

## CHAPTER FINE

In Which

We continue our Amazing Story.

The Rev. C. W. Tenney B.A., LL.D. is one of the finest, most Godly men I have ever met. He gave forth-five years of his life to the Methodist Church. He was president of two of their colleges, one in Montana and the other at Gooding, Idaho. In an effort to offset the influence of the Institute of the Latter-day Saints (Mormons) the local Protestant ministers decided to establish a ~~re~~ credited Bible Institute on the campus of the University of Idaho.

They secured an old fraternity house, remodelled it and secured the services of Dr. Tenney to run the place at a salary of three thousand dollars a year. Tenney arrived on the scene and went to work. When the end of the first month rolled round however, they gave him no check, but informed him he would have to get out and rustle his own salary.

Tenney informed them that was not the agreement, and at once he brought his troubles to me. I gave him a position as my assistant at the same salary, and he went to work. His job was to answer the volume of personal mail we receive here daily. His usual number of dictated letters on a Dictophone was between four and five hundred. Late into the night Tenney would work, and soon it became evident that he was endearing himself to our members, by the marvellous letters he would write.

At that time it seems that Tenney was a superannuated minister. The Methodists give their superannuated ministers a bond for \$6000 and the interest on the bond pays them \$25 a month.

Tenney's work with me was a revelation to him. He has made the statement time and time again that he saw more of the actual Power of God in operation in one day here, than he had seen in his forty-five years as a Methodist minister and college president.

When the regular Methodist Conference was held in Boise, Ida. Dr. Tenney usually had the local Methodist pastor, Rev. Owen Beadles take ~~Tenney~~ his credentials down there for renewal. I do not know just what the procedure is, but I know that every member of the Conference is supposed to register and be re-admitted at every Conference, to keep himself in good standing.

For some reason or other, at this particular Conference, Beadles while promising to present Tenney's credentials, did not do so. He says he "forgot". Anyway, I got wind that a "closed session" of the Conference was to be held, at which session ~~##~~ Dr. Tenney was to be cashiered out of the Methodist Church because of the position he was holding with me. (The only livelihood Dr. Tenney had was the \$25 a month the Methodist bond paid him, and ~~my~~ the salary I paid him put him and his wife on easy street).

I wired the A.P. in Boise, as my newspaper is an A.P. Member, and had a representative present at the "closed" session. It was at this session that the club was held over Dr. Tenney's head. He was forced to either resign his position with me, or be cashiered out of the Methodist Church, after giving it forth-five of the best years of his life.

When that was done, the Conference then passed a resolution condemning any Methodist who had anything to do with me, and threatening excommunication to any member of that Church who did have anything to do with this Movement. (That is what they did to Jesus too).

Tenney and I discussed the matter thoroly. I suggested to him that he tell the Methodists where to head in. I promised to give him employment as \$3000 a year as long as he was able to work, and after that I promised him a pension of the same amount for life.

However, family ties were a bit strohger than mine, and Dr. Tenney was forced to give up his position. The last I heard from this fine character, he had a job as orderly in a hospital in Portland, Oregon.

I'm just wondering if an organization capable of that sort of deed, is qualified to direct anyone to God. Perhaps it is--I dont know. But it seems to me that the failure of this world to find God can perhaps be placed right on the heads of religious organizations who, while making an outward show of religion, have never known the first thing about the actual Power of God.

What our American religious structure amounts to is just this--- these religious organizations have none of God in them. I question whether they ever had any of God in them. They have a theological creed, articles of faith, rules and regulations, and it is these things they ~~promote~~ try to promote--not the Power of the Spirit of God.

If this, and other religious organization were really honest and in earnest in their supposed efforts to "Win the world for Christ", they would not care who the man is or what methods he uses, so long as men and women find God through him and his efforts. But you see--these good churches are not interested in men finsing God--they are interested in trying to sell their own philosophies to whoever will buy them. This world will not be brought to a saving knowledge of the Power of God in that manner.

Methodist doctrines, Baptist doctrines, Catholic doctrines, Sunday School Times doctrines--these and other major religious doctrines have had lots of time to bring a saving knowledge of the Power of God to this world, and they have all failed. This world cannot be interested in any of their creeds, nor can any church creed on the face of the earth step into this world's troubled picture, and smooth it out, unless and until these churches find and use the Power of The Spirit of God.

Who cares what John or Charles Wesley said or did four hundred years ago? Who cares what Calvin did or said four hundred years ago? Who cares what either Jesus or Paul or Peter ~~###~~ said or did two thousand years ago, if what they said or did cannot reveal the actual Power of God to this world--now?

Both Jesus, and Peter, and Paul said enough, and did enough to show this God-less world how it may find safety and salvation through the Power of God. But try to get any of these present-day church organizations to preach the Power of the Spirit of God and see what happens. That Spirit, and that Power, are things they know ~~nothing~~ nothing of.

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With sadness in both our hearts, Dr. Tenney and I said "Good-bye" I lost a great man, and he lost a good job--all because the Methodist Church does not like the manner in which I reveal the Power of God to the world. How very different from the attitude Jesus or Gamaliel would have showed. How very far from God must the organization be, in spite of its outward show of righteousness?

It was up to me to secure another assistant. There was, in Moscow, another religious organization calling itself "The Church  
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of God". The pastor was Rev.W.W.DeBolt who was paid a salary of \$35 a month,and he too,like Dr.Tenney was required to get out and rustle it. We allowed BeBolt, who is quite a poet,to write a column of poetry for The Daily Idahonian,the local newspaper which I am interested in,and that helped him out considerably. Mrs.DeBolt used to work in a local beauty parlor to help make two ends meet.

Dr.DeBolt is not the man Dr.Tenney is. He is much younger,and has an altogether different aspect on life. He is one of the young,up-and-coming type who is very apt to go places. (Incidentally he know is a Methodist preacher)

Dr.DeBolt stepped into Dr.Tenney's shoes,and filled them admirably. As I suspected however,all would not be ~~##~~ well for long. In about a years time,DeBolt was notified that he must either stop working for me or be kicked out of the Church of God. DeBolt took an entirely different attitude from that taken by Dr.Tenney. I cannot use his absolute words when he received hi official notice of "de-frockment" from the Church of God. They were something like this:- "To heck with them."

I have before me a photostatic copy of the official notice of "de-frockment" and it may be interesting to you. Here is how it reads:-

CHURCH OF GOD  
Ninth and Sycamore Streets  
CLARKSTON WASH.  
Dec.28 1940

To Whom it may concern:-

The following statement concerning W.W.DeBolt and his wife, Gwendolyn DeBolt,of Moscow,Idaho was passed at the last business meeting of The Inland Empire Ministerial Association of the Church of God:-----

"We heartily endorse the action of the ministers of the Northern Rocky Mountain District of the Church of God in the rejection of W.W.DeBolt as a minister of the Church on the basis of his rejection of the fundamental doctrines of the Bible. Neither do we consider him a member of the body of Christ. We wish to do all that is in our power, however, to restore him to God and the fellowship of the Brethren. Furthermore, on the report of the ministry of the Northern Rocky Mountain District, we also endorse the rejection of his wife, Gwendolyn DeBolt as a gospel worker and as a member of the body of Christ. We will also do our utmost in her restoration."

Signed (Arley D. Skinner)  
Secretary

Excerpt from  
"Missionary Messenger"  
Official publication of the Church of God  
Billings, Montana  
January 1941

"Because of W.W.DeBolt's association with Dr. Robinson and the "PSYCHIANA" Movement of Moscow, Idaho, the brethren found it necessary to add their renunciation to that of the Rocky Mountain District of the Church of God."

Dr. DeBolt stayed with us for a long time after he received the above example of "Christian brotherly love". He left us for an entirely different reason. Now--he is pastor of the Methodist Church at Lind, Wash.

I do not believe the above calls for much comment. It shows the pitiable condition of the churches here on the earth. It shows how very far they are from God. It shows also, beyond the shadow of doubt, that this world will never have the truths of God revealed to it by organizations which are so narrow that unless one believes what they say they believe, they are automatically damned. It will take a much broader concept than that before these good people can even begin to comprehend the greatness of the Spirit of God. The Light of the Spirit of God is shining in the darkness of the present church structure, but the darkness comprehends not the Light.

Before I get to the strange manner in which the name "PSYCHIANA" came into being, I believe I will relate here an amusing incident which happened in Washington D.C. a few years ago. I have a friend in that City, Dr. J. H. Nofsinger. He is at the head of the National Association of Correspondence Schools. He is a Harvard graduate, having his Ph.D from that school.

While ### visiting in Washington recently, Dr. Nofsinger suggested that I speak to the Bible students in his church, which was the Church of the Brethren. This, I believe, is a split from the old Southern Baptists, amongst whom are so many members of the Ku Klux Klan, that defunct organization which never should have been allowed to come into existence.

I hesitated long, and thought hard before I agreed to speak in the Church of the Brethren in Washington. I told Dr. Nofsinger the Conference would probably kick him out of the church, de-frock the minister, and fire the whole church out of the Conference if he allowed me to speak. But Dr. Nofsinger was, and I believe still is, chairman of the board of trustees, and he, and Dr. Bowman, the pastor of the church, insisted that I speak in their church that Sunday morning.

They asked me if I ## would mind if they ran some ads in the local papers. I warned against that, as already the Times-Herald had carried a story that I was visiting in Washington, and that in itself would have been sufficient to draw a crowd without any further advertising expense. However, they decided to run the ads. While I, after examining the church, decided they had let themselves in for something they had not bargained for.

Came the Sunday morning on which I was scheduled to speak. As we drove up to the church, it became evident that something was going

on out of the ordinary. As we approached the church, the pastor said:-  
"Well Dr. Robinson--look--there's niggers in that crowd--niggers."

"Yes--there probably are" I replied. You see, I have been advertising in the D.C. newspapers for many years, and I have many hundreds of thousands of colored people on my membership rolls.

By this time we had arrived at the church, and had entered it by the side door leading into the pastor's study. Dr. ~~Bowman~~ Bowman took a peep into the auditorium and then he knew "There's niggers in that church".

A hurried consultation was held, and I offered to take a taxi back to The Mayflower where I always stay when in the nations Capitol. How they ever did it I do not know, but the "niggers" stayed in the basement, for that was where the first sermon was preached. I did not particularly like the attitude of that church. I realized that it was a southern church, and I also understood something about the feelings in the south against negroes, although I did not, and cannot subscribe to it at all.

This is one human race. It had one Creator. ~~There will be no color-line drawn in that day, as there was no color-line drawn in the frightful war we have just emerged from.~~  
All the nations on the earth will either survive or sink together in the next few years. There will be no color-line drawn in that day, as there was no color-line drawn in the frightful war we have just emerged from.

Anyway, I spoke for an hour, and that was perhaps the most attentive audience I have ever stood before. Not the largest, but the most attentive, in spite of the "niggers".

You can imagine my absolute amazement however, when, after a hurried consultation among the members of the "pulpit committee", Dr. Bowman asked me if I would not please take the morning service.



I looked at him in amazement. I had the idea that they would try to get rid of me as fast as possible after the sermon in the basement of the church. But lo and behold, here they were, asking me to officiate at the regular Sunday morning service. I said to Dr. Bowman:- "But what about those colored people you call 'niggers' which are in the audience?"

"Well--there is nothing we can do about that I guess" he replied, "But I have one request to make--would you mind, after the sermon, when the crowds shake hands with you, going to the front of the church--this will save the confusion there was at the other service?"

By way of explanation, at the earlier service, after I was finished with my talk, the people as one man, made a surge of the rostrum from which I had been addressing them. Why that happens, I do not know--but it usually does.

I informed Dr. Bowman that I thought it might be good for the church to have a little commotion in it once in a while, so, after the service, I stood my ground, and the scenes which were enacted in the basement were repeated in the main auditorium of the church. This was quite an experience. I understand that the Conference jumped all over Dr. Bowman later, but he passed the buck to the "pulpit committee" so he was safe. I wrote a letter to the local pastor of the "Brethren" Church, Dr. Bowman went to great lengths to apologize for my being asked to speak in his church, and insisting the Dr. Nofsinger and the "pulpit committee" alone were responsible. At the end of the letter, Dr. Bowman made this statement:-

"Never in the ~~history~~ history of this church have we heard such spiritual truths as rolled from the lips of that man."

I gave that church nothing out of the ordinary. I spoke plainly and simply of the Power of the Spirit of God. If that church has not heard

the plain simple truths of the Power of the Spirit of God in it's history, there is something wrong with it.

Prehaps, while I am on the subject of public meetings, and my experiences with ministers, I should recall one public example of how the Power of God is used by this writer against illness, when it becomes necessary. Every few years we of The Psychiana Religion hold a national convention. This year we were holding it in the Shrine Auditorium in Portland, Oregon.

I should state in passing that my Movement receives more telegraphic requests for help in many different ways, than any religion in America. More long-distance phone calls too. So many that it is necessary that we have an emergency switch on my phone at home, so that it can be cut off whenever the press of phone calls becomes too great.

Whenever I am away, all emergency telegraphic calls for physical healing are sent direct to me, no matter where I am. When I am addressing an audience, I give instructions to interrupt the sermon if the wire seems to take precedence over my message. On this occasion, I was in the middle of my talk, with about 2800 delegates present. A Western Union boy attracted my attention from the wings of the rostrum, and I beckoned him to bring the wire to the pulpit, or whatever it is you call the contraption one rests his books or notes on.

Opening up the message, I read it to myself. Here it is:-

"NEPHEW CORWIN HULL DYING CEREBRO-SPINAL MENINGITIS.  
WONT YOU PLEASE HELP?"

Reading the wire out loud to the audience I said:- "I wish to show you how the Spirit of God operates, even at a distance. The wire had come from a long way off. Page 167

Asking the Western Union boy for a blank, I inscribed upon it this message:-

"Your nephew will not die but will have immediate recovery. Please advise by wire when this happens."

At the next session of the Convention, I read to the delegates this message:-

"Nephew Corwin Hull recovered and on his way to Portland to attend Convention".

Corwin Hull arrived that evening, and I introduced him from the platform. There was a tumult for a while.

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Now I really shall get down to the story of how PSYCHIANA got its name. The story may sound unbelievable. It is absolutely true and may be checked upon any time. The twenty first Lesson on the Power of God had been written. But I had not been able to find a suitable name for them. I knew that whatever name I chose would have to be something new. It would have to have its own identity. "The Robinson System of Religion" would not do, nor would any other name I could think of.

I was discussing the problem of a name with Mrs. Robinson late one evening, and out of a clear sky she said to me:- "Why do you not use the same Power you used to secure the \$2500?". There was the answer. Why I had not thought of it before I do not know. Anyway, that night, on retiring, I placed a pencil and a tablet of writing paper on a chair near the bed. I knew that I should have the correct name the next morning, though how it would come to me I did not know.

Towards morning, I was deep in a very heavy dream which was quite realistic. I seldom dream. But this night was different. That dream

seems as vivid to me now, twenty years later, as it was when I experienced it.

I was in a large room, about twenty by twenty feet. The walls of the room were black. A ~~small~~ small light dimly illumined the scene. In the middle of the room was a Helen Gould canvas cot--the type which was used in the army during the last war. Perhaps they were used in the war which, we hope, has just ended.

On this Helen Gould cot lay a dead man. A corpse. The arms were folded across the ~~breast~~ breast. Standing over the corpse was a man whom I had never seen before. He stood facing the feet, and was making up-and-down motions with his arms and hands, while in a stooping condition.

Entering the room I walked up to him and looked into his face. He looked up at me and smiled. "Just what are you doing-- what is all this?" I queried. Standing erect he said to me: "You ought to know--this is "PSYCHIANA" the Power that will bring new life to a spiritually dead world."

As he said that, I awakened. If you have ever tried to bring something from the dream-realm into active consciousness, you know just how difficult it is. However, I kept repeating the name "Psychiana", "Psychiana" until I was awake enough to write it down on the pad of paper which lay on a chair beside the bed. The moment I was fully awake, I knew I had the answer to my desire. Once more the Spirit of God had responded. How well that Spirit has responded is known to everyone for there is hardly a country in the world where the name "Psychiana" is not known.

Later that same morning I drove over to Rev. Drury's

home and asked him what he thought of the name. He was familiar with what I had written, and the trouble I was having finding a name. He suggested "Psychianity", to which I replied:- "No Drury, this name came from out of the Realm of the Spirit of God--so I believe I'll leave it exactly as I received it."

The strange part of this story remains to be told. In sending out our Lesson, I always send each member of this organization a small photo of myself, and request one of the member in return. One day, not too long after the Movement had been launched, possibly one year, I was walking by the table on which the girls were opening the incoming mail. I saw there, lying in plain sight, an 8 x 10 glossy print of a man.

Stopping dead in my tracks, I gazed at that picture, in a sort of a fascinated way. "Who is that man?" I inquired of one of the girls. She told me. At once I called a stenographer into my office and told her to take a letter. In the letter I said to this man, in part:- "You may not know it, but you are to be associated with me in this Movement. Please send me \$40,000 at once, as this is the sum I need to launch a large advertising campaign from coast to coast, in which I shall tell men and women about the Power of God."

In about three weeks, The Spokane and Eastern Bank in Spokane called me long-distance. On answering the phone I was told that a Mr. Sam Kimbrough was speaking. He advised me that he had quite a sum of money for me, which had been wired from Egypt.

"How much is it?" I inquired--"Forty thousand dollars?"

"No, we have twenty thousand now, and twenty thousand more will be here in two days" he told me.