



The Religion Report

The Editor reports...



While recent censuses in Australia indicate a general decline in people following religion, there has been one exception bringing some good news. In the 2001 census 70,000 people (0.37% of the population) declared themselves members of the Jedi order.

The Jedi order is of course the religion followed by the Jedi Knights in the Star Wars movies produced by George Lucas.

Unfortunately, the bad news is that adherence to the Jedi order has gone down in more recent censuses.

The 2006 census showed an alarming decline to only 58,053 Jedi.

However, there was an encouraging upsurge in the 2011 census, with 65,000 people listing their faith as Jedi.

Alas, the 2016 census once again showed a marked decline with only 48,000 people recording themselves as Jedi.

Still, this is a better showing than Subud where precise figures are not available >

SUBMISSIONS AND DONATIONS

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

but there are probably only a couple of hundred Subud members in Australia (depending on how you count them).



There was an encouraging upsurge in the 2011 census...



However, it is possible to claim a “spill-over” effect from Subud to the Jedi order.

As is well known Subud has made a significant contribution to Jedi theology via Varindra Vittachi, former Chair of the World Subud Association.

He spent time with George Lucas when the director was working on the first of the Star War Movies and it is likely that the Jedi slogan “May the (Great Life) Force be with you” owes something to Subud.

I have heard tell that Lucas himself was opened in Subud, but I can neither confirm nor deny this rumour.,

Anyway, on the basis of the Vittachi connection alone, it is possible to claim that people belonging to the Jedi order have been influenced by Subud.

So, it seems we have good and bad news on this subject.

The good news is that there is no other bad news that we know of.

The bad news is that that is all the good news we have.



PASSING OF ROHAN WARNESURIYA

Rohan Warnesuriya, originally from Sri Lanka but long resident in Australia, passed away on June 19. We intend to publish an obituary for him in our August issue.

RESULTS OF OUR RECENT APPEAL

Thank you very much to everyone who contributed to our recent appeal for funds to keep Subud Voice going. Many generous donations were received.

What about the thousands of other people who read *Subud Voice*? Would you also be able to contribute something?

Sometimes people say they find it difficult to use PayPal. It is possible to transfer money directly to our bank account, but overseas transfer fees cost so much it is not worth doing unless you are donating a fairly large sum.

For instance, if you were transferring \$60 by international transfer to our bank in Australia your bank will probably take about \$10 of it and our bank will take \$10 of it which hardly makes the transfer worthwhile unless the amount is fairly large.

An alternative which some readers use is the service called WISE (used to be called TRANSFERWISE) Recently, someone sent us \$100 by this method and the entire cost of the transfer was 60 cents. To open an account with WISE is straightforward and can be found on their web site:

<http://wise.com>

The information you will need to give them for our bank account is:

ACCOUNT NAME:	SUBUD VOICE
COUNTRY:	AUSTRALIA
BANK:	WESTPAC
BANK CODE:	WBC
BSB:	033 358
ACCOUNT:	39-4666
IBAN:	033358394666
SWIFT:	WPACU2S



Thank you to all those who donated so generously...



This additional information is sometimes required...

BANK ADDRESS: Southland Branch, Shop 287/287A, Southland Shopping Centre, 1239 Nepean Hwy Cheltenham VIC, AUSTRALIA

ADDRESS OF ACCOUNT HOLDER HARRIS SMART/SUBUD VOICE: 153 Mount Warning Road, Mount Warning, NSW 2482 Australia

This same information is what you need to give your bank if you are going to do an international bank transfer from your bank to ours.

Another alternative is that people in the UK can contribute directly to our layout artist's account.

Contact him at marcusbolt240@gmail.com

EXPLORE YOUR ELEMENT

Sebastian Flynn writes about a new workshop program he is running with Liliana Maria from Chile. Sebastian, originally from the UK and married to current International Helper Hermina Flynn, is well-known internationally as a fiddler particularly in Irish music. But he has also held important cultural positions as the director of the Australian Folk Festival and in peak Australian multicultural organisations

He also created the workshop program known as Culture Compass which helps people, particularly refugees, to orientate themselves in life. And has now developed EYE (EXPLORE YOUR ELEMENT) which he runs with Liliana. He writes...

In Explore Your Element, I am working with Liliana Maria, a former colleague at Multicultural Australia - where I was Events Manager and Liliana was Manager of Culturally Diverse Training around Cultural Intelligence (CQ).

Originally from Santiago de Chile, Liliana's family were refugees of the Pinochet regime during the military coup in Chile from 1973-81, with her father being a political prisoner for four years. The family eventually secured his release and escaped from Chile to seek refuge, eventually arriving in Australia.

More info here: <https://www.sbs.com.au/topics/voices/culture/article/2020/06/22/i-am-daughter-political-prisoner-and-human-rights-activists>

Liliana has a background in Anthropology and has created a program called Cultural Conversations, looking at such things as instinctive unconscious bias, ethnicity and culture, neuroscience, cognitive science, philosophy and ethics in storytelling.

To the other half of our one-day workshops, I bring the Culture Compass, which has evolved over 5 years to embrace such things as the paradigm shift from clinical to cultural wellbeing in the area of early intervention in diverse communities, following my attending the International Initiative for Mental Health Leadership (IIMHL) in Vancouver.

Culture Compass also covers such things as identifying fulfilment, the diversity aspects of corporate, community and personal strategizing, metaphor in storytelling and non-violent communication.

Liliana and I have worked in a broad range of environments, (including my delivery of the Culture Compass for the Federal Dept of Human Services in all the major centres in Australia) as well as engagements both in Australia and abroad and have recently developed our new EYE collateral to reflect our recent program developments.

From its origin of providing support for refugees from diverse backgrounds, the Culture Compass has evolved into something that has an equally useful application in both the corporate and community sectors with an ever-increasing diversity of workforces.

And for those interested in his music, Sebastian adds...

Here is a link to the latest CD of my current band, The

Stowaways:

<https://the-stowaways.bandcamp.com/releases>





EXPLORE YOUR ELEMENT

More than a culturally diverse training program, EYE is an equity-centred framework connecting the multiple elements of individual and organisational cultural intelligence.

The EYE program draws on a broad range of cultural influences to explore both our innate natural biases and our personal gifts and talents, and how we can best acknowledge and use these to serve others as well as ourselves.

EYE recognises the need for a personal inward focus followed by a cross-cultural view of how we can work together most effectively.



Sebastian Flynn

The designer of the Culture Compass reorientation program, following over twenty years' experience as a Multicultural Festival Director in Brisbane, Queensland and in Canberra, ACT, as well as successfully presenting in Europe and the UK.

Liliana Maria

From an anthropology discipline and is a highly experienced presenter and facilitator, especially in her chosen area of Cultural Education, Storytelling and Cultural Conversations.



CONTACT

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WORKING ON THE ARCHIVES IN WISMA SUBUD

Dachlan Cartwright writes about his experiences working on the Subud Archives in Wisma Subud...

By 1981 I had settled in Bandung, Indonesia, with my wife Srie and our two children. I had never met Harlinah Longcroft, a British sister who had been brought by Bapak to Indonesia to help out in the Bank and was now living in Wisma Subud and working on the HOS (History of Subud).

I had seen a letter written by her, on appropriate behaviour in Wisma Subud. She also had a remarkable resemblance to the “Iron Lady”, Margaret Thatcher (eat your heart out Gillian Anderson who played Margaret Thatcher in the movie)). So I had this picture of a rather strict “memsahib”. In fact Harlinah is a delightful, fun-loving person, who is obviously one of those persons who were incarnated to help Bapak in his holy mission.

A little more on the “Margaret Thatcher” connection. In 1985 Mrs Thatcher visited Indonesia, along with her husband Denis. They visited the Widjojo Centre, which housed the British Council, and Harlinah wrote an amusing account of how she imagined flinging her arms around the confused Denis. Another time she was in the city of Banjarmasin in Kalimantan. The locals got wind that Margaret Thatcher was in the city, so Harlinah walked through the streets trailing a long procession of locals.

Harlinah also enjoys country music, and one evening we sat around listening to the likes of Roger Miller. So definitely no stern memsahib.

On a more serious note...

Harlinah receives very strongly, and I count the time spent working with her as one of the highlights of my Subud life. She had been brought up in colonial Egypt, and her father had been, I believe, a high official in one of the shipping companies. So, she had visited the pyramids and the other remains as a young girl.

Later she had worked as secretary to two eminent historians, one of whom was Arnold Toynbee, author of the monumental, multi-volume, *A Study of History*. Toynbee himself possessed certain spiritual powers. In one of Colin Wilson’s books on the occult (possibly *The Occult* – I can’t check because my copy is locked down in Bandung) a remarkable timeslip is described, in which Toynbee, as a young scholar in Greece, who “witnessed” a battle between the Romans and the Macedonians.

Harlinah herself has this kind of ability. We’d be discussing, say, Ancient China, and she would say, “*Ooo, I’m getting a kind of frisson,*” which to her meant that what we were speculating about was true.

Or we would be talking about the Vikings, and she had received that their long voyages of exploration were a sort of act of religious faith, the launching being preceded by a ceremony presided over by a priestess or seer. I’m not sure if Harlinah experienced herself as the priestess.

This enlightened for me the nature of time travel. It’s surely not a question of getting into a machine a la HG Wells, but more of an expansion of our present consciousness back into the past and forward into the future.

She had also experienced a kind of space travel, once seeing herself on Mars. And once she told me that when she was experiencing a painful migraine, she was able to transport herself to a



The latihan hall at Wisma Subud. The International Archives are located here.

“*Harlinah was concerned about a worst case scenario...*”

kind of tropical Caribbean island, away from pain and mundanity.

Well, I'm as psychic as a brick shipyard, as Benny Hill would say, but Harlinah did say she could see me as a knight going off to fight in the Wars of the Roses. (It would have to be with the Lancastrians; the latest evidence does seem to confirm that Laurence Olivier, I mean Richard III, murdered the Princes in the Tower.)

But all this was over and above the work I was supposed to do...

Harlinah was concerned about a worst-case scenario when, if something happened to her, the person picking up the gauntlet of continuing the HOS should need to know how far she had progressed. The incoming historian would not be me (I have an awesome respect for the skills of the historian, but little competence in this area myself) but, as a librarian, I would be able to brief the incomer on where to carry on and show him/her the files...

To read the complete article, click here:

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2021/05/Working-On-Archives.pdf>

STU... EL PRESIDENTE

Harris Smart continues his series of articles about people and projects in the North Coast Subud group in New South Wales Australia. At a time when many groups all around the world have been severely affected by the COVID virus, Harris had the idea of providing a portrait of the people in his group.

His is an energetic and supportive group where people come from varied and interesting backgrounds and involved in a range of lifestyles and projects in an area of northern New South Wales which has a unique culture combining traditional rural Australia with progressive attitudes to every aspect of life from relationships to growing vegetables.

This time he talks with Stuart Mitchell who is currently the chairperson of the group, known commonly as El Presidente...

Stuart grew up in Melbourne, but left that city at the age of 20. His teenage years had been troubled.

"I started hanging out with the wrong people and finally I had to get out. It was an escape really."

With a mate he travelled up to Cairns where they intended to work on the fishing trawlers. "I worked on a mothership for a couple of weeks, most of which was spent violently seasick, so I didn't end up getting offered a place on a trawler.

"I was heading back down to Melbourne in despair really when I rang my parents and I found out that my sister was planning to move to Brisbane. So, I went to stay with my brother-in-law who was already there."

Stuart had left school at 16 and in Brisbane he went to work at the only jobs he could get which were low-skilled positions such as storeman and driver.

Then he went to work for a company called ALSCO, an industrial laundry company. He was employed as a service person dealing with customers. "But then I was given an opportunity to market the services the company provided and that really turned my life around. I found I was very good at it and began to win national and international awards for my work."

He worked there for three years but at age 27 he knew that he had to do something different. "I went on a personal development course called



Once a mere worker, he is now El Presidente...



I was heading back down to Melbourne in despair...



Real Man which changed my life. It was not only that the workshop was great, but also that I became part of the community surrounding the company, Real Education, which put on the workshop.”

He attended the workshop several times as a participant and was then given opportunities to facilitate some of the company’s events. “I felt like I had discovered something I was good at and I could really do. I was good at developing rapport with people. I got a diploma in counselling and started to work as a trainer and facilitator in the corporate world.”

At the age of 38, there was another dramatic life change. A long-term relationship broke up, and just at that time Stuart happen to be on his computer looking at SEEK, the job search engine, and way up in the top right-hand corner of his screen was a little emblem which said JOBS IN THE UK. “It was one of those moments when everything changed, and I went to work in the UK as a trainer.”

During that time, he travelled widely in Europe and the Middle East and then on his way home after having been the UK for two years, he went to India. “For six months. I became one of those India hippies. Quite a change from being a corporate trainer.”

Finding Subud...

When he came back to Australia, he stayed in Melbourne for a while, then went to Brisbane, where he did another workshop called The Mankind Project where he met some people from the town of Uki, including several Subud members including Irwan Wyllie, Hamilton Barnett, Stephen Armytage and Jeremy Melder.

“I got on extremely well with them, as well as other people from Uki. These Uki people really seemed to have something. I was given various offers to come and stay with people including one from Irwan. It took me about four months but finally I got down to Uki. It was a Sunday afternoon and not much happens in Uki on Sunday afternoons, but I liked it straightaway.

“I stayed with Irwan and Lena for a week one day I was looking through their bookshelves and I saw a number of titles containing the word “Subud”. I started reading them and then asked Irwan about it and he told me all about Subud, Now I knew I really had to come and live in Uki.”

To read the complete article, click here:

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2021/05/EI-Presidente.pdf>



Wisdom of the North Coast...



Stuart has become a keen surfer...

Help Susila Dharma build a better future

Appeal for donations to the SDIA Endowment Fund

The consequences of the global coronavirus pandemic have been devastating for many individuals, communities and countries. Yet, thanks to the support of our donors, Susila Dharma projects around the world have been able to adjust and respond to needs for food, medical supplies, online teaching and care for the vulnerable elderly.

The pandemic was an 'unexpected' crisis. Who knows when another major emergency could hit an unprepared world?

If you support the SDIA Endowment Fund or leave a bequest today, you will empower SDIA to respond to future needs, opportunities and crises. We can't know what the needs of vulnerable communities will be in 50 years' time, but we can ensure that SDIA and its inspired membership will be there to help, guided from within to take action in the world.

“ Empowering SDIA to respond to future needs... ”

Any contribution to the SDIA Endowment Fund, will make you part of a growing community of committed donors who want to leave a lasting legacy for the future welfare of our fellow human beings and the planet. Our target for this appeal is \$100,000 USD and our donors' generosity means we have already raised USD \$12,000. That means we need \$88,000 to meet our target!

The SDIA Board oversees all investments of the Endowment Fund which is managed by a professional fund manager. Your contribution is secure and will be used appropriately; for larger donations SDIA is happy to develop with you a named fund and/or one that reflects your values and priorities.

If you have an enquiry about how to contribute to this Global Endowment Fund Appeal 2021 or to leave a bequest for SDIA in your will, please contact Hamida Virginia Thomas, SDIA's Executive Director at: virginia@susiladharma.org

To donate now online, visit this page <https://secure.qgiv.com/for/endfunapp202> and to find out how to send us a cheque or a bank / wire transfer, please visit this page <http://susiladharma.org/donate> Thank you from SDIA.



Care for the vulnerable elderly...

Online teaching...

Medical supplies...

Environmental programs...

Essential food supplies...



WELLNESSPRENEUR

From the SESI newsletter...

Two young Subud entrepreneurs based in Australia live their passion for web design and for supporting owners of wellness enterprises to promote their vision of sustainable wellness.

Their impressive website is:

www.wellnesspreneur.com.au

Our story began in Europe, where we started a small business in online marketing and building websites. From January 2013 we travelled around Europe and ran our little web design business for 4 years. It was a wonderful time where we lived in Germany with Sebastian's family, in a hotel in Switzerland right up in the Swiss Alps, in the middle of Vienna. We even ran a bed and breakfast in France for 9 months.

Teresa's parents Harry and Irma came twice and we did two breathtaking trips around south Europe. We explored from the far east of Portugal all the way across to Croatia and Slovenia. It truly was a spectacular time for the two of us.

When we finally decided to come back to Australia and fully focus on the business, we found our Magic niche.

We were naturally drawn to the wellness industry due to Teresa's family and Sebastian's excitement and passion for the possibilities of alternative treatments. But we were also drawn to the Wellness space out of frustration for the current mainstream health system and general education around health and wellbeing. After learning about holistic and alternative health and wellness practices, it was as if the system was causing people to fall off a cliff and instead of preventing them falling in the first place. We simply continued to build faster ambulances at the bottom.

So we decided to help those business owners we love so much and empower them to change more lives and move the world to sustainable wellness. We moved away from only building websites and created a business development program specifically for holistic practitioners and wellness professionals.

The program helped to clearly communicate their magic to speak to their audience and systematize the business so they could focus on what they love doing and ultimately increase exposure and outreach to attract more clients. Once all of that was in place, a website made much more sense and actually fulfilled a tangible purpose with our clients business.

Since we moved to the Gold Coast, new opportunities are coming our way. As we still run and coach with Wellnesspreneur, we are pursuing new exciting ventures around raising consciousness, taking care of mother nature and building capacity for humanity. For this reason, Sebastian decided it was time to write his first book on helping wellness business owners to find their magic, gain the confidence to positively move the hearts and souls of millions and feel fulfilled with what they do.



Sebastian and Teresa write about how their business developed ...



“ It was as if the system was causing people to fall off a cliff... ”

NEWS FROM ZONE 4



Salama Gielge writes...

On March 30, Zone 4 held a Zoom meeting that was attended by close to 20 people, including 14 from eight Zone 4 countries, three International Helpers, and two guests from Zone 3.

Reports show that most countries are not yet allowed to hold group latihans and, on the whole, members get together in smaller groups or do latihan alone. The exceptions are Israel, Sweden and Russia. In fact:

“The regular National Congress of Subud Russia was held in Sergiev Posad 09-11.04.21. After a long break we were able to organize an offline meeting. We are glad that 32 participants from Moscow, Kazan, Ivanovo, Anapa came to the congress.

“The helpers made a useful kejiwaan program, and many members of the group were able to clarify their questions in individual tests. The main event of the congress was the selection of a new chairman. It is our brother Anton. Subud Russia expresses its gratitude to Alexander Ivanovich, who held this post for several years...

“Many thanks to everyone who came and to those who were able to provide financial support to the participants in need. And big thanks to the Helpers for interesting program.”

In most countries, zoom meetings have been playing an increasing role, frequently following offline latihans. It is also good to see that, despite the current situation, there are a number of applicants.

If you are interested in being updated on Zone 4 news, please contact the Zone Rep, Salama Gielge, for details: zone4@subud.org

This article first appeared in subudworldnews.com

“ Despite the current situation, there are a number of applicants...”

TRANSFORMATIVE POWER OF THE INNER

John Hager writes about how speaking from the inner can transform a situation...

As I left my house, I thought I knew exactly what was ahead of me. How wrong I was!

I was setting out on a walk I had done many times. It was one of many near to where I live. Within ten minutes, it took me away from all sign of human beings (ah, is this not happiness!) to where I could stand under Constable skies with only fields, trees, hedges and birds for company. The horizon surrounding me, completely unspoilt by any building.

I never ceased to admire this natural unspoilt beauty. Today, I would cross the railway track, walk along the wooded path up to the river (where I had recently heard two cuckoos!) across the green fields up to the meadow that took me back home.

The vast sky and beautiful openness of the views had their usual effects: I felt myself to be as light as the air around me and as free as the wide views all around. My Inner seemed to expand to be the very landscape all around me.

Words like Emptiness, Spaciousness and Openness described my very being! I welcomed this because it liberated me and made me feel happy. My inner seemed so real and my heart fills with song that flowed into the landscape to join the birdsong all around me. I felt as close to the Inner as it was possible to be.

Towards the end of the walk the completely unexpected happened. As I grew near to the meadow the natural quiet was broken by some distant human voices which grew louder and, oh dear, more raucous as I approached. This was most unusual, and I did not like it!

Soon I saw what was ahead of me. About a dozen young men had set up a football match on the meadow and a very undisciplined one it seemed to be. They were shouting and running all over the place, not just near the ball!

I felt uneasy as I approached. Most of them had taken off their shirts to reveal both muscles and tattoos which did nothing to lessen my unease. I quickened my pace. There was no-one else around at all. Then, unluckily, the ball came over to near where I was walking and this initiated a torrent of shouting at me: "Come on, Grandad, kick the f..... ball back"

More derisory and unpleasant comments followed, but fortunately I could hardly hear them. I heard enough to know they were the opposite of complimentary! I squared up to give the ball an impressive kick. Alas, it was hopeless, and the ball went in completely the wrong direction. Louder and more ugly, offensive and aggressive shouts followed. Oh dear, things seemed to be turning very nasty now.

I hurried on. Within moments, I became aware of someone running behind me, yes. getting closer. I then felt an upsurge of real fear. Next, this huge, muscular lad came round in front of me. Immediately, before he could say or do anything, I felt a huge wave of *compassion* fill up the whole scene around me, especially for this very intimidating lad in front of me. I really felt so completely accepting of him. Even at the time I felt this to be nothing less than miraculous!

And, equally amazingly, almost immediately, words came pouring out of my mouth, without my thinking. Out of this completely unexpected compassion I shouted out to him, saying things like how lucky he was to be so young and strong, to have so much life ahead of him, how I envied him this, and how he should get the most out of it, to enjoy it as much as he could, that he had so many good things ahead of him, so much good life to have.

I said similar things over again until he stopped abruptly, and he looked how I think we both felt: totally surprised and somewhat bewildered. He stood still; I carried on walking. Phew, I noticed my feelings had returned to normal. Oh no, then I heard footsteps racing up to me for the second time.

Again, he came alongside me. I immediately saw that he looked different: calmer and, in fact, no longer threatening. He looked me full in the face and in a normal voice, said: "Thank you for saying all that", and then he turned and went back to the others! Now they all seemed to have quietened down to a normal game of football and I went home trying to work out what on earth had just happened.

I had just experienced the space of the inner with its openness and emptiness; a sponta-



*I felt a huge wave of
compassion fill the
whole scene around me*



neous feeling of compassion and some inspiration of voice which was as complete a surprise as it could possibly be. And all this had transformed what I was convinced was a genuinely threatening situation for me. It was an example of what openness to the Inner and its inspiration and loving kindness can do.

The logo for 'Reminders of Reality' features the text in a white, elegant cursive font, centered against a background of a soft, glowing sunset or sunrise over a body of water. The colors are warm, with oranges, yellows, and pinks blending into a blue sky.

A Spontaneous Worldwide Sharing of Spiritual Experiences

Emmanuel Elliott writes...

As the home page of the Reminders of Reality website at www.remindersofreality.weebly.com explains, "It 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."

Quite how this came about I am not sure, but what I can say is that today, some nine years after its inception, the site has gathered together about one thousand precious accounts of people's experiences. These tales would otherwise in all probability have been lost, whereas they now form part of the ever-expanding Subud archive.

All these contributions are fascinating, and many are more than a little dramatic. An outstanding example of the latter is Valentine Narvey's story, recorded on the very first page of Reminders. Here is part of what he wrote:

"Outside the window I could see that there was a railway line and a crossing, and a train had stopped there.

"Sitting by myself in the office, I suddenly began to feel very uncomfortable, and more and more I felt as if I was going insane. I tried to tell myself that it was just my imagination, but the sensation of turmoil inside me got more and more intense, until suddenly it reached a peak and I 'saw' myself raising my arms up to heaven and I heard silently the words, 'Go with God'. There was a great feeling of release, all the turmoil disappeared and I felt completely calm, although a bit bewildered.

"A few minutes later, the others came back into the office and told me that, shortly before, a school bus had been hit by the train, and all the children had been killed instantly. On the other side of the train there was a temporary morgue with all the bodies laid out on the ground. We had arrived 30 minutes after the event.

"I realized that somehow I had been made to help those children to be released from the earth and go where they needed to go. I must have been visible to them, and in their terror, they had clung to me, and I could feel their state, and then the latihan had started and became a bridge for them to leave this world. I realized that somehow I had been made to help those children to be released from the earth and go where they needed to go. I must have been visible to them, and in their terror, they had clung to me, and I could feel their state, and then the latihan had started and became a bridge for them to leave this world."

I remember receiving the title 'Reminders of Reality' while sitting up in bed one evening back in February 2012, since when, without fail, there have always been enough contributions to keep the fortnightly newsletter going. The contents of every edition are then added to the website, and thereafter – thanks to the indefatigable Daniela Moneta and her team – to the archives.

If you would like to receive the newsletter, simply drop me a line at emmanuelelliott777@gmail.com Better still, if you would like to share an experience of your own – whether anonymously or attributed – please don't hesitate to send it to me. The feedback over the years makes it abundantly clear just how much these contributions are loved and appreciated. As for yours truly, it is a tremendous privilege to be of service in this way.

THE HERO'S JOURNEY

Review by Harris Smart...

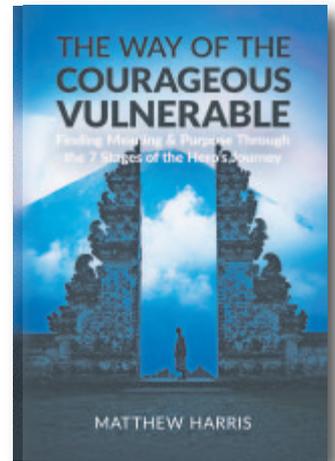
THE WAY OF THE COURAGEOUS VULNERABLE is a new book by Matthew Harris, a Subud member living in Northern New South Wales, Australia.

The book 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.

Matthew describes it as a journey into your vulnerability and courage through which you can uncover your real nature and vocation. He says his book can help you:

- *Appreciate yourself, your life's journey and your legacy.*
- *Understand the power and purpose of your challenges and achievements.*

Be reassured that you live in a benign universe guiding you to your purpose in life and bringing out your greatest gifts and talents.



The Pattern

Matthew takes the template of the hero's journey as a way of looking at life, beginning with his own. He arranges a collection of stories, poems and essays to picture the journey. The book is illustrated in many styles which vividly illustrate the stages of the journey.

The hero's journey is found through age-old stories in many cultures like the stories of King Arthur, the Arabian Nights or the Hindu epic the Mahabharata.

And you won't get a job in Hollywood today if you haven't immersed yourself in the "hero's journey" because the structure now forms the basis of many movies video games and TV series such as the *Lord of the Rings*, *Game of Thrones* and *The Lion King*.

The concept arises from the work of Joseph Campbell, a disciple of Jung whose work inspired Campbell to seek the universal patterns in storytelling. His book *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* is the first statement of the hero's journey.

The theme has been extended and elaborated by other writers such as Maureen Murdoch's book *The Heroine's Journey*. The movie, *The Wizard of Oz*, provides a powerful example of the heroine's journey. ...



Matthew Harris.

The Journey...

The challenge for the hero (female or male) is to move through the stages of life, often meeting obstacles and difficulties, before "coming out the other side" with gifts and maturity not only valuable to them but also to the whole human community.

There are three parts to the journey. Part one, is preparation in the known world and departure from it. Part two, goes on a journey into an initiation that brings successes but also trials and challenges that eventually lead to the discovery of your true gifts and talents. From here the hero begins Part three, the return path bringing gifts and wisdom of benefit to oneself and one's community. The "three-act" structure is further elaborated into seven stages...

Part 1: Preparation and departure:

1. The call to adventure..,
- 2, Crossing the threshold...

Part 2: Initiation

3. The road of trials...

4. The abyss, the place of darkness and despair...
5. Rebirth and transformation...

Part 3: The Return

6. The road back, rewards and gifts...
7. Reintegration...

The hero's journey provides a framework for understanding the complexity of experience. Beneath the mundane and untidy details of everyday life, the patterns of the hero's journey can be discerned.

Matthew writes...

Understanding the Hero's Journey allows you to see your life as fulfilling a far grander purpose than you can see at the time. It shows you that going through your periods of hardship and struggle, as well as your successes and achievements, are all natural and normal part of your journey. And the purpose of this book is to provide the opportunity for you to develop your character and fulfil your soul's mission

The Outcome...

The book brings a hopeful message, enabling one to more easily bear and even value the hard times. It is an approach that teaches patience, humility and the "long view".

Matthew explains the steps in detail and shows how they have applied in his own life, which has involved a journey often marked by depression, illness and poverty. This enables the reader to see how the stages can apply in their own lives.

The book includes exercises and questions at the end of each chapter to help you apply the "journey" to your own life

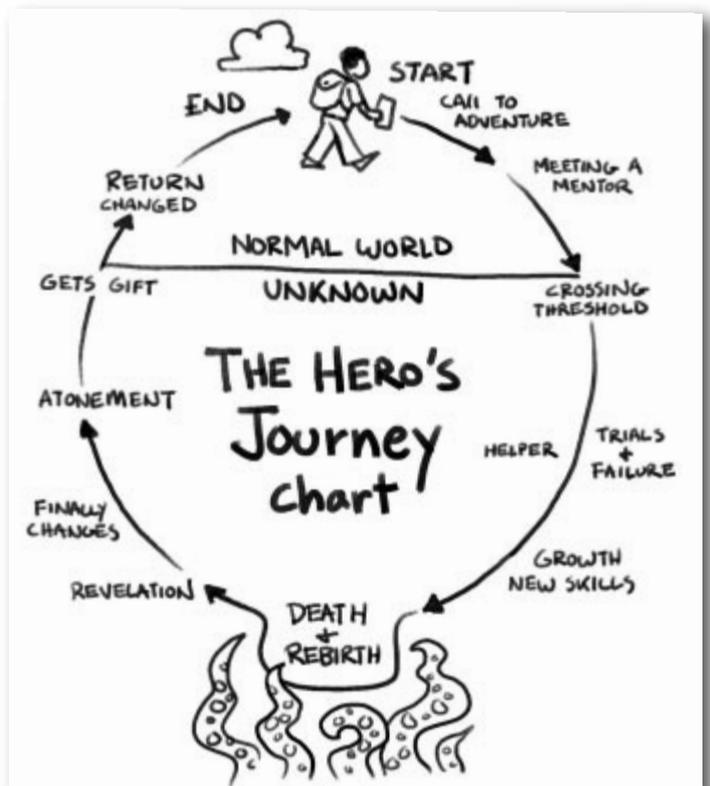
The book includes topics such as: going through hard times, dealing with uncomfortable feelings, the purpose of emotional pain, taking the plunge, going in-depth, the gift of illness, your body is more honest than you will ever be, and a breakdown is essential for a breakthrough.

He draws on many sources, from Christian parables like The Prodigal Son, to contemporary stories such as how the boxer, George Foreman, after he lost the 1974 heavyweight title to Muhammed Ali in Zaire, went through a devastating period of depression and decline from which he emerged as a "born again" Christian preacher.

Nature provides metaphors and symbols of growth and rebirth such as the lobster which must constantly outgrow its shell. Or the lotus which symbolises the unity of life, the beautiful flower growing from the mud.

Matthew writes with clarity and sincerity and the complex material is extremely well organised. The value of the book is that it shows the hero's journey as a practical tool which can illuminate one's own situation. It is an optimistic book bringing the fruits of Matthew's hard-won understanding of his own journey. The book is supportive and reassuring. Just by surviving you fulfil your purpose, Matthew remarks at one point.

What ultimately gives the book its authority and authenticity is Matthew's references to his own journey. These often involve gut-wrenching moments such as loss in love, prolonged serious illness and unemployment, often catapulting Matthew into the abyss of despair and depressions



which he has to find and fight his way out of.

He is a good example of what he proposes in this book because he has come thru his trials and he is now able to share what he has learned. Not only has he written this book, but he also runs workshops helping people make more sense of their lives through an understanding of the hero's journey.

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 his website: <https://www.courageousjourney.com.au/book> ●

(Suzan Frances) Adrianna King-Hall

1927 – 2021

Adrianna was the daughter of naval officer, writer, politician and playwright Stephen King-Hall, KCB, CVO, DSO, a Royal Navy officer who went on to be Commander-in-Chief, Cape of Good Hope Station. Hence Adrianna's title of The Hon Frances Suzan King-Hall.

FROM THE ARCHIVES:

The Hon. Frances Suzan King-Hall) was opened on 25 June 1971 in the South London group, and her occupation is listed as "General Secretary of a Charity". She requested guidance for a change of name and received the letter "A" from Ibu Rahayu in February 1982.

Adrianna is shown as member and Chair of the Subud UK Executive Committee from July 1974, and "retiring Chair" in 22 July 1976; then also Chair of the Executive Committee from 13 July 1977 to 14 October 1978.

The Memorandum & Articles of Association of Subud Britain was "Adopted by special resolution passed on September 6 1981", which was the result of Adrianna's work on the SB Constitution, along with several other people.

Memoir: Melinda Heathcote wittes...

In Adrianna's role as Executive Chair, Malcolm Wildsmith and Michael Heathcote worked with her on the Executive as Property and Treasurer respectively. They had meetings almost every week at Adrianna's house, most of which went on into the early hours of the morning.

I first met Adrianna at the then Croydon group in 1972, at that time she was still Suzan. We went on to become good friends and she was godmother to our eldest daughter, Suzanne. She lived at the Old Barn in Woldingham which had a large garden and dew pond, and she grew a great deal of her own vegetables, fruit, herbs and also kept bees. Adrianna was always keen to try out new recipes and began making cheese at one time. Her bread, made from spelt flour, was well-known among her Subud friends. Her main interest was in healing and health and she had gained a degree from Harvard University in a subject related to preventive medicine and epidemiology. In the 1980s she went on a fact-finding trip to Russia under the auspices of the World Health Organisation.

For me Adrianna was a stalwart friend and support – always ready at the end of the phone to give advice, courage and friendship. I did not follow all her enthusiasms, especially with regard to testing about ancestors, for which she was famous! It seemed that she felt the heavy burden of her, illustrious, ancestors.

Adrianna was also well-known for her rather loud Latihan – which caused controversy. Bapak had told her that her Latihan was fine, which encouraged her. On one occasion Luqman McKinley, >



Adrianna King-Hall.

who had been doing Latihan in a room near her, greeted her afterwards affectionately calling her "Adrianna, king of the halls!" Bapak also said that, if Adrianna had gone into politics, she would have been as prominent Margaret Thatcher.

About Adrianna's youth and childhood, I know only a little. Apparently, she was dyslexic and as this was not much understood at the time, deemed rather unintelligent and it was thought she was only really suited to farming, "digging the soil" as she once expressed it. I think this fuelled her determination to go to university, which she did with success.

My daughter Suzanne remembers, as a child of about 4, Adrianna trying to get up to the top of the climbing frame with her in our garden in Surrey. She later took a great interest in Suzanne's career and wellbeing.

It was sad to see her decline, The very last time we visited her at the care home, in November 2020, although she did not recognise us, she sat in her chair erect with a queenly demeanour surveying all around her – her spirit undimmed. ●

MYSTERIES OF THE CAR KEY?

Subagio, originally from Indonesia but resident in Adelaide, Australia, for many years, writes of an unusual experience...

Introduction

This receiving I am telling here happened to me in Adelaide, in the early seventies.

By this time in my life, I have experienced a number of phenomena which until now I still consider as being beyond the realm of intellect (or my intellect) for explanation. The experience I am writing here is no less intriguing than all the previous as well as the subsequent ones.

I don't tell my unusual experiences to just anyone I meet in the street; it would be a waste of my breath and worse still it would perhaps invite ridicule. For that reason, I am careful and judicious about to whom I can tell my experiences.

I am a mechanical engineer and I know what material car keys are made of. Try to bend your car key with your bare hands now, if you can. If you succeeded let me know, and I will send you a ten dollar note.

As a Designing Engineer with the Engineering Department of South Australia I used to travel to the country towns for trouble shooting jobs.

Very often I took a government car home at the weekend, so that I could leave to the country the following Monday from home.

The Receiving

It was on a Friday afternoon, when I had to load my equipment in the Government Valiant station wagon I was going to take home for the weekend and to use it to the country the following Monday.

When I had finished loading my scientific and engineering equipment in the station wagon at the car park, I locked up the car. When I was pulling the car key out from the keyhole of the door, I did it in a sort of "pull and dragging" sideways, as I walked away slowly from the car to go back to my office. And guess what?

To my surprise the car key was bent by about 45 degrees!

My mental reaction was "Oh, nowadays even car keys are made of inferior material" and while saying the above to myself I tried to straighten up the car key with my bare hands and fingers.

I found that it was pliable, but I was not entirely successful in straightening it up. Instead of having a straight car key, now I had a car key which had the shape of a "dog leg" or a "stretched z".

When I was back in the office I did not tell anyone of what happened. I did not dare to mention it >



Subagio and Australian friend.

to anyone, as I knew what reaction I would get from them.

Anyway, I was glad, that later that evening I could still use the car key to open the car door

and to start the car. As I was driving the car, all the way home I was saying to myself, "I hope the car key will be O.K. on Monday, I hope it will not become too soft as to be unusable".

When I got home I did not dare to tell my wife of my latest experience, as I knew she would probably just say I was imagining things. She was in the kitchen, and after the usual greeting I proceeded to the living room, taking with me a knife, a spoon and a fork from the kitchen anxious to repeat my "feat of bending steel" or to do a "Yuri Geller".

Quietly and surreptitiously, and unbeknown to my wife, I was trying to bend the knife, the spoon and the fork with my hand and fingers. Alas, to my disappointment nothing happened, until my wife came in the living room to tell me that the dinner was ready and asked me what I had been doing with the cutlery.

Then I just had to reveal to my wife what had happened to me in that afternoon. As I expected from my wife, she just said I was imagining things, even after she saw the deformed car key.

For the rest of the evening, I continued trying, to no avail, to bend the knife, the spoon and the fork. I was glad however that the following Monday the car key was as stiff and tough as a car key should be except that it was still crooked like a "stretched z". Nevertheless I could use it for starting the car.

What is the message?

The understanding I could learn from the above experience is;

1. There are definitely still unknown (natural) forces or energy besides those which I have learned at school and at the university. These forces will remain unknown to man until the end of time.

2. I am (still) convinced that some "external agent" had influenced my mind when I was saying to myself "Nowadays even car keys are made of inferior material".

As a mechanical engineer, who has a good grasp and knowledge of metallurgy, I would not have mentally reacted the way I did, if my mind had not been under the "influence" of some "external agent". What this "external agent" was, I am not even able to guess.

Other Insights and Opinions

1989, when I was in Indonesia I mentioned the above experience to my Subud brother Pak Wisnu Brojohudoyo Wisnu and my beloved Uncle Suharto. They were the first persons apart from my wife Janet I dared to tell about my unusual experience.

Mas Wisnu offered me an explanation of that experience, that it was a message to me that God is All Powerful.

Uncle Cioong agreed with me that we can't be sceptical about the old legend that certain EMPUS could shape KRIS with their bare hands.

It has not happened to me again that a key becomes pliable in my hand. Was it a wild imagination? Was it a true receiving? One thing I can tell you is that I did not make up this story.

The truth is between God and myself. This unusual experience will remain locked in my subconsciousness for the rest of my life as one of those secrets and mysteries of the Universe.

I am still comfortable with my own understanding of the experience. It still gives me teary eyes when I am writing this experience, in awe and in gratitude for the privilege of being given such a private experience.

It was definitely not an everyday thing, not a run-of-the mill experience, and definitely not for every person in the street. It was a most private experience, and perhaps a little bit like having an encounter or a rendezvous with an Alien from Outer Space.

Every receiving I have is unique, and this one is certainly not less unique than the others, but they all have the same impact on my life and that is one of strengthening my Faith in our Creator, the All Knowing, which in turn has kept my body and soul together in time of adversity.



When I got home, I did not dare tell my wife...



CUBBY DREAMING

Irwan Wyllie writes about his very special place to live and work...

Some may not be familiar with the concept of a cubby. So, let me start with a definition. Wikipedia will do: “a small playhouse, or play area, for children”. The term may originate from the old English word “cub” - a small pen for animals or a hutch for housing chickens.

In Australia, only the most deprived child has not had a cubby of some sort during their lifetime. They come in many forms: a few sheets tossed over four dining chairs by a desperate parent, the cardboard box in which the new washing came, a hole in the ground with a few sticks over the top, or a prefabricated mini-Mcmansion purchased at the local hardware store.

Cubbies are important sociological markers. For example, the above cubbies are measures of socio-economic status, value systems and even parenting. In the above list, there is a cubby made by parents of a low-to-middle socio-economic status; there is another installed by of an upwardly mobile parent who works long hours in the finance industry. It is not difficult to pick which is which.

In Australia, cubbies also link us to our pioneering past. They have emerged from our natural affinity with ‘the bush’; making do with whatever is at hand; and a highly-developed disregard for occupational health and safety, or any other regulation. Cubbies, therefore, build character and social cohesion by taking us back to our common origins.

Last bastion...

Cubbies are the last bastion of male hegemony - if built outdoors. No arguments please: men build cubbies !! Started on the day after Christmas in a paroxysm of fatherly love, the cubby’s development timeline may extend over many years. In this sense, they also define the character of the father - one of the many ways a child comes to an early understanding of his many frailties.

The form the cubby finally takes is in reality a psychological profile of Dad. From a Subud perspective, the well-observed cubby build is more accurate in identifying talents than any talent testing. One glance will reveal a Da Vinci, a Gaudi, a Brunel, an accountant, or a nitwit.

And so, to the cubby built for my ten-year old son – begun 22 years ago. The attentive reader will already have a profile of this Dad in mind.

A north-eastern facing slope on our ten-acre property was identified to capture the morning light and the cool afternoon breezes. This showed sound environmental awareness essential for survival in our sub-tropical climate. A good start.

Initial thinking, never captured on paper, envisaged a small 3-metre square platform that could support an equally simple A-frame structure to sleep one child. Simple. Achievable.

Within a few months a mechanical augur and concrete mixer were on site establishing the foundations. Why was this necessary? Why not a few shovels? Well, the “thinking” had moved on. The platform was now to be 6-metres square – after all, my child had friends. The A-frame had metastasised into a square room, that on further consideration should be big enough for my son to stand in rather than crawl into, then big enough for me to stand in, and then big enough to have a mezzanine sleeping area and



Approaching the cubby...



The cubby from below...

then, of course, you guessed it, big enough to stand in there as well... Mmmm...

Is the Dad profile firming in your head? I know what you are thinking. Is such a father to be admired or pitied? Is he an inspirational role model for his son – the Frank Lloyd Wright of our little community of Stokers Siding? Is he a Don Quixote – a dreamer of impossible dreams – after all a windmill could be a useful addition? Or is he an embarrassment – a man in a barrel contemplating a Niagara-like torrent of ideas who, having taken the plunge, is never seen again?

Huge timber beams were brought to site. A team of Subud brothers competent in the ways of the building world, erected the posts and floor joists in a weekend. Such tremendous, exhilarating progress. This was the a'fal of which Bapak had spoken, the proof of the lathan in the world !!

Such inspirational ideas carried me through to the next weekend. Alone, and with a newly-purchased leather nail bag around my waste, I nailed down the floor panels. In the glow of afternoon light, I stepped back to admire my work. My goodness, this thing was huge. What was I thinking?

Many years passed. My son grew tall and straight, despite the lack of a cubby-nurtured childhood. The timber flooring curled up at the edges. The ants moved in. The birds left their less than complimentary comments as they overflow the building site. The rich red timbers bleached to a silver grey.

Visitors would ask what's that over there on that other hill! I would look down, kick the dirt, and mumble something inaudible. It was our tiny estate's folly – but not in the sense that Capability Brown had envisaged a folly. And this folly was having penetrating psychological effects on its architect. A cubby-inspired despond and lethargy lasted for years.

At some point, my son's patience ran thin. He encouraged me back to the task at hand. In my mind at least, the project's deadline was now to complete the building before he started work, or at least before he started shaving !!

My perfectionist, and increasingly competent, son and I worked well together. One of our Subud brothers brought the necessary expertise to guide us in erecting what had become a two-storey building with verandas that provided breathtaking views of the valley.

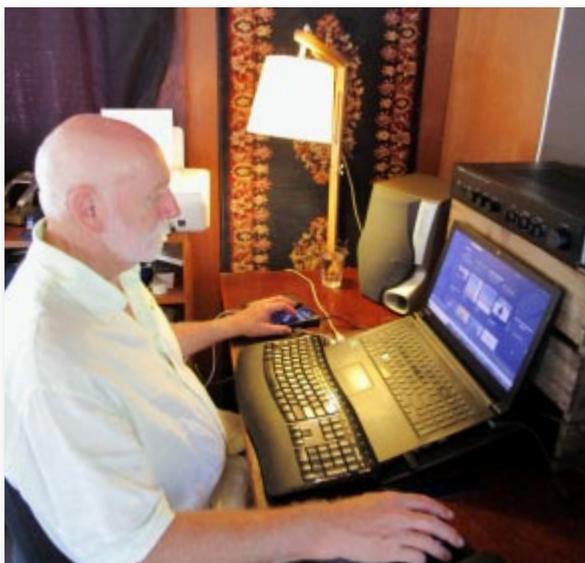
As my son and I laboured with the internal wall panelling and installation of the large second-hand windows, engineering certification was achieved when it was possible to say: "Well, that's not going anywhere." This signified that whatever building task was at hand was sufficiently riddled with nails and glue to stay put. To this day, some beams bear striking resemblances to medieval maces.

To read the complete cubby story, click here...

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2021/03/Cubby-Dreaming.pdf>



Irwan in his cubby...



A place to work...



The view from the deck...

MAS ADJI: NOTES FROM THE BALI 2001 CONGRESS

Excerpt by Rasunah Marsden, from Memoirs of Istiadji Wirjohudoyo 7 May 1949 – 29 March 2005.

Last night I was watching dozens of people saying goodbye to Mas Adji after Ibu Rahayu's talk. He surprised me by wheeling over to where I was sitting and letting me know he had to go now and probably wouldn't make it to Jakarta before I left. Some of the people are apologizing that they didn't see him with the others the day before.

(But the day before he was passing Luqman Leckie's family and I at the congress tent. I caught up to him. He took my hands and I brought him to Luqman. Luqman was upset he just missed the latihan. "It's just their nature that approaches me," Adji said.)

I had spent most of the day until the afternoon with Adji the day before, first with a large group of mostly Spanish people in the morning, where I met Marzuki from Amanecer, a very sweet person. We talked about the university they're setting up. It turns out Marzuki is on the board, but he is also close to Mas Adji and had arranged a large room for him in the Hilton.

Adji told a lot of stories about Bapak and his experience. We did latihan and about four tests. Later we joined Luqman and wife and mother-in-law, and Adji went to the table beside us with an older woman and her younger friend. At lunch, he could be overheard mentioning Luqman, Dachlan and I as his old friends to them.

Meanwhile the older woman was talking about herself. Adji turned to ask me, "Are you still writing?" I laughed, but actually he was serious, because the older woman doesn't understand that she has picked something up during the morning from other people, but she doesn't want to believe it.

He said he never saw anyone like Rasunah, who can always get work. Another young woman came to the table. I can feel he was about to 'smash' a few people, but he remained very polite. I brought Adji something to eat (smoked salmon on bagel) and he says, "Oh, you want to feed me again."

The older woman at the table started to get upset, because she had already asked him if he wanted to eat something, but he had said "No", (except, I can feel the difference).

He was going to mention to her that she still fantasizes too much, but instead he said only, "You still have fantasies." And then turning to the young woman, he said, "Actually you are part Subud but you are part not Subud", but the comment was so strong she blanked it out...

Then he suggested he drive us home. When we were walking, we remembered the others around, so I asked Adji, "What's wrong with that woman?"

So, he said, "You better go help her, Rasunah." I brought the woman we had seen back to join us. She had been walking toward an elevator but was very distracted and didn't know where she was going. Then Mas Adji drove all the women back to their hotels.

The first day I saw him...

The first day I saw him at the congress I didn't walk up to him, as there were too many people around, so he said to Luqman later, "That Rasunah, she's ignoring me." (Very funny, that made me laugh, because I knew he already knew what I was thinking.)

The same day later he stopped me when I walked by in a showing of Harris Smart's film, "Bapak, the Man and His Mission." He said he'd heard I was in Wisma Subud, and he hadn't seen me because I was playing with that "Italian football player Bagio". "Not really," I replied, went out and bought him Aqua.

The talk he gave in the morning was extremely deep, in fact it was a history of Subud from Bapak's beginning, but from the jiwa. At the end, a lot of people were crying, because they could remember some of these things, and so was he crying (and so was I). We each gave him a hug. He said, "Oh Rasunah, I thought you already ran away," but his feeling came to my heart.

For me, the latihan and testing (sitting down) was spectacular. I could easily remember Bapak. He told many stories. He was talking about some experiences about a light which people had experienced. Bapak asked one of them, was the light coming down to the earth or going up from the earth. If coming down, "God is choosing / selecting". If rising up, a great soul was leaving. The other >

light he is talking about is a green light in a certain suburb in England. Luqman was with him, so he also saw it.

Many of Adji's stories connected up with the other things I remember – for example, the light he saw a week or two before Bapak died - when with him from before.

One of the stories was Bapak showing him a lot of gold in his cabinet, because Adji was too young and didn't know what it was, yet. He just saw it. Later, he didn't know where it went. But that was an example. Another person would WANT it. "_____, also," Adji said, "Bapak gave him a diamond" (meaning a gift). But later, this person had problems with women."

The political leaders here also, he said: "Sukarno: Women, women, women. Suharto: Money, money, money. Now we have to pray for the right one." He doesn't know if it is possible, but he does this at night.

Talked about Bapak asking him to carry Ibu Siti Sumari (Adji would have been about 20 years old) up the stairs two months before she died. He said she was as light as a feather. The soul was already gone. She was talking to him, but he just kept quiet about it.

Adji suggested to Bapak, the people need something to do in this world. At that time, the enterprises began, the building, the bank.

Later the people got greedy. "I gave them something to play with and they have destroyed my toy," Bapak said. He mentioned that a building 250 stories is not impossible and told the story about how he bought the land for Widjojo, 20 years old, a very young man in the company of some very important people who looked at him, "Who is he?"

Told the story about Subud member Harjo Rem (the brakeman) who had a crisis, so naturally he had a crisis in the train station. God asked him, what does he want to do. He wants to go back to God. So, he must pull the brake. He pulls the brake, and the train is stopped. This was a big test.

So, then he is arrested and thrown in jail. In jail he is grumbling, "Now why did that happen?" And again, he begins to receive. Well, if he believes it, he can just go home. But how can he do this? "Oh, but you said you wanted to go home, so now you just do it." Then he goes to the door and it is open.

And all the people who should stop him, all of them have fallen asleep. So, Rem goes home. The next morning everyone is angry, and they rush over to his house. Then Rem says, now I will show them only a little of my power and he shouts at them and all of them run away and they never return.

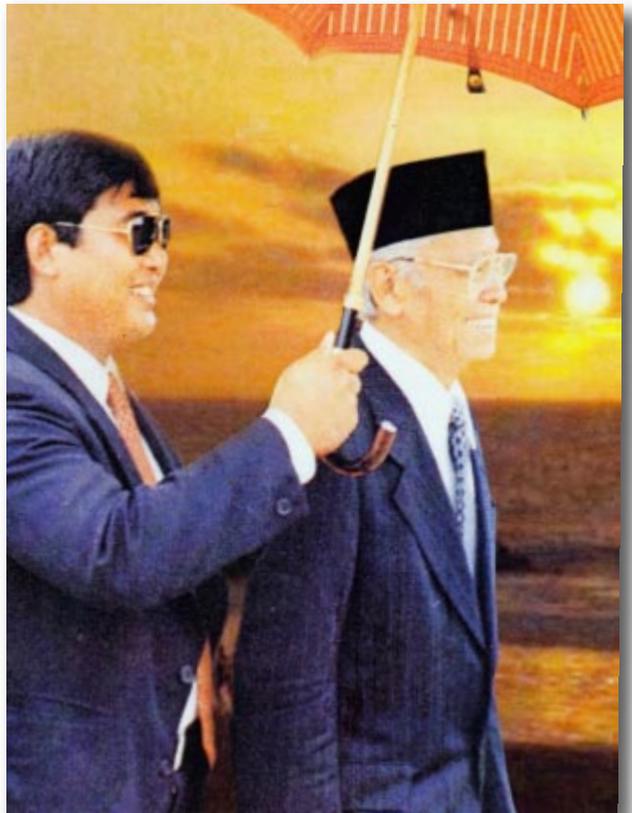
Some of these stories are not in Bapak's autobiography, so who is going to explain that? (Actually, I also remember the story about Bapak going to the middle of the jungle, but some of the details were not in Bapak's autobiography, but in fact, I was there when Bapak was reading the excerpt to us in his house. This was the same time that we did the testing about breathing on Jupiter.)

Adji said, "The prayer needs to include that God blesses Bapak, thanks for the work of the angels, also for our ancestors, all the Subud people, ourselves, etc. – to keep it complete.

So Subud is a long caravan and the one who is at the head of the caravan, the first one, is Bapak. So, we have to watch this caravan very closely."

There were four tests...

But they were so deep I forgot what two of them were. Dachlan Cartwright and I tried to remember them the next day, but we cannot. Two of them were, how is your life and jiwa before you are opened >



Mas Adji with Bapak.

in Subud. And how is it after you are opened in Subud?

Actually, the day before with the men he has tested, “How is your soul if you die at this moment?” and many are really weeping!

He was also talking about the ‘signs’ that the latihan is working, one of them being that we will feel touched and close to each other. Another one is the feeling of satisfaction!

(Because of course, satisfaction comes from the soul.)

He also mentioned he had a thousand cows at one point, but then he received, the service to God (and Bapak) is more important.

There were many more stories, but I also got an (inner) picture of Adji, only this one is much wider than before, what he is doing and what he needs. He jokes - he says he is “Mr. Do-Little,” so this can explain what he is doing, because he had an experience about that when he was waiting for Bapak to come, for example, to the birthday ceremony in Wisma Subud on June 22, 2001.

In fact, Adji had mentioned to the men the day before that Bapak had prayed for permission to raise the spiritual level of them but was not given that permission. Very shortly after that, Bapak had his heart attack.

For those who witnessed them, Adji’s talks and testing at the Bali Congress added dimension to Ibu Rahayu’s talks and injected some unforgettable content into other Congress events.

And we were laughing... ●

Harris Smart writes...



Most mornings I do the latihan. It sets me up for the day. My day goes smoothly when I have done the latihan.

As I begin the latihan, usually a message or an instruction appears before me. It is like a signpost defining the aim and direction of this latihan. It pops up spontaneously. I do not think about it.

Sometimes the message might be GO TO GOD.

On another occasion the message might be RELAX! FEEL YOUR BODY!

This morning the message was GO TO GOD FIRST!

I understood why I was being told this. It is because I enjoy my work so much I sometimes put it above the latihan.

I am so full of bright ideas and so eager to get on with my inspirations that I am tempted to “skip the latihan for once”.

This instruction reminded me not to do that, but to put going to God above all else. PUT GOD FIRST!

It is particularly when things are going well for me that I need this reminder. When things are going badly for me I turn to God, but when things are going well I sometimes think I can skip God.

The thing is it's not for God's benefit that I should remember this instruction. It is for my benefit. Because things will go well for me if I put God first.

I have often noticed how putting God first makes problems vanish. I may wake up in the morning with my head full of problems to think about. Relationship problems, work problems etc.

It is easy to get sucked into thinking about them ahead of the latihan. But I have learned time and time again that if I put God first the problems will be quickly and easily solved. Or they will just VANISH like puffs of smoke.

There may be some problem that is so knotty it will make my fingers numb trying to unknot it.

But with the sword of the latihan I will just cut right through the Gordian Knot.

So always remember to GO TO GOD FIRST! Then generally speaking things will go well and smoothly for you!

(NOTE: In case you are unfamiliar with the Gordian Knot I provide this explanation. It was a famous knot in Ancient Greece. Alexander the Great came to have a look at it and the people said how no one had been able to unknot it. Alexander the Great pulled out his sword and sliced right thru it and that was the end of the Gordian Knot.)



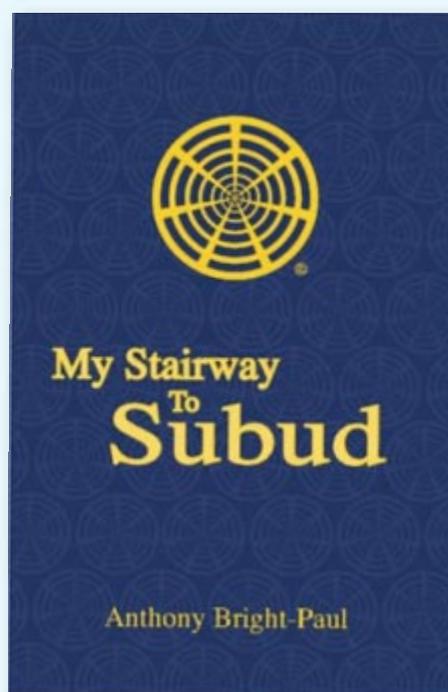
A D V E R T I S E M E N T S

Much of *My Stairway to Subud* first appeared as the record of a young man in the early 1950s searching for values and inner understanding. At various times he was an admirer of Mahatma Gandhi, a student with the Sri Ramakrishna Vedanta Society, then a follower of G.I. Gurdjieff for seven years under the direction of J.G. Bennett, author of *The Dramatic Universe* and *What are we living for?* – His search reached an explosive climax when Pak Subuh, the founder of the international spiritual movement Subud, came to England in 1957.

Anthony Bright-Paul gives an acutely observed account of the Gurdjieff methods as performed and practised at Coombe Springs with John Bennett, and a first-hand account of both the euphoria and the upheaval caused by the arrival of Pak Subuh who brought with him the latihan kejiwaan, the spiritual training of Subud.

Because he was so devoted to the ideas of Gurdjieff, and to John Bennett personally, the story of his initial resistance to Subud, and then his complete reversal, makes poignant and dramatic reading. His chronicle of the early days in Subud in the western world is unique for its detail of this period. Available from SPI at: www.subudbooks.com

PRICE £10.00 incl P&P UK (*plus Postage rest of world*).



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Supported by SICA-USA, produced by SPLAB: Seattle Poetics LAB founded by Subud member Paul E Nelson. www.popo.cards



THE JOURNEY OF LITTLE TWIG

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

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

Ruth Taylor

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

Victoria Stiles

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

Lucy Houbart

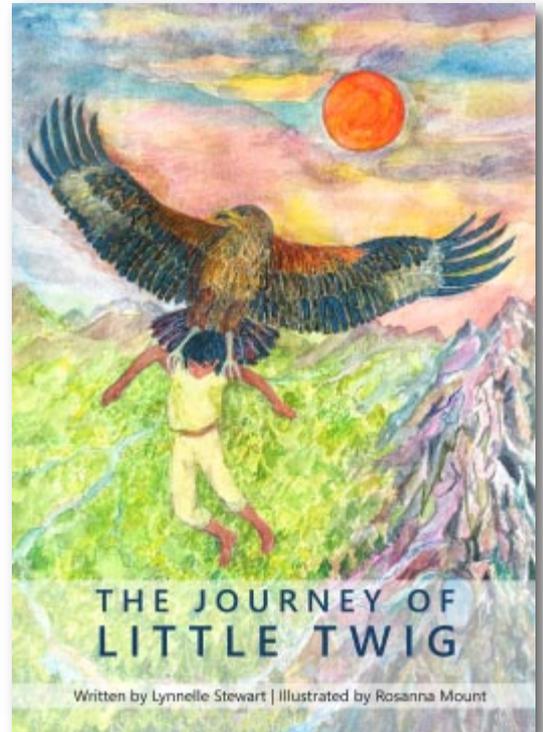
I think it is a book that gives inspiration and comfort to both adults and children...could be read many times over without losing the impact of its powerful message.

Hasana Birk

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

NOW AVAILABLE ON AMAZON

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

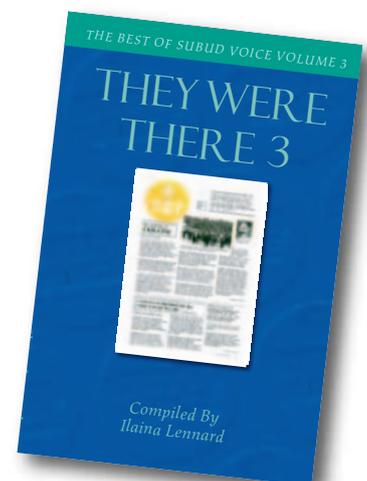


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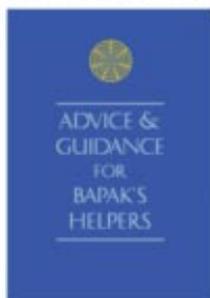
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