

A NEW-LIFE LETTER

Dear Emma:

You pray that the coming years be the best of your joyless life.

Your future surely will be happy—no matter what the past; all woe alchemised into joy—if you use the wee key* which never fails to open the vaults of God's riches for us—when used. I mustn't preach in this letter, but merely say, none need be sick, sad or poor who use this little key.

Maybe ere now you have interpreted the fable of Aladdin's lamp, but I will again suggest that the mind is a lamp, and by rubbing it with *Bon Ami* (bright, cheerful, constructive, glorious thoughts), we can have what we wish for, in due time. Aladdin's lamp is but a fairy gleam of the real magic which each soul possesses.

Perhaps the very best way to "rub" our lamps—especially if our fortunes are like rickety ash-barrels out on the curb—is to rescue and hold precious the blessings we already have, magnify them, and rejoice exceedingly for every new blessing, tho ever so tiny. I know a dear one who rescued herself from "the dread white plague"—the doctor said one lung was useless and the other badly infected. She drew a scant breath and smiling said, "I'm glad I can breath a little!" Then she went home to her mother, up in the hills where was a little pine grove, and many times daily she walked up the path singing softly, "Exhale 1-2-3-4, inhale 1-2-3-4, as she stepped along to the trees where she knelt, thanking God for their fragrant balsam; if the decreasing hemorrhages overcame her for a while, she still thanked Glorious Creative Life for blood and breath and pluck enuf to keep on courageously with her self-treatment; and for every cheerio of hope, and friendly word of help, she bubbled with gratitude, filling her mind with only hopeful, constructive and inspiring thoughts—and today she is a very much alive woman, encouraging and helping others to help themselves as (God in her) she helped to heal herself.

Which reminds me of a widow, a parishoner of mine some years ago, a woman of about 50, one son sick and a younger one in jail, unjustly, (scapegoat of the real thieves), "working out" daily for money to keep her household, and withal, one of the most helpful in my church when it came to dish-washing after the Ladies' Aid Society supper, chirping wittily with others over the clatter of crockery. So, when calling one day, I asked her, "Mrs. P., how is it that you are always so pleasant and such 'good company' everywhere?" Tears came to her eyes as she smilingly replied, "Well, you see, Parson, whenever I go out or anywhere, I always carry an invisible, double-compartment basket, one side bottomless and t'other side has a good, tight bottom, and all the troubles I meet I throw into the bottomless side, and all the pleasant things I come across I put into my perfect compartment, so, wherever I am I have only pleasures to share." Wonderful woman! She understood how to "rub" her mental lamp. I am glad to tell that I got the District Attorney to "nol pros" the younger son's case.

Some people scorn "such nonsense" as the fairy-tale of "Aladdin's Lamp"—but the wise, using the little key, gleefully, "on the quiet", polish their inner lamp with bright, cheerio thoughts, and by its flash, insert the key* to the *basilia ton ouranon* (place of power), and then go on their joy-way with a big basket ever full of blessings. *Ariel*.

* LIFE LOGIC (*The Key*)

Our thoughts make our lives;
We can choose our thoughts—therefore
We can make our lives what we choose.

THE CHRIST LEAGUE OF AMERICA

2136 REDROSE WAY, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

Ariel 

Dear Friend -

Recently I asked my friends, CONSIDER THE IMPLICATIONS of "Sunbeams" and the "Miracle Message" in my Joy Packet No.1. I dare you to the quest of longer, more abundant and happier life - to live the immortal life here and now. The gladness of Perfect Health, Plenty and ever renewed Youth. Thru "renewing our minds" BY THE GROWING AND DEEPENING AWARENESS THAT WE AND GOD ARE ONE - as a sunbeam is of the Sun - the one theme of all my metaphysical lessons and prints. Do let me tell you of "Bill", a paralytic, bed-ridden 13 months ("dead" from his waist down). Invited by his sweetheart nurse, I visited him twice a week for a month, and simply talked about sunbeams and the sun - how we are soul-beams of the All-Soul (God), and therefore we are INHERENTLY God-like, as a sunbeam is Sun-like - and God is never sick, sad, poor nor "old". I told "Bill", "Try to wiggle your toes (make-believe) persistently". One day while I was there, as usual, suddenly he felt a slight movement of his right foot big toe - startled, hope lit his eyes, and I commanded briskly, "Bill, GET UP!" He leaped from the bed and almost knocked me over; and within a fortnight he escorted me to the bus three blocks distant.

Postscript.

I hope you will send for my Joy Packet No. 1, because I have just written a letter of special interest (referred to above) to go with that Packet, and illumine its IMPLICATIONS. You shall also have the beautiful, mounted, hand-colored cards, alone worth more than the 25¢ askt for the Packet.

Yours for the immortal life, here and now. Ariel.

EYTRA-SPECIAL -

You may read t'other side and enclosure and think that I am youthful (in reverse) by being in my "dotage". All the same for over half a century I've known that living in the glory of God, God gloriously lives in us, and since I began to test the implications of my "sunbeam "idea, I am actually, at 76, growing in vigor.

An old Wisdom says, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he". I am a Pal of Man and sympathize with all his "ups and downs" and the frailties of the whole human race make me understand the "Give up to the inevitable" state of mind, and I feel sorry when this is so. Maybe it is impossible for such an one to, Phoenix-like, rise from the clutch of Old Mortality, and in his weakness, gain a new vital awareness of the self-creative Power and Perfection of the ONE LIFE he shares, so that, by degrees, a lively consciousness of rejuvenation shall entirely banish all thoughts of "growing old" and "death" - I repeat, maybe one THINKS this renewal is not for him; but as my friend "Emma", in the letter enclosed, courageously built herself new lungs on the fragment she had, so with the same will and persistence, I believe that almost anyone can prove true the Wisdom adage, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

I see a monarch Live Oak near by, perhaps more than 100 years old, beginning to put out new 1938 leaves - still nourished by its Mother Earth. The Spring sap from her breast flows up thru every vein of this patriarch - like in the ancient Norse Ygdrasil. But a mile yonder there are other trees, of the same specie, wierdly covered with hanging, shrouding, life-sapping, grey moss which is killing those trees. Maybe it is so with our lives - either the renewing sap of eternally recurring Spring in our consciousness, or the parasitic thoughts of "old age" and "death." Eh! Wot?

Joyously,

Ariel.

Your Larger, Richer, Longer Life

My Joy Packet is a complete Course in Metaphysics (Soulology) & Sociology—Spiritual Truth & True Economics—better than I got at Harvard in four years for \$600; 16 items including “The Miracle Message” Booklets, Life Lesson Letters, Cheerios (post card Blessings), etc., all based on

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THE CHRIST LEAGUE OF AMERICA *Ariel.* 2136 Redrose Way,
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