



July 1951

Frank B. Robinson...

In the Beginning



1. In the beginning, the Spirit of God created the heavens above and the earth in the middle of the heavens. The "heavens" means infinite space. It is "in the heavens" that the Spirit of God has Its dwelling place. This means that the Spirit of God is everywhere.

2. God is all around us. God is in us. God permeates the whole universe. Until man becomes conscious of the Spirit of God throughout all space, and in him, man is ignorant of the beauties of the realm of the Spirit of God.

3. While there was a begin-

ning to this universe, there was no beginning to God. For God existed before the creation of the heavens and the earth. Being Life, capable of existence with or without physical form, the Spirit of God existed before time was. In the Realm of the Spirit of God there is no such thing as time. All is the Presence of the Spirit of God.

4. One day, billions upon billions of years ago, the Spirit of God went into operation. It began to create the earth upon which we live. This may have been the first creation of material things, or it may not have

This Month's Thought to Remember . . .

"Think success, good health, and happiness, if that is what you desire. Because those thoughts that go out from us return to us sooner or later, but in their material counterpart."

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been. We do not know. We do know that there are millions of planets in the celestial sphere all around us, and we know that God created all of those planets.

5. But whether this earth was the first one or not, we do not know for certainty. It probably is one of the later creations of the Spirit of God. For, Almighty

God had already created the heavens in which He had placed millions of stars, each twinkling brightly, and each revolving in its' own orbit.

6. The heavens therefore do declare the glory of God and the firmament truly does reveal the handiwork of God to us humans who live on the earth. These celestial lights were put there, not to give light so much as to demonstrate to us just how great the creative Power of the Spirit of God really is. They revolve in the heavens, in space, with only the hand of God keeping them in their orbits, so that you and I may never lose faith in the permanent and present existence of the Spirit of God on the earth.

Our Summer Special!

Here are three of our most popular books which we are including in our regular summer offer, and which we know you will want to obtain for your *Psychiana Library*:

- 1) *They Have Found a Faith*
by Marcus Bach (reg. \$3.00)
- 2) *Ye Men of Athens*
by Dr. Robinson (reg. \$2.00)
- 3) *The Wanderer*
by Dr. Robinson (reg. \$5.00)

These three dynamic books would ordinarily cost \$10.00, but up to and including July 31, 1951, you may obtain all three at a 40% DISCOUNT under this special offer. A convenient order form is enclosed, and we suggest you get your order in today as this offer expires JULY 31, 1951.

the wayfarer asks . . .

What Pattern Do You Want?



“WHAT pattern do you want, madame?” The clerk was questioning the young mother who stood at the counter. She had expressed an interest in a dress for her young daughter. The clerk reached into a drawer and from it took a box in which there was a big assortment of patterns. I watched briefly, long enough to know the conversation was moving along briskly toward a decision.

This same question is being asked of most young people as they are maturing; only, the questioners do not put it into these same words. They ask instead: “Are you going on to college?” “What kind of a job are you looking for?” “Will you be married soon?” “What is your aim in life?” To which questions some youth have inadequate replies.

In fact, everyone now living, old and young, needs to reflect upon this question as frankly stated as did the clerk: “What pattern do you want?” Meaning, what kind of a pattern for living is it that you are hoping to weave for yourself as the days come and go? What sort of a design is it you would like to

see in the fabric which is growing in size by the hour? For out of God’s great drawer of possibilities, each must take some pattern according to his own potentials and aspirations.

And that selection is not easy; for at any one moment life is not simple. There are so many confusing and conflicting experiences that interplay upon the personality at any moment of decision. Upon reflection, most any one of us can find the complexities of his own experience, which are not static but are as changeable as is the water in the river flowing past our feet as we stand on the bank and watch. Let me point up this fact of complexity for us.

This is the fifth of July, let us say. You are a housewife and your husband is at work. You have finished with the vacuum cleaner, and you remember the unwashed dishes are in the sink. Your thoughts are of son, Jim, in Korea; but you notice that the wax is worn off the floor in front of the door and you mentally decide to buy some. You snag your hose on the chair rung as you hasten to answer the

telephone — it is your husband calling to see if it will be okeh to bring a business friend home to dinner tonight — and since that is your last pair of good hose, you add new nylons to your mental list for shopping. Your radio announcer says that Stalin has done thus and so, and you try to fit this into the “Glorious Fourth” of yesterday, only to find you wonder what was “glorious” about it in 1951, whatever happened in 1776 — and your skepticism gets the better of you in your political internationalisms. Your mailman arrives with a letter from Sue telling you of another grandchild in prospect; and the morning paper solemnly reports that dresses will be longer in the fall with the predominant color of rust, whereupon your thoughts are budget-wise and fashion-minded. Your church calls and wants you to serve on a committee. — Who says that is a simple situation? Such diversity of thoughts and experiences are commonplace; besides, there will be days of stark tragedy, death, accidents, or the despairingly slow convalescence of one dearly beloved.

This kind of an experience is not foreign to any of you; for the complexity of living in this “stepped up” age is with us each moment we breathe and work. And, out of all this, what kind of a pattern do you want? Will you say: “The best I can get to fit my situation.” That is very good. But, how can you get the best? Here is where I want to try to help you with some suggestions.

Remembering that you are weaving some design whether you want to or not, I want FIRST to have you say: “I will choose, I will be selective, I will help determine my own pattern for living.” This, then, will be a good beginning. You are now in a position to discard certain threads of experience as not having much importance for YOU, while at the same time you dip other threads into selected dyes to make them colorful and beauteous. You discard the inconsequential and hold fast the consequential. You forget quickly the wounds and the disappointments, for example, so you have more free time to reflect upon the lovely things of other moments and hours. You remember, too, that “weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning”; and so, with avowed purpose you select the joyous and buoyant things “for the morning,” and so make your pattern colorful to fit your own personality.

Second, I’d like to suggest that you look about you to see what other people like you are weaving. Their patterns are much in evidence, although you have to guess sometimes why they are as they are. But, you will discover that earnest friends and close neighbors have woven well and you can approve. You will learn from the masses how to improve your own techniques and designs. Here you find comparisons stimulating. For example: I am only a fair gardener, but my neighbor is professional; I work at it only

(Continued on page 12)

marcus bach . . .

Living Thoughts for Better Living



*"After this manner therefore pray: Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name"**

1.

I MET a businessman one day who refused to pray the Lord's Prayer. He said, "That's a *made prayer* and I don't get anything out of it."

My first reaction was one of impatient dismissal of such a view. Wasn't the Lord's Prayer the most sacred of all invocations? Had not Jesus himself enjoined his disciples, saying, "After this manner therefore pray: Our Father which are in heaven, hallowed be thy name. . . . ?"

The lines had been part of my religious training since boyhood. They were the best known of all memory verses. How many times had I repeated them? Who among the great family of Christians did not know the words all the way to their final impressive conclusion, "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen." Church services, church festivals, church meetings, church conferences, church affairs had all made the "Our Fa-

ther" a part of my religious vocabulary. Family worship, family altars, family gatherings when the preacher came had stamped them on my mind. The catechism had described it as a most excellent prayer divided into an Introduction, Seven Petitions, and the Conclusion.

2.

But the more I thought about it the more provocative became the businessman's point of view. A grain of truth filtered through. In our slavish dependence upon "made" things we may have lost a sense of personal identification with them. Perhaps we had, at least, deceived ourselves into thinking that we were part of them when actually we were not. I began to reason this way: the songs we sing are made for us by others, the clothes we wear, the food we eat, the entertainment we enjoy are all made for us. The life we live has certainly become a vicarious life. Could it be true that we were beginning to be bystanders, spectators watching the big

*Jesus

parade and never quite being a part of it? When we bought that new TV set or the latest car, when we went shopping for the newest gadget, did we ever stop to consider that all these things were "made" things? Why, certainly. But was that any reason we should not use them?

Still, the businessman's conclusion could not be dismissed. Perhaps it was all right for us to use "made" things in our everyday life. Maybe we did not have the ability to write our own songs or make their own clothes or raise our own food. After all, we live in an age of specialization. We are highly technical. We do the things we can do best and we have a right to enjoy the fruits of others' labors. We work in our respective fields so that we can earn money and buy the things which other experts make in their fields. "Made things?" Certainly we are the victims of "made" things, but what is wrong with that?

3.

This was wrong: in our ready acceptance of gadgets and devices, in our willingness to submit to standardization and assembly-line living, we had accepted not only things, but also ideas.

We were willing not only to let others make our hats for us, but we were prepared to let others govern the thinking process that went on under those hats. We were accepting not only "made" products, but "made" ideologies.

The Lord's Prayer? There was no question about it being the very finest expression of man's communion with God, but if all that we did with it was to recite it, parrot-like, it had lost its power and been stripped of its glory.

How many times had I spoken that prayer without giving the words a passing thought? How often had I spun the mental prayer-wheel and run off the sonorous lines of "Our Father?" How many thousands of my fellow Christians had turned the deeper meaning of the prayer of Jesus into the mumbo-jumbo of a radio commercial? A "made prayer," like a "made" song lost its potential when it could be run off by putting a nickel in a slot. The nickel in the slot in this case was a superstitious sense of duty, a heathenish obligation to form, a pagan devotion to tradition out of which the meaning had gone.

4.

And so I told myself that it is all right to enjoy things made for us by others, but when we think that these things are the end of life, it's bad. It is all right to say the Lord's Prayer, but when we think that the mere memorized saying of it is all there is to praying, that is bad, too.

William James hit the nail squarely on the head when he expressed impatience with the "ordinary religious believer who follows the conventional observ-

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Questions & Answers

(This section is devoted to questions which have been sent to us by our students. If you have a question, the answer to which you feel would be of interest to other students as well as yourself, send it in to us. We reserve the right to choose those questions which are published.)

Why is it necessary to call on a physician for medical aid when a person is sick if the God-Law is powerful enough to accomplish healing?

I can answer that question very simply for you by quoting Dr. Robinson in his *Advanced Teaching No. II, Lesson No. 18*. Listen carefully:

“Now why do I always call a physician when some loved one of mine is ill? Because a physician is a specialist in the human body. He is not a spiritual specialist, but he does know this body of ours. He knows every bone, every nerve, and is specially trained to diagnose illness and disease whenever it manifests. Physicians are specialists in the form and treatment of

the human body, and it's the body that gets ill—not the Life-Principle in the body. That goes on just the same.

“If God has given to the world, through some illumined medical man, the remedy for, say diphtheria, what would I be doing asking God for a cure? The cure is down in the drug-store. We administer it and we are cured. Would you say God had nothing to do with that healing? He had everything to do with it. This applies also to other diseases for which medical science has the answer.

“Now, how are we going to effect a cure in these cases beyond medical help? Have you not been talking with God? Have you? Then if the Life Spirit which is God is in you, with all It's intelligence, and if this is the same Life Spirit which is God, then *this same Life Spirit is also the Life Spirit which is inhabiting the body of the afflicted one—is it not?* Then what have we? We have the great Realm of the Spirit of God all around us—everywhere. The Life Spirit which moment by moment gives you life—is God. The Life Spirit which is also operating through the sick one *is also God, and in that realm of God, which is the Life Spirit in both of you, in that realm of God, I say, lies the answer to the healing the physician cannot accomplish.*”

“No man was ever great without divine inspiration.”

—Cicero

pamela dawn says . . .

Do You Know 'God is Here?'

THIS little incident happened in my community and came to me first-hand. A mother and father were quarreling rather loudly. And their little four year old son, kept calling out to them, "Don't you know GOD IS HERE?"

The child tugged at first his mother's dress, then his daddy's coat, repeating, "GOD IS HERE! Don't you know GOD IS HERE?"

Finally when the parents really HEARD their offspring they grew quiet. And they resolved at the approach of any future disagreements to stop short and apply those words "out of the mouth of their babe"—GOD IS HERE!

In a twinkling this story took me back to an experience in my own childhood, which I had forgotten these many years. We lived on the plains of a big cattle country, miles from the railroad and stores. My widowed mother was a deeply religious woman, and the gist of her teaching was summed up, in my immature mind, that GOD IS HERE right close around us. I used to repeat those precious words to myself. They seemed to give me a childish protection and companionship, for I was frequently left entirely alone for hours at a time.

I used to accompany my broth-

er on the long tedious trips of hauling food, fuel and other supplies, for which we drove a beautiful black team of horses hitched to a big lumber wagon. One horse, named Topsy, was a good worker on level ground. But when we would get nearly to the top of a hill with a load, she invariably balked! During such times her mate would use all his strength to keep the heavy load from rolling back or tipping over.

However, the instant Topsy's antics began my brother would jump to the ground by her side, reins in one hand. With the other he would crack a long snaky whipcord in the air in an effort to frighten her into moving ahead.

But Topsy had been spoiled by a former owner when breaking her into the harness, and little could be done to change her. So this procedure was repeated hill after hill over those miles of rough wagon roads.

Tiny as I was, I wanted to help! Therefore, when brother leaped from his side of the wagon to egg Topsy on, I would clamber down the opposite side, unnoticed. And with clenched fists beating at my sides, I would say over and over, "GOD IS HERE! GOD IS HERE!" I could not then comprehend what power was being put into action

through those words. But I do know IT HELPED. Topsy would stop her tantrums and begin to inch ahead on all fours. And brother and I would resume our seats on top of the load again—until the next uprising!

Perhaps it is wishful thinking, but I would that it were possible to teach little children around the world those three vital words—GOD IS HERE. The masses have outwardly become so GOD-CARELESS. Yet “a little child could lead them” to turn about face!

FOR GOD IS HERE. Knowing this will do wonders for everybody. Is it strength that you need? Just keep your mind on His strength — for **GOD IS HERE.**

GOD IS HERE—say and think it and all the hard places will become easy.

GOD IS HERE to help you in matters of adjustment, justice, employment and health.

But we must learn to cultivate this **GOD IS HERE** attitude. Not for a few moments now and then, not just when things are going ill, or even merely when your heart sings because things are going well. But **HOURLY** we must practice being **SURE** of **GOD**.

As you wake up in the morning, give those first minutes to meditating — **GOD IS HERE.** Nothing else that you can do throughout the day for yourself or for others will yield you better returns than so practicing His presence.

When you open your morning paper think **GOD IS HERE** before you scan the headlines. Then you will feel “grounded” in Him instead of being shocked or wrought up; instead of increasing and adding to the warring thoughts of the World.

If the prayer—**GOD IS HERE**—can assuage a balky horse or subdue a quarreling couple, what boundless power it must also contain to heal a fighting world. Those words are just as powerful today as at any time in the world’s history.

In every heart there is a yearning for peace. It is everyone’s natural urge to do something to help bring this about. Does it sound ridiculous, highly extravagant, to think that one little person—like you and me—can play a big part in bringing about peace to all nations?

Not at all! If each of us who “know how” will put our shoulder to the wheel of prayer, and with clenched fists reiterate **GOD IS HERE**, we will be **PROJECTING THAT TRUTH OUT INTO THE ETHERS.** And it will be picked up by the mental wireless of those who are reaching out for such spiritual support. Your voice is the voice of God. Your voice goes out to all the world. Use it to inspire with the realization that **GOD IS HERE!**

We get so involved in business and everything that we forget this is **GOD’S WORLD.** But this **IS** his world, and we can’t get away from it. Wherever we

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Those who walk with God

IN reading about men of history and contemporary days, one finds that those who displayed traits of deep spiritual understanding were those who spent a great deal of time by themselves. Being alone, was, to these men, a means of renewing or replenishing their faith, for in silent, hidden places, and in the quiet of their own thoughts could they reach deep within themselves and discover the spiritual nourishment which everyone so vitally needs.

When Jesus was troubled or in need of spiritual guidance, he left the throngs of people and went onto a mountainside, to spend moments, even hours, in silent communion with his Creator.

I have read of many men in the world of business who set aside fifteen or twenty minutes each day after lunch for reflection and meditation, thereby gaining strength and calmness to face the many perplexing problems which are encountered today.

Dr. Frank Robinson spent more time than any man I know, off by himself in deep meditation. Even if he was only watering his yard or garden, he would

be oblivious to you unless spoken to. To be alone with his thoughts was, to him, a rare experience—an experience which he felt should be understood and practiced by all men.

There is a tall spruce tree standing in the back yard of Dr. Robinson's home, and beside this tree was one of his favorite spots to stand while watering his lawn. If you have ever stood and listened while being near a pine or spruce tree you will know what it means. The breeze gently flows through the needles, brushing them softly against one another so that it gives a feeling of peace and contentment not found anywhere.

For hours, maybe, he would stand by this towering spruce tree, and when these periods were over, he would then take up his daily tasks in the knowledge that the burdensome problems he left with his Creator would be solved. And they would be.

Try being alone. Try leaving your problems with God, so that you may take up your job of living anew, without the cares of previous days. If you get off by yourself, you will not be alone.



Letters

FROM MEMBERS

Arizona
May, 8, 1951

Dear Dr. Robinson,

When we received mail from Psychiana today it made us so happy. We have so enjoyed studying Psychiana and it has done wonders for us.

I underwent surgery last July and had a very serious operation for a condition that had existed for 20 years. I, because I had (thanks a million times to you)

learned of the wonderful God-Law, recovered so quickly and miraculously my surgeon and nurses simply marveled at it all. They called me their Star Patient. Blessed Psychiana has shown me the Way. And so many other fine things have come to us through the wonderful God-Law.

Here's to great success to Psychiana and also to its Great and Wonderful Founder and all his staff of helpers.

Mr. and Mrs. E.C.G.

back . . . (from page 6)

ances" and accepts his religion the way a man accepts his morning newspaper. He viewed with dismay the person whose "religion has been made for him by others, communicated to him by tradition, determined to fixed forms by imitation, and retained by habit." James said, "It will profit us little to study this secondhand religious life." That is correct. And it will profit us little to repeat the Lord's Prayer unless our heart is in it.

But when our heart is in it, when we make this *made prayer* our prayer, it has miraculous power. Why? Because the man who gave it to us lived so intimately and consistently in a consciousness of the presence of

God, that he got hold of some great secrets.

The secret he is sharing with us here is this: if you will get in the quiet of your room and say this prayer sincerely, if you will put your heart into each thought and your spirit into each magnificent idea, if you will really believe, as Jesus believed, that God listens and hears when you *speak with Him*, this prayer will become the door through which you enter into your consciousness of God. The prayer is the password. It is the open portal. It is the invocation to communion with the Creative Power of the Universe! When you feel it and think it and live it, God will share with you the kingdom and the power and the glory forever.

wayfarer... (from page 4)

a little of my spare-time, but he works at it all his spare time. So, I compare my less-perfect yard with his near-perfect yard, and I learn fast not only about gardens but about the gardener,— which always happens when one compares patterns with others.

And, finally, I would have you consider how God is in this process of weaving, helping you with strength and grace to make of your living a beautiful fabric. Yours may waver in design sometimes, but He understands; yours may be faulty but He knows your limitations and confusions. He will not chide us; for His love comprehends and heals. And, we remember He is the Master-weaver who inspires us all to achievement. Even when most perplexed we will know this:

“Not till the loom is silent
And the shuttles cease to fly
Will God unroll the canvas
And explain the reason why
The dark threads are as needful
In the Weaver’s skillful hand
As the threads of gold and
silver

In the pattern He has planned.”

“What pattern would you like?”

“I have selected this one, have compared it with others, and I am trusting God for the outcome. I like it that way.”

dawn . . . (from page 9)

are or wherever we go *we will always be in God’s world*. We have tried hard enough to get away from it through sickness, inharmony, poverty, etc. Yet have you ever found yourself in any situation *where God was not?*

“Where can we flee from His presence? * *

If we ascend up into heaven,
God is there;

If we make our bed in hell,
Behold, GOD IS THERE.”

(Psalm 193:7-9 reworded)

You don’t have to reach out in some distance for HIM. For “DON’T YOU KNOW ‘GOD IS HERE’?”

A look at next month’s bulletin . . .



Marcus Bach in his feature article tells us that faith must be practiced if it is to be of any value . . . “Living in Uncluttered Serenity” is the subject chosen by Pamela Dawn for August. . . More examples of Dr. Robinson’s practicing the faith he taught thousands of others. . .