



Advent

From the Editor...

"The celebration of Advent is possible only to those who are troubled in soul, who know themselves to be poor and imperfect, and who look forward to something greater to come." ~ Dietrich Bonhoeffer

"God of hope, I look to you with an open heart and yearning spirit. During this Advent season, I will keep alert and awake, listening for your word and keeping to your precepts. My hope is in you." ~ Matthew Kelly

What Is Advent? History & Meaning

The Advent season serves as an anticipation of Christ's birth in the season leading up to Christmas. This is part of the story, but there's more to Advent.

The word "Advent" is derived from the Latin word *adventus*, meaning "coming," which is a translation of the Greek word *parousia*.

Scholars believe that during the 4th and 5th centuries in Spain and Gaul, Advent was a season of preparation for the baptism of new Christians at the January feast of Epiphany, the celebration of God's incarnation represented by the visit of the Magi to the baby Jesus (Matthew 2:1), his baptism in the Jordan River by John the Baptist (John 1:29), and his first miracle at Cana (John 2:1).

During this season of preparation, Christians would spend 40 days in penance, prayer, and fasting to prepare for this celebration; originally, there was little connection between Advent and Christmas.

By the 6th century, however, Roman Christians had tied Advent to the coming of Christ. But the "coming" they had in mind was not Christ's first coming in the manger in Bethlehem, but his second coming in the clouds as the judge of the world. It was not until the Middle Ages that the Advent season was explicitly linked to Christ's first coming at Christmas.

Advent Today - Dates for 2021

Today, the season of Advent lasts for four Sundays leading up to Christmas. At that time, the new >



*Advent Calendars.
Their days are numbered...*

SUBMISSIONS AND DONATIONS

Submissions to Subud Voice on any aspect of Subud life are welcomed. Send to Harris Smart, 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

Christian year begins with the twelve-day celebration of Christmastide, which lasts from Christmas Eve until Epiphany on January 6.

Advent begins on Sunday that falls between November 27th and December 3rd each year) Advent 2021 begins on Sunday, November 28th, and ends on Friday, December 2

We wish all our readers Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year...

from Harris, Marcus and Kitka.

MACHMUD'S EXPERIENCE

About 20 years ago I published a book called "Sixteen Steps" a collection of Subud members' experiences. From time to time, people still come up to me and talk about this book and nine times out of ten, they will refer to a particular passage in it as having made a particularly strong impression upon them.

This passage comes from the story in the book about Machmud Fiedorowicz as he was known at that time, later Rachmadi Fiedorowicz, he is now deceased. The story tells how he grew up in Newcastle-on-Tyne and became a heroin addict and then how he was rescued from this by a doctor, and how after that he became a Subud member. He goes on to describe his early years in Subud and then comes the passage which has made such an impression on so many people...

In the early part of 1981, I experienced many difficulties in my personal life and felt myself left with absolutely nothing. Everything I had worked for seemed to have disappeared or been taken away. At this time, I tested with some helpers and I received that I should work on a Subud farm building in Edinburgh.

I began to travel to this building on weekends. At first many people worked on the building, but gradually fewer and fewer people came, until one day, I found myself working alone. It was a very cold day and pouring rain. I was smashing concrete with a sledge hammer. My hands were cut and bleeding and swollen. I felt utterly depressed.

I decided to leave Subud at this point. I felt fed up with Subud, with Bapak, with Islam, and I went into the latihan hall and lay down to sleep, determined to go home and forget about Subud afterwards. I woke up to a knock on the door.

I answered the door and there was no-one there. I began to tingle and I searched around the farm to see if anyone was there and found no-one. I came back frightened.

I sat for a while staring at the open door. I saw a vibration in the doorway as if the air was hot, but I thought to myself that I had just been staring too hard. The heat wave seemed to pass straight through me and then I heard a voice. The voice was one of someone who had been with me all my life, but whom I had almost forgotten. It was very calm, very sensible and very normal.

The voice said: "Machmud, stand up." I stood up. "Now put your hand in the air. Be honest, how does it feel?"

I said aloud: "If I am honest, it feels like having my hand in the air." I couldn't say more than that. That was all I could say.

The voice said: "Now move your finger, how does that feel?" I replied: "It feels like I am moving my finger."

The voice continued: "Next finger, how does it feel? Next finger..." And went through the various parts of my physical body.



Machmud in Melbourne in 1984, soon after becoming the first chair of the Subud Youth Association.

I decided to leave Subud at this point...

When this finished, the voice said: "This is the latihan kejiwaan which is completely normal: you are responsible for every movement you make in your life. The latihan has been with you 100% from the time you were opened. Stop waiting to be moved, move in any direction you choose. The latihan will guide you."

Then the voice said: "Machmud, experience Susila." Here I felt nothing special, simply being normal and healthy.

"Now experience Budhi." There was a slight difference. I became aware of something greater, something outside myself.

Then the voice said: "Experience Dharma."

Here I experienced a real difference. The only word I have to describe it is "incredible" and I don't like to use that word because I don't like to exaggerate.

I began to move around the room, giving everything I had to the latihan, until there was nothing left. I wanted to stop, but the voice said: "Keep going, find people, ask them for what they need, and help them find what they need." For the first time, I felt who Machmud was.

The voice said: "This is Susila, Budhi, Dharma, Subud. In Christianity it is known as Faith, Hope and Charity. Susila is Jesus, a man of perfect faith, the Son. Budhi is the Power of God the Father who fills the universe, before whom you can only hope, and the Holy Spirit is the power of love, charity."

Then the voice asked: "Machmud, how many Gods are there?"

I said: "One." And became afraid.

"No, Machmud, be honest, how many Gods are there?"

I answered: "None." Then felt: "Allah, Allah, Allah, this is God, God is."

“ Then the voice said, “Experience Dharma”... ”

Later that day, many of the group came to work on the property and I took a rest. That night I had a dream about

Bapak and his grandson, Mas Adji. Bapak was seated in the corner of a room with a look of concentration on his face. There was a powerful light shining onto Bapak and the room was filled with a golden rain which enveloped Mas Adji and myself. Mas Adji and I were looking at each other and he said: "Machmud, talk fast." We both talked very fast until it became crazy, just gibberish.

Adji said: "No more talk. Now work." We didn't know what we were doing. but we worked until the sweat poured off us.

Then Mas Adji said: "Now, Machmud, no more work, think."

Our minds became one mind, we thought the same thoughts at the same time and we made the appropriate movements for that thought together. I entered a state of consciousness which I cannot recall.

I looked at Bapak and saw the light was shining straight into him still, but the rain had disappeared. Bapak was smiling and relaxed. I looked at Adji and saw the light was shining directly into him. I looked above myself and saw a light shining into me. As I looked back at Bapak, I felt: Now, at last, I've understood something.

The next morning, being a Muslim, I got up and began to say my prayers, but I found I couldn't do them in the usual way. It wouldn't work because I couldn't use my mind in any way. Then I experienced inside myself the sound of counting very slowly. I couldn't stop counting. I thought I would die counting.

It went on and on. I thought it would stop at 100, then 250, then 500, 750. I gave up and finally counted to 1001. I felt after this that I couldn't neglect anything in my life. Every little thing is really important. You can't reach the end until you have covered every detail. I then received a kind of vision like a movie.

“ Our minds became one mind, we thought the same thoughts at the same time... ”

First there were some islands and I was travelling over them and there were lots of young kids. I was surrounded by them. They were all looking at me and looking very happy. I wondered what they were all doing around me because I didn't have anything to give them or tell them. I felt they'd all be disappointed when they found out I didn't have anything to give them.

I saw a bridge and lots of people moving around on this bridge. I saw Bapak and Adji on this >

bridge. They were both smiling and just laughing at what was happening. I received I would travel the world, that I would have something to do with Adji and something to do with children or young people.

The story goes on to describe how Machmud went to Cilandak soon after and met Bapak. Then at the 1984 Anugraha World Congress he was appointed as the first coordinator of the newly formed Subud Youth Association.

He immediately went on a trip around the world stirring up interest in this new development in the course of which he came to Melbourne. He gave a wonderful talk there and Simone Melder, a member in the group, wrote down everything that he said including the passage just quoted, and she was kind enough to give it to me to put it in my book.

To read the complete interview with Machmud as it originally appeared in the book Sixteen Steps click: <https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2021/11/Machmuds-Journey.pdf>

LITTLE TWIG IN SPANISH

Lynnelle Stewart writes...

The Journey of Little Twig, and now El Camino de Palito in Spanish, tells the story of a boy called to rise to the challenge and come to the aid of his people. Receiving inner guidance along the way, overcoming obstacles and fears, and growing into a young man and a leader -- it is a true example of the hero's journey.

Authored by Lynnelle Stewart (Subud USA), with a magical illustration on every page by Subud artist Rosanna Mount (England), the English edition appeared in late 2020, followed now by the Spanish version. Both are available in paperback format on Amazon.

Rosanna received the following letter from someone who appreciated the book:

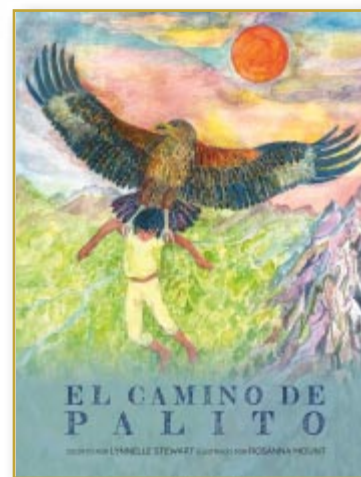
I felt I must write to you and let you know just how much my son and I enjoyed reading the delightful and beautifully illustrated book 'The Journey of Little Twig'.

The story being told is both engaging in its narrative and timeless in its relevance.

The writing holds interest for all ages, because it is much more than just a story; it conveys considerable wisdom with an admirable gentleness and lightness of touch.

My son particularly loved the charming and evocative illustrations, which made him feel like he was sharing the adventure with Little Twig, delighting in the animals and in the colourful and almost magical portrayal of the natural world.

Thank you both so much for the pleasure this wonderful book has brought us."



Cover of Little Twig in Spanish.

“

I wanted to translate this book into Spanish, because it can help any young person reflect on their own life...

”

An International Venture

The creation of this book has been a happy and international Subud venture, spanning over 4 years of development. The project has had contributors and supporters from the USA, the UK, Germany, Canada, and, more recently, Paraguay and Spain. The story was originally 'given within' to the author at a writer's workshop offered by Osanna Vaughn at a European Subud gathering in Poland.

The Spanish translation was carried out by Benita Elisabeth Gavilan in Paraguay, with sub-editing and proofreading by Paloma de la Viña in Madrid.

Benita is someone many may recall from international congresses, where she is often to be found sharing information about her long-standing (23 years) Susila Dharma project, Vida Plena, helping children in Paraguay find their direction in life. At the Innsbruck World congress, Benita was a vol-

unteer in the childcare program.

Born in a village in the Black Forest near Freiburg, Germany, Benita's first language is German. After university, teacher training and some years of teaching, she moved to Paraguay with her husband in 1984, where they raised their four children and where her twin granddaughters were born.

She found Subud in Asunción, in 1992, and developed the Vida Plena project, in 1998, along with her other interests: supporting mothers in breastfeeding practice and creating relaxed and stimulating spaces for children and youths. Her latest project idea, still waiting to be developed further and carried out, will offer opportunities for youths to produce their own food, through permaculture practice.

Benita and Lynnelle, the author of *The Journey of Little Twig*, met at a Subud Congress in Brazil, and again at the World Congress in Puebla, Mexico. Sharing a mutual interest in working with children, they have remained in touch over the years.

They met up again at the recent Freiburg World Congress, where Rosanna Mount decided to take on the joyful and challenging task of illustrating *The Journey of Little Twig*.

Benita became interested and then enthusiastic about the book, and decided it should be published into more languages than just English, in order for the story to reach more children. She has completed the translation into Spanish and anticipates also translating the book into German.

Benita says of *The Journey of Little Twig*: "I wanted to translate this book into Spanish, because I immediately understood that it can help any child or young person to reflect on her/his own life. Even an adult may be inspired by its message..."

The sub-editor and proofreader for *El Camino de Palito* is Paloma de la Viña. Paloma is a well-known and extremely active Spanish member who, among her many other activities, translates Bapak and Ibu talks, Subud World News, and many other publications into Spanish. Paloma commented simply: "I wanted to contribute in a small way to such a beautiful project."

We invite you to enjoy The Journey of Little Twig and El Camino de Palito, now available on Amazon in various countries around the world. The universal adventure – enjoyed by people of all ages – is available as a paperback or to read on Amazon's Kindle. If you like it, kindly support our work by leaving a comment on Amazon to help build interest.



Elisabeth Gavilan, translator.

“ Even an adult may be inspired by the message of this book ”

WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING ABOUT LITTLE TWIG IN SPANISH

Dr. Carmelo Mercado

This book is fascinating! It awakens our imagination to the great possibilities of life, despite the struggles and challenges of our existence. I recommend it not only to boys and girls, but to all people in search of their true destiny in the twists and turns of life's journey.

Osanna Vaughn

Palito embarks on a heroic journey that reminds us of our close connection with nature and the need to keep our senses open to it. Following an inner impulse, our young protagonist follows a path that confronts him with challenges that push him to the limit of his courage, his confidence and his determination. Without a doubt, an inspiration for parents to share with their young children or for first readers to discover for themselves.

Elisabeth Gavilán Balovier

This wonderfully illustrated book will be loved by boys, girls, and adults alike! And more than one of your readers - child or adult - will wonder if you have found your own path in life; or what that path would be, and if his name matches his true self. Inspiring!



Front and back covers.



People of all ages enjoy Little Twig. ●

THE CALIFORNIA KNP FIRE

From Subud USA News...

What is KNP fire?

On September 9, 2021, a significant lightning storm moved through the area. On September 10, two fires, the Colony Fire and Paradise Fire were located. These two fires merged together and became the KNP Complex. The fire is burning in the Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks and Sequoia National Forest.

Many of us outside of the West Coast have watched news stories of the fires, with ranges of emotion and concern. Some of our Subud brothers and sisters have had to deal with all of the dangers, losses, and grief that these disasters have brought into their lives. Even after the fires have been put out, the aftermath of loss and the destroyed landscapes remain.

We are so grateful to see rain on our country's West Coast this week and recently, helping to alleviate the extreme drought and dampen the remaining fires.

In last month's Subud USA News, we shared a story from Sulfiati Harris of Subud California at Joaquin Valley that was originally published via Subud California.

"Those of us in Badger/Miramonte areas are under an evacuation warning, but not evacuation orders." She and others had indeed evacuated their home, nevertheless. On October 8, Sulfiati shared with Elizabeth Trudell, co-editor of The (California) Sun newsletter, and me another update.

Sulfiati wrote:

We returned home last night because rain was in the forecast, and it looked as though it was safe. It is raining right now, a good strong soaking.

Also I want to share this beautiful message sent to a friend of mine from a man in Idaho who has experienced this kind of event and who has words about what is to come:

It is so hard, but there is beauty in the terrible action. There will be morels & other edible mushrooms in abundance that will be inspiring

The new grasses & shrubs that have been void under the canopy of the thick forest will bring all of the grazing animals, and the fungi and insects will come quickly, bringing the scavengers & the birds.

Most sad will be the styrofoam charcoal remnants of the noblest guardians of your previous forest, >



California KNP

but then you will witness new trees rising from the stumpage.

We are blessed to own two unique properties, and we can view brown, scarred forest closely from both.

Lucky for us, we know that scars are not ugly, and like everything in life they are not permanent, but they are the most interesting part of the story. You guys will find that unique beauty that can only be derived from the flames and it will inspire you; I know it.

When I (Editor of Subud USA News) checked in with Sulfiati on November 9, she shared this:

"Yes the fire is well contained because we had a big downpour a few weeks ago, and are having another short period of rain today. All is well here now. We are fine and the Subud folk up here are fine.

"A good friend, who had worked with me years ago at Camp Badger, had her entire property badly burned but was so moved and thankful to the firefighters because they saved their home and the other buildings on the property.

"They are facing lots of work to repair smoke damage, etc., but they moved in last week. I believe that the inspirational quote I sent (above) was shared by her... she received it from a friend and forwarded it while they were still evacuated and didn't know how it would all turn out. She is a beautiful and brave lady and is taking it very well."

May God bless all who are struggling with all challenges right now. No matter what is going on, may God bring the light of comfort, healing, and blessings to us all. Amen.



It is raining right now, a good strong soaking. Here is a photo of our deck today.

“ We know that scars are not ugly, and like everything in life they are not permanent...”

KALIMANTAN MINING PROJECT ALIVE AND KICKING

Rahman Connelly writes...

In 2014, following the introduction of a new major shareholder, Kalimantan Gold Corporation Ltd was re-named Asiamet Resources Ltd. With this change came a renewed determination to move from exploration to mining.

Based on extensive exploration data generated by Freeport's earlier \$34 million spend, Asiamet continued exploration to define a larger resource.

In 2019, the Company completed a Bankable Feasibility Study, done to international standards, which means that a copper resource of sufficient size has been proven and that can be profitably mined, taking account of the mine construction/operating costs, logistics and ore processing.

The next step was to arrange mine development finance of approx US\$ 200 million.

On 3 November 2021, the Company announced a Heads of Agreement with an Indonesian public company, one of the country's largest mining services and mine contracting company's.

Under the Agreement, the Indonesian company will bring \$50 million to the table, in cash payments and in-kind expenditure, to earn a 51% interest in the project. Completion of this Agreement will represent a major milestone towards the development of an operating mine, which could lead to a substantial rerating of the company and its share price.



YTS foundation has an extensive and highly regarded community development program associated with the project, operating in 32 remote villages located within the region of the proposed mine.

Additional information on the Heads of Agreement is available in a Press Release:
<https://asiametresources.com/wp-content/uploads/2021/11/20211103-ARSNR2021-HoA-KSK-CoW-DOID-Final.pdf>
and in a Shareholders Webinar 17 November 2021:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FzgLl4GMGr&lc=UgxWVutRILWtwYpkqaB4AaABAq>

Whilst Subud investors, including MSF, hold only a small percentage of Asiamet's issued shares, there continues to be active Subud involvement in the project, with Mansur Geiger as the Country Manager, Faldi Ismail as a Director of the Company. Bardolf Paul heads up the YTS foundation, which has an extensive and highly regarded community development program associated with the project, operating in 32 remote villages located within the region of the proposed mine.



The Company announced a Heads of Agreement with an Indonesian public company, one of the country's largest mining services companies.



As Bapak said, if we didn't do this mining project, then others would, which is what is happening now - but we're still in there, especially in the Community Development aspect of the project, which is a critically important factor in any 21st century mining operation and also to fulfil a key objective that local people benefit equitably from this project.

Further information is available at <https://asiametresources.com>



GREEN SHOOTS AT SICA BRITAIN

Rohana Darlington writes about signs of new life...

After a period of turmoil in Subud Britain, focused on heated disagreements about a proposed property purchase, I was heartened to learn of some more encouraging developments.

With the pandemic still rife in our country, people are nevertheless trying to discover how to live their lives differently with the virus. During lockdown, many members have been working hard behind the scenes and one of the results is a re-vamped SICA Britain website.

This is a remarkable achievement, featuring a variety of Subud artists' creative projects including all kinds of personal expression from painting through sculpture to manufactured items and theatrical performances. Do visit it at www.sicabritain.co.uk to discover more. Or contact Marianna Lassalle, SICA Britain Coordinator at sica@subudbritain.org if you are interested in acquiring any item on the site.

SICA Britain are currently applying to become a charity with the aim of offering education, mentoring, grants and support for cultural endeavors that enhance the development of humanity and the environment through the arts, culture and the sciences.

They aim eventually to run an ecommerce website that will enable members to directly sell their products, services, workshops and events to the public. Members would give 15% of each sale to SICA Britain to enable these activities to progress. Recently there have been a number of zoom meetings concerned with how to develop enterprises and there is to be an actual in-person meeting at the Bristol in mid-November.

e-commerce...

I was particularly interested to read about the plan to develop an e-commerce website as this would be such a good way to raise funds for Subud. Recently I participated in a fundraising effort in aid of SDIA (Susila Dharma International Association) to support their many humanitarian projects. Organized by Ruminah Benoy, a competition featuring designs for greeting cards inspired by people's experiences during lockdown was advertised.

I entered a design I created after a trip to my son and daughter-in-law's garden pond, as we were only allowed to meet out of doors. My design of irises and dragonflies skimming over the still water was one of the designs selected and the cards sold gave people a lot of pleasure and benefited the charity.

As it happened, as a professional designer I'd been working on a collection of images for greeting cards and this is just one example of how selling goods on a SICA Britain ecommerce website could work well. In the UK, it's estimated that each person buys an average of 30 cards a year, so funds could soon accu-



multate from just this one category of goods.

So, it was really great to learn that despite all our differences we can all come together in this constructive way. Let's hope these green shoots can burst forth into other productive projects.

One of the people featured on the SICA Britain website is the writer James Robertshaw whose book *First Native Americans Culture & History* describes their way of life and philosophies and belief.

I also bought his new book *HOPI Guide to Save the Earth* which includes HOPI prophecies on saving the world. I've just ordered these as presents for my husband Mashud who's been dropping heavy hints about what he'd like for Christmas. Do visit James's website, at:

www.nativeamericanculture.co.uk to learn more.

A selection from Rohana's 24 different designs in the following categories: Christmas/Winter Season, Flora/Insects, Still Life, Landscapes/Seascapes.

“ I hope you like looking at these designs. They are inspired by the beautiful nature I see all around me...”



Angel of Peace.



The Visitor



Woodsmoke.



< Dove of Peace.



Tulips and Lemons.



Home with the Holly.

PUTTING THE LATIHAN INTO PRACTICE

Arif Matthee writes about “Why I am grateful to work with my brothers and sisters on the Dharma Care Board”...

I hear and read a lot about Subud groups having difficulties moving forward with their properties and the disharmony this brings. I hear about the lack of growth in the number of Subud members with many of our pioneers passing away.

Despite that, however, I see developments that might give us confidence in our future as an organisation.

The days of large projects, clearly beyond our capacity at the time, are gone for now. But I see members around me being successful in their own right. They are going about their business without much fuss. Some clearly have the potential to make a big difference in the world.

Or I am biased in my views???

One thing is clear to me...

Susila Dharma International is surely the most successful Wing in our Association.

I have often wondered why this is the case, but have gradually got some understanding.

I have been on the Board of Dharma Care for a number of years - a charity run by Subud members and based in Australia. I think this experience has helped me to understand the importance for Subud of charitable work that helps others, of social enterprises and of interaction with the community.

This charity has risen from the ashes. After a lot of hard work over the last 5-6 years, it is now getting widespread support in the Australian Subud community. However, I believe that on this foundation, we are now on the cusp of taking our Dharma Care activities beyond Subud and out into the wider community.

We already support a number of overseas charities and are looking into developing a housing project here in Australia.

Gradually, a concept has developed that by running social enterprises, we can not only build an asset base, but further develop our charitable activities. In this way we are not just reliant only donations, but can also generate income from those assets.

Although most of our revival can be attributed to my dear Subud brother, Irwan Wyllie, there are a number of other reasons why we have come such a long way.

We work together harmoniously and let the latihan guide us...

We now have a Board of dedicated Subud members, each with expertise in their own field, who are committed to supporting Irwan.

When we are able to meet in person, we do Latihan together



The Board of Dharma Care.



Irwan Willie, CEO of Dharma Care with Board Member, Arif Matthee.



Srey Lak when she was found on a rubbish tip in Cambodia, the girl after whom we named Dharma Care's project to educate girls in Cambodia.



and through testing, understand each other's strengths and weaknesses. To do this in the right way, we make ourselves vulnerable. This enables us to trust each other and understand what we are, and are not, capable of doing so we don't get in each other's way. It also brings a sense of unity and common purpose.

Communication and doing things the right way are the key...

Clear communication brings transparency, less chance of conflict, and an ability to agree on a course of action. Irwan's motto is: better too much communication than not enough.

Outside Subud, a CEO would be responsible to a Board. Not so with us. The CEO works with the Board on an equal footing and feels supported by the Board.

We don't feel the need to sell our activities like a commercial organisation but deliver our message through our integrity in what we do and the way we do it. As Rachman Connelly reminded us in his September Subud Voice article: "Proof not propaganda" is the way Bapak saw Subud expanding.



Sine Cera, Dharma Care's retreat center near Kyogle in NSW Australia.

“ We support a number of overseas charities and are looking into developing a housing project here in Australia... ”

The work we do is for the common good and not for ourselves...

This aspect is probably what motivates me the most. Because what we do revolves around giving to others and is not focused on self-interest, there is much less chance of conflict.

We don't feel we "OWN" the charity. It is there for the current and future wellbeing of others - hopefully well beyond our own use-by dates. It therefore gives us a great opportunity to support others while at the same time giving us a sense of fulfilment through working together.

Isn't it right, that by using the benefit of the Latihan and sharing our talents and material benefits with those who are less fortunate, that we might touch others with the Latihan?

Isn't the energy that we generate from working harmoniously together through the Latihan, much stronger than the opposite forces that want to create disharmony?

Isn't it logical, that when we do make full use of our Subud Halls and interact with the community either through enterprises or charitable activities, that others hear about Subud and realise how the Latihan might also benefit them?

EARLY DAYS: HOW I WAS OPENED IN SUBUD

Daniela Moneta, Subud Archivist, writes about how she was opened in Subud, after she went to Florence in 1966 when the Arno River overflowed its banks and flooded the Biblioteca Nazionale Centrale, Italy's National Library. (This article was first published in Subud USA News.)

I didn't return to the Biblioteca when I got back to Florence. I worked as an independent book restorer. That was when I met the Di Moscatos, a Subud ex-pat couple from New York living in Florence.

I lived with them, Martin and Ida, for a couple of years and took care of their little daughter, Mya, along with doing book restoration for private clients. I was attracted to this family because of Subud and all that they told me about it. Ida Di Moscato was not a helper so she could not open me.

I wrote to Bapak and asked for my Subud name. I told Bapak that there was no group in Florence, and I could not do latihan and that I wanted to come to Cilandak. I didn't know that you shouldn't request a name unless you were opened.

I do know that you had to ask Bapak for permission to visit Wisma Subud. He gave me permission to visit (It took me almost twenty years before I was able to go to Cilandak to help preserve Bapak's >

archives) and the letter D for my Subud name. I sent five names and Bapak gave me the name Daniela along with its meaning.

I was determined to be opened...

I knew there was a Subud group in Rome, so I got on the train and headed for Rome. I was very familiar with using the train system in Italy, but for some strange reason, the train stopped in Pisa. I had taken the wrong train and had to return to Florence. I was very disappointed.

Then the Di Moscatos decided to move to Rome. I remember when they tested if they should go to Rome. They let me stay in the room and Martin asked the questions and Ida tested (not something that is recommended in Subud). I could feel the latihan and had felt it for a long time before that, just being with them and learning about Subud.

We moved to Rome and I was opened by Resvon Momo. I learned that her brother was living in Florence and there was a Subud group there, but I didn't know about it at the time. I think that the Momos are still in Subud in Italy. I was opened in February 1972. A month or so before being opened, I was baptized into the Catholic church at Abbazia della Tre Fontane. I remember seeing Bapak and Ibu Rahayu for the first time when they visited Rome on 11 June 1972.

When I was in Florence, I lived in Settignano for a few years, in the hills next to Fiesole, then I moved to an apartment on Viale Giovanni Milton for a couple of years, then with the Di Moscatos next to the Palazzo Vecchio for a year and then moved with them to Rome for two years and lived at Ostia Lido by the sea.

One of the most important things the Di Moscatos told me was that after you are opened, you must attend latihan regularly twice a week for the first year. I took that to heart and never missed a latihan even though I had to take a train from Ostia Lido into Rome and walk quite a distance to the latihan house.

I married in Italy and returned home to Santa Monica where my son was born...

Thanks to good advice from Ruth Jahoda, I got my Master's in Library and Information Science at UCLA specializing in Archives and Preservation of Library Materials. I was a member of Subud Santa Monica and Subud Bel-Air.

When the Hope Street Hall was purchased by Subud Los Angeles, I attended latihan there and then at the Subud hall on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles. I have worked as a library and archives director since 1980 and was fortunate to have the opportunity to go to Cilindak to organize and preserve Bapak's Archives.

After working on Bapak's Archives for four years, I returned to Los Angeles to continue working in archives and to work on creating the Subud Archives International designated by Bapak in 1977

I moved to Phoenix in 1995 and became the Collection Development Office for the Arizona State Library and Archives for ten years. I taught for five years at Arizona State University teaching students in the English department on how to do research, write papers, and properly citing their sources. I setup the McClelland Irish Library in Phoenix and retired from library work in 2014 to devote full-time to the Subud Archives.

During my 40 years as a professional librarian and archivists, I worked on the Subud Archives International, and set up the Subud Archives International website. Last year, there was an opportunity to move the international archives out of storage and to prepare it for its permanent home at



Reading room of the new Amani Center International Archives near Washington, DC. Kristiana Kalab was the first visitor, being helped with her research by Daniela Moneta, June 2021.

“ *I was determined to be opened...* ”

the Amani Center owned by Subud Washington, DC.

Note: I know, there are no coincidences in Subud but Julie Ann Morrill, our young Subud member earning her Master's in Library and Information Science, has made acquaintances with Don Etherington, author of the article cited above about the flood in Florence. Don is the director of ECS Conservation in Greensboro, NC where Julie Ann has an internship and attends school at North Carolina University at Greensboro.

Don is nationally and internationally recognized for his work as a conservator at the University of Texas, the University of Maryland, and other places around the world. He too lives in Greensboro.

One of our international helpers for the USA, Illene Pevec, (who is helping with archive issues), and I found out that we were in Florence at the same time after the flood. Illene just recommended a book for all of us to read: *The Bad-Ass Librarians of Timbuktu and the Race to Save the World's Most Precious Manuscripts* by Joshua Hammer. Hmmm – things do come full-circle as Subudians race to save our beautiful Subud archives.

GROW OLD WITH ME

Edward Fido reflects on his journey...

It has been over 60 years since I left India with my parents. I had expected Dad to finish his employment there and then retire to the UK, where most of our family were.

In the meantime, I was booked in for Beaumont College, a Jesuit public school in Old Windsor in a beautiful spot on the Thames.

All this came to naught when we upped sticks and came to Australia.

Coming to Melbourne in 1956 was a big shock to both my parents and myself. It was so different from Bombay.

I think it has taken me a while to feel completely at home here. I think it always does. You cannot uproot someone “just like that” and take them halfway across the world, far from family, friends, school and all else familiar and expect them to adjust automatically.

It was, of course, hard for my parents as well. They had to start all over again in a new land in middle age. After about a year we “went back”, only to return little more than a year later. Then we stayed. Permanently.

I think we were destined to come to Australia, rather than England or Canada, which were the other choices. Winter in England is bad enough, but, in Toronto or on the prairies, it would be hell. I am a tropical creature. I like it warm.

Although I grew up and was educated in Melbourne and have lived for long periods in Perth and in the Blue Mountains near Sydney, I now live in Brisbane and have for the last 24 years. I feel at home.

There is indeed “something about Queensland”: something similar to the American South or Natal in South Africa, at least in Brisbane and South East Queensland.

It is the climate, the architecture, the landscape, the greenery, the Brisbane River and the people. There is a sort of grace and ease you don't find in Sydney, which, in its dirt and bustle, is a bit of a mini-London, or Melbourne, seemingly always grey and overcast, with people always wearing overcoats as in the Midlands, which Kipling described as “sodden and unkind”.

Subud Brisbane has been through its ups and downs over the last 24 years, but so has the world. With many Colombian members and quite a few of Hellenic background, we are more diverse than we were.

I am finding other things to do in my life now and taking up old interests again. Much of this might seem fairly mundane, like home and garden maintenance; cleaning; washing; shopping; reading widely and engaging with others of like mind on the internet; keeping up with family and friends and exercising.

Browning's words from “Rabbi Ben Ezra” come to me: “Grow old along with me/The best is yet to be”.

THERE ARE MORE ANGELS IN AUSTRALIA THAN IN ANY OTHER COUNTRIES

Subagio, originally from Indonesia but now resident in Adelaide, Australia for many years, writes...

There were many things that Bapak (and my beloved Pak Sudarto – the helper who opened me in Subud) said that I could not fathom.

Many years ago, when Bapak was still alive, wherever he went he advised Subud followers to go and live in Australia because there are more angels in Australia than in other countries, or something to that effect.

When Bapak said that, he did not expect us to understand or to believe him, until we can experience and or see it for ourselves. I myself was not able to understand or to believe in what Bapak said. I had not reached that level of understanding.

Bapak would say; “ Do not worry, son, if you can’t yet understand, you can be compared to a small child, whose life movements still only consist in a little walking, touching, seeing and so on, but you will get there, you will grow and become adult”.

Now, after nearly forty years of being a devout worshipper of God and doing more than just daily latihan but almost at every heartbeat, the World seems to have become transparent to me, and I can even see the truth of some of the things that Bapak said.

I testify that I can feel the presence of angels everywhere, in the streets, in hospitals, at schools, at the universities, the council library, the newsagent, anywhere I go.

You do not have to believe in what I said above, until you are able to experience it for yourselves. The Truth is between you yourself and God.



Subagio with tame possum.

CUBBY CATASTROPHE

This is the fourth in Irwan’s series about his cubby and it tells a truly dramatic story of a life-threatening situation...

Sunday 15 March 2015 was normal in all respects. Latihan in the morning, some work in the garden in the afternoon, and then late in the day, a few household repairs.

On reflection, however, I can see I was not fully aware that afternoon. I was bursting with my particular form of single-minded naf – the one that gets things done – a workaholic zombie trudging from one task to the next as the sun began to set.

My life is full of zombie busy-ness. It’s an ancestral thing. Useful if correctly applied, but irritating to family and a bit eye-rolling to my Subud friends. In the previous two weeks, three Subud brothers had said to me: “You’ve got to slow down”. Didn’t know how.



Unkempt and held together with steel, velcro and the latihan.

[Fixing a hole on the cubby...](#)

Late in the afternoon, my wife suggested I fix a hole in the cubby I had mentioned to her. For >

years I had been putting up with a particular member of my cubby menagerie who, like many others, liked the place so much, he (I think) had made it his winter palace. Each year he returned to spend the colder months with me in my cubby.

“He” was a lace monitor (*Varanus varius*) – a large lizard or tree goanna. Monitors grow up to two metres (6.6 ft) in length and 14 kilograms (31 lb) in weight.

They are the closest living relative to the Komodo dragon, having diverged from their common ancestor around 13 million years ago - an extremely impressive survival record. This monitor was my own little dinosaur. Not fully grown – probably about one and half metres – but still a magnificent creature.

My own little dinosaur.

He used to enter the cubby through one of the many clandestine superhighways inadvertently created during the cubby’s haphazard construction process. His particular entry point was the result of one of many measurement miscalculations.

This had produced a gap at the top of one sheet of the external cladding and enabled access to the roof cavity on the second storey – my bedroom in recent years. There was no ceiling up there, so he used to make his way into the area between the roofing iron and the sagging fibreglass insulation.

There he would warm himself in the retained heat under the metal roof. Sliding around up there at night, he would often wake me. I had mentioned to my wife that this might have to stop. I would have to fill that gap to prevent his entry. Unlike my Hollywood counterparts, this zombie needed sleep. There was also the very real possibility that he would come crashing down through the ageing insulation in the middle of the night and scare us both to death.

My monster...

The monitor and I had been friends for many years. I would hear him climbing up the wall beside my window – a distinctive mix of sliding and clawing noises. I would open the window and there he was - within arm’s reach. He would freeze mid crawl and look at me. I would look at him. There was a mutual fascination. I was invariably the first to blink and move on.

He would then continue his slow, claw-dragging progress to the gap at the top of the wall. Sometimes as I approached the cubby, I would see his tail hanging limply out of that gap. He had got that far into the roof cavity when the warmth had so beguiled him that he just slumped where he was - in some of sort of lizzardly heaven. Like falling into the arms of a lover.

This was the afternoon that, somewhat reluctantly, I was going to close that gap.

I went upstairs to the top veranda and leaned over to get an idea of what might be involved. Unable to see clearly, I bent down under the veranda railing and, holding on to it, lent out the full length of my arm over the six metre (18 ft) drop to the ground below.

Without warning, the railing gave way...

I realised my only chance of survival was to jump out so that I could control my fall and land on >



My own little dinosaur.



Falling from a great height...

my feet – and away from a large tree stump immediately below me.



I was so quiet that they were drawn to my quietness...



As I fell, the short section of railing with its

triangulated edges and protruding nails was spinning beside me. I pushed it away with my right hand – and braced for impact. Being a pretty fit and agile person from years of competitive squash, I expected a sprained ankle at most.

I had not taken into account the slope of the land below me, or just how much momentum gravity develops over a distance of six metres. I later calculated that by the time I hit the ground I was travelling at 10.84m/s, and hit the ground with a force of 48,804N - or, in lay terms, I hit the ground bloody fast and bloody hard.

In fact, I hit the ground with such force on my right side that my right leg immediately gave way and my rear end took the full impact. My torso collapsed so far forward over my legs that my head almost hit the ground. Gravity made a rag doll of me.

There was an indescribable pain in my lower back...

I could not believe this was happening to me. I let out an involuntary, primeval scream that carried into the valley below and alerted my neighbour. He later told me he immediately dropped everything and started running to the source of the scream – probably the best part of a kilometre - and all up hill.

I lay groaning on the cool damp soil. My wife who had been on the veranda with me, came down with phone in hand. Standing at a distance, she was unsure what to do. Unused to asking for help, I was surprised to hear myself yell: call an ambulance !!

Over the next few minutes, I took stock of my injuries. I could still move my toes – a good sign. But as I tried to get more comfortable in the midst of such unimaginable pain, I realised my right wrist was broken - my hand was facing 180 degrees in the wrong direction. My right ankle was also broken.

As I lay on the ground, I became aware of a compassionate force moving across the property towards me. I was in terrible pain by this stage, but that force both fascinated and comforted me.

I did not know then, but it was neighbour, who I hardly knew, running up our long driveway towards me. I do not remember seeing him that day, but I felt him. There is clearly a whole range of perceptions available to us when we need them.

The paramedics arrived, cut off my shirt, put me in a neck and back brace and, ever so gently, slid me on to a stretcher. Apparently two paramedic teams arrived but I only remember the one. They pumped me with morphine. I drifted into delirium and was helicoptered 90 kms to the spinal unit of the intensive care section of a University hospital.

I came to with doctors testing reflexes and shining lights into my eyes. That evening I was placed in a shared room. The nurse who was looking after the other patient in the room told me that he was a severe drug addict who had suffered a brain injury.

That was to be the worst night of my life...

I was hypersensitive to the state of everyone around me and this man was living in hell – and I could feel it. Internally, he had been completely consumed by drugs and by forces I will not describe here. He was literally a lost soul. I was forced to spend that first night in hospital sharing his hellish world.

I eventually fell asleep but woke at some point to the most excruciating spinal pain. Despite my high pain threshold, it was unbearable. I called out several times for a nurse. No one came. I screamed out again. No one came. Eventually, a nurse did come but said I had been given the maximum allowable dose of painkillers.

Mercifully, at change of shift, another nurse took pity on me and gave me an injection that put me to sleep. The next day the trauma team apologised. That should never have happened they said. They moved me into my



On my back most of the time, I was only able to wiggle my arms and legs...



own room and onto a special bed that could be adjusted to avoid my getting bed sores.



I felt so much love for my visitors and from them. Tears well up as I write...



Clearly, I was going to be there for a long time...

I was on my back unable to move for six weeks. The doctors eventually fitted me with a body brace, operated on my wrist, and let the break in my ankle heal of its own accord, held together in a large boot.

I had crushed three vertebrae, but thankfully only slightly damaged my spinal cord. They said I should have died. I still have numbness in my right foot and sometimes in my left. I am always in pain.

At some point early on, I decided I was going to completely surrender to my situation. I accepted the indignities of being bedridden. The trauma nurses who cared for me after that first horror night were exceptional – full of love and care.

Some would come to my room after their shift and sit with me. I was so quiet inside by this stage that I think they were drawn to that quietness. They told me their problems and their fears. I felt so much love for them, and from them. Tears well up as I write. They seemed to go away from their visits to my room as quiet as I was. It was a blessed time.

My university colleagues (I have taught part time most of my life) visited and brought books, gave me hugs, and offered to do my marking so I would be paid. My Subud brothers and sisters came. One brother kissed my hand and held it tight as the anguish at seeing my situation welled up in his face.

Although there were visitors, most of my time I was on my own...

24 hours a day for six weeks. Each evening I watched the reflections of car lights on my ceiling – my only connection with the outside world.

Like a student of Socrates in Plato's allegorical cave, this was my time to reflect on life – to make distinctions – to distinguish between what was real and what was illusion.

At this time each day I was particularly close to the latihan. A quiet time – as my friends had advised - a time to slow down. I felt responsible for nothing; I did not have to be anywhere; I had no meetings to attend; no decisions to make. Nothing but rest – and the cool calmness of acceptance.

The hospital ward would quieten; the hallway lights would dim; my room door would be gently closed. At midnight, the nurse would arrive at my bedside with a final dose of painkillers to get me through the night. Only then would I fall asleep – like a baby.

After such a long time on my back, I had to learn to sit up without passing out. I had to learn to walk again with the aid of the rigid body brace, two different types of crutches, my broken wrist, my rigid boot, and nurses on each side.



Irwan in his cubby today.

To walk again was the most wonderful experience...

I had never thought about it before. Now it felt like a gift. There was something so essentially human about walking - perhaps a distant memory of that primeval gift given to humankind over three million years ago. As I put one foot in front of the other, I understood that I should always honour this gift. In fact, I was learning I should honour and give thanks for everything.

After intensive care, I was transferred to rehab to ensure I could walk sufficiently well to be released into the wild. By this time my Will was back. They said I would be there for three weeks. I said one. They rolled their eyes and laughed. I walked out, or hobbled out on crutches, after 8 days. >

Still bound in plaster on my wrist, a moon boot around my ankle, and the exoskeleton of my body brace, I was unable to look after myself. Without the brace, I was confined to bed - like a beetle with no outer shell.



I came to understand that I could go no further with the name Freeman...



On my back most of the time, I was only able to wiggle my arms and legs. A nurse was assigned to care for me at home for several more weeks - to wash me and help me get into the brace each day. I could only sit for a few hours at a time, and could only walk the length of our veranda.

So, why this long medical narrative?

Well, from what appeared to be a catastrophe, a cubby catastrophe, changes began in me that continue. I have retained that quietness (mostly) discovered staring at those flashing car lights on the hospital ceiling. I have embraced Islam.

I have discarded my previous long-held Subud name of Freeman and taken on the name Irwan. I had been receiving that name for many years but it was never the right time to adopt it. Whenever I tried to tell someone this secret name, it would vanish from my head. I came to accept that it was just some sort of inner name to help me in some way.

Then through some testing after Ramadan, I came to understand that I could go no further with the name Freeman. I had the experience of bouncing against the ionosphere, unable to move beyond it. The name Irwan, however, would release me to travel beyond the outer edges of this world. Still a way to go on the latter. Funny though, I had to fall to the ground before having the possibility of rising to the stars.

One night lying on my bed quietly saying my new name to myself, I dropped into myself, into a place of such utter peace. I understood that to experience the “inner I” of which Bapak spoke, is to experience being part of God. In that place, there is no fear. For the first time in my life, I experienced a complete absence of fear. For the first time in my life, I felt safe.

It sounds disrespectful to all the wonderful gifts the latihan has given me over the years, but it is only now that I am able to say to my children, do not neglect the latihan. What Bapak said was true. The understanding and the blessings do come. We do have to be patient, accept and surrender, and have courage - just as I had to during six long weeks in that hospital room.

It's not easy. It took a cubby catastrophe to get me there.

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POEMS FOR PEACE READING

<https://youtu.be/woUUIT--qw0>

This is a YouTube recording of Andrew Schelling's SICA ZoomMuse Poems for Peace poetry reading held on October 21, 2021.

This is the beginning of a monthly series of ZoomMuse Poetry Reading of Poems for Peace, co-sponsored by SICA USA and SICA Canada, that will continue until September 2022.

Andrew Schelling is a poet, translator of Sanscrit, Pali and other old India languages, an essayist and for the past 30 years a teacher at Naropa University in Boulder, Colorado where he teaches poetry in the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics and Sanskrit for the Religious Studies program. Along with being a poet and translator, Schelling is an ecologist and naturalist, having travelled extensively in North America, Europe, India, and the Himalayas.

Schelling's poetry collections include A Possible Bag (Singing Horse Press, 2013), From the Arapaho Songbook (La Alameda Press, 2011), Old Tale Road (Empty Bowl Press, 2008), Tea Shack Interior: New & Selected Poetry (Talisman House, 2002), The Road to Ocosingo (Smokeproof Press, 1998), and Old Growth: Poems and Notebooks 1986-1994 (Rodent Press, 1995). He is also the author of Wild Form, Savage Grammar: Poetry, Ecology, Asia (La Alameda Press, 2003).

In 1992, Schelling received the Harold Morton Landon Translation Award from the Academy of >

American Poets for Dropping the Bow: Poems of Ancient India (Broken Moon Press, 1991). His volumes of translation also include For Love of the Dark One: Songs of Mirabai (Shambhala Publishers, 1993) and The Cane Groves of Narmada River: Erotic Poems of Old India (City Light Books, 1998). Schelling has received two grants for translation from the Witter Bynner Foundation for Poetry.

<https://youtu.be/woUUIT--qw0> ●



A new book from Lawrence Brazier

AN OBLIQUE LOOK AT THE WORLD

In the introduction, Lawrence writes...

This is a book about travel, people, and religion. Although I find it impertinent to write seriously about God – He’s heard it all before – spirituality is also addressed.

From Muhammad Subuh: “If you can laugh from the belly you are unable to simultaneously think. You are then in the spiritual (realm).”

Harris Smart writes...

Lawrence has an idiosyncratic view of the universe. He often adopts the persona of the jester and someone who looks at life with a sideways glance, sometimes quite in askance.

Nevertheless, I am convinced he is a very serious man at heart, and this shines through in these essays. There is humour and striking observations to entertain you, but deep down he wants to get to the heart of the big issues.

The book certainly includes the categories that Lawrence mentions, travel, people, and religion, but there’s lots more besides. We meet many characters in this book who include strangers he has met on his travels, as well as famous people past and present.

Other chapters are based on thorough research. His wonderful essay “The Orientalists”, which we recently republished in *Subud Voice*, is a fascinating survey of those Brits who embraced Oriental beliefs and lifestyles.

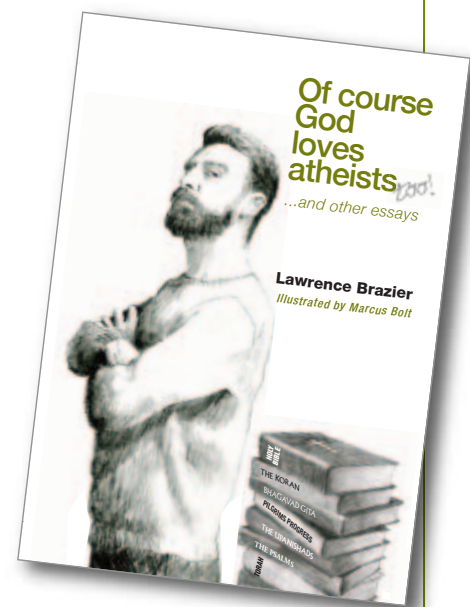
There are jokey pieces about sarongs and getting blessed by sneezing, but above all one senses the deep wonder of his good fortune, which he has received in a difficult world.

Beautifully designed by Marcus Bolt, who has also illustrated the cover and LB’s cartoons, **the book can be obtained from:**

www.lulu.com/search?adult_audience_rating=00&q=Of%20Course%20God%20Loves%20Atheists%20Lawrence%20Brazier

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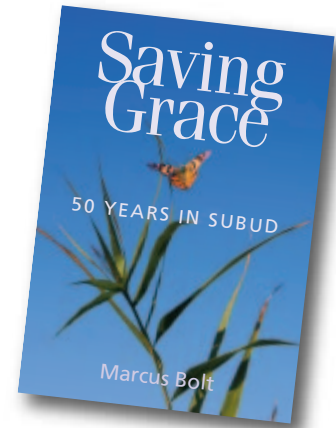
Paperback, 216 pages; ISBN: 978-71662-730-9: price £10.00 plus postage. Books normally take a week to arrive.



Saving Grace – 50 Years in Subud

Marcus Bolt

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.



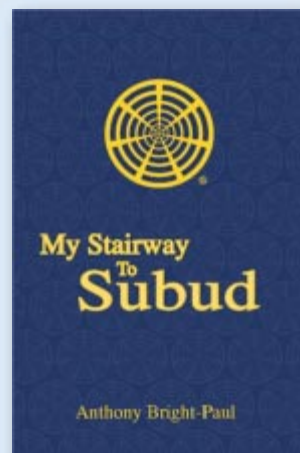
“Entertaining and instructive by turns, Marcus writes in an easy, flowing conversational style that gives the reader the feeling of being personally addressed. Unpretentious and refreshingly free of sanctimony, there is a generosity and a warmth of spirit about his narration that quickly befriends the 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...” *Latifah Taormina, SICA*

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The Journey of Little Twig

An inspirational children's story, written by Lynnelle Stewart (Subud USA) and illustrated by Rosanna Mount (Subud UK).

EXCITING NEWS! AMAZON can now PRINT the story of Little Twig's adventures WITHIN AUSTRALIA. Kindle ebook also available.

Ruth Taylor

This inspiring and moving story about heroism and self discovery is beautifully told, with delightful illustrations that capture the inner and outer journey of Little Twig. This is a wonderful gift to current and future generations. Thank you, Lynnelle and Rosanna.

Victoria Stiles

A story of courage and determination. This is a magnificently told story of a courageous young man. The illustrations are colorful, bright and help tell the story of Little Twig. As a former teacher, I would highly recommend this book!! It would be an excellent addition to any classroom! If you are looking for a gift for a young person, this is a perfect gift!!!

Lucy Houbart

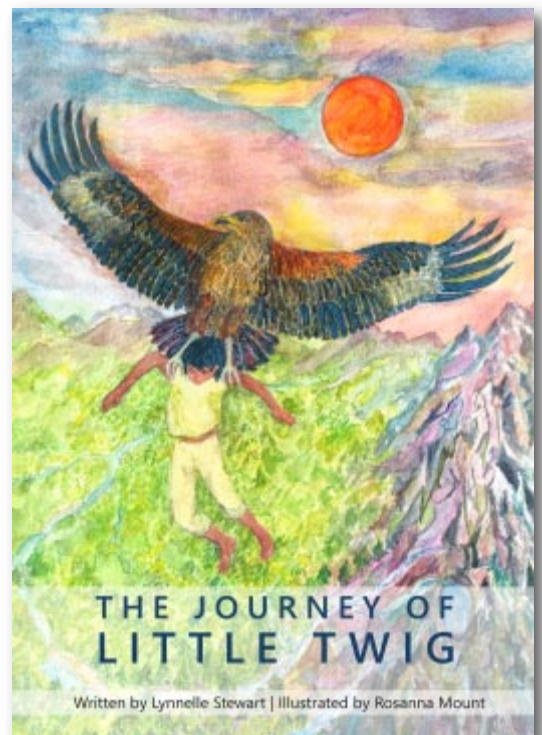
I think it is a book that gives inspiration and comfort to both adults and children... could be read many times over without losing the impact of its powerful message.

Hasana Birk

A story written from the soul that will leave its imprint on all who join Little Twig in his quest to save his people and discover his true self. The Journey of Little Twig will delight both "our wondrous children and their wise elders". I hope it is the first of a series.

NOW AVAILABLE ON AMAZON

The creation and publication of The Journey of Little Twig is an ongoing harmonious and cooperative project involving the talents of several SUBUD members. It is available on Amazon in countries around the world as both a paperback book and eBook for Amazon Kindle; currently in English. If you enjoy it, PLEASE help us build interest, and support sales, by POSTING A POSITIVE REVIEW on Amazon.



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Send articles, photos, cartoons etc. to Harris
 Smart, Editor Subud Voice,
 email: subudvoice@gmail.com
 Tel: + 61 (0)402 842 807

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