



New Book to Support Helpers

Announcement to the Subud brotherhood about working on a new book within a broader program to support all helpers

Dear brothers and sisters,

We have decided together to take on the workings to produce a new book that can contain guidelines to support helper's work.

The work will be a collaboration between:

- The whole group of International Helpers
- The Executive of the World Subud Association
- Ibu Rahayu's office, supported by Subud Archives in Indonesia

First of all we acknowledge the importance of providing clear and relevant information, specially to newer helpers, so that they can serve the members and the brotherhood by carrying on Bapak's mission. We know that Bapak's helpers are in the frontline of the development and growth of Subud and their role is so central in caring for the Subud members.

Formulating the book as a tool will not be an isolated action. It comes as one of the elements in fulfilling the 2014 World Congress recommendation on "Capacity Building". In essence we understand this to mean: the need of WSA to support helper work and to promote their understanding of their work as helpers. This is the original text from Puebla:

Helper Capacity Building – ASUHAN

Recommendation: That there is a need for helper capacity building.

Background: Bapak set up the structure of international, national, regional and local helpers and there is a lot of advice from both Bapak and Ibu Rahayu about the duties and responsibilities of helpers.

In order to facilitate helper capacity building it is recommended that:

1. International Helpers when visiting a country are encouraged to work with the national helpers in addition to all other helpers within a country to strengthen the way the Helpers Dewan works.
2. that at all congresses and gatherings priority be given to helper capacity and ability building.
3. that Subud national committees ensure that all helpers have a copy of 'Bapak's Advice and Guidance for Helpers'.

The Congress recommendation above has 3 points, the first and second being the most important ones. A question might arise about why we are not using the existing 1988 edition of the book. 'Bapak's



*Elias Coragem Dumit,
WSA Chairperson.*

Advice and Guidance for Helpers'. That needs some further explanation:

- Soon after the World Congress some legal issues were raised by two Subud countries regarding the content of the book. Those countries decided, based on legal advice, to discontinue the use of the current edition (1988) of the book.
- Advice from Ibu Rahayu to our team stressed the importance on three aspects:
 - a) To carefully take into account and respect legal issues in all countries.
 - b) To have the same book on helper practice that can be used by all countries.
 - c) To adopt a book which is simple and easy to grasp for the heart and mind.
- So the central issue here is not discussing Bapak's words. Bapak's talks contain a wealth of excellent advice, even in terms of living our everyday lives. However, what is needed at this time is the adequate tool to support Helper's Work and Understanding, which has the specific content for that purpose. We do not need to include in the Helper's book everything Bapak said about all subjects. Yet, we will always encourage all Subud members to read the complete talks given by Bapak.
- In addition to that, a thorough study performed by the Subud Archives staff in Indonesia pointed to a number of inconsistencies in the translations present in the 1988 edition of Bapak's Advice and Guidance for Helpers. The initial purpose of their research was to look for the original references of the material present in the 1988 book in order to produce an Indonesian version of it. In this process they found out that some of the original material could not be found; also, that a significant amount of the material contained in the 1988 edition comes from provisional translations, originally published in the newsletter called *Pewarta Kejiwaan Subud*. In some cases, from not having the source materials at that time, the rendering of Bapak's words was not accurate. Today we have already 26 Volumes of talks which have been through a careful work of being retranslated, starting with checking the transcription and listening to the original recordings. That material was not available back in the 1980's.

As a conclusion, during our visit to Indonesia in February-March 2015 we decided together to publish a new version of a book for helpers. That will be part of a helper support program which will include what the World Congress asked from us, as well as some organizational measures of the helper structure, which will include:

- A census of helpers worldwide to update helper database
- A new model of helper's identity card worldwide, issued by the Executive office of the WSA under supervision of the International Helpers

We kindly ask for your understanding and trust in terms of the process that led us to these decisions and count on your support. Thanking you, on behalf of all, with love and respect,

Elias Coragem Dumit, WSA Chairperson ●

SUBUD VIDEOS ON YOUTUBE

Below are a few links to some interesting Subud themed videos sent to us by Emmanuel Cahill, a helper in the Melbourne group. He writes...

The first is a truly amazing documentary, recently made, about Subud in Latin America:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wFAOKT-7p80>

The next is an interesting discussion about the present state of Subud, which occurred at Puebla World Congress last year: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2YczNDHBbWM>

And this one is video from a terrific workshop put on by an American helper, Isman Kanafsky, at Puebla. Couple of Australians get cameos!: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bf8p8cmPfo>

This is a great clip about Sharif Horthy talking about the growth of Subud. ●

MSF GRANT APPROVALS

MSF is always pleased to receive grant applications from Subud groups around the world and at our recent board meeting in May at the Washington, DC Amani Center, the trustees approved the following applications:

- Seattle Subud house, Washington, USA: USD 5,200 grant. This is supplemental to a 2014 grant of USD 10,000 for barrier free access to the Subud house. This supplemental grant was to support unforeseen costs associated with obtaining the ramp permit and compliance regulations to the construction.
- Washington DC Subud house, Beltsville, Maryland, USA: USD 4,000 grant. This is supplemental to a previous grant of USD 40,000 for the construction of a Subud house, now known as the Amani Center. The supplementary grant is to complete the basement kitchen and back deck.
- Cherkassy Subud house, Ukraine: USD 11,200 for renovations and repairs to the roof and bathrooms and to upgrade the heat insulation.
- Lagos Subud group, Nigeria: USD 2,000 grant. This is supplemental to a previous grant of USD 3,467 for a two-year latihan hall lease. Total will be used for one year of payments due to inflation and rising costs.
- Puebla Subud house, Mexico: USD 3,000 grant. This is supplemental to a USD 8,000 grant awarded in 2014 for the purpose of enlarging the latihan rooms and relocating the bathrooms from outside to inside. The supplementary grant will enable demolition of the outside bathrooms and finishing work on the latihan rooms.
- Providencia Subud house, Santiago, Chile: USD 6,500 for renovations in preparation for the World Subud Council meeting taking place at the Providencia house in September, 2015.

Please check out the full [June 2015 MSF eNews](#)

SUPPORT A SICA FILM

Latifah Taormina writes...

I am sending this on with a link to a lovely film, Travesia Kejiwaan, made by two young people in Colombia, Marco Agredo and Konrad Muñoz. The film is in Spanish with English subtitles.

I especially wanted to share it with all of you as you all have been so supportive of SICA. Because of your support, SICA was able to help support the making of the film and also help the filmmakers – along with some other young people from South America – get to our World Congress last year.

So thank you thank you thank you!

The film is not only a lovely tribute to Bapak and to Subud. It shows that Subud is alive and thriving in a really good way with many young people in South America. Here is the link. Enjoy.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wFAOKT-7p80>

But the film isn't the whole story. Now, these same young people are actively working to grow SICA all across Latin America. And they're not alone. They're part of a whole team of passionate, creative young people who are meeting once a week by Skype with our brother, Juan Felix Prieto, Vice-Chair of SICA. They've been meeting like this for two months now.

They are talented, enthusiastic, innovative – and they just love Subud. The team members are from Mexico, Ecuador, Chile, Colombia, Peru, and Cuba. They are working to create SICA LatinoAmerica, a new and inclusive branch of SICA that can be the energy source of growth, engagement, and creative enterprise for SICA – and Subud – throughout Mexico, Cuba, Central and South America.

If you would like to help support this effort, you can click on the Donate Now button below to give to SICA's General Fund and dedicate the gift to SICA LatinoAmerica.

*With love and gratitude, Sebastian Flynn, Sandra Harrington, and Latifah Taormina,
Finance and Development Committee
SICA Board of Directors*

BAPAK'S PRAYER at THE TIME OF FASTING

Through the purifying of our inner feeling,
And through the cleaning of our spiritual environment
We come to feel clear and quiet...

And we truly be aware of our wrongful actions –
Actions made when we were influenced by the nafsu.

Through the Mercy of Almighty God,
We feel ourselves becoming someone
Who manifests a really human feeling
Filled with love for our fellow beings...

And we are deeply conscious of
All the things we have done which aren't right,
All the wrong actions that need to be corrected.

At last there arises inside us,
Free and spontaneous,
The feeling of charity:

And we give food and alms to those who are poor.

Through this fasting of thirty days,
We receive the blessed benefit of
Possessing a good human nature.

And then, filled with praise and thanks to God,
We feel how much we need to visit each other

And ask each other's forgiveness
For all the things we've done wrong,
Whether we did them intentionally or not.

Oh, my God! Greatest of all!
Thank You for giving us, your creatures,
This incomparable blessing and joy
Thank You, God Almighty!

MINAL AIDIN WAL FAIZIN

This prayer was sent to us by the International Helper, Isti Jenkins.

We ask forgiveness of you all for our mistakes, intentional and unintentional in the past year.

THE CHINESE BRIDGE AT CROOME PARK

Osanna Vaughn writes...

Yesterday I accompanied Andrew Holloway to Croome Park, a National Trust (NT) property in the county of Worcester, UK. Andrew's company, Green Oak Carpentry Company (GOCC), has just completed building an impressive replica of a 1754 bridge that had once stood on the property. Pieces of the first bridge were found in the river last year and, along with the original plans drawn up by architect William Halfpenny, they have



Andrew Holloway with the bridge in the back ground.

been used to make sure the new bridge is an accurate copy. Part of the agreement with the NT was for members of GOCC to be available on a few occasions to speak to the general public about the project.

The house at Croome Park is currently undergoing major renovations, but is still worth a visit, especially as you are allowed to climb the scaffolding and enjoy even further amazing views. There's even a café at the top! In fact, the property is located very close to Great Malvern, where the Subud Britain National Congress will be held in August.

By then, the machinery, temporary road and porta-loos still surrounding the bridge will have been cleared away, making a visit all the more enjoyable. I recommend it to those attending the congress or who are just in the neighbourhood.

There is one price for visiting the whole property including inside the house, and another for just visiting the park, which would include access to the bridge, as well as the scaffolding and the sky café.

On our way home, we stopped by GOCC's award-winning Gridshell hall in Singleton, where a carpentry event was underway. GOCC currently employ a dozen carpenters, who have mostly been trained by the company, and subcontract close to a dozen more.

To read more about Croome and see additional pictures of the bridge: www.subudworldnews.com
Reprinted from subudworldnews.com.

DECISION TO SELL SINE CERA

Irwan Wyllie, Chair of the Board of Morningside Care, writes...

During the Regional Gathering held at Sine Cera on the long weekend of 6 – 8 June, 2015, the Morningside CARE Inc. Board took the opportunity to hold our AGM and to involve members in testing about the significance and future of Sine Cera.

As a result of two sessions of testing that involved both Board members (Davin Shellshear, Irwan Wyllie) and past Board members (Arif Matthee, Stephen Armytage) and other Subud members including Sebastian Flynn (SICA International Chair) and Alexis Gleeson (Brisbane Chair), the fundamental question as to whether we should sell Sine Cera was eventually tested.

This question had arisen many times over recent years with previous Boards and had been particularly relevant after the departure of our last manager and our groundsman earlier this year. The great effort made over the last few months by the current Board and some Subud NSW members (Bruce Ray, Mursalin New, Stuart Mitchell) to keep Sine Cera going was unsustainable.

The testing indicated that this situation was likely to continue and that there were insurmountable problems in trying to continue and that better prospects existed in selling and applying the resultant funds to another purpose. Whilst this testing was primarily done by the men, the women had done some similar testing and had also felt the heaviness of the project.

The results of this testing were then communicated to those present at the AGM and the Board formally declared its intention to sell Sine Cera. One member pointed out that the original purpose of Sine Cera may well be fulfilled more successfully by a new owner.



We are currently exploring the possibility of a short term management agreement with some people who had shown an interest in working at Sine Cera and who visited the property on the Sunday of the Gathering. This is being done on the basis that it may take some time to sell the property and that it is in our best interests to maintain the grounds, buildings and bookings during this period.



*Insurmountable problems
in trying to continue...*



A very welcome outcome of the AGM, after the announcement of the intention to sell, was the appointment to the Board of Diamantis and Teena Hamalis and the reappointment of Arif Matthee. This unexpected commitment to a new future for Morningside CARE seemed to be some confirmation of the appropriateness of the decision that had been made.

The immediate challenge for the Board is therefore to maintain and manage the property whilst at the same time managing the valuation and sale process (including contacting customers who have previously expressed an interest in buying Sine Cera) and starting to determine a new direction for Morningside CARE. Despite the sadness of exiting Sine Cera, there is also an enthusiasm for a new future for this latihan-inspired charity.

“INTRODUCTIONS”

Emmanuel Williams, poet, and Sofiah Garrard, collagist, have produced a new book of his words and her images entitled “INTRODUCTIONS: formal presentation of one being to another”. It follows on from their first book “Inside Story”. They write about their collaboration...

Emmanuel Williams writes from the poet’s side... This is how it works. Sofiah Garrard sends me jpegs of her new collages pictures. I print them off, sit with them in the garden. Time pauses. I write poems about her visions.

They’re whimsical, her images. They glow. They combine elements that seem incongruous – birds, flowers with long writhing stems, facades of buildings, and, more recently, people with odd identities – Gatherer of Starfish, Bunting Maker, Painter of Birds. They come from Forever Land. They inspire me to write poems that otherwise I would not have written. For which I am grateful.

So I send the new poems to Sofiah and she sends me new pictures and I write new poems and send them off... and on and on until someone says: “Hey, we’ve got enough for a new book!”

Like this one: “Introductions. Formal presentation of one being to another.”

It’s good. It’s even better than our first one: “Inside Story”.

And Sofiah Garrard writes from the collagist’s side... “The Inside Story” was a book of collages that first presented themselves to me in the form of framed images in my head. To make them real and visible to an audience I had to find drawings, textiles, etchings, paintings etc. and create a unity from them that made those framed images and gave them life. Finishing off that part of the job meant giving them names/ titles.

In working with poet Emmanuel Williams, whose own task was to illustrate these images with his poems, I just sent them off as they were; sometimes they were accompanied by my doubts but still I sent them off. The best ones came alive, alive enough to bring together into “The Inside Story” which was then published and sold around the world.

Later on, the images started coming through to me as individual characters who often emerged in my head as if on a stage set. As a result I then had to present them in 3-D, with shadows.

And then, to accompany their emerging shapes they started to tell me a little of themselves and their own personal stories: they introduced themselves to me. That was the point at which I turned them over to Emmanuel for him to expand their individual stories into poetic form, and as a collection “Introductions: formal presentation of one being to another” was born in Puebla, at the World Congress.



A Collaboration with the Reader too

But while the collage and poem together create their own whole, it's still only one part of an even bigger whole. Every reader who picks up the book then soaks up that whole and creates their own individual reality: and THAT is where the magic and the infinity of these characters emerge.

We know that because I get some wonderful and unexpected feedback which truly encourages me to go on, as the next character lights up my imagination.

Things are now moving on once again; a new creation based on musical characters has been forming and I am working with a musician and a songwriter to bring about a songbook that these new characters have inspired.

What will happen next? Only the creative force that may – or may not – inspire something new knows that.

“Introductions: formal presentation of one being to another” is available for sale at £9.50, including postage, from Sofiah Garrard at sofiahgarrard@hotmail.com or from Green Chair Gallery.



Guardian of the Tower of Mary Magdalene

They told me I was to stand here and keep a sharp look-out.
They said I'd been chosen
because I'd shown myself to be incorruptible and courageous.
Someone came into the hall as I knelt there
and placed a gold necklace over my head.
I didn't see or know who it was.
"Incorruptible" I say to myself.
"Courageous."
Fine words.
They taste like ripe apricots.
There's the other word.
The one they said is engraved on my breast.
"Guardian."
Guardian of what? They wouldn't tell me.
Casket of singing bones?
The name of the great serpent?
The secret password to all other passwords?
Behind me stands an old yellow tower.
This is where it all began.
This is where it will end.

More from The Tests of Bapak

Tony Bright-Paul writes...

I was astonished to find that 'The Tests' are out of print and I urged the World Subud Association to act in order to have this book re-printed, preferably Print-on-Demand so that it is never out of print.

Why so? It is not simply that the Tests that are utterly unique, but also Bapak's guidance is here given to Subud members who have been doing the latihan kejiwaan for a long time. Already some extracts will appear in Subud Voice. Here are some extracts especially for The Journal.

During the last years, during a talk, Bapak was describing the latihan. Bapak said that one's whole spiritual body must become alive, otherwise if you are walking in the street and you die, but your legs are not yet alive, what will happen? Bapak then did a demonstration test. Bapak stood up and said: "If I die and my legs are not yet alive, what will happen?"

Bapak suddenly rolled on the floor, much to the consternation of Muti his granddaughter, who jumped out of her chair, as Bapak had actually fallen to the floor with a loud noise. But Bapak said: "No, no, Bapak is receiving – no harm can come to him." Bapak said: "You see, you would fall." Bapak got up and continued with the test. "If I die and my whole body is alive, what will happen?" Bapak continued to walk. "You die, but you keep on walking." P. 195 No 13

I think that this gives a whole different perspective on what is sometimes called Body Testing, rather as if it were something to be done occasionally but not nearly as exciting as "How would it be if I moved to sunny Spain?" Of course, if these tests are done sincerely they can be somewhat alarming. Lots of people walk around in the latihan, and if I test by myself I think I have legs, but if I test whether I have a head it's not so good! Ha Ha. And if I test whether I have yet got eyes, I am not so sure!

Here now is another piece, Melbourne, April 29th, 1982. Bapak is testing some ladies first

Relax. Bapak would like to find out how your latihan has progressed up till now. Relax, don't think about anything, just feel your own being and have faith in the Greatness of Almighty God. Begin, please. Allah, Allah. (*Latihan.*)

Stand peacefully again. The movement of all parts of your body and all the parts of your being is really required, because this movement is actually the sign of the process whereby the impurities and the errors located in the parts of your body are purified. In the normal course of events, the parts of your body are only known to your heart and mind. It is only your heart and mind that knows the various parts of your being. But now it is necessary for your jiwa to get to know each and every part of your being, because that will mean that your jiwa will develop to the same state, the same form as you yourself have.

This is good news for those who still move vigorously in the latihan kejiwaan. Again and again in The Tests Bapak urges people to move freely and to use their voices freely.

Reading The Tests is not for the timid, as Bapak could sometimes be quite severe.

During a talk in 1979 or 1980 Bapak tested Mr A. "How is God's guidance for you in your daily life?" Mr A. tested. Then Bapak said: "It is not clear yet. You are as if blind to God's guidance in your daily life. Now receive again. Why is that? Because your heart is not yet touched by the latihan." (Part of No 10 p.194.)

This is a nice Test to do, particularly for those who are older and a long time in Subud and who cannot get to Group latihans all that often. It is necessary sometimes to test also by oneself. "How is God's guidance for me in my daily life?" Quite often I find myself doing something that I had not planned. Perhaps I work for three hours in the garden, scything, mowing and hoeing. I can't believe I can still work like that. Normally I would fall asleep in front of the TV. But on this occasion I said to my wifey 'See, I am still awake'. Sometimes when I am writing, I have a good idea, but it becomes heavy and I have to stop. At other times words and phrases seem to be plucked out of the air.

Here is one final excerpt taken from p. 93

Go on, how do the hands of a secretary move? Test. If you are a Doctor or a General Practitioner how do your hands move? Test. So you should understand that in your latihan you are not allowed to sit or to lie down, or to stand still, because that means that you are still like a stone, you are still dead, you are like a piece of wood. That is why in religion you are not allowed to worship idols, lest you yourself turn into an idol and become like stone...

Because it is the nafsu that makes you heavy, that makes you heavy in yourself. In the future when you do your latihan, really follow the movements that you receive, because then everything will come to life, not only your physical body. God wills that everything should be alive, even the deeper things inside you.

anthony.bright@ntlworld.com ●



*How is God's
guidance for me in
my daily life?*



The Caste System and Disaster Relief in Nepal

The fifth installment of Hamilton Pevec's blog from Pokhara, Nepal, about the aftermath Nepal's recent devastating earthquake and his contribution to the relief efforts.

It made me feel like a good consumer spending a lot of money on relief supplies, over US \$1,000 on tarps alone. One ton of rice plus 330 pounds of potatoes cost \$470! Seventy mattresses and 35 yards of foam matting cost US\$600.

We got everything ready to go and booked a truck for 8 the next morning. By 10:30 it still hadn't arrived. Then we remembered it was Saturday. The driver had told us he would be there; then he must have remembered he doesn't work on Saturday but failed to inform us.

We took the extra day to do more purchasing, arrange another truck and jeep, and go to bed early. The truck showed up on time a day late. It

took three hours to collect all our supplies from around Pokhara, but once we were on the road, all the usual apprehension burnt off under the scorching sun, a cool 105 degrees.

I sat on the pile of mattresses in the back of our jeep we named Gaia-98. I am probably too used to the roads now. I don't even notice the near misses and abundant close calls. The police checks have become routine. I chuckle to myself as they record our info by hand on paper. How will they ever crunch that data?

Better Organized than Ever Before

We were better organized on this mission than ever before. We assembled more supplies, made more direct contact and had a list to follow. This was a test run of our own personal evolution. I made a list of what we would drop at each village, the protocol: list the supplies that get dropped, our village liaison would sign it, translate it to Nepali and date it to become our official record.

Our first stop was Palungtar. There were at least 70 homes and half were destroyed. The feeling >



was strange there. We all felt it, and it wasn't just because this was this trip's first drop. On the outside, the people were well dressed, gold dangling from their ears, fancy motorbikes and big houses that looked intact. It was not the grungy disaster look I had become familiar with. We unloaded the supplies, the count was made, and then they started asking for more.



*Our presence there
had amplified
the caste system*



“We need four more tarps,” many people came to ask me and asked Rooz; they asked all of us for just four more. We explained to them that if we have extra we will bring more later.

“We need to powwow for a minute, just a minute,” Robin’s tone was urgent. “OK guys,” he continued, “there is another group over there saying that they were not included in the supply list, that all these people are Chettri and they will not share these supplies with the other half of the village which is Gurung.”

Impact on Communities

Our impact on communities became painfully clear: Our presence there had amplified the caste divisions. “What do we do?”

“Nothing,” said Rooz, “it’s not our business.”

We took the Gurung info and request for supplies, but I felt a deep sadness. I was angry at the family we contacted for excluding half the village, and I was shocked that these petty caste divisions are still practiced. I wanted to tell them off, I wanted to make it clear that this was a shallow move, but I judged them silently.

Sudip Luitel had already called me five times that day, asking “where are you?” We picked him up and he showed us to his beautiful off, off road village. We entered another world, flat and tropical with lots of trees lining the houses and farms. We unloaded in a small field and the villagers came out to collect. They lined up very orderly, and had a relaxed feeling the whole team felt. It was one of our smaller requests, with just 550 pounds of rice, 35 Beds, and 10 tarps. We also included blankets, dhal, salt and sugar. We stayed to observe the distribution that Sudip handled very well. We were back on the road in 40 minutes feeling good that we were half way and making good time.

Bonpale is a Dalit village, which is “low” caste and suffered a lot of damage. We went there on our previous trip but returned to make sure they had enough food. They also requested children’s clothing but we didn’t have any. You wouldn’t know it from the road, but the village and most of the rice fields were destroyed. We unloaded the rest of our food because the next, last stop was only requesting tarps and mattresses.

Just as we were leaving we got a phone call from Madhu, our liaison for Raigaun. “Are you ok? Last night a relief truck was robbed by a gang on our road.” These kinds of stories are more frequent, at least once a week. We decided that if we got robbed we would not fight or protect the supplies. We climbed up the dirt road, with a new feeling of apprehension and adventure.

A Community Moment

Upon arrival the whole village was already outside waiting for us. We unloaded 41 tarps, 35 mattresses and 28 blankets. We sent our truck driver home and he wanted more money than we had agreed. Madhu, the local school teacher, wanted us to stay and eat.

We declined and he insisted, and we explained to him that we had to go. He said “two more minutes.” They gave us tea, and both him and his brother made speeches thanking us. It was quite sweet and felt real when they adorned us with garlands. It was a community moment.

Driving away it was a relief for us to be done, long day but still some daylight to spare as we looked for the campsite we used before. I fell asleep looking at the stars, thanking God we were safe and sound.

PASSING OF PATRICIA LACEY

Dearly beloved Patricia Lacey passed away on Wednesday July 1st at Wisma Mulia where she had lived for many years...

Halimah Collingwood writes...

"She has been ready for many years and now she meets her best friend and sister, Margaret, whom she missed so much. Patricia loved the sea and was in her swim suit as often as possible. She was always tanned. She had her naughty side and always kept us entertained. What a delight!

I lived with her for a few years in her flat in London during the early 1970s. She was dramatic, dynamic, authentically herself, full of Spirit, a natural entertainer who kept us all laughing with her antics. I loved her so much, a second mother to me.

The world has lost a powerful Spirit, but her essence lives on in all of those of us who called her Sister.

ILAINA LENNARD WRITES... A DIPLOMATIC STORY

In September 1996, on my only visit to the members of Subud Kiev, I travelled with Patricia Lacey and Lucia Witt. I will always remember how one day when I was tired I suggested we share a taxi to get around. But Patricia wouldn't hear of it. She said we should live exactly as most of the Ukrainians lived – and they seldom had money for taxis. So when we went somewhere together she always insisted that we went by bus just as they did, even though we could have paid for a taxi.

But the incident I particularly wanted to tell you about was when we were all just getting on the plane to fly to Kiev. To get to 3rd Class we had to walk through the 1st Class and on the way we saw a man sitting reading a newspaper – and very much at ease with his surroundings. He was smartly attired in a dark suit. As we passed him Patricia suddenly said quite loudly "Snob!" – to which he calmly replied "I'm not a snob!" I was very embarrassed but also amused. How could she have the nerve to say something like that?

When we got off the plane at Kiev we had to form a long queue at Customs and to my amazement I saw Patricia standing alongside the smart man in First Class. They were chatting in the friendliest way and later she told me he was a high-ranking diplomat on his way to some conference. Well, only Patricia could have got away with insulting an important man and then turning him into a friend!

PATRICIA LACEY - DEARLY BELOVED FRIEND AND MENTOR

From Rohana Fraval...

When I heard the sad news that our beloved Patricia was gently fading away, my heart was crushed with sadness. Ours was a friendship that spanned over forty five years. To our family, she was a friend, sister, mother and grandmother all rolled into one.

Yet through the heartache, I felt myself smiling when I recalled my earliest experience of this wonderful character who wove in and out of our lives. There will be many tributes extolling her virtues and her dedicated services to Subud. My stories focus on the lighter and fun aspect of her character. The compassionate and funny grandma the children



Patricia in her flat near Hampstead Heath where many Subud members found shelter.



adored.

It was the 60s. I had just moved into Patricia's apartment in London. As I was unpacking, I heard Patricia's frustration when she said "I now have this f....ing lotus flower sharing my flat. I cannot freely swear."

I was so shocked. True, I had never heard swear words before, especially from a woman. It did not take me long to get used to Patricia's swearing. There was this rumour she started, saying that "Rohana swears like a trooper. Quick learner."

I am sure many people who knew Patricia were familiar with her racing round London in her much loved little van collecting clothes, toys and books for the multicultural child care centres she was setting up in Camden. On one such occasion, a car cut in front of her dangerously.

She was so angry that she chased after this car, caught up and shouted "f.... you" to the two male occupants, giving them a two finger salute. Other drivers were stunned to see this sweet old lady swear. They thought it hilarious. Hearing Patricia retell this story, you could literally picture the incident.

Then, of course, there were the mornings when we would walk down streets where roadworks were being conducted. One morning, she heard a wolf whistle from one of the Irish roadside workers. Wiggling, she pulled up her skirt, showing a little leg, cheerfully shouting "hiya chaps." I am sure that made their day.

She loved Sachlan. When she heard we had set a date for our wedding, she volunteered to organise the catering and invitations. So we ended up with four hundred and fifty wedding guests. Everybody was invited. The catering was perfect with enough food to feed an army. In the meantime, what we did not know was that she had secretly stuffed confetti in our suitcases, suit pockets and inside the car. We spent our honeymoon vacuuming the carpets every time we pulled an item of clothing from our suitcase.

She was devoted to Bapak and Ibu. When she was first put in charge of preparing the house for Bapak's visit, she would often give us the opportunity to work and learn from her. Her attention to detail was incredible. Her love and respect for Bapak and now Ibu Rahaju saw her go to great lengths to give them maximum comfort. She was indefatigable. No request was too big or impossible.

Patricia was Bapak's true helper. Always there when needed for testing or just to lend a shoulder to cry on. Her compassion was boundless. When she visited the new group in Cherkassy in the Ukraine, she was saddened by their meagre possessions.

She returned to London and did a huge collection of warm woollen jumpers and cardigans. Her heart was huge and energy, boundless. She said she was haunted by the single pumpkin that sat on the shelf that would feed all of them. She worked endlessly to collect supplies for the members.

Patricia's amazing bond with her sister Margaret was very touching. She would often reject holiday invitations from friends overseas so as not to leave Margaret alone at the aged care home. Margaret loved being with Patricia and passed away a few years before Patricia.

There was this story that Patricia hated wearing underwear. I can vouch for that. "They are too hot", she would protest. Wherever she visited, there was always a pair of panties left behind. Patricia often came to stay. When I miscarried our fourth baby, Patricia took over our home in Windsor.

She cooked and shopped and took our three little ones to Montessori, primary school in Virginia Water and St. George's in Windsor. Hard work and time consuming. One day, the children were



Patricia surrounded by her children in one of the multi-cultural nursery schools she ran in London.

squabbling in the car. She had repeatedly told them to stop quarrelling. As the noise became a distraction, she stopped the car and unloaded them on the roadside and commenced to drive away. (Of course to scare them). When she told me this story, I was horrified. She laughed and said that she was cautious and the children were very well behaved after that! I think I recovered rather quickly.

When we left London for the United States, Patricia followed. In the months that she stayed with us, there were so many wonderful stories that I could fill a book. Her skinny dipping every day and my mischievous youngest daughter hiding her clothes, much to her bewilderment.

When we took her camping in Arizona, she would snuggle up with our Siberian Husky cross German Shepherd in her sleeping bag to keep her warm. One incident I can never forget. We were in bed watching a movie, when Patricia knocked on the door and came in. "Move over you bloody buggers" she said.

She got into bed, pushed us over, with the duvet pulled right up to her chin. (She loved it when the children jumped in and cuddled with her). At the time we had another house guest who knocked and entered the room. When he saw Patricia in bed with us, his eyes were as big as saucers and his jaw dropped. I wonder what his version of the story was.

When we emigrated to Australia from London, Patricia followed us again. I hope she missed us as much as we missed her. She said all she wanted was to meet her South African friends in Sydney and see the Great Barrier Reef. Sachlan gave me the car and encouraged me to undertake an adventure that was life changing.

I drove for five weeks along the Pacific Highway only for Patricia to be the ultimate navigator. As the evening closed in on us each day, she pored over the map, found a motel on the beach about forty kilometers off the highway. So every night we veered off the route and drove to the beach. All through the journey, Patricia would ply me with sandwiches. Her butter was as thick as the cheese she slapped on.

At the motel, her snoring once drove me to roll a garden table between our beds to deflect the noise. Not very effectively. Once at the Great Barrier Reef, she cajoled and persuaded the marine biologist on board the catamaran to accompany us both on a snorkeling trip.

She screamed with delight as a grouper fish brushed past her that made her cling on to the tube even more closely. She loved Australia and stayed with us for a couple of months. Her appreciation of the gifts and opportunities accorded to her was always an eye opener.

Dearest Patricia, whenever we reminisce about her, it is always with laughter. She brought so much love and fun into our home. She was compassionate and a true humanitarian. The world is a poorer place without her. She will be terribly missed by all who were fortunate enough to know her. May God bestow His merciful kindness upon her. Rest in peace beloved friend.

MEMORIES OF PATRICIA LACEY FROM THE UKRAINE

BY REBEKKA SANDRA LYKHATSKA, KC, SUBUD UKRAINE

It was very sad to hear of Patricia's passing... But there are still our recollections and also something inside us which keeps events alive. Of course, it is impossible to describe them all here, many of them even impossible to express by words – that was how deep they were from inside... But well, I will try, see how it goes...

Patricia Lacey even on her own is like a whole Epoch Event in Subud, and how lucky we, in Subud Ukraine, are to have known her, talked with her, been side by side with her even though they weren't frequent meetings – Patricia visited Ukraine thrice: for our first congress in April 1993, then during

winter of 1994 and in October 1996 and from the very first time it was SOMETHING!

I was lucky to host Patricia at my home and accompany her during her trips around Ukraine...

The first time it was winter ... we went from Cherkassy to Dnepropetrovsk then to Kharkov and then to Kyiv... But even though those were the years of perestroika there still was not much comfort on our railways. It took about 8 hours by train to get to Dnepropetrovsk from Cherkassy and, because the party was large enough, tickets were bought for a second-class sleeping carriage but there were only upper side berths! Only those who used to go by such trains can imagine 100% what it was like ... a side berth, one by a corridor window and in a second-class sleeping carriage!

In our party there was Harold Temple (with Ukrainian background from Australia), Patricia Lacey and Hassanah & Hamilton Wilson - that time the Area 2 IHs (from England) and we, the Cherkassians – Galina & her son Viktor Semionov and me.

At that time people here didn't see many English people, all the more so when dressed so funny and vividly during the winter season here! In fact, Patricia was equipped well for our winter temperature, in the same style as people here used to wear: a fur coat and cap and warm boots. As she explained, at the last moment before her departure for Ukraine she felt – received – that it wouldn't be wrong to take more warm clothes with her.

So, when our wonderful company had boarded their carriage, the question was where to place our elders because there were no free lower berths. Passengers took an astonished look at all of us and then, seeing the lady with grey hair among us, finally someone let Patricia have a lower side berth. When she took her fur coat off so as to be ready to sleep on her own seat, she was wearing her famous red dress with no less famous long string of pearls!

Oh, do you remember Patricia's famous red dress?! And her famous long string of pearls?! Aha?! Now you can understand the amazement again, of the passengers of our second-class sleeping carriage: an English lady who wore an elegant red jersey dress, with a long string of pearls and well-done coiffure that now was lying on a lower side berth! But Patricia with her unruffled composure – which was also famous, wasn't it?! – was now sleeping in her own place...

This recollection is still so vividly with me, and is also an example of Patricia's ability to keep being herself under all possible circumstances but without any intention to upset people – never mind that at first they could be amazed by her – but then something other – deep and wide and kind and so loving – became more attractive for them in her.

...I remember, how I accompanied Patricia to the school where in the beginning we were renting halls for our regular latihan: Olga, the English teacher, used to invite our Subud guests from far abroad to the children's lessons and it was a joy for me to share the same desk with those little pupils and witness the lively atmosphere at lessons with Patricia. It was like being with little nestlings, sometimes – as if all of us – and Patricia too! – were just joyful cheerful kids! Nice!

What to say about small pupils – even we, first Ukrainian Subuders – people of different ages and statuses - were like joyful and happy kids all together in Patricia's presence: everyone was loved by her and given much kindness! And always it was a lot of fun at our gatherings, whether it was cooking something together, or having English classes together, or sipping tea together, or having talks after latihan or during walks out of doors ... not to mention all Patricia's stories about Bapak or from her own life, full of events, trips, friends, deeds and, howbeit, trials also.

For me it was always comfortable to be with Patricia and I never – never! – heard any complaining from her, although one was able to see difficulties in her life also. So, when some part of my nature began to whine, Patricia's example side by side told me: "Stop it!"

One more happy event for me was when, during Patricia's third visit to Ukraine and during her stay in our city she was accommodated at my home, and my mother agreed to come and meet her.



*Do you remember
Patricia's famous
red dress?*



Afterwards my mother often remembered her with respect and warmth, used to pass on her “hello!” to Patricia in my letters and so on.

For me it was an example – and even a kind of blueprint, on how to talk with elders about Subud and not hurt their own feelings even though they follow other spiritual or religious ways. By the way, after that meeting with Patricia my mother became more tolerant towards my spiritual choice – towards my Subud way.

One day, before Patricia’s departure from Ukraine after her third visit, she suddenly told me how much she would like to have me near her, in the same neighbourhood ...she always liked how we, here, looked after her. Of course, I was sad at that time, not to be able to move to England - because I had here my parents and was responsible for them as their only child. But how great it would be, I thought, if Patricia could stay here, in Ukraine, with me – and with all of us, giving her our loving and respectful treatment and telling her stories and simply being TOGETHER with each other!



Subsequently, when Patricia moved to live at Wisma Mulia where she could be with her sister, she wrote in her letters that it was nice for them to be there, where the atmosphere was even more suitable for old people... Anyway, when our Russian translation team – and me as its coordinator – were invited by SPI to take part at BIG-2002,

I was extremely glad to have a chance to meet with Patricia again, never mind that she was only able to move mainly in a wheelchair – it was a happiness and honor for me to accompany her, helping her legs to be put comfortably on the wheelchair, which used to sink suddenly and injure legs! Later on, when some weeks before my own mother’s passing, I also helped my mother to move about in a wheelchair, I ... remembered Patricia!

May our memories of Patricia last long, helping us, who still have to live in this world, to follow Subud in the best ways. And may Patricia’s journey back to the Almighty be happy and joyful and light thanks to her loving and hard-working personality. For us, her Ukrainian Subud brothers and sisters, it is so meaningful that a ceremony to Patricia’s memory will take place at Wisma Mulia on July 26 – exactly on the birthday of the Cherkassy Subud group which was strengthened so much in those first years – and thanks to Patricia too.

AND FROM FLORENCIA PERMINOVA, HELPER, ONE OF THE FIRST SUBUD MEMBERS IN THE UKRAINE...

Today I heard that Patricia Lacey has now left this world. Thanks to God that we had her with us for a while, for the chances we had to meet with her, to listen to her, to love her.

I first met her in my early Subud years. Now all the events of those times come back to me...

Patrisha – that is how we called her – brought so much to our life here. Our joint meetings and conversations meant a great deal to us, and now all of them crowd into my memory and wish to be recounted. But to retell them now is impossible! It would take too long!

Those years when we had no literature about Subud, even the Talks by Y.M. Bapak, which had not yet been translated into Russian, that was when we so eagerly took in all the things which were shared with us by our Subud guests from abroad – Kadarijah Gardiner, Harold Temple, Patrisha Lacey and others.

“*it was a happiness
and honour to
accompany her...*”

Three months after my opening in Subud my mother passed away and I felt a great heaviness inside of me as if there was now some unsolvable problem in our relationship. And then, on my mother’s birthday I fell down and bruised myself very badly. I felt that this was connected somehow with my mum. And I remember how Patrisha advised me to test with her about this problem of mine. At that time we weren’t yet experienced in testing, so both of us did tests and I wasn’t able to understand clearly as to the meaning of my receiving.

Patrisha said: “Well. If you ask my advice, I suggest that for the next three months you do a short special latihan at night – even though you cannot understand much about the problem.” So, I fulfilled Patrisha’s advice and exactly three months later, in the early morning, I suddenly felt such a great relief, joy and love for my mother... I burst out crying but felt also happy. Thank you, Patrisha.

During her next visit Patrisha stayed at my home the whole week before her departure to England. Those were wonderful days. And once Patrisha, Sandra Lykhatska* and I were invited by Seth**(now Emmanuel) Aronie to visit him at his home. And there, suddenly, I received a very deep, unforgettable latihan.

To be honest, at that moment I even didn’t know that it was the latihan – it was later explained to me by Patrisha. So, Seth was there and playing piano and we, three of us, were sitting at the table behind his back. And suddenly I stood up and began to dance on-site something so beautiful (for me, in my inner). There was a feeling of peace and bliss, silence and calm joy. That was my experience.

Afterwards I understood how important it is what kind of a helper–channel is near you. Yes, I know Bapak used to say that we, helpers, are all equal. That is true from one side. But if viewed from another angle, we can only say Thanks to the Almighty that He sent us helpers like Patricia Lacey.

May your memory live forever, our beloved Patrisha.

* *Sandra Lykhatska - helper and also one of the first Ukrainian Subud members - who accompanied Patricia Lacey and other visitors-helpers from Subud far abroad in their trips around Ukraine at that time.*

** *Seth (now Emmanuel) Aronie – helper from USA who brought Subud to the Ukraine and was living here in those early years, basically in Kyiv but making trips around Ukraine and helping to open new members and establish and consolidate Subud groups in other places.*

ZONAL GATHERING IN IRELAND

Suzanna Webb writes...

I wonder if you can help us publicise another event in Kippure estate. We are hoping this time to fill the entire venue as it is for a Zonal Kedjiwaan and Zonal Helper Capacity Building weekend.

All help promoting it much appreciated.

There are Zonal funds available to help Helpers attend this meeting. The understanding is that the Helpers in need should be able to buy their own flights but the Zone has a budget which can assist by providing accommodation/food/bus for the weekend in Ireland.

SEE POSTER ON NEXT PAGE...



Zonal Helper Capacity Building

For HELPERS 16th & 17th & 18th of October 2015

Zonal Kedjiwaan Event

All Members Welcome Sat 17th and Sun 18th October 2015

in

Kippure Estate, on the Dublin Mountains, Ireland



Schedule: Afternoon Thursday 15th October: Arrival of Helpers

Friday 16th October: Helper Capacity Building

Afternoon: Arrival of Members

Saturday 17th - Sunday 18th October Kedjiwaan Weekend All Members and Helpers welcome

Monday 19th October - Departures after Breakfast and Latihan

Pop up SICA events throughout the weekend to enrich our experiences.

Saturday Night - Entertainment Evening - Contributions Welcomed



Cost: €59 per person per night FULL BOARD Sharing

€74 per person per night FULL BOARD sole occupancy

€19.75 per person per night B&B (bunk bed house)

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Pre-Booked buses to Kippure Thurs & Friday at 15:00 and 19:00

Buses to Airport on Monday leave Kippure at 9:00 and 11:00

PLEASE Arrange your flights accordingly as there is no public transport

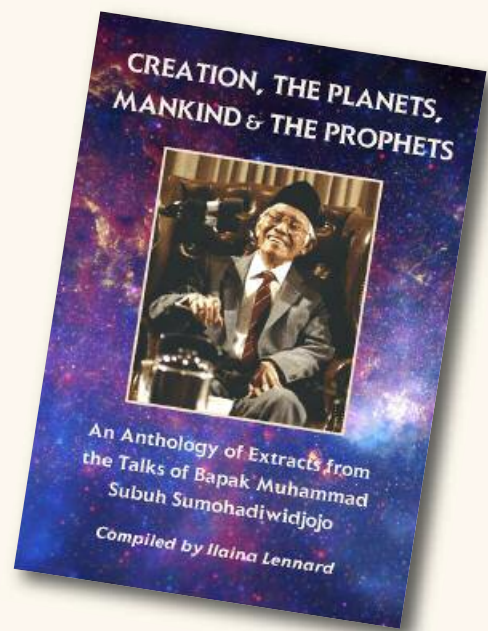
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On December 8, 2012, Ibu
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See these:
Ibu Rahayu Questions,
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