

There was the \$40,000 I needed to launch the Psychiana Movement.

Why did I write that letter to the gentleman in Egypt---and why did he send me the requested \$40,000? Well you see--the photo which I saw lying on the table on which the girls were opening the mail, was a photograph of the man I saw in the dream standing over the dead man.

An incident happened a few months before, which should be related, as it gives an insight into the faith I had in the Spirit of God, and how that faith was rewarded by God.

One of the large publishing houses wired me one day that it would sell me an outside cover for the same <sup>price</sup> ~~price~~ an inside page cost which was \$5000. That magazine had a circulation running into the millions, and I needed that back cover for a full-page advertisement in the worst way. The office manager, a Mr. Burton brought me the wire.

Studying it for a few moments, I said:- "Wire them that we will accept that offer, and have the ~~agency in Seattle~~ regular full-page "I TALKED WITH GOD" copy sent to them." I instructed him.

"But where are you going to get the \$5000 with which to pay for that ad? Burton asked me. Turning to him I said:- "Burton--that is not my business. That full-page advertisement will tell a few million people what the Spirit of God can do for them, and that is my business. When the time to pay for that advertisement comes, the money will be in the bank. The Spirit of God will see that it is."

"Well I hope it is--we have \$358 in the bank now and they'll be sending you a bill for \$5000 next month--you'd better have it" replied Mr. Burton.

About a month later, the invoice for the \$5000 less two percent came in. Burton knew that we did not have \$500 in the bank at the time, and I suspected that he felt he had me on a spot when he handed me the invoice, saying:- "Well here it is--what are you going to do with that?".

Looking Burton right in the eye, I said to him:- "Make out a check for \$5000 less two percent and I'll sign it."

"But the <sup>money</sup>~~money~~ is not in the bank, and it wont be when this check clears" he said.

"Will you make out that check Burton, or shall I?" I asked him.

Going to the little iron safe we had, he got the check book and brought it to me, after having made out a check for \$4900. I signed the check, addressed an envelope, affixed a stamp and handed the letter to Burton with instructions to take it to the post-office which was directly across the street, and mail it.

He looked quizzically at me for a moment and then said:- "Do you have any money that I don't know about--or are you expecting some money in before that check clears?".

I told Mr. Burton that I did not have the faintest idea where the money was coming from, adding:- "But by the time that check is back here, there will be money enough in the bank with which to pay it. #

After Burton had left for the post-office, I closed my eyes, bowed my head perhaps a little as I usually do when talking with God, and, in one of those tense moments I always have when God and I know we are together I said:- "Spirit of the living God---I need \$5000--please send it to. Thank you Father."

The phone rang. Lifting the receiver, the following conversation took place:-

"Is this Doctor ~~Robbin~~ Robinson?"

"Yes".

"This is Melgard at the First Trust and Savings Bank--can you come down to the bank right away?"

"What's the hurry Melgard?"

"Why--I have some money for you and I want you to come and sign for it, It was telegraphed to this bank and I have to have your signature in person".

"How much money do you have there for me--\$5000?"

"Yes--\$5000. Did you expect it?"

"No I did not. Where did it come from?"

"From Honolulu".

"Okay Melgard, I'll be right down".

It will be noticed that before Burton had an opportunity to drop the letter containing the check in the mail, the money was in the bank in Moscow.

There have been ~~so~~ very many instances similar to that one but I shall not mention them all. As a matter of fact, this whole Movement testifies to one "miracle" after another. The one knowing the Power of the Spirit of God however, knows that what looks like a "miracle" to others, is no miracle at all--just the beautifully natural working out of the Spirit of God. And that Power is limitless.

Perhaps I should mention here how I personally make contact with the Spirit of God. Of course, it is very difficult to explain as one's whole life is involved. Contact with God is not something to be taken lightly. Whenever it happens, it is the most serious thing ever to come into anyone's life. At that moment, the veil which seems to separate man from God seems to be temporarily lifted. There is a moment of complete union and rapport between man and The Creator.

When one has been travelling through life with God for some years, that moments of actual communion is always there. Man may find himself not always ready to establish the "contact", but it can be established nevertheless, at any time.

When I need anything from the Spirit of God, I usually know what it is. I keep quite quiet, realizing that shortly I shall be talking with God, and these moments when I do that are very sacred to me. No religious creed or doctrine is involved at all. I just simply have established the fact that man can talk with God, and secure anything he desires from God. So, as I did in this case, I usually close my eyes, and then I speak personally to the Spirit of God within me. Not always am I asking for something, in fact, very seldom do I ask God for anything except guidance in my work. I have discovered that when the Spirit of God

is a Living Reality in the life, all one has to do is to fearlessly pursue one's objective, which should always be the spreading of the knowledge of God, and usually everything I need comes to me without even asking for it.

However, as I have explained before, I am not the brightest man in the world, and many a time I have wondered why the Creator does not lose patience with me. However, when anything is needed which I cannot see on the horizon, I can always go "into my closet, shut my door, and there, my Father which seeth in secret, hears me and sees me as I am, and rewards me openly", and I never forget to give thanks to God, not after what I need has come, but before it has come. In that way, I am absolutely sure of getting it.

\* \* \*

Now that the needed \$2500 was in the bank, I took the Lessons down to the Star-Mirror, which was the daily newspaper in those days. It has been merged with my paper, and is now known as The Daily Idahonian. This is a regular daily newspaper, not a Psychiana newspaper. It is the largest circulating daily in the Palouse Empire and is a very good newspaper.

The next step in my plans was the drawing of the now famous ad. "I TALKED WITH GOD". As previously stated, this piece of advertising copy had been reproduced many times. Advertising Age, I believe, has reproduced four of my advertisements. I sometimes vary them, but always come back to the original "I TALKED WITH GOD" copy. The success of this piece of copy is absolute proof that the American people are interested in talking with God. They want to actually know where God is, and if He can be found and His Power used. I can tell them very positively--"yes".

I recall an incident which occurred during the early years of this Movement which perhaps will demonstrate how the Power of God operates in a human life. I mention this particular incident because when it happened, the Realm of God seemed closer to me than at any other time which I can recall.

I was standing on the corner of two busy streets in upper New York one evening. Selling papers was a cripple, who was suffering from a disease which I believe is called "Hutchinsons Chorea". In any event, the sufferer has no co-ordination of his muscles. These "Hutchinsons Chorea" cases are pitiable, and incurable. I watched that poor chap for over an hour.

While standing there, the thought came to me:- "The Spirit of God can instantly heal that man--why don't you go and do that?".

I make it an invariable rule of my life to follow instantly every direct leading which comes from the Spirit of God in me. Instantly I was on my way across the street. When I arrived there, the cripple had walked, or rather struggled into a drug store outside of which he had been selling his papers. Entering the drug store, I saw the poor devil standing against the counter. He had deposited twenty-five cents on the bar and had asked for a box of aspirin tablets.

Standing near him, I closed my eyes, and said quietly:- "Spirit of the Living God, I want to heal that man by your Power in me--Thank you Master--Thank you."

A Hutchinsons Chorea case, I neglected to mention, cannot keep still a moment. They shake and shake, and have little or no control over their muscles. As the crippled newsman picked up his aspirin, he took the cane he used to help him navigate, and started for the door. Quick as a flash I literally grabbed that man by the shoulder, swung him round, and, fixing my

rather penetrating eyes on him said, while holding him in a grip like a vice:-  
"Why don't you stop that shaking?". I did not take my eyes from him for  
one instant. In addition to that, I was inwardly speaking the Power of God  
into that poor chap. Suddenly I noticed that he was not shaking. He looked  
at me as if to say:- "Who are you?" but not a word did he say, as his  
speech was impeded along with the other physical manifestations of the  
disease he had.

Seeing that the shaking had completely stopped, I said to  
him:- "Give me that stick." He gave it to me, and, taking him gently by  
the arm I led him out of the door, and back to his newspaper stand.

"You see---you're not shaking, and you never will shake  
again unless you want to." I told him.

For the first time in his over forty years of life, that man  
spoke intelligibly for the first time. Looking down at his hands and  
feet, he said, weakly:- "Who are you?"

"Who I am makes no difference. It doesn't matter. What does  
matter is the fact that you have been instantly healed. You will stay  
healed if you will recognize the fact that the Spirit of God in you, and  
in me, has done the healing. Now from this moment on, act as if nothing has  
happened. Get another corner on which to sell your papers. If anyone asks  
you how you come to be healed, tell them the Spirit of God, in you, did  
the healing" I said to him.

I shall never forget the look in that chap's eyes as  
I shook hands with him and left him. Tears were streaming down his face.  
But there were smiles there too, and I liked the smiles.

When one finds the Power of the Spirit of God in his life, and when he is actively engaged in unleashing that Power for the benefit of others, there is, I repeat, a moment when ~~it seems that~~ the veil which seems to separate man from God is temporarily lifted. That is a hallowed moment.

You will note that I said "seem to separate" man from God. The fact is, that man is never separated from God so long as he lives. The consciousness of the presence of the Spirit of God in man, is what comes to the forefront in such moments as these. Man consciously recognizes the actual and absolute presence of the Spirit of God, and he recognizes that Spirit in him, which is the only place conscious recognition of an invisible spiritual Power could take place.

~~###~~ The point I have always tried to emphasize is that the Spirit of God actually lives in every one of us. Very few, however, know that. It is foreign to every theological teaching on the earth. But is it not much more <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> plausible to believe that the Spirit of God lives in the life God has given man, than to believe that God created man, then allowed him to fall, and withdrew His presence, never to reveal It again unless he "believes" something that some theological organization teaches?

"Belief" has nothing to do with the actual Presence of God in man. How can it have? Either God exists or there is no such thing as a God. If God exists, and if He is to be of any material benefit to this earth, where can God exist but in man? Man got off the track when he failed to recognize the Spirit of God where Jesus said it was, and began to look to "the skies" and other equally impossible places.



Note the leadings and the Power of the Spirit of God in the few instances I have brought to your attention thus far in this book. First-- there was the definite consciousness of the Spirit of God--in me. That was evidenced by a peace, so sweet that there could be no mistaking where it came from. Such a peace can only come from contact with the Father.

Then there was the direct leading to leave Los Angeles and go to Yakima. Then the place here in Moscow where the drug stores closed at 6 p.m. Then the writing of the Lessons. Then the providing of the \$2500 and then the \$40,000 and then the proper piece of advertising copy which has beaten all known records for pulling power over the years.

Could these things have happened, think you, if I had not discovered the Power of God in me? I think not. I know myself too well for that. But shall we get along with our story of what happened here in Moscow during those early years?

\* \* \*

The advertisement was drawn in my bedroom one evening. I had borrowed a newspaper size sheet from the Star-Mirror. Several blank sheets as a matter of fact.

I sat in my room with a piece of pencil and those sheets of paper. I thought perhaps there is something mysterious about writing successful advertising copy. I had never written a piece in my life before, so knew practically nothing about it. However, I went back to the Spirit of God in me, closed my eyes, thanked God for having heard me, and then wrote the advertisement.

I had already reserved a full page in Psychology magazine.

The magazine charged me \$400 for the page. I thought perhaps it might be good business to make a connection with a reputable advertising agency, as I knew there would be much advertising from now on, and did not care to take care of the details of it all when I could get an agency to do that for a commission, paid by the newspapers and magazines. In passing, it may be interesting to note that no one has ever written any advertising copy for me. Several agencies have tried to improve upon the copy I received from God, but of course that is an impossibility.

Anyway, I took the copy and four hundred dollars in cash, and went into Spokane where I contacted the largest and most reputable advertising agency there. It was the Syverson-Kelly agency. Throwing the copy and the \$400 on Mr. Syverson's ~~desk~~ desk, I asked them if they would send it in to Psychology magazine. I informed them that I was bringing to the human race a direct revelation of the Power of God, and was going to do it by advertising and by using the mails, not by building churches and preaching.

Syverson looked at me, looked at the copy, and then, pushing both copy and \$400 in cash towards me said:- "We are not interested in that sort of junk--we are a reputable advertising agency."

I informed him that I was a perfectly reputable individual, and that the advertisement was advertising the Power of God, and therefore must also be reputable.

Calling in Mr. Kelly, Syverson opened the copy once more, and showed it to Kelly, with this remark:- "We dont want to handle that sort of stuff--do we?"

Kelly, a good Irishman, looked carefully over the copy and said:- "No--we dont want to handle that sort of stuff--who is this bird anyhow?".

I told the Irish gentleman that my name was Frank B. Robinson and I was going to bring to this world, a new concept of Almighty God.

"Well you'd better take your \$400, go back to Moscow, and forget about the new-fangled ideas about God" said Mr. Kelly, adding "The Church knows all about God, and doesn't need your help either."

"But what is wrong with the copy?" I inquired.

"Well there are three things wrong with it" chirped up Mr. Syverson. "In the first place, it is mechanically imperfect. In the second place, no newspaper or magazine will run that sory of copy, and in the third place, if they did run it, you wouldn't get any replies for the American public isn't interested in new ideas about God."

Mr. Syverson was wrong on all three counts. The copy was not mechanically imperfect, but was beautifully perfect, as many large advertising periodicals have given it credit for being the best thought out piece of copy ever written. In the second place, inside of two years, nearly nine hundred magazines and newspapers were running that copy. In the third place, as Syverson said, that particular piece of advertising copy outpulled any religious copy which had ever been run in the United States.

When the Spirit of God dictates a piece of advertising copy, you may be sure it will accomplish the purpose for which it was intended.

That piece of copy, which cost \$400, brought in over 23,000 replies, so Syverson certainly was off the beam. Those replies brought in over \$25,000 worth of orders for The Psychiana Religion. The Movement was on it's way.

The next place I ran that copy was in Physical Culture magazine and this one duplicated what Psychology had done. The third place was the Pathfinder. I ran an ad. there which cost about \$1500 and that too brought about \$25,000 or orders for the Teaching. I knew then that America does want to know about God.

In the meantime, I had rented a small office in the Urquart Building, which was owned by George Lamphere, the owner of the Star-Mirror. We paid five dollars a month for that office.

Not having enough money to buy furniture, I called upon Oscar Anderson, Ned Phillips, George Benson, Elmer Anderson, and told them to bring a saw, a hammer and some nails as we were going to build our own fixtures. We worked there night after night, building a table, and a "filing-system" which has been elaborated until now, when it is called the most efficient mail-order filing system in existence.

By that time, the Star-Mirror had delivered the first installment of the Lessons and the other letters, which were to go to all who replied. All of this literature I drew personally. No one helped me. The first Lessons, Mrs. Robinson and I stapled together in our apartment. I was still working in the drug store.

It was several months between the time I sent the full-page advertisement to Psychology magazine, and the time which it appeared. Those were anxious months for everyone except me. I knew full well that the new revelation of the Power of God was wanted. I knew it would sweep round the world, and it did just that. Sixty-seven countries in it's first year.

We had driven out to Oscar Anderson's place in the country one Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Robinson, little Alfred and I. On the way in, I said to Mrs. Robinson;- "I think I'll stop at the post-office and see if we have any replies yet. I had been wise enough to rent the largest box the Moscow post-office has for rent. I had expected replies, but I did not expect the flood I got.

There was a note in the box asking me to go to the back door. There, I got a whole mail-sack full of them, and before Psychology magazines had stopped pulling, there were, as before stated, over 23,000 of them.

You can imagine how a small-town drug clerk felt when his first venture outside of the drug business was received as this one was received. Those replies surpassed my wildest dreams, and I was happy. I knew that the people would be just as responsive to the Teaching as they had been to the advertising, for if the advertising had been inspired by the Spirit of God, certainly the Lessons were.

It became evident that I should have to get some help, although for the first few weeks, Anderson, the other Anderson, Benson and Phillips and I worked night getting those replies out.

As the Moscow citizens saw the sacks of mail coming in and going out, prophecies were made on every street corner as to how long the Movement would last. Some said "Six months" while others said that it would never stop. It was rather unusual to see a drug clerk working in the drug store all day, and then lecturing at the hotel at night, and then getting, and sending out huge sacks of mail. Our postage bill now runs about \$100,000 a year, and that means that ten million people get our literature each year.

Soon, I was compelled to go on half time at the drug store. I had engaged the services of a girl, Edith O'Brien, to work half days, and soon she worked full time. Then another girl was necessary. In the meantime, copies of Psychology magazine had come to Moscow, and the citizens noted with pride the publicity their little City was getting.

Inside of sixty days, we were compelled to rent two more offices, and inside of another six months we leased a very much larger building. But the growth was so tremendous that I was fortunate enough to purchase a quarter of a city block from Howard Short, the local undertaker, for \$4000. That corner and the building on it are worth more than \$100,000 today.

I could write a book on the amusing incidents I have had since launching this Movement. Some day perhaps, I shall. Dr. Bach has such a book in mind, and I hope he publishes it. The suggested title is "Moscow Miracle". That is not quite true, although what we have seen here is certainly a miracle, if you leave the Power of God out of it. I cannot do that however.

to pay their respects to us. Most of them referred to me as an "atheist".

There is not to be found in any of my writings, one word of anything which is not connected with the Power of the Spirit of God. This theme permeates everything I have written. Nineteen books, hundreds of magazine articles. Hundreds of radio lectures. Nothing but the Power of God in anything. But I do not agree with these good religions of the day on matters of Christology, so I am an atheist.

Several significant prophecies were made by some of the leading church periodicals, notably the Presbyterian Banner. In an article written in 1932 by the Rev. Clifford M. Drury, to whom I have referred before, the statement was made that "Here is a new religion in it's infancy. We cannot ignore it. No matter how violently some of us disagree with what Robinson says, the fact remains that he is reaching millions whom the churches cannot, or will not reach."

But most of the editorials were very critical. Not one of them would admit that the Power of God exists, and certainly not one of them would admit that anyone who does not believe the Christian theology can know anything about God. Their eyes have been opened I believe. I hope to open them some more.

\* \* \*

Now ~~###~~ a few paragraphs about the actual results of the Power of the Spirit of God in human lives. After all, that is the supreme test of the merits of this Movement. If it reveals God to the nations, it is good. If it cannot reveal God to the nations, it is no good.

Nothing was farther from my mind than healing, when I launched my philosophy of God. My sole object was to reveal to men and women, the staggering fact that all the Power God has is instantly available to all who want that Power. It was a spiritual revelation I was making, not a healing demonstration in any sense of the word.

It was not very long however until I discovered that the healing end of the Movement was something which was going to have to be reckoned with. We were absolutely swamped with requests for "prayers" etc. We of Psychiana never pray. We talk with God, but we do not consider that "praying" in the accepted sense of the word. But maybe it is.

At once I put out a circular asking members not to write us about physical healing. I told them, if they were taken ill, which they should not be, to call the best physician in their neighborhood and follow his advice. My theory was that if the remedy for a disease exists, the Creator has made that remedy possible through the illumined mind of some medical man. Therefore it is foolish to ask for "divine" healing if God has already provided the healing, and if the medical profession is familiar with the remedy.

We know that diphtheria antitoxin is an almost sure specific for diphtheria, if used at the onset. How very foolish it would be then, for someone afflicted with that disease to get down on his knees and ask God to cure the diphtheria. The remedy already exists. The Spirit of God has already provided it. Yet I know of a family of "Pentecostalists" who are so full of the "Holy Ghost" that they refuse to have a physician in the house. I saw three of them die a few years ago, and then called the authorities and forced them to have a physician.



Even now, whenever a long-distance call comes in, which is many times daily, asking for healing, I invariably insist that they call the best physician available and follow his advice. If a physician can do nothing, and admits that he can do nothing, that is the time I can help, and I insist on that procedure.

It may be that the fullness of the Power of God may be made known to the peoples of this earth through the medical profession. It may be that science will bring to us the full knowledge of the Power of God, and eternal life--I don't know. Nor do I care. If that is the way it has to be, that is the way it should be.

Physicians are working towards eternal life. Scientists are working towards eternal. The only difference between them and me is that I am approaching the matter scientifically, but from the angle of the Spirit of God. But I should be the last one to expound that everything science and medicine is doing is wrong. What do I care through whom truths of God are brought to humanity so long as they are brought?

I have not sufficient education to approach the matter from either a medical or a science standpoint. I prefer the God-standpoint for I know something about the Power of God, little about either science or medicine.

I shall never forget the first case of a "miraculous" healing to come to us. It was a lady in Youngstown Ohio who had not been out of her bed for seventeen years with inflammatory rheumatism. Our fourth Lesson brought her the light, she jumped out of bed, and is still in perfect physical condition.

When the letter containing that information came in, I jumped into my car, sped up the Third Street hill to my home, and, Page 152

reading the letter to Mrs. Robinson said:- "The Teaching is actually working and is healing people--I never expected that to happen."

The next day several more letters were received, all telling of similar results. Cancer, diabetes, heart conditions--it makes no difference to the Spirit of God what the disease may be. The Power of God, which created the human body so long ago, still has the ability to keep that body in perfectly functioning order. That is because the Spirit of God lives in that body. A perfectly plausible explanation.

Gradually I came to see that these healing cases were a long way from being unimportant. They are extremely important. They are absolute evidence that the Power of God can cure supposedly incurable diseases instantly. I wish we had the time in this book to go over a few dozens of them, but we have not the time. I must get back to "The Wanderer". Suffice it to say that in the past twenty years, more than five hundred thousands# of such cases have been officially received by us. I believe this is the greatest demonstration of the Power of God this world has seen since the time of Jesus.

I have seen death defeated so many times that it does not even arouse my interest any more. Shall I tell you a secret? I have one. We have, in our files, several cases of people who were dead being raised again. They have all come from foreign countries and I have had no chance to verify them. What I expect to see one of these days before too long, is the Power of the Spirit of God demonstrated to such a degree that life---the Spirit of God---shall be called back into a body from which it has fled. I believe that to be entirely possible, and while

that would not mean too much if it were to happen, I should like to see it once. It would create a national sensation, but, I again repeat, it would mean little, if the raised up person died later.

I have seen strange things in the past twenty years in which I have dealt with hundreds of thousands of people. So strange that I put no limitations on the Power of God, right here on earth. But my main object of course, is to definitely establish the theory I have proven in a smaller degree so many times, that life on this earth, through union with the Spirit of God, is not only possible, but is the natural order and aim of the Creator---it is what He intended when He placed man on the earth in the first place.

The death-idea has no place in the Realm of God. It was not originated by God, and it will not be eliminated by God. It is a product of ancient, faithless man, but modern man, full of faith in God, will restore man's original estate, and will do that by a perfectly normal, natural process---that of coming into vital living contact with the Spirit of God.

No man could have seen what I have seen and doubt the ability of God to so illumine the mind of someone, so that, as a result of that illumination, this last enemy of man may be destroyed. No man could stand on the corner, as I did in New York City, and feel the Power of God surging through him, and ever again doubt the willingness and the ability of God to make the Supreme Revelation to someone, that man and God are supposed to live forever on this earth.

when it is finally eliminated, as it must be, wars, sin, crimes, anarchy with their allied ills, will go with it. The next major revelation of God to this civilization will be something which will remake history. The thing I most fear is that the revelation I am trying to bring to humanity will come too late. I fear that the human race will destroy itself with some atomic weapon before the churches grasp what I am trying to do. If that happens, it will be a pity. But it can happen, for there is little actual faith in God on the earth, in the church or out of the church.

The fact that a Movement such as mine can start from scratch, and go as far as we have gone, in spite of all the opposition which has been thrown against us, is proof very positive that the world is hungry for God. But it wants God. It will take no substitute. Can someone present the true concept of God to this world in time to save it?

Perhaps "The Wanderer" can.