



Some Good News at Last *The Editor Reports...*



Lightning strikes the peak of Mount Warning (Wollumbin). People are advised not to sleep on the mountain because people have been hit by lightning there and killed. (Photo by Abby Coates)

There is a lot of bad news around at the moment

Where I live in the bush in northern New South Wales, Australia, there is plenty of bad news. It used to be in NSW that if Covid infections got to be more than a couple of hundred a day, we were thoroughly dismayed. Now they're more like 40,000 a day.

The other big problem now is that people are experiencing "so long Covid". This doesn't mean "So long Covid, goodbye". On the contrary it means that Covid stays around. You get over the immediate crisis but then you feel totally exhausted for months or years.

And I know it's the same pretty much everywhere else. The UK, I think they get about 120,000 a day, the USA, everywhere people are suffering. In Third World countries they're suffering even more.

So, give me some good news, any good news!

Well, do I have a story for you. Right where I live, a species of frog thought to be extinct has been re-discovered. It lives in the rainforest on the slopes of Mount Warning which is right where I live in >

SUBMISSIONS AND DONATIONS

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the Mount Warning Caravan Park.

Mount Warning is the plug of an ancient volcano and sits in the middle of a vast caldera 40 kms across. Why is it called Mount Warning? It's because when Captain Cook, the "discoverer" of Australia was sailing down the coast nearby, his ship hit a reef, so as a sign for other sailors, he looked landwards and saw the highest landmark around, and he named it Mount Warning.

The indigenous people call it Wollumbin, which means, "cloud catcher". And you do get spectacular cloud effects around Mount Warning. Sometimes cloud gathers round the peak like a huge doughnut. Sometimes the cloud flows down the mountain's flanks like the waters of Niagara Falls.

It is said to be a male symbol. You only gotta look at it to understand why it's called a male symbol. People around here attributed great geomancy power to this mountain. If a marriage goes bust, the old people look at one another and say, "Ah yes, it's the power of the mountain.. If things are made to stay together, they will stay together, and if things are meant to fall apart, they will fall apart."

When I moved to the Mount Warning Caravan Park which is right at the foot of Mount Warning, people wondered if I would have the strength to stand being so close to the vibration of the mountain.

And now a frog, long thought to be extinct, has been discovered there. The tiny population is confined to an area of about 2000 ha, high in the cool forests on Wollumbini Momoli (Mount Warning).

Researchers from the University of Newcastle discovered the frog while examining frogs from various areas where "pouch frogs" are known to occur. The frogs are commonly referred to as pouch or hip pocket frogs or sometimes marsupial frogs since they carry their young in a pouch on their legs. But it is the males who do this, exemplary husbands and fathers. Genetic tests showed the Wollumbin National Park population was a unique species.

"The hip pocket frog is not only unique for its amazing breeding biology among Australian frogs, but it is also unique among frogs of the world," said University of Newcastle Prof Michael Mahoney, one of the researchers who discovered the frog.

There are only four of the 4000 species worldwide that have male parental care where the male carry developing tadpoles in pouches on the sides of their bodies before little frogs emerge 2 to 3 months later.

The new species has been named Assa Wollumbin in consultation with the Elders of the Wollumbin Consultative Group. The discovery has been published in the scientific journal Zootaxa which states that the name Assa is Latin for dry nurse as opposed to wet nurse, which elegantly describes the unique form of parental care by the husband.

There is a reason why it has only just been discovered as it is tiny, up to a maximum of 16 mm, and only lives in one place and has camouflage the SAS would be proud of.

So small are these frogs that juveniles can fit on a one cent piece, a unit of currency so small >



Newly discovered as a distinct species of hip pocket frog, Assa Wollumbin males, exemplary husbands and fathers, carry the tadpoles in pouches on their legs for 2 or 3 months.



The frogs are so tiny that juveniles can fit on a one cent coin, a unit of currency so small that it is no longer used and has become extinct.

that it no longer has any value whatsoever and has become extinct.

The NSW Environmental Minister, Matt Kean, said the government had declared its habitat an Asset of Intergenerational Significance, a designation that was introduced after the 2019-20 bushfires for places that warrant special protection. "A conservation action plan will be developed to ensure the survival of this fascinating frog species, which has been living undiscovered high in the cool forests."

The species is expected to meet the State's criteria for critically endangered species. "The small population size makes this frog more vulnerable to climate change, which is why the New South Wales government moved quickly to protect its habitat within days of being formally described," Mr Keane said.

A frog interviewed said the frog community was well aware of climate change, "but climate change or no climate change we intend to carry on with our God-ordained task of transporting our kids around in pockets on our legs. Human beings would be well advised to follow our example."

All hail Assa Wollumbin, bearer of good tidings.

I would like to thank the Uki News and the Uki Community Technology Centre for drawing the frogs to my attention and for sourcing materials for this article:

www.ukivillage.com.au.

GOOD NEWS FROM ASIAMET

Asiamet High Grade Drill Results Extend Gold-Silver Zone at BKZ...

Asiamet Resources Limited ("Asiamet" or the "Company") is pleased to announce further exceptional high grade gold-silver and polymetallic assay results from ongoing Resource expansion drilling at the BKZ deposit on its 100% owned KSK CoW in Central Kalimantan, Indonesia.

Mineralization reported in drill holes BKZ33700-08 and BKZ33550-05 sits outside the known BKZ Resource and significantly extends both the gold-silver and upper polymetallic base metal zones to the east and south of the current BKZ Resource.



Asiamet copper project in Kalimantan.

Highlights:

- Highest grade Gold-Silver drill results ever reported at the BKM-BKZ project
- Significant Gold-Silver discovery open to the east, north and south of the current BKZ Resource
- High grade upper Zn-Pb-Cu-Ag-Au zone continuing to grow
- Emerging VHMS district - 10sqkm strong multi-element soils - potential for multiple deposits

Drill Results:

- BKZ33550-05
 - 13.5 metres @ 15% Zn, 6.5% Pb, 0.78% Cu, 123g/t Ag and 0.24g/t Au from 98.5 metres
 - 55 metres @ 4.22 g/t Au, 468g/t Ag and 1.0% Pb from 115 metres,
- BKZ33700-08
 - 9 metres @ 3.67% Zn, 2.78% Pb, 0.75% Cu, 69 g/t Ag and 0.15 g/t Au from 117.5 metres.
 - 76.5 metres @ 1.86g/t Au, 108g/t Ag and 0.61% Pb from 128.5 metres.

The high grade gold silver zone has now been intersected over 250 metres of strike with a thickness of 30 to 70 metres and intercept grades between 1 and 5 g/t Au. Mineralisation is shallow and projects from near surface down to approximately 200 metres. The BKZ Mineral Resource envelope remains open to the east and south. Results are pending for a further three holes and several ad- >

ditional follow up drill holes are proposed

The Company is confident that ongoing drilling will continue to expand the mineral inventory and economic value of the KSK licence and as such the drill program has been expanded. An update of the BKZ Resource will be completed in early 2022.

Tony Manini, Asiamet Executive Chairman commented:

"These exceptional high grade drill results from BKZ are some of the most impressive ever recorded at the Beruang Kanan Project. The BKZ deposit is growing rapidly and a significant body of high grade gold-silver mineralization is now being delineated immediately beneath and adjacent to the high grade Zinc-Lead-Copper-Silver-Gold and Copper-Silver lenses.

"Importantly mineralization at BKZ extends from surface and presents a rare opportunity to access very high value per ton base and precious metals in an open pit mine setting.

"Being located immediately adjacent to the BKM copper mine development, and with shared infrastructure, BKZ adds very substantial value to the project. Drilling is continuing on this exciting new Au-Ag discovery and we look forward to updating the market as further results come to hand.

"Simultaneously we are working closely with Delta Dunia to complete the due diligence and binding documentation for a strategic development partnership on the KSK project. All workstreams are advancing to plan and we look forward to completing on this major milestone early in the new year.

"As Asiamet transitions from a junior explorer to a copper producer with multiple growth options, the global energy transition is accelerating the demand for all our metals. The combination of unprecedented demand and constrained supply represents an exceptional opportunity to create substantive value from our assets and we look forward to 2022 being a transformational year for the Company."

At time of writing, Asiamet Resources (ARS) is trading at a mid price of 2.53p.

For further information, please contact: Tony Manini, Executive Chairman, Asiamet Resources Limited. Email: tony.manini@asiametresources.com

2021 FROM YTS

From the 2021 Yayasan Tambuhak Sinta Semi-Annual Report which covered the first 6 months of the projects activities in 2021...

Words from Management

This year has become a major turning point for YTS, as funding for the 13-year Corporate Social Responsibility (CSR) program for PT Kalimantan Surya Kencana was released, enabling us to recruit new staff and prepare to implement field activities in 32 villages in Gunung Mas and Katingan regencies.

In addition to this, we have been fortunate to have several new projects start up, particularly in the ASGM sector, and most of our projects from 2020 have continued. We therefore have a full spectrum of projects and activities.

We also restructured our field activities into three categories or areas: Area 1 is the KSK CSR program; Area 2 includes activities in Bukit Batu subdistrict and the ACIAR peatland research project in Pulang Pisau regency; and Area 3 contains all of our ASGM work. This new structure provides a more rational arrangement for our activities, and also enables us to provide better management support.

This year we are implementing a Program Monitoring, Evaluation and Learning (PMEL) mechanism that is in line with our Theory of Change program structure. This will provide us with an integrated mecha-



Bardolf Paul.



Villagers in Rantau Bangkiang, Katingan District, Central Kalimantan analysing community health issues with support from YTS field staff.

nism for tracking, assessing and gathering lessons from all of our programs.

The COVID-19 pandemic has constrained some of our fieldwork, but fortunately we have managed to continue working safely with many of our community-based activities.

As we move forward into the second half of 2021, we want to express our thanks to our partner communities, to our committed staff members, and to all of our funders and supporters. We continue to strive to collaborate with government, the private sector and villagers to bring about positive change that fosters management and utilisation of our natural resources in a balanced and equitable way.

May the coming six months enable us to continue to work safely and to bring tangible benefits to all of our partners. *Bardolf Paul, Yayasan Tambuhak Sinta*

HIGHLIGHTS

Despite the pandemic restrictions, we were able to implement a considerable amount of fieldwork and other activities. Some of the highlights of these are featured below.

Theory of Change

We are making a big effort to embed all of our projects and activities within our Theory of Change (ToC), which we introduced in the 2020 Annual Report. Moving forward with our mission in Kalimantan, we have expanded our focus to address all six components in the ToC: Governance, Livelihoods, Education, Health, Culture, and Infrastructure. Cross-cutting all of these are environmental and gender aspects.

Area 1 - Community Development and Empowerment Program

Area 1 contains the CSR program for PT KSK, which we started implementing in May. This is an ambitious 13-year program, which requires a lot of preparation, so most of our time was spent hiring new staff and organising the work. We did conduct a few activities, including restarting our social forestry work in Gunung Mas and providing training support to village governments. Our main efforts were focused in Katingan Regency, where we conducted two intensive community-led analysis and planning activities.

Area 2 - Bukit Batu and ACIAR¹ Fire Management and Peatlands Restoration Project

In Bukit Batu, we continued to concentrate on improving the villagers' small businesses, focusing on vegetable market gardens and related businesses. We started off by analysing the market potential for commercial vegetable production, and then provided technical assistance for groups of farmers.

With the ACIAR peatlands project, we are working closely with the community in Tumbang Nusa, concentrating on the market for clean rubber latex, and providing market links and technical assistance to improve the quality of latex and get the best return for rubber tappers.

Area 3 - Artisanal and Small-scale Gold Mining (ASGM) Projects



As part of a four-day, in-depth planning process, villagers from Dehes Village, Katingan District assess the performance of community institutions.



A farmer in Tumbang Nusa village, close to Palangka Raya is harvesting a water reed called purun for use in weaving mats and baskets. This is part of an Australian-funded research project on peatland restoration.



Visitors from the Social Ministry (Kemensos) in Bukit Batu.

Katingan Regency, where we conducted two intensive community-led analysis and planning activities.

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Area 3 - Artisanal and Small-scale Gold Mining (ASGM) Projects



Mansur, from KSK, and Bardolf from YTS, presenting scholarships to Kalimantan Kids members.



Leni Marlana from the Tewang Patangan, Gunung Mas, training women miners in Logas village, Riau Province, in gold processing and refining.

The The ASGM sector has been very active, with many projects. The largest is for the UNDP² ISMIA-GOLD program which is supporting a women panners group in Riau to formalise, use mercury-free technology, and gain access to the formal market. We have 10 other projects, ranging from community surveys to assisting the Kalimantan provincial government in addressing major pollution problems. And we just started a project with the World Bank on the impact of COVID-19 on mining communities, especially women.

Kalimantan Kids Club

In the 2020-2021 school year, we assisted 100 students from poor households in completing their high school and university education. Our goal this year is 125 students, and so far we have received a total of 95 applications. Registration is still open, both online and offline.

1 Australian Centre for International Agricultural Research

2 United Nations Development Programme

VIDEOS ABOUT YTS PROJECTS BY BORNEO PRODUCTIONS INTERNATIONAL

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/1Qk5vleAsV4d82mmbLhqmf9z34J2xBiYY/view?usp=drivesdk>

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/1faHTP0IlylJyp2SP0ziteWHtQMRbkIpo/view?usp=drivesdk>

https://drive.google.com/file/d/19zQxgmre8eF7Sj_yYMv31Z8Mi0aE-IBk/view?usp=drivesdk

<https://drive.google.com/folderview?id=1xmP3V5piL2O3GRihNqRluJIFVJFotKon>

FROM SUSILA DHARMA INTERNATIONAL

Our first SD Network Passport: Meet our change-makers on a virtual global journey session of 2022 on 5 February!

To start the year, we have a visit with a difference - a voyage of discovery of Human Force, a programme that enables the young and young at heart to learn about Susila Dharma projects around the world by working, thinking and playing together and with local communities. We will

hear testimonials from past participants and project hosts about what Human Force has meant for them and hear about exciting plans and opportunities for this year.

Please join the webinar on Saturday 5 February at 19.30 UCT (11.30 Vancouver, 14.30 Bogota/New York, 19.30 London, 20.30 Paris, 21.30 Cape Town and 1.00 Delhi, 6.30 Sydney on Sunday 6 February.) You can register for this even at:

<https://us02web.zoom.us/meeting/register/tZlvcO6orj8uGdDy9vmR1pjK0EoHeKERETKb>

and invite your teams, friends and family to join us. (Places are limited to 100). You can also share as events will carry on for the foreseeable future.

See you there! With love and best wishes, *Virginia Thomas, SDIA Executive Director*



Human Force YPK by Clara Rust.

SICA POEMS FOR PEACE

Event from January 20 is now on YouTube...
<https://youtu.be/Yh34EpgNF7g>

YouTube video of Sharon Thesen's SICA ZoomMuse Poems for Peace poetry reading held on January 20, 2022 is now available...

This event is part of a monthly series of Zoom-Muse Poetry Reading of Poems for Peace, co-sponsored by SICA USA and SICA Canada.

Sharon Thesen is a Canadian poet, writer and editor who has been living since 2003 in Okanagan country in the British Columbia interior, five hours east of Vancouver.

A retired university professor, Sharon studied at Simon Fraser University and began her teaching career in 1975 at Capilano College in North Vancouver. After moving to the Okanagan, she taught creative writing at UBC Okanagan.

Sharon has been involved for many years in the Vancouver and Canadian poetry scene, publishing her first book of poetry, *Artemis Hates Romance*, in 1980.

Thirteen more books of poetry have followed since, three of them being nominated for the Governor General's Awards: *Confabulations*, in 1984; *The Beginning of the Long Dash*, 1987; and *The Good Bacteria*, 2006.

Sharon is also an accomplished editor. In 1982, she edited *The Vision Tree*, an anthology of poems by Canadian poet Phyllis Webb which won a Governor General's Award.

Sharon edited two editions of *The New Long Poem Anthology*, in 1991 and 2001, collections of long poems; longer works; sequential poems; extended poems; and serial, lengthy or longish poems by Canadian poets.

From 2001 to 2005, Sharon edited *The Capilano Review*, an art and literary magazine. Sharon's most recent book of her own poetry is *The Receiver*, 2017. In 2021, Sharon published *The Wig-Maker*, a searing tale of abuse, neglect and healing told by Janet Gallant which Sharon transcribed and lineated into a long poem.



WALKING BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH

Rayner Reid writes from Scotland

It all started with a dream. I was driving my car towards a mountain and as I approached the base of the mountain, a door seemed to open and I drove straight in. I got to the centre where there was an escalator, which I drove onto and was whisked right up to the top. This was the start of a remarkable journey - the greatest adventure of my life - where for five days I walked between heaven and earth

Three days after the dream my whole time sense seemed to change. I was living in the now, moment by moment. I could not look back or forward with my mind. I could only live in the present of the now. I had always been a religious person and as a child my hero was Jesus Christ so I realised this was a Christian experience. I was told that I would know that there is a God and a black knight would guide me through the experience.

The first thing I was shown was how forgiveness worked moment by moment in our everyday lives. A bond is formed with each person we meet - a thin thread passes between you and the person. A slightly thicker thread is produced if this meeting hurts you and if the hurt is deep a rope >



Loch Ness, Scotland, Osanna Vaughn.

links you and the person involved. So you can work out how many threads and ropes we have got wrapped around us. This is where forgiveness comes in. Forgiveness cuts the thread.

“ Jesus said we must forgive, not seven times, but seventy times seven...” ”

Jesus said we must forgive, not seven times, but seventy times seven; what Jesus was doing was telling us how to free ourselves from this bondage. No matter what a person has done to you, for your own sake please forgive that person so that you can free yourself from the pain and anguish that you are holding in your heart and feelings. So that you can be free and set the other person free also, leaving everything to the justice of Almighty God. Above all forgive yourself, for if you do God will forgive you.

The next lesson I learned was about judgement. In some way we judge everyone we meet. If a child is judged as this or that often enough, he or she will become so. In other words we have put that person in a cage that he cannot break out of; we wrap chains around another human being that are extremely hard to break free of, although a few do manage it. It also affects the one who judges, for in judging another person you are judging yourself and this leads to a host of problems. Jesus said, judge not and you will not be judged. If you stop judgement in yourself you will stop judging others, but it has to start with you. How harshly we judge ourselves. Be kind and gentle to yourself - leave the judgement to Almighty God for he is the kindest and most gentle judge of all. This is why it is said in every religion that he is a most merciful God.

As I lived moment by moment I asked a lot of questions and each time they were answered instantaneously, not by my thinking mind but from a part of me that knows. Each of us has within us this knowing, but what is stopping us from knowing is every time we say to ourselves, 'I don't know', we build a brick wall that prevents our knowing. The more frequently we do it the stronger the wall becomes. Sometimes that is why people who have religious experiences have to go through a breaking down of conditioning to enable them to experience things not of this world.

While going through this, every part of my being worshipped Almighty God. As I approached the end of my five days, I was filled with the love of God for the whole of mankind. I can honestly say that I was like a drainpipe: it flowed through me; I could not hold on to it; I could only give it away and the more I gave away the more I was given. Then I received this voice that said, 'I am God' and I could feel the absolute awesome power of God and it was way above anything you could ever imagine. I felt as though I was at the centre of the universe. I was afraid of nothing and no one and I was a law unto myself. I felt at that moment that there was one human soul; it was a lovely feeling of oneness, wholeness. For the first time in my life I felt like a true human being, how God intended us to be.

I was told that I would meet two angels, and how they would be dressed and they would put me on the right path for the rest of my life. Three years later I met the two angels just as I had been told and I joined Subud.

This article first appeared in www.subudworldnews.com ●

PROJECTS AND PROPERTIES WINTER ISSUE

Dear Zone 3 delegates and interested members,

We are delighted to share with you the winter issue of the [Zone 3 Magazine 'PROJECTS & PROPERTIES'](#).

This issue includes:

- [A deeper look](#) - Find out what happens behind the scenes at the Subud Library, and learn about the archives in Britain.
- [Zoom-zoom-zoom](#) - Read about the recent Z3 AGM and WSC meetings, and the two zoom-based groups, for writers and caregivers, that you are invited to join.
- [Getting together In-person gatherings](#) are starting to take place again across the Zone; enjoy pictures and highlights from Ireland, Britain, Spain, and France. The Area 2 dewan shares their impressions of the IH meeting in Portugal. Observers are also invited to join Z3 council delegates in Italy at their meeting in February.
- [Enterprising Portugal](#) - Learn how you can get involved in the developing Bucelas project, dis-

cover the exciting new use for the Lisbon Subud house, and get yourself a beautiful Bucelas 2022 calendar, created by artist Lucas Almedia.

· **Culture** - Explore the work of actor Gregory Gudgeon, and artist, Dorinda Johnson.

· **Subud Christmas Book Fair** - Need some gift inspiration, or want some holiday reading? Browse the work of Subud creatives from across the Zone, and beyond!

Enjoy a great read, and a visual treat! Wishing you much happiness and many blessings for 2022.

With love, Ruth, *Zone 3 Secretary*
taylor.ruth3@gmail.com

To download the magazine click here...

https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2022/01/Projects_Properties.pdf



JOSHUA FOUGHT THE BATTLE OF JERICHO

Harris Smart writes about an interesting historical/cultural/spiritual discussion...

Anthony Bright-Paul is an English Subud member, now 90 years old but still going strong. He has a wide circle of email acquaintances and recently he challenged them by sending out a series of philosophical quizzes in which people were invited to write their responses to a series of “spiritual” questions such as:

Question 1. Before you were born did you exist? Can existence come from nothing?

Question 2. Did you choose your parents? The place where you were born?

Tony stressed of course that there was no one right answer to these questions and that everyone could write their own answer. Obviously, answers vary from person to person according to belief and experience.

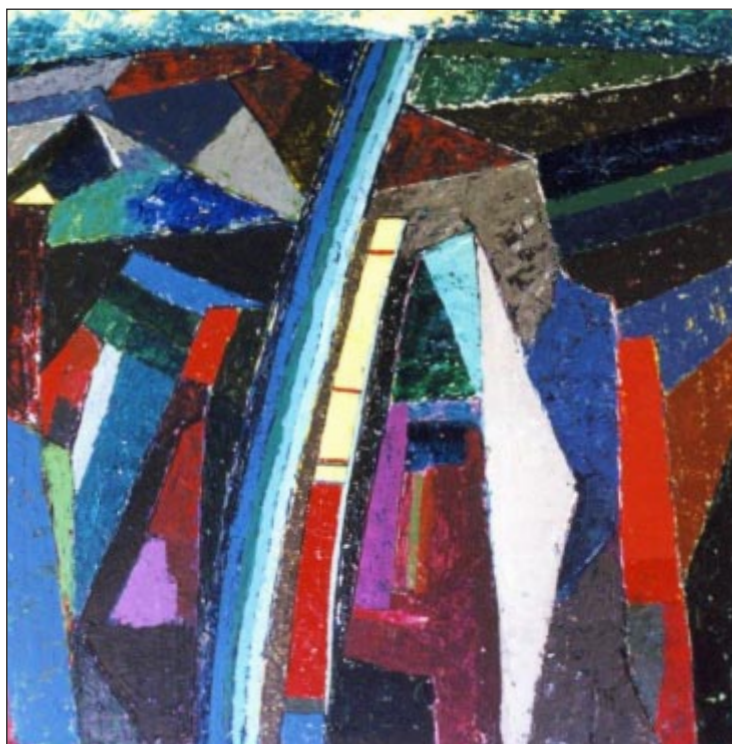
In an email to one of his correspondents, Tony raised another question...

What is meant by the Walls of Jericho, which came tumbling down? What is especially interesting here is that there are no architectural remains, and the story is doubted historically.

To this he received a response from Silvana Waniuk, a Canadian Subud member formerly from Israel who wrote...

According to my favorite archeologist, David Rohl, in his book “The Lords of Avaris”, (very interesting!) the walls of Jericho indeed came down and are there, to be found in the excavations. It all depends on the time strata! And this is the big argument among archeologists. A couple of hundred years here or there...

As to the meaning: at one time I clearly received what it meant on an inner level, and consequently did two paintings on the subject. Now I enjoy the paintings – see attached – but have forgotten their inner significance. Ha! Take care.”



. Painting by Silvana Waniuk of the story of Joshua and the walls of Jericho.

Tony responded by finding in the story of the walls of Jericho a symbol of his experience of Subud...

Dear Silvana,

Your archaeologist differs slightly from the ones that I have found by searching the internet. There I am informed that there are no remains and that historically the story is dubious. However, I do believe that there is a special significance for us in Subud.

Joshua followed the Lord's bidding and marched round the walls of Jericho for 6 days. On the 7th day with a great shout the walls came down. To me this is a direct reference, not just to the opening but to the first indubitable experience of the latihan.

Up to being opened, however open we may think we are, we are encased in a huge rampart. As to why we are closed Bapak has explained many times. So we get opened. Now some people are very lucky and experience straight away.

Others like myself took a little time. In fact as you know from my book I was a Gurdjieff student under JG Bennett and thought that Subud was contrary to the idea that man had to make efforts. So I was on the point of leaving after six weeks. When I went to my last latihan - so I thought - I was literally bowled over as Icksan came over to me and told me to close my eyes and began chanting within a yard of me.

Once I experienced this force rain down within me which threw me on the floor, I could never have any doubts again - although some people said I left Subud for a while, that was not true.

Now Bapak makes very clear that it is the duty of the Helpers to make sure that everybody really feels the latihan. That is a very difficult injunction. Of course that is one of the reasons that it is best to exercise in groups. So one difficulty I have here in the Isle of Man is that I am completely isolated. That is one of the reasons that I have conceived of these Quizzes. I wanted to find a way to find what I will call 'seekers'.



The 40 years of wandering in the desert in the Bible story mirrors the lengthy process of purification in Subud...



Silvana was asked what had inspired her to do the paintings. She replied...

As much as I tried, I am unable to remember exactly what prompted me, in 1996, to do these paintings (though I do remember a little that it was in reaction to the current shallow and material way of life).

But one thing I am absolutely sure. Joshua's story did not and does not symbolize for me the Opening event in Subud nor the consequent effects of the latihan. (I fail to see an event, miraculous as it was, that aimed towards a total destruction of a city and the massacre of the innocent, being a spiritual redeeming action.)

Rather, the way I see it, this is about the beginning of a very difficult new task, the physical conquest of a land. It is a premeditated action, with carefully planned details, demanding total faith, total obedience and total commitment. And woe to the weak who had failed and broke the rule. He was meted the ultimate punishment: he and his family paid with their lives. What does this have to do with Subud?

As to the miracle of the opening in Subud I rather I see it symbolized in the exodus story and the parting of the sea. The 40 years of wandering in the desert mirroring the lengthy process of purification.

Maybe we oldies are the "Desert Generation" who were deemed not to reach the "promised Land" and the younger ones, the "Joshua generation", will enter this land only to encounter completely new challenges that we have no idea and understanding of.

Take care, Silvana

Let us conclude this interesting exchange by listening to the immortal recording of the Negro spiritual by Paul Robeson...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Yd1fxR3TtCg>



Who Were Ned, Jesse, and Hunter?

Or, Identifying people, places, and events on Bapak's first trip to America...

Daniela Moneta, WSA Archivist, writes...

Recently, we learned a lot more about a group of photographs that we have had in the Subud archives for many years. However, there are still some questions that need answering. Perhaps you remember the photos of Bapak, Ibu, Rahayu, Ismana, Isksan, etc. taken at Disneyland in 1958 that were in an exhibition at the opening of the Amani Center Archives?[1]

We recently found out from the von Bissing family that Sophie von Bissing, the wife of Ronimund Hubert von Bissing, kept a diary and in it she writes that they were in Newport Beach, near Los Angeles, on their yacht when Bapak went to Disneyland on 25 May 1958.[2]

Bapak made his first trip to America on 21 March 1958 and stayed until May 26th visiting groups along the coast. He had been invited by John Cooke, a Gurdieff member who had visited Coombe Springs several times before Bapak's arrival on 20 May 1957 in Europe. A friend of John Cooke's, Bob Prestie, was newly opened and living at Coombe Springs. Bob knew that Bapak was ready to return home and suggested to John that he invite Bapak to visit California on his way back to Indonesia. John lived with his sister, Alice Kent, in Carmel and had the means to pay for Bapak's trip. Bapak accepted the invitation. The von Bissings had recently purchased a yacht in San Diego and were moored in Newport Harbor on their way to Vancouver where they planned to start Subud there.[3] They purchased the boat because they wanted to travel around the world to spread Subud. They thought that a boat would be less expensive and a better home for their two young babies than living in hotels as they traveled the world.

The photos taken on Bapak's first trip to America, the recorded talks he made, Faisal Sillem's Bapak's Travel Log, the von Bissing diary, and a few articles in Subud

“ We need to know who the unidentified people in these photographs are...”

Chronicle are the only evidence we have about Bapak's first trip to America.[4] We wondered if some of our early Subud members might help identify people in the following photographs donated to the archives by Rachman Cantrell. Rachman did not take the 35 photographs that were given to him years ago by a Subud member for archival preservation. Take a look at these four images and see if you can help us identify some of the people. Incidentally, Peter Mark Richman took Bapak again to Disneyland five years later in 1963 and made a movie of the trip and donated it to the Subud archives.[5]

So, for the moment, we need to know who are the unidentified people in these photographs. Sophie von Bissing's diary says: "May 21st: Today Bapak, Ixhan [Iksan, husband of Ibu Ismana], Ibu [Siti Sumari], and Bob [Prestie] came to lunch to spend the afternoon. A very successful day, and Bapak liked the food and the atmosphere aboard. We had for lunch, clear fresh chicken broth with Chinese roots in it. Rice, fried chicken and melon. Ibu went to bed, in our room, for the afternoon, and Bapak, Ixhan, Bob and Roni [Mr. von Bissing] went to Balboa Island in the launch." The diary continues with an entry for May 25th: "Bapak, Ibu, Ismana, Ixhan, Rahayju [Rahayu], Ned, Jesse, Hunter, John Cook[e] and the James' all came to tea having just got back from an exhausting afternoon at Disney-land."

We know all of those who were in the party except for Ned, Jesse, and Hunter. It would be good to have these early Subud member's full names. This is an urgent question as it won't be long before there will be no one left to tell us about the early days. Please share this article with older Subud members you might know.

The following are a few of the photos taken on the von Bissing boat (see next page):

Photo 1: Who is the man in the upper left? we all recognize Bapak, Ibu Ismana, and Ibu Rahayu.

Photo 2: Who is the woman on the left of Ibu? We know that the woman on the right is Sophie von Bissing.

Photo 3: Here we have left to right: the unidentified man, Sophie von Bissing, Irene James, John Cooke, Icksan Achmed (first husband of Ibu Ismana; Icksan passed away not long after this trip to America and Ismana later married Haryono), and on the far right is Lutfi James.

Photo 4: Another view of the scene above but now we see that the mysterious woman who appeared in the second photo was sitting behind Irene James. The backdrop is Newport harbor.

So, still in questions are who were Ned, Jesse, and Hunter who appear in these snapshots? It would be good to know their full names if possible. Looked at some of the old Subud newsletters published during that time period and in the Subud Chronicles for 1959 (published in England), there was a man named David Hunter from America who was visiting Bapak in Cilandak. He is the only Hunter, so far, discovered during that time period (Photo 5).

Of course, we can't assume that this is the same Hunter that had tea on the von Bissing boat on 25 May 1958; but, it is the only thing at the moment we could find in the archives. Some members did follow Bapak around the world and did travel to Wisma Subud to visit him. Not until more material gets scanned and posted on the archives' website will we have a better possibility to identify some of the early members in Subud records.

You may wonder why identifying names of early Subud members might be important to the archives. It has been my experience as an archivist and family historian that people find value in looking for and learning about the activities of their fellow members in Subud. We do not know what Subud will be like 200 years from now or what members in



Who is the man in the upper left?



Who is the woman on the left of Ibu?



Here we have left to right: the unidentified man, Sophie von Bissing, Irene James, John Cooke, Icksan Achmed (first husband of Ibu Ismana) and on the far right is Lutfi James.

the future will want to know about our early history.

As Sharif Horthy reminded us, in a video of the opening of the Amani Center Archives, he feels that generations in the future may be more enlightened than us and may be able to understand Subud better than we do today.[6] Bapak has reminded us in several of his talks that we need to purify our ancestors seven generations back and seven generations into the future. In the future, perhaps Subud members will want to know about the early days of Subud and if their ancestors were involved in some way.

If anyone knows who those three mystery people mentioned in this article are, please let the archives know. Send a message to:

admin@wsaarhives.org. To request access to the WSA Archives website and see many documents, photographs, newsletters, videos, etc. about our early Subud history, send a request to the same email address. We have videotaped interviews on the WSA Archives website of Irene and Lutfi James, Henry Herald, Harun Taormina who were opened in San Francisco when Bapak first visited and an interview of Sjarifuddin Harris who knew John Cooke well.

Postscript

Since writing the above article, I have had phone conversations with Alice Loura Carroll and Rashad Tarantino and learned more information about the unidentified people in the photos. Alice remembers that Hunter was a close friend of Alice Kent, John Cooke's sister. Rashad said that he thinks that David Hunter who visited Bapak in 1959 was the one mentioned in the group that went to Disneyland. Both Alice and Rashad remember a Jesse who was a Merchant Marine and an early Subud member. Alice does not remember a Ned and neither does Rashad, but he does remember someone named Nat, an early Subud member in San Francisco >



Another view of the scene above but now we see that the mysterious woman who appeared in the second photo was sitting behind Irene James. The backdrop is Newport harbor.

WERE ENTERTAINED by Bapak in his home at Djakarta, after being greeted at the airport by Rahaju, Mr. and Mrs. Poehardi and David **Hunter** (from America), Bapak providing a sumptuous "English" meal and later taking them sight-seeing and to visit his family and friends (Ismana's baby, says Melissa, looks so much like Icksan).



This photo of Bapak was taken at Disneyland on 25 May 1958.

around the time the photos were taken.

Post-Postscript

Just before this article was sent off to be published, additional information came in from David McCormack, Subud member in Indianapolis, about one of the three unidentified Subud members who went with Bapak and party to Disneyland. David had a phone call from Herbert Hasanudin Taylor on 10 March 2020 which he recorded. See the conversation below. Herbert was opened on 23 March 1958 and passed away on 19 July 2020. This was the conversation:

“John Bennett had told Jesse Floyd that Y. M. Bapak was coming to San Francisco soon. Jesse was a rough sort of sailor who had been in many houses of ill repute all over the world and was proud of this. Herbert Taylor ran into Jesse Floyd in the well-known San Francisco metaphysical bookstore downtown.[7] Jesse asked if Herbert would like to see Bapak. Hebert went with him to see Bapak, and Herbert was opened soon after arriving. Herbert said Jesse had been driving Bapak all around Golden Gate Park. Bapak had been talking to him in perfect English, Jesse said. Bapak gave Jesse a new name, Lloyd. As Lloyd Floyd he experienced a long crisis that began right away, Herbert said.”

You can watch and listen to the Memories of Bapak interview of Herbert Hasanudin Taylor on the WSA Archives website where he speaks of Jesse and about their opening in Subud. To request access to the many videotaped interviews of Subud members on the website and other historical materials about Subud from its beginning to today, send an email to admin@wsaarchives.org.

NOTES:

[1] To see the video of the opening of the Amani Center click here:

<https://youtu.be/1IPn5KDuf0k>. The photo exhibit appears at 29:07 mins to 34:45 mins.

[2] Ronimund Hubert von Bissing was opened by Husein Rofé in Cyprus in 1956 before Bapak left Indonesia on his 1st World Journey. See the story about the von Bissings in this video:

<https://youtube.com/embed/kdMKyRtiqnk>. The von Bissings started Subud in Vancouver, Switzerland, and Spain.

[3] See: “Arrival of Subud in Vancouver” and related documents about how Subud began in Vancouver, British Columbia on the WSA Archives website (information at the end of this article about how to request access). This account of the Von Bissings' arrival and the openings that followed are contained in five issues of Subud Vancouver's first newsletter, the WAWA, a word which means news in the language of an interior Indian tribe in British Columbia. The editor was Imbert Orchard. Forty people were opened by Ronimund von Bissing and his wife when they visited Vancouver in September 1958. The von Bissings were in Vancouver for about three weeks.

[4] This information is available on the WSA Archives website. How to access this website will be given at the end of this article*.

[5] See “Bapak Goes to Disneyland: The Movie” on the WSA Archives website.

[6] Opening of the Amani Center Archives with an introduction by Sharif,

<https://youtu.be/1IPn5KDuf0k>.

[7] This would be the Fields Book Store owned by George Fields. George was an elected trustee of Subud North America at the 1st Subud North American Congress in Denver in 1960 and he was the first chair of the Subud California region.



Emmanuel Elliott

REMINDERS OF REALITY

A Spontaneous Worldwide Sharing of Spiritual Experiences...

This Website

Emmanuel Elliott has created an excellent new web site to house the many writings of spiritual experiences by Subud members that he has collected. The site is...

<http://remindersofreality.weebly.com>

Emmanuel writes, "This website came into being with a momentum all its own. It began with the email sharing of personal spiritual experiences between a very few friends – almost entirely members of Subud – and developed into a regular newsletter reaching more than 1,500 people all over the world.

"It continues right up to the time of this edit (October 2021). God willing, it is my intention to maintain the email circulation of new contributions for as long as they keep coming in, and to add them to this site shortly thereafter.

"The initial consensus was that these postings, with the exception of artists and published authors, would generally be on an anonymous basis, and [I hope you may be moved to contribute your own story to emmanuelelliott777@gmail.com](mailto:emmanuelelliott777@gmail.com)

"The feedback has been wonderfully encouraging. Recently, however, it has been decided to identify contributors if they are comfortable with this, since subscribers love to know who they are."

The site also includes an explanation about Subud,

Treasury

Bringing together and creating a permanent record of this precious collection by means of a website was the next logical step. Creating this site will mean that this treasury of personal testimonies will be available to Subud people everywhere, now and always. In due course, no doubt, they will also be published in book form. ●

The World's Oldest Pandemic

Reynold Ruslan Feldman, Ph.D., Subud Boulder, Colorado, USA, writes...

As a retired English professor, I've been struck by how some new crisis, social or personal, causes us to learn a hitherto unknown technical term. When my late father was diagnosed with it, for example, I became acquainted with the disease multiple myeloma. Now even little kids speak routinely about the pandemic, a term only trained medical personnel had spoken of prior to March 2020.

Yet there is one pandemic, arguably the world's oldest, that is totally under the radar, possibly because it is so taken for granted. I mean the pandemic of the misuses and abuses of power. From verbal and physical abuse at home to the boss from hell at work to authoritarian governments and ultimately war, this deadly disease has been with us since the first human society.

You don't need to be a Sunday-school *summa cum laude* graduate to remember that Cain slew his brother Abel in one of the earliest chapters of Genesis. And, as Sonny and Cher would say, the beat goes on.

While the ages have not produced a foolproof vaccine for this still-deadly virus, good parenting, positive role models, outstanding teachers, healthy religious communities, effective correctional institutions (as in Norway), and just plain luck can shield one from becoming a victim or a spreader of this too-often fatal virus.

There are also other less-known helps. One I immediately think of is Dr. Cedar Barstow's *The Right Use of Power: The Heart of Ethics* (2005, 2015). A related book is *Living in the Power Zone: How Right Use of Power Can Transform Your Relationships* (2013), of which I am the co-author with Dr. Barstow.

In addition, there are training programs based on the principles and techniques described in both these books. Full disclosure requires me to state that Dr. Barstow is also my wife. Still, to the extent that a "vaccine" is available to minimize misuses and abuses of power, these books and the related workshops may come close to filling the bill.

To be sure, individuals who have psycho- or sociopathic personality disorders will never opt to read these books or take the corresponding courses, let alone put their principles and techniques into practice. Still, many ordinary people and their organizations could profit from doing so. Relationships, productivity at work, even governance will all benefit.

Learning to listen actively, apologize effectively, and find ways out of the "shame dungeon," among other new behaviors, will enable anyone to use their personal, role, status, collective, and systemic power with greater wisdom and skill. And after millennia of misuses and abuses of power around the globe, humankind may finally overcome or at least minimize the impact of the world's oldest pandemic.

For more information about Dr. Barstow's work, please go to [Home - Right Use of Power Institute](#) and www.bepowerpositive.org



Dr. Cedar Barstow, Founder, The Right Use of Power Institute.

OBSERVING THE NIGHT OF DESTINY

The Night of Destiny is half way through the month of Shaban which is the month before Ramadan (that is, the Month of the Ancestors). This year the Night of Destiny begins at sunset on Thursday, March 17 which is the night that begins the day of the full moon. 15 days before the start of Ramadan on April 2.

In some places it's call mid-Shaban because Shaban is the name of the month that precedes Ramadan. For further information see:

<https://muslimhands.org.uk/latest/2019/04/the-importance-of-15th-shaban-night>

During the Night of Destiny, it is said that the Angels come close to the earth and are prepared to accept forgiveness of sins from Allah for those who sincerely wish to be forgiven. It is said further that those with sincere hearts have the opportunity to be forgiven for all errors of the preceding years, thus facing the New Year with a clean slate.

It is advised to stay awake until 12 midnight (on March 17) and then to fast on the following day (March 18). For those who wish to read from the Koran it is suggested to read and pray for ancestors and for strength to put aside unwanted influences.

[Prayer for the night of destiny](#)

Oh Allah, no one can do a favor for you on this blessed night in the revered month of Shaban.. Forgive us and guide us.

If you have written us down in the book of life, then forgive us... If we are lacking in anything then forgive us and have mercy

Raise us up with the Prophets and the Martyrs. Oh most merciful of those who show mercy, Oh most merciful of all, Amen.

Remain quiet until midnight.

After evening prayers, the chapter from the Qur'an Ya Sin is normally played or read. >

You first ask Almighty God to forgive your ancestors and give them a good place in heaven. If you have ancestors who have been troublesome, then ask God for forgiveness, and then break the ancestral link, so that you do not carry it into your family or descendants.

Secondly, pray for your children. Ask the Almighty to shower them with good fortune, so that they are God-fearing, and tread a good path.

Third, pray for yourself. Ask for forgiveness. Ask for good health. If you're one of the less fortunate, please ask God to include you amongst those whom Almighty God has showered his blessings on. You do not want misfortunes.

Play Ya Sin if you have it, or just read it.

After tonight's prayers, you fast tomorrow.

This information was sent to Subud Voice by Isti Jenkins during the time she was an International Helper.

LENT AND RAMADAN IN 2022

The Editor writes...

It was recently pointed out to me that in this year 2022, the last two weeks of Lent overlap approximately with the first two weeks of Ramadan.

The month of Shaban (or month of the ancestors) begins around the same time as Lent begins. It seems significant to me that these two events are overlapping - I don't know the statistics as they both move around, but I think it's a rare event.

Also it seems significant when contemplating the world situation at the moment and what lies ahead in the next few months of 2022.

Bapak often spoke about the need for prihatin and fasting and Ibu Rahayu wrote to SD USA in April 2020, about the Covid situation - "Seek strength through prayer and our individual latihan, so that we can receive God's grace and protection and be kept safe."

Lent 2022 begins on Wednesday, 2 March and ends on Thursday, 14 April

Shaban (month of ancestors) 2022 begins on Friday 4 March and ends on Friday 1 April

Ramadan 2022 begins on Saturday 2 April and finishes on Sunday 1 May.

We always point out that you should check for yourself with local religious authorities as sometimes dates can vary.

The fast is not obligatory for Subud members.

Note to all: we are not sending out this information because we are urging people to do Ramadan, or because Subud espouses one religion over another. Bapak recommended that fasting has value for us individually, and we know that some members observe Lent instead of Ramadan, or do their own private form of fasting.

Advice about fasting in Ramadan can be found in the many talks by Bapak and Ibu Rahayu about Ramadan which are on the web site www.subudlibrary.net

A BLESSING IN RAMADAN

Mardiyah Tarantino writes...

It was a happy day towards the end of Ramadan. I had congratulated myself at having accomplished up until then, if I did say so myself, a pretty good fast. And so, I decided to do something I had been meaning to do, which was to go visit Ismana.

This entailed going on a long walk up crowded, noisy Fatmawati street, past the three-wheeled betjaks, the rickety warungs, the gas and fumes of old cars and trucks up to Ismana's lovely house. My presence must have surprised her, as she had no reason expect me. Of course, she graciously let me in.

I could sense a large question mark looming above her head. What could I possibly want?

I told her that I was sore in need of a special latihan and a test with her (the reason escapes me now) and would she accommodate me.

It was a lovely latihan indeed, and I was even happier as I thanked her, said goodbye and started down the same old Fatmawati – skipping a little, humming a tune and praising God for having allowed >

this special encounter with a lady I felt so close to.

My heart was filled with gratefulness, when Whammo! I was struck hard from behind from what I was sure was a truck. It sent me flying into a side

street where I landed face down a good many yards from the impact. Looking up very, very slowly at the taxi driver standing next to me, I realized it hadn't been a truck.

To my surprise, the man hadn't sped off, but had actually stopped and was helping me up. He was sweating like a wombat and began wringing his hands.

"Ma'af, Nona," he said, "I'll take you immediately to Hospital Fatmawati, down the road."

I shrank away from him in alarm. It was a well-known fact that the chances of leaving Hospital Fatmawati alive were slim. It was a place where human life was not considered a valuable commodity. The population in Jakarta was increasing at a rate that knew no limit, and so, to the hospital staff, it made much more sense to let patients bleed out and expire in the waiting room.

I was terrified he'd insist. "No, no, Please! Not Fatmawati," I begged. He looked taken aback. What was he going to do with this 'Bulet' (white female) who would certainly bring him bad luck in the end?

"Take me home to Wisma Subud", I implored, and so he did, almost to my door on Skid Row. By then the pain had hit me. The peaceful Ramadan afternoon was shattered, by my howls punctuated - so my children tell me - by unprintable expletives hardly in keeping with the sanctity of the month.

After prodding around my body, we found there seemed to be nothing actually broken. The excruciating pain during the following days was not caused by broken bones, but by two gravel-embedded skinned knees and hands.

The moral of this story? I imagine the Javanese would say, "Never be too sad or too happy," and I would add: Don't count your Ramadan blessings before they hatch. ●

“ Take me home to Wisma Subud! ”

WANTS AND NEEDS

Matthew Harris, Australia, writes about the distinction between, 'What I Want!' and 'What I Need'...

What most people want is to be loved. They want to be heard, appreciated and acknowledged. And most people want this from someone 'out there'.

We want to have our Lover adore us. We want to be IN love, and this love to fill our hearts and our beingness.

We want it to heal our wounds and makes us feel whole.

And when we have this, this feeling of completion and wholeness from the love we want, then, then the world will change, others will awaken and the world will be healed.

This is a romantic myth. It is a myth which the Western world has been in thrall to for over a thousand years now.

But life and the world doesn't work like that.

Life is unfair. It truly is. Life is unfair and it doesn't necessarily give us what we want within the timeframe that we want it.

Nature, life and the universal laws that govern our earthly realm and our soul's mission, are far more complex and grand than just co-ordinating together to manifest our desires and wish lists. That's why the common interpretation of the Law of Attraction doesn't work the way the self-development industry has told us.

It is working, but at a much more complex and grand scale than we can see from our perspective of desires, wishes and even visions.

What if we attended to our needs?

So, what if we attended to what we Need instead? How would that make any difference at all?

What we Need is to bring our attention; our listening, our acknowledgement and our appreciation to ourselves, First. This means paying attention to what is in our own field, First. >



Matthew Harris.

It means paying attention to where our attention (and therefore our energy) is being spent.

This may lead us to becoming aware of our fears, anxieties and wounds. This then, may lead us to find ways to reconcile with our own disrupted and unhealthy energies and polarities. This is grand work. It is noble and courageous work as it is the work that truly heals and changes the world.

This is uncovering and re-memembering our true Glory. This is the loving presence that we bring to ourselves.

It can help if it is also present from outside and we gain support and encouragement from there.

But essentially, we need to bring it within ourselves, from within ourselves. And often we need help from a counsellor or a therapist from outside, to help us on this way. It's very hard to do it all on your own.

There are many courses and programs that are all about 'getting what you want'. For many of them, they simply represent the glorifying of our limiting beliefs, visions, anxieties, fears and desires.

Many of the programs are just pathways to narcissism and bypassing. That is, they don't attend to our real needs as humans; our multi-layered and multi-dimensional needs and wounds, and profound drive to fulfil our soul's mission.

The loving presence that we want for ourselves, is not 'out there' in another relationship. It's not in some sort of exercise regime, or pure dietary program, or in some righteous belief system.

It begins with an honest and caring, loving relationship with ourselves.

This IS the work. Remembering our Glory is then appreciating ourselves in all our messiness, in our fears, uncertainties and woundedness.

It is holding ourselves responsible and accountable for who we are, where we are, and what we have done.

This is the path of the Hero's Journey. It IS the Way of the Courageous Vulnerable.

And when you meet someone who has been through their journey, who has been humbled and emerged remembering their true presence, then you see someone who fully embodies the integration of Soul and Spirit.

This is pure Joy.

Matthew is the author of THE WAY OF THE COURAGEOUS VULNERABLE which takes the model of the hero's journey, the underlying template in stories from all around the world, as a way for people to understand and achieve their purpose in life.

To contact Matthew 358matthewh@gmail.com

To purchase either the print book or ebook go to the Amazon website:

https://www.amazon.com.au/Way-Courageous-Vulnerable-Finding-Meaning-ebook/dp/B08T4HQSF1/ref=sr_1_1?dchild=1&keywords=the+way+of+the+courageous&qid=1622162859&s=books&sr=1-1

Or for the print version, go to the website: <https://www.courageousjourney.com.au/book> ●

Cubby Companions – Sitting in the Middle

Irwan Wyllie writes the sixth article in his series about his cubby... © Freeman Wyllie 2021

I have written previously of the memorabilia lying around in my cubby – bits and pieces of my children's lives. These children, my immediate descendants, have traversed so swiftly through my life, like comets, leaving a trail of their star dust in my cubby.

But there are other star-dust trails in my cubby – those of my ancestors. The memorabilia of their lives are also here – old photos, war medals, books, tie pins, cuff links, baby booties. They sit in plies on small tables – too casually stored to be serious reliquaries, but almost.

As I sit in my cubby, I sit in the middle - between descendants and ancestors. That is a special place, a privileged place. It comes from being on this earth for long enough to have shuffled beyond the fulcrum of life. It comes from allowing myself, through the gift of the latihan, to stretch the limits of my awareness between what has been and what is to come.

Life gets richer. To sit in the middle between descendants and ancestors, to bear witness to both, >

is both a comfort and a blessing. For there is a stream of love that flows between them - and because I sit in the middle, that stream flows through me. And, in a way that should not be exaggerated, I feel an obligation to both – a gentle but pressing need to care for both, to hold them in my feelings, to pray for them. At times, and for unknown reasons, hourly.

“ I have loving memories of my immediate ancestors...”

I am fortunate, I only have loving memories of my immediate ancestors, those I had the opportunity to meet in this world. They were all good people, as far as I can tell. Two in particular were very special to me: my father and his father.

My strong connection to my grandfather was partly the outcome of circumstances. He was my only grandparent really. My father's mother died before I was born, and my mother's parents lived in England. They were separated from my war-brided mother when she courageously sailed to the antipodes to wed an Australian airman she had only known for six weeks and had not seen for two years.

What can I say about these two men that is brief enough to share here?

As a child I loved my father so much. In the evenings I would often ask to comb his oiled black hair just for the pleasure of being close to him. His movie star good looks, kind and reliable nature endeared him to everyone. I never heard him speak a bad word about another person.

At his funeral, members of Australia's military service organisation unexpectedly turned up to honour him. As they put it, and in Australian larrikin style, they had "stolen" an Australian Air Force flag to drape over his coffin.

They also handed out red poppies to the congregation. At one point in the service, to my surprise, one of these men stood and invited the congregation to place a poppy on my father's coffin. As people quietly lined up and moved with reverence towards the coffin, the understanding came to me that whatever role my father had played in the war, it was one of the main reasons he had come to this world.

I remember one of his air crew telling me once that it was because of my father, a navigator, that they had survived the war. There were stories of crash landings, of impenetrable fogs and iced-up engines. He also showed me a wartime photo they took of Cologne Cathedral standing in the midst of a bombed city. He told me the cathedral was still standing because men like my father, a Christian, avoided it when making their bombing calculations.

I had viewed my father's body earlier that morning. For a tall man, he looked so small. As I walked away, I involuntarily turned back towards him - prayer-clasped hands rose above my head. In that moment, I knew I was honouring a man of high nature. That he was my father seemed irrelevant. This was simply honouring a good man. As the Bible commands, I >



My father – Jim Wyllie – left as Pathfinder Force Officer in WWII and right as Company Director in 1971.



*Cologne Cathedral after the allied bombing.
(<https://www.warhistoryonline.com/world-war-ii/bombed-out->*

had nevertheless honoured my father.

Twenty years earlier and long before I had been opened, I spent two extraordinary hours with my grandfather before leaving for Europe. I was a twenty-two-year-old graduate. I had already been living away from home for two years working as a statistician for the Australian government. I guess I was no longer a boy. Perhaps he recognised this. He spoke to me quietly, man-to-man, about his concerns - about growing old, and childhood memories. I do not understand what happened during that conversation, but I felt as though he was communicating with me, not through his words, but from what I would now call, his inner.

As I walked down the wooden back stairs of his classic Queensland home, I knew something unusual had happened. As I walked down those stairs, it was revealed to me that my grandfather was also someone special. As a stretcher bearer in World War I, he had experienced so much horror. In the midst of western front carnage, he had done holy work, or so it seems to me. But he was just Papa to me – strict but kind. He always ensured there was a jar of lollies for us kids in the top drawer of his dressing table. In many respects, he was an ordinary man who had led an ordinary life.



My grandfather – Bert Wyllie – left as Field Ambulance Officer in WWI and right as Company Director in 1971.

My grandfather died while I was overseas. Those two hours were the last I was to spend with him.

I loved those two men who happened to be my ancestors.

I suspect we each come to this earth with a purpose. Both my father and my grandfather touched people with their kindness, but there was something about their wartime contributions that was important in their life journeys. This was a revelation to me. I was the last person to focus on, or glorify, war in any way. When my time came to be drafted into the Vietnam war that I so vehemently opposed, my birthdate did not come up. In the cruel lottery for choosing the young men who would have to enlist, I was spared the horror of war.

Men do not get much of a wrap these days – for many good reasons, but I often wonder what ancestral burden they carry from centuries of wars. I do not think of it often, but I am the descendant of two men who each fought in brutal wars. Intense, life-changing, experiences. If epigenetics is correct, I carry their experiences like military knapsacks somewhere in my DNA.

I understand these stories can be seen as rather hagiographical accounts of these two men. No doubt my memories are part-constructions of unanswered emotional needs from childhood. Men in Australia, probably everywhere, grow up with a limited emotional palette from which to operate. My father and grandfather were no exceptions. They were not perfect. They did not express their feelings easily or often. I could catalogue their failures in this respect, and probably a few others, but at this distance, it is the essence of them that remains. It is the inner natures of these important male ancestors that remain. Perhaps that is all that matters. Time has erased the superficial and left the concentration of them. Either way, this is the way I choose to remember them. This is the way I choose to honour them.

And my ancestral companions go very much further back than these two men. I have written previously about a powerful reunion with older Scottish ancestors in 2015 during a one year stay in Scotland. They are with me here too. They are always with me.

I remember years ago when I started my first enterprise. I was thirty and faced many challenges. I lacked experience. In those early days, I often felt my ancestors lining up behind me, sending through their collective wisdom and support. This awareness of my ancestors was like a gentle breeze that blew through me from time to time, providing a tantalising glimpse into a >

larger unseen world.

I only had one important female ancestor during my childhood: the courageous mother of whom I wrote earlier. To the extent that my father, an engineer, was busy, organised, utterly reliable, and rational; my mother was creative, complicated, temperamental, intuitive and slightly psychic.

Coming from a rural English background, she was pagan by instinct, deeply connected to nature and animals. While my father spent little time with me, my mother poured endless hours into encouraging the talents and interests of my sister and I.

It was my mother who sat up at night reading us poetry, who named the blossoming plants, pointed out the beautiful skies, shared her own well-crafted poems, taught us to paint on rainy days, took us to the ballet and the theatre, and read us the latest archaeological discoveries from newspapers. Unlike her beloved brother who won a scholarship to Oxford, her family did not allow her to go beyond O levels. Occasionally, to this day, she will say: "I sometimes wonder what I might have done with my life." Perhaps this is why I have always had a passion, most recently expressed through my return to the Board of the Yes Quest, to see people have the opportunity to reach their potential in life.

I owe her so much. As I sit in the middle of my daily life and love of learning, it is my mother whom I honour. Unlike my other ancestors, she remains a living presence. She recently turned ninety-nine. What a gift she has been. As the Prophet explained: "Your Heaven lies under the feet of your mother (Ahmad, Nasai)".

I once tested what is the gift each of my parents gave me. To my surprise, my connection to God came from my mother. Perhaps this explains the Prophet's answer to the question from a follower: "Who is most deserving of my good company?" The Prophet said, "Your mother." The man asked, "Then who?" The Prophet said "Your mother." The man asked again, "Then who?" The Prophet said, "Your mother." The man asked again, "Then who?" The Prophet said, "Your father."

And these are not my only cubby companions. In recent times, no doubt a factor of the "ominosity" of ageing, I am increasingly aware of Subud brothers and sisters who have passed away. They come to me in dreams and during the day, often with an impulse to pray for them. This is no act of salvation, but a desire to send a blessing, to honour and love them. Prayer is love.

At other times I hover, quiver, between this world and the next, between the present and the difficult transitions ahead.

So, my little cubby is a tardis of sorts. Within its small and shabby dimensions, I can travel beyond life and death, back and forth through time, and to the edges of my universe.

On a good day, when wearing the lenses that enable me to peer through the bright lights, energy and noise of daily life, I sit in the middle of so much fascination about this world and the next - and so much love for those of this world and the next.

I sit in the middle of so much – and give thanks.



My English mother and Australian father when they first met in England during WWII. It was love at first sight. They were engaged six weeks later.

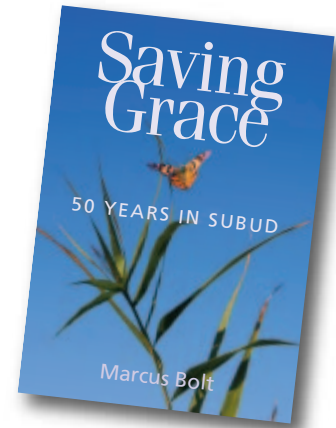
“ I once tested what is the gift each of my parents gave me. ”



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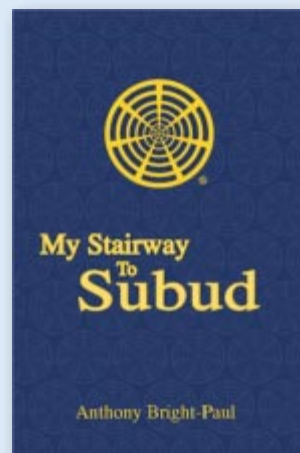
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A new book from Lawrence Brazier

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In the introduction, Lawrence writes...

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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.

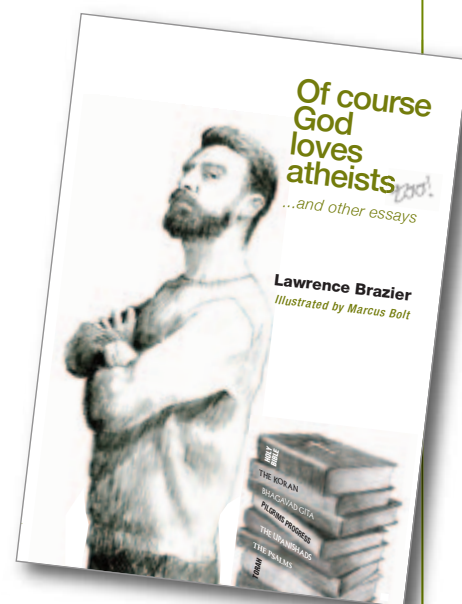
There are jokey pieces about sarongs and getting blessed by sneezing, but above all one senses the deep wonder of his good fortune, which he has received in a difficult world.

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

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