all prize winners will be announced in our Jan. issue if possible. If not they will be announced in Febr. We would like to have our readers send in their votes for the poems and stories they liked best that they have read to date in our pages. If we do not receive votes from our readers we shall appoint a committee of judges as the editor does not like to make the decisions entirely by herself.

We will appreciate all contributions for the aid of Sanctuary. By helping us you will help yourself. This may seem like a mystical thing to some but it is a law. No one can ever help another without in some measure being helped themselves.

We bless you all and we know that God is blessing you, too. If any of you desire our prayers let us know but remember we are only a channel through which "The Father in us" acts. Our faith, united with whatever faith you have, brings about the results but never let me hear you say you were healed or helped out of any trouble by the editor of SANCTUARY. When writing me your good reports I want you to tell me that God has healed you and to give all the credit and praise to HIM. God is the whole power--I am only a little

channel through which some of that Power has seen fit to flow. How I do love IT for using me! I want you to learn to love IT, too. I want you to come into a clear realization of the reality of God, of His presence and His Almighty Power. There isn't a right thing in the world that God won't do for you if you can only realize that HE is real and that HE is right where you are at all times, a constant, eternal ocean of Love and Power. All you have to do is, "Be still and know."

## I Go Calling

(An absolutely true story  
by your editor)

Yesterday the sun was shining. It was a beautiful day but my mind was pre-occupied with Sanctuary. I was thinking: "If I don't get a few subscriptions and in short order I guess I'll have to give up because I won't have the money to pay my printer or buy envelopes and postage, etc." While I was thinking along this negative line, which I never should have permitted myself to do, I was suddenly snapped up short--

"Where is your faith?"

I looked around. Nary a soul in sight.

The question must have popped in my own mind.

"Well, I have faith." I thought, "But after all, maybe God doesn't care if I publish Sanctuary or not--maybe, it is not doing any real good. And to think I could have had a new fur coat this winter for what I've already spent getting out this little paper."

"Don't be selfish," came the inner voice. "The fields are white to the harvest and the workers are few."

"Yes, but--" I attempted to argue.

"Go out and sell some subscriptions yourself--person to person."

I sat down and began to think. Well, that was an idea, but to whom should I go first?

Then came to me the name of a woman I had known for some dozen years. I shuddered. But her? One of the most worldly of women. She'd shout me down with mirth--this woman, selfish beyond hope, seeming to care for nothing beyond wild parties and high-balls. Besides, she hated me. Hadn't she always tried to hurt me, every time we met? Why, it had been because of her I'd dropped out of the club and I hadn't seen her in nearly two years now.

Of all the ridiculous ideas--Cora Hart!

I struggled with myself for nearly an

hour but finally I started out saying: "I trust in you, God. If you want me to go there you must have a reason."

I found her at home and being invited in with more cordiality than I had expected, I entered a little bit timidly. This woman always had the power to make me feel like a fool. But today she didn't seem to be her old self. No mocking smile--no insult in her eye. Her glance didn't say: "But your clothes are so cheap!"--instead she was looking rather unhappy. In fact, so much so that my heart was touched.

"Why, Cora," I asked, "Have you been ill?"

She looked at me. There were dark circles under her eyes.

"Well, the things you read in the papers these days are enough to make anybody ill." She handed me a LIFE magazine unfolded to a horrible war picture of murdered children in the streets of China.

"You--you care about this?" I asked. "Why, this doesn't touch you--this is over in China."

She shot me an angry glance. "It don't make no difference where they are. They're human aren't they--poor defenseless, little babes. Oh, why do things like this have to happen?"

"I could tell you," I said, "but you wouldn't believe me. It is because almost all people have strayed too far away from God. They refuse to believe in Him any more--they think He has no power."

"God," Cora cried and her eyes flashed with scorn. "What a child you are and what a fool. There is no God. He was killed on a cross over two thousand years ago and the world has never heard of him since. A dead God can't come back."

I was dumbfounded. "Why you can't possibly believe such a crazy thing," I gasped.

"Well, the churches say so, don't they? Aren't we supposed to believe the bible?"

I have been thinking of this woman's words ever since. What is wrong with church teachings that anybody should ever come to believe that God is dead. God dead of all things!

No, God was and is too great to have permitted Himself to be killed on a cross by a handful of Roman soldiers. Why God is Life, itself, and life is God. God is all and in all and with more power than we can ever dream. He is a veritable sea of power all round and about us.

## ! SANCTUARY QUESTION BOX !

OPEN TO QUESTIONS BY OUR YEARLY SUBSCRIBERS ON ANY PROBLEM

**Question:** We might as well aim high instead of low. Ask much as well as little. The world will not miss what it gives us. Because we have more no one has less. Do you not agree?

*L. M. H. Peoria, Ill.*

**Answer:** Yes, I agree. Only you won't get far, asking it of the world. Ask it of God, dear heart. God is no pauper--He has riches beyond our wildest dreams of wealth. And there is our very own, fair share waiting for all of us, when we will learn to ask it from God instead of from the world. God is all substance, even if it is spiritual and we cannot see it. Money is a symbol of the underlying substance of God. Health is of God because God is perfection in every form. The only reason that people do not manifest His perfection more is because of their lack of comprehension as to His reality and as to His omnipotent power. DISBELIEF is the curse that prevents God oftentimes from acting in our behalf. Where there is a great belief, a great faith, God can do anything, and nothing is impossible to Him at all. However, no person has a right to ask of God something that belongs to another. When you ask of God ask for your very own love, ask for your own supply, ask for the job that

is the right and proper job for you, etc. Don't ever say: "God, I wish I had Jones' money--the old tightwad. I would do so much good with it--", and then go on condemning Jones in your mind because he doesn't seem to be spending his wealth the way you think he should. Instead when you pray say:

"LOVING, ALMIGHTY FATHER, I know you have a fair share of wealth and everything good for me, your child. I claim my share now from you and you alone, in perfect trust and faith. I will have your good will done for me here and now. Let there be plenty! Let there be plenty! Let there be my very own plenty! I thank you, Father, that I receive the plenty you have for me. Amen."

If you can say this faithful, trusting prayer day after day, morning, noon and night and in between times, never letting a thought of doubt stay for a moment in your mind --I SAY UNTO YOU for I know--Sooner will the very stars fall from the sky than that you be disappointed. Remember, you must let no doubts linger in your mind! They will probably try to creep in like little foxes to destroy the vines. BUT you have the power over your own mind! As fast as they seek to creep in again--you chase them right away. Say: "Get thee hence,

*(Continued on page 8)*

Some More Excerpts From Dr. Frank B. Robinson's Book  
Blood on the Tail of a Pig

To say that the only way Hitler can be brought to his end is by throwing a superior battle force against him, is to deny the very existence of any power than the power of brute force. And this applies, regardless of the country which thinks like that---

The future dark---you say? Of course it's dark. But there comes now a Light. A supreme LIGHT. This Light, if followed, can stop this inhuman human slaughter so fast that it can stagger us all. But do we---will we see the Light before it is too late?

And this is the reason, in this dark hour, I release this book. Through it the world will come to a personal knowledge of the actual and literal Power of God. When that happens, away into the hazy mist of forgetfulness will disappear all man-made theories of God. In their place will rise a Power so potent, so God-like, that what the world has long waited---knowledge of God---will come to pass. I'm not preaching. I am facing facts in the only way they can be intelligently faced---WITH TRUTH.

TRUTH always hurts someone. But it only hurts those who are either op-

posed to it, or out of touch with it.

Any theology that teaches the crucifixion of a God for the "Sins" of the race can be proven to be pagan and untrue in its entirety. One look at the world will convince even the most skeptical of this fact. God was never in such teachings.

◆◆◆  
A Sure Remedy

Bertha Killian

Father, when we pray aright  
You will give us of your might,  
Casting out error's blight  
With the power of Truth's light.

◆◆◆  
"Dear Friend:

For some time I have been going to write you and tell you that I think you are doing a wonderful work in the publishing of your precious little paper, Sanctuary. Please enter my subscription. You will find one dollar enclosed.

I am also enclosing one of my first poems called *The Song in My Heart* and *Seven Rules for Happiness*. If you can use these to inspire and help your readers I am happy to contribute them to the Good Cause.

There are times. I know, when you

become discouraged and wonder if your effort and expense is worth while, because people seem so indifferent and unappreciative. But I am sure most people do not intend to be that way, but they are so busy with their own concerns and their own troubles. It requires a great deal of patience to build up any thing worth while. I believe that you are going at it in the right way ---slowly but surely.

Despite all the rebuffs and grief concerned with doing anything in a public way, I am sure you are deriving much joy in the expression of those things which are nearest your heart. This is your compensation when things look dark.

God's richest blessings to you in the Good Work,

Lovingly in His Name,  
Blanche Marie Peters.

(Mrs. Peters is a paid writer for several large Magazines and we certainly appreciate her kindness in offering us her lovely work. ---The Editor.)

◆  
Seven Rules For Happiness

Use the Golden Rule always; nothing else pays.

Get the habit of counting your blessings.

Do not try to change others; be a shin-

ing example.

Recognize the divine spark in each person, and respect him accordingly.

Don't hold a grudge; forgive everybody, not forgetting yourself.

Be calm; do not let anything get on your nerves.

Find your real work by looking within to the Source of all wisdom.

---Blanche Marie Peters.

(Reprint from *Unity Magazine*, May, 1933, by permission.)

◆  
The Song in My Heart

Blanche Marie Peters

There's a song in my heart,  
Though I'm deep in despair,  
And I'm puzzled sometimes  
As to how it got there.

When life seems so dreary,  
And all things go wrong,  
I listen a moment,  
And discover my song.

The longer I listen,  
The louder it swells,  
Till my whole heart is filled  
With its melody-bells.

Like a choir that's singing,  
Full-throated and clear;  
So I join in the chorus,  
And my woes disappear.

## Grandson

Mrs. E. E. McKinney

We think that he is cute and wise  
For a boy of Billy's size.  
I can tell when he is coming  
By the way that Granny's humming.  
Everything must be just right  
When he comes to spend the night.

We must hunt the bat and ball  
And answer every little call.  
The high chair must be put in place  
So all can see his dear sweet face.  
No more petting dogs and cat  
But see you get that ball and bat.

We must let him have his way,  
Is what grandpapa will say.  
Oh, in ways he is so cute  
And the way he blows his flute!  
When old Dan he chooses to ride  
You'll find grandpa by his side.

Gramp and he play hide and seek  
When he comes to spend a week.  
In the candy shop they'll stop  
And maybe he will buy a top.

The time it seems, just flits away  
When Billy comes a week to stay.

Don't forget your silk stocking, Sanctuary Subscription contest. It closes at midnight Oct. 15. That is, all letters with subscriptions must be in to me by that date.

When you are through with this copy pass it on to a friend or neighbor.

(Continued from page 5)

liar. I have nought to do with you. I believe in God. I trust in His love."

Question: Do you believe in Spiritualism?

E. C., East Syracuse, N. Y.

Answer: I've answered this question in Sanctuary before. But I will answer it again. I am a spiritualist. I am not a medium. I do not believe in fortune-telling. But definitely, I am a spiritualist.

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## CLASSIFIED

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Note: When any subscription has expired there will be a red X or ex. on the cover page of his or her last issue. We will always appreciate renewals.