



To Jab or Not to Jab

Recently Anthony Bright-Paul, a 91-year-old member living on the Isle of Man, started an email correspondence when the time was approaching for him to receive “the jab”, the vaccine injection for the COVID_19 virus. Naturally, he had concerns about the safety of the vaccine for himself and his wife and he also speculated about the role of the latihan in all this. A number of people replied to him bringing diverse and helpful perspectives. Here is a selection...



Marcus Bolt writes about Subud and COVID-19...

True it has been widely reported that there has only been one known death of a Subud member because of Covid. But, Subud has about 10,000 members worldwide and we could hardly be called representative of the world population in socio-economic terms. I doubt we have many members on the poverty line or below.

And I assume most of us have certain levels of awareness about health – physical, mental and spiritual. I also assume most of us adhere to the recommended precautions. So, it's a case of 'correlation does not mean causation'.

Yet we have had (as far as I know) a high-ish number of Subud people who have contracted Covid-19 in the UK. At least 30 or more from amongst our 1,000+ members - that's 3%. True that this is well below the 10% of the world's population now believed to have contracted the disease, but again, if you compare our Subud Britain overall socio-economic range, it does not match the UK population's, where poverty and poor education do exist hand in hand.

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

So, I don't think the latihan directly protects us from getting it (only common sense does that), but it does help us handle it should we contract the virus. And it can help us feel if danger is lurking in any situation. One can test 'How would I feel if I were in danger from Covid?' for example, and after taking a delivery in and decontaminating, "Is my house now Covid free?"

PS: Had my first jab 2 weeks ago (after testing if it was OK) – still here, still feeling fine!

Emmanuel Elliott supplied a link to an article in The Atlantic. He says, "Great article on why side effects show you that the vaccine is working. Very helpful to know beforehand so as not to be concerned should you experience any of these side effects."

<https://www.theatlantic.com/health/archive/2021/02/second-vaccine-side-effects/617892/>

From the article... At about 2 a.m. on Thursday morning, I woke to find my husband shivering beside me. For hours, he had been tossing in bed, exhausted but unable to sleep, nursing chills, a fever, and an agonizingly sore left arm. His teeth chattered. His forehead was freckled with sweat. And as I lay next to him, cinching blanket after blanket around his arms, I felt an immense sense of relief. All this misery was a sign that the immune cells in his body had been riled up by the second shot of a COVID-19 vaccine and were well on their way to guarding him from future disease. Side effects are a natural part of the vaccination process, as my colleague Sarah. Not everyone will experience them. But the two COVID-19 vaccines cleared for emergency use in the United States, made by Pfizer/BioNTech and Moderna, already have reputations for raising the hackles of the immune system: In , at least a third of the volunteers ended up with symptoms such as headaches and fatigue; fevers like my husband's were less common. Dose No. 2 is more likely to pack a punch—in large part because the effects of the second shot build iteratively on the first. My husband, who's a neurologist at Yale New Haven Hospital, is one of many who had a worse experience with his second shot than his first.

Lucien Hinkle writes...

Dear Tony *et al*, It's hard to argue with your last posting, as you seem to cover most bases of how the latihan may improve our health. Certainly, if we are happy, not in despair, have goals toward which to strive, and can have a positive outlook on our life in spite of whatever trials and tribulations we experience, then certainly that contributes to our health. Through the latihan hopefully we eschew drugs, alcohol, smoking etc. which all have deleterious effects on our health.

In my own particular circumstance, through my involvement with the plant health of my apples, I have discovered how important are minerals to the health of all living things: vegetable, animal, and us humans. Most soils, and therefore most foods, are deficient in many micronutrients that are so essential to health, so I take mineral that are in the same ratio as found in sea water, the origin of all life. I am sure this has greatly contributed to my health.

Bapak always said that we can receive guidance for our life, so I would really like to talk about that in the following way. For whatever reasons, Tony, you landed on the IOM, where at least until recently you said there were no Covid cases. You remark about how well cared for you are.

From 1994 to 1996 I was led, through a series of receiving, to this land that is high above the valley that you have seen in the photos I posted. In 2011 a flood devastated the valley floors here in central Vermont, but we were safe.

In the Bible, Lot received he had to get out of town, and Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed. I was guided in Vietnam from being blown up. I talked to a friend recently who said she and her family now live in a small town in central California farming country, a safe place to be. Our two sons can work safely from home.

I am sure that many of you have had similar experiences, and as I said once before, we may not even understand until later the significance of some event in our life. To me all of this is the true miracle of the latihan and how it cares for us.

“ *An inner practice can make one's immune system stronger and improve the response to vaccines* ”

George Bennett, son of John Bennett, writes...

I have been reading with interest the recent to-and-fro about whether the practice of the latihan protects people from Covid infection (but haven't felt qualified to contribute). Today I heard this BBC program in which various researches show that having an inner practice can make one's immune system stronger and improve the response to vaccines. I see no reason why the latihan wouldn't do at least as well! The link is: <https://www.bbc.co.uk/sounds/play/w3cszv70>

Dancing With the Land

Harris Smart continues his series of articles about the North Coast Subud group in northern New South Wales, Australia. In this article he talks about the ECR (Eco Camp Retreat) which is a project started by Gymea, a retreat centre run by Subud members Stephen and Sonia Armytage...

I gathered with a small group at the ECR (Eco Camp Retreat), a new project being developed by Gymea on a piece of land which it has purchased from a neighbour. This land has never been built on and it includes open fields, forests, and a creek. It is a piece of land waiting for something to happen on it.

The three main drivers of this project are all Subud members, Stephen Armytage, Roland Fraval and Marlena Bassar, but the project is very much open to the whole community.

This is still a largely rural area around here and people are strongly involved in traditional rural industries. The area is filled with people with strong commitments to environmental integrity.

People around here believe in organic farming, they are quite often vegans and vegetarians, they are concerned with the environment. They often belong to activist groups and engage in grassroots politics.

Our WSA committee councillor, Bruce Ray, for instance, has served on the Residents Association of the nearby village of Uki and also belongs to a group which opposes water mining in our area. We sit on a vast underground water source and people around here stand in front of the trucks of commercial operators tapping into it.

So, it is a right environment around here for starting a project that stands for sustainability. On the weekend camp that I went to at the ECR there were just as many people from the local community as there were Subud members. And what was very evident was how close in feeling we instantly became.

Many people around here have often been committed to personal development practices and spiritual disciplines, and this results in being able to quickly find common ground of language and culture.

At the camp I went to, there was a commonality of understanding and ways of relating to each other. And this project is not only about developing physical land, but about promoting a culture dedicated to harmony, peace and working together with other human beings and the environment.

The project...

All three of the founders mentioned above tell a similar story of how the project has developed. That is, going back about three or four years there were many gung-ho ideas for what might be done here. Perhaps a big youth camp could be held here. Perhaps a YES Quest would be here. >



*ECR (Eco Camp Retreat).
A dance with the land.*

But the consensus has now become that the way forward is to become aware of what the land is saying or, as Stephen puts it, "It's all about dancing with the land."

This may all sound a bit visionary and airy-fairy, but I was profoundly impressed on the weekend retreat that I went to that there is a reality in this meeting of the land and the human community.

It was like entering a "bubble" where the concerns of the land and the people took on a very concrete reality. It was the latihan in practice which all the founders agree is the ultimate purpose of the project. How can we make the values Susila, Budhi and Dharma evident in the world?

The envisioning exercise...

Eleven of us gathered under a big tarpaulin stretched on a bamboo structure. It was a hot day, but the wind blew through, sometimes keeping us cool, sometimes seeming to underline what was being said. A dramatic gust of wind accompanying someone's dramatic statement.

For an hour or so we had a discussion structured around three questions. First we shared what the land meant to us now. Then we shared could be our vision for the land in the future. Then we shared what was the bridge which will take from where we are now to where we envision the future could be.

What is our view of the land now? What is the CURRENT REALITY?

Some saw it as a small beginning, a seed from which much might grow. Someone else described what she saw in the form of a dance. Someone else said it was a place of healing.

What is our VISION of what the land could be?

Someone said there should be a place for a hermit. Someone else saw a village here. In general, the land was seen as a place of developing community that grew organically, not according to some predetermined plan. Knowledge of the land would pass from person to person. It would grow from heart to heart.

Finally, what IS the BRIDGE between now and the future? What was the pragmatic step that we could take to bring the vision into reality?

Stephen said, "My mission is to help create a peaceful, harmonious, sustainable world through engaging with the realms of possibility...with God, the latihan and my brothers and sisters, to put the latihan into action."

Marlena said she would be the "mother" who would welcome people here and serve them lunch.

Roland described himself as the "doer".

Someone else said they could do very small tasks while someone else might be carrying an overall strategy for the development.

“ Working together with other human beings and the environment... ”

Naturally there was very



Roland births a mysterious drawing in the sand.



Marlena wants to be mother and give meals and hugs....

great diversity of thought and feeling at each of these levels. Some talked the importance of natural building techniques such as mudbrick, rammed earth and straw-bale constructions.

Other people spoke more in terms of their relationship to the community.

Simple structures made out of bamboo frames with tarpaulins stretched across them created minimalist infrastructure... for a shaded area to sit under for meetings and discussions, or a kitchen dining area. A bathhouse has been built where you can have hot solar-powered showers.

From the founders... Their statements showed a consensus of attitude and belief..

It's all about harmonizing with what's there. Don't impose your ego.

Frankly, I don't know where this is going except to a place that's sustainable.

I try to be always authentic in my commitment to sustainability

We are learning by inhabiting the land and seeing what directions come from the land. It is best if things can happen organically.

I am a person who runs events, but I have learned to follow what arises as we inhabit the land. Let the lands be our teacher, our director. Let things develop organically as needs arise.

Efficacy...

There is already a farm on the land run by Victor Pires from Brazil and his partner Lindy. It practices Syntropic agriculture a system which imitates natural systems of growth found in forests.

After this gathering Stephen told me that he was very pleased at the way the weekend had developed. Meetings on the land are now going to become more frequent and several focal points have been identified, such as learning natural building technique, on the one hand, and developing the protocols of the human community on the other.

Stephen said, "We don't want re-invent the wheel, but it is like we are at the start of a new civilisation, which is combining an understanding of sustainable technology, as in natural building for example, but also working with the principal of EFFICACY which means combining EFFICIENCY with EFFECTS, but there is also the cultural and community element in this.

"It is not just a matter of what you use, and what you achieve, but also the human process by which this is accomplished. So, what we're looking for is a culturally consistent win/win/win situation. >



ECR kitchen...



Solar powered showers...



Stephen moves some earth...



*Above: The beginnings of a structure on the land.
Below: Sebastian and Jeremy at work...*

“The buzz of the world is beyond those trees. We need to create a place of peace, a place of healing, a place of inclusive community. A place that will grow organically. A place that will promote and provide tools for sustainability.”

(A note from the editor: The attachment to land which this project displays is mirrored in other developments in Australia, where features of the indigenous culture are increasingly being taken into account. Attachment to ‘country’ is fundamental to aboriginal society, to its laws, customs and religion. These attitudes are increasingly coming to the mainstream as Australians talk about land. And while the ECR does not talk explicitly about this I am sure it reflects the increased openness to the teachings and philosophies of the first nations people of this land.)

“ Knowledge of the land would pass from person to person...”



Indigenous Heritage and Good Relations

Rasunah Marsden writes...

There are an endless number of terms which can be confusing to those who are not Native American or a member of a First Nations community. First of all, members of First Nations communities are from communities in Canada and Native Americans are from communities in the U.S.!

In Canada there are 630 First Nations Communities, collectively which account for 50 Nations. Languages spoken in those groups come from 12 language families which include 70 different languages.*

Together the Indigenous population identified in 2018 is only 1,673,785 people (those who actually submitted their census forms) across Canada, representing 4.9% of the population. So, we are not talking about large numbers...

Speaking about my own Native background leads directly back to our people’s major life transitions, fairly ‘recent’ historically, involving the loss of enormous tracts of land – millions of acres; Indigenous peoples being relegated to ‘reserves’ and not permitted to leave them without authorization. ([*www.statcan.gc.ca/eng/dai/smr08/2018/smr08_225_2018](http://www.statcan.gc.ca/eng/dai/smr08/2018/smr08_225_2018))

And the more recent – ongoing– experiences in my living memory having to do with forced attendance of residential schools &/or their closure; poverty; lack of access to resources such as >



water and medical or dental care, and experiences of mistreatment of Indigenous persons by non-Indigenous persons in various settings or institutions.

These are some of the experiences common to those of Indigenous Heritage. Despite these experiences, a majority of First Nations peoples and individuals consider that caretaking of Mother Earth, the land, is a shared responsibility.

My First Nation...

My First Nation forms a small population of a group of Anishinaabe (Ojibwe) nations. I am an appointed Elder for that Nation and sometime advisor to the Chief. My family are descended from a chief on my father's mother's side and are also related to a chief of another Anishinaabe community through his mother's marriage.

To be clear, my mother is French, but my Native status arrives through my father. American native persons (U.S.A.) may be termed 'status' through blood quantum measurements, whereas the status of First Nations arrives through ancestry and authorization of both "Indigenous Services Canada" (a federal body) and the local First Nations community.

In First Nations communities (often called Nations) in Canada, the population may be represented culturally through clans, heads, chiefs, traditional ceremonies and practices, and/or adopted religions, so you have to imagine that persons who are in these positions form a cross-section of the populations in most First Nations communities.

Current generations are actively engaged in cultural and language reclamation made necessary through genocide, assimilation or other forms of decimation. My father, for example, a residential school survivor, was disenfranchised while active in the military but regained his native status on upon retiring from his career in the military.

As an Elder...

As an Elder I may be involved in conducting marriage ceremonies, giving names, or conducting name-giving ceremonies or other minor forms of ceremony upon request. Elders become specialized in what they do according to training or traditional knowledge, connections to the well-being of their communities, experience in ceremonies, etc. and most often, they are 'not young' and have reached the age of a grandparent.

Some Elders are sought after and invited to other communities for the several kinds of ceremonies which they are known to conduct, or for the knowledge, (for example, as pipe carriers or storytellers or medicine persons) in which they are experienced.

Here it needs to be understood, however, that not all (Indigenous) medicine persons are Elders, and that not all (Indigenous) Elders are medicine persons.

Some years ago, I became aware of other Indigenous Subud members who have been advised by helpers not to follow their ceremonies because the helpers felt the members were 'mixing' & basically some of these members did not continue the latihan as a result. However, it is unlikely that cultural ceremonies in all cultures can be considered 'mixing' and therefore should not be treated in this way.

My own experience...

My own experience as a Subud member who was opened in 1969 is not quite common since there is a minority of Subud members who are also Indigenous. I feel I was guided as a result of the latihan to what kinds of traditional ceremonies I could become involved in.



“ All human cultures are one... ” >

I could not, for example, follow the Midewiwin (traditional Anishinaabe) ceremonies, not because I have no idea about them, but because I am not 'mainly' a medicine person. I am situated more at the knowledge end of the spectrum, whereas others of Indigenous descent who are Subud members will certainly receive guidance that is appropriate for their own development.

Protocols for respectful relationships between Chiefs, Elders and members are built up in each community. Ordinarily the understanding in Anishinaabe communities is that all members work toward having & maintaining 'good relations'.

These relations are based on the practice of principles or values which are held in high regard in our communities. Those values are considered 'living', experiential, and held collectively in high esteem. In other words, 'living' values are not held only in the past. The values I refer to are what the Anishinaabe call the Seven Grandfathers which underpin their creation stories: Love, Respect, Bravery, Honesty, Humility, Wisdom, Truth.

For my own part, I consider that I can only represent what I understand or know or have experienced, which is not necessarily what other individuals, or the members of a whole community understand or experience collectively.

My understanding includes that a majority of First Nations members tend to think or act collectively, that is, it is important for all First Nations to think about the well-being of the whole group. Meanwhile, the pursuit of what one needs to learn for themselves is highly encouraged, as in the end it can lead to or benefit the whole community.

Finally, my own experience and receiving as a Subud member has shown me what is important about human cultures; basically, that your own culture need not interfere or impose on other cultures because in their highest order or form of representation, all human cultures are 'one'.



REBUILDING WILCZYSKA

Halim Korzybski writes...

The Wilczyška (pronounced vielchiska) estate in Poland was founded in the 15th Century. It was destroyed and rebuilt several times by foreign invasions and after World War II, the government at the time nationalized the farmland and the forest.

The Manor House was converted into a school which was relocated some years later leaving the buildings empty allowing inevitable deterioration.

When our family got it back after six years of litigation, it needed complete renovation. My cousins were not interested in the property and I bought them out. I recognised its potential despite its condition. It was built on a gentle hill, surrounded by seven hectares of ancient park, overlooking two ponds completely overgrown in the midst of mature trees, bushes and weeds.

Yet this created quite an intimate setting with fields and meadows next to a forest. I saw the possibility of this location being an ideal setting for a unique holistic therapy centre – an alternative approach to wellbeing and total health. Another advantage was its location. Just over an hour from Warsaw, but far enough away from



Ariel view of the buildings.



Front facade and entrance.

city distractions.

Once I recognised the commitment despite not having enough money at the time I did not have enough money to meet the estimated cost, BUT, I had the conviction to go ahead with the project. I had a deep sense of faith and confidence, that if this was the right project for me to do, the money would come.

And the money came whenever it was needed. In the case of the project in the Pyrenees I was able to sell the house in the U.S. to pay for the farm and, later, sell a few lots I owned to finish the renovation with enough money to cover the costs. Similarly, with the reconstruction work on Wilczyska was lucky to be able to sell my house outside Warsaw. Later I sold an apartment and a building lot for just enough money to cover the expenses to pay in the following stages: for the basic renovation

of the manor house, the building and completion of the guest house, the rebuilding and cleaning of the ponds, clearing the park, and the rebuilding of the access road and the entry gate to the property. All the money came in time when I needed it during the six years it took to complete the project.

During this period, I felt protected and an inner support in everything connected to the project whether it related to the money flow, to everyday decisions, to the selection of materials or even choosing the right people and contractors to work on the site.

The Wilczyska project is not yet finished. We will be looking for an operator, investor or manager who will complete interiors and furnish the Manor House compatible with their marketing needs. But the adjacent guest house, with eight bedrooms and eight bathrooms and its own kitchen for 20 persons, is ready to be used for smaller meetings, workshops or for guests.

My vision and hopes for the Wilczyska project is that it could bring those who experience it closer to nature and the feeling of the inner life, through its character, living environment and positive surroundings. La Source, my first project, in the Pyrenees has already been used for the last 16 years; rented for different events and seminars organised by spiritual groups or individuals.

All the time I felt that those two projects were not mine, but I was given the responsibility to carry on the job, and luckily I was able, and often I was helped in the situations that were beyond my control... I recognise these gifts and I am very grateful to be an instrument to contribute and add to our life....

This story first appeared in the online magazine <https://goodreed.uk>

Good Reed is designed to publish the 'fruits' of members' latihan in the world through their work and talents. The Good Reed Magazine is published from London by Ridwan Treacher and Katharine O'Sullivan Walmsley.



Approaching the main building.

“ *I do not have enough money, but had the conviction to go ahead with the project...* ”

DHARMA CARE SUPPORTS GIRL POWER IN CAMBODIA

A Short History of Dharma Care's Srey Lak Program for Girls

About 5 km outside Phnom Penh, the capital of Cambodia, there used to be an enormous rubbish dump called the Stung Meanchey Municipal Waste Dump. It covered an area of approximately 100 acres and everything from household refuse to hospital waste would be dumped there. Until it was finally relocated to another site in 2009, about 2000 people lived on this toxic smoking heap. Men and women, as well as little children, would pick through the rubbish looking for anything which could be sold



to earn about \$2.00 a day

One day in 2006, Livingston Armytage, a photographer and Subud brother, visited Stung Meanchey to document the lives of its inhabitants. He met this little girl clutching a bouquet of dead water lilies.

5 years later in 2011, wanting to use the girl's photograph on the cover of his new book, Livingston mobilized his friends and NGOs in Phnom Penh to look for her in order to properly acknowledge her in his book. Miraculously the young girl was found. Her identity was confirmed by two tiny birthmarks. She was still living with her mother and sister on the rubbish dump, emaciated and covered in grime. In exchange for \$20.00, her mother gave permission for her daughter's photo to be used. She was then referred to as Srey Lak, meaning "beautiful girl" in Cambodian.

Livingston and his wife Miyako placed Srey Lak in the People Improvement Organization, a Cambodian not-for-profit government-approved organization operating as a private school near the rubbish dump where Srey Lak had been living. It was only then that they found out her real name is Kao Vorleak. She was 10 years old when this photo was taken.

Vorleak was given accommodation in PIO's "Shelter" where 45 other children like her are provided with full board. She joined the approximately 1500 children enrolled in PIO's classes.

In 2016, the Armytages visited PIO. 5 years after she started studying at PIO with her sister Somaly, also sponsored by the Armytages, she was thriving in her new environment.

The Armytages were private sponsors, but in 2018 they decided to join forces with Dharma Care to educate more girls like Vorleak. Together they created the Srey Lak Program for Girls. Donations from generous sponsors can transform the lives of girls like Vorleak.

In 2019, Vorleak was chosen to represent PIO and Cambodia at the 10th Asia Girls Peace Camp in Kathmandu. She was issued her very first passport to board her very first flight. Asked what the camp



was about, she responded: GIRL POWER!

In August 2019, Dharma Care's CEO Irwan Wyllie and Miyako Armytage visited PIO to consolidate DCI's relationship with PIO. They were warmly welcomed by everyone at PIO. They concluded the visit with a boisterous pizza party with all 45 boarders at the Shelter.

In January 2021, Vorleak left PIO to embark on the rest of her life. Her life has been transformed >

after 12 years of education at PIO. We all wish her well.

Should you wish to help other girls like Vorleak, please visit:

<https://dharmacare.org.au/srey-lak-program-for-girls/> to make a donation.

Archives Update 3

Daniela Moneta, WSA Archivist, USA, writes...

Welcome back to the third installment of Archives Update. This month we are highlighting records in the archives about Kalimantan from personal accounts, reports, books, videos, and newsletters. As mentioned last month, Subud members can request access to the Subud Archives website by sending an email to admin@wsaarchives.org. If you have

archival material about Kalimantan or on any other subject 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 and we will get back to you with instructions on how to send it.



Courtesy of Klaus Kremmerz

HIGHLIGHTED THIS MONTH:

Documents, photographs, personal accounts, and videos about Kalimantan. Learn about Bapak's vision for Kalimantan, the Kalimantan Project which proposed agricultural, mining, and tourist ventures, including the building of a complete township in Central Kalimantan. Archives have several interviews of members about Kalimantan exploration, one by Matthew Mayberry (1995) and two by Mansur Geiger (1996 and 2014). Read online the first three chapters of the pre-publication of Matthew Mayberry's *The Great Kalimantan Adventure: March 1982-August 1986*. Matthew also donated documents, maps, and reports to the archives before his passing. When interviewed about his concept for writing this book, Matthew said it was about:



*Camp on the Baraoi (1982): Pak Udo, Ibu Mout, Pak Mat (author), Uneng, Mansur, Pak Hinu, Pak Sepeda. From the draft of *The Great Kalimantan Adventure*, p. ph pg – 53.*

- The beauty of the virgin rainforest.
- Innocence of and our dependence on the Dayaks.
- Trials and tribulations of our daily life.
- Stories and tales of our adventures and experiences.
- The feelings of oneness with each other, the environment, the culture, with Bapak and with God.
- Reality of our feelings of harmony as brothers.
- Trust and love for each other and a willingness to let go and work together.

Start now learning about the place selected for the next Subud World Congress in Kalimantan in a book by Luqman McKingley (reviewed last month in this column), *Canopy: A Rainforest Romance*, is a 719-page book, published in 1996. It is a fantasy created about the beautiful world of Kalimantan, the Dayak people, and ecotourism. View also *Kalimantan Trilogy*, videos by Simon Cherpitel. One video is of a power canoe journey up the Kahayan River in the heart of Borneo, another is a motorbike tour of Rangan Sari Subud community, and the third video is a motorbike ride from Rangan Sari to Palankaraya. Lawrence Pevac was a volunteer teacher in Rangan Sari for 6 months at Bina Cita Utama School in 2018. He wrote a 13-part blog about this experience. There are hundreds of articles available on the Archives website to read online about Kalimantan in Subud World News, Subud Voice, and other newsletters including some specifically about Kalimantan. We have annual reports from WSA and MSF that include the development of Kalimantan enterprises and >

social projects and Kalimantan Gold Corporation reports. Also see an article “Eye on Design” about Vivianna Bulow-Hube’s jewelry using Kalimantan gold in her designs, along with other records that you can read online.

“Bapak stressed the need for younger Subud members to trust his vision and truly develop Kalimantan and he equated their present inability with a lack of courage.” Quote from page 59, of Remembrances of Bapak’s Last Days published as a commemoration of the fortieth Day of Bapak’s passing and available to read online on the archive’s website

[Other material recently added to the Archives website:](#)

DOCUMENTS AND REPORTS:

Besides the documents mentioned above, there are others on the Archives website that have been added recently. When on the website, enter the word Kalimantan in the Search Box and see all related materials.

DIGITAL BOOKS AND NEWSLETTERS:

Memoirs of Mas Adji by Rasunah Marsden; Mas Adji: A Personal Reminiscence by Dachlan Cartwright; books about the first six World Congresses (SWC): 1st SWC Subud and the Active Life; 2nd SWC Subud in the World; 3rd SWC The Growth of Subud; 4th SWC Cilindak 71; 5th SWC The Way Ahead; and 6th SWC New Directions. Three volumes about documents in the German Archives (in German): Volume 5 (1963), Volume 9 (1967), and Volume 12 (1970); The Dawning: A Grace Untold by Emmanuel Elliott; Experiencing the Miraculous: A Gift of Grace by Helena Hitchcock, Lester Sutherland, and Michael Thomas. Digital books are available to be read online by the three well-known members of Bapak’s Sekretariat at Wisma Subud: The Experiences of Mas Sudarto Martohudjojo; Inner Wisdom by Mas Prio Hartono, and My Journey in Subud by Mas Sunarto Brodjolukito.

MOVIES AND VIDEOTAPED INTERVIEWS:

(including 100+ interviews made for the Memories of Bapak Project, 1995-2000)

Interviews with: Peter Filippelli, Rosina Filippelli, Rachman Cantrell, Rosada Cantrell, Helen Richman; Peter Mark Richman, Halimah Brugger, Sofyan Brugger, Rusdi Genest, Rosanna Hille; Salamah Pope, Abdullah Pope, and many others.

PHOTOGRAPHS:

These are historical photographs that you can use (with permission) in your national or local newsletters. Added recently: Bapak and party at the Tjalsma’s home in The Hague (1957); Bapak and party looking across the border into East Germany (1964); Coombe Springs, 1957; various photos of Bapak in Mexico and South America; 400 photos Subud members who have passed by Rachman Cantrell; photo collections by Simon Cherpitel, Viktor Bohem, and others. Many 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

For those of you who don’t know about the Subud Archives 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/9OLOV66uryI> Be sure to support Subud Archives 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 and don’t forget to earmark your donation for the archives.

Tune in next month for what’s new on the Archives’ website. If you missed reading “Archives Update” 1 and 2, see the January and February issues of Subud Voice to catch up.

The Archives website is restricted for Subud members only. The website gives access to historical material that tells the history and development of Subud - today as it is being made and back to the mid-1950s when Subud started to spread around the world. View this column each month for new material added and see the popular things that members are viewing. ●

Considering Observing Ramadan?

The month of Ramadan in 2021 runs from Monday April 12 to Wednesday May 12 [approximately!]. Those intending to fast should check with local Islamic authorities about the times of fasting in their area. There is a compilation of information about it, "Subud style" (see link below), and there is also information at the end about Bapak talks.

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

(See Bapak's letter to a member on this topic, at the end of the attached document)

Click here to read the complete document about Fasting In Ramadan...
<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2021/02/Observing-Ramadan.pdf>

Observing the Night of Destiny

The Night of destiny is half way through the month of Shaban which is the month before Ramadan (that is, the Month of the Ancestors).

This year the Night of Destiny occurs on MARCH 28, the night of the full moon.

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

The Night of Destiny which is in the middle of the month of Shaban begins at Maghrib at 6 PM on March 28 (this year) and ends at Maghrib at 6 PM on the following day.

It is advised to stay awake until 12 midnight (on March 28) and then to fast on the following day (March 29). For those who wish to read from the Koran it is suggested to read and pray for ancestors and for strength to put aside unwanted influences.

[Prayer for the night of destiny](#)

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

Forgive us and guide us.

If you have written us down in the book of life, then forgive us....

If we are lacking in anything then forgive us and have mercy

Raise us up with the Prophets and the Martyrs.

Oh most merciful of those who show mercy,

Oh most merciful of all, Amen.

Remain quiet until midnight.

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

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

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

Third, pray for yourself. Ask for forgiveness. Ask for good health. If you're one of the less fortunate, please ask God to include you amongst

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

After tonight's prayers, you fast tomorrow.

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

4TH WORLD CONGRESS IN CILANDAK

Laura Paterson remembers...

Who else reading here remembers the International Culture Nights held during the 4th Subud World Congress. 'Bapak's Congress', which was held during the month of August, in 1971. A congress that was extraordinary in so very many memorable and incomparable ways.

I will never forget entering Wisma Subud, not until the very end of my days. The bus pulled into the compound, and every Subud member already there was in a joyous, milling, cheering, crowd, greeting all who had just arrived, who had just flown over the low-lying, red tiled roofs of the utterly exotic Jakarta cityscape, green palms fronds waving in the low-lying underflow of air currents swirling from the agitation of our Air Garuda flight descending into the teeming Javanese capital.

I remember looking out of the bus window at all of my Subud brothers and sisters, some of whom I even recognized from photographs that I had seen in Subud publications. There they all were, waving at us in thrilling delight, and I thought to myself, "This is what it will be like for all of us when we die. All of our Subud brothers and sisters who have gone before, will be waiting to greet us in ecstatic delight. They will be cheering and crying with joy and welcome."

I was so young and tender and green and new in Subud, only opened in London eighteen months earlier, in the Hampstead group, the opening words spoken with deepest quiet by Halimah Cooke. The 4th World Congress already was a very auspicious event for me, for the opening day was on August 5th, my twenty-sixth birthday. I knew from that first moment that I had come home, that I was with my family, my family for this lifetime, and for all lifetimes to come.

And so this extraordinary congress began...

And there Beginning with the final completion of the dome of the elegant, graceful, latihan hall, a completion that took place only hours before the Opening Ceremony on August 5th.

A ceremony that was attended by President Suharto and his wife. And by 3,000 Subud members, at Bapak's special request, each one attired in the national costume or dress of their native country. A harbinger of the international theme that was to be the over-arching concept for this 4th Subud World Congress.

For it was at this World Congress that the international organization was presented and ratified. That the concept of the Subud World Bank was unveiled. And there were international culture and entertainment nights, almost every evening, throughout the twenty-three days of the Congress. Soft, warm, tropical evenings. Evenings heavy with the sweet perfume of clove-scented Indonesian kretek cigarettes.

Evenings that vibrated with the haunting melodies of gamelan orchestras, and wayang-kulit dramas lasting through the night, until the first Evenings that transported us to the grace and beauty of the world of Ramayana dance-dramas.



August, 1971 - Latihan Hall, Wisma Subud, Cilandak

*Subud UK International Culture Night
Midsummer Night's Dream - 'Pyramus and
Thisbe' Play The Wedding of Theseus and
Hippolyta - (LtoR)*

*François Reynolds, Laura Paterson, an
English Subud Brother*



*4th Subud World Congress Grand Opening -
August 5th, 1971*

*Bapak Muhammad Subuh Sumohadiwidjojo
Escorting President and Mrs. Suharto. Also In
Photo: Sjarifin Gardiner, Varindra Vittachi*

Bapak's Special Request...

And, also at Bapak's special request, evenings that were filled with presentations reflecting the culture of Subud members from eighty-seven nations. English Shakespearean productions. German Wagnerian productions. American cowboy square dance productions.

Every production reflecting, often with hilarious accuracy, the nature of each nationality. I think that is as close as human beings can get to each other, to be given the gift of witnessing what the soul brings forth through the culture of their fellow human beings. Bapak spent the last thirty years of his life promoting this unity, this closeness, this common humanity, between all our different nationalities.

During the next thirty years, Bapak made seventeen journeys around the world, kneading the leaven of the latihan kejiwaan throughout the body of our global membership. And to me, this always has been the most compelling worldly aspect of Subud. This vital, organically international composition of its membership.

“ Evenings that vibrated with the haunting melodies of gamelan orchestras...”



August, 1971 - Outside Latihan Hall
Wisma Subud, Tjilandak

Pak Hardjono - Member of Bapak's Secretariat
(Pak Hardjono's Daughter Ibu Susi is the present Librarian for Subud Indonesia)
Laura Paterson - Subud Central London
(Subud USA National Chair 1998-2000)
The Subud Organization - "Across Cultures, Nationalities and Generations"



Bamboo longhouse created for the Congress in Wisma Subud.



Watchtower.



The latihan hall in Wisma Subud.

MISSING PERSON

Marina Bon from Newcastle-on-Tyne UK, wants to contact AFFENDI FIEDOROWICZ believed to be in Austria. If anyone has any information about him could they please contact Marina on: carshield@yahoo.co.uk

ABOUT NAMES AND CHANGING A NAME...

Isti Jenkins, formerly an International Helper, writes...

When I first heard about Subud... I heard that there was a certain person who was Granted a Gift, the gift of choosing a suitable name for those who asked. Of course this was Yang Mulia Bapak Subuh, the founder of Subud. Someone who I had not yet met but it rang a bell, because it was noted that even Jesus Christ could do this!

Having the right name suddenly felt and became important to me when I was 17 years old.

Here is a list of questions that I aimed to find an answer to:

Why did I have a name?

Did the name have a meaning ?

How does the name I have affect me?

What attitude should I have to my name?

Should I change my name if I'm unhappy with it?

Will I know if or when my name needs to be changed?

Well, I shall try to describe my story. Firstly, we all know that at birth our parents choose for us a name, we are labeled with this name to prove our existence, an existence that is unique, since we are all different.

We hear this name more and more through its sound and tone from everyone around us to which we respond in one way or another.

As we mature and become spiritually aware around the age of 16, I believe we are blessed with curiosity that brings us to question more about our inner life than the outer one that has developed during home life and life at school....

So what is the purpose of my existence, who am I really and can I see or feel an 'inner map' that will take me closer towards my destiny and farther away from my fate and what I inherited??

In 1965, I wrote to BAPAK and asked for a more suitable name since I had reached a point in my life where I was struggling to find my identity. The initial he said was the most important and so after selecting a list of five with the letter R, I received a letter stating my name was Renata. It actually means BORN AGAIN.

I accepted the name, but also felt that the time would come when I could receive (or at least partly receive) a name for myself that reflexed a deeper part of my human nature or origin. This was certainly an aspiration that stayed with me almost thirty years.

Embracing Islam...

In 1967/68 I lived in Wisma Subud, Cilandak, Indonesia, during which time I embraced Islam... Why, because the more I learned, the more I believed about this Messenger called Muhammad and I loved to hear the Call to Prayer and to witness this open devotion from Muslims. Therefore it was part of the process to be given an Indonesian Islamic name if requested and this was Rosadaand it suited me well.

What I find interesting is that during a Ramadan in 1970, I really did experience a REBIRTH and witnessed the power of the Latihan penetrate my entire body and soul. Therefore felt totally transformed and Blessed but at the same time not quite in balance and certainly not 'grounded' enough to cope with normal everyday life throughout that phase. The purpose of the name RENATA felt complete.

Reflecting a little I had clearly moved from Renata to Rosada (it meant one who is spiritually aware) and it was Rosada who married in 1972 and Rosada who found the balance she needed, she received and followed guidance, giving birth to four beautiful children and fulfilled her role as a mother and wife until 1992. But this, the next phase of my life ended and the purpose of the name >



Isti Jenkins at the Tokyo World Congress in 1967. Almost one year before I was opened in Subud, I asked Bapak for a Subud name. I was given the name Renata. I was certainly known as Renata in this photo taken in 1967. After my 21st Birthday, the same year, I embraced Islam and was given the name Rosada from Bapak, a name which I kept for many years throughout my marriage.

ROSADA felt complete.

It was not until the year 1992, that I constantly received another name in my Latihan, the name of ISTIWATI... although perhaps that wasn't quiet it??

I wrote to IBU RAHAYU (the daughter of Bapak),

since it was known that she had been given the Divine At-

tribute of Understanding and gift of being able to receive suitable names for members who ask. Not only did she receive a name to match the inner content of the member but also provided the meaning.



*We do not need to
change our name if we
are happy and
comfortable with it...*



The meaning of a name...

I happened to be staying in Wisma Subud once again for the month of Ramadan in 1993 when a letter was delivered to me containing the correct name which was ISTIGOMAH... in short it's meaning was 'steadfast' but the full meaning was given to me by Sofyan Brugger and meant...

One who does not deviate from the straight path, under the line of the Prophets! Yes, this truly struck a deep chord for me both inwardly and outwardly, it covered all my beliefs, actions and aspirations and I felt very privileged to be given it, steering me away from temptations.

A NAME CAN : Strengthen our strengths, show us our weaknesses, give us our goals, allow us to change our fate, allow us to follow the best way, to release us from expectations, give us freedom to shape our own life, it is our identity.

It can become the stamp of our reputation or achievements, it is the proof and evidence that we existed and become something.

A NAME CAN: Describe our mission on earth, it can be the link to our essence and human soul, it can live on forever with memories, messages and

A NAME CAN BE: Ultimately like a SONG, A DREAM, A PICTURE, A PAINTING, A MAP, AN EXPRESSION, AN IMAGE, A TRIGGER, A MASK, A DISGUISE, or a RESPONSE... to a PRAYER.

BUT... we do not need to change our name if we are happy and comfortable with it. ●

THE PUNCH

The editor writes...

Recently I was having experiences that showed that if I did not immediately act on an "inner command or receiving" then there could be consequences both inwardly and outwardly. Other people were also reporting to me that they were having similar experiences. Then I remembered a chapter called THE PUNCH from Emmanuel Elliott's book THE DAWNING. Emmanuel relates a dream he had and then gives a commentary on this theme of doing things instantly when one receives an inner command...



"May this 'I' die, and may another live in me greater than I and better for me than I."

- St. Teresa of Avila

Chapter 15: The Punch, From Emmanuel Elliott's book THE DAWNING...

It was at this point in the regeneration process that I received that I had experienced the end of a life and death cycle. It was certainly true that I had gone through a death or separation in relation to my former self and ways of being, evidenced by character changes that one of my business partners was later to describe as 'huge.'

In addition to the transformation of my attitude towards work, for example, I could no longer swear, touch alcohol – fortunately, I was no longer in the wine business! - tell or listen to tasteless jokes, or look at women in an inappropriate way, all of which had in varying degrees hitherto been habitual to me.

Then, I had a dream that seemed at first entirely without reality, little more than a source of amusement. Eventually,

It was a pivotal experience, one that could easily provide the theme for an entire book, a book without an ending since it goes to the very heart of staying close to the spiritual life, our true home, while still in this world, this homeland of the lower forces.

In the dream, I had just finished cleaning out an enormous cowshed, and it looked spotless. My boss came to inspect my work. "So you're satisfied with this, are you?" he asked me.

I looked around again, but could see nothing to complain about, unless you counted a single tiny piece of straw lying at my feet. But even that was perfectly clean and shiny. It looked exactly like a small golden capital letter 'I'.

"Come and have a cup of tea," said my boss, in a very friendly manner.

Over tea, he said, "From now on, whenever it is appropriate for you to say either 'please' or 'thank you' to me, you must say it immediately."

Sounds easy enough, I thought to myself.

A few minutes later such an occasion arose, and I was in the process of formulating the best way to say 'thank you' when, without warning, my boss drew back his fist and punched me in the jaw without warning, knocking me over backwards.

"I said immediately," he reminded me.

Before long, the crucial message represented by this dream began to get through to me: that it was vital to stay very close to the fountainhead of an emerging new spiritual identity; that through awareness I must allow this higher level to govern every act and movement, every thought and intention, and every usage of the senses.

I began to experience that only through constant attention from moment to moment would this inner contact and balance be maintained. If my awareness slipped, even for an instant, I would pay a heavy inner price, aptly symbolized by the punch in the dream. The slightest inattention in any part of my being – even, for example, a tiny careless movement of a little finger, a movement in which a personal intent might predominate – would be enough to trigger one of these 'awareness slips,' as I came to call them.

Editor's note. I realised after reading Emmanuel's story that yes, what it encompasses is not just "instant obedience" but constant awareness in all aspects of life. We can begin with the body in which I am sure we all notice moments when our awareness of our body slips and we pay the price in illness. I became aware this morning that there was nagging [pain in my back demanding my attention and if I did not pay attention to it there would be a price to be paid down the line in wellness.

To read the complete chapter from Emmanuel's book, click here

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2021/02/The-Punch.pdf>

Emmanuel Elliott's book THE DAWNING is available from

www.dawnchoruspublishing.weebly.com

It will shortly be available in Spanish, to be entitled *El Contacto*. ●

AT COOMBE SPRINGS

Anthony Bright-Paul lived at Coombe Springs during the Gurdjieff days as well as when Bapak was there. Here he reflects on an historic photo of Coombe Springs and identifies the people in the photo...

This has to be a very early 1957 photo (next page), since so many were Coombe residents, plus the Bissings, and Irina Hoare, who were Ouspenskeyites and not too happy to be at Coombe Springs.

It is often forgotten that Husein Rofé made the arrangements with the Bissings, the Hoars and the Woltons and Bennett allowed into that Group. So, when Bapak and his party arrived they did not go direct to Coombe Springs - they went to Rofé's flat in Willesden.

It was there that the first latihans took place. By chance, Bob Prestie, who was completely ignorant of the animosity between the Ouspenskeyites and Bennett, got invited to that first exercise and experienced strongly, so that the others wanted to know what had happened to him.

So, Bob Prestie, all innocent of the true picture,

“ Husein never forgave Bennett...” ” >

blurted out that Bapak should go to Coombe Springs. With the result that the Bissings had to drive Bapak's party there. When Ibu arrived, she said at once that this was the house she had seen in her dreams.

Why do I distinguish between the ultra-secretive Ouspenskeyites and Bennett? Because John Bennett had gone back to Gurdjieff in Paris, had publicised 'All and Everything' and had given public lectures.

Publicity was anathema to the Ouspenskeyites, who were weaned on Russian secrecy, which is why they also formed a Subud Group in Colet Gardens - a breakaway from Coombe, which was not approved by the Indonesians - thus Asikin.

Poor Husein Rofé was put out to grass and sent on a wild goose chase to Morocco. It was Husein Rofé who was the translator at Bapak's first talks, but then Bennett learnt Bahasa Indonesian by forced marches within about 2 months (just as he had formerly done with Turkish and Russian) and took over the translation with Husein off travelling. Husein never forgave Bennett.

John Godolphin Bennett was an extraordinary man, as can be seen from his book 'Witness' unexpurgated. He had the ability to lecture publicly and gathered a huge number of young men, (I was amongst them) both in England and world-wide. This was an extraordinary achievement, but he was looked on with great suspicion by such as the BBC. The Ouspenskeyites regarded him as a loose cannon.

Nevertheless, it is a fact that the First 400 as they were later called, were 95% Bennett disciples and that included such people as Tarzie Vittachi from Ceylo, someone from Chile and Ruth Gruson from Germany.

Add into this pot the Eva Bartok story. I had known Eva at Coombe long before Subud, working in the garden like anyone else there. However, when she had a baby, after recovering from an illness after doing the latihan Kejiwaan with Bapak and Ibu, the European Press got hold of the story. What happened next? You would have to read my book, Stairway to Subud.

I think that I can now identify by name most of those in the picture of the group[of us at Coombe Springs..

Left to Right Back row standing Irene Whiffen, Dinah Day, Elizabeth Howard at that time, Geraldine Rogers, lady from Hong Kong, Edith Wickman, Olga de Nottbeck Irina Hoar (only came back to me this morning, confirmed by David Barker),. Ronimund von Bissing, his wife, Rachmat, Ibu Rahayu, then far right is Icksan Ahmed.

Starting on the left again is Pat Terry-Thomas, Kate Woodward, 3 missing, then Joan Cox, Bennett's secretary at that time, Anneke King later Rynveldt, June Sawrey-Cookson behind plus Jenny Pope later, Bapak and Ibu, then at extreme right was Marjorie Wilmshurst, the main cook at Coombe.



THE SAILING SHIP

John Hager writes...

Sometimes inner guidance may come in most unexpected ways - and even with life-changing results. Here is an example of a surprising image which led to a complete turnaround in my life.

Suddenly, seemingly out of nowhere, in my latihan, there appeared in my mind's eye, this superb image of an old - fashioned sailing ship! There it was: huge, beautifully made with strong oak timbers and huge white sails. It was truly dramatically eye - catching! But wait...there was something wrong. This massively impressive ship had hit the rocks. It was stuck on the rocks!

I knew that if it was just left like this the ship would fall to pieces and then disappear without trace. Oh dear, this beautiful, majestic ship... damaged and in danger!

And then understanding hit me with the force of a cannonball. This ship was a symbol of my career! I have no idea why I made this connection: again, it simply came seemingly "out of nowhere" and I simply could not in these moments doubt it... A little reflection showed me that yes, it could easily be seen to be true.

Really, I had not given my career much thought up until now. Teaching was my enjoyable job, and I did it to the best of my ability. But my real life was elsewhere. My wife was the ambitious one. In fact, just recently we had been considering my being a stay-at-home dad, leaving her free to devote herself to her career and me to enjoy what I loved: being a family man!

But this image was going to totally turn all this around. It made me see things from a completely new perspective.

Still in good order...

I immediately realised that the ship I was inwardly seeing was at present mostly still in good order. It was clear that it would not take much effort to get it off the rocks and able to sail out across the wide-open sea again. Once more out of nowhere I realised that it was down to me to do this. I was left in no doubt that not only did I have the means to do this, but it was, in fact, my responsibility to do so!

As with so much of my life at this time I was being too passive, but and my effortlessness was allowing my career (and I guess much else besides) to be blown all over the place (in this case dangerously onto the rocks) by whatever changeable winds were blowing strongest at the time. This had now - at least with respect to my career - to completely change.

So revolutionary was all this to my thinking that I repeated it all to myself several times. I could see as plainly as the sailing ship in front of me that, with some effort on my part, I could move my career forward and, more, this is what I should do. Further if I continued on my present course of not doing this but letting things drift or be blown about by the winds of circumstance, my career would sink without trace.

So, I saw that I had to save this beautiful ship by making some efforts which I had not previously done. And this was tantamount to my getting hold of that steering wheel and changing my passive and ill-informed attitude. I was amazed at how clearly; I saw all this. The beauty of this ship was so appealing to me that I could no longer allow it to be endangered by my surrendering it to the buffeting of fate: some self-effort and energy were needed.

This was the moment when my job became my career...

Within two weeks of receiving this image, outer events began to take a hand in moving this ship off the rocks. It began with my wife and a colleague, both at different times, saying to me that they



There was something wrong. The massively impressive ship had hit the rocks! (The Shipwreck of the Minotaur by Turner)

had just heard of a promotion in a school that was "just right for you". The Head of that school wanted above all else " a very good teacher who was a family man (not very politically correct in those far-off days, huh?), who would not use her school just for a quick promotion."

“ Next came the invitation for an interview... ”

Apparently, that was me! Anyway, much to my wife's surprise and disbelief, I applied for it immediately. This was most uncharacteristic of me. And this time I worked hard on making the best of my letter of application as well. And to bewilder my wife even further, I confidently declared to her that "I was going to get this promotion so we would have to work out how we could both get to work with only one car between us (which she had been using because my school was on a bus route) and all that would now have to change."

Well, next came the invitation for interview. For probably the first time in my life I worked hard to prepare for this interview, answering imaginary questions and thinking how I should be on the day etc. So, I went to the interview feeling as prepared as I could be.

And I got the job. It was a wonderful new start for me and so positive was it for me that I was later promoted again, and I became Head of the school a few years later! And that turned out to involve another story every bit as surprising as this one.

But I must not get ahead of myself! For now, it was more than enough for me to watch that magnificent, fully restored sailing ship with its huge white sails fully open, begin its new and unexpected journey across this wide-open sea of my little life... What an image and what an exciting beginning! ●

A VISIT FROM AN ANGEL

Subagio writes of another of his spiritual experiences. Originally from Indonesia he has lived in Adelaide Australia for many years. He wrote this experience Christmas 2004...

I have been given to witness many a miracle since I was opened in Subud some 40 years ago. The latest miracle shown to me was at Christmas time of 2001.

On Sunday afternoon of the 23rd of December the television was on with Christmas Carols. I was on the sofa in the lounge-room looking across the room through the door into the kitchen

As I was listening to "the Amazing Grace", a Scottish tune, one of my favourite Christmas Hymns, I was fully awake, in full consciousness and sober.

An ANGEL suddenly appeared from nowhere in the kitchen
It was not a delusion.

It was not an illusion.

It was not an hallucination.

She was in a White Robe.

The ANGEL was no other than Djuwita, my niece in Connecticut U.S.

That was the understanding that was given unto me

She was facing away from me

And then she started walking slowly away from me towards the kitchen window with her back towards me then disappeared.

I only saw her from behind. I did not see her face. But I could feel her serenity, inner peace and calm.

'She is walking "Home" to the "Pantheon of Angels

That Djuwita is leaving this Mortal World

That she came to say "Good-bye" to me.'

That was the message I had.

How can I tell my niece and my brother in U.S. of that experience?

I can't, at least not until the finality of things that still to unfold themselves.

I have to keep this receiving visitation and the message of this receiving to myself.

I can't possibly tell this experience to my niece or her parents who were also living in U.S.



Subagio with a possum.

It is a privilege to have a visit from an angel.

But it is also a responsibility and a burden to keep it secret from my relations.

Also it saddened me to know my niece, who had been spiritually attuned to me since she was a young woman, was going to leave.

But as always I share my spiritual experience with my wife and I told my wife of that extraordinary phenomenon. My wife has been a witness to many miracles and she can understand that kind of phenomenon and she will keep it to herself.

To cut a long story short.

My niece prematurely passed away 8 months later on 6th August 2002 after a period of illness, at the age of 50 years. She was survived by her husband and 3 daughters; one of 18 years and twin daughter of 13 years of age.

In the intervening time, before she passed away she and I had a lot of meaningful communication of SPIRITUAL nature. I also had time to tell her of her visit to me as an ANGEL on the 23rd December 2001.

In one of her letters to me, written on the 21st May 2002, she wrote;

"I am surrounded by angels.

God has sent you all to me.

Each angel has unique gifts to offer.

One brings the wonderful gift of laughter

Another has a face so full of love

That without a spoken word, she soothes one

One of my angels has healing hands

And a soul full of compassion

wisdom and empathy..."

I have no doubt she is already in the company of angels in the "Pantheon of Angels".

INNA LILLAHI WA INNA ILAIHI ROJI'UN

From God she comes, to God she returns.

REMEMBERING THE SEVENTIES

Sebastian Paemen writes...

There were several very active Subud communities in the seventies. Skymont, Wolfsburg, Loudwater, Rotterdam. Probably some more. They were all different. The ones I am most familiar with are Rotterdam and Wolfsburg. Both communities had issues with a leader.

This caused a lot of problems. Leaders don't go well with Subud. Despite some negative experiences, what I recall (and miss) most is related to the latihan. We had such deep latihan in those days. Also the quiet before latihan could be very deep. The latihan at times would end particularly harmoniously. We all finished 'together' as if connected to each other.

Talks could go deep too. We listened to talks with about 30 members or so. Such a strong latihan atmosphere. After a long talk I would feel like I had done a really good latihan. Or listening to the gambang while the women would dance in latihan to the sound of Bapak playing in the room next door. Again, I felt surrounded by a deep latihan feeling.

I also remember helpers who were able to be a channel for members who were stuck in latihan and were guided to helping them with their surrender. It happened to me about a year after I was opened. Once I was struggling to let go of something in latihan. I was laying on the floor feeling terrible. Suddenly I felt like a burden was lifted from me and the latihan poured in. I felt blessed. I opened my eyes and saw three of my helper brothers standing around me, receiving for me. I was filled with love for them.

Later when I became a helper myself I was guided to do the same a few times. (I know there were some helpers who abused this and it came from their ego. There is the genuine experience too though.) Hopefully we will be able to bring these things back one day and I am told that some of the above applies to Rungan Sari in Kalimantan.



The Forsthaus, Wolfsburg.

An Old Man Talking to God

Emmanuel Elliott reviews a new book by Emmanuel Williams...

Where do I start?

To speak of this book as delightful is to risk damning with faint praise; to call it enchanting is a lot nearer the mark, but still doesn't come close to doing it justice. In my humble opinion, *An Old Man Talking to God* is a magical creation, a book to be savoured, and I don't think I've ever read anything quite like it before.

Emmanuel Williams has written an endearing, unflinchingly honest autobiographical stream of consciousness, and the reader can't help feeling privileged at being admitted to the author's innermost thoughts as he confides them to his Creator while groping his way towards establishing a working relationship with Him.

Much of this baring of the soul comes about on the beach near his Californian home, often triggered by encounters along the way or by the overwhelming natural beauty of his surroundings - *What a spindle spangle of a day! Look at all that solar sparkle on the sea! The twinkle-flashiness of Allah.*

We share in his recollections of a boyhood lived in close proximity to the rain of bombs that fell on London during World War II; in the death of his beloved mother - 'I leant over her and put my arms around her and murmured over and over again *You can let go now, mum. You can leave . . . they're waiting for you . . . it's time to go, mum . . . it's okay . . . let go now . . .* and finally she left. She died'; in the death of his father - 'a Marxist atheist with brandy on his breath' - who was rescued from alcoholism and atheism by a vision of St. Theresa; in his 'arranged' marriage which has somehow, against all the odds, survived the decades; in the joy and fulfilment he found in teaching; in his spiritual experiences.

These varied reminiscences, moving and revealing, are jewels strung on the golden chain of his constant conversation with his Maker, his lyrical, poetic prose a fitting backdrop to the many finely wrought poems that grace these pages.

As you can probably tell, I was utterly captivated by this book.

To read an extract from this book click here:

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2021/02/Excerpt-from-EW-bok.pdf>

An Old Man Talking to God by Emmanuel Williams is available from [amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com)



Job: an old man talking to God...

THE PASSING OF ISAAC GOFF

I was saddened to hear that Isaac Goff passed away on February 13 2021. He was a great example of how we should be in Subud and a most generous man. He made outstanding contributions in enterprise and Susila Dharma.

He was a member of the Marin group near San Francisco. He died peacefully at home surrounded by his family — as per his wish — after a long battle with colon cancer. Our thoughts are with Renee, their sons Sampson and David, and all of Isaac's family.

Latifah Taormina writes...

A while back, with Isaac's help and Subud Voice's blessings, I shared Isaac's straight-talking story of discovering



his true talent on the SICA website.

To read this tribute to Isaac's life and work click here...

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2021/02/Isaac-Goff-Tribute.pdf>

DIVERGING PATHS

Daphne Alexopoulou writes...

A few years ago I was in a favourite bookstore in Athens Greece. As often happens to me, my hand guided me to Neil Gaiman's American Gods. I bought it, even though it's a little crazy to buy an English book in Greece, when you live in London.

I had never read a book by Gaiman but I had seen him talk about his Creative Process (Caps and irony fully intended) on various occasions and I feel he "gets it". In his way, he's talking about true inner culture, being open to receiving and learning while you teach and hopefully don't overtly preach.

I loved the book and hated the series on TV. I felt the violence, though necessary to describe how the lower forces work, is over the top when you see it on the screen. In Ancient Greek Tragedies, somebody arrives on stage to tell the audience what happened. You don't see Oedipus or Orestes or Clytemnestra maim and murder but you do learn what happened.

I read the book almost in one sitting. Before I had finished the book, I wrote the poem about the main hero, a very reluctant hero, who does not know who he is when he gets roped in, nor does he know his strength, though he does know his weaknesses. It's about the human condition and the work we have to do here in this world and beyond.

When I finished the book I was surprised by how well it matched the story. Well, not too surprised, I was actually very touched. There you go, true inner culture.

The collage was created at another time, fairly recently. I had been doing collages before I started writing poetry. I found they became more descriptive, the pictures telling a secret and obscure story, so, when poetry found me soon after, it seemed natural to start putting collage and poetry together.

[Poetry Reading to Commemorate the Holocaust](#)

Daphne and other Subud poets are represented in the video of the special Zoomuse Poetry reading to commemorate the Holocaust, held on 22 January 2021, is now available on YouTube.

Poets, performers and readers featured include Adrienne Thomas, Reynold Weissinger, Daphne Alexopoulou, Maya Waterman, Gregory Gudgeon, Stefan Freedman, Andrew Hall and Varda Daliot.

<https://youtu.be/yOxCKPIJeck>

“ *It's about the human condition and the work we have to do in this world and beyond...* ”



Diverging Paths (Man Walking)

By Daphne Alexopoulou...

There is a man who lives two lives in one,
one while he's walking on the ground and one in his dreams
and in his dreams he goes backwards and forwards
in time and in space, in depth and in the shallows,
yesterday and even further back, lives he remembers
and lives he has to be reminded of, deaths he remembers
and deaths he'd rather forget, loves and tears
and acts of bravery, battles that hurt or ended badly,
love shallow and love unending. There are times
when walking guides him to where a dream ended,
sometimes he's allowed to see what happened next,
sometimes not, sometimes both lives come to the same point,
sometimes they diverge, yet the path remains the same.
It is all within his grasp. Like Russian dolls, he can line up
all his selves and answer their questions, not all of them,
of course, certainly not right now, even if he did
know all the answers, which is part of what might or
might not be going on as he stands at a fork on the road
wondering if now is the time to be awake or dreaming.
He waves goodbye and the dolls wave back
or maybe he slots them into each other
taking particular care with the wings and crowns,
with the swords and shields and the magic wands.
He snaps his fingers, hoping that the magic still holds
and walks on. Ten feet over the ground he walks on.
Trees sway and their leaves sing,
songs of gold, songs of silver, songs of many greens,
of half notes and hungry shoots and opening buds ,
ripening fruit and expanding roots,
seeds and rot and mulch, they form his path
even though he doesn't always seem to know it.
Shadows stir and light explodes.
Ten feet over the ground he walks on.



THE JOURNEY OF LITTLE TWIG

An inspirational children's story

Written by Lynnelle Stewart (Subud USA) and Rosanna Mount (Subud UK)

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

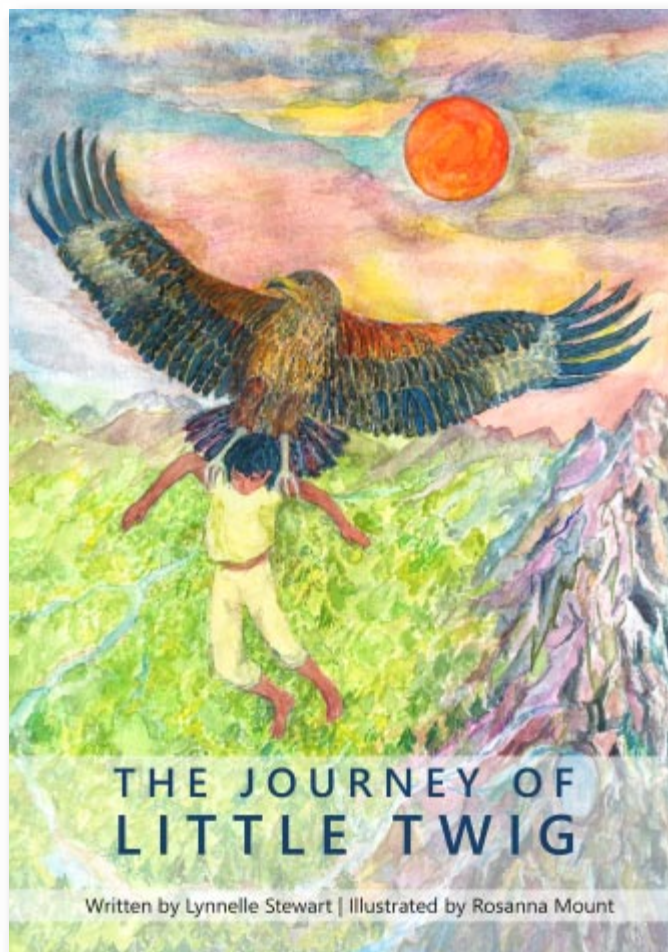
A story of courage and determination. The illustrations are magnificent, colorful, bright and depict the story so well. This book could be used in any classroom. If you are looking for a gift for a young person, this is a perfect gift!

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 paperbackbook 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.

NEW!! They Were There: *The Best of Subud Voice* Volume 3

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To order the book (£12 plus postage), click the link, www.lulu.com then type 23595226 into the search box, then follow the on-screen prompts to the shopping basket, and set preferred payment method, delivery/billing address(es) and postage rate.



New Link for Subud Library

Vernon Contessa writes...

Hi Harris:

I hope all is well with you and yours!

I have noticed that the link to the Subud Library website which use to appear in Subud Voice has been missing from the past several issues.

Would it be possible to start including this link again in subsequent issues going forward?

If so, the preferred link is now as follows:

<https://subudlibrary.net>

I appreciate your help

Thank you,

Vernon

[How to register for access to the Subud Library website](#)

Access to the Subud Library is restricted to Subud members only. A username and password are required to access the website.

To register:

1. Go online to the library site <https://subudlibrary.net>
2. On the Home page click the Subud Library link.
3. On the Library Security Check page click the click here link in the last paragraph to open a blank registration form (see graphic of the English form below)
4. If your preferred language is other than English, click the appropriate language link at the top of the blank form to select the form in your language.
5. Fill out all fields on the form and click the green Send Request button.
6. The form is automatically emailed to the webmaster who will create a user account for you based on the information in your registration form, and email you (in the language of your choice) with your username and password and instructions for accessing the site.

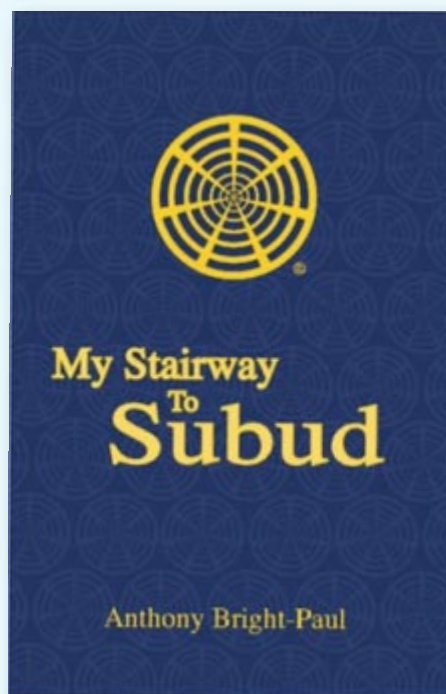
A D V E R T I S E M E N T S

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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Articles should be written in such a way that they are intelligible and interesting to both Subud members and the general public. Sometimes this may mean providing an explanatory introduction or notes for the non-Subud reader. There is no payment for submissions. Correspondence about articles will generally not be entered into.

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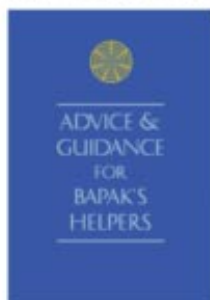
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