



## The Christmas Dream

*Adapted from the introduction to the book 'Christmas is on the Cards' – a full colour collection of over 100 Christmas cards designed and produced by Marcus Bolt over the last 50 years for both family and commercial clients.*

...By the time I reached my late 20s, the childhood magic and love of Christmas had worn off, the period then meaning nothing but a holiday; a break from work, from routine. And I remember, while teaching at a Subud-run private school for 5 to 12 year olds, baulking at having to teach the Christmas story, arguing with the Headmaster, demanding, 'Why should we teach this mumbo-jumbo to kids?'

In those days, I was living with a Subud/Quaker family in Jordans Village, and we had many a heated discussion about Christianity. Early one December morning after a particularly intense session the night before, I had a waking dream.

In the dream, an angelic figure came to me and said she would tell me what the Biblical Christmas story really meant. At the time, I had been a Subud member for a couple of years and her explanation was a reflection of my burgeoning understanding of Subud.

The angel told me (*my interpretation/understanding in italics*): "In the story, your mind is represented by the inn, which is filled with the comings and goings of its guests and the day-to-day business of living... (*analogous to thoughts, concepts, ideas and the material force*).

"There is no room at the inn for Christ to be born. Christ can only be born in your heart, which is represented by the stable. It is simple, rustic, and symbolically contains the vegetable forces (*the straw, hay and the wooden manger*), the animal forces (*the oxen and asses*), as well as the human force (*Mary and Joseph, the Shepherds and Wise Men*).

"The birth of the Baby Jesus represents the re-awakening of the soul (*being opened*) and all (*i.e. one's nafs and ancillary lower forces*) must bow down (*surrender*) in order to bring peace on earth... (*representing inner harmony and wholeness in oneself – the Higher Human level*).

"The gifts the Wise Men bring – gold, frankincense and myrrh," she concluded, "symbolise the gift of life with its riches, suffering and bitter-sweetness."

And then I awoke. The experience didn't turn me into a born-again Christian, but it did rekindle a love of Christmas as I began to see it as a 'heart thing', rather than an intellectual pursuit.



### SUBMISSIONS AND DONATIONS

Submissions to Subud Voice on any aspect of Subud life are welcomed. Send to Harris Smart, [subudvoice@gmail.com](mailto:subudvoice@gmail.com) We rely on donations to keep Subud Voice going. You can donate by going to the PAYMENTS button which is located in the toolbar at the top of the page. [www.subudvoice.net](http://www.subudvoice.net)

The kids in my class wondered what hit them later that day...

*Out of interest, my Subud brother Hadrian Fraval was lodging in the next room to me at the time, and I was having the dream as he was gently giving me a pre-arranged, early morning wake-up call... just saying!*

*Some sample cards from the book... The first an acrostic of 'Happy Christmas'; the second, playing with a UK First Class stamp; finally, the 'A' of happy fits over the 'I' of Christmas making a typographical Christmas tree with the addition of a star.*



## WSC MEETING AT WISMA SUBUD

*Osanna Vaughn writes...*

The World Subud Council and Muhammad Subud Foundation members met in Jakarta from October 19 to 28, 2019. The International Helpers had met for a few days in Kalimantan prior to joining their colleagues in Wisma Subud.

At the opening ceremony on the 19th, which was graced by the presence of Ibu Rahayu, WSA Chair, Nahum Harlap, welcomed participants and also asked for a moment of remembrance for Maya Kozzybska, Hadrian Fraval, Melinda Lassalle, and other former WSA international officials who have left us since the last World Congress. Next Ibu Rahayu also welcomed the Council and MSF Trustees, wishing them all the best for their meetings, and for the preparations of the 2022 World Congress in Kalimantan. After that she went on to



*Rusdi Bustillo, new World Congress Coordinator, on the left, and Suyono Sumohadiwijoyo, WSA Exec. Chair on the right. Picture taken by Hannah de Roo.*

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speak about her work of giving names and answering questions, and how it may be distributed in the future, now that she is over 91 years old. The opening event was followed by a traditional selamatan meal.

Over the following days, the WSC met at Adi Puri (Bapak's former home), Wisma Subud, Cilandak, beginning each day with an early latihan at 8:00. The MSF held its meetings in parallel.

Zone 3 Rep, Hannah de Roo, shared some general comments on the Subud Around the World Facebook page, where you can find further input and many fun pictures.

"The days have been packed with meetings and discussions about many topics: MSF, Archives, SPI, Care support, IT services, and more to come. In the evening (Wednesday the 23rd) we visited Ibu Rahayu for latihan in Pamulang. She hosted us as kindly as ever.

Thursday the 24th: Rusdi Bustillo has been appointed coordinator for the 2022 Subud World Congress in Kalimantan. Not an easy job, but he "will dedicate every day from now on, for the next 3 years, to serve the members in the best possible way..." [Ed. Rusdi already lived with his family for a number of years and was instrumental in the construction of many of the first houses built in Rungan Sari. He now returns to Kalimantan for the next phase]. The Subud Indonesia team was present and expressed their willingness to host members coming to Jakarta before World Congress."

*Republished from [www.subudworldnews.com](http://www.subudworldnews.com)*

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## THE EARTH ITSELF WOULD PROTEST...

*Isti Jenkins (former International Helpers) writes...*

*I found this quotation in the book They were There 3, by Ilaine Lennard. I feel it is very significant to the present time...*

*From a talk with Mas Sudarto from Ilaine Lennard...  
WISMA SUBUD, Cilandak, Indonesia.*

I asked Mas Darto a question that had long puzzled me: why had Bapak talked so little about environmental problems?

Mas Darto said that Bapak had warned that after he died there would be many natural disasters, volcanoes erupting, floods, storms, and that he remembered Bapak saying that the soil itself would protest, would cry out, if people were not in harmony with it. The soil explained Mas Darto, also worships God in its own way. But the vibrations of human beings are stronger than the vibrations of the molecules of matter, so they can affect matter in a beneficial way through the latihan. So the earth will respond if we have the right feeling towards it.

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*Hurricane Florence...the world in 2018 beset by unprecedented fires, heat waves and hurricanes...*

## Subud Vancouver Centerprise

*Hanafi Fraval writes...*

I have interviewed a number of Subud group chairs and centerprise managers as part of this series of articles covering the more successful and inspirational stories about centerprise. For me, the Vancouver story has a special place.

Why? The group's hall-rental business generates high revenues and provides strong financial support for the group. It has a model structure worthy of replication. It has been operated by competent and energetic people. It has enabled the group to pay off a significant mortgage. It covers all the maintenance and other operating costs of the building. The enterprise has had its ups and downs with individual Subud members as well as some severe past business challenges. It broadly has the support of the membership of whom it



asks no donations. How many groups can boast such a list of accomplishments!

### Background

The story of Subud Vancouver begins with a visit to Vancouver in 1958 by Hubert and Sophie von Bissing. The purpose of the von Bissings' visit was to give information about a spiritual way called Subud.

To begin with, the group did the latihan in members' homes. Then, from 1959 to 1966, they rented a downtown Vancouver space. Seeking a less cramped home of their own, they bought a former church on 15th Avenue, one block east of Main Street, for about C\$60,000.

In 1981, the group bought their present home for C\$581,000. Known then as Capri Hall, it is a large events hall in a central location on Fraser Street, near 23rd Avenue. The group had sold the church for a handsome profit and so were able to take out a two-year vendor mortgage, which was later refinanced via a credit union mortgage.

### Rentals and tenants

From 1982 to 1988, two Subud members started and ran a catering business from the center. The catering business was done via Capri Caterers Limited, a company wholly owned by Subud Vancouver. After 1988, Capri Caterers Limited became dormant for many years.

From about 1988 to about 1998, an outside catering company leased the catering business of the building (including use of the building's commercial kitchen and main hall) for about C\$50,000 a year. It was a tough business, very hard on the building and the group. Eventually that catering company was unable to pay further rent, and Hanafi von Hahn, the group chairman at the time, had to seize the lessee's assets.

Because rental income had ceased, the group was soon in dire straits financially. In this stressful situation, the group decided that the best course of action would be to sell the building, which was listed for C\$980,000. The building was listed for over a year; however, no one was interested in purchasing it.

Raynard von Hahn then became involved as the new chairman of the group. Raynard and Honora Cooper, the new hall manager, decided to diversify the building's rental revenues by hosting one-off events (like parties) and looking for tenants that would rent the hall on a regular basis. Through advertising and word of mouth they were able to acquire a few regular tenants, including a church that rented the premises on Sun-



*At the Subud Vancouver property, the table tennis club replaced the events and regular tenants and has now been a tenant for several years. They currently pay rent of about C\$7,400 per month, plus their share of utilities.*



*The move to the new hall took place in 1981. It was during that year that Bapak visited Vancouver and dedicated the hall.*

days, a martial arts club, an alcoholics anonymous group, and two catering companies that shared the kitchen on a part-time basis. The group's financial situation slowly improved, and the listing was cancelled.

One of the catering-company tenants became very successful, eventually renting the kitchen 100% of the time, as well as part of the upper-level basement area of the building. After more than sixteen years, this company is still a tenant and currently pays about C\$4,000 per month rent, plus their share of utilities charges.

After many years of running the events business in the main hall, the centerprise team was approached by a table tennis club looking for a new home. Representatives

of the club liked the hall because of its high ceilings. A lease agreement was negotiated and then approved by both the board and the members of Subud Vancouver. The table tennis club replaced the events and regular tenants and has now been a tenant for several years. They currently pay rent of about C\$7,400 per month, plus their share of utilities.

Collectively, the catering company and the table tennis club pay rent totalling about C\$137,000/year, plus an additional C\$27,000/year to cover their share of utilities expenses. Each of these tenants has expressed an interest in continuing their lease after their current lease expires next year.

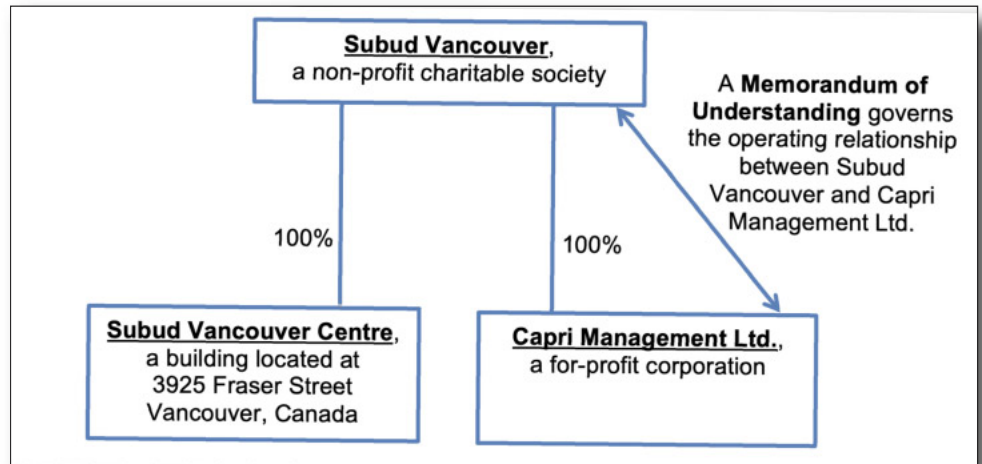
Previously, the lower-level basement of the building was rented out for car storage at a rate of C\$75 to C\$95 per month per vehicle. During the best year, the rental income from car storage totalled about C\$10,000. Going forward, however, the intention is to use the lower basement for other purposes.

### The centerprise

When Raynard and Honora first started working together, they ran all the rentals through Subud Vancouver. This meant that the landlord for each rental was Subud Vancouver, which is a registered, non-profit, charitable organization and the owner of the building. After conducting rentals along these lines for a while, they had a dispute with one of their tenants, who threatened to sue. Fortunately, a settlement was able to be negotiated, but the experience was sobering. How would Subud members feel if their organization was named as a defendant in a lawsuit? Could this harm Subud's reputation in the world? What if Subud lost such a lawsuit and didn't have sufficient cash on hand to pay for damages and legal fees? Could the group lose its building?

Raynard and Honora concluded that Subud Vancouver, as a spiritual organization, should not be involved in business activities, especially in activities that could result in a lawsuit.

So the rental business was restructured. Instead of having Subud Vancouver rent directly to tenants, they began running all rentals through Subud Vancouver's wholly-owned subsidiary Capri Caterers Limited, which was renamed Capri Management Ltd. By designating an entity separate from Subud Vancouver >



as the landlord of the building, the group obtains a degree of legal protection from the subtenants of the building. The following diagram shows Subud Vancouver's ownership of the building and of Capri Management Ltd.:

A memorandum of understanding between Capri and Subud Vancouver spells out the responsibilities of each party. Each organization has its own board of directors and its own bank account, and each organization prepares its own financial statements. Capri takes care of the rental business and building maintenance, while Subud Vancouver takes care of its membership. There are meetings between the two from time to time, although Raynard acknowledges that more needs to be done in terms of communication. In other centerprises it has been found that communication – and lots of it, on a regular basis – is the key to a harmonious and supportive relationship between the business and the group.

The property measures 51' x 120', a small site by any measure. But it is located in a desirable central area in Vancouver that can be easily accessed via public transit.

The main hall measures about 3,300 sq. ft., and the hall upstairs is about 1,200 sq. ft. At the back of the main hall is the commercial kitchen that is rented by the catering company. The building also has two basement levels.

Capri no longer advertises. It does not even have a website. This is because with just two tenants there is simply no need. Also, it is a simpler operation to run with fewer staff, and with the extra benefit that these tenants do not cause the hard wear and tear on the building that can occur with an events-based, hall-rental business.

### Operations

Capri Management's mandate is to sublet the premises to subtenants (currently the catering company and the table tennis club), maintain the building, pay for all operating costs, and pay rental income to Subud Vancouver. Subud Vancouver is responsible for capital projects.

Subud Vancouver has a board of three directors, as does Capri Management. Board members are not paid for their services. Paul Edwards, group chair, is also the hall manager and is paid a modest C\$35 per hour. A cleaning team cleans the premises three times a week, and a maintenance team attends to building repairs.

The group's policy is to refrain from asking members for donations, although members currently donate about C\$14,000 per year. Capri employs a very competent bookkeeper who also files tax returns and GST VAT returns for Capri. Capri's legal filings are taken care of by Raynard. Needless to say, the business is highly remunerative, and the group and the Subud organization are the beneficiaries.

Today the group has about 80 members; 50/50, men and women.





## Development projects and financial reserves

Just recently, the group upgraded the front foyer and washrooms (see photos) at a cost of about C\$130,000. To accomplish this, the group used some of their cash reserves and borrowed C\$90,000 from the Subud Canada Housing Fund.

Subud Vancouver has a C\$41,000 contingency fund, plus C\$21,000 in a maintenance reserve fund and C\$16,000 in its checking account. In addition, Capri, which is 100% owned by Subud Vancouver, has working capital of about C\$39,000.

There is no formal maintenance plan for the building. However, the group recognizes that the two HVAC units are each about 15 years old, and that if they fail they will likely need to be replaced at a cost of C\$20,000 each. This cost would be borne by Subud Vancouver because it is a capital cost. The same is true of the roof, which they are maintaining; however, it will need to be replaced eventually, at a cost of up to C\$70,000.

## Together we are stronger

Speaking for his board, Raynard related the gratitude felt towards all of the Subud members who have helped the enterprise over the years. They are grateful for the tenants, especially for the table tennis tenant – a tenant they weren't looking for, but who came to them out of the blue. They are also grateful for this wonderful gift of the latihan, a gift from Almighty God.

Raynard says, "A Subud hall-rental business can generate financial benefits to Subud that can be many, many times greater than what members' donations can provide. Over the past fifteen years, Subud Vancouver's hall-rental business has generated well over C\$1 million in financial benefits for Subud Vancouver."

Subud Vancouver chairman Paul Edwards adds, "Our hall-rental enterprise has enabled Subud Vancouver to pay off our mortgage, improve our space and support other Subud organizations. I hope that one day every Subud group worldwide will have its own centerprise."

Subud Vancouver, 3925 Fraser Street, Vancouver, BC V5V4E5 • Contact: Paul Edwards, Chair • Telephone: 604-872-2811 • Website: <https://www.subud.ca/vancouver.html>



## Vivana Brodey

*Dahlan Foah writes...*

In January, 1971, I, Dahlan, arrived at Centre College at 9:30 PM and went to the café on campus that remained open late. There was a lady there I had never met, but we smiled at each other and she said, "Ciao Roberto (my name at the time)" and I said, "Buona sera, Vivana"... which was totally incorrect as I should have called her



Dr. Brodey. I have no idea how I knew her name or how she knew mine. But it was one of those, 'it must be, what, about 200 years since we last met?' moments.

That semester and other semesters I took independent studies with Vivana in Italian medieval love poetry, in Dante, in Petrarch and more. She was a professor of Spanish and Italian languages, literature and history with a stellar resumé including a Fulbright and other honors. She was deeply imbued with her Jewish heritage and grateful for it. Soon enough, she told me about Subud, and I, along with many others at Centre College were opened.

For the past 48 years we spoke almost every month.

I went to visit her several times in Seville, where she retired. In 2016, Honora and I premiered the Frequency Opera, *The Birth of Color – A Marriage of Darkness & Light* in Budapest and many Subud members from around the world attended. Afterwards Joanna and Eli Dokson and I went to Seville to spend time with Vivana. Joanna had also been opened by Vivana at Centre College and our love and appreciation for her never waned. Neither did our enjoyment.

Her sister Mariana, a musician and singer was also in Subud. Mariana adopted a handicapped child from a young Subud couple who were unable to care for him. Aron was the boy's name. As generous as Vivana was, Mariana and Aron were first in her heart. The sisters studied complementary aspects of Sephardic Judaism, Mariana learning and singing the music, Vivana, the history.

Vivana has been a helper for fifty years. On her 93rd birthday, she retired from being an active helper, although the women in Sevilla would visit, do Latihan with her, and seek her guidance. I don't have an exact count, but when I said to Vivana, "You must have brought over 150 – 200 people to Subud," she smiled and said, "Oh, at least".

In September of this year, Honora and I went to Seville to see Vivana on a long-planned visit that we were all especially looking forward to. When we arrived, she was in hospital with a lung infection but was soon released and with us. We had a marvelous five-hour visit, with Vivana beaming and full of life and so, so happy to be home from hospital. At 93, she was finishing the last chapter of her book on the history of Sephardic Jews in Spain and working on her memoirs.

The next day I called her in the morning. She had showered and had her hair washed by Lina, her wonderful Colombian assistant. She put on a clean dress and was eating a large breakfast – so glad it was not hospital food! She asked us to come over after our own meal and was laughing and happy.

Ten minutes later I received a call from Lina, who said Vivana had collapsed. I ran over and found that >



*With Joanna Dokson visiting Vivana three years ago.*



*Roses for her 93rd. birthday!*



*Vivana this past January celebrating her 93rd. birthday with the Seville Women's Club.*



she had passed. The paramedics came, but could not revive her.

Two days later she was buried in the Jewish Cemetery in Malaga. It was out in the countryside overlooking lovely hills of southern Spain. Approximately 30 people, some from Orgiva, some from Seville, Subud friends and women's club friends and just friends that she had made over many loving years, attended. Quite a turnout for one day's notice and a 2+ hour drive. As Joanna Dokson said, "A beautiful day; beautiful people, for a beautiful woman."



*After the funeral in Malaga*

Another former student, Rayma Norton, who also was opened in Subud said simply, "She saved my life. She made us welcome. With Vivana, I felt a connection which was not only person-to-person, but also soul-to-soul. She helped me leave a small dark space and enter an ever-expanding realm of possibility."

Upon hearing of Vivana's passing, another former student, Charlotte Harris, said, "I remember Vivana so well! There was always an almost holy aura about her and it seemed that love spilled from her eyes."

Blessings on your soul, dearest Vivana.

Thank you!

## A MEMORY OF HADRIAN FRAVAL

*Robiyan Easty writes...*

I think it was in 1974, on a visit to England as part of a world tour, that we invited Bapak to visit Loudwater group, to see the result of years of work renovating and remodeling the old farmhouse and to enjoy the orchard beside the river Chess. We didn't get an answer.

Hadrian and I both had a flat in the Heronsfield block that we had converted from an old school. I was sleeping peacefully that Sunday morning when there was a frantic knocking on my door.

When I opened, there was Hadrian, then chair of the group, in his pyjamas, with a wild-eyed look on his face. 'Bapak is coming to 'the farm' (as we called it). He's leaving now from London.'

Absolute panic.

It was about 8 a.m. We hit the phones, asking each one we called to call others. We then dressed in frantic haste and hit the road. We were about 10 minutes from the farm and reckoned we had about 20 minutes from arrival to get things in some sort of shape... which was pretty accurate.

Bapak gave us an extraordinary talk, perhaps because we had no equipment to record it. He talked about his ancestors coming from an island in the Mediterranean called Sparta, 'but



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not the Sparta you know', now under the sea, making many of us think of Atlantis. They then spread out over the world, including one going to Britain and another to Indonesia.

Bapak chided us for singing "Botany Bay," an old deportation to Australia song, so Alton slipped away and composed a thank you to God for sending us Bapak, which we sang for his departure. 'Much better'. Bapak stood in the orchard and told us we should buy the place for Subud, but the owners, the canny Masons, were not willing to sell. ●

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## SESI \$100,000 FUND UPDATE

*Osanna Vaughn writes...*

During the 2018 World Congress in Freiburg, around 50 projects were presented in a bid to receive funds from the SESI \$100,000 Project Fund. After a lengthy, in-depth process, the courageous jury (Hammond Peek, Mauricio Castillo, Imke Wolf-Diettinchem, Myrna Jelmann and Andrew Holloway) distributed the funds between 19 projects.



*Fund recipients and jury at Freiburg Congress.*

As this was a multi-wing undertaking, the projects ranged from three purely social ones (no income expected) and six social enterprises (not-for-profit), to ten full enterprises covering a broad range of activities.

Since the congress, the projects have reported on a regular basis. Many of those reports in full have been posted on SWN and on the SESI website. On the occasion of the World Subud Council meeting in Jakarta in October 2019, I put together a brief summary of the current status of the 19 initiatives. It was delightful for me to realise that most of them have developed along the intended lines, while only a small number are a bit delayed or on hold. *Republished from [www.subudworldnews.com](http://www.subudworldnews.com)* ●

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## Ali ibn Abi Talib's Letter to Malik al-Ashtar, the Governor of Egypt

*Sebastian Paemen writes...*

We now live in the era of Trump and Putin. Against the background of the current political reality it is interesting to read the famous letter of Ali ibn Abi Talib, fourth caliph of Islam, cousin of the Prophet Muhammad who is revered in the Muslim world for his wisdom, in which he instructs the newly appointed Governor of Egypt on how to run a state. So often he uses words as 'kindliness', 'love', 'sincerity' and 'affection'. Words which very few politicians would use nowadays.

Next page are excerpts from this letter, as well as a link to the entire letter. >

*Excerpts from Ali ibn Abi Talib's letter to Malik al Ashtar, Governor of Egypt, written in 658 AD:*

'Develop in your heart the feeling of love for your people and let it be the source of kindness and blessing to them.'

'Should you be elated by power, ever feel in your mind the slightest symptoms of pride and arrogance, then look at the power and majesty of the Divine governance of the Universe over which you have absolutely no control. It will restore the sense of balance to your wayward intelligence and give you the sense of calmness and affability.'

'Maintain justice in administration and impose it on your own self and seek the consent of the people, for, the discontent of the masses sterilises the contentment of the privileged few and the discontent of the few loses itself in the contentment of the many. Remember the privileged few will not rally round you in moments of difficulty: they will try to side-track justice, they will ask for more than what they deserve and will show no grati-

tude for favours done to them. (...) They will feel restive in the face of trials and will offer no regret for their shortcomings. It is the common man who is the strength of the State and Religion. It is he who fights the enemy. So live in close contact with the masses and be mindful of their welfare.'

'Keep at a distance one who peers into the weaknesses of others. After all, the masses are not free from weaknesses. It is the duty of the ruler to shield them. Do not bring to light that which is hidden, but try to remove those weaknesses which have been brought to light. God is watchful of everything that is hidden from you, and He alone will deal with it. To the best of your ability cover the weaknesses of the public, and God will cover the weaknesses in you which you are anxious to keep away from their eye.'

'Do not make haste in seeking confirmation of tale-telling, for the tale-teller is a deceitful person appearing in the garb of a friend.'

'Do not disregard the noble traditions established by our forebears, which have promoted harmony and progress among the people; and do not initiate anything which might minimize their usefulness. The men who had established these noble traditions have had their reward; but responsibility will be yours if they are disturbed.'

'Remember that the people are composed of different classes. The progress of one is dependent on the progress of every other, and none can afford to be independent of the other'

'He who does not realise his own responsibilities can hardly appraise the responsibilities of others.'

'Beware! Fear God when dealing with the problem of the poor who have none to patronise them, who are forlorn, indigent, helpless and are greatly torn in mind – victims of the vicissitudes of time. Among them are some who do not question their lot in life and who, notwithstanding their misery, do not go about seeing alms. For God's sake, safeguard their rights, for on you rests the responsibility of protecting their interests.

'Do not treat their interests as of less importance than your own, and never keep them outside the purview of your important considerations, and mark the persons who look down upon them and of whose conditions they keep you in ignorance. Select from among your officers such men as are meek and God fearing who can keep you properly informed of the condition of the poor. Make such provision for these poor people as shall not oblige you to offer an excuse before God on the Day of Judgement for, it is this section of the people which, more than any other, deserves benevolent treatment.



*. Muslims swearing allegiance to Hazrat Ali.*



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'Seek your reward from God by giving to each of them what is due to him and enjoin on yourself as a sacred duty the task of meeting the needs of such aged among them as have no independent means of livelihood and are averse to seek alms. The discharge of this duty is what usually proves very trying to rulers, but is very welcome to societies which are gifted with foresight. It is only such societies or nations who truly carry out with equanimity their covenant with God to discharge their duty to the poor.'

'For I have heard the prophet of God say that no nation or society, in which the strong do not discharge their duty to the weak, will occupy a high position.'

'I enjoin on you not to succumb to the prompting of your own heart or to turn away from the discharge of duties entrusted to you.'

'I seek the refuge of the might of the Almighty and of His limitless sphere of blessings, and invite you to pray with me that He may give us together the grace willingly to surrender our will to His will, and to enable us to acquit ourselves before Him and His creation, so that mankind might cherish our memory and our work survive.'

Click on this link to read the entire letter:

<https://www.al-islam.org/richest-treasure-imam-ali/imam-ali-s-letter-malik-al-ashtar-richest-treasure> ●

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## RELIGION and SCIENCE as ONE

*Lawrence Brazier writes...*

Some years ago I made the acquaintance of an American professor who had been invited to lecture at Cambridge University, in England. The professor's wife, a writer of religion, went with her husband. She interviewed Stephen Hawking and eventually went on to write a book about him. During several conversations the lady mentioned an interesting aspect of social life at Cambridge. 'On some evenings we would attend faculty parties,' she said, 'it was a heady atmosphere as we spent time with the world's intellectual elite. There were scientists of all stripes, mathematicians and physicists, some of them of world renown. After about fifteen minutes of general chat they all started to talk about God.'



*Michelangelo's depiction of God creating Adam. Is God the Prime Mover?*

'They possibly felt that there was nothing left for them to do, nowhere else to go,' I suggested.

'Perhaps that is true,' she said. 'After all, they above all others are aware of several unanswered questions. I supposed that for an intellectual, especially a scientist, the unexplained is irresistible.'

'The realm of metaphysics...?' I prompted.

'Quite! It is as if their chosen fields had somehow become secondary. They now all seem to be after that which makes everything, or in fact anything, possible.'

'You mean that which enables a scientist to undertake science.'

'Yes, that about sums it up. That which, or Who, enables.'

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Thus knowledge and truth and belief are matters that are personal to us, at least until we are blessed with being able to hear that Biblical 'still small voice', or as given in Islam, the 'whisper from the soul', which may well bring us down to earth, with a vengeance. One is then blessed with the opportunity of being removed from the machinations of this world. Belief is subsequently a natural conclusion, methinks. Nevertheless, belief, or faith if one so will, requires cultivation and adherence, or the wish to adhere, to the received Word. Scientists, who are unable to really deny their own inner worlds, are obviously also subject to knowledge, truth and belief. This is because however high our aspirations, we are bound by the common denominators of all humanity. The need to eat, drink, sleep and find protection against the wiles of nature. These are the levelling factors, one might surmise, however lofty our thoughts, however high our aspirations. The trick, it would seem, is to be in the world but not of it. In a sense the rigorous endeavours of our scientists is a step in the right direction. They want the facts and nothing more. And yet, to deny God's part in their endeavours seems a shame, because what they are really looking for, and this has been shown among them at Cambridge, is God Himself. That which I would contend is His moving Spirit.



*Belief for most of us  
must naturally run hand  
in hand with  
experience...*



Belief for most of us must naturally run hand in hand with experience! We feel that it is pointless and most unscientific to believe in something nebulous, something that is merely a word. On the other hand it could also be false to see mysticism as a vague, non-scientific, otherworldly pastime, something for dreamers, for non-doers. There are ways, some call them paths, which could bring one to a contemplative proximity of a mystic experience. The thrust of one's wish, however, could be a hindrance. Nevertheless, anyone who has undertaken the fast of Ramadan, for example, or has been led to a contemplative life, may have received the blessing that comes engendered as grace through true submission. The key word is humility. The reason that the prophets, who I believe were all mystics of their ilk, were persecuted in their time was because after receiving divine affirmation, in modern parlance, they 'told it like it is', and that through a God-given 'quiet mind', or even 'the peace that passeth all understanding'. (As an aside, I might suggest that holiness is the presence of absolute reality, but perhaps I go too far.). A quiet mind is a mind in abeyance, a mind that does not lead. It is a mind that serves, perhaps in the pursuance of science. Perhaps in ministry and all the other undertakings we wish, nay, are even led (often beyond our own awareness) to pursue.

Many years later I became a writer on religion. There had been my own search of sorts, almost a scientific one. I had been struck by the book, *A Quiet Mind*, written by John Coleman. The author had also searched, in his case for a quiet mind, in what may seem to have been a contradictory undertaking – using the mind to find a way to quieten it. He attended the meetings of a number of different spiritual organizations and then ticked them off his list when he had not found any answers among them. His search had been dogged and perfectly rational. Mr Coleman finally found his answers in a Burmese jungle.

There has always been talk of God. God this and God that. His name was juggled with at random but I wanted something concrete, something more than God is love because I rather felt that God makes love possible and then the rest is up to us. Not dissimilar to Coleman, I therefore became a searcher who was a researcher, an investigator searching empirically, one might almost say, scientifically. Thus, a sober seeker for God. All the while, however, I could not deny the feeling that my search was not of my doing.

As an aside I must mention a personal encounter with a scientist, a German physicist whose book I translated into English. My friend's conjecture was that the Big Bang never happened. Although a physicist, he offered no scientific alternative to the big question. One could hardly resist asking that if perhaps it wasn't a bang, was it possibly a whisper that started it all. 'Oh no,' he said, 'the universe was simply there.' I wonder if he felt my glow of appreciation as we spoke on the phone. How absolutely gorgeous. Here was a man of

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science who had no answer, and was not prepared to invent one. I felt the enormity of the myriads of universes at our disposal for having ‘something to think about,’ and the ultimate lifted weight of an inadequate mind. I was rather inclined to giggle!

At the start of course, came the literature. Aristotle called God the Prime Mover and Dante was seen to agree. D. H. Lawrence spoke of a Great Life Force and so did George Bernard Shaw. Well, both of the latter gents called a lot of things a lot of things, anyway. Zeno of Cyprus gave us the Stoic philosophy and maintained a concept of universal spirit. In the Gospel of St John 4:24 we learn that God is Spirit and your correspondent accepted the plausibility of the notion. I had naturally moved on, but only to the extent of a single word. The word God had now become Spirit. Spirit is what God is apparently all about, but I couldn’t prove it. Scientists do need proof, don’t they? I wondered if the Cambridge intellectuals had also tossed around the idea of Spirit. But Spirit seems so intangible, so un-recordable, a word and not much else, although we researchers suspected that it was indeed of the essence. But how does one write a scientific treatise on Spirit, even assuming one has experienced it?

Sooner or later I was bound to read about the Way, the Life, the Truth. The Way seemed easy enough to explain, one tries to be like Jesus, or as one mystic (a Muslim in this case) maintained, ‘You can do anything you like in this world as long as you don’t hurt anybody.’ The overwhelming challenge of that idea will set most people back on their heels and have them wondering how they were to get through a single day without in some way or other hurting somebody through a rash word, a lack of consideration or a sudden outburst of emotion fostered by personal frustration.

I felt that the Truth is simply what is. You could take it or leave it but it won’t simply go away. The Life, on the other hand, was something of a puzzle. It seemed too much of a vague idea to relegate the word life to our vastly complex, everyday endeavours. I became convinced that the Life is what scientists, and yours truly, are actually looking for. I began to see Life, which I now translate as Spirit, as something like Aristotle’s Prime Mover. One requires, for example, some sort of fuel to run an engine. What I was looking for was the fuel of the universe. In other words that which makes everything go and not only that, but also what put everything there in the first place. The substance that keeps us, and everything else, up and running. The trouble is that Spirit, in a spiritual sense, does not appear to be a substance. However, I rather fancy that it is this form of energy that the scientists are yearning to pin down. The mystic would offer a warning because such a search can, and often does, drive people crazy because it would be of the mind and not undertaken through genuine humility. To date, explanation has remained conspicuous by its absence, unless we are able to take some mystics at their word. Moreover, Jesus was obviously a living embodiment of Spirit. This would also preclude the idea of a returning saviour, because I believe that He never really went away. Should the Spirit of God depart this world, He would take everything with Him.

Thus God enables an action, but permission to act in a certain way is something we are responsible for and as history has shown God must be disappointed, even appalled. After all, if God is Life, then anything contrary to life – the notion of Life being Logical is appealing – will automatically engender a form of crisis and that means war one way or another. After Albert Einstein had split the atom he was heard to comment (rather worryingly), ‘God, what have we done?’ You know the rest. But what remains to us is imagining (vision would be much more enviable) the future. What an undertaking. One is reminded of the German phrase ‘Man denkt, Gott lenkt’, which more or less translates as ‘Man thinks, (but) God is at the helm’. In other words, we can think, consider, plan, imagine and then hope for the best, or as our religious brothers and sisters may be inclined to put it, hope that He agrees. Moreover, humans have not been terrifically famous for their capacity for vision. If we wish to remain reasonable our endeavours are restricted to one >



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step at a time, a slow plod forward into a barely discernible next few minutes. Well, we may well be able to go a bit further than a few minutes, but not much and even then our plans are subject to the whims of Mother Nature, who often does not see things our way at all.



*There had been  
milestones of relief,  
little landmarks  
on the way..*



One supposes that we should attempt to define whether the world is coming at us or we are going at the world. Events are what we get involved in! That's it, events are what happen to us, but we shouldn't forget that we also engender them. One wonders if imagining the future can go beyond wishful thinking or even wonder whether our imaginative apparatus is anyway free of past events. Is our imagination really imaginative or merely a rerun of old data?

My personal sense of unease had been with me for some time, although unease is putting it mildly. There had, however, been milestones of relief, little landmarks along the way, often books, such as John Coleman's *The Quiet Mind*, mentioned earlier. I found the title riveting. Something inside rose in affirmation, but I did realize that it was not me at all that had reacted. No, it was something else, but not me. I had read from a mystic that real prayer is not done by the person. You can make like you are praying, but real prayer is something the prayer does all by itself. With a little grace you might be able to get out of the way. That is the most you can hope for.

Writing took over. I could put down a thousand words in one hit. Some of it even got published. My wife found it reassuring because most writers are not famous for making money. Translation filled some of our wider gaps. Somehow we got by.

There occurred a telling late-afternoon incident. The kids were not home from school. My wife was still at work. I was deep into a translation. An immense calm arose. I remember the mystic saying that meditation is not something you do; you must get very quiet and 'feel how you feel'. How did I feel? My feeling was cradled in something sublime. My mind dulled into abeyance. I looked up from the keyboard, tentatively, almost afraid of breaking the spell. The quietness was huge and the room seemed to be at a perfect temperature. The air felt unaccountably clean, somehow intangible but definitely felt. I remember a sudden feeling of isolation, a feeling of worry, which melted and dispersed. I realized that it was all right to be me. Moreover, that I had no choice. Something tingled above my heart and below my throat. My chest felt the way you feel when you drink a glass of cold water and you feel it going down. I turned to the translation. Something inside prayed that there would be nothing crass to disturb the spell. I remembered Patrick-Leigh Fermor's *A Time to Keep Silence*. The author had entered a monastery to work on a book. He related of first being bored to desperation because nothing happened, then the bubble of boredom broke and he felt perfectly at ease. But he did record a changed state to a fine degree of sensitivity. When he left the monastery he found driving along a freeway appalling because even the most innocuous advertisement placards along the way were an insult to his sensibility.

My wife arrived home. She looked into the room in which I was sitting like a stunned ox.

She said, 'Gosh, the house feels nice.'

I knew what she was talking about, of course, but couldn't explain any part of it. I mumbled something like, 'The translation went well.' The house feeling nice was the best thing I had ever experienced, and it was beyond my understanding. Does this bear up in terms of hard science? I could explain very little, but I was hooked. I became a religious person who could see the point of science and was apt to applaud loudly and enthusiastically when any new life-enhancing breakthrough occurred.

I sincerely feel that God would approve of science, after all, He invented it.

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# THE LORD'S PRAYER

*From an anonymous writer...*



*Confusion and sadness left me, replaced by joy and forgiveness...*



The meaning of prayers can come slowly by frequent practise together with life experiences, fasting and good works. Or it may suddenly come out of the blue, in answer to some question that has arisen out of a difficult and unpleasant situation. The latter was to happen to me at a Subud meeting of several hundred people in Holland.

Bapak's widow, Ibu Mastuti was ill with cancer and I had taken on responsibility of raising funds for her treatment. I went to several wealthy friends and asked for donations on a monthly basis to pay for treatment, all of whom willingly gave.

That is, all except the wealthiest, who had been very generous with his wealth in the past, but on this occasion said to me that "She has plenty of money herself for her own treatment". This somewhat shocked me, as the above statement did not correlate with what I observed about her mode of life. I felt also that it did not accord with the respect that Bapak's widow was due.

I awoke the next morning feeling very sad and confused and said to myself, "What should I do?" The words of the Lord's Prayer arose spontaneously in me, without my willing it. The prayer repeated itself three times and each time it had deeper meaning and significance as each word followed the other with utter inner truth and rationality.

At the end the confusion and sadness had utterly left me, to be replaced by joy and a feeling of forgiveness for myself and for my wealthy friend, and compassion for my fellow human beings. I was later able to relate this experience to him.

I had not said the Lord's Prayer for over thirty years. Now it often comes back to me as I wake from my sleep in the early morning.

*Editor's Note: I sent this article to Isti Jenkins, formerly an international helper, and she commented... "I remember when I was in Wisma Subud a long time ago, Bapak said if you are ill, the effort of reciting the Lord's Prayer could be very healing. I have never forgotten this and if I am feeling concerned, I often recite it."*

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## WHEN IT IS TIME...

*Hani'a Brian Abram, an active member in Subud Berkeley USA, sent this poem...*

*When it is time...*

When it is time for me to hold your hand, my fist will unfurl.

My palm may be wet with the sweat of my fight and fear, but it will also be warm with my courage and love.

When you feel the firm grasp of my fingers, may it give rise to a bit of love, and courage too in you.

And may you know the firmness of my grip is a promise to never, in the face of this unjustness, let go.

So different in ancestry and culture, you and I; so sad it is under these brutal circumstances that we meet.

Yet are not our wry smiles to one another proof enough that we have always known one another?

Is not the gleam from our bruised eyes proof enough that our blood flows as one?

Is the seamless grasp of our fingers and palms not evidence that humanity is truly of a single soul?

Stranger, whose hand I now hold, and who holds my hand in return,

I promise... I promise I will not let go...

Come what may, come what may, I will not let go!

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# PRAYERS FOR EVERY OCCASION

*Harris Smart writes about a collection of prayers by the Australian sculptor, Tom Bass...*

In the 1980s I lived in Sydney and worked in the Subud enterprise, Project Sunrise.

During that time, I met Tom Bass and his wife Margo. Tom is generally agreed to be one of the most important Australian sculptors of the 20th century, if not the most important. Margo is a medical doctor and at that time she was involved in bringing a new development in psychology called Process Orientated Psychology to Australia.

I got to know Tom and Margo well and it became my custom to have dinner with them on Thursday nights. Tom had a great fund of stories about what had happened to him in his long life. (He was born in 1916.) During the Great Depression of the 1930s, for instance, he had been a "swagman" wandering from town to town in the bush in search of a meal and a job. And there were many stories about the sculptures he had created.

After the Second World War he had been able to study sculpture on an ex-serviceman's scheme and then launched into a very impressive career as a public sculptor. He referred to his work as 'totems' in which he produced works which reflected the life of communities and explored the great humanist and religious themes such as justice and faith.

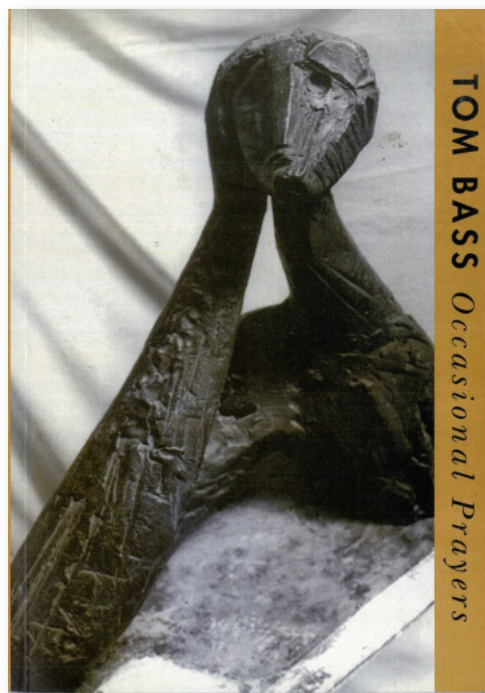
Although he has now passed away, his legacy endures in metal and stone in many of Australia's universities, cathedrals, public spaces and great buildings. In Melbourne where I now live, one of his most important works, The Trial of Socrates is at Melbourne University.

In Canberra there is a great statue called Ethos which is an attempt to sum up the meaning of the nation's capital. There is also a massive work over the entrance to the National Library of Australia, and there are many others in churches and religious houses throughout the land. In 1974 he also created a sculpture school which continues to this day.

[In the 1960s Tom Bass was a household name in Australia...](#)

If the average Australian didn't know anything else about art, they would probably know the names Sidney Nolan when it came to painting, and Tom Bass when it came to sculpture. In 1988 Tom was made a Member of the Order of Australia.

In the fifties Tom joined the Catholic Church but became disillusioned with the rigid doctrinaire attitudes of the church at that time and from then on, he pursued his own way, drawing on many different religious traditions, philosophies, spiritualities and psychologies. Out of a wide range of >



*Cover of 'Occasional Prayers'.*



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such influences, he synthesised his own approach to God.

In the nineties Tom and I worked together to produce his biography *Tom Bass Totem Maker*, published by Australian Scholarly Publication in 1996, in which we wove together all those great stories I had first heard on Thursday nights at dinner.

[It was Tom's practice to meditate every morning...](#)

And out of that a prayer or poem would arise, often reflecting the concerns in his life at that time. He wrote these down and eventually gathered them all together in a book which we published as *Occasional Prayers*, to accompany the biography.

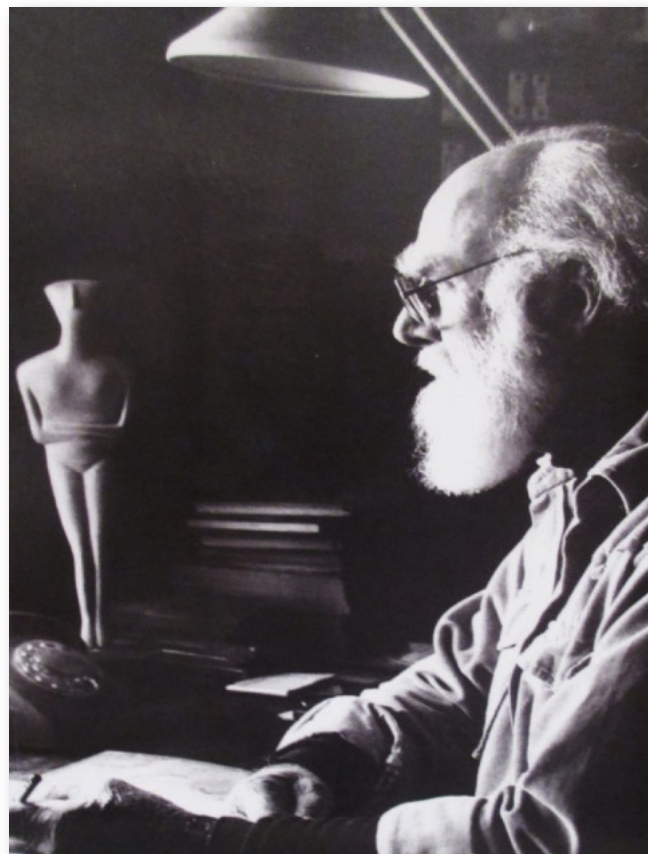
In the introduction to the book Tom provides the story of how he found his way to God and describes his approach to prayer, Tom writes...

*I began to write my prayers in 1984, at a particular moment, after a particular set of experiences which I describe in "How I Found My Way to God". Since that moment, I have been on a journey and my prayers are an essential part of it. My hope in publishing them is that they may help others to realise some of the things that have come to me, and that they may be encouraged to find their own way to have a discourse with their God*

*At this point I should explain the intention of my prayers. To me, prayer is never for the purpose of supplication, or to ask for something. For me prayer is fundamentally a declaration of trust, a thanksgiving, and an affirmation of the things I have realised about my relationship with God of which I need to be constantly reminded.*

The book begins with a simple dedication...,

I dedicate this book  
and pray that it may be  
for those who yearn to find  
a way into the knowing  
that God is in us,  
in everything, and everywhere.



[Tom Bass in his studio.](#)

In recent years, Tom's prayers have found their way into Subud. Recently I was asked to speak >

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at the funeral of Hadrian Fraval, and I turned to Tom's book to find a suitable prayer. I chose one that is called 'All Used Up'. It seemed to me to fit very well into Hadrian's life which had been so full of activity in many different areas, his family, Subud, his business and there was a sense in his passing that he had given his full commitment to everything in his life. The prayer says...

The desired result is to be  
like a tree come near to the end of its time -  
or a child at the end of its day  
expending the last burst of living energy joyfully -  
I will sleep well knowing that I am all used up.

A few years ago, a young man from a Subud family died tragically in a road accident and on the night before his funeral service his family was searching for some suitable prayers. They happened to be at a friend's place who had a copy of Tom's book and they found two prayers which were read at the funeral service.

His sister read this prayer "Dying"...

What does it mean to die?  
How many kinds of death are there?  
Any ending is a kind of dying.  
The ending of a relationship  
or something that has been done -  
to grieve for it – then to let it go,  
to be willing to allow something  
we have been or done  
to come to an end,  
and so to allow the new thing  
that is waiting to happen.  
Then death is seen  
as part of the whole cycle of life,  
and it is always followed  
by a new beginning.

and his father read the prayer "The Gateway":

It may be that today you have come  
to a point on your journey  
where deep changing forces  
are at work in your life.  
The time may have come for you  
to visualise yourself standing  
at a gateway on high ground  
where your entire life  
lies out behind and below you.  
Now it may be time for you to pause,  
and review your past,  
the learnings and joys,  
the victories and sorrows,  
everything it took to bring you here,  
to observe it all, and release it all.  
In letting go the past  
you claim the right to a new life  
beyond the gateway.

There are prayers in this book for the many occasions that arise in life. Not just for funeral, but >

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for birthdays, for marriages, for Easter and all the other seasons and moments we experience. Not just dying but also living and loving.

There are more than 80 prayers here which touch on all the situations which often arise in life. There is a prayer for when we get it wrong, a prayer for forgiving, a prayer for withholding judgement, even a prayer for when we can't make up our minds about something.

### Not Knowing What to Do Prayer

Being undecided  
not knowing what to do -  
or how to do it.  
I remind myself  
that Christ told us  
'to seek and we shall find'  
'to ask and it be opened unto us'  
that You, our God  
are our inner knowing  
and You will answer.  
Amen.

### Encouraging you to write your own prayers...

Another advantage of the book is that Tom's simple but meaningful prayers may show you how easy it is for you to compose some of your own when you face some situation in life which seems to call out for prayer.

As we all know there has been a gradual decline in religious faith in many Western countries over the last century or so. Many things have come along to betray or batter people's confidence in religion. Consequently, many people have lost faith in the institutions, the ceremonies and the prayers of traditional religion.

Tom's prayers provide something that many people can identify with because they are a heartfelt individual expression uncontaminated by outmoded dogma. Anyone can identify with them.

### As Tom writes in the introduction...

I am not a theologian, a poet or a philosopher. When I review my life, and the things that brought me to the writing of prayers I see myself simply as one of those people who asked the questions, 'Who am I? What is the purpose of my life? What has God to do with the things that happen in the world and to me?'"

Recently Tom's widow Margo Hoekstra has decided to make the prayers available to the world by placing them on the Internet where they are freely available to all.

Click here to go to the prayers... <http://www.tombass.org.au/>



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## THEN AND NOW... CHRISTMAS 1940

*Dr Rachman Mitchell recalls Christmas past to seek the meaning of Christmas now...*

A lot happened in the world around me and a lot happened to me personally as a boy of six in the year of our Lord 1940.

It was the year when the British army which could have been captured or wiped out was rescued from the beaches of Dunkirk.

It was the year when the pride of the Royal Navy HMS Hood had been sunk by one accurate salvo from the Bismark.

It was the year when the Battle of Britain had been fought in the air and won when we were down to our last fighter pilot Field Marshall Goering, the head of the attacking German air force, had decided to cease his attack just in time for us to recover our air strength and train new pilots.

It was the year that Operation Sea Lion, Hitler's plan to invade Britain, was cancelled and he instead turned toward attacking the Soviet Union.

We did not know about these last two facts then what we do know now. All I knew then at six years old was the sense of danger that lay over the horizon from the four-century old Sussex farmhouse that we lived in.

There was a large hole in the ground fifty meters from the house caused by a bomb dropped by an enemy plane on its way home after it had machine gunned and killed the farmer next door.

There were large barrel shaped blocks of concrete at the top of our farm drive ready to be rolled across the road to block German Panzer tanks. There was barbed wire in rolls across the beaches fifteen miles away to foil an invading army.

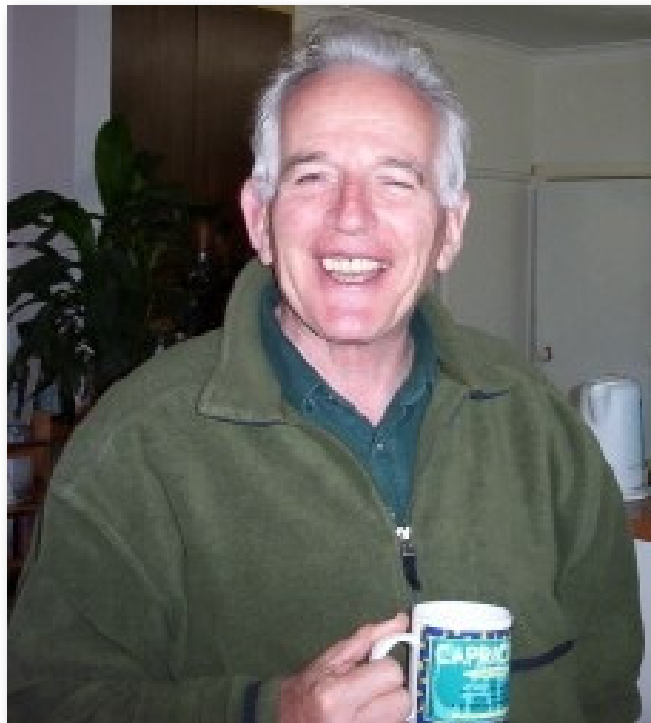
At night I could hear the sound of the enemy bombers as they droned above on their way to bomb London, which was one of the reasons that we had moved from there to the relative safety of Sussex.

### *Christmas Day then was special...*

The 'snow lay round about deep and crisp and even' and I think there was no doubt about the reason for going to church.

It was not just custom.

The odds for winning that war seemed so weighed against us, with more than half of Europe in Nazi hands and the rest cowed into neutrality or allied with them. We were going, I feel now, to ask for God's help, a benevolent God that both my mother and my stepfather believed in. His two sons >



*Dr. Rachman Mitchell.*

were on active duty: Peter the eldest, in the signal corps fighting in the Western desert in Africa, and Donald at 18 in the RAF in coastal command. And my father was in the navy.



*Fear of God is the beginning of Wisdom...*



I cannot remember whether we had enough petrol for the car to drive us to St Bartholomew's church which lay halfway between Cross in Hand and Heathfield about a mile from our farm. We may have walked, because the sun was shining.

For Sussex churches I suspect St Bartholomew's is fairly young, maybe just a hundred years old then. It is reached from the road by a broad walkway with laurel and rhododendron on either side tall beech and oak in the background. After 78 years now I will have to check but I think then we entered by a door at the end of the church facing the altar at the other end.

In Sussex churches, at least, there is a large arch stretching up to the roof separating the choir from the people. On the arch were written these words...

**FEAR NOT... PEACE ON EARTH... GOODWILL TO ALL MANKIND...**

Maybe I am able to remember those words easily because my mother arranged for me to go to Sunday school at St Bartholomew's where I was taught the rudiments of Christianity by a kind old man, Canon Redfern.

However, there is another reason why I can recall those words. It is the realization that whenever a great gift is given to us "mankind" there is indeed a Light which is not just awesome but also terrifying and gives the feeling to those that receive it that they are about to die (as both Bapak and Muhammad describe it).

There is another realization as well. It is to do with fear itself and that the Fear of God is the beginning of Wisdom though Bapak puts it a step further by reminding us to have a fearful alertness to the consequences of us being beguiled by our lower forces our lower selves.

So how will we celebrate Christmas this year? And how far will we be able to discern where that fear in us is and whether it is in its right place? ●

*A final, fitting card from 'Christmas is on the Cards' Marcus Bolt; this one done back in 2003. A new updated edition of the book will be available from [www.lulu.com](http://www.lulu.com) after the 1st December 2019.* >



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AVAILABLE ONLINE FOR THE FIRST TIME  
A GIFT FROM GOD &  
BAPAK: THE MAN AND HIS MISSION



“

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presenting a vivid and coherent  
account of Bapak's life and  
the story of Subud...*

”

For the first time Subud Voice is making available online four video programs which document the history and development of Subud from Bapak's birth in 1901 to his 100th anniversary in 2001. The programs are...

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This will take you to a page where the four videos are listed, each one identified by a thumbnail of Bapak.

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Each of the videos costs **US\$25** to purchase the rights to watch online, as many times as you like.

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Remember that we are selling the rights to these videos in order to support the ongoing production of Subud Voice.



## The Great Kalimantan Adventure Matthew C Mayberry

“Bapak can tell you that there is gold, there is silver, there are diamonds, there are many precious stones, there are other things like oil and so on. Bapak went to Kalimantan and met people in authority like the Governor of Central Kalimantan, who was stunned, he couldn’t believe it. He said: ‘How does Bapak know that in this place there is that and in this place there is this and so on?’ And Bapak said ‘Oh. I didn’t learn it anywhere, I know it from myself’.” Talk at Slough, UK, 4 September 1981

“This book is about my impressions and personal experiences while leading six expeditions (September 1982 to September 1986) in exploring for gold and other minerals. These expeditions were the highlight of my professional life, and the area was legendary, especially in the villages known to the Dayak people as Data Hotap.” *Matthew C Mayberry*



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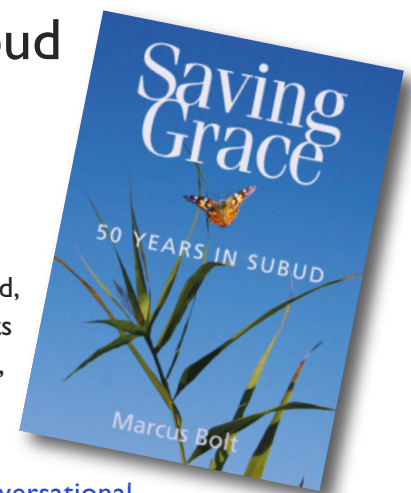
NEW

## Saving Grace – Fifty Years in Subud

Marcus Bolt

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Saving Grace is a book written for those wishing to find out more about Subud, a rarely publicised, modern, yet seemingly ancient, spiritual movement. It charts one man’s fifty-year involvement through his personal take on its organisation, its culture and the latihan – the transformative process at its heart.



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Unpretentious and refreshingly free of sanctimony, there is a generosity and a warmth of spirit about his narration that quickly befriends the reader and invites positive participation...”

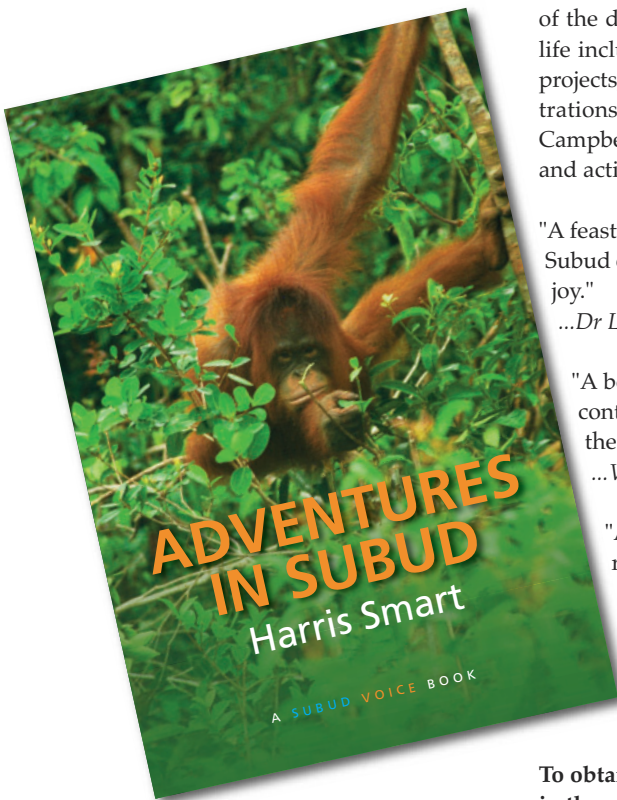
*Laurence Clark MA (Oxon), CBE*

“In this refreshingly straightforward narrative, Marcus Bolt reflects on his years in Subud with humour, affection, insight, courage and delightful candour. There is nothing pretentious or preachy. It’s all straight stuff, but straight from Marcus. And that’s what makes it work...”

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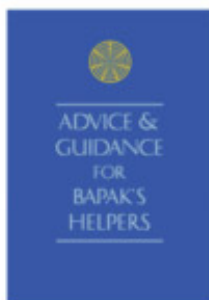
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