

THE CHURCH OF  
"PSYCHIANA"

(THE TEACHING WHICH IS BRINGING NEW LIFE TO A SPIRITUALLY DEAD WORLD)

ADVANCED TEACHING  
NUMBER TWO

by  
DR. FRANK B. ROBINSON



"PSYCHIANA"



LESSON NO. 16

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# "PSYCHIANA"

THIRD ADVANCED TEACHING

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LESSON NO. 16

BY

DR. FRANK B. ROBINSON

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"A fire mist and a planet,  
A crystal and a cell,  
A jellyfish and a saurian  
And caves where the cave men dwell;  
Then a sense of law and beauty,  
And a face upturned from the clod,  
Some call it evolution,  
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,  
An infinite tender sky,  
The rich, ripe tint of the cornfields,  
And wild geese sailing high;  
And all over upland and lowland  
The charm of the goldenrod,  
Some call it autumn,  
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent seabeach  
When the moon is new and thin,  
Into our hearts high yearnings  
Come welling and surging in;



Come from the mystic ocean  
Whose rim no foot has trod;  
Some of us call it longing,  
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,  
A mother starved for her brood,  
Socrates drinking the hemlock,  
And Jesus on the rood,  
And millions who, humble and nameless,  
The straight, hard pathway plod;  
Some call it consecration,  
And others call it God."

--William Herbert Carruth

I always carry the above poem in my pocketbook, and every once in a while, I take it out and read it, because through it I catch a new sense every time I read it of the nearness of the great Realm of God. One can always get closer to the Spiritual Realm by studying nature in its native state. One Bible writer caught the picture when he said, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

The constancy of nature is perhaps the most consoling part about it. We know that spring always follows winter. We know that day always follows night. It doesn't matter how dark the night may have been, the day always follows. Nor does it matter how fierce the winter was, spring always comes. Day and night, summer and winter, in one eternal and everlasting cycle of sunrise and sunset, of growth and decay in never ending progress, continues to a new day. Spring will shortly be here in Moscow. At the present time, six feet of snow covers the ground. But, inside of the next sixty days, when spring does arrive, there will be bursting forth new buds and blossoms. There will arise out of the dark earth, out of the air, and the water, millions upon millions of new organisms, each created out of nothing, as if by magic. Everything will take on new life.

Last fall, the Idaho farmers planted their grain. It has lain dormant under the snow covered earth these past cold winter months. But, in the spring these tiny grains of seed will force their way through the earth around them to unite in sharing the sprouting and budding of millions of other grains just like them. From out of one grain of corn will emerge a whole ear of corn. From one little grain of wheat planted last fall will come thousands of little grains, practically out of nothing. And this morning as I dictate this, I wonder how many more millions of marvelous organized worlds are thus being born



again or new born with every spring after the winter we are now experiencing has destroyed millions with its icy fist.

But will it always be so? I think not. One Bible writer said, "While the earth remaineth, summer and harvest, day and night shall not cease." That statement may not be quite correct, but essentially, it is correct. But are summer and winter, springtime and harvest, day and night to continue as they are today? That question is answered by looking back. Are they today as they were ten thousand years ago? Or is there not slow, gradual evolution, ever onward, ever upward, ever higher? A Burbank takes a flower, with a God-inspired genius, with a God-given insight into the Spiritual Realm, he crosses that flower with another one, and an entirely different and new floral creation is made. He takes a fruit, a good fruit, and he engrafts the good fruit with another one not so good. And the result? You know as well as I know--a better product than the poorer fruit and one not quite as good as the better fruit. So it must ever be in the interminable, never ending Law of the great Spiritual Realm. This eternal, never ending evolution or change from the lower to the higher, from the poorer to the better, must continue.

We are often prone to look back and say, "The old days and the old things have passed away." No, they haven't. They have changed only. And in the new day, in the present day, looking back to the old day, we say, I repeat, "The old things are gone." But they are not. They have only changed, and one thousand years from now men and women will be looking back and thinking of what they will call "the old-fashioned, backward days of one thousand years ago." But we who live in these times think we have progressed farther than any other race has ever progressed. And this is undoubtedly true. But to think that we have attained the highest possible in either material or spiritual realms is to be mistaken. The day follows the night. The summer follows the winter. The harvest follows the planting. But ever the progress is onward and upward.

Think back if you can to the first spiral nebula, a gaseous formation whirling in the ether from which all created planets are presumed to have come. Think of the mind of God back of all that and think of the length and the depth of the progress made from that day to this. He said true who said, "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine." The Power of the Spiritual Realm may seem to unfold itself to us slowly, but it does a very complete job. How foolish to think that we should, or ever could dictate or attempt to tell others that we alone possess all the knowledge of the Realm of the Spirit of God. Why, we are so infinitesimally small, both individually and collectively, that we could all instantly vanish with every planet and every human included, and the great Realm of the Spirit of God wouldn't even miss us. I am disgusted when my radio brings in some prating priest or weak-spined preacher blatantly informing the general public that he or his organization holds



the keys to the Kingdom of God in the palm of his hand. Perhaps they do, but the God whose keys they hold must, of necessity, be a God of their own creation, certainly not the God of this universe.

Let's go back a minute. There will be millions of flowers blooming this spring which have never bloomed before. Millions of roses will bloom throughout this fair land whose glimmering, sweet perfumed petals never saw the light of day before. Their existence will be measured by a few months, or weeks, or days, or perhaps hours. Yet they never bloomed before. They will charm the earth with their beauty and will die and fade away. But is that the end of the roses? No, for next spring a new blooming of these precious flowers will be there, still enhancing the beauty of their surroundings just as those did which died. Yet there are those foolish people who tell us that God created the earth in six days of twenty-four hours each. The Presbyterian church makes that belief mandatory to church membership at the present time. Is it any wonder the intelligent man smiles and passes lightly by on the other side when he is approached by either preacher or priest with such a fantastic philosophy as that is?

How woefully ignorant must those "agents of God" be when they even attempt to try and change a human life with any philosophy they possess today. New life, new beauty, new power--that is the secret of the Realm of the Spirit of God.

There grow in my back yard beautiful bushes of roses. Every summer they bloom. Not far away from there are blooming little pansies. Yet the growth and existence of the rose is unknown to the pansy. And the growth and life and beauty of the pansy is unknown to the rose. Each blooms alone. Each absorbs from mother earth physical sustenance enough to bring an embryonic seed to a beautiful flower. But whose idea was it? Whose hand paints the pansy and the rose? Does the idea come from the soil? Are the beauties of the petals of the rose or the pansy absorbed from the earth? Are the beautiful pine cones and equally beautiful pine needles given their fragrance as a result of a natural, physical, material absorbing of sap? I wouldn't think so. The mechanical process is there, yes. And the natural growth is there, yes. But IT TAKES THE UNSEEN POWER, THE UNSEEN BEAUTY, THE UNSEEN LIFE OF THE REALM OF THE SPIRIT OF GOD TO PAINT THOSE ROSEATE HUES WITH GOD'S OWN BRUSH ON THE PETALS OF THESE BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS BLOOMING IN MY BACK YARD IN MOSCOW, IDAHO.

Yet, I repeat each flower is utterly oblivious to and unconscious of the existence of its sister flower on the same stem. They bloom collectively; yet they bloom alone. Their object? To display to you and to me a little bit of the beauty of the Spiritual Realm. Do they display all the beauty of this great Realm of Spiritual Power? No. They display beauty as manifested through them alone. A pansy is equally as beautiful as a rose to me. Yet a pansy cannot exude the perfume of the rose; nor can the rose waft on the winds of heaven



the perfume of the pansy. Each oblivious to the existence of the other, each in its own little sphere, growing in accordance with the Spiritual Law governing the growth of that flower. Take a little rose bush. Plant it where you will. It brings forth roses. Take an acorn from an oak tree. Plant it where you will-- Africa, England, America, Greenland, or Nova Scotia, it always grows an oak. Why? you ask me. Let me tell you. Because the acorn has all it can do to absorb enough spiritual growth from the Realm of God to bring into being an oak tree.

What a mess it would be if pansies and roses grew on oak trees, wouldn't it? Each growing quietly and each responding to its own phase of the Spiritual Realm of God. And here, let me interpolate enough to state that if you or I could grow in Spiritual Truth and beauty as the rose or the pansy grows, what a marvleous triumph of God would we be. Some of us are not content to bloom alone, living our entire lives under and through the charm of the Power of the Realm of God. We want to interpolate our ideas into God's eternal scheme of things, and this invariably brings disaster. Some of us haven't yet learned the lesson of being alone with the Realm of the Spirit of God. The rose has learned that lesson, and the pansy has learned that lesson too. But man, God's greatest creation, has chosen to limit God or to bring him out of his lofty throne in the heavens down to earth and coop Him up in the dead body of man. Blasphemous, such doctrine as that.

Now to come back to the little garden. Last year, earwigs were discovered in that garden, and before I dicovered them, they had destroyed or partially destroyed a beautiful Siberian elm I have. And at this point, I am going to touch upon the question which I don't think has ever been answered before by anyone, at least not answered intelligently. In the large lecture I send out to inquirers, I draw a picture of wild geese flying high in the air at the first approach of winter and leaving the frozen wastes of northern Alberta for the sunny rice fields of sourthern California. I make the statement in that lecture that an unerring God instinct guides those seemingly senseless creatures and I make it again that by no possible means can the Law ever mislead the geese.

Then, of course, the smart-alecks began to write in and ask me what sort of a Law it was which operated when the geese hit a lighthouse and were dashed to death. And at this point in this Lesson, the question will invariably arise as to why these earwigs which are still God's creation are allowed to destroy other handiwork of God. Now, in the first place, let me ask you if you have ever heard me say that the Realm of the Spirit of God was only responsible for half of this creation. We will get away here from the personal idea of God. We will think of God as the creative Spirit of life capable of existence without physical form. You will recall the definition of spirit I gave you a little while back from the dictionary. Now, this life impulse manifests according to its kind wherever it may be. Like produces like. Just as pansies and roses could



not bloom on the branches of an oak tree, but bloom in accordance with their phase of the Realm of God, so the destructive insects and animals manifest the Life Principle according to their phase of the great Spirit of Life.

Now where do earwigs and the rest of these destructive insects live, let me ask you. Out in the sunlight? Not at all. Their whole life is spent under the ground. Go out some day into the fields and find a half-covered rock and then turn it over and watch the bugs which come into the sunlight and scamper for their darkness again. Whenever you introduce light into darkness, there is a transformation. You have heard me give the illustration of trying to shovel darkness out of a room with a shovel. You cannot do that, because darkness does not exist. It is only the absence of light. So, instead of attempting to shovel darkness out of the room, you turn on the light, and the darkness immediately disappears. You turn over a rock to the bottom of which are clinging hundreds of earth bugs. They cannot stand the light, so they scamper away for their natural element, darkness, again.

But the Life Principle, nevertheless, is the primary factor of the life of the earwig just as much as it is the primary factor of the life and beauty of the rose and the pansy. Now, let's see if anything has happened here. Has something gone wrong with the workings of the Realm of God? Did God make a mistake? Is a Life Principle wrong because it creates different sorts of life? Is there no intelligence behind this created scheme of things? Then, why do we have earwigs and rattlesnakes, and other death dealing animals? Now, I don't often quote from the Bible. Once in awhile I do, but there is a picture painted toward the end of that book, and whoever painted the picture had prophetic vision. He pictured the lion lying down with the lamb, and a little child leading them. He predicted a day in which all swords would be beaten into pruning hooks and battle ships and other implements of war into ploughshares. I say to you there was a God-inspired vision behind that prophet, whoever he may have been, for in the final culmination and evolution of this thing we call life, which is essentially the same thing we call God, there can be only one completed end.

Now, don't misunderstand me in the use of the word "end" here, because life is life and not death in any sense of the word. The Life Spirit God existed as life long before the world was ever known. It is an inherent, omnipresent, omnipotent Spiritual Force which, because of its very nature, must be without beginning, and without end. I have illustrated that to you before through my illustration of the law of gravity when I drop a penknife on the floor.

In my living room, there is a beautiful painting sent to me by a student who has achieved national fame as an artist. During the first year of this Movement, this man wrote to me stating that he was down and out and asking me if I would like to give him the Teaching to help him on his feet again. I was very



glad to do that. As a result of applying the Laws of God, as taught by this Teaching of mine, this man achieved national fame. As a slight token of his thanks to me, he sent me a beautiful painting. It was painted near the Presidio in San Francisco and is a picture of the sun shining through the eucalyptus trees on an adobe wall. Now this picture is really marvelous. It is a complete picture. But suppose this gentleman had half painted the picture and sent me that? Do you see what I am driving at?

The evolution of life is not complete. The great Master Painter has not yet completed painting his picture. The tubes of the Painter are still half full. They are not all twisted and dried. And it is inconceivable to me that a perfect scheme of creation should materialize in an imperfect world, for there is no question but what the world is yet imperfect. The earwig, the mountain lion, and the rattlesnake each have been given natural weapons with which to protect themselves. And the lion will pounce upon a harmless child in the forest if given the opportunity. Now is the blame to be attached to the lion? The rattlesnake will strike at the rabbit and devour it. And although the rattlesnake is one of the most deadly of our reptiles, yet a little bird called the road-runner can kill a rattlesnake at any time. But is any blame to be attached to the rattlesnake for either finding its own food or for protecting itself, even though this means the death of another animal? I don't think so.

Come back to the lion. I have seen and you have seen twenty lions or tigers in a cage with one human being. Any one of these lions could have torn that man to pieces at any moment. Yet he puts twenty or more of them in a steel cage, cracks a whip, and makes them jump around like frightened children. What is it then? Degrees of intelligence? Well, that is one way of putting it, I suppose. But I think a far better way is to say that it is a degree of the evolution of the Life Spirit. And man is not so much better than an animal. If you think he is, recall please the billions being spent for armaments which simply means that some day these armaments will be used to blast the heart's blood and the life out of hundreds and thousands of human beings. So don't put yourself on a pedestal because you are a human being and start asking me questions as to why God allows wild geese to dash their brains out against a light house or a rattlesnake to eat a rabbit, or an earwig to destroy a rosebush.

I am telling you the picture is not complete yet and all nature, both human and animal, is in a very incomplete state. The veneer of civilization is terrifically thin. On the outside, internationally, things appear calm, but we know what is going to come, and nothing can stop it. Here, in Germany last week a movement was started to call Hitler the Son of God. He is a man. He did great things, but that is history repeating itself, for that is exactly what happened long after they were dead in the case of Jesus Christ, Mohammed, Krishna, and all the rest of the crucified gods before this one. The amazing



part of this declaration regarding Hitler is that this is happening while he still lives, and that is the first case on record. Usually people do not deify a man and call him God until after he is dead as was the case with the Galilean Carpenter. To have looked upon that man as a God while he lived would have been blasphemous. His father and mother didn't believe it. His own brothers didn't believe it and no claim was ever made by him to Godship at any time. I merely mention this in passing to show you that if you have any funny ideas in your head that God's purpose for this world is complete or that the picture is painted, you are mistaken.

I am not saying that evolution could not be speeded up. I am not saying that God's mills cannot grind fast as well as they can slowly. But I am saying that as long as men and animals are in the incomplete stage of existence in which they are today, you will find lions eating children, rattlesnakes eating rabbits, and earwigs destroying elm trees.

Look at Spain, a religious country engaged in a religious war. Do you think that the organizations engaged in that horrible thing know anything about God. Yet it is a religious war. There is no fanaticism like religious fanaticism. There is no superstition like religious superstition.

I keep my home pretty well protected, and I always go armed. "Why?" you ask me. Because of religious fanaticism. No Government agent will be sent out to shoot me down. They have sent them in to investigate me and investigate this Movement. But they had no orders to shoot me on sight. I do not apprehend any danger from that source; but I have been placed in jeopardy of my life on three different occasions now, and in every instance a religious fanatic was at the back of it.

I remember, not long ago, an old man between seventy-five and eighty years old came up to my house with a Bible under his arm. He had been up there several times before he caught me in. On the occasion on which he did find me in, I was eating dinner at about 6:30 at night. The man came to the front door and I answered the bell. He opened his Bible and while the snow was falling and the wind was blowing, he started in, "My Bible tells me---." I said to him, "Now, Mr. P-----, I am eating dinner, and I am not interested in what your Bible tells you. It might tell me something different." And I asked him to please not call at my home anymore. I gently closed the door, and this old fellow walked around to the back door and went through the same rigamarole. In about thirty seconds, the front door bell rang again. I politely and kindly informed him that I was Deputy Sheriff in this county, and much as I would hate to cause him any inconvenience, I told him I was afraid if he insisted on making a nuisance of himself and annoying me, I should have to take him up to the "lock-up." Well, to make a long story short, it finally penetrated through this



brother's head what I meant, and he didn't bother me any more except to call for prayers for me at a revival meeting that was held in the First Christian Church of Moscow a little later. This brother was a member of that church, and you will recall that it is the present pastor of that church who made himself so officious during his first few weeks in Moscow that he was one of the active movers in the conspiracy to get "PSYCHIANA" and myself out of the way.

That is neither here nor there, however, because there is about as much chance of anyone's stopping this Teaching as there is of an elephant's flying over the moon. I always admire and honor a man for a conscientious belief in a God of any sort, so long as that belief is honest. But in the case of this old man, I don't think it was honest, for shortly after this, he married an eighteen year old girl which is perfectly legal, I suppose; but it is something I wouldn't want to do if I were that age, and somehow or other, I never have been able to make true religion fit with that old man. He is very active in church, of course, and he claims to have the first blessing and the second blessing, and I don't know how many more blessings he has.

But those are just a few instances of what I mean when I state that the picture is not yet painted.

My students have been absolutely shocked at the attempts made during the past two years to put me out of the way. Of course, the wiser of them know who is at the back of it and yet these organizations masquerade as ambassadors of God, they claim to teach the Bible, and yet they go contrary to every single principle of religion and every single thing taught in the Bible.

If you were to ask me what the spiritual earwig or the spiritual rattlesnake is in the realm of religion, do you know what I would answer you? I would say the organized church today. I don't want to spend any more time on this organization, but the reason I should make that statement to you if I were asked the above question is because it is a wolf dressed up in sheep's clothing. It has no true philosophy of God, and it knows it has none. Yet it masquerades under the garb of God, but I say it is its own God, not the God of the universe.

I am going to repeat before I leave this Lesson what I have said many times before, and that is that a true picture of the Realm of the Spirit of the Living God can not be grasped until the present pagan and heathen organizations calling themselves "ambassadors of God" are forever banished from the picture. And that day will come, not through any efforts of mine, but because God's picture is still incomplete. The world is not coming to an end tomorrow. We are still in the process of a spiritual evolution. And it is just as natural as that day follows night that the human race will and must push to one side all



imitation gods before the true God can be known.

That day must come. As a matter of fact, I am not so sure that I do not see the first faint glimmering streaks of God's daylight appearing o'er the hilltops of the world's black night. I am not so sure that I do not see this. What is the meaning of these movements all over the world to get rid of religion? Do they originate in the mind of any one man? Certainly not, for they embrace entire countries with millions of inhabitants. What they actually are, are spontaneous recognitions that the picture of God which has been held out to them IS NOT A TRUE PICTURE. That is a step only in the evolution of the universe. It had to come. There was no other way out. People could not comprehend the story orthodoxy came to them with, and the story is so foolish that they wouldn't even try to comprehend it.

It is these first faint glimmerings of light from the Realm of God which are causing all this religious disturbance in the world today. Earnest pioneering souls have caught a faint glimpse of the truth from the Realm of God, and it has not taken the rest of the world very long to see the truth also. Rome fell. Athens fell. Civilizations have been destroyed, and civilizations will be destroyed again. But has that stopped God's evolution? Has that stopped the true picture of God? Not at all. God's eternal truths are writ upon every page of nature. They are written on the petals of a rose, the perfume of a pansy, and the smile of a child. They are written in these messages I send you. They are written in other messages other men send to you. And with unerring accuracy and in compliance with the Law governing the Realm of the Spirit of God, his eternal Truths are going home and are revolutionizing religious thought today as they have ever revolutionized it.

But be not dismayed. The future is very bright. The picture is nearing completion. Don't expect it to happen too fast. But do expect more of the Truths of God to be made known to this earth in the next ten years than in the past ten thousand years. It seems that the glimmerings of light from the Realm of God have ordained that I be thrown into the front of the new picture. I realize full well that with the rest of the race in an incomplete state, state, I am also in the same state. I am no more infallible than you are or than the Pope of Rome is, regardless of what he claims. I can only say with Lincoln, "I AM NOT BOUND TO WIN, BUT I AM BOUND TO BE TRUE. I AM NOT BOUND TO SUCCEED, BUT I AM BOUND TO LIVE UP TO THE LIGHT I HAVE. I MUST STAND WITH ANYBODY THAT STANDS RIGHT, STAND WITH HIM WHILE HE IS RIGHT, AND PART WITH HIM WHEN HE GOES WRONG."

You will find in these last three Lessons a strange, intangible something which will draw you a little bit closer to the Realm of God. You will find yourself accepting absolutely what I have written, and as a result of the care-



ful study of the Lessons of this Third Advanced Teaching, your spiritual vision will enlarge. You will not be able to understand it, nor will you be able to explain it. Please don't try. It is only God's way of transmitting to you by mechanical means (I mean paper and ink) a few gems of his Spiritual Truth, coming through the spiritual enlightenment of one man to tens of thousands of others. Your spiritual experience will deepen with the continued study of these Lessons, so please treasure every one of them.

Read Lessons 14, 15, and 16 many many times, and from now on till the end of this Course, adopt a quiet, expectant attitude. Be calm, and let nothing upset that calmness. You know the old prophet who woke one night and didn't hear anything talking to him, but he did, paradoxical as that may seem. HE HEARD THE "STILL SMALL VOICE." That voice was the voice of the Spirit of God. It invariably speaks in the stillness and the sacredness of your inner life. So adopt this attitude, and if you feel yourself being drawn into a little deeper spiritual experience, LET YOURSELF GO. This is all for Lesson 16. Read it well.