



## Out of Range

*From the Editor...*



One day during Ramadan I went for a walk by the creek near where I live.

I live in Northern New South Wales, Australia, at the moment in a caravan park under a mountain known to the indigenous people of this area as Wollumbin, meaning “Cloud-Catcher”.

In the sand beside the creek, I found a striking piece of folk art. It was a message saying **OUT OF RANGE** created out of flower petals, fruit and pebbles. Who had created this message and what did it mean?

Well, later someone told me that the message had been created by some children. We have a gang of children, aged from about five to nine who rampage around the caravan park on their mini-bikes and scooters.

So, what were the children saying?

One obvious meaning was that because of our proximity to the mountain we are often out of range of the signals we need to make our mobile phones and internet work.

But everyone I tell this story too seems to find a different meaning in it. Someone said, “Oh yes, these kids are always ‘out of range’. Their parents never know where to find them.”

Someone else, a musician, said, “Maybe they are talking about musical notes that are ‘out of range’.”

### SUBMISSIONS AND DONATIONS

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

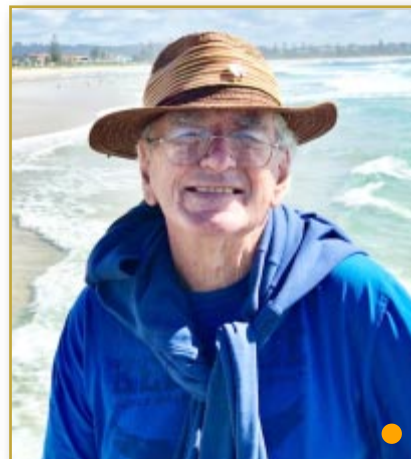
Someone else said, "With Covid and border closures and people lockdown, so many people I know are now 'out of range'."

After Ramadan I went down to the creek, but the message was gone, scattered by the wind, washed away by the creek.

Ramadan has gone another year. That sacred time when God's grace is especially available to the world. But unlike the children's art let's hope something endures from our fast and we have been changed inwardly for the better.

Unlike what is human and fades away, the content of Ramadan is divine because "to err is human, to forgive divine".

*The editor captured during Ramadan on the beach  
by the camera of Daphne Alexopoulou.*



## GIVING NAMES TO SUBUD CHILDREN

*In the last days of Ramadan, I got an email from Simone van Beek who is the Kejiwaan councillor in the Netherlands. She asked me if I could send her an article that had appeared in Subud Voice about giving names to children.*

*She was saying that giving names has become something that helpers need to look at because a message has come from Ibu's office saying that Ibu Rahayu is no longer able to give names.*

*The article in question is by Lucas Adamson who happens to be the son-in-law of Marcus Bolt who does the layout on Subud Voice. Lucas is married to Marcus's daughter Susannah. I have now obtained an updated version of Lucas's article about how he received names for his sons.*

*At the WSA meeting in 2019, Ibu Rahayu announced that she wished to retire and would no longer be able to answer members' questions or give names. She is appointing a team of three people (Raymond Lee and Tuti and Sharif Horthy) to take over this work.*

*At a meeting with the International Helpers during her 87th birthday celebrations, Ibu Rahayu had already announced that she will no longer be giving names, saying that we should, by now be able to ask and receive for ourselves.*

*The following article was written by Lucas Augustine Adamson in 2006, updated for a second article in 2013, and here as finally updated in 2020...*

*Lucas writes...*

Reading (on Facebook) a new member's questions about Subud name changes has reminded me to share my experience of choosing my three sons' names, in the hope that it might encourage Subud parents to test for themselves what their child's name should be.

It is well known that Bapak left Ibu Rahayu in charge of name changes in Subud, and although she received my name for me soon after I joined in 1997, by the time my first son was born, it felt like a huge imposition to ask her to test my son's name on my behalf. Also, I felt that, if I hadn't developed enough in my latihan to receive such a critical thing for myself, then I'm certainly not standing on my own two feet.

I have learned that as the father, you are the perfect person to test the child's name, being afforded a certain grace to receive the answer.

Just before my first son was born, I was at Loudwater Farm during a visit from a party of national and international helpers. It seemed like an obvious time to test a name and so I grabbed half a dozen or so of them, threw them in a room, and we all tested for a letter.

Let me tell you, it was an eye opener on testing! The helpers received every letter and sound under the sun, and no two were alike. Some helpers were pretty sure they were right, too – after all, a lot of Ibu's responsibilities had been passed over to them by now, so I guess they must have felt competent to do this kind of work.

### Spiritually Connected to the Situation

I received an EEEEEEEEEEEE if it was a boy, and a UUUUUUUUUU if a girl. In the face of a whole >



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host of received options, I went with what I had personally received, not out of arrogance, but because I felt that if anybody in that room was spiritually connected to the situation, and qualified to receive such things, then it was most likely to be me.

“ *My eyes widened and a wave of revelation came over me as I said the name...* ”

Unlike personal testing, where we might be subject to a whole host of forces acting upon us to confuse the receiving, I felt quite guided during this session, and able to receive cleanly and clearly, as though testing something abstract, upon which I had neither opinion nor motive. After running through some E names, my son's name was settled as Eli. I wussed out and asked Ibu Rahayu, who confirmed that it was the right name. He's 15 now and it certainly still feels right.

It was that testing session that really cemented for me how important it is to place greater emphasis on one's own receiving than that of other helpers, no matter how great their experience in the kejiwaan.

No doubt it was very helpful to have helpers to test with, broadening the channel through which we can receive, but it feels very important (to me) to receive for myself, and not to "go with the helpers" on things. I was very bold in asserting that I would go with my own receiving, because I guess sometimes you just know, and the helpers were very supportive with that, as it should be.

Six years later, in 2012, Susannah gave birth to another boy, and this time I tested with Marcus, Susannah's dad. He was super supportive and lovely, insisting that it was his role as a helper to support me in my receiving, as he felt that was the key thing. I happen to agree. Testing is an incredible tool for all of us to receive for ourselves. What others receive "for us" is often compelling, but hardly the point of our training. We asked for a letter. I received dee, dee, dee, dee, dee, dee, dee, dee, dee, dee, dee, dee. It was not ambiguous.

### Looking for the Name beginning with D

I went away and looked for D names that began with not just a letter D, but a DEE sound. They are few and far between, mostly Indian and on my desperate list of about 8 names, I even had Dilraj, until Susannah noted that it was not actually a child's name but an Indian restaurant in Lewes!

Among the options was Dylan, which was about 85% right when we tested it (and a name Susannah had independently intuited for the child). Dhillip and Dilshan were also 85%-ish. Dilbert was also OK (but that was never going to happen.) I was looking for a name that, upon testing, would be a "100% correct" receiving, not an 85% also-ran.

I got quite confused afterwards, and then, realising that the D-L\_\_\_ names were almost right, 85%-ers, returned for a second session with Marcus the next day despite having run out of names. Idly chatting before the latihan, I considered that maybe I'd been mistaken in my thinking that it was a DEEL\_\_ sound. I came out with, "Bloody hell, wouldn't it be a Subud conspiracy if it was yet another Subud Dahlan!"

My eyes widened, and that wave of revelation came over me as I said the name, and I realised that it was the right name for my son, the one we'd been looking for, and said so to Marcus.

We tested it immediately: it was 100%! So now we have a little Dahlan. I know of 10 of them; all in Subud. The name isn't even a real name out in Muggles world! Good though. I love it!

### Third and final son...

It's 2021 and Dahlan is 8 years old now, and Susannah and I have welcomed our third, AND FINAL!!! son together into our family. On the day he was born, our little baby was rushed into the special measures intensive care unit of Hayward's Heath hospital, as he had been born a month premature and by Caesarian section, with both mother and baby having had a rather aggressive fever brought about from sepsis (blood poisoning), the biggest killer of infants and mothers-to-be in pre-industrial times.

So, he was born by the surgeon's knife to a life of intravenous antibiotics, a UV light bed, oxygenated breathing assistance and a very worried mother and father that could neither pick him up, >



# YOU DON'T MISS YOUR WATER...

## ***SUBUD VOICE URGENTLY NEEDS YOUR DONATIONS***

We currently only have funds to produce two more issues of Subud Voice including this one. Our appeal for donations last December fell far short of our target and we have now used up almost all our reserves

If we do not receive sufficient funding immediately we will be forced to close. It would be a great pity if we had to close this publication, an institution in Subud which has been in operation since Iaina Lennard began it in 1987.

And as they say in many a country-and-western song, "You don't miss your water, 'til your well runs dry"

**Subud Voice is a living, growing archive of Subud experience...**

We have continued without interruption through the Corona virus epidemic which has so radically affected the whole world. We try to be a source of support and linkage for Subud members living through these difficult times.

Just think of the value you have got from Subud Voice this year. Including....

If you look at the issues over the past year (all a stored on the Archive section of our web page [www.subudvoice.net](http://www.subudvoice.net)) you will find we have paid attention this year to virtually every aspect of Subud life including the organization, enterprises, welfare projects, SICA, Youth, as well as members' personal experiences,

All these articles go to make a library of Subud life, invaluable not only to us but also to future generations as a living growing archive of the experience of Subud...

We are the only independent, international regular monthly news and comment publication in Subud. We have always been absolutely reliable bringing out Subud Voice every month for the last 31 years.

Our enthusiasm for this task is unflagging. I think the past year has been one of our best. We produce on a shoestring, but we still need some money to operate in the material world...

*Harris Smart, Editor of Subud Voice*

## **TO KEEP US GOING FOR ANOTHER YEAR**

(IN AUSTRALIAN \$)

Bank charges and administration	\$600
Printing	\$200
Travel (to Subud events)	\$500
Internet (including webmaster)	\$800
Phone	\$200
Proofreading	\$1200
Design & Layout	\$4200
Software & Hardware	\$1100
Honorarium	\$1000

**Total AU\$9,800**

*(Equivalent to US\$7375, Pound Sterling £5224, Euro 6075)*

**It would be great if you could donate at least US\$50**

*(US\$50 is AUD\$63, Pound Sterling £35, Euro 41)*

You can donate by PayPal by going to the PAYMENTS tab at the top of our home page.

*PayPal is an absolutely safe, secure and trustworthy way to send money.*





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# EXPERIENCES IN VIETNAM

By Lucien Hinkle

*This is an article about how a Subud member experienced a truly testing and dangerous time. As Lucien writes, "I had to develop a feeling of self-awareness, quietness, and surrender in order to survive in Vietnam"...*

I was opened in 1965, and when I graduated from college that spring the Vietnam War was raging. I decided not to keep trying to get a deferment from the draft and was drafted that fall. I always had a feeling I would end up in Vietnam.

Our base camp, south of Saigon and on the north bank of the main branch of the Mekong River, was completed in early 1967, and our whole Brigade moved there. I worked in the battalion tactical operations center (TOC), luckily one level above having to hump through the rice paddies, but close enough to the action to know what was going on and to feel that my job was important.

## The white string...

Our battalion was back at base camp after an operation, and I awoke one night with a case of diarrhea and had to go immediately to the latrine. Even though the base was blacked out, I didn't even take the time to find my flashlight. There was just enough sky-glow for me to find my way.

The latrine was a small rectangular building with a door in each end, so obviously I headed for the nearest door. As I began to push the door open, I felt a slight resistance, and even though I was in a hurry, I had this feeling that I should go around to the other door, which I did. While I was inside I saw somehow that a white string stretched across the door I had first tried to enter, but for some reason I thought nothing of it.

The next morning I awoke to the sound of a soldier coming into our tent and saying that the latrine had been booby-trapped the night before. Instantly I knew that the white string I had seen across the door had been tied to a hand grenade, and if I had pushed the door all the way open the string would have pulled the pin out of the grenade and it would have exploded.

Many years later I read of this incident in a book written by the battalion Chaplain of that time, and learned that it had been one of our own soldiers who had set the trap, and that he was caught and punished.

It would never have entered my mind that one of our own men would have set such a trap, thus my not recognizing the significance of the white string. But I have always felt that part of the lesson was that sometimes we may receive some thing in such an ordinary way that we may not understand the true significance of it until later.

## Self-awareness...

I remember that I had to develop a feeling of self-awareness, quietness, and surrender in order to survive in Vietnam, in which state I fortunately was in that night. Vietnam was a good place to practice that. Miraculously, no one else got blown up either. How would I have felt if some one else had been injured because I had not recognized the string for what it was?

On one operation the battalion had to move to our area of operation by truck convoy. I can clearly remember sitting in the back of the truck and thinking we could be ambushed at any time. I had done all I could: I had my helmet and flack jacket on, my rifle was at the ready, I was sitting very quietly, but beyond that the rest was up to God. We arrived at our destination safely.



*Tactical operations Center. I worked here when our battalion was on land. The barracks are in the background. This is where the booby trap incident occurred.*



*Background to the photos. I was in the army infantry, but we were part of the Mobile Riverine Force, the first joint Army/Navy task force since Ulysses S. Grant went down the Mississippi River during our Civil War in the 1860s.*

*We operated about 30 miles south of Saigon in the Mekong River delta in the southern end of Vietnam, and you can tell by the photos how vast was the river and the land. This area was the rice basket of Vietnam.*

*Our brigade was part of the Mobile Riverine Force, the first joint Army/Navy task force since Grant went down the Mississippi during the Civil War. The 3 battalions took turns at two-month deployments onto the “mother ships”, large troop ships anchored out in the middle of the Mekong River from our base camp.*

*These boats would transport troops in a convoy to an operational landing zone, then continue to support the troops with fire power and logistics. One of the boats was equipped as a command and control boat, a floating TOC, (Tactical Operations Center) and was always part of the convoy.*

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Our battalion embarked at the beginning of August. A large pontoon was attached to the side of each ship, and anchored to that were landing craft similar to WW 2 landing craft, but made of steel, heavily armored, and heavily armed.

These boats would transport troops in a convoy to an operational landing zone, then continue to support the troops with fire power and logistics. One of the boats was equipped as a command and control boat, a floating TOC, (Tactical Operations Center) and was always part of the convoy.

There were four of us in my job slot, so we would take turns, two going out on an operation and two staying behind on the ship, then switching around the next time. My turn was coming up to go out on the next operation when, the day before, my platoon sergeant told me that one of the other fellows was taking my place.

That was very unusual. He did not offer an explanation, and I did not ask for one, as an order was an order. The next day was the one time when the convoy was badly ambushed. Miraculously again, my replacement was not injured due to my destiny: he was just up for 36 hours straight with no sleep! (Vietnam was a good place to practice sleep prihatin).



*My rifle was at the ready, I was sitting very quietly, but beyond that, the rest was up to God...*



In spite of being less than two and a half years “young’ in Subud, I was incredibly blessed by these experiences, because beyond the obvious they were proof of the reality of the latihan, and confirmed the truth of Bapak’s explanations and guidance, all of which I have carried with me the rest of my life. I have always wished I had thanked Bapak for the latihan when he was on this earth, so I will do it now.

Thank you Bapak for following God’s will in helping to bring this latihan kejiwaan of Subud into the world, this contact with the Holy Spirit which we have been able to have just for the asking. It saved my life in more ways than one.

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## GREETINGS FROM THE WCOT 2024

*WCOT Chair Rusdi Bustillo writes...*

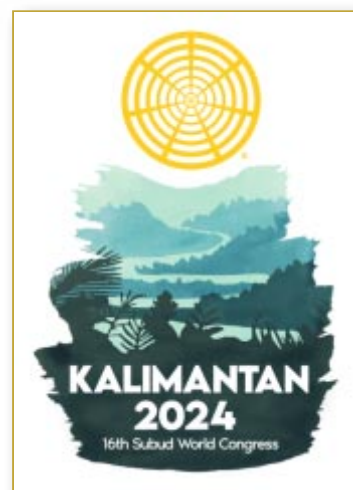
We’re back!

Following the unpredictability and uncertainty caused by the COVID-19 pandemic across the globe, the World Congress Organising Team (WCOT) had decided to pause planning for a short period of time to let the dust settle.

Although circumstances have not changed much, we hope that the recovery and return to the new normal will begin soon. As matters begin to clear, the WCOT has met again to resume our duties.

We are optimistic about the work we are undertaking to make sure the congress in Kalimantan can take place successfully and can be a space for all of us to meet once again after this long separation.

As a reminder, before pausing activities, the WSA and the WCOT had set the new congress dates for **January 4-15, 2024**. Please save the date!



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## CALL FOR GRANT PROPOSALS

**MSF informs:** The Muhammad Subuh Foundation (MSF) is pleased to announce the 2021 Call for Grant Proposals for Subud houses (for property acquisition or capital improvement projects) and projects supporting the education for young children.

The deadline for submitting the grant applications is July 31, 2021.

### **Subud Houses Application:**

The Muhammad Subuh Foundation encourages the applicants to read the which includes all relevant aspects related to the entire process and a step by step on how to fill in the grant application form.

After reading the Grant application Process Guidelines you will have to fill in the online pre-application form. This questionnaire will help the trustees make sure the project meets the basic requirements to start the formal application process that will require the fulfillment of the Grant Application Form. You will receive the Grant Application Form once the pre-application Questionnaire is approved by the board of trustees.

Please note that filling in the pre-application Questionnaire is the first step of the process. In case your pre-application Questionnaire is approved, you will receive the Grant Application Form that can be submitted until July 31, 2021. In this form you will be required to upload the project documents, such as construction permits, business plan, etc.

To read the full letter, including information about the \$5,700 fund for Youth Projects, please click [https://www.subudworldnews.com/userfiles/news/documents/2021/April/MSF\\_2021\\_CALL\\_FOR\\_PROPOSALS\\_ANNOUNCEMENT.pdf](https://www.subudworldnews.com/userfiles/news/documents/2021/April/MSF_2021_CALL_FOR_PROPOSALS_ANNOUNCEMENT.pdf)



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## HUMAN FORCE EVENT IN COLORADO 2021

Human Force Educational programmes offer short service learning programs at Susila Dharma International projects worldwide. We integrate meaningful community service with educational instruction and reflection to enrich the learning experience, teach civic responsibility, and strengthen the sense of community

You can learn more about our educational program on our website and/or instagram page.

We are holding our 9th educational program on July 25-31, 2021 in Crestone, Colorado, USA, with the Atalanta Association (*Photo: Atalanta Orchard Garden*).

The program is open to all ages and we are also offering subsidies for youth participants across the United States. Please direct any questions, or expressions of interest to this email:

[hellohumanforce@gmail.com](mailto:hellohumanforce@gmail.com)

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## A Housing Project for Subud Members and How You Can Help

*Irwan Wylie, CEO Dharma Care, writes...*

### Our Older Subud Brothers and Sisters

When I was a new member in Brisbane, Australia, in the late 1970s, I was aware that there were elderly Subud brothers and sisters who could not get to latihan and were cut off from their Subud family. In some cases, they were members who had given much to Subud over many years. It was a very sad situation that, because of our busy lives, we never really addressed.

I later discovered that Bapak, and in recent times, Ibu Rahayu, has frequently prompted us to provide for our elderly members so that they continue to have access to the latihan and the companionship of their brothers and sisters. I have always felt Bapak gave us two gifts: the latihan and our brothers and sisters. To live a life without either would be inconceivable to most of us. And yet in old age, some of our brothers and sisters find themselves without either.

Then in the 1990s when I was National Chair, several people spoke to me about this gap in our care for each other. One day a concept came to mind wrapped in a clear feeling that such a project was feasible. I even conducted a simple survey asking people if they were interested in some sort of community housing development. As is usual with surveys, the response was limited, but those who did respond spoke of their wish to live with, or near, their brothers and sisters as they got older.

This realisation came towards the end of my term as Chairman. And to my regret, I did not pursue it after I stepped down. Once again, life with a young family and a busy career got in the way.

Forty Years On

So here I am now at 71 years of age and the CEO of the charity, Dharma Care, trying once again to develop a project that I had felt the need for all those years ago. It has not escaped my attention that I am almost at the age of needing such a facility myself !!

So, what has Dharma Care got in mind?

Over four years we have researched various models for retirement living. During that research, we discovered that it is not only Subud members who have difficulty finding suitable accommodation later in life – particularly if one is on a low-income or on the pension.



*Example of housing from a similar project..*

### Alarming Housing Statistics

A recent survey of global house prices concludes: "In pretty much every analysis of Australia's

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house prices, we consistently have some of the most expensive housing in the world.”

And for renters, the situation is even more grim. To get statistical for a moment, the December 2020 Rental Affordability Index created by leading banks and welfare organisations shows the rental situation for pensioners in Australia is deteriorating.

The report states: “Across the nation, the single pensioner household is facing ‘Severely Unaffordable’ and ‘Extremely Unaffordable’ rents. For the most part, living in metropolitan areas (which is where one-bedroom dwellings are generally available) would require 50 per cent or more of the pensioner’s income to be spent on rent.”

Governments here regard a rent of 30% of income as the maximum affordable rent for someone on the pension. A rent of 50% of income therefore means people are forced to make decisions between rent or food or electricity or medications. In effect, this report finds there are no affordable rental properties for single pensioners in Australia.

So, finding an affordable solution, for Subud and non-Subud people, on low or modest incomes is not easy. And we do want to provide these facilities for members of the community as well. It is not only one of our charitable aims, but it also makes financial sense to draw on the larger community to ensure the development remains viable.

We think we have discovered a suitable housing model. It is growing in popularity, and not just for the poor. Manufactured Home Estates, or MHEs, provide housing that can be up to 35% cheaper than a comparable house in the same area, and it has several other advantages...

To read the complete article, click <https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2021/05/MHE.pdf> ●

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## YAYASAN TAMBURAK SINTA (YTS)

*Mansur Geiger, founder and chairman of YTS, introduces the Annual Report...*

Attached is the YTS 2020 Annual Report. Although it was a difficult year, and KSK was only able to provide minimum funding, YTS has been able to grow and flourish through its partnerships with the World Bank, United Nations Development Program (UNDP), German Government, Irish Government, AUSAID, and Edinburgh and Queensland Universities.

Although these partnership programs have been located, largely outside of our Kahayan project, KSK continues to gain much goodwill from the provincial and regional governments and the community at large. This is due to the fact that KSK and YTS are viewed as one entity, I am the President Director of KSK and founder and chairman of YTS.

With funding now in place, this year will see a meaningful and scheduled engagement of our CSR programs (now called PPM under government regulation) into our 32 targeted and impacted villages (see Kahayan project). It is absolutely imperative that we Implement these programs now, to ensure that our extraordinary level of social capital is maintained and grown at this challenging time.

I personally can only thank the KSK and Bardolf’s YTS teams for their loyalty, commitment and level of professionalism in carrying out this work, thereby creating such a valuable social asset for the company. I personally can only thank the KSK team

Partnerships with the likes of the World Bank, the UNDP and other International Aid and research agencies is testimony to the quality and standard of this work.

*Words from Management: Badolf Paul writes...*

I would first like to thank all our supporters inside and outside YTS – our dedicated staff, the communities and individuals we have been working with, the various funding agencies and project staff, our resolute Board, and everyone else who follows and appreciates the work we do.

It has been a challenging year, but we were very fortunate to continue to receive a steady flow of funding that enabled us to retain all our staff and maintain a reasonable level of field activities, despite lockdowns and travel restrictions.

One major milestone for us was creating our Theory of Change for YTS, which was triggered by >





the need to create a 13-year CSR program for PT Kalimantan Surya Kencana, our original co-founder alongside some Dayak villagers. We now have a clear framework and set of intermediate and long-term objectives to shape and direct all of our activities. A separate article provides more details about this initiative.

Connected to this is the good news that we are moving forward with our dream for a comprehensive and integrated regional development program that we hope will provide a unique example for all parties to follow in building a better society in Central Kalimantan. This will be dependent initially on the ability of PT Kalimantan Surya Kencana to build and operate the copper mine they are developing.

Our project work is well elaborated and illustrated in this report, so I will only provide a brief summary. We continued working with the UNDP GOLD-ISMIA project, primarily on a women miners' initiative in Riau, but also with some smaller engagements in collaboration with Pure Earth in producing handbooks for ASM (Artisanal and Small-scale Mining) gold miners and on finances in the sector.

“ *A steady flow of funding has enabled us to retain staff and maintain field activities, despite lockdowns and travel restrictions...* ”

Through the World Bank, we made a study in North Sulawesi and Central Kalimantan on the impact of COVID-19 on people working in the ASM sector. We finished off our study on attitudes to orangutans on 79 villages through Kalimantan, as well as some research on key sources of pollution in Central Kalimantan.

Our livelihood market development project in Bukit Batu subdistrict continued to support fish producers, as well as a new initiative to foster vegetable market gardens. In Tumbang Nusa in Pulang Pisau district, we entered the third year of our collaboration in the ACIAR peatland fire management and restoration project, with a major focus on improving livelihoods for rubber farmers.

We conducted a major launch in Gunung Mas and Katingan districts of PT KSK's planned CSR program. These events involved participants from all key stakeholders in communities and government, and were very well received.

In closing I would like to express my hope that 2021 will be a positively beneficial year for everyone.

To read the Annual Report click here...

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2021/04/YTS-Annual-Report.pdf>



# LIGHTHORSE ADVENTURES

From Hammond Peek, SESI NEWSLETTER...

<https://subudenterprise.com/sesi-newsletters/>

*"I would like the actual soul journey, with it's false starts and overwhelming self-doubt to be the hero of the story..."*

When Lynetta Schionning's employer New Zealand iwi (tribe) Ngai Tahu was going to close their Dart Stables horse trekking business (another tourism company victim of Covid-19) Lynetta faced losing her job and her livelihood.

Dart Stables was just one of Ngai Tahu's 12 plus successful tourism operations. But then Covid-19 erupted worldwide in early 2020, with New Zealand going into a hard lockdown in March, closing it's borders to ALL international tourists. This smashed many of NZ's tourism businesses. Ngai Tahu were forced to put many of their tourism operations into hibernation, and reluctantly, decided to sell some, including Dart Stables.

So, instead of becoming jobless...she bought the business! That sounds very pat...but in agreeing to have this article published in our SESI newsletter Lynetta wants to share her journey in her own words:

"This is possibly the only place and the only audience that I might ever be able to tell the story to, of how this actually happened. You just can't tell this stuff to the Muggles. So I would like the actual soul journey, with it's false starts and overwhelming self-doubt to be the hero of the story".

To read the complete story click here...

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

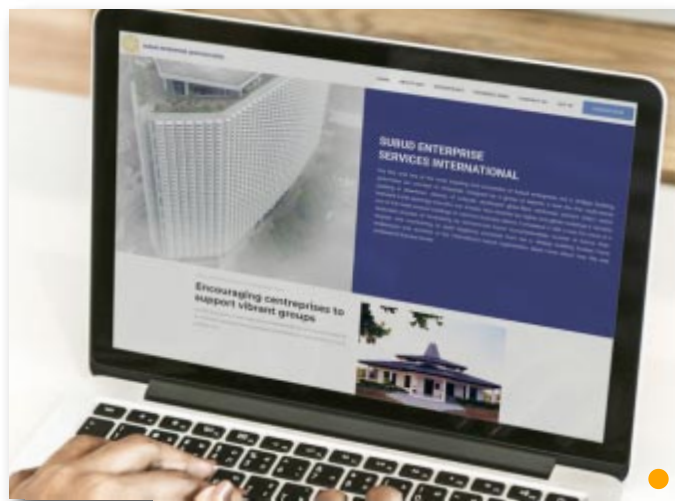


## LAUNCHING OUR NEW WEBSITE

We're working on our new SESI website as you are reading this.

We intend to recall great enterprises of the past, cover inspiring contemporary endeavours, to survey the breadth, depth, variety and imagination of all the fearless enterprisers out there in our Subud world, and to celebrate the Centreprises around the world (the one below is the Blue House in Durham, North Carolina).

Bringing the information together as a permanent but expanding resource and information hub at: <https://subudenterprise.com/>

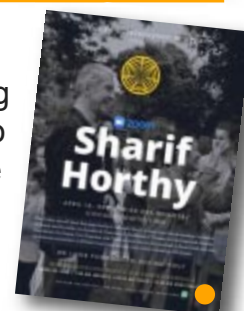


## INTERVIEW WITH SHARIF HORTHY ON ENTERPRISE

Hats off again to the SUBUD & ENTERPRISE team in Colombia for their continuing series of engrossing Friday interviews. Sharif's practical observations on how to make enterprises work (practice, practice, practice). Those who want to hear the interview with Sharif HORTHY, for now only in English, go to

<https://www.dropbox.com/s/c69okf1zagri820/entrevistaSharifHorthy16abr2021.mp4?dl=0>.

From SESI NEWSLETTER #9



## SUBUD PUBLICATIONS INTERNATIONAL

*From the WSA newsletter...*

SPI was registered as a Limited Company as well as a British charity in the UK in 1975. The rules for a registered charity in the UK have always been strict and have become more so over time. One of the central features is that the Trustees who have overall control of the company are not allowed by law to be remunerated.

So, although they carry responsibility and liability, they cannot be paid. Despite this, SPI has always been able to attract capable, dedicated Subud members willing to fulfil this role. SPI works on behalf of WSA who commissioned the charity to translate and publish Bapak's Talks following a resolution of the 10th Subud World Congress, 1997, in Spokane.

Initially, SPI was involved in the publication and distribution of a variety of books by Subud members as well as works by Bapak. However, it was decided in 1997 to establish the Bapak's Talks Translation Project to concentrate on publishing and distributing Bapak's talks in new English translations to the highest possible standard, whilst there were still people available who had spent a lot of time with Bapak and were bilingual in English and Indonesian.

So far, 37 volumes have been completed and published, together with other special publications relating to Bapak's talks and written words.

This is a long and painstaking process, which starts with the preparation of new and carefully checked transcriptions from the original tape recordings – which were meticulously collected and catalogued by Faisal Sillem.

This allows for a new and more accurate translation, which once made is discussed and then checked repeatedly by the editor and a team of invaluable proofreaders, before being typeset and printed side by side with the Indonesian for distribution.

Originally just in book form, these are now also available electronically. The new translation is also used as the basis for translation into other languages, including Spanish, Russian and French.

Currently the team uses an online platform from which anyone can work on the same document regardless of its physical location. This platform was designed by Stewart Horthy and makes the translation process very efficient as well as providing additional back-up for files.

SPI also distributes talks by Bapak and Ibu Rahayu in different formats. Separately it also distributes other books published by Subud members.

SPI maintains a website 'Subud Books' for this – with separate Public and Members (log in) sections: [www.subudbooks.com](http://www.subudbooks.com)

A great many different members have worked for SPI over the years, and still do. It would take numerous pages to list them all, but at this time the main translators, Sharif and Astuti Horthy and Raymond Lee must be mentioned, together with SPI's editor Sandra Creemers. ●



*The photo was taken by Jill Helmer at the 2018 AGM of SPI. It shows from left to right. Executive members Leonard and Hannah Hurd, Chairman of the board Reinier Sillem, Directors and Trustees Robin Drewett, George Helmer, Valerie Drewett and Stewart Horthy. Since the picture was taken Mustafa van Hien has joined the board.*

# Archives Update 6

*From Daniela Moneta, WSA Archivist, USA*

Welcome back to the sixth installment of Archives Update. This month we are highlighting Subud World Congresses, the time every four years when we come together to elect new international officers and helpers and decide where the next World Congress will be held. It is a time to celebrate our accomplishments and propose a new direction for the organization. As mentioned last month, Subud members can request access to the Subud Archives International website by sending an email to [admin@wsaarchives.org](mailto:admin@wsaarchives.org). If you have archival material on any subject that has to do with the history, growth, and development of Subud that you feel is important to preserve for future generations – please send a description of what you have to the archivist at [admin@wsaarchives.org](mailto:admin@wsaarchives.org) and we will get back to you with instructions on how to send it.



*Illustration: Courtesy of Klaus Kremmerz*

## HIGHLIGHTED THIS MONTH

Documents, personal accounts, reports, stories, photographs, posters, and videos about the past sixty years of Subud World Congresses (1959-2018).

## DIGITAL BOOKS AND NEWSLETTERS

1959: Subud & the Active Life; Fifteen talks given at the first Subud World Congress in Coombe Springs, England. The work of the Congress was divided into seven sections: A. International Organization, B. National Organization, C. External Relations, D. Communications, E. Human Welfare, F. Growth of Subud, and G. Finance.

1963: Subud in the World: Ten talks given by Bapak Muhammad Subuh at the Second World Congress of the Subud Brotherhood, held at Briarcliff College, New York State, USA., in July 1963.

1967: The Growth of Subud; Ten talks from the Third International Subud Congress, Tokyo, 1967.

1971: Cilandak 71: The Fourth Subud World Congress

1975: The Way Ahead: Nine talks by Muhammad-Subuh Sumohadiwidjojo at the Fifth Subud World Congress, Wolfsburg, 13-23 June 1975.

1979: New Directions: Four talks given at the Sixth Subud World Congress, Toronto, August 13-19, 1979; and Three Talks in London on August 27, and September 2 and 23, which continue and expand on Congress themes.

Also see the newsletters from the past administrations during Bapak's lifetime online for members to access: The Subud Chronicle (1958-1960), Bulletin of Subud International Services (1961- 1963), Subud Journal (1964-1973), Subud World News (1967-1976), ISC Reports from the Wolfsburg (1971 to 1974), Subud World News (1977-1981), and Subud World (1981-1987).



*Film of the Freiburg 2018: 15th Subud World Congress produced by Heinz Cadera.*

## MOVIES, VIDEOTAPED INTERVIEWS, AND POSTERS

The Second Subud World Congress: The Briarcliff Film (New HD version), produced by Subud New York in 1963.

Subud World Congress, Cilandak, Indonesia, 1971, produced by Subud Indonesia.

Subud 5th World Congress in 1975 in Germany, produced by Michael Rogge.

Subud World Congress 1989, produced by Rachman Cantrell.

Sydney 8th World Congress in 1989, produced by Michael Rogge.

Freiburg 2018: 15th Subud World Congress produced by Heinz Cadera.



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218 exhibition posters from the Freiburg World Congress donated by Viktor Boehm. Approximately 300 videotaped interviews of member, many mention their experience at World Congresses.

## PHOTOGRAPHS

There are historical photographs about past Subud World Congresses that you can use (with permission) in your national or local newsletters. We have hundreds of photographs online and available to the membership. Many, but not all, of the people in these photos have been identified; perhaps you can identify more people or want to add your photographs to the collection – write an email to [admin@wsaarchives.org](mailto:admin@wsaarchives.org).

For those of you who don't know about the Subud Archives International website, here is a video tutorial about what types of material are on the Archives' website:

<https://youtube.com/embed/ZelCFWwpmSI>, and another tutorial about how to find things on the Archive's website: <https://youtu.be/9OLOV66uryl>.

Be sure to support Subud Archives International to ensure that our beautiful Subud history will be preserved now and for future generations.

Go to this website: [https://donatenow.networkforgood.org/1438251?code=wsa0777\\_thank\\_you](https://donatenow.networkforgood.org/1438251?code=wsa0777_thank_you) and don't forget to earmark your donation for the archives. ●

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## A MOST PRECIOUS MEMOIR

*A review by Emmanuel Elliott...*

How can I begin to do justice to this wonderful book? I don't think I have ever before been as moved by a biographical work as I was by *The Java Dream* by Luke G.

It is both a spiritual odyssey and a thrilling adventure story. It is the tale of a uniquely courageous and independent woman who, opened in London in the early 60s and guided from within, took her five year old son across the world to establish a home for themselves in the alien world of a small village on the island of Java.

Fittingly perhaps, for part of the way on the flight to Jakarta, their airliner was accompanied by a disc-like craft with flashing lights on its side, which all the passengers recognised as a UFO. "Whatever it was," writes Luke, "It seemed friendly and was probably guarding us."

After a few years living in and near the Subud Compound, this remarkable woman received to leave the capital city behind and make a home for the two of them in Central Java.

Immersing themselves in the life and culture of Magelang, the only Europeans living there, the Javanese took them to their hearts unreservedly as Elisabeth (Fathunah) went on to teach them English while her little boy quickly mastered Indonesian and Javanese.

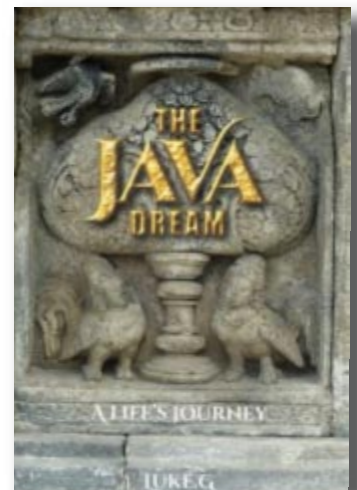
So determined was he to blend in with his brown classmates that at one point young Luke sought to cover himself with cocoa powder.

The story charts the 47 years that mother and son spent together, including Luke's eventual marriage to a Balinese woman, and concluding with a harrowing and utterly moving account of the devotion with which he cared for his mother in her declining years.

Luke begins his riveting memoir with the words, "My mother was six months pregnant when she began to receive many visions and dreams. She was searching for truth and the meaning of life."

Their final parting is symbolised by the author scattering his mother's ashes high above the Ravana Maharshi ashram at Tiruvannamalai, India. He writes: "In that instant, it was as if a dove had been released from its cage. It was a divine moment, and I felt then that my mother was liberated, freed from the cycle of rebirth."

Illustrated by an abundance of photographs, this is altogether a magical book. It is available at [https://www.amazon.com/dp/1518649548?ref\\_=pe\\_3052080\\_397514860V](https://www.amazon.com/dp/1518649548?ref_=pe_3052080_397514860V) ●



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## PRAYER FROM THE SOUL

*Isti Jenkins writes...*

Recently, I have listened to a talk from Ibu Rahayu explaining that prayer is important and necessary. But also, I have heard Bapak mention that your prayer must not come from your heart, only from your soul, so I find myself hesitating from time to time.

I have always considered prayer to be a very valuable part of being able to express an inner feeling outwardly to communicate freely with Our Creator, Our Father, Almighty God and what better time to PRAY than during these truly testing and uncertain times?

Once my words are spoken or written, I always feel there is a chance of being heard and then surrender the result. One small example of this happened while living and working in Kalimantan during the year 2003.

My mother was very old and very frail. Each time I came to visit her she said the same thing. 'I really don't want to live throughout another Birthday'. She was already about to turn 92 years old.

So, three days before her Birthday, I remembered this and asked a friend to test something

with me. I formulated the question, 'How must I pray if my prayer is to be heard by Almighty God? Sure enough, it was a prayer that came from my inner feeling and not from my heart!

“ *What better time to pray than during these truly testing and uncertain times?* ”

And besides that, I could feel the link, the thread, that united me to my daughter, mother, grandmother and ancestral line on my mother's side. Satisfied, I returned home only to receive news from the office five minutes later that my mother had passed away peacefully.

This is only one of many stories I can tell about prayers that have been answered during my lifetime. I am a great believer in prayer as taught by all the Prophets and been fortunate enough to witness the proof of such a simple action.

During the night of the full moon, the Night of the Angels, 15 days before the Ramadan fast begins I decided to write this with the intention to fast the next day if it happened to come easily and without effort.

*A Prayer for my ancestors... from Istigomah Jenkins*

Oh Lord, Almighty God, Creator of the Universe and everything beyond,

Thank You for your Grace and Mercy in sending us a way of Prayer Decreed by You.

May my faith be strengthened and resolute, my soul awakened by the Holy Spirit granted through the coming of the Latihan Kejiwaan of Subud from Yang Mulia Bapak.

May your Divine Blessing reach and touch my forefathers so that they too may return to Heaven through the forgiveness of Your Love and Compassion.

As our month of fasting approaches please send Your Angels to cleanse me and guide me in my everyday actions and remind me to turn to you in worship and surrender.

I pray for the help from Your Angels for the Blessings needed to bring our children in line with your Divine Will. For success in their partnership and marriage through loyalty and sincerity.

May our children and their children be Blessed with offspring of Noble character and fine human qualities so that they contribute towards bringing peace and harmony between all races and religions for the sake of humanity.

Amen

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## CLOSE TO HEAVEN

*Sebastian Paemen writes...*

I remember a young Subud brother who was ill and dying, a long time ago. As helpers we took turns in going over to do latihan with him.

I can't recall helpers being so eager to do latihan with a member. It felt like entering heaven each time and we all experienced it as beneficial, and a blessing to ourselves. The young man found it beneficial too.

It put a smile on his face as he became aware of what was going on.

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## TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

*Rohana Darlington writes about marriage...*

*"If you limit your choices like that, dear, it will be hard for you to get married at all..."*

After my husband Mashud was seriously injured in a car crash recently I was deeply shocked as I reflected on how close he had come to death, or permanently disability. We've been married for over fifty-two years and during our life together have had our share of life's ups and downs, and without the Latihan we don't know how we'd have coped with some of them. This latest situation was an example of how the Latihan has helped me through.

After the accident I was invited to write about our marriage for A Good Reed, and reflecting on how Subud brought us together, I thought it might interest other people if I recorded our story. These days fifty percent of marriages end in divorce, and many people wonder how they might find an appropriate spouse. Perhaps our experience, ordinary as it is, might encourage them.

Looking back, it amused me to remember life in Subud around the time we first met each other at a Bapak's Talk in Paris in 1964. This was a heady time for young people in Subud as Bapak travelled the world advising us how to live our lives in accordance with God's Will. He made it clear it would be good if we could get married to a suitable person, and this led to a flurry of youth wondering how they could best find their life partner.

In those days there was no such thing as the Subud Youth Association, but we all encouraged each other on our spiritual journeys. I first met Mashud here. He'd travelled all the way from Manchester with his Subud group, and he asked me out on a date. But I, who had come with some Central London members, was so overwhelmed by my first experience of a big Subud gathering and of testing with Bapak that I declined his invitation.

Later, some young men went to Indonesia to consult with wise helpers such as Mas Sudarto Martohudojo, who gave them advice on sexual matters. And some girls were lucky enough to meet Ibu Siti Sumari, Bapak's second wife, when she visited the UK and she gave them hints on how to find a husband.

Some were advised to go on a banana fast for a few weeks, which entailed eating gradually decreasing quantities of bananas, symbolizing the male sexual organ. This was supposed to attract just the right man for them.

Other girls were advised to sleep with an antique family batik- provided by Ibu and called colloquially by the Indonesians a 'wishing blanket' - under their pillows which could lead to informative dreams about their future husband. I don't know how many such relationships based on these methods were long-lasting, but I was not inclined to try them.

Instead, I preferred to pray to God for a husband



*Rohana and Mashud on their golden wedding anniversary. They have four children and three grandchildren.*



*Mashud, after his accident, holding the medal he got from completing the Stay Well course at the Cardiac Rehab gym.*



*This is of some of our family at a family party given by my eldest daughter Juwariah iand her late husband Glyn in Bristol. The people on the sofa are our son Afandi, sitting next to his wife Jane, and next to Jane is one of my sons- in-law Jonno. Behind Jonno is my youngest daughter Irmani, and next to her standing and laughing is my middle daughter Hanafiah.*



who was faithful to the Latihan and who would also be faithful to me, and as I was working hard for my art degree at the time, marriage was not a high priority.

I'd already discussed marriage with my half-Austrian mother, who was not in Subud and was hoping I'd encourage the charming young non-Subud Viennese lawyer I'd been introduced to by my relatives when on holiday in Austria. By now, I'd been in Subud for about six years and told my mother I'd only consider marrying a Subud member. She was sorry to hear this, saying, "If you limit your choices like that, dear, it will be hard for you to get married at all..."

*Later in the article Rohana recalls a remarkable experience of meeting Mashud's ancestors...*

I'd travelled to Manchester from London and spent the night in Mashud's parent's home for the first time. During the night I went to sleep in the guest bedroom but was awakened by a crowd of people around the bed. They wore old-fashioned clothes, and their spokesman attempted to communicate with me.

Before he could utter a word, a women member in the group became impatient and told him to hurry up, but this alarmed me. I was shocked by the appearance of all these strange people in the room and switched on the light, whereupon they disappeared before I could understand who they were and why they had visited me.

Afterwards, I regretted not knowing why I'd had this experience so wrote to Mas Sudarto Martohudojo, one of Bapak's helpers living in Cilandak, Subud's headquarters in Indonesia, tasked to answer member's letters.

He replied, saying it had been a genuine experience and the people were Mashud's ancestors who had come to welcome me into the family and to ask me to advise Mashud never to give up the Latihan. I've often felt comforted by this experience, knowing it was a blessing on our marriage. As time went on, Mashud had to face serious problems from other family members, but nevertheless managed to do his duty to them in very difficult circumstances.

To read the complete article, click here...

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2021/03/To-Have-And-To-Hold.pdf>



*This is my granddaughter Phoebe in her tutu! She's a student at the London Russian Ballet School, about to graduate this summer. She is now training with an American teacher from New York for auditions in the autumn when the theatres open up again.*

## NEVER THE SAME AGAIN...

*Ismail Fido, Brisbane Australia, writes...*

Events which seem, in a very real sense, to have reached their crisis point around the time of the virtual Subud Australia Congress 2021, have transformed my life and it will never be the same again.

The Irish, very insightful people, with a dreadful history c/o Dear Old Blighty, talk of some periods as being "a terrible, terrible time". Whilst my terrible time is nothing like the Great Irish Famine, the Wars of Independence or the recent Troubles, it still hurts like hell.

This terrible time began some time before my wife was officially diagnosed with Early Onset Alzheimer's, a form of Dementia, just over three years ago. I was her carer till about six months ago. I won't discuss the symptoms in detail, but they were horrific for both of us.

To see a brilliant, feisty woman who should have been an opera star, decline like that was no fun for either of us.

Six months ago, she had to go into a Dementia Ward in a nursing home. It is a very good nursing home. However, even with this environment, which is far better for her than El Crummo mansions here, the decline continues apace.

She has formed relationships with two of her male fellow residents, also far demented, one at least of which is of a quasi-romantic nature. "These things happen". I know!

Strangely enough...

It is the second, not so aggressive, nor romantic, non-Alpha male, that both I and the nursing >

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staff are worried about most.

She goes into this man's room constantly. Yesterday, as I was having a quiet lunch at MacDonald's, a nurse rang me to say that they extricated her from there quick smart after she went in. This is becoming a real worry.

The other, the Alpha male of the Dementia Ward, now seems to see himself as Tarzan to her Jane and metaphorically swings through the trees to "protect" his "mate" from me when I come there. I have had to fend him off when he did this a couple of times. The staff know and are proactive.

My main concern is to keep my wife safe. A mandatory behaviour management program for her, now seeming to be highly necessary, may help. Eternal vigilance is much needed.

I had what I thought were certain highly spiritual experiences, what the Sufis call "hals" or temporary ecstasies or signs, which are sheer gifts of Almighty God during one's spiritual progress on the path around National Congress time.

Perhaps these experiences were genuine, but not exactly what I thought them to be. They came at a trying time. Perhaps they were "merely psychological" as the cynics say.

We are told Almighty God is Merciful and Compassionate, as the Faitha says. We are also told that Almighty God does not test a person beyond his capacity.

To read the full article, click here...

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2021/03/Never-The-Same-Again.pdf> ●

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## COVID CHANT

*John Hager writes about finding his positive response to the Covid virus...*

It had all become extremely scary and alarming.

There were now suddenly over 50,000 new infections and over 1000 deaths daily from this world - wide killer of a virus in this country (UK) alone. It looked as if it was out of control and wrecking what looked more and more like unstoppable suffering and death on human beings everywhere.

And it had all become rather too close for comfort for me as, in this one week, my two sisters and their partners, a long - standing friend and my next-door neighbours had all succumbed to the disease at the same time. Each day now I was hearing how horrible this disease was (2 people telling me it was so bad they often felt they "wanted to end it all").

At night the TV was showing harrowing images of people in hospitals wired up to machines, surrounded by medical staff in protective clothing like spacesuits. Hospitals were now struggling to cope with the numbers the ambulances were queuing up to bring in. Many were dying alone with loved ones allowed nowhere near them.

Then there were interviews with distraught families and victims with their harrowing stories. Frightening (to say the least!) The horror of it was everywhere: it could not be escaped. It seemed now that the global pandemic was pressing at my window and staring me in the face! And I did not like it one bit. What to do? How to cope? I felt cornered and trapped by my vulnerability.

*When I feel desperate...*

Or, like now, clueless as to which way to turn and, almost overwhelmed by my negativity, I finally... turn inwards and I ask questions.

What, I wondered, would the Inner say about all this? And, more specifically, what could I do about it? What should my attitude be to what was happening now? Turning inwards like this was a practice that had helped me so much in the past...Maybe it would now? I did not know. It always felt something of an experiment. So, here goes...

As usual, I try to relax, mentally as much as physically. After a few moments, I become aware of a Vast Spaciousness opening up before me...It feels like I am approaching a Deeper Life...a More Real awareness.

My usual thoughts and feelings seem to fade into the background: they are no longer as important or all - engaging as before and yet my consciousness seems to be heightened.

I feel Bigger, more Open, more Real. And then, after about 10 minutes of this and totally unex- >

pectedly out of this Emptiness, there is this...chanting! It is completely spontaneous! And it is me! I realise then that I am both the chanter and the witnessing observer of these strange sounds.

It is as if I have suddenly acquired a new language! And the sounds seem not to be coming from my mouth but rather from my heart! This feels totally normal (!) and not in the least scary: rather it makes me feel more me in some inexplicable way. I can stop the singing with just a thought, but it feels so strong and meaningful that I just want it to go on. And, then just as unexpectedly as it began, it stops.

I return to this practice several times during this day and again in future days when I am troubled by what is happening all around me. Sometimes it goes on for minutes, sometimes moments. I do not consciously decide this, and I know I am not controlled by it for I can stop it almost effortlessly. *To read the full story, click here:*

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

## RAMADAN 2021

Here is an anthology of Ramadan experiences from staff and readers. Here are some teasers...to read the experiences in full go to:

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2021/05/Ramadan2021.pdf>

### *MARCUS BOLT: Laying a Ghost - A Ramadan Mini-Experience*

I regard this little incident as 'a Ramadan experience', because to me, having done the Ramadan fast over the last 50 years (with varying degrees of failure), it has most often felt like a mind, body and feelings Spring-clean; a time where these small, sudden understandings, mini-clarifications and just noticeable attitude shifts are able to happen.

### *ILJAS BAKER: A Small Act of Kindness during Ramadan*

My intuition about her state and my decision that night before the Isha prayer to do a small act of kindness certainly produced a result that was completely unexpected but very beneficial. *Alhamdulillah rabbil alameen.*

### *RACHMAN MITCHELL: A Ramadan Gift*

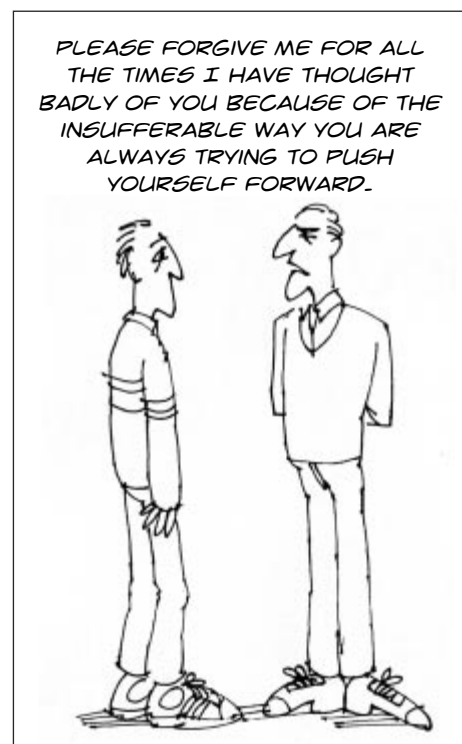
Like all Ramadans there are moments where I wonder whether I have made any progress whatsoever in my own latihan kejiwaan as I find repetitive critical and judgmental thoughts pass through my mind and my efforts to tell them to go away are frequently unsuccessful. Of course, this is balanced by moments when a deep silence drops on my brain and a sense of all embracing peace arises in my heart.

### *HARRIS SMART. Small things, A Ramadan Experience*

I need to learn to be calm and peaceful always, and not to give in to panic. Especially as I only face minor situations of disruption in my life such as the ones I have described. I do not live in a country where bombs rain on me, when my life and the lives of those I love are constantly threatened. I panic over these minor things like getting lost for a few minutes in the dark because my GPS went down. This is my Ramadan lesson...



One of the markers of Ramadan 21 was the "super moon" which arrived in the middle of the fast. Here we show it as it appeared at Glastobnury Tor in the south of England.



Smart, Bolt, Campbell



## THE PASSING OF RAYMOND VAN SOMMERS

*Hussein Rawlings writes from New Zealand...*

Raymond died this morning at 0240. I went in immediately I was called, and sat with him and staff. They had just finished dressing him when I arrived, all laid out in a fine shirt. I left at 4am.

I am so pleased for him that his marathon trial of frailty and endurance is finally over. It has been a long haul, 5 months, since leaving his house on Waiheke where he was so content, to come to Christchurch where he knew some of the members, to go into care on 18 Dec.

He has gone steadily downhill in terms of physical capacity, and moved from using a walker frame to get around, to finally being bedridden over the last 2 -3 weeks. But his mind remained alert, and he kept engaging in conversation on matters that were important to him. He recently said to me, impatient at being restrained to his bed and without active outside engagement, "So tell me what is happening in Subud? – I'm not dead yet!"

He went from Nazareth House, a Catholic Residential Care facility, to the Public Hospital in early April for tests relating to cancer which had earlier been identified in his spine and pelvis. However tests showed that this had not progressed, and he needed no treatment beyond the radiology he had earlier received for it, and which had proved very effective.

However his level of frailty was such that they transferred him to Burwood Hospital as he could get a higher and more satisfactory level of care there than at Nazareth, given his declining mobility and increased dependency. He was very happy at Burwood, and greatly relieved to learn he could stay there. That was a great place to end his life

He astounded all the staff by his stamina and resolute constitution, given his extreme frailty. He had periods of decline when I got called to say the end seemed near, but then he would have a recovery and surprise everyone by regaining a healthy appetite a day or two later. About ten days ago he lost interest in food, and despite his growing frailty, his heart remained strong so he took a long time to transition.

Several times over the last fortnight his limbs lost temperature and his breathing developed apnea, whereby he ceased to breathe for 20 seconds, then began again for 45 seconds before repeating the circuit. That was so yesterday morning, then again in the afternoon when I returned after an appointment. Last evening after dinner he was breathing normally, albeit somewhat heavily and loudly, but with firm regular breaths so when I left at 9.45pm and I did not expect him to pass in the night.

The staff all comment on how peaceful he has been. Must be a Subud thing as the only others I have been with at death have all had the same steady and peaceful passing – they were Lambert Herber and my own father.

*Hussein also sent this synopsis of Raymond's life in Subud...*

Raymond was opened in Subud by Bapak on June 7, 1957, at Coombe Springs where he was a member of Mr Bennett's Gurdjieff group and supervising engineer for the construction of the Djamichunatra. In 1959 Bapak invited him to go to Indonesia.

He travelled to Jakarta in 1960 where he assisted with Bapak's plans for developing the land at Cilandak, surveying the site and designing the guesthouse. During a six-month stay he worked daily in the secretariat office and lived with the families of Mas Haryono and Mas Usman.

Raymond was no stranger to exotic places. At nineteen he had worked as a surveyor in unexplored areas of Papua New Guinea and, after travelling and studying in the UK and Europe, spent three years investigating the hydro-electric potential of rivers in West Africa.

After Indonesia, Bapak suggested he move to New Zealand where he was responsible for the construction of the Rankine Brown library building for the University in Wellington. During that time he was an active helper and later the National Committee Chairman responsible for writing the Subud New Zealand constitution.

Six years later he returned to Indonesia as a founding partner of IDC, the Subud architects and en- >



*Raymond van Sommers*

gineers enterprise with offices in Cilandak. He built up a strong engineering arm to the company and helped establish its administration as the first managing director. His largest and most important project with IDC was the new township for 6000 people for the nickel mining company INCO in Sulawesi. Later he was the director responsible for coordinating the engineering design of the S.Widjojo building.

He built a house in the Wisma Subud compound and lived there for ten years. When his marriage of twenty years broke up he returned to his home country Australia, living for a year in Perth. On Bapak's advice he moved to Melbourne, where he was appointed Kejiwaan Councillor for the period 1979-1983. While working on a project in Thailand he travelled to most countries in the Asian Zone.

In 1983 he moved to Sydney as a director of Project Sunrise for a year and in 1985 became Australian National Chairman with the task of re-writing the constitution of Subud Australia and organizing the incorporation of the ten Australian groups.

He went on to become executive officer for the Civil and Mining Engineering Foundation at the University of Sydney which led to establishing a publishing firm with BHP (Australia's largest company) as a principal client, reporting and illustrating scores of engineering and environmental projects. He employed several Subud members in his CBD office.

In 1993 he returned to writing about Subud, co-authoring Istimah Week's memoirs of Bapak, *The Man From The East*, and publishing it in Spanish. This was followed by his autobiographical account of Subud *A Life in Subud* which was briefly a best seller at Watkins Bookstore in London. He was interviewed by Rachael Kohn in her religious program *The Ark* on Australian National Radio, and for two episodes of *The Good Life* on Sydney commercial radio.

He lived his last years on Waiheke Island researching his family history and writing an extensive biography of his father Jack Sommers—artist, poet and ANZAC (2013). His last book was a brief history of that early and successful Jakarta based enterprise Internattional Design Consultants: the first ten years 1966-1976, published in 2014.

Raymond once said, 'Two things most blessed my life—the latihan and love.'

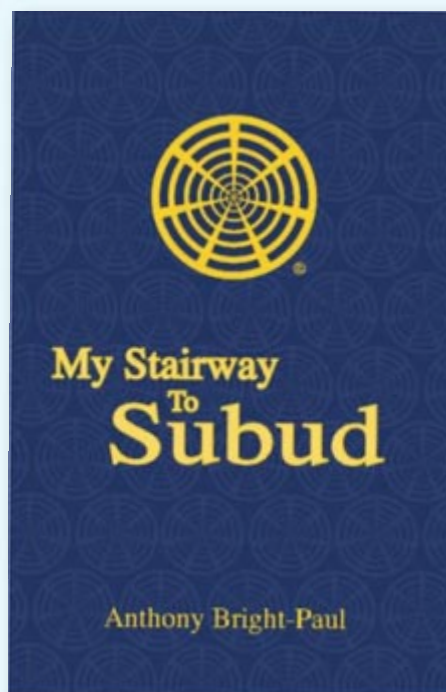
## A D V E R T I S E M E N T S

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](http://www.subudbooks.com)

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# THE JOURNEY OF LITTLE TWIG

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**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**

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**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.

**From Canada...**

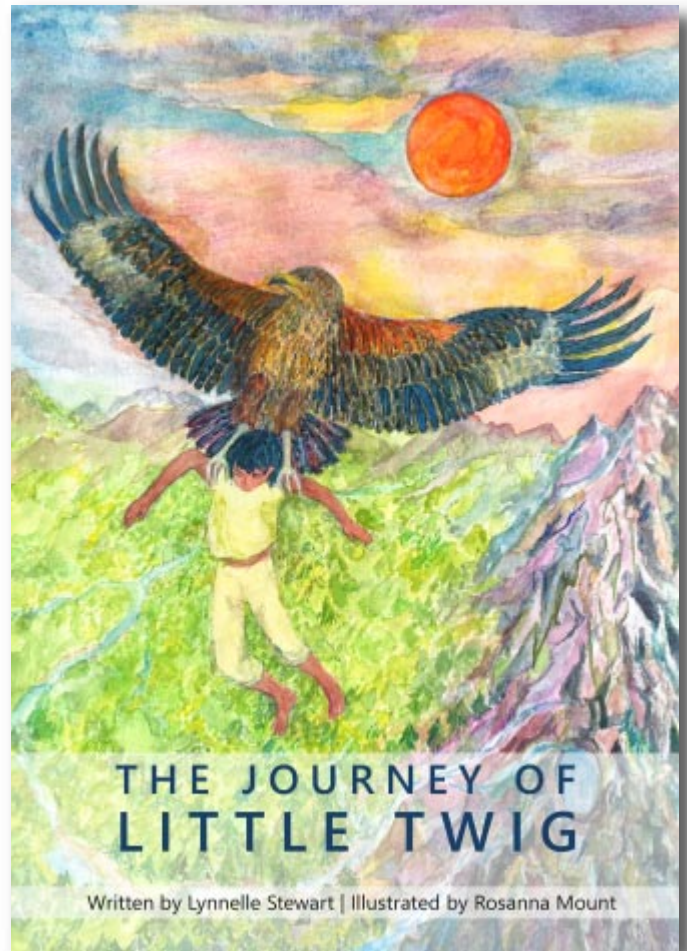
A story written from the soul that will leave its imprint on all who join Little Twig in his quest to save his people and discover his true self. *The Journey of Little Twig* will delight both "our wondrous children and their wise elders". I hope it is the first of a series.

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!!! I highly recommend this book!!

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The creation of *The Journey of Little Twig* is a harmonious and cooperative project involving the talents of several SUBUD members. It is available on Amazon in countries around the world as a paperback book, currently in English.

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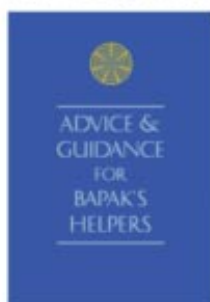
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