



WSA Annual Report

The WSA Annual Report is now out with a very full coverage of Subud activities including the Zones, International Helpers and Wings, Affiliates and Services. WSA Chairman, Nahum Harlap writes:

Last year, as I was writing the annual message, the pandemic was already in full swing, affecting our lives in general, and our Subud lives in particular.

Alas, things have improved only marginally, and parts of the world are now suffering the worst of it. We continue to be tested in ways that were unimaginable only 18 months ago. Lathans in many countries are limited, with members having to do their latihan at home on their own.

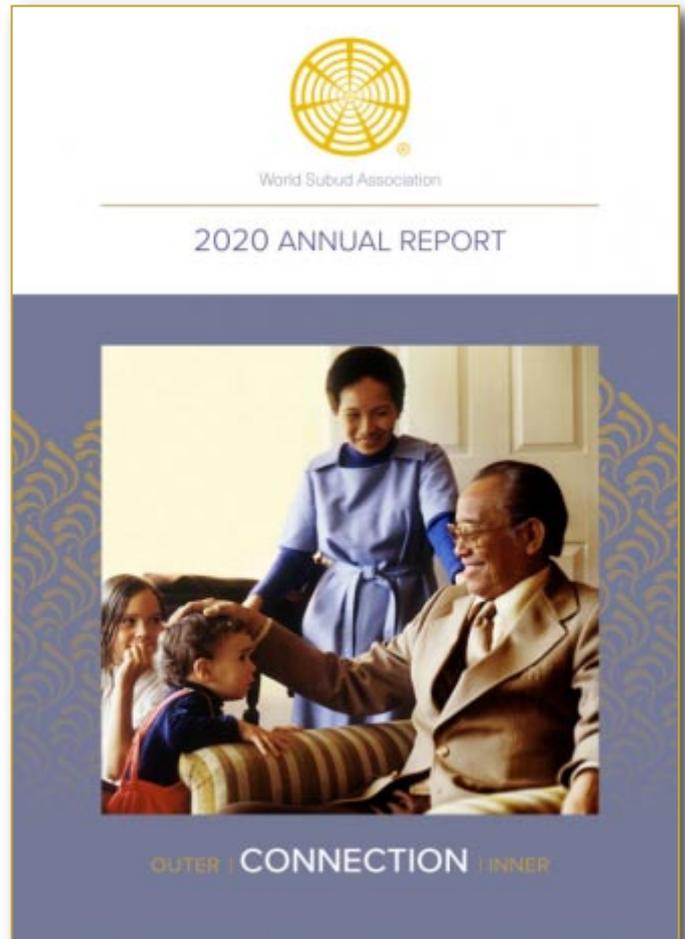
The International Helpers have not been able to travel, of course, and that limited the ability of the WSA to serve you as we would like. International gatherings planned for 2020 had to be canceled, and all essential meetings migrated online - not just meetings of the international bodies, but also many national congresses. The international congress had to be postponed and is now scheduled for early January 2024.

If there was a silver lining, it was the increased attendance at these online / Zoom meetings by members who otherwise wouldn't normally attend. Working online allowed the organizational side to continue, and a lot of useful work has been done. In the likely scenario where our ability to travel remains curtailed for a while yet, I would like to encourage everyone to join us as observers - at least at the quarterly World Subud Council meetings. We welcome your interest in the work of the Council, and it has never been as easy to observe our work.

We are encouraged by our ability to keep in touch and support each other during this dark, long winter, finding that our organization is resilient and capable of handling the crisis. Please stay safe and healthy, take good care of each other, and hopefully we shall all meet in person soon.

Please read the full report at:

https://www.subudworldnews.com/userfiles/news/documents/2021/August/WSA_2020_Annual_Report_EN.pdf



“ *Our organisation is resilient and capable of handling the crisis...* ”

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

WSA 2021 Newsletter



WSA F.Y.I

World Subud Association

June - Sept 2021

MESSAGE FROM THE WSA EXECUTIVE

Dear Brothers & Sisters,

We are back featuring the recent news and articles from the WSA.

In this edition, we will be sharing with you the activities of the World Subud Council at the WSC quarterly meetings, the Zone 8 virtual meeting, and the MSF's 30th anniversary. We will also be featuring an article on the guideline for drafting Subud national constitution. This article was prepared following Y.M. Bapak Muhammad Subuh's advice on the democratic structure of the Subud organization.

On this occasion, we would like to announce that the WSA 2020 Annual Report is now available in four different languages on the annual report page of www.subud.org. We thank all the contributors to this report and hope that the annual report can reach all the Subud members.

Lastly, we are grateful to Almighty God for His Grace, allowing all the council members to continue their work despite the circumstances happening around the world.

May God bless you all.

Best wishes

Suyono Sumohadiwidjojo

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To download the complete newsletter click here:

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2021/09/SV-August2021-Contents.pdf>

To download the newsletter in other languages click here: <http://www.subud.org/whats-new>

The New Normal

Sebastian Paemen writes...

I was fasting today, I regularly fast on Mondays and Thursdays. Fasting makes you more detached from this world and more sensitive to yourself and to what is going on around you. It calms the passions and trains you to listen to your inner.

I was walking around Oxford and saw streets and terraces full of people, buskers, stalls, ice cream sellers, etc. On the surface it looked like the lively, pretty town that I love and know so well, basking in the summer sun. Since July most Covid restrictions have been lifted in England, despite having one of the highest infection rates in the world. People are embracing the return to living their lives as they were before Covid.

Perhaps it was because I was fasting, or perhaps I was just imagining but in a slightly eerie way something didn't seem quite right. It was as if I was watching a pantomime, a somewhat mechanical performance by people pretending that all was well and back to normal while being unaware that perhaps things will never be like how it used to be again and that the last 18 months or so we have just started to experience what is the new 'normal'.

A normal which will include perpetual pandemics and natural disasters which will change the way we live for good. It wouldn't be the first time that this has happened. We will see, God knows what we don't know.



“ A new normal which will change the way we live for good...”

Konstantin Trifonov – Subud: The Candy, Not the Wrapper!

At the 2018 World Congress in Freiburg. Sylvia des Tombe released a book entitled Seven Plus One: Pioneers in Subud in Russia and Ukraine. The book reflects her long interest and involvement with Russia which began when she was a young girl and met some Russian astronomers who came to talk to her father the late Dr. Gerard P. Kuiper. They presented her with a matryoshka doll and a book of Russian Fairy tales. In later life she spent a decade in Russia where she collected interviews with Subud pioneers. Here is one of the interviews from Sylvia's book with Konstantin Trifonov...

SdT: What was it like at the beginning in Subud, Russia?

Konstantin: As far as I know, the first Russians to be opened were Sasha Ryukov and his wife Levana Karaeva. They were opened in London. Then Adeliya Raevich and her husband were opened there, and then Adeliya's brother, Igor, joined as well.

For ten years, there was just a small group of Subud members in Moscow, consisting of five men and ten women. None of these people except Adeliya is now coming to the group latihan, but they were definitely the ones who brought Subud to the country and preserved it for future members.

SdT: How about you; how did you learn about Subud?

K: It is a long story which I will try to make short. On November the 9th, 1993, I went to a lecture by Lev Natanovich Dolgopolsky. In terms of Russia, he played almost the same role as Bennet for Subud in England. His main teaching includes the concept of acupuncture and the diagnosis of illness based on the pulse. Being an undergraduate in medical school, I was eager to find new ways >



Konstantin and Matvei at Puebla in 2013.

to practice medicine and was attracted to his mixture of spiritual and scientific ways to visualize illness. So, I became his student.

Discovering that I was going to the US, Lev asked me to find him copies of books by Bennet. It took me a long time to get in contact with the Claymont community in West Virginia, where Bennet's followers were living. They kindly provided me with the books needed, and I brought them to Russia. Lev read the books and found some references to Subud. Maybe he had known about it before, but this time his interest was stimulated, and he decided to learn what Subud was about.

On my next visit to Claymont, I asked my friends about Subud. They told me that they knew one Subud man, who was living nearby. And this is how I was introduced to When I saw him, I was very surprised; I had never seen a person like him before!

Being an MD, I had been trained to look at people and be able to judge them right away, but this man was absolutely, totally different from everyone: he moved, talked, looked and felt different, and yet he was just normal, and his clinical and energetic state, which I could check through the pulse diagnosis studied with Lev, was abnormally healthy. I told him that I was looking for Subud in Russia, and in three days' time he provided me with the phone number of Adeliya Raevich.

The amazing thing is that I had to make all those travels in order to receive the phone number of a Russian Subud member, who, it turned out, lived just three subway stops (fifteen minutes) from me in Moscow!

Salahudin also gave me the contact information for Solihin Thom, who was the second Subud member I met in my life. Solihin was the man who for many years was my professional teacher and partner. The work with him and the relationships we had played a significant role in my professional development as well as my growth as a human being. So, I can say this meeting with Salahudin - the first known Subud member in my life - can be seen as a turning point in my spiritual life, professional development and personal emergence.

On my return to Moscow, I gave the information obtained to Lev and sort of forgot about Subud. Then, being the one who organized the workshops of Solihin Thom in Moscow, I was asked by him if there was a Subud group in the city. I contacted Adeliya and told her that there was a visiting Subud member who wanted to participate in the latihan. That is how I met the first Russian Subud members.

I could not find the qualities of the first Subud people I had met in the Russian Subud members. The contrast with Salahudin and Solihin was inexpressible. This difference confused me a lot. Only later did I realize that this was a test of my ability to see the essence beyond the cover, i.e. the candy, not the wrapper. In a way I failed it, and the next step in my becoming a Subud member took me another year or so.

One day my friend Feodor, with whom I had shared my original doubts about Subud, and I met a helper (he is no longer in Subud). This nice chap asked us if either of us had any questions. We did not, as at that time we were absolutely sure that Subud was something which should become the next step in our lives' journey.

I was opened on December 14, 1998, on the same day as my dear friend Feodor, and also on the date of the birth of the first child (my goddaughter, Alexandra) of my closest friend, colleague and now Subud sister, Dorothea.

A helper who was at my opening was George Ivanoff—a Frenchman of Russian ancestry who was living in Moscow with his wife, Françoise. Actually, I just had one talk with him and right away I was opened. For his influence on me and the influence this couple had on Subud in Russia I would write their names in platinum-diamond letters, long may they live!

The Ivanoffs were the cornerstone of Subud while they were in Moscow and helped us all. I respect and love them very much, even though in the beginning we (I'd better say 'I') didn't always get along perfectly. But time put everything in the right place, and I would like to use this opportunity >



Konstantin and other members greet Ibu Rahayu, March 2008.

to once again express my appreciation to them from the very bottom of my heart and the very top of my jiwa.

At this time, having been a Subud member for all these years, I am still discovering how to differentiate the "wrappers and the gist" of things, experiences, relationships, how to put all aspects of my personal life in step with Susila, Budhi and Dharma.

P.S. Now, in June of 2016, as I was reading the last version of the interview above sent me by Sylvia to be checked and confirmed, I suddenly felt the latihan, telling me that something must be added to this text. Below are the very important additions without which my story would not be complete.

Besides all other aspects of life, in the context of Subud, I should give my love and respect to my mom, Sofia (Natalia) Trifonova, who was wide enough to accept and allow me to explore the world of Subud, and who never really confronted me with regard to this journey.

Being a high quality and very experienced psychiatrist, she came up with just the right way of approaching me about it, asking me questions and checking nuances, which allowed me to structure my own understanding of Subud. (From my point of view, this is the best way a parent can deal with the life search of his/her child.) We did not talk too much about Subud, but I always felt her mother's—as well as her professional—eye on this part of my life... Eventually, three or four years after I joined Subud, she was opened.

And, to me, a clear demonstration of the mystery of doing the latihan: when we were editing this interview, my stepfather, Pavel, who had never really talked with me about Subud for all these years, asked about being opened and was opened in Moscow.

What else can I say? Simply: the story is to be continued...

Go to: <https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2019/07/Konstantine-Trifonov.pdf>

“ Putting all aspects of my personal life in step with Susila, Budhi and Dharma...”

Over the Sea to Skye

Osanna Vaughn writes...

During my recent explorations of stunning Scotland, I took the opportunity to visit the Isle of Skye, internationally famous at the very least for *The Skye Boat Song*: “Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing, Onward! the sailors cry; Carry the lad that’s born to be king, Over the sea to Skye.” The lad who was born to be king was Charles Edward Stuart, aka Bonnie Prince Charlie, and the date was June 28, 1746... However, I digress!

While on Skye, I joined Eileen Gentle and Patricia Shone for latihan and a delightful chat. Patricia is the sister to my old pal and outstanding actor Gregory Gudgeon (put his name in the search bar if you'd like to learn more), and she is equally outstanding in her area: pottery. Consequently, a visit to her pottery studio was par for the course, and she shared some of her story with me over a mug of coffee, looking out 'over the sea to mainland Scotland'... a gorgeous view.

Patricia told me that, though she did study pottery, her love of cooking had taken her into the catering business. She also loved Italy and moved back and forth between the UK and that Mediterranean country, hoping to make a life there. However, things were not working out and, as she explained it, she was in a confused mess!

One evening, at latihan at Central London on Uxbridge Road, long-time member and helper Maria >



Patricia Shone in her studio.



Perry suddenly started singing a song that, for some unfathomable reason, triggered something in Patricia during latihan, and she was able release and cleanse a whole lot of deeply entrenched emotions.

“ *The mysterious song that triggered something so deep in her...* ”

Patricia was looking for a big change in her life and decided a few years later to look northward rather than to the south. She had actually been born in Scotland and felt it was time to return, plus her brother Lloyd was already living up there. So she began to scan for job opportunities up there. When she saw an add in the catering business on the Isle of Skye, she knew that was the one to take. Three weeks after arriving on the island, she met Rick the man who was to become her husband and has remained there ever since.

Please read on to learn the more about what inspires Patricia's work and the mysterious song that triggered something so deep in her: <https://www.patriciashone.co.uk>

This article first appeared in www.subudworldnews.com

The Centre for Creative Ministries

Harris Smart writes...

I am inspired by Rohana Darlington's essay, "A Healing Journey", which appeared in the last issue of *Subud Voice*, to write an article about the time in my life when I was the Director of the Centre for Creative Ministries, a Uniting Church agency in Melbourne, Australia.

It all began on a day which was marked by despair. Near where I lived at that time there were high cliffs above the sea, and I remember walking along them thinking I might throw myself off.

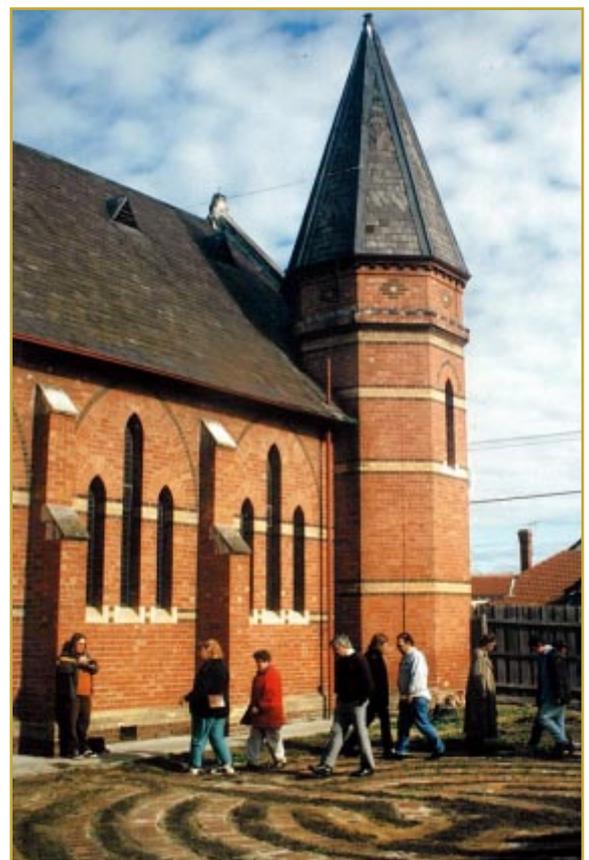
But instead that night I went to a meeting which was held in a local Anglican church. This was just a small church, but it had become the centre where a religious phenomenon known as the Toronto Blessing had taken root in Melbourne.

The Minister of this Anglican church was a particularly fervent, sincere and energetic man and although the Toronto Blessing came out of Pentecostal churches, rather than the Anglican Church, his church had become the centre for the Toronto Blessing in Melbourne.

And every Tuesday night thousands of people came from all over the state of Victoria to experience the Toronto Blessing at this church.

The Toronto Blessing was a spiritual experience which had originated in a Pentecostal church near the Toronto airport and had then spread all around the world because of its Holy Spirit power. It commonly happens in Pentecostal churches that there will be some explosion of energy in a church somewhere which will then spread to other Pentecostal churches all around the world. Such was the case with the Toronto Blessing.

At that Anglican church that night I had a powerful experience. I was touched by the Toronto Blessing. A force went through my body which not only healed me of the despair I've been feeling that day, but actually shot right back through my life healing every cell in my body right back to my origins. And with it came a message, "You must now find a form of ministry."



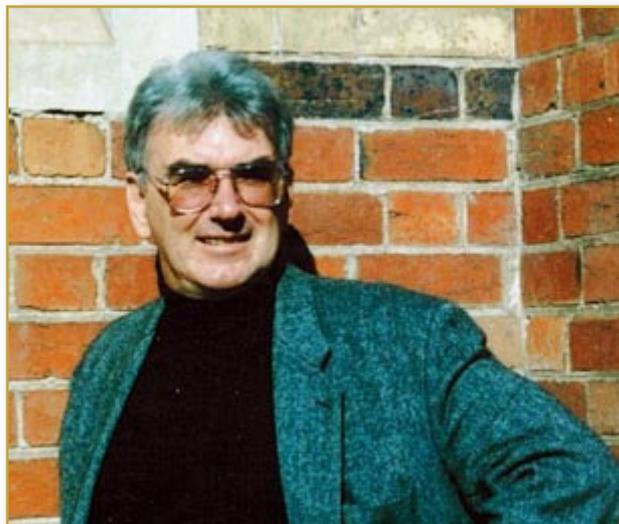
The Uniting Church Centre for Creative Ministries. Inscribed on the ground beside the church was the Labyrinth from Chartres Cathedral used in meditation..

“ *And it came with a message – you must now find a form of ministry...* ”

A form of ministry?

Well, I had no idea what a form of ministry might be, but I began to search in churches which were taking an innovative or experimental approach to religion. One Sunday, I was at a Uniting Church of this experimental kind, when I met a woman whom I told of my Toronto Blessing experience. She told me that she was the Director of a Uniting Church agency called the Centre for Creative Ministries, but now she was leaving, and she told me I should apply to become the Director.

So, I rang up the Uniting Church minister who was involved in this Centre and he told me that I was too late and that applications for the position had already closed. But then, for some reason, he told me to put in an application anyway, and a few weeks later he wrote to tell me I had been selected to be the Director.



Harris at the time he was Director of the Centre.

My church,,,

I was given a church to operate out of which was on the corner of Hotham and Inkerman Streets, East St Kilda in Melbourne. This is a place which is right in the middle of the Orthodox Jewish community in Melbourne. If you walk down the streets on a Friday evening, you might think you have walked into a painting by Mark Chagall depicting life in a Jewish community before



I was left very much to my own devices to develop a concept for the Centre for Creative Ministries...



the holocaust in some eastern European city like Prague or Warsaw.

You see the men and the families going to the synagogue wearing their traditional costumes. The men all have those ringlets hanging from

beside their years and big powerful looking men wear those bearskin hats, white silk stockings and traditional black coats

So, we were a last outpost of Christianity in this Jewish suburb.

My church was an old brick church dating back to the 19th century. It had been the de-consecrated. There was an even grander uniting Church dating back even further, and that Cathedral-like church was now the home for the traditional uniting church congregation, which consisted of about 25 people in a church which could hold thousands. It meant this other church on the corner of Hotham and Inkerman, had been released to become this experimental ministry called the Centre for Creative Ministries.

I worked to a board which consisted of the Minister and about half a dozen members of the congregation.

It was good. My church had an office for my use, and then there was the church itself, still with an organ and rows of pews, excellent for a theatre, and another big space which could be used as a hall for workshops. There was also a large space for a garden adjoining the church.

The concept...

I was left very much to my own devices to develop a concept for the Centre for Creative ministries. There were three main prongs to our activities. First there was spirituality, then there were the arts, and finally there was service to marginalised people in the community.

When I arrived the main activities were inno-



Innovative worship based on an artist's painting.

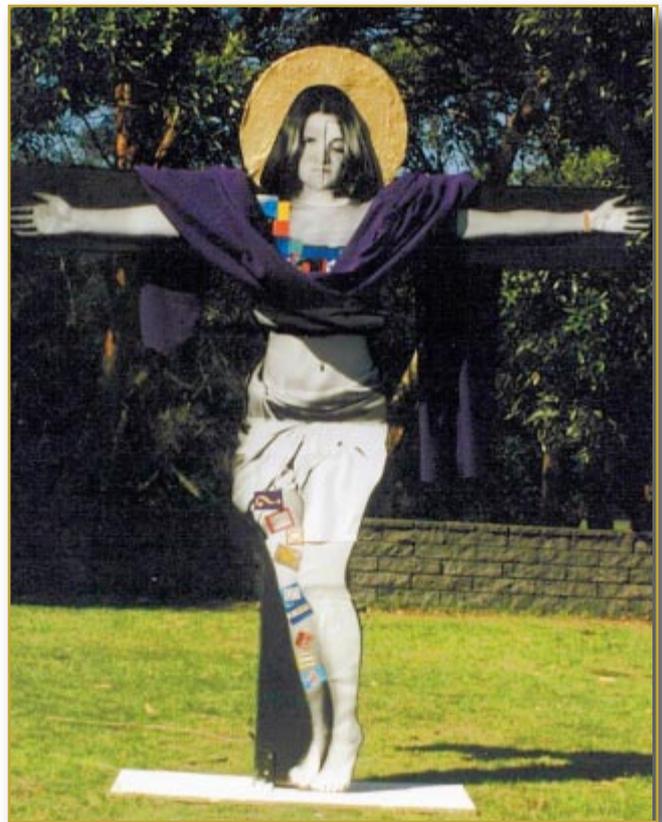
vative worship which took place once a week. The general idea was to come up with creative forms of worship, often involving the arts, such as music and dance and the visual arts.

Also on offer, was a type of specifically Christian meditation.

So, I began to develop the innovative worship, calling on lots of artists and musicians and dancers whom I knew about, and I broadened out the meditation so that it included not only Christian versions but also versions derived from Eastern religions like Buddhism.

Because of this a lot of young people began to come to the church. People who didn't necessarily have a Christian orientation but were on a spiritual journey.

Also, for a time, I rented out the whole space to the Subud group for latihan. This of course was not part of the official program of the Centre for Creative Ministries, but it was good to have Subud there just as a renter.



Feminist re-interpretation of Christ and the crucifixion.

Outreach...

The Centre for Creative Ministries had also run some art programs for marginalised people and as I began to understand more and more about the nature of the area in which we were working, I began to expand this.

The St Kilda area had traditionally been a place where entertainment of a somewhat suspect character took place. There were certain streets in St Kilda where if you drove through them at night they were thronged with prostitutes. It was also known as an area where petty criminals flourished.

There was a large population of homeless people who often congregated around other churches in the area. So, we started collaborating with these other churches to enrich the offering they were making to the homeless people. I employed some artists to run art programs at them. And then back at our own church we held art exhibitions of the art that was produced.



Walking the labyrinth.

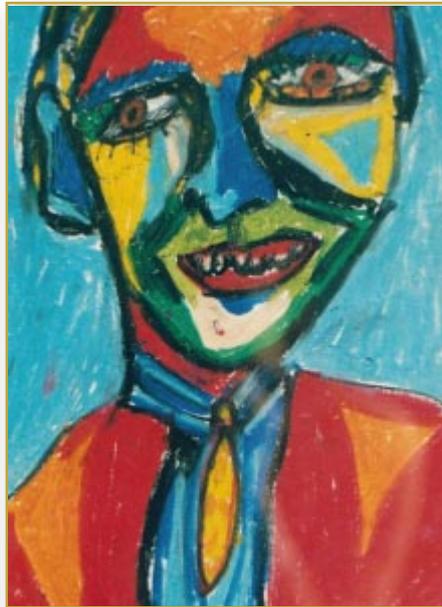
The labyrinth & the garden therapist...

Around this time there was great interest in Christian circles about labyrinths. As far as I know there may still be that interest.

Labyrinths were designs, somewhat like mazes, inscribed on the floors of mediaeval cathedrals as symbols of the Christian journey, but also as practical paths for people to walk in meditation. The most famous of these labyrinths is the one in Chartres Cathedral.

We decided to recreate the Chartres labyrinth on the piece of underused ground beside our church. The task of doing this was given to a local sculptor who was the boyfriend of Prudence Flint, one of the artists who used to teach the art classes to homeless people, (and who has since gone on to become a major artist in Australia, having won our most lucrative portrait prize).

So, he made the labyrinth out of bricks embedded in the lawn with the wall of the church in the >



We held art classes and exhibitions for marginalised people including the homeless.

background. We had a grand opening in which about 30 people came to walk the labyrinth and then from time-to-time people would come to my office door asking if they could walk the labyrinth.

Around the same time, a young woman knocked on my door one day, and said she wanted to become the garden therapist. She had completed a course in horticulture, but now her real interest had become gardening as a form of therapy. She explained to me how the garden was therapy. How it was good to get your fin-

gers in the dirt, and to be out in the open air, enjoying the sun when it shone, and the rain when it fell in the wind when it blew.

She said the growing plants relieved people's anxiety. It aligned people with the processes of growth in nature which were deeply restful and reassuring. There was nothing more relaxing than being with a plant while it grew. It taught you that sometimes you couldn't just make things happen, you had to align yourself with processes. And taught you about death and rebirth, because plants died, but then new ones re-born.

She never had a lot of clients, but she always had one or two who would work with her in the garden.

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair". In the next issue Harris plans to continue his series about the Centre for Creative Ministries by talking about a homeless artist the Centre supported... ●

BCU Today

Taken from the Bina Cita Utama newsletter...

The new academic year 2021/2022 began on 21 July 2021 with 122 enrolled students from Kindergarten to Grade 12. The number declined from 155 students at the beginning of the pandemic in March 2020 at which time BCU had to discontinue face to face learning and began online learning. Since that time, we have weathered many changes, overcome challenges, and learned much as a result.

One significant change has been to adapt to online learning, which has been especially chal- >

lenging for our younger students.

Preschools and kindergartens in Jakarta have been severely affected, and ours in Palangka Raya was not exempt. With uncertainty around how long this pandemic will last, it has not been feasible for us to continue the kindergarten in the same format. After our experience last year, this year we decided to change the way the kindergarten operates. Instead of operating online classes for the kindergarten students, our teachers visit the students in their homes. Classes are conducted in one of the students' homes where it is safe and comfortable for up to 5 students to study and play together.

For all BCU students, plans were made to start the new academic year with a hybrid system or blended learning. Teachers and staff were enthusiastic with the preparation week and we knew that students and parents were looking forward to finally return to school for face to face learning. However, as the start of the new academic year approached, a new tighter Covid-19 restriction regulation came into place, meaning we had to change our plans. This has been one of the many lessons we have learned during the pandemic - to be flexible and adaptable to changes.

Another challenge has been addressing the economic hardships that have continued to impact some parents. When the pandemic hit last year, we initiated a fundraising program. The donations received helped families that were hardest hit economically and helped 43 students to stay in our school.

A further strategy to navigate these difficult times was to apply salary cuts to our staff and teachers which continue until this day. This was a difficult decision, and yet it was faced by all staff with understanding and willingness, and teachers continue to show their commitment and dedication. Although the COVID-19 tuition discounts were lifted this year, and some parents were able to accept this, there is still a percentage that need help, including our Subud brothers and sisters who are sending their children to BCU.

Read on...

https://subudworldnews.com/userfiles/news/documents/2021/September/2021_September_BCU_School_Newsletter.pdf

This article first appeared in [www. https://subudworldnews.com](https://subudworldnews.com)

My Little Sister

Aisha Inger Birgitte Holm writes a beautiful and sensitive story that touches on little sisters, family, cats, death and the power of stories. She writes...

Once when I was doing latihan in Wisma Subud and Ibu Rahayu was present I received a vision in which I "saw" Christ as a huge figure and myself as a little girl walking at his feet, like a child walking at the feet of an adult.

It felt very safe, and a voice said: "You have a special permission;" you can walk at the feet of Christ!"

If I had not had that experience, and the support it gives me, I would not now be able to write the story about my little sister and myself on this special day.

This is the day when new students are celebrating the end of high school and Danish flags and flowers are everywhere in the clouded sky above the city. And the Danish football team is getting closer to the championship in EM.



My brother, my little sister, and I with my cat Pjsuke.

At the time when my little sister was ill, I was in another city further up north very ill myself from a violent virus. From my sickbed I was communicating with my sister now in hospital with cancer in my home country: "I love you, I love you, hold out!"

I went into the garden feeling very sick. From the treetops little sparrows were singing beautifully, and one was especially persistent. Like a messenger.

I sat down at the children's sandbox to rest a bit. While the little bird was still singing, a beautiful Norwegian Forest Cat came strolling along to my side to be stroked and stroked voluptuously, then lay down on the sandbox, stretching out to be cuddled.

This place was forbidden for cats and was covered with wood. I went inside for milk and something to eat for the cat, an acquaintance from years earlier, younger then, just as I and my little sister.

The sweet cat stayed for an hour and a half, then stretched out and walked away with a goodbye swing of his tail and into the next garden.

A few days later...

I went down into the garden again to hear the birds sing, and to talk to my sister in my mind: now my sister was in a coma after only one week.

The little sparrows were still singing, the air was mild for the time of the year. In came the Forest cat once again swinging his tail in greeting and went to lie down on the sandbox to be cuddled and fed: milk and a bit of food.

This time the cat looked me into the eyes solemnly and stayed only 20 minutes.

He swung his tail for goodbye and left. The birds were singing like a small orchestra of many colours.

I will always remember this as my sister's last greeting to me, now that she would soon be leaving for another better place. Still too young to die!

Had it not been for the gorgeous little children I would be with when I was better, I would have mourned my eyes out. A few days later my little sister died.

Memories of our time together as a family then came flooding into me and the consoled me in the weeks to come when my sister's goodbye ceremony was held and I myself was too sick with a high fever and could not travel.

Our little family...

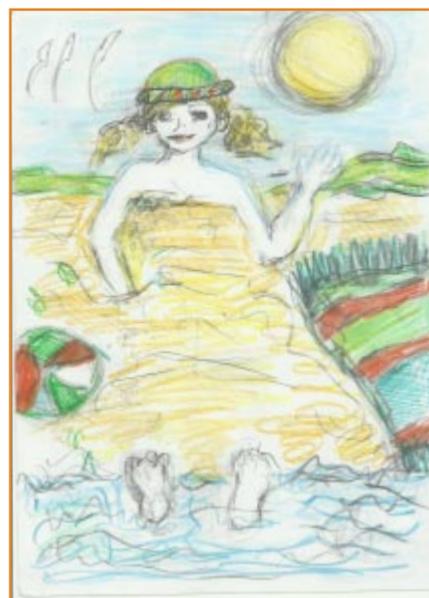
We used to live close to the sea, in the city of Hamlet. I and my older brother used to bike to the seaside to swim and play in the sand, finding many hidden treasures, violet sunglasses and "two crowns" and shells and mussels, till our Dad would come by after school and pick us up.

Both our parents were primary school teachers. Our sister was too little to bike and roamed around close to our flat with a little friend, always taking her shoes off and hiding them at strange places.

She was also feeding imaginary chickens behind her Dad's desk. And cut all the hair of our beloved teddy bear and the hair of her friend and her own hair too, which she hid between her mom's underwear. The little sister just smiled and refused to be scolded.

On Sundays my brother and I got up at 5 to make breakfast for everyone, went to buy fresh bread at the baker's and toasted bread, put fresh roses cut outside at the table and woke our parents and our little sister up, hoping to get a bit of attention from our mom.

Those were enchanted days!



Why is the sea washing my feet?



I love going to the beach...

When I was 8.,.

Our Dad changed job to be a school director of a small country school, alas, far away from the sea, an hour and a half, and we would have to swim in greenish lake water. It was like Paradise lost!

Our Dad was also suffering from the move, born as he was at a small rocky island in the middle of the Baltic Sea, Bornholm, ever longing for the sea.

There were new good things to discover though, like being helping hands in harvest time at the nearby farm, but my brother and I suffered from having lost our schoolmates and best friends. And sometimes I cried myself to sleep, in pure longing.

Our little sister, now 4 years old, decided to give her big sister a happy surprise to make her feel better. This little girl walked 1 kilometre downhill to Poul Jensen's Farm, picked up a beautiful multi-coloured kitten, put it into a red plastic bag, and walked uphill again.

When I came home from school, my 4-year-old sister put the kitten into my arms with a happy smile: "Here! This is your kitten!" As if she knew this kitten had always been mine!

Pjuske was the name of this sweet kitten, and I became the mother of the multicoloured treasure. Every night she slept in my bed, well hidden under the blanket, out of sight of our mother who would check every night.

The window was always open so Pjuske could get out into the night and stroll around as she liked and later in her young life was courted by several male cats with atonal voices in loud moaning.

This cat was a miracle. She grew into a beautiful young cat, my joy and consolation in lonely nights. When the cat was there, I had no nightmares.

Every day Pjuske would wait for me coming home from school, hidden in the bushes beside the little village pond. I fed her and gave her presents, and chocolate for Christmas.

This beloved cat had dangerous experiences. One late evening Pjuske crawled up into a telephone mast and could not come down. Late evening, she was still there.

We three children got out of bed and sat trembling on behalf of the cat with our Mum, drinking hot chocolate while our Dad went at a rescue mission. He woke the neighbour up and got a long ladder, crawled up twice but the cat was stiff from fear.

My Dad came to us, exhausted. He was feeling dizzy. Now my courageous 12-year-old brother, used as he was to climb tall trees and I always following him as best I could, took the lead and crawled up the ladder. Trembling from fear, Pjuske jumped and hung on with her claws to his one arm, and with the other arm he crawled down into safety for them both. The relieved neighbour came in for a nightcap chocolate.

Another dramatic day we children had to save Pjuske from an ardent and wild lawless suitor with a horrifying voice. We had to chase this big wild cat, yelling, screaming and with sticks, just in case.

On thunder and lightning nights...

We all sat downstairs in the dining room so as not be afraid of the natural light-and-sound show. Our Dad would continue one of his yearlong stories which he invented at the spot as he continued his "true" story about himself.

He was a little boy who ended up in the Atlantic Ocean in a bathtub, accidentally, while his mother was washing him, and was picked up by a Pirate ship with a bunch of raw pirates and two blind passengers: a ghost with violet sunglasses and a special hat and a ship cat.

The blind passengers saved the little boy, our Dad. At family gatherings with cousins present, my brother and I would recount the latest experiences of the little boy at sea for a spellbound audience,



Me with my doll.



My happy dad.

hungry for more. Pjuske was always present, in the arms of her human mother.

Cats can become very old...

But this little cat got only two years to live. Two wonderful years!

Then the sorrow started.

One day coming home from school Pjuske was not there to meet me at our special place. I searched everywhere, called for it, and finally found the poor little cat lying in the basement, silent and curbed.

I fetched water and milk and tried to feed it and stroke it. The cat barely reacted. I was in tears and ran for my mother. She called the vet, but the vet said: "Leave her to herself, she may get better, or she may not".

I was terrified and spent all my free time in the basement for two days, talked to the cat, sang songs, and cuddled it. On the third day I found the cat stiff and dead. Catastrophe!

There was no end to the crying and sadness about Pjuske's passing away like that, so young!

I persuaded my brother to help bury Pjuske in the garden, behind a yellow wall with beautiful plants with red flowers. She was laid wrapped in white cloth in a wood box.

I had written a poem. It spoke about Cat Heaven and playing in the arms of Jesus with other cats. And: See you again! I put the poem inside of the box.

My brother made a cross of wood. We painted it red. And together we sang a hymn: "Always courageous when you walk down streets only known by God".

Five years later I buried another cross in the garden, a crucifix, a present from my overly religious granddad. I dug a big hole in the garden and put the crucifix in it and covered with dead leaves. Then I talked to God, with my heart full of grief: "Dear God, can you hear me? Listen, I am really sorry but I cannot believe in you any more. Its too much! I have to become a revolutionary, sorry God, but a soft one, mind you! Please forgive me and do not forget about me!" I never told anybody till years later. I felt so sad. But that is another story. I wish I had known about Subud back then! But, for sure, God did not forget about me.

I was crying myself to sleep for two years...

I imagined Pjuske at the beach in Ellsinore, playing with me in the sand and even swimming in the sea with me. And I imagined that we buried Pjuske at that childhood beach so she could rest with the sound of the waves and the sky and the wandering clouds above her for company, waiting for a new life.

One day a stray cat came into our lives. She was visiting for some time, came and went away, came and went and in the end, she moved in.

This cat was often walking at the piano, and for that reason she was declared a musician and pianist and got the noble name Agnes Buxtehude, always entertaining guests, famous in the little village. Life had become more normal again.

As a headmaster our dad did not have time to tell those long stories anymore, and that was very sad. But the stories continued for years, my brother and I inventing them.

And they still go on, with new added details, told to other children here and there, in Denmark, in Indonesia, in Norway, in France and Nicaragua and Colombia and in any place where these stories wish to be told.

My little sister Karin Solskin (Sunshine) Bornholm had done her best to make her older sister happy. God bless her always and all of us.



These drawings represent me as a little child in Ellsinore. This one with the cross, is when I dreamed about burying Pjuske at the beach instead of in the garden in the the country.

Susila Dharma's World Tour

This year Susila Dharma International Association (SDIA) initiated a new activity – a series of project presentations to enable you to hear from our Susila Dharma projects first hand from the comfort of your home.

The SD Network Passport: Meet our changemakers on a virtual global journey series is allowing participating projects to showcase their work to an audience that will be able to witness the context of projects, hear about their impacts, activities and challenges, and ask questions in a discussion afterwards.

Where the journey has taken us

So far, we have visited projects in six countries in three different continents. In January, we met the SD Congo team in the Democratic Republic of the Congo where we screened a 2020 film about the growth and development of the community health centres in the DRC, followed by a discussion with the SDIA and SD Congo teams and the film's director.

In February we travelled to Colombia to visit the Mis Corazones Alegres eldercare project to learn about the context in which it operates, how it cares for its residents and the challenges it faces.

Our visit in March was to Borneo Football International Foundation in Kalimantan, Indonesia, to see a new film they have produced charting their achievements over the past 6 years as they support children and young people from impoverished communities.

In May, we jetted off to I Protect Me in South Africa where we were treated to interventions by a wide range of people – schoolchildren, volunteers, staff, academics, consultants and education experts – attesting to the efficacy and impact of this programme which is now 10 years old.

“ We are planning further exciting visits over the next few months... ”

On 19 June we were in Angola visiting RSD Guelson, Angola. Recreativo Social Desportivo Guelson FC is a social insertion project in Angola, whose purpose is to help young boys and girls to express their talent through sport and to give them opportunities that will prevent them from getting involved in behaviours such as drug abuse, gangs, prostitution and early pregnancy.

On 11 September, we visited Quest Center for Integrative Health, USA, where we discovered the project's history, its current activities and impact, and how the pandemic affected its work. As well as offering holistic and alternative treatment to all people, including those who are low income and/or without insurance, Quest often comes to be seen as 'family' by those who attend the center.

If you missed any of these sessions and want to catch up, you can find them on the SDIA YouTube Channel: <https://bit.ly/2Xs3inw>

Where we are going next...

We are planning further exciting visits over the next few months. Starting in October, we will visit Anisha in India, Enthum House in the UK, Roda Viva in Portugal, FUEGOS in Ecuador, and Puppeteers without Borders – as well as others yet to be confirmed.

Don't miss an episode!

Please sign up to our mailing list (<https://susiladharmia.org/#subscribe>) so that you never miss an episode and visit the Events tab of our Facebook page for more information:

(<https://www.facebook.com/SusilaDharmaInternational>).

See you there.



Top photo: Borneo Football International Foundation in Kalimantan supports young people from impoverished communities.

Photo group: Projects featured so far in the SD Network Passport program include projects from the Democratic Republic of the Congo, Colombia, Kalimantan, South Africa, Angola and the USA.

Looking Back on the Month of the Ancestors

Daniela Moneta, WSA Archivist, writes...

Reading Bapak's talks we are reminded of the mistakes and sins that we inherit from our ancestors.

"Do not imagine that your ancestors did not pass on their mistakes to you... If your ancestors had impurities, their descendants continue to have those impurities and even add to them. That is how it works. When your grandfather, who had faults, fathered a son – your father – your father was born with faults and then added to them. The faults increased. By the time you were born, the cycle of being born with faults and adding to those faults had repeated twice. Bapak is using only the example of what you inherited from your grandfather, whereas the faults you have could have been handed down for many generations." Talk # 3 From "Bapak's Talks Volume 30," page 63. Leicester, England 8 July 1970.

Just after the pandemic started, Ibu Rahayu shared some rajahs with us. If you don't know what a

rajah is, it is water distilled from the burnt ashes of a prayer. Bapak used to make them. They are to be drunk/sipped while in a state of quiet and prayer. Rajahs from Ibu Rahayu were distributed by helpers around the Subud world. As an explanation about the current state of the world, Ibu shared these comments with her nephew Suyono, which he shared with us:

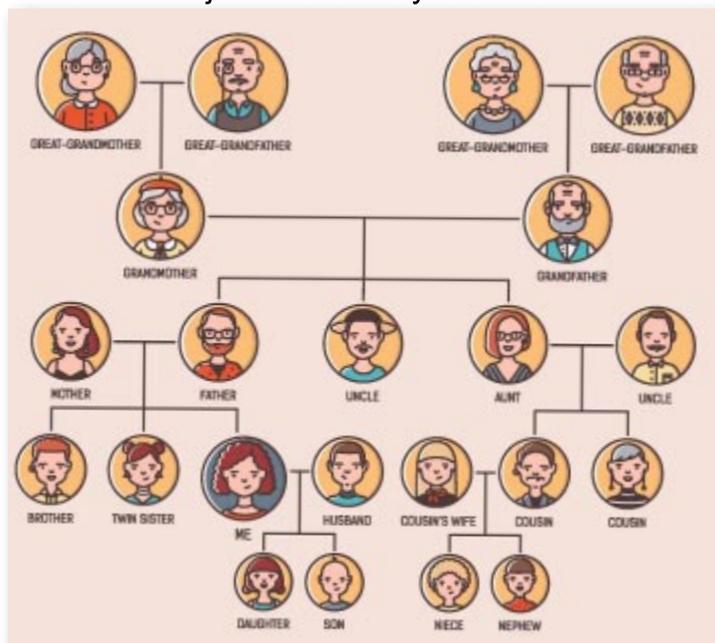
"...this [pandemic] is not about a medical crisis; the situation we are in now is coming from our ancestors. We need to pray for our ancestors and not forget them. Usually we care for the living, but we also need to care for those who are in the other world..."

How do we pray for our ancestors? It is not so much what we pray but how we pray. The latihan should guide our prayers. As a dear Subud sister once told me "don't have the prayer just reside on your tongue or in your mouth or be limited to your thinking. Feel a connection inside you with the prayer and your inner self, and once you have said the prayers – release them completely from your feelings." There is some understanding that women purify their husband's maternal line and that a husband purifies his wife's paternal line.

A longtime Subud member said "So, if you feel you are stuck and are having problems of any kind, ancestral or whatever, diligently shine a strong beam of light into every dark nook and cranny of your heart and mind and see if you (your ego) is trying to hide anything from the latihan. BE BRUTALLY HONEST WITH YOURSELF. Nothing is hid(den) from God anyway, so all God is waiting for is for you to say the word of your TOTAL willingness for the latihan to clean everything up." [See "Ancestor Problems" by Harold Mason on the Subud Archives International website. Request access by emailing: admin@wsarchives.org]

As an archivist and librarian, I worked at the Arizona State Library and Archives as their state genealogist. A wonderful job for a Subud member who was interested in her own ancestors. I got to delve deeply into researching my ancestry and lectured around the state teaching others how to do the same thing. I then taught students in the English department at Arizona State University how to research, write, and cite their sources using family history as a research subject.

We know that we are responsible, to some degree, for our ancestors going back seven generations. How many ancestors would that be? In seven generations, we have 127 direct line ancestors: two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, sixteen great-great-grandparents, doubling each generation back in time. We carry our ancestors' DNA in every cell of our body. We get 50% of our DNA from each of our two parents, 25% from each of our four grandparents, and 12.5% from each of our eight great-grandparents, going back in time. When we go back seven genera-



tions, we carry very little of our ancestors' DNA but scientists are not sure what those markers on your DNA really means. They call it "junk DNA" but we know that God didn't create junk; so, it just means that scientists don't yet know what evidence we carry around in our physical bodies that we inherited from our ancestors or what any of that means. It is kind of like science researches what we can see with our physical eyes and spirituality works on what we know but can't see.

In the world of family history, we look at historical documents that tell us about where our ancestors lived, where they move, who they married, the names of their children, when they died, etc. Women are more difficult to research because they usually take their husband's surname at marriage. It is often difficult, when you go back in time a few centuries, to find a record that names a women's parents. Therefore, the maternal line can be lost if records can't be found. But don't give up as some records are deeply buried in court records which may not yet be available, on-site research can help. Children born out-of-wedlock or adopted also present a problem, but DNA testing can often help with that.

Many of my ancestors have been in the United States for hundreds of years and I have discovered in genealogical records that I have a few slave owners and Indian fighters in my ancestry. I have several Marys (maiden name unknown) to work on and the unknown parents of some that continue to be a mystery. I found evidence that one of my Quaker ancestors, who immigrated from England with his parents, owned a slave plantation in the Caribbean. This ancestor, as a young Quaker man, sold slaves at market in New York at what is now Wall Street. He eventually served as William Penn's council secretary and settled in Pennsylvania (named after William Penn). There are ways of finding out who were your ancestors; but it isn't easy. Information can be found on passenger ship lists, immigration records, census records, obituaries in old newspapers, court records, land and military records, wills and probates. The best records to find are birth, marriage, and death records which name the parents and where they may have come from. To follow the traditional paper trail or the genetic trail turns us into history detectives.

There are several commercial companies that will test the 23 pairs of chromosomes that we inherit at conception. There are three tests available: Y-chromosome DNA (only in males, inherited directly from your father); Mitochondrial DNA (mtDNA) inherited by both male and female from their mother (only daughters can pass this DNA on to their children); and Autosomal DNA which is a blend of the other 22 pairs of chromosomes that we inherit from our parents, half from our father and half from our mother. Here is a link to a National Geographic Society map of Y-DNA and mtDNA migration out of Africa <https://www.nationalgeographic.org/photo/human-migration/>. It shows how all people on Earth migrated out of Africa from one woman, known as "mitochondrial Eve", who lived between 100,000 and 200,000 years ago in southern Africa and Y-chromosome Adam who lived roughly 125,000 to 156,000 years ago. Genetic genealogy is a growing and developing science only available since about 2000 to the public. We are only about 20 years into it, so things are changing fast. When tested, you can see a map of the world and where your particular ancestor migrated and the various haplogroups we belong to, and where our ancestors ended up. It is the small mutations that occur sometimes at conception that make our DNA different. These slight differences tight us to our ancestral line.



Daniela writes...Here is one of my DNA paintings. It has four quadrants: top left is mitochondrial DNA, top right is chromosomes, bottom left is another view of a chromosome, and the bottom right is some kind of chromosome bundle. The painting is inspired by a quote from Carl Sagan. "The nitrogen in our DNA, the calcium in our teeth, the iron in our blood, the carbon in our apple pies were made in the interiors of collapsing stars. We are made of starstuff." Carl Sagan.

I started out the Month of the Ancestors this past Ramadan by reading aloud the names of all my known ancestors, acknowledging the ones for which I had no name, and asking God to help them along their way and guide me if there was anything I could do for them and, of course, asked for forgiveness for sins I committed on my own. At the beginning of the month of Ramadan, whenever I closed my eyes, I could see hundreds of faces, people that I did not know or recognize, who were all moving their lips and talking to me in silence. These images started to fade as the fast continued and, toward the end, I didn't see them anymore when I closed my eyes.

Looking into the future, I can imagine two or three hundred years from now, our descendants looking in the Subud archives to see if their ancestor might have been opened in Subud.

For access to documents, publications, films, and photographs about our Subud history, send an email to admin@wsaarchives.org and we can get you signed up. ●

Testing and Tasting

Robiyan Easty writes that the Golden Anniversary of the '71 World Congress in Cilandak is an auspicious time to take stock, His personal view of how some things have changed over five decades...

THE NEW NORMAL – is it really new?

Could it be that the New Normal will be more like the original normal envisaged by Bapak? Let's look at terminology and the rituals that have become established and are rarely questioned.

Do you ever wonder how our entrenched terminology affects us? Bapak once tested a brother with a question in Arabic. When this brother couldn't receive it Bapak repeated it in his own language, explaining that our mother tongue is part of our inner fabric.

On another occasion Bapak said that spiritual truths could be expressed in High Javanese that could not be expressed in other languages. So language is very important indeed. From my university studies on how the brain works and my recent experience as an EFL teacher I have some understanding of how our language affects us. Stating the obvious, we think in words, so... Let's start with The Quiet...

THE QUIET... or Calming?

Newbies in particular could easily assume the Quiet is a period without any movement or audible noise. I did.

Loudwater men's hall has a serving hatch from the kitchen. One or two men who came late would put their keys down noisily on the wooden counter, much to the irritation of many, including myself. Then one day I was reminded from within that Quiet was not meant to be physical quiet and that my nafsu were not quiet at all if I was so easily irritated.

Yet it seems to be widely established that we should shut our eyes and sit still without a sound. I believe that our French brothers and sisters use a word that translates as calming. Isn't that closer to the intent? In Cilandak I noticed that many Indonesian brothers would stroll around in relaxed fashion outside the latihan hall before going in.

'Let's have a moment of quiet' has now become de rigeur at all international meetings, both at the beginning and end of every session. Very often we have just had a latihan, so why would we need a 'quiet? Then immediately the meeting starts the nafsu spring back to life: 'That's over so back to normal', grinning impishly. Surely we would be better off to look attentively at each other, rather than going inwards into a state different from our normal state. Perhaps we could even link hands, as the Quakers do, and make a pledge, even aloud, to be respectful and remain as close to our inner feeling as we are able.

So then we need a moment of quiet at the end. Really? Isn't this an acknowledgment that the nafsu have just been in charge, so now we need to get calm again... a Nafsu Sandwich? It's as if >



Latihan Hall in Wisma Subud, just completed in time for the 1971 Congress.

we see the Quiet beforehand as, 'OK, done that', rather than using it as the lead-in to staying close to our inner feeling throughout the meeting (kudos to those who do).

Helpers are Bapak's helpers, so shouldn't they be constantly repeating (as Bapak did) Bapak's advice that the latihan is with us all the time? If we are honestly introspective, as Ibu recently advised, how often do we continue in that quiet state when we start talking or eating?

Small anecdote...

Once in Cilandak an Indonesian brother I had befriended asked me, 'Why do you Westerners do latihan before you eat?' Touché! Someone once asked Bapak how long the Quiet should be before eating and got the delightfully laconic reply, 'Hot food better eaten hot'.

When you have a traditional quiet before eating you are going into your individual space. That's fine if you are eating on your own, but in company? Maybe it's better just to say Grace, or remain 'quiet' by keeping eyes open and saying thank you for the food to the Creator and to the plants and animals that became our food.

TESTING... or Tasting? ...after a moment of quiet

Do you ever wonder how the term Testing came into being? As a language person, I am always aware that the language we use affects us, usually imperceptibly in very small steps.

On Bapak's birthday this year (2021) I logged into Indonesia's Zoom session beyond the scheduled time, guessing that they would carry on showing talks. I struck lucky and found Ibu on video giving a talk which I consider very important. It is the talk Ibu gave on a 25th night of Ramadan in Cilandak in which she talks about testing and how we should do very little: 'It's like telling God what to do'.

Ibu says that Bapak was in two minds about giving us testing as we didn't have the capacity. Ibu mentions that she sent her testing questions on CD to the Puebla congress because she was aware that the IHs didn't have the capacity to create unity. I have a difficult relationship with testing, especially as one of Bapak's helpers, so was gratified to hear this talk.

I believe that Testing was the translation of choice from the Indonesian because that was what Bapak was doing with us; Bapak even used the word himself occasionally. Bapak was literally testing our progress in the latihan. But is that how it remained? No! It has come to mean at least four different things...

To read the rest of Robiyan's article and find out the four different things that testing has come to mean, [click here...](#)

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2021/08/Golden-Anniversary.pdf>



Bamboo longhouse accommodation at the 1971 Congress.



Brits, Australians and one French lady at the Congress. Robiyan is on the extreme left of frame.

Isti Interview Part 2

Harris Smart continues his interview with Isti Jenkins. In this instalment he talks to her about her role as an International Helper and about the Our Subud Story project which she founded...

Can you tell me about your work as an International Helper?

Over the years I had participated in the Subud organization in various roles in Susila Dharma, SICA and as a Youth Co-ordinator. At the Innsbruck Congress I tested about being an International Helper, but the testing showed I was not yet ready. My heart was still too easily influenced by praise and criticism.

In 2014 at the Puebla Congress, I again put my name forward to test for the role of International Helper, despite my degenerating bones and age! It felt light and very good to put my name forward. I had no feeling one way or the other of being selected! I remained completely neutral.

When I was called to be tested and placed in front of a panel of nine women I was really relaxed. The questions asked were 'Did I have the qualities to serve as an International Helper for the following term?' And 'Did I have the ability to work as a team?'

During the second question, I felt a 'Gift' arrive inside me, something unexpected that gave me a certain kind of authority to use the strength that came from my soul. This provided me with comfort and reassurance that it was the right time for me to fulfil this role to my best ability.

[The first experience...](#)

My first experience was to travel to Japan with Lewis Hayward and to meet the National Helpers and Subud members of Japan. For me it took a little time to gain the inner confidence to test questions that would come spontaneously. But what was interesting to me was that the power of God could always be felt from the moment of having the intention to be active on behalf of Bapak.

Also, I often witnessed that the more surrendered I was the greater the clarity and conviction was received for the one whose question was being asked through testing.

In Asia, many groups were not familiar with this form of 'testing' and although it happened in small groups members responded and opened up to basic inner questions around 'singing', dancing, laughing or having a Latihan especially for their health.

After that followed many travels to groups in the Asian Zone and also to meetings of the WSC...

We tested and visited as many Subud Groups in Area 1 as could be managed. Sri Lanka, Malaysia, India, Singapore, Vietnam, Thailand, Iran, etc. all Subud groups, small or large, were visited. Skype meetings were regular, and issues resolved patiently. The feeling of unity increasing with time.

It was a joy and a dream come true to be meeting so many members from around the world, to join them in worship through our Latihan together and each of us seemed to radiate from the undeserved privilege and experience.

Giving the best and correct explanations to members learning from Bapak's words, became more and more important. This was particularly apparent in Indonesia. The National Committee always arranged for a 'questions and answers' session and several members shared their personal experiences, stories or difficulties.

[A rather extraordinary gathering...](#)

A rather extraordinary gathering for all 18 of us IHS from every Zone around the world began in >



Isti at the 1967 World Congress in Japan.

February 2015, when several meetings with Ibu Rahayu were held. Ibu Rahayu suggested we produce a new book for Helpers. The research showed that some translations were not correct, and changes were necessary. And so, the process began.

This became a major learning curve for not only those closely involved but for all of us who were forced to pay more serious attention to the divine gift of wisdom bestowed upon us. A gift that contains the secrets of life on planet earth. A gift precious to our soul and to the evolution of our understanding and salvation.



Peter and Isti Jenkins.

[Meetings in Santiago and Indonesia...](#)

Our second time together as a Dewan was during the WSA meeting in Santiago, Chile, at their newly renovated Subud House.

An earthquake came suddenly while some of us were testing, And as the earth shook everything trembled around us. For some of us we continued to rock as if on board ship and still at sea.

The next big adventure was in returning to Indonesia for a trip through Java. A trip that included a visit to Bapak's house in Semarang where he received Susila Budhi Dharma. I had made this journey before only 100 days after Bapak's death. Only now it had been restored and reconstructed a bit to preserve it longer. On this trip we discovered just how much strength and energy was needed to fulfil the duties and obligations required of us.

[My main role...](#)

My main role as International Helper was to interact as much as possible with the Youth. To join them in their activities. To listen to their stories, worries and problems. Also, to enjoy their evenings of music and song.

This culminated in the BASARA youth gathering in Rungan Sari. Every day, before dinner they were free to come for Latihan or testing and several did so. Basara was an experiment, initiated by the Youth, for the Youth, bringing a hugely successful outcome and result.

[At the Freiburg Congress...](#)

In Freiburg, before Ibu Rahayu departed she called both the old and new International Helpers together and explained, since we had been chosen for this role, God had given each of us an extended inner strength to cover the Area of countries allocated to help continue Bapak's mission and serve the membership.

You also founded the Our Subud Story project. Could you tell us about that?

It was during my time as International Helper during a visit to Wisma Subud in February 2015 that I became so acutely aware of the number of so many well-known and well-loved Subud members who had departed from this world.

I felt a need to respond and Sebastian Flynn, who was the International SICA representative expressed his enthusiasm, support and encouragement. Therefore, we worked together to develop the Project eventually called OUR SUBUD STORY during the Subud Youth Gathering Basara in Rungan Sari, January 2017.

Ibu Rahayu had encouraged Subud members to share their stories.

It was noted clearly at the World Congress in Mexico that younger members were really keen to hear the stories of those who knew Bapak and experienced living close to him.

[OUR SUBUD STORY was displayed at the Freiburg World Congress](#)

A large bound book called 'In Memoriam', with the names of Subud members who have passed on was displayed and will be retained and sent on to the next Congress or occasion. The book of names can be added to as required over time. The photos and text in the cloud will also be kept on a suitable large hard drive.

The 'In Memoriam' book is to contain names and or reference to Subud members who have passed away - on the basis that this honours their contribution to Subud in their lives on this Earth and indicates that we continue to do the Latihan after we have passed away from this world.

The 'In Memoriam' book will have plenty of blank pages at the back for years to come - showing the ongoing life of Subud.

OUR SUBUD STORY has finally found its home in the archives and also continues as an international SICA project.

Isti's life now...

Recently, Isti has been compiling a series of logbooks about her's and Peter's lives in Subud. She has also blossomed into a writer and has written a series of article for Subud Voice on topics like changing names and listening to Bapak's talks.

She concluded the interview I did with her by saying...

The ultimate dream for people our age would be to live together in a community where we could support each other and do activities together. There would be a latihan hall at the centre of it. Wisma Mulia in England has been a model for this. In Australia Irwan Wyllie is working on a project like this through the Subud Charity Dharma Care...

In the next Subud Voice we plan to bring you an article about Irwan Wyllie and Dharma Care and the project Isti mentioned...

Saying Goodbye

John Hager writes about goodbyes, including that biggest "goodbye" of them all...

This article brings to an end a series in which I record several experiences which have made clear to me how practical, dynamic and life-enhancing this latihan can be both in our ordinary, daily lives and especially in the most difficult times. The latihan has been most helpful to me when I have been at my lowest: in relationship breakdowns and in those many difficult times as a career as a teacher and, for over 20 years, a headteacher. It has been a pleasure to share this in the Subud Voice. My gratitude to the latihan is beyond words!

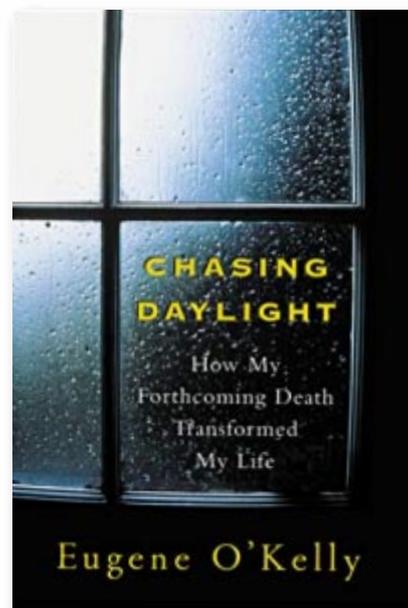
Lent 2021 hit me with the force of a punch to the stomach! I am still trying to come to terms with the repercussions now - some 6 months later. It began in what had now become the familiar way i.e., exploring the idea of "going into the wilderness" and what that could mean for me this year.

I was soon struck by Eckhardt's description of "the still wilderness where no-one is at home". Those final 4 words inspired visions of houses and, especially rooms in those houses, where there had been the warmth, life, busyness, activity and clutter of family living or a loving companion... now starkly replaced with an absence of all that! Now there was emptiness, silence, the loss of the presence of loved ones; all replaced by a heart-aching loneliness.

Isolation hit me in a way that was new to me. Time alone - viewed as Solitude - had become largely a joy to me. This was most definitely not that. This involved too much loss. It reminded me of the devastation of a colleague of mine who came home from work one "normal" day to find his wife, children and furniture and belongings all gone.

A shell of the home was all that remained. He had not seen that coming! I, too, had known less dramatic but equally devastating losses in my past. I did not like to be reminded of them in this more settled and happier time of my life. I learnt how different Solitude is from Isolation!

Then my thoughts flew out to all those people around me who had once been parts of families and in the middle of a busy home, now isolated and I saw for many different reasons "down and out." I quickly knew which charity I would be supporting at the end of this Lent: it would be the



homeless. I felt for them and other isolated people in a way I had not come near to before. It was all so sad.

Then my Lent took another unexpected turn...

It was still about isolation and loss, but this was much more personal and unforeseen.

I felt it was about death! More particularly my death. Oh dear, I did not want to think about this. After all, I had avoided it for all of my life. So, why now?? Well, because I was at an age when it was time to prepare for it! And how do I do that?

First, explore the idea of it; then make some practical preparations. I have to say I did not like the way this was going and for the next few days kept myself occupied! Then, as has happened often to me before, the outer intervened to force the idea centre stage again.

And as so often before it was with the sudden appearance of just the right book which seemed to force itself into my life by chance. A book that helped me to see all this much more clearly and to give me a sense of clear direction and even understanding.

The book was called "Chasing Daylight" by Eugene O'Kelly, and this kept appearing on the screen of my phone every time I went on the library website. I read some details about it. It was about the C.E.O. of a major American company who had received the news that he had an inoperable brain tumour and was told he had only a few months to live.

His reaction amazed me. He determined, he writes, to respond to it "with all the skills he had learnt as a C.E.O." Amazingly, I learnt a lot from this! In particular, he took a mental step back from his life and looked afresh.

First, he realised that he should "focus on being more in the present moment and not so aware of time...time of day, time required for various tasks, or on what had to be done next or had recently happened."

He wanted more than ever to fully enjoy each moment he had left." And out of this practice he discovered that "time seemed actually to slow down." In the face of his imminent death, he now found a new quality to what remained of his life so that Quality now became more important to him than Quantity of life. Yes, I could now aim for the same.

“ Exploring the idea of ‘going into the wilderness’... ”

Then came the real eye-catcher for me. He realised something of what death meant. It meant a "saying goodbye to...this world and all the people he had ever known in it". It was a goodbye to all that had been so familiar for so long: places, activities, people...The list gets longer as you think about it.

All those goodbyes were involved! All that separation! And so much taken for granted. I had not given a real thought to that idea that people and places so important to me would have to be said goodbye to. To lose all that was so familiar and presently everyday carried with it the same feelings - if anything heightened- as those I had experienced at the beginning of this Lent.

What then to do?

To Eugene O' Kelly the answer came clearly and energised and inspired him. He would fix up a personal meeting with everyone who had ever been important to him! It would be a time to share his honest thoughts and feelings about their relationship "and anything else that might turn up."

His aim would be to "beautifully resolve" those relationships." He would make these "unwindings special...making sure they took place in a pleasant setting and having as their theme appreciation and gratitude." How impressive, I thought. What a conscious and potentially fulfilling way to bring a sense of completeness to one's significant relationships in life...

Personally, I am still at the stage of "exploring the idea" of my approaching death. Hesitantly and haltingly - and yet with a surprising interest now. There have been some practical effects, too. I have started throwing out some of the clutter in my house; I have updated my will and "made my wishes known" to 1 or 2 people...I keep coming back to the idea of "saying goodbye" to people, places and things I hardly gave a thought to before. This intrigues me.

So, this Lent I have truly felt something of the reality of aloneness to the point of extreme loneli- >

ness and deprivation (so many forms of it from homelessness, social rejection and isolation to so many who die alone...!) And all this in the personal context of the certainty of my own death which carries with it a special form of "saying goodbye" that I had not seen before, and which lingers in my mind almost daily now.

And I have been reminded of the importance of Quality of life and not just Quantity. And I look ahead hesitantly...

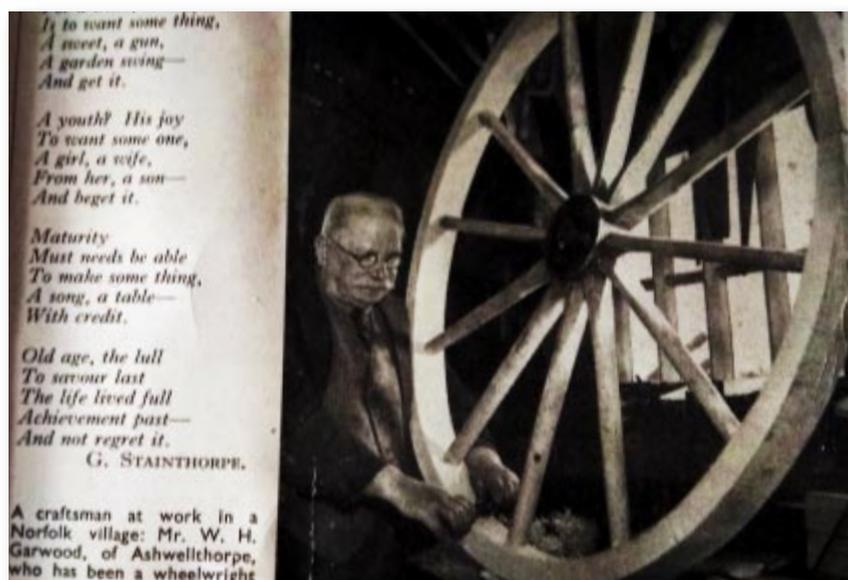
Contentment

Robiyan Easty writes from Greece...

Your article on ageing is truly excellent and apposite. It rang a whole succession of bells with me. I send you the attached poem and illustration.

Simon Sturton gave me the framed version and also the classic book "The Wheelwright's Shop" as a wedding present because of my reputation at Loudwater as the group carpenter – which skill I learned on that project by taking a joinery evening class and being mentored by the West Indian master carpenter and group member, Richard (Lionel) Alleyne (no longer with us), who made window frames with hand tools to match the rustic farmhouse style in place.

Rather less dramatic than the bard but still the last verse of "Contentment" is right on the ball.



CONTENTMENT

For a child, to be glad
Is to want some thing
A sweet, a gun
A garden swing----
And get it

A youth? His joy
To want someone
A girl, a wife
From her a son----
And beget it

Maturity
Must needs be able
To make some thing
A song, a table----
With credit

Old age the lull
To savour last
A life lived full
Achievement past----
And not regret it

G. STAINTHORPE

So Much Great Music...

Sebastian Paemen writes about popular music... After receiving this we asked some other people if they would like to share pop music experiences... See the following articles by Dachlan Cartwright and Marcus Bolt...

I was born in 1955 in the Netherlands. I'd been listening to popular music on my transistor radio since I was 7 and when I was about 10 I started to collect Blues, Folk and Pop music records. Muddy Waters, BB King, Joan Baez, Pete Seeger, Dylan. Joan Baez, I think was the greatest voice of her generation.

I absolutely loved Dylan's Blonde on Blonde. I remember singing along, 'Sad eyed lady of the loowlands..' I impressed a young trainee-teacher at primary school with my collection and 'knowledge'. I lent him some of my records. Around that time I gave a presentation at school about the Blues, accompanied by music on my portable record player.

I earned the respect of the much older friends of my sister who recognised me as the kid who >

had all the right records. I loved all of this. Going to people's houses, teenage rooms, attics and basements with my precious records under my arm. Later I got a guitar and taught myself many of these songs.

Fashion...

The pop music related creative explosion of fashion I really enjoyed too. Suddenly independent 'boutiques' popped up everywhere with the latest fashion, most of it imported from the UK. Carnaby Street in London became a place of pilgrimage with those returning from it being envied by the rest of us.

My first concert was at the age of 11. There were some British bands, the Kinks being one of them, who'd come over to Holland. I remember when Satisfaction by the Stones came out. It created a real stir, everybody was talking about it and we were queueing outside the recordshop to buy it with our pocket money.

Such excitement! Going to see the Woodstock film was another milestone. It made an overwhelming impression on me. I bought the record which I played all the time, driving the rest of the family bonkers.

The saddest thing I saw was Tim Hardin. This was around 1973. I loved his music but by that time the effect of heroin was clearly taking its toll on him and he was booed by the audience for his uninspired performance. His manager jumped on to the stage and shouted 'Hey people, this is Tim Hardin, Tim Hardin!'

This just made things worse, it made them boo him more. I felt so sad for him as he seemed a nice and sensitive guy. He just stood there, shy and motionless. I really didn't like it that he was treated that way.

Around 1980 I saw Doc and Merle Watson who were just fabulous. Van Morrison and the Chieftains was another memorable performance. The outburst of so much good music during this era I think was truly unique and amazing.



Tim Hardin at Woodstock.

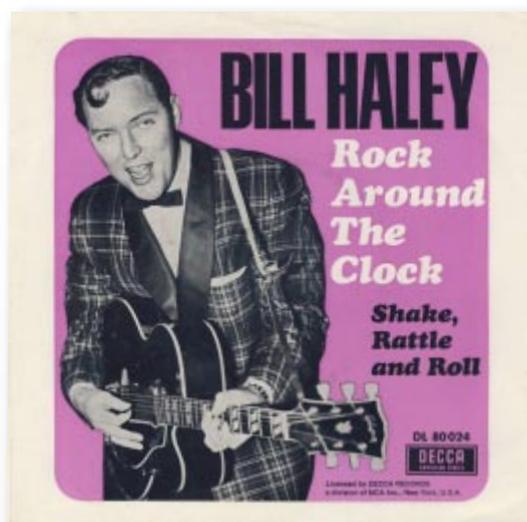
Liverpool Rock

By Dachlan Cartwright... the coming of Rock 'n' Roll...

Rock'n'roll music has been the heartbeat, the soundtrack of my life. It first hit Britain in a big way in 1956, when British teenagers viewed, and rioted to, Bill Haley's Rock Around the Clock which was used as a soundtrack to the film *The Blackboard Jungle*, about teenage violence and delinquency in American inner-city schools.

So from the first the music became associated with teenage rebellion and sociopathic behaviour. And although the establishment, parents, and the BBC hated the music, I realized I loved it, especially after hearing the multitalented Elvis, who as a singer of popular music has imho never been surpassed.

Where does this music come from? The first rock'n'roller can be considered to be, in his guitar playing and in the paradigm of his songs, the 1930s bluesman Robert Johnson. The main chord pattern in R&R is the 12-bar blues, which in its rise to a climax, a fall, and a "start all over again" in the final four bar, reflects the pattern of life with its triumphs and failure and restarts, and specifically the orgasm with its climax, falling off, and post-coital tristesse (will I be censored, Harris, lol?). It can also be related to Gurdjieff's



Rock 'n' roll hit Britain in 1956, when British teenagers viewed, and rioted to, Bill Haley's Rock Around the Clock which was used as a soundtrack to the film The Blackboard Jungle.

Law of Three and Hegel's dialectic. Wow.

Other basic chord patterns in early rock'n'roll include the so-called Fifties Progression, heard for example in Ben E King's Stand By Me. In musical semanticland this can seem to express a steady fall only to rise again at the end. This pattern can be traced back all the way to the 17th Century and Pachelbel's Canon in D. Then there is the Labamba sequence popularized by Ritchie Valens, which semantically is more straightforwardly triumphant.

Britain soon produced homegrown rockers to rival the Americans. The best of these was Liverpool's Billy Fury. Britain also pioneered rock TV through a director of genius, Jack Good, and his Saturday night shows, Oh Boy and Boy Meets Girls.

This is when, at the close of the Fifties, I first viewed my all time favourite rocker, Gene Vincent. Jack Good had him dressed in black leather, exaggerating the limp he had got from a motorbike accident, as a kind of rock'n'roll Hamlet or Laurence Olivier in Richard III. Viewing this I knew rock'n'roll could be art.

Tragically the tapes of Gene, and the best performances of Eddie Cochran and Billy Fury, were wiped. It had been a bad three years for British teens, with the deaths of the Busby Babes, (the Manchester United football team) in 1958, those of the "Three Stars" (Buddy Holly, Ritchie Valens, and the Big Bopper) in 1959, and now, on Easter Sunday 1960, Eddie Cochran in a car crash in which his friend Gene was seriously injured. Gene, with his amazing high-pitched voice, went on to sing for his people, although having to drink whiskey to kill the pain in his crippled leg, until his early death at the age of 36.

“ Through 1962 - 1964 I saw most of the Merseyside groups in The Cavern and other venues...”

From 1962 - 1965 I was at Liverpool Uni-

versity. My friends told me about this group, the Beatles, who played at this club, the Cavern. I first saw them in October 1962, and had never seen anything like them. They laughed and joked and bantered with the audience, and yet their music was a step up from early R&R.

Unlike the slick concerts I had seen with Cliff Richard and Adam Faith, here were four scouse lads who seemed to have no obvious leader, who sang and played at the same time (then unheard of), and who sang in three-, not two-part, harmonies.

And Paul's guitar, amplified by huge, for the time, amplifiers, added to the percussion so that the sound boomed out of the club and into the surrounding streets. I was in the Cavern when deejay Bob Wooler announced that "this group will be the rage of the United States of America".

Through 1962-1964 I saw most of the Mersey Beat groups in the Cavern and other venues, including Hope Hall, the "Grand Old Opey", a club in the basement of the Everyman Theatre, frequented by students, painters and poets, where the main featured band was the Roadrunners, of whom George Harrison said that the Rolling Stones were almost as good as.

Then there was the Rialto Ballroom, tragically burned down in the Toxteth riots of 1981. Hitchhiking back from Sweden in 1964, I also visited the Star Club Hamburg, that very swish, and upmarket, "Rockpalast", so different from the sweaty cellar clubs of Liverpool.

The Beatles were the tip of the iceberg, an iceberg which eventually crushed the titanic Berlin Wall and changed history. And the base of the iceberg were all the other Mersey Beat groups, and all we early fans.

My music tastes are not as eclectic as Sebastian's. Jazz and easy listening don't do much for me. I love good folk rock and country rock, but my obsession is blues and early rock'n'roll. To Sebastian I would also maintain that the English folk singer Sandy Denny had a voice at least as good as that of the great Joan Baez.

It is tempting to fill an article like this with name lists of one's favourite bands and singers. But that can be a boring egotrip, so I won't do that except to say that artistes I like who are still performing include the incomparable Kate Bush, the Texan rockabilly Joe Ely, and the greatest of the rock'n'roll revivalists, Shakin' Stevens.

Rock'n'roll hit Britain at the same time as Subud, and I will have to confess that, although Subud is my life, if I had never encountered Subud I would still have been grateful for having have lived to witness the birth of rock'n'roll. And when I hear the best of the early rock songs, for example the >

original version of Little Richard's Lucille, I still fall into a kind of trance...

[About the author: Dachlan has written three volumes of rock'n'roll themed verse: Ours is a God-Given Peace: Verse from the Mersey Beat Era; Beatle Zevons: Verse for 54 Rockers, and Faith'n'Feathers: Verse for 54 More Rockers. Some copies of these are still available on Amazon Kindle. He is now in the process of revising and updating all his collections of poetry.]

Living the Dream

Marcus Bolt writes about a gig...

Finally found the village hall venue, discovered how to get my kit from van to hall and where to park for the duration.

We're on the stage, so first have to check its surface... is it slippery? Will I need to lay a mat, or can I get by with roping my bass drum and hi-hat to my stool? And where to store my drum cases out of sight?

Sorted. Bass drum and pedal in position; next it's cymbal stands and cymbals, then the hi-hat and snare. Now attach small and medium toms to bass drum, then put floor tom in place, position my stool and get comfortable. Stick bag hung on music stand with set list. They often change the order and forget to tell me, so I have to wait for the opening chord and then immediately remember the song and rhythm – stressful!

The others have arrived; we're a five-piece, rock'n'roll dance band; vocalist, drums, bass, rhythm and lead guitars; too late for me to try out the acoustics now. Annoying that; all the others can tune up, test amps and mics, but they all shout 'noodling' if I attempt to remind myself of those tricky fills. A drummer's lot, I guess. *(Reminds me of the old joke; definition of a drummer... bloke who hangs out with a bunch of musicians. Huh!)*

The foldback amps are in place so I'll just about hear what the others are doing. When we're in full swing, I'm sitting in the middle of a vortex of sound from my drums and four amps; the people out front pick up what our tech guy sends out from the control desk through the PA – wish I could hear that!

Audience is arriving – local boys and gals on the pull. They're sitting around the edge of the hall waiting to dance – I hope.

Jackets and shoes are coming off... good sign. Our leader's holding her mic and nodding 'Ready?' at us. She turns to face the audience, slapping her thigh, one, two, three, four, setting the tempo – and we're away with our opening number – Presley's *Blue Suede Shoes*.

"Well, it's one for the money (rLR on snare); Two for the show (rLR); Three to get ready – Now go, cat, go (sung over RLR LR LRLR < roll); then straight into the chorus... 4/4 time, 190bpm; we do it as a shuffle – 4 per bar on ride cymbal, 2 and 4 bass drum, snare accent on 3; lots of breaks and fills.

Concentrate and try to keep time and drive band. *(Another old joke... how do you know there's a drummer at the door? His knock speeds up...)* Singer decides to take us into a third guitar solo, reading the audience, knowing they want to go on dancing, sensing we're in a groove.

Nice, tight trashcan ending – all finishing together on a final chord.

Cheers and applause from the floor. This is going to be a really good gig... Remind myself to relax into it and enjoy, that there isn't anywhere else I'd rather be right now...

Living the dream, man!



NIGHT OF GRATITUDE

I am having a night of gratitude
Love is all around me
And this flat is
Full
Of fairies of all kinds
And maybe angels too
Or souls of people I knew

This night is silent
No moon is up
Streetlights shut down
A lonely star is floating
In the high dark sky

This
Is Copenhagen
And this is me
Right here
Beneath the lamp
Eyes up towards the screen to write
But what I feel
I cannot write
And then I take another tour
Towards the fridge
The coffee cup

I am so full of gratitude
I feel I am a truer self
Than just one year ago
Or even many more
Years of love of mist of loneliness
Of pure delight and loveliness
But never more than I could bear
A child a bird a glimpse of Heaven
A dolphin playing in the blue sea

Always bits of Heaven
In someone's eyes
In someone's voice
So soft so sweet
Like a melody

I need to learn
to hear a sign to know
Its urgent and for me
To see the sign
From other realms
Which tells me
Go away from there
Don't hit your head another time
Stay balanced be your own true self
Don't bend your head
But straighten up
and look at people in their eyes
their voice their words
their attitude

Don't go away if this is yours
But stay for it's your future
No jealous person will stand up
To hinder you from going where
you feel that you belong
to someone there
to all the kids
to children of all colours
with music in their sweet eyes



Aisha Ingar Birgitte Holm ●

Saving Grace – 50 Years in Subud

Marcus Bolt

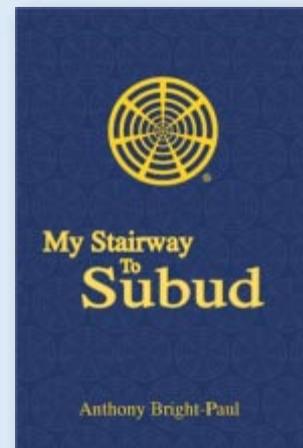
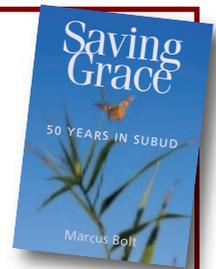
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Lucy Houbart

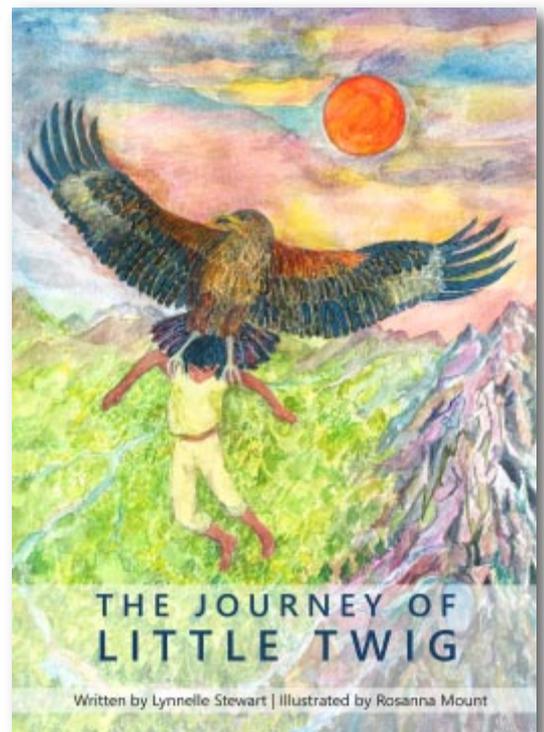
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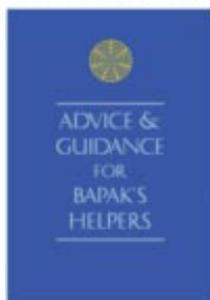
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