



## Ibu's message to Australian Congress

*Subud Australia held its Annual Congress in January 2016 at Currimundi on Queensland's Sunshine Coast. It was a very happy and united congress combining a family camp, kejiwaan gathering and "business meeting" (which went very smoothly under the chairpersonship of Hussein Briedis). Stories collected at the Congress will feature in this and future issues. Ibu's message to the Congress was...*

*Pamulang, 29th December 2015*

Brothers and sisters of Subud Australia whom I respect and love,

As we enter the New Year, let us, each one of us, bring about a new awakening of the inner feeling as we move toward all the things we can achieve as per the will of God.

Let us, during this congress, accustom ourselves to being introspective. To be introspective means that we correct ourselves and acknowledge honestly to ourselves our shortcomings and the mistakes we have made, so that we will not repeat those on our life's journey. This not only applies to members, but to helpers and members of the committee as well.

The spiritual path of the latihan kejiwaan is indeed something new. As a result of a grace from Almighty God, it was received directly by Bapak. And, although Bapak, from the time he was born, lived his life as a Muslim, nevertheless, Subud is not a religion. It has no 'holy book' that one can study, that Subud members can follow.

It is said that Subud is not a religion. It is a technique willed by Almighty God whereby one puts into practise in one's life the connection between the power of God and God's creature. God is all knowing and God places God's essence in each of God's creatures – in one's jiwa or soul – since God created human beings to be the highest of God's creatures, and yet, at the same time, they are weak physically.

Through Bapak's receiving by the grace of God, this contact arose when the power of God touched Bapak's jiwa. As a result, Bapak received spiritual experiences for a thousand days. He was required to have those experiences before he could pass on this spiritual receiving to people who wish to worship God through the latihan, and undergo the preparation that is necessary to become a human being with the qualities of susila, budhi and dharma.

That simply leaves me, as a senior in Subud, to wish you all a wonderful national congress, and let it be that God will grace and bless during the congress.

Sincerely, Ibu,

*Siti Rahayu Wiryohudoyo*



# SICA GETS A NEW VOICE!

*Latifah Taormina writes...*



When Harris Smart sent around his annual appeal for support in November, SICA got an idea. Why not give Subud Voice the money it would take to hire someone to take on the SICA Update? We could give them stories and material, they could have a SICA section in the Voice, and we'd both expand our readership. So we got in touch with Harris. Can do? YES! YAY!

We will of course continue to maintain the SICA website <http://www.subud-sica.org> and post news on Facebook. We invite you all to join us there and share your news, stories and ideas on SICA's group page on Facebook. <https://www.facebook.com/groups/1644161475802612/> But we are truly honored and grateful to have this opportunity to work together to have this new voice for SICA.

“... Brothers and sisters... the power of God exists in every part of you. It completely fills your own being. When you see, it is in your eyes; when you think, it is in your brain. Every single part of you – every part that moves, that is alive – within it is the power of God.

“Brothers and sisters, this power is the origin of all that we call culture... and the totality and breadth of human culture is within each one of us and can be received up to the point of our own capacity, both in cultural expression and in the understanding of it.” *Bapak, Cilandak, June 14, 1986*

Or as Bapak said in one of his last talks in Pamulang, “Culture is the latihan of life.”

SICA invites you explore and find and express that art or culture of our true selves... and to give it Voice!

*With love from your SICA team, Sebastian Flynn, Chair, Juan Felix Prieto, Vice-Chair, Sandy Harrington, Treasurer and Directors Michael Menduno, Rusydah Ziesel, and Latifah Taormina.*

## SICA...WHO WE ARE AND WHAT WE DO

The Subud International Cultural Association (SICA) is a nonprofit organization providing programs and services to individuals and other organizations working to nurture human values through art, culture, and creativity. SICA provides its constituents with information, training, networking, and support services as well as opportunities to engage and collaborate with creative cultural initiatives, projects and events around the world.

- Founded in 1983, SICA has a constituency in almost 90 countries, is a partner member of The Charter For Compassion, an active member of the International Coalition of NGOs for Peace jointly led by Peace One Day and Interpeace, and more recently a contributing partner to Australia's Multicultural Development Agency's program for refugees with Sebastian Flynn's Culture Compass initiative.

- SICA works at the intersection of creativity and spirituality to advance and celebrate activities that grow out of the development of the human soul.

- SICA sponsors conferences, festivals, symposia, publications, exhibitions, performances, workshops, research, and other events and activities — for both Subud members and the general public.

- SICA affirms that culture, as the outer expression of our inner selves, embraces all understandings and human endeavor. Its expression is powerful and vigorous, enabling us to feel and value our real selves and to know our real direction in life.

- SICA also recognizes that cultural diversity exists in multiple dimensions, including differences among people that are not immediately visible. While we cannot heal all divisions and inequities in society, we strive to create opportunities for cross-cultural understanding and exchange that can nurture love and respect to help build a more human future.

Download a copy of SICA's current Annual Report:

[http://www.subud-sica.org/userfiles/pdfs/SICA\\_Annual\\_Report\\_2014.pdf](http://www.subud-sica.org/userfiles/pdfs/SICA_Annual_Report_2014.pdf)



*Sebastian Flynn, current chair of SICA, at a festival in Australia. He organises festivals and other events with multi-cultural themes.*



# In Memoriam at the Australian Congress



*Isti Jenkins with “Tree of Remembrance” created at the recent Australian Congress, celebrating the lives of Subud members who have passed on. This “In Memoriam” project, jointly developed with SICA, is intended to be completed at World Congress 2018.*

*At the recent Subud Australia Congress, AREA 1 International Helper, Isti Jenkins, presented her project “In Memoriam” which celebrates the lives of Subud members who have passed on. The project is being jointly developed with SICA Chair, Sebastian Flynn, and is intended to be a project for the World Congress in 2018. Isti writes...*

So many of my beloved brothers and sisters who have contributed so much to Subud and devoted their lives committed to following Bapak's guidance and advice have departed from this world. They are the pioneers who have been an example and given us proof of the reality of Subud and its content. Many have left a valuable legacy that is known to only a few.

Therefore, I certainly believe that taking this step is likely to contribute towards viewing SUBUD in the light it deserves, and in helping our second and third generation Subud members discover more about their own identity.

These are the reasons that have prompted me to suggest that such an enterprising task is undertaken...

On Tuesday 5th January Sebastian Flynn and myself (Isti) gave a PowerPoint presentation to our brothers and sisters after lunch as an introduction to the purpose and concept of our vision of 'In Memoriam'.

We invited members to add to the existing list of those 100 Subud members already deceased and

“ Pioneers who have given proof of the reality of Subud. ”

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recorded on the scroll of paper provided. This has resulted already in the addition of at least 50 more members who have been remembered. (This will become compiled properly later in time.)

A folder of Obituaries was displayed on the table for members to flick through. Fortunately, members on a daily basis became more and more engaged and interested in reading and reminiscing these fascinating stories that were published in Subud Voice or sent to me in a Word Document by email.

On Thursday 7th January, Genevieve Hayward, a young Subud journalist arrived to begin the process of collecting Subud stories from any of the older members who were willing to tell them. Sophia and Frances Madden also followed by contributing to the effort. We would like this to continue from now on and during the next National Congress. It is encouraging to know that we have collected about 10 different stories already that will be successfully transcribed in due course!

Another part of this Pilot Project was inviting members to join in the creation of making an Installation in memory of our much loved members. Together with several generations of interested members we successfully assembled flowers and leaves on an available wall as a 'Tree of Remembrance'.

Many many thanks to the Sebastian Flynn's family and all members who responded and supported these ideas with growing enthusiasm. The work will continue and we hope will spread to other countries around the Subud World in time for a spectacular and interactive presentation, exhibition and display during the next World Congress in Germany 2018. ●

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## PROGRAMMES AT SUBUD EUROPEAN GATHERING, POLAND 2016

*Maya Korzybska writes from Poland...*

This summer will bring together Subud members from all over the world. We already have registrations from as far as Australia and Brazil, as well of course as many members from around Europe. Though the Zones 3 & 4 will have a 5 day delegates meeting in parallel, as well as SICA International and Susila Dharma International who will have their AGM's, the focus of this gathering is to interact with the members attending, with kejiwaan activities, workshops, presentations and general sharing experiences.

Latihan and workshops : There will be workshops and opportunities for all of us to deepen our understanding and receiving and to help us evaluate where we each find ourselves today, some after many years of doing the latihan.....exploring life through the Latihan in sessions specially for the youth... working together with the Wings and Helpers, we will also have family-focussed kejiwaan sessions, and Latihan times that are aware of parental needs.

Families, children and young people... Let's have an adventure together, with people you know and those new to you. The site in Poland borders a lake and has lots of water and land activities on offer, as well as the art and fun activities we will put on with our talented community.

We are planning a full and varied programme of activities for all ages...

Sporty and adventurous: swimming in the lake including a protected swimming pool within the lake, an indoor swimming pool, football, basketball, canoeing, cycling, table tennis, Subud Olympic Games!, morning yoga. These resorts are within national parks, reknowned as bird sanctuaries.

Arts, drama and music: A wide range of arts and craft workshops for all ages, for example stop-motion animation and Manga; Henna and face-painting; many kinds of painting including batik, sumi, landscape, with models; felting and other crafts; drawing from within; multilingual creative writing and so much more. Guided games will include Magik, drama games, young people having >



*The site borders a lake with lots of land and water activities on offer.*



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support to form bands and make music together for a performance night! In the evening there will be story telling around the fire, circle games, performances, talent night.

The YES QUEST will also be offering some of their program in a format allowing people to sign up for a few sessions on site.

Just as we'll be joining Zone 3 & 4 together, we'll also join Wings together: As members, families, children and youth, working together with Susila Dharma and SICA, we can make fundraisers, events, workshops, performances; the world is our oyster.

To ensure everyone's participation during our time together, there will be a Creche, with childcare on offer in the mornings (this will be manned by one main person and parental volunteers) and the space will be open for family use the rest of the time.

Space is limited to around 400 people, there is a big buzz already and we are very confident that the event will be full. We also want members to be able to have the type of accommodation they would like, so please register soon...the early bird fee has been extended to the 15th of January.

There are two parallel events:

24th July to 3rd of August Hotel/Resort Kormoran Mierki. Gathering including Zone 3 & 4 meetings, SDIA and SICA AGMs.

23rd to 30th July Cabin Resort Kolatek Mierki. Family and youth focus gathering.

These two resorts are next to each other so the flow will go back and forth between the two.

They are situated in the Masuri Lake District north of Warsaw. All info and registration form [www.subud-zone4.org/zone-meeting-and-gathering/registration](http://www.subud-zone4.org/zone-meeting-and-gathering/registration)

Looking forward to seeing you all this summer. ●

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## Subud Britain Congress 2016, Sunday 7th – Sunday 14th August, Culford School, Suffolk



*Congress Organisers Donald Rust, Amanda Bolt and Lucas Adamson write...*

[Early Bird \(reduced cost\) Bookings are now open for Congress 2016](#)

We are really excited about the new venue! Culford School, in the heart of beautiful Suffolk, is an 8 minute drive from Bury St Edmunds train station and set in gorgeous countryside. Many of us have seen the photographs of the school at last year's congress and thought it looked impressive but nothing can prepare you for actually being there.

The congress core team; Lucas Adamson, Amanda Bolt and Donald Rust visited just before Christmas and it is safe to say that we were completely blown away by the setting and location. A stately, listed mansion house (where most of the delegate work, entertainment and big Latihans will happen) set in ornamental gardens surrounded by park and woodland, to which we have unfettered access. Walk beyond the bridge over the picturesque lake and you can continue out for miles in the surrounding countryside. There is a large classroom block for Kejiwaan sessions, breakout meetings and workshops and then an accommodation area with four houses.



*Culford School, venue for Subud Britain Congress 2016*

### [Excellent Accommodation](#)

No need this year to worry about sleeping in a block far away from all the action as all the accommodation is situated around a central courtyard. Bedrooms are a combination of singles (very few so >

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book early), twins, fours and dorms, so we can provide a varied pricing structure as usual and can accommodate families all together. Each room has its own sink and beds are basic but comfortable - what you would expect from a modern private school.

### Catering

The accommodation blocks are right next to the friendly dining hall where we will be lovingly catered for. Discussions are underway with the catering team in order that our usual complicated mix of culinary requirements and a range of needs will be met such as vegetarian, pork-free, gluten and dairy-free.

### Family Programme

We have a full and vibrant family programme run by the SuFA team who are taking their expertise and ideas to Poland as well as offering the same exciting activities in Culford. We are all so happy the the programmes developed by congress and SuFA over the years are beginning to be mirrored all over the world as it is testament to how popular with and relevant to our younger 'members' and their parents coming to Congress is!

### On site Amenities

Other amenities include playing fields (one of which will be a space for campers - again very near all of the action!), a playground for younger children, two fire sites, ample parking on site, a leisure centre with activities you can book, such as swimming, tennis and squash. We will also book the amazing swimming pool out for some exclusive family sessions! Nothing is too far away on this site so you will need to take plenty of walks out to burn off the three ample meals a day! Not to mention Louisa and her team's amazing cakes and coffee which will be on offer in the Congress Café.

### See photos, get information and make your “Early-Bird” booking

Go to [www.subudbritaincongress.co.uk](http://www.subudbritaincongress.co.uk) Bookings can be done either online or by phone, our helplines manned by the ever friendly Donald Rust who will go through the booking process with you so that you can be sure to get it right! The early bird prices will be available until 26th June, (6 weeks before the start of Congress.)

### Spread the Word!

Check out the Facebook page 'Subud Britain Congress 2016'. Please join this page and add your Subud friends from around the world. We are hoping that some of our friends from across the pond and beyond will decide to do a European trip and come to both Poland and Congress, so do invite everyone that you know and love from our wider Subud community. National Council are offering a generous 20% discount to Subud members who have never been to a congress before and would like to give it a whirl.

### Useful Links

Email for bookings: [congressbookings@subud.org.uk](mailto:congressbookings@subud.org.uk)

General Enquiries: [congress.organisers@subud.org.uk](mailto:congress.organisers@subud.org.uk)

Links to online bookings at: [www.subudbritaincongress.co.uk](http://www.subudbritaincongress.co.uk) or [www.subud.org.uk](http://www.subud.org.uk)

Telephone booking and help: Call Donald on 01874 610 606 or 07855 640 686.

### Getting Involved

As usual we are inviting participation in the form of the volunteer programme (discounts apply), offering workshops, being active in your helper duties and becoming involved in the delegate programme and the business of Subud Britain so please contact any member of the team to show your willingness to be involved, your ideas for activities etc. We all make this congress what it is and every single person who attends contributes a special something to making it all happen and to be a fantastic experience for all. We welcome your ideas and suggestions. We are gathering up our team as we speak with many of the same people taking on their roles again.

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## Volunteer Program

See the websites for volunteer programme details. You will be part of a programme which fulfils the working needs of running congress and will be assigned working roles that suit your skills and needs such as working in the cafe, crèche, with the AV team, with the site team or in the office. These roles are highly rewarding and most people who have taken on this work have a fantastic time being busy at congress! The volunteering does not include running a workshop but please offer to fill the programme with exciting activities that you want to run. Email Lucas on [congressprogramme@subud.org.uk](mailto:congressprogramme@subud.org.uk) with workshop ideas and suggestions. As you can tell, we are very excited to be organising congress for you and intend to make it a memorable event for all.

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# INSPIRING PICASSO

*Harris Smart writes...*

In 1984, I stayed with the German artist and Subud member, Richard Engels, near Wolfsburg. On his wall was pinned a postcard of a painting by Picasso showing a young woman with a ponytail. I asked Richard why he had it there, and he told me that the model for this painting was Sylvette (now Lydia), the sister of Leonard Lassalle.

Richard told me that not only had Picasso painted her many times, but the paintings had been responsible for starting the worldwide craze for the ponytail because Lydia wore her hair swept up in a distinctive ponytail high on her head.

I was always interested in the story but sometimes in life some things take a long time to come to fruition. Finally, just a few days ago at the end of 2015, 30 years after Richard first told me about her, I got to talk to Lydia by phone where she now lives in Devon. Thank you very much to her daughter, Isabel, who facilitated the conversation between her mother and myself. Lydia told me...

It was 1954 I was 19 years old and I had just come from Summerhill, the extremely progressive school in England created by A. S. Neil. I had come to France with my first boyfriend, Toby Jellinek, a sculptor and maker of avant garde furniture.

I had been brought up in France, though my mother was originally English. I was born on November 14, 1934 in Boulogne-sur-Seine. My father studied art and had a gallery in Paris, so I grew up in a bohemian environment of artists and people in the art world.

During the war, Leonard and I lived with our mother in a naturist community on the Isle du Levant. Despite all this, I was quite a shy and timid person. Some people even thought I was simple-minded.



*Sylvette (now Lydia) with Picasso.*

“ I felt very comfortable in Picasso's presence... ”

Vallauris

Toby and I settled in Vallauris in the south of France where my mother was living. It was also where Picasso was living at that time with his companion, Francois Gilot and their >



children Claude and Paloma. While they were in Vallauris, Françoise left Picasso, probably because of his many infidelities, and took the children with her. Picasso formed a new relationship with Jacqueline Roque. They later moved to Cannes and she remained his companion for the rest of his life.

Picasso lived in Vallauris from 1948 to 1956 and he is largely credited with having restored the town's pottery industry which had fallen into disrepair. During his time in the town, he created many sculptures and paintings as well as ceramics.

### Posing for Picasso

I loved Vallauris. I can still remember my first impressions of the town, how beautiful it was, surrounded by trees, especially mimosa trees.

Toby had a workshop not far from Picasso's studio, and I would often walk by Picasso's window on my way to meet Toby. I suppose he must have noticed me and my ponytail.

My first actual meeting with Picasso came after he bought a couple of chairs from Toby, and I went with Toby when he delivered them. Picasso was friendly and I felt very comfortable in his presence.

A few weeks later, I was chatting with some friends, smoking and drinking coffee – smoking is one of the things I learned at Summerhill – on a big terrace of one of the potteries.

I saw Picasso behind the wall of his garden holding up a picture. It was a drawing of me in charcoal with my fringe and a ponytail. Picasso had done it from memory. It seemed like he was inviting us over and so we went and knocked on his door. Picasso was very happy and said he wanted to paint me.

For three months that followed, between April and June, I sat for him regularly and he did 28 paintings of me as well as drawings and sculptures. They say that it was one of the most concentrated series of work he ever did inspired by a single woman.

One time he turned up with a painting of me naked. Of course I had never sat like that for him. I was much too shy and withdrawn. I guess he made it up. I suppose you can get a rough idea of the shape through the clothes.

One of the reasons he liked my ponytail was because it suggested to him classical images. Sometimes he painted the ponytail to look like an ancient warrior helmet.

### Picasso the Clown

Yes, he was always trying to get me to pose without any clothes on. For instance, he would say, "I would like to pay you as a model for posing for me." I knew that was in his mind.

Once he was paying me a fee to be a model, I would have to pose nude so I would always say, "Oh no, I don't want to be paid. I just love being here with you."

And I did like being with him. I always felt very comfortable with him, whereas with many older men I was not comfortable at all because of something that happened to me as a child.

Picasso was always entertaining to be with. He was like a clown, really. He would put on a red nose or scamper about like a monkey. He always had me in giggles. But he never tried to kiss or touch me because he knew that if he did the wrong thing, that would be the end of it.



*The paintings of Sylvette were done in many different styles.*

Once he took me to a barn where there was a beautiful old luxurious car. It was an Hispano Suiza. He opened the back door of the car and got inside.

“ He always had me in giggles! ”





"Come on, come on," he tried to persuade me. At first I was reluctant to do so, but finally I did and he told me lots of stories, especially about his life in Spain when he was a child. Stories about animals and places he had visited. He always spoke French with a strong Spanish accent. He would also quote his poems. He was very proud of his poems.

The period of posing for Picasso went on for about three months. Then there was a big crisis in his life with the departure of Françoise and the children. Although he formed a new relationship with Jacqueline, a beautiful dancer, there was a time when he was really devastated by what had happened and I tried to console him and cheer him up. He seemed to get some solace from my youthful presence.

### The Ponytail Period

Later in 1954 there was a big showing in Paris of the works Picasso had done of me. They included not only paintings and drawings but also sculptures.

The series included many different styles from detailed, highly naturalistic portraits to more experimental, Cubist works, mostly in black, white, and grey.

Life magazine announced a new epoch in Picasso's art: his 'Ponytail Period' Brigitte Bardot adopted the same hairstyle. I was suddenly famous and people were even asking for my autograph in the street.

### The Beatitudes

As a child, I had had a very bad experience of being abused by an older man. Nobody knew about it, but this was really the source of my shyness. And then I was healed by God in the most remarkable way.

I married Toby but in the 1960s our marriage broke up when he went off with another woman. My heart was broken. My brother, Leonard came to see me, and talked to me about Subud.

While he was talking, I felt mysterious warmth all around me. I recognized it as God's love for me. I went into a state of ecstasy and started singing hymns in Latin.

On the wall of my room there was an old crucifix. It dramatically portrayed the suffering of Christ, with all the blood running down and so on. I cried and cried and thought, "Something has happened to me."

Then I read the Sermon on the Mount in the Bible. I read through the Beatitudes Christ spoke about and every word meant something deeply personal to me. It said, "Blessed are the simple-minded" and that was so relevant to me because people often thought I was simple-minded because of my shy and withdrawn nature.

"Blessed are those who mourn for they will be comforted." Every one of the Beatitudes meant something deeply personal to me.



*Painting by Lydia Coulton (Sylvette). She has become an artist in her own right.*

“ It was as if God healed me in seconds. ”

It was as if God healed me completely in the second. I remembered the abuse which I had suffered when I was eight and which I had repressed. And I was healed of it. >

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I was transformed by God. After this experience I was opened in Subud in 1962. I was later baptised in 1972 in an Anglican church in London with Alice and Isabel. They were 6 months and 9 years old.

Since then, of course, life has gone on. I changed my name to Lydia and I married again and took my husband's surname of Corbett. My children were born, Isabel, Alice and Lawrence and I also have seven grandchildren. I became a painter in my own right and I have had exhibitions in Britain, France and Germany and other countries.

I am grateful to Picasso. The whole experience was good for me. It opened many doors for me. He encouraged me to become a painter.

Most of all I am grateful to God, who is so kind to me.

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## Riduan Tomkins (1941 – 2009)

Two Subud members are collaborating on an illustrated book about the life and work of Riduan Tomkins, an internationally renowned artist and Subud member.

Riduan was born and trained in the UK and lived in Indonesia, New Zealand, Kalimantan and Canada. He died in Cilandak in 2009.

He served on Subud committees and dewans, lectured on art at many colleges, exhibited internationally and his works hang in collections worldwide.

The authors are asking if anyone who owns work by Riduan could email hi-resolution photographs (as jpgs with title and year of creation), or if they have any stories about him (whether as artist, lecturer or Subud member) could they jot them down and send via email, (or contact them on Skype). The authors are very happy to help you where they can. They can be contacted on:

[hannahderoo@kpnplanet.nl](mailto:hannahderoo@kpnplanet.nl) or [marcusbolt@easynet.co.uk](mailto:marcusbolt@easynet.co.uk)

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*Untitled, 2009. One of Riduan latest works, part of the exhibition at World Congress in Christchurch, 2010.*

## Little Souls

*Margarite Charney writes about her experience as a social worker. She is a member and helper in the Subud Pacific Northwest Region, living in Ashland, Oregon USA...*

I worked for a State Agency for 12 years before retiring. My job was to find permanent homes for children in the foster care system who could not be returned to their birth parents for various reasons, mainly due to mental health issues and chronic drug use.

I had worked with this one mother for six years. That's how long she was involved with the Agency. She had her first child at age 15, who was removed by the State due to her drug use during her pregnancy.

Six years later, she again gave birth and tested positive for drugs. This time it was a baby boy who also tested positive for drugs. Which meant he was drug affected and more than likely would have >



*Margarite Charney.*



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lifelong problems in one form or another due to the inutero drug use by his mother.

The hospital medical social worker, contacted our Agency and the case was assigned to me. I went right over to the hospital and met with mom and her beautiful baby boy. Mom was not surprised to see me.

She pleaded with me to keep her baby. She was a beautiful girl, tall with jet black hair. I used to tell her that she didn't need to live the way she was and that she could be a model. She would laugh and say, "You know, I don't even know how to read."

The medical social worker returned and we talked in the hallway. She asked me, "What is your Agency going to do?"

I took out my cell phone and called my supervisor. "What do you think? my supervisor asked me. What she meant was, "Should we remove the baby, or let the mom be released with the baby and go home?"

What I didn't share with my supervisor, was that the baby opened his eyes when I came into the room and looked right at me. I felt him say to me, "You're the one. Get me out of this hell."

I told my supervisor that the mom needed treatment and baby needed to detox. There were no treatment beds available at least for 2 weeks for mom. If we let her go, the Agency might not find her again.



*You're the one.  
Get me out of this hell.*



Fortunately we were able to place the baby in foster care with the same foster parent who adopted the mom's first child when it was removed from her care.

The Mom went into residential treatment in a program called the "Mom's program" where moms could have their infants with them while they were in treatment. Baby was reunited with the Mom there in treatment. Hopefully, mom would get clean and be able to take care of her son.

Later on, I attended a Subud National Congress and I shared some about my work with other Subud folks. One person said, you should write about it.

It has given me some closure being able to write this story. I'm friends with the foster mother on Facebook and she posts photos of the mom's first child who is now a teenager and of the boy who is really a handsome kid. She adopted him also after the mom came to the conclusion, as did the Agency, that she couldn't safely parent him.

The Mom has visits with both kids as supervised by the adoptive foster mom. As far as I know, the mom has stayed clean and had no further pregnancies.

Foster parents who adopt are like real life angels to me. To take something like that on is huge. Drug-affected kids have special needs throughout their lives.

After I retired, I sat down and thought a lot about my job and wrote this:

### Little Souls

Little souls brand new to the world  
born in not the best of circumstances  
look to me as the one.  
Yes, I will help you  
Some old souls and some brand new to this world.  
They are very grateful  
Some even have said thank you.  
Praise Almighty God for this opportunity,  
though not easy and much work  
their eyes lighten my load.

# THE MIRACLE

*Gregor Hesse is the grandson of the German artist and prominent Subud member, Richard Engels. As a child actor, Gregor went to Hollywood and worked on feature films with many well-known actors such as Kenneth Brannagh and Emma Thompson.*

*Richard Engels was Gregor's minder during those days and met notable people to whom he often talked about Subud (often with amusing results as with the story about Nureyev told here.).*

*Now Gregor has written a memoir DAMEROW – A LIFE OF LOVE which includes many references to Richard as well as to his own extremely vivid, sometimes turbulent, life. This is Chapter 6, “The Miracle”. Damerow is an estate formerly owned by Gregor’s family...*



*Gregor Hesse.*

At the moment it is snowing and I am sitting in front of the computer, writing and glancing out the window occasionally as the snowflakes fall on this idyllic village.

Earlier I went downstairs to play piano in the Atelier surrounded by my Grandfather’s works of art. As a child I watched this great artist brush his paintings.

Now I am hitting the keys of the piano that bring rhythm and tune to art. I am dreaming of writing a score, or painting, with film or color. That is what makes a masterpiece. But how to make a dream a reality?



*Gregor with actor/director Kenneth Brannagh. As a child actor, Gregor appeared in a film with Brannagh and Emma Thompson.*

was sick with AIDS at the time.

## Fire

We had a fire on our farm estate, arson set by a group of young thugs. The fire almost took out the whole barn.

We also had a fire moving in the States from one home to another, from Palos Verde to Beverly Hills. Our moving truck tipped over and exploded on Dead man’s Curve,

My Grandfather’s paintings were in the moving truck.

## Dance

Dance is a favorite of mine; I danced for six years with Madonna choreographer, Alex Magno. I performed at the Sydney World Congress, danced my heart out in front of hundreds of people.

Dancers are disciplined and choose a life of training and proper attitude. I worked with the ballet dancer, Rudolf Nureyev, as the prince next to Nureyev’s King in the “King and I”. Rudolf danced superbly, although his acting was rough, he pulled it off. He was the King.

My grandfather was quite the missionary about Subud and I was always embarrassed when he approached people about Subud, especially Nureyev. Only this time it was funny.

We sort of knew that Nureyev was gay and when my Grandfather explained to him about Subud, that men and women pray separately, he responded, “Good, no women!”

We laughed with him and that was all. We did not know he

“ My grandfather was a missionary for Subud. ”



Luckily they were trapped between mattresses and so they were saved. The rest of our belongings all burned.

The first painting to be saved was called “The Miracle”; it was a miracle that “The Miracle” was saved. The painting shows angels flying around and the Prophet Muhammad with a turban, which has become a key to the city of angels.

## Miracles

For some time now I have wanted to understand more about art, life, dance and my grandfather, and Damerow. My grandfather’s family had servants and maids, even a butler.

My grandfather’s mother was of aristocratic descent, her maiden name was von Ploetz, and her seal a swan with feathers. They often term the aristocratic nose a “swan nose”.

Old Europe lost much due to two terrible world wars. We live in a postmodern society today where everything is readily available. There is less scarcity because most products are readily available.

Times are different. Western democracies have taken a nose dive into postmodernist values that predict natural outcomes for competing lifestyles.

The outcome of World War Two was not so natural, and products and food were very scarce.

My grandfather’s father starved to death on a Berliner bench and his mother survived on potato peels. My grandfather learned to cherish an egg, food was scarce, as was warm clothing.

My grandfather went through horrors I’ve never had to go through. It was a miracle that he survived. His art is a miracle, and what is left of Damerow is mine and my mother’s.

The story of a shift in generations from suffering to the opulence of modern Wolfsburg and Beverly Hills! It was a miracle to have my grandfather see me dance in Sydney, Australia.



*Gregor’s sister, Liane, with Richard Engels. Gregor recalls often watching his grandfather paint.*

## On being half dead *Luqman Williams writes from the UK...*

The fact is that, apart from the tools he needs to fulfil his tasks, all a man has is his responsibility.

Back in 1997, one evening during the group latihan, I heard a (silent) voice say, ‘You’ve got two weeks.’ While not having any strong conviction in the matter and without mentioning it to my wife Mariam, I began to put my affairs in order so that she would not be unnecessarily burdened by my passing.

A week or so later, again in the group latihan, the same voice said, ‘It’s next Wednesday.’ So next Wednesday found me finalizing my accounts, signing documents and so on and, while still not wishing to worry Mariam about it, doing a little worrying myself. Although I was pleased to submit to God’s will, I was sorry to leave my wife and children and could only hope and trust that God would look after them. But by the late evening I felt easy enough to cut my nails and take a bath.

In short, I did undergo a kind of death but at midnight, as Wednesday turned into Thursday, I observed that I was not in fact dead. In the morning daily life resumed but over the next few days I noticed that if I thought of someone who was dead I knew their state and what had brought them to that condition.

I also became aware that the ‘next’ world is not at all removed from this one but envelopes it in every aspect; that it’s what you might call reality, and is itself permeated by a force, more like light than anything else we usually encounter, that holds all life together and apart and is the agent of and belongs to the action and expression of the will of Almighty God, the One.

However, as days went by, I learned that this state of awareness was not sustainable at such a level of intensity and it seems God has that figured too.

Happily one is also permitted to be normal.

A few weeks later our car was being repaired and Jim Williams was giving us a lift to latihan. By way



*The next world is not at all removed from this one...*



of conversation I mentioned the little intimations I had received in our group latihans and other events leading up to that Wednesday when I really had expected to die.

To my dismay Mariam started to cry, while Jim sagely remarked, ‘Looks like you’re being prepared for some task.’

Not long after and by the usual process I became Subud Britain kejiwaan councillor. It soon became apparent that this experience was needed so that, despite my defects, I would at least know what Bapak, who is dead, required of me. That is not to say it was always easy to perform. ●

## A change in the weather

*Ilaina Lennard reflects on the flooding that hit British cities at the end of 2015...*

At the end of December the worst ever floods hit parts of Britain and I did a little phoning to see if there were Subud members living close to Manchester, York, Bradford and Leeds (the most affected areas) who might have been flooded out of their homes. But according to Conrad Aldridge, well known Bradford Subud member and likely to be aware of anything going on nearby, everybody was OK.



Of course he may not be right! News might not yet have reached him. I heard that for many, power had been cut off. And my TV was showing soldiers delivering sandbags wherever they could, rivers running wild down former streets, boats rescuing stranded people and all of them (sometimes wading waist-high through the water) with the thought that they will probably get another dose of the same within the next 48 hours, thus ruining anything they try to do to clean up their homes right now.

However they seem determined to do it anyway, and are busily clearing away as much as possible of the all-pervading mud and sludge.

“Never happened in Britain on such a scale before...”

Heaven knows how some of these people will manage financially. I saw a pub that had been completely destroyed, shops that were ruined, businesses under water. Some may have sufficient insurance I suppose, but others may not. This kind of thing has never happened in Britain on such a scale before, and PM David Cameron says that more plans must be made for future emergencies of a similar kind, which are most probably due to global warming.

The experts think that not enough funds till now have been set aside for climate change. The government may probably give emergency financial help to those badly hit by this present unexpected crisis, but I find myself thinking of those in Third World countries and what flooding means over there. For them there is unlikely to be any financial safety net. ●

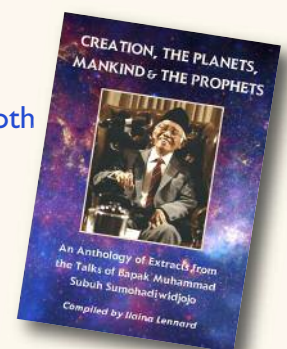
## A BAPAK ANTHOLOGY

Compiled by Ilaina Lennard

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# LOLA STONE, 1917-2015

*Lola Stones has passed away, aged 98. Her son, Dennis Stone, writes...*

Lola Stone, a native New Yorker, was opened in Subud in 1959. Ten years later, the family moved to Honolulu where she became a helper in that group. She retired as an Honorary Helper in 1980 but never really quit the post there or later when living in Thailand. In 2001, she removed to Florida and continued her helper activities. In 2008 she returned to Bangkok and in 2014 moved to the Seattle area, where she passed away on December 6, 2015.

Lola had many careers and interests—as New York fashion and photographers’ model, as peace activist, fashion coordinator, producer of pageants, artist, writer and as wife, homemaker, and mother of two.

She and her husband, Robert B. Stone, noted author and lecturer, traveled the world, visiting almost sixty countries.

She is survived by daughter Lynne Eliopoulos of Westborough, MA and son Dennis Stone of Houston, TX and by five grandchildren and five great grandsons. Her adopted daughter, Supasiri, a well-known author and teacher, resides in Bangkok.

Her blog is still up: <https://thoughtsoflola.wordpress.com/> We’re using it to share photos, videos, etc. There is also a longer obituary there.

*The Editor writes...*

Dear Dennis, Thank you so much for getting in touch with me, but how sad I am to hear of Lola's passing.

While we did not communicate that often, whenever we did, it was a wonderful and memorable experience. Your mother seemed to bring such sparkling vitality with her. Is her blog still up because I would like to reread some of the stories, particularly the ones of her life in New York.

I have one of her stories that I have been saving about the Buddha with the Ruby eyes so I will publish that along with your obituary.

Well, I will certainly miss her. Even though we did not often communicate, just to know that she was alive in the world made my world more alive. She was such an outstanding example of how we should all be in old age, her love of life and sparkling personality quite undiminished.

Very best wishes, Harris

## Testimonials for Lola

*Dennis writes...* Thank you all for the great outpouring of loving and kind words about Mom from her “one family” around the world. I’ve collected a sampling to share on the Testimonials tab.

## Lola Photos and Videos are Now Posted

We sent my mother off on her next journey last week. A funeral and cremation was held near her home in Washington state, with family members and Thai Buddhist monks participating. On the new “Videos and Photos” tab of this blog, you can now



*Lola Stone.*

“ Sparkling vitality...” ”



*Lola Stone at NBC.*

---

see the video of her services, the slide show of her life which was presented, and the individual photos from the slide show. On the “Lola Stone” tab, we have also posted her obituary.

“ We are all  
one family...” ”

Thank you all for the kind words, stories of Lola which you have shared, and thoughts for the family. I am so proud that she touched so many lives so deeply.

#### A sad farewell

It is with a sad heart and a heavy soul that I come to you today announcing the death of Lola Stone, my beloved grandmother and best friend. She died peacefully in the loving care of my father, Dennis Stone around 4PM PST today 12/16/2015. I am grateful that I got to spend the last two days with her. She would not want us to worry about her, so I ask you all to follow her final wish: Know that we are all one family, and treat each other accordingly. ●

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## THE BUDDHA WITH THE SAPPHIRE EYES

*Lola Stone was an inspiration to us all. In her blog she recalled episodes from a full rich life. In this one she remembered a visit to Sri Lanka in search of a mysterious Buddha...*

At last, there it is – the fabled island of Sri Lanka stretching out its lush green carpet of welcome below. Known as the isle of good fortune and blessedness, it was once named Serendip by seafaring Arabs, who, missing their landfall in the Maldives, by a lucky chance found Sri Lanka. For me too it will become the setting for a joyous, unexpected, though hoped for, happening. In short... a serendipity.

Long before, I had read an essay written in the early decades of the last century by a seeker after truth who had come upon a statue of the Buddha, just outside the capital city of Colombo. An image so remarkable that it had triggered a transformation of his world view. I fantasized that one day I too would stand in the presence of this mystery.

Prior to my leaving Honolulu, I had asked several Sri Lankan friends who had been born in Colombo if they had heard of a Buddha with sapphire eyes. Not one had. My short flight from Madras (now Chennai) to Colombo was made even shorter by a lively conversation with a charming young Sinhalese woman. As the plane touched down, I asked if she knew of that particular Buddha. “No,” she answered shaking her dark curls. “But if there were such a statue, the sapphire eyes would have been stolen long ago.” In parting, she handed me her phone number exacting a promise that my husband and I would visit her.

Upon reaching our hotel, a few blocks seaward of the main road outside Colombo proper, we were greeted with distressing news. “We are very sorry but a tour group arrived earlier and we have no room for you.”

No matter that we had had a confirmed reservation for the past three months, that the hour was late, and it was unbearably hot and humid or that we had let our cab go. Unconcernedly, the desk clerk picked up his phone. After a brief conversation, he informed us that he had arranged a place for us at a hotel a little further down the beach. As it turned out, if it had not been for this, I would never have found the Buddha with the sapphire eyes.

#### My Hopes Rise

The next morning from the balcony of our modern hotel room, I gaze across a narrow sandy beach to where the sparkling waters of the Indian Ocean and the Arabian Sea mingle and splash. An inspiring view despite a railroad, built by the British, running along the beach. Frequent trains rumble by swarming with passengers, some clinging outside the cars to the open windows.

Of more interest to me, however, is a large old Victorian edifice nearby on a beach of its own. I learn it was built at the turn

“ The blue eyes  
gaze at me,  
penetrating my  
being...” ” >

of the 19th century and until recently, was the only hotel in this area. This, then, has to be where the writer of the essay stayed so long ago. My hopes rise.

Later, we hire a cab. In response to my inquiry the driver says there are three temples in the area each with a reclining Buddha such as I describe. I tell him the temple I seek is down a small dirt road inland from the main thoroughfare and that in its compound is an ancient half-forgotten shrine with its reclining statue of the Buddha. He nods and drives us off.

On the main road, the traffic is fast and fiercely competitive. Bus after bus passes us exuding clouds of putrid exhaust that hang in the heavy tropical air. Along the roadside, bare-topped men push carts laden with firewood as they weave through the jostling throng of sarong and sari-clad populace. Open stands display brilliantly-hued vegetables and exotic fruits. Hands of golden bananas drop down from the rafters. I spy shallow terracotta pots of buffalo curds and make a mental note to return.

Our driver swerves down an unpaved road lined with nondescript houses huddled together under red-tiled roofs. Soon there are only tiny thatched adobe dwellings shaded by coconut palms half-hidden in a profusion of blossoming shrubs.

The lane dead-ends into a temple compound. Its whitewashed structures shimmer in the afternoon glare. A number of people mill about the various buildings. I spot a reliquary—a bell-shaped stupa—and what appears to be the monks' dwelling place, as well as what seems a schoolhouse. In the center of the compound is a small shrine.

The cab enters the open gate and parks under a tree. On our left is a long rectangular one-story structure with columns. We follow others up its wide steps onto a verandah, then pass through an anti-room into an inner sanctum, above, a huge face looms commanding all our attention. Painted a garish yellow, its lovely features are outlined in black. Dark compelling eyes gaze solemnly back at us. Unquestionably we are in the presence of a masterful piece of art. But is it the Buddha I am looking for? I am not sure. We leave shortly and return to our hotel.

### [Eyes Haunt My Dreams](#)

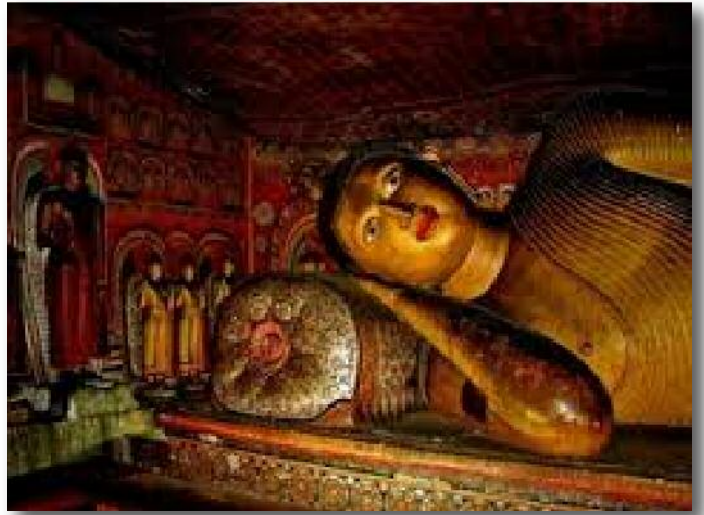
My sleep that night is fitful. A large painted face with a glimmer of a smile and penetrating eyes haunts my dreams. At last the sun rises and alone I set out once more for that temple.

It is deserted in these early morning hours. I climb the wide steps and am startled by the figure of a young monk on the verandah. Wrapped in a one-shouldered saffron robe, he is absorbed in lighting a votary lamp on a small altar.

As before, I enter the open door to the sanctuary. Almost immediately, he follows me in and closes the door behind us. Now the only light comes from a second door, perhaps 50 feet away at the image's feet and from the faint glow of a coconut oil lamp the monk has placed between the huge face and myself. In the near gloom, I become aware that the monk is indicating a place for me to stand. Then, only the sound of bare feet retreating down the hall as he disappears into the shadows.

Eyes, unmistakably sapphire, gleam down at me and I realize I stand before a profound enigma. My senses lose their grip as the blue eyes gaze at me, penetrating my being. Now there is only awareness of a vibrant reality that dissolves the illusory world I have called home.

All that I have heard, all that I have studied and thought I understood about Buddhism melts away in this moment of direct perception. I feel the stardust of which my body is composed split apart into shimmering particles. The persona crumbles, self-preoccupation dissipates. Vicissitudes of daily liv-



*Buddha with the sapphire eyes.*



---

ing lose their meaning as consciousness focuses upon a crystalline center where One is all that is.

The message of the Enlightened One beams forth from that mystifying visage with its gentle smile and unfathomable eyes. Peace, detachment and joy enfold me. One seems impervious to karma as the world's hard shell shatters and all that remains is a suffusing bliss. A blissful void out of which a voice seems to speak these words—"Remember... only remember..this."

With the passage of time, Sri Lanka's ancient ruins, its lumbering elephants and throbbing Kandyian drums, its teas and spices and friendly people fade from memory. Yet, what I experienced that day remains vivid still. In that image, the non-theism of Buddhism is denied. Implicit in that face, I glimpsed a more than human love and a compassion meant for us all.

Upon my return home, I am put to a test as I am threatened with severing of a close tie. I suffer internally. I fall ill. Then that Face drifts into my clouded mind and tangled thoughts and I am given strength and a keen realization of the need to let go. As I do so, I discover that miraculously, as in all true renunciations, the beloved is restored.

Now, despite the endless problems, confusions and stresses of the human condition, there is the inner certainty that all is well. Within each one of us, the Buddha sits smiling patiently waiting to show us the way.

May we remember—only remember—this.

Lola added in an email..."Subsequently, I learned something odd about this Buddha. I gave two friends who were visiting detailed info on how to find that temple in Sri Lanka. One actually found it and sent me a photo of what she saw which was not the prone Buddha figure I saw and had that spiritual experience. The second friend, a seasoned traveler couldn't find it at all. I suspect that it is only there for those who are ready for the experience. Hugs, Lola.

Find Lola's blog at <http://thoughtsoflola.wordpress.com>

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