



Just out! Available NOW...

THEY WERE THERE – the Best of Subud Voice Vol 1

A few months before Bapak's death I had started to feel that I wanted to produce a small monthly newsletter for Subud members – not just in the UK but world-wide. Little had I realised then, that the first issue was going to be such an enormous challenge – to report the death of the man who first brought us Subud.

At that time we were living near Anugraha, the Subud conference centre near London. And I remember how on each of the significant days after Bapak died, there would be a latihan and a Selamatan there. People came from far and wide. I also went there each time and looking back I think this was my inspiration for *Subud Voice*. All those who came truly felt like my family.

But perhaps there are many Subud members nowadays who don't know very much about those early days, and I hope that *THEY WERE THERE – the Best of Subud Voice Vol 1*, will help to bring

alive for them some of the things that happened at that time. If it is well received more will follow.

The first *Subud Voice* came out in July 1987 and it is from those early issues that I have taken the stories of Bapak's death. There are also eye-witness accounts of when Subud first came to England, an article-to-treasure about life with Bapak and Ibu, a conversation with Husein Rofé, who brought Subud to the West, the never-to-be-forgotten 1994 African Gathering, Varindra Vittachi's last two informal 'addresses' during the 1993 World Congress at Amanecer, and my own World Congress diary.

There is also an extraordinary article in which a good astrologer describes what he saw in Bapak's horoscope. You can read it in this issue on page 2.

I lent my proof copy of the book to a Subud member living nearby and a day or two later he phoned. "It's fascinating!" he said. And then, "I'm shattered!" "Oh?" I said, feeling a bit alarmed. "Yes," he said, "the book is so powerful!" Yes, I understood. Even now, the stories still move me. I cannot give you a better recommendation than that!



Iaina Lennard

Iaina Lennard

How to order *THEY WERE THERE – The Best of Subud Voice Volume 1*

Paperback: 186 pages: price £10 plus postage.

Go to www.lulu.com In the search box, type *They Were There – the Best of Subud Voice Vol 1* and follow the on-screen links to the shopping basket, setting preferred payment method, delivery and billing address(es) and postage rate. Books normally take 3 – 5 days to arrive depending on postage price paid.

Profits from sales will help keep Subud Voice FREE and ongoing for another 25 years.

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Bapak's Horoscope

From 'They Were There – The Best of Subud Voice Vol 1

In 1958, John Bennett's book "Subud, the Great Life Force" was published in French. It presented the coming of Subud in the world. After reading it, a woman from Marseille, Rochana, wondered out of curiosity, what a good astrologer could see in Bapak's chart. So she consulted an astrologer in Marseille and asked him to prepare charts of several important people, along with Bapak's date of birth, 22nd June 1901, at dawn in Indonesia.

Rochana wrote: "I will never forget the expression on this man's face when I came into his office to collect the chart."

"Do you know this man?" he said

"No, but I hope to meet him one day."

"This is a man who can be of tremendous help to you! But not on the ordinary level of things!"

- And the astrologer told her of the difficulties Bapak had to face in his life, and even in his own family.

Rochana was very surprised, because rather naively she had thought that Bapak never had to suffer. The astrologer also foretold Bapak's last marriage with Ibu Mastuti. Then suddenly he said:

"You know, it is actually extremely difficult to speak about this man. How can I say? First of all, a chart like this does not occur once in a hundred years, not even in a thousand years!"

"It is nothing to do with the month, the place of birth and the time, but with the arrangement of stars around this birth which counts most.

"This man comes at dawn, he is on a threshold, he opens a door, he shows a path, a new way. But you see, he shows this way to the whole world!"

"This man knows where he goes after death! He knows where he comes from! If he wanted to be on the material level what he is on the spiritual level, he could become the most powerful magnate in the world.

"Maybe you'll think I'm mad, but this man has the same signs as the Prophets."

Rochana joined Subud shortly afterwards.

The above account comes from Richard Milles' book about his experiences in Subud. Published only in French, it can be obtained from him: Richard Milles, 09300 Benaix, Ariège, France. Tel. 33 61 01 20 90.

New Talk by Ibu Rahayu

given February 2012 in
Jogjakarta

Sahlan McKingley informs:
Ibu Rahayu's talk from the
Indonesian National Gather-
ing on the 24th of February
2012 is now online and able
to be viewed at

www.subudlibrary.net

Amongst other things, this
talk includes an account by Ibu of her ascension
experience.

On May 13th 2012, Ibu celebrated her 84th birthday.

We give thanks that Ibu is still with us and continues
to be active and to give talks.

Ibu sent this message...

I thank all the members for their attention – for your
love, your care and your prayer. Hopefully, God will-
ing, I will be granted a long life and will still be with
you all as you continue to worship Almighty God in
this world through Subud.

Sincerely,

IBU



What Is My Responsibility for Peace in the World?

Parliament of World Religions offers...

Alexandra Asseily is offering a Webinar available to any-
one with a good internet connection on "What Is My Re-
sponsibility for Peace in the World?". It offers participants
the opportunity to develop a greater awareness of our own
responsibility for peace in our lives and to acquire more
skills to apply around us. Through personal reflection, we
can experience those aspects of ourselves that are not fully
contributing to peace and harmony and how to release and
transform them through forgiveness. By doing so, we can
also unblock the gifts
we have inherited, in
order to use and appre-
ciate them more fully in
our lives. The webinar
will also address the
role forgiveness plays
in releasing cycles of
violence.

As witness to the pain
of the civil war in
Lebanon (1975–1991),
Alexandra Asseily decided to explore her



Alexandra Asseily

continued >

own responsibility for war and peace and became a psychotherapist. Her focus is conflict resolution—whether in the individual, family, tribe or nation. In August 1997 she was profoundly moved by a vision which inspired the Garden of Forgiveness in Lebanon. The garden is under construction in the heart of Beirut and lies between three cathedrals and three mosques and amongst the archaeological ruins of 3,000 years of human living and dying.

Alexandra is a governor and a founder of the Centre for Lebanese Studies, Oxford University, and on the Board of the Guerrand-Hermès Foundation for Peace, an Advisor on the World Religions and Spiritualities Advisory Council of the Fetzer Institute, and a former member of the Advisory Board of the Center for the Study of World Religions at Harvard University. In 1978 she was co-ordinator of International Aid Organisations in Lebanon after the first Israeli invasion.

Title of Webinar: What Is My Responsibility for Peace in the World? Five Steps towards a Peace Process (The five steps were developed during the 2001 Subud World Congress workshops on Peace.) Tuesday, March 13, 2012; 10:00am U.S. Central Time.

Yes, we know that date has gone, but we wanted to draw your attention to Alexandra's unflagging attention to the subject of peace, and even if you missed the Webinar, you can still tune in to her steps and testing for peace which have been explored in Subud Congresses and now taken out to the world. Go to: <http://www.parliamentofreligions.org> ●

HANGING OUT AT THE AMERICAS GATHERING...

from the Gathering Team

The Americas Gathering will take place in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada from June 26 to July 3 of this year. The gathering will form part of a number of associated, Subud events that will be taking place before, during and after. There will be a strong focus on presenting the cultural benefits of the latihan at this gathering. If you have something to offer, please let us know...

Some of the planned events include an original, award-winning play by Lucas Foss; modern, creative dance by Delia Brett; original music by Veda

Hille, Caleb Stull and Lucas Hille; and several poetry readings. For those who love to dance, we will be featuring live bands in a huge ballroom. Part of our plan is to invite the Vancouver public.

A program of kejiwaan activities extending over the entire week of the Gathering is being planned by the International Helpers and the Kejiwaan Councillors of Zones 7, 8, and 9. Each day will begin with a group latihan followed by some general testing.

During the day there will be workshops which will include discussion as well as testing on various subjects – suggestions are welcome and may be forwarded through the kejiwaan councillors. We are excited about hanging out and sharing latihan with our Subud brothers and sisters from the Americas, Mexico and other parts of the world. Hasta Luego, hermanas y hermanos. See you this summer!

Here is a list of coordinators. Visit www.americasgathering.ca for more information; contact George Demers with questions at georgedemers@gmail.com

The top 10 reasons why you don't want to miss the Americas Gathering in Vancouver

10. Surrounded by water on three sides and nestled alongside the Coast Mountain Range, Vancouver is the largest city in the province of British Columbia with over half a million residents. With one of the mildest climates in Canada and home to spectacular natural scenery and a bustling metropolitan core, Vancouver was Host City to the Olympic and Paralympic Winter Games in 2010. Vancouver is recognized as one of the world's most liveable cities with one of the smallest carbon footprints of any major city in North America. Spend time exploring Vancouver and other parts of British Columbia before or after the Gathering.

9. The University of British Columbia's Vancouver campus is located at the western tip of the Point Grey Peninsula. More than 400 hectares in size, the campus has stunning views and is surrounded by forest and ocean. *continued >*



The Gathering Team.

You are away from the noise and traffic of the city, yet only 20 minutes away by car or bus from downtown Vancouver.

8. A variety of different accommodations options have been reserved on campus, just across from where the Gathering will be held. But the number of rooms is limited, so early reservation is recommended to ensure availability.

7. Hear up-to-date news about preparations for the 2014 World Congress in Puebla, Mexico.

6. Participate in presentations by the Wings and Affiliates (such as Susila Dharma International Association, Subud International Cultural Association, Subud Youth Activities International, Subud Enterprise Services International, Subud International Health Association and the Muhammad Subuh Foundation.) Learn what they are doing and provide your input. Join in the SICA Fundraiser 5" x 7" art sale, by submitting an entry and/or buying a souvenir to take home with you.

5. El Zócalo Cafe, meaning the Gathering Place, will be the central hub of operations. Adjoining an attractive open-air courtyard, this is the place to socialize with your new and old friends, stop to grab a coffee, a beer, a muffin or just a hug and plan your next Gathering endeavour. Our evenings will be fun-filled with Subud entertainment, provided by musicians, comedians, poets and other artists. Works by Subud artists will adorn the walls and shelves.

4. There will be a strong focus on presenting the cultural benefits of the latihan at this gathering. Some of the already planned events include an original, award-winning play by Lucas Foss; modern, creative dance by Delia Brett; original music by Veda Hille, Caleb Stull and Lucas Hille; and several poetry readings. For those who love to dance, we will be featuring live bands in a huge ballroom. Enjoy and be part of the entertainment.

3. Join in an exciting program of activities for families and friends to celebrate and get to know each other. Workshops will include discussion as well as testing on various subjects. We will offer opportunities for members to share their work and play experiences and to develop specific projects while we are together. There are so many reasons – sharing our creative processes, making Subud organizations function better, helping each other start enterprises or projects, inspiring each other, improving communications, learning and having fun!

2. A program of kejiwaan activities extending over the entire week of the Gathering is being planned by the International Helpers and the Kejiwaan Councillors of Zones 7, 8, and 9. Each day will begin with a group latihan followed by some general testing. A late evening latihan is also being scheduled. Helper workshops are being planned. There will be opportunities for personal testing, testing with recently opened members who may not have had an opportunity for testing in their respective countries, and latihans with members who may be having difficulty receiving.

1. Large latihans. With over three and a half months to go until the Gathering begins, 200 people have already registered, from many different countries, including Australia, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Spain, Finland, Indonesia, Mexico, New Zealand, Sri Lanka, U.K. and U.S.A.

Check out the website at www.americasgathering.ca **Don't delay!**

Faldi and business associates support YUM

Some city working lads are accustomed to a long lunch every now and then, particularly those in the mining and resources sector.

Business is generally the nature of discussions between several lagers and a bite to eat and late last year Perth's business community in the mining, finance, law, accounting, advertising and property sectors took the opportunity to do their thing for a good cause.

Perth's inaugural "Lads Lunch", organised by Emergent Resources Ltd chief executive Nathan Lude and Otsana Capital managing director Faldi Ismail, was the event in which the lads gathered to raise money for the Yayasan Usaha Mulia (YUM) – Foundation for Noble Work.

Currently there are over 15,000 beneficiaries of YUM's work and through the efforts of Perth's business community a sum of \$12,500 was raised at the first-off event held at the Grand Palace.

The event was sold out with monies raised from donated memorabilia and other goods that was auctioned and included; West Coast Eagles jersey (donated by Westpac Banking Corporation), Gentlemen Jack and JD Single Barrel products (Jack Daniels), gym memberships and Perth Glory jersey (Fitness First), Hawthorn Football Club jersey (HFC), corporate and general tickets (F1 Australian Grand Prix), Chelsea jersey and Western Force football (Otsana Capital) plus various auction items from Fundraising Auctions Australia.

Established in 1975 YUM has worked in Indonesia for over 35 years, and is a registered charity that strives to empower hundreds of poor and destitute communities.

YUM's vision is to improve the quality of life for Indonesia's poor and its mission is to work with communities in providing holistic and sustainable support in the areas of health, education and community development.

The Lads Lunch concept originated in Queensland and it is hoped the next event, Friday April 27, will be held simultaneously with the event marked via a skype linking east and west charity participants.



Faldi Ismail and family.

The Numbers Speak Volumes *Hanafi Fraval*

Recently I asked the national office for a demographic breakdown of the U.S. membership with age. It was for a workshop at the forthcoming national congress, looking at the viability of building a retirement facility or cluster in California. When I analyzed the data I was stunned.

I should explain that my background is as a scientist and engineer. But I'm also a long-time Subud member. I've been a national (and group) helper, committee member and Subud entrepreneur (with mixed results).

What takes my breath away in examining the resultant graph is the strength of the conclusions. Barring a miracle, the membership is falling dramatically. I found myself asking 'Why'? I must also say that of course I don't know where it is that these persuasive numbers take us in real life. Before offering a few reasons – and I'm sure there are others beside what I list below – let me explain the data and graphs, which come from an analysis of 822 US Subud members. Each age data-point shows the number of members at that age. For example, the peak age group is my age, 67. From there the numbers fall off until we reach one member in each of the 18 and 22 age group. Clearly, in 30 years' time our membership will be tiny (see Fig.1).

Fig. 1. >

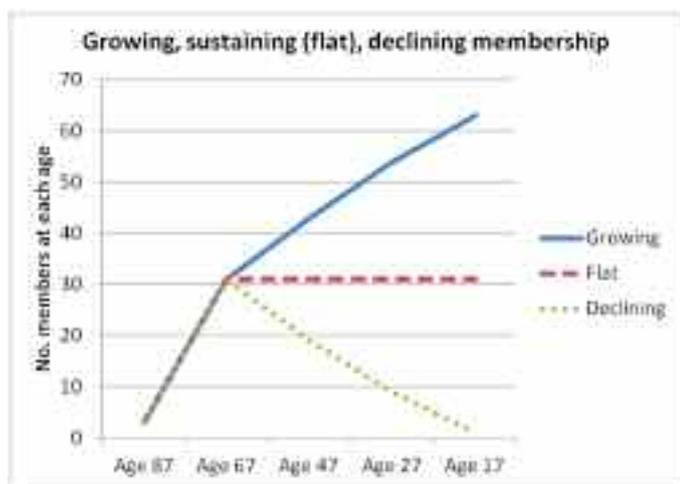
Survey of 822 members, showing number of U.S. Subud members at each age from 17 through 102.

To be self-sustaining, the curve should be at least horizontal from the 67-year-old group, i.e., 31 members younger than 67 in each age group.

For our membership to grow, the population of the 18-year-olds should number, say, 60+, twice the 67-year-old population. That would produce a curve with an upward trend that mirrors of the actual downward trend (see Fig. 2 below).



< Fig. 2. Showing how a smoothed version of Fig 1, with its declining membership numbers looks; along with the shape of the curve for a sustaining membership (flat), and a growing membership. Note that a real projection would be much more complex and that this is notional only.



Barring a miracle, the membership is falling dramatically

This is not good news, and it must cause us to ask why is this and try to understand what we could have done and what we should do now to begin to change this. Below I outline what I think is missing. Others will no doubt add to it, or even disagree. Either way, the main brunt of this situation falls on the helpers.

Helpers' role

Four big issues play a part in these data. They relate to the helpers' function and role. Let me first say that none of this is easy. These are big challenges for all of us, and while we may have largely failed, that doesn't mean we cannot improve.

Special latihans until members receive clearly

I keep reading in talk after talk that Bapak asked us to really make sure that newer members truly experience the latihan. He asked us to do 'special' or 'additional' latihans with members until they really receive clearly. This is not straightforward. I recall a member who had never moved, even after five years. I and another helper did extra latihans with him, until he decided he didn't want to continue, but still he wasn't receiving. So what was the depth of our surrender? How good was our latihan, and what was our own progress? The point is that this should be routine for all newer members until they clearly receive the latihan. And we should be sure. Maybe the helpers should test about it to make sure that newer members no longer need the support of additional or special latihans.

Putting the latihan into practice

The next thing that Bapak emphasized in innumerable talks, was 'putting the latihan into practice.' He explained that what this means is being in contact with the latihan in the midst of one's everyday life. So the feeling or *continued* >

experience of the latihan should, over time and with practice, occupy an ever larger slice of our day. The key here is the phrase and with practice. It requires us to make a conscious effort to keep in contact with our inner life, while doing our everyday work, play, family life, etc. It basically requires us to make a decision. Once we decide to ‘watch ourselves’, we have to put a lot of effort in for several months until this behavior becomes second nature. So easy to say, so hard to do in this crazy world in which we live. But there is no doubt in my mind that if many of us did this, we would have many more Subud members than we do.

Enterprise

Yes, enterprise. Again, Bapak reminded us that all the great religions spread through trade. We have had a rough time with our enterprises in Subud, but now it seems we have all but given up, or at best we just pay lip service to the need for enterprises. And we don’t work cooperatively either. Of course, cooperative endeavor, as opposed to competitive or individual endeavor, does not sit naturally with our American culture. But if we were more sincere, if we were more serious – like other groups – we could better use what we have learned from our failures. We do have the capacity to build enterprises, I believe. At any rate, I am convinced that unless and until we do, there is little chance of attracting the attention of a wider number of candidates to Subud. In my mind there is no doubt that if we had the businesses, the Subud halls and the charitable projects of which Bapak spoke, we would receive a lot more interest from the outside world.

Explanations to candidates

Another area that I believe leads to rapid attrition of our numbers is what candidates hear when they attend candidate meetings. A lot of nice, polite social chat doesn’t cut it when an enquirer needs to hear deeper, more meaningful explanations. I may get into trouble with this, but I don’t believe in some of the more fashionable new stuff, like “Well, it’s nice if you can come to latihan twice a week, but do come at least once a month, won’t you?”. That kind of explanation just doesn’t work. If most of us have made so little progress coming twice a week, what hope is there for a new member being given a tacit message that once a month is OK? And this is just the tip of the iceberg. My feeling is that at the base of this issue is that we do not read Bapak’s talks enough. It is all there, and if we were more diligent, automatically our explanations to candidates would improve immeasurably.

There is always a but...

On the other hand, the younger generation are under more pressure than ever earning a living, meeting the needs of family and so on. This leads to low attendance, unless that member has really made a commitment to come regularly to latihan. I believe that at the present time, the commitment bar is higher because of the pressures of life in this economy and society, so this again emphasizes the importance of careful explanation in the candidacy period before someone is opened.

Of course there is always the miraculous

It would be foolish for any of us to bank on some big change or even that changed the inevitability of the trend shown by the graph of Fig.2. Let me be plain. Today 28% of our membership in the US is between the ages of 60 – 69. Just 3.8% of the membership is between the ages of 17 – 26, also a ten-year period. My technical background makes me a firm believer in trend. The trend says that in forty years Subud will be all but extinct in the US. And then there is the miraculous, which we cannot possibly rely upon, but which, given my conclusions above, may be the only way things will be different. Go to YouTube and enter Sharif Horthy, and choose his talk in Sri Lanka on the Growth of Subud <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rgSAokRws2A> There you will find one possible way forward. Who knows what the reality will be.

Let me end by saying that I tend to be rather direct. But I have no agenda, and I apologize unreservedly to anyone offended by anything I have written above. I am simply observing what I see in the data and trying to make sense of it and trying to improve my own performance from here on.

BCU SCHOOL GETS GRANT FROM SUSILA DHARMA USA...

Letter from Mansur Geiger to Michael Shaver of SD USA

Dear Michael, We are truly grateful. We can only pray that the time has come for Subud endeavours to stand up..old Chinese proverb “in adversity there is opportunity”. Why do we lack trust in ourselves and our brothers and sisters? Why do we lack courage to do and follow the latihan? Bapak called it nafsu that is always attempting to stop us...with doubt...

BCU is a jewel of Subud members' accomplishment. As a founder, I now use it in my presentations and negotiations with the government regarding our mining project... and the one thing that really has an impact on them is BCU..They say, “So you don’t even have a mine and you built a school,, Boy that’s commitment!”

I truly believe it’s time Subud stood up.. of course we need the examples to do that... and in my world BCU is the best along side what Bardolf and team are doing in YTS. Just to share..Recently we had an investor in the UK, President Director of Dell, he sent a note saying he had come across my snake stories etc and Faldi’s piece in the Subud Voice..

He asked for more and wanted to know why we had not been public about our motivation and efforts.*continued >*

He said he invested in many companies and everyday got boring regular marketing material from companies promoting what good investments they were in terms of making profits..he went on to say that our stories gave his life meaning and he would buy lots more shares in the company... *Mansur*

VOLUNTEER TEACHERS FOR BCU SCHOOL

BCU School has a place for one more volunteer for the new school year beginning in July 2012 – ideally an Art teacher.

Volunteers are provided with visas, accommodation and a living allowance and work at the school for a minimum of six months. Information packs/application forms are available on request. For more information, including volunteer testimonials please have a look at our website www.bcuschool.com.

Another useful website for more general info about living in Kalimantan is www.rungansari.net

For further information please contact Karim MacDonald (Principal) karstenmacdonald@hotmail.com or Emilie Pez (Volunteer Coordinator) emiliebellule.pez@gmail.com



BCU Students.

CHUNG'S TRANSFORMATION THEATRE

In the 1960s, perhaps hundreds of people came into Subud through Husain Chung's Human Institute which ran psychodrama training and events in the Bay Area around San Francisco. Now Husain is practising psychodrama in Palo Alto near Stanford University...

I just completed a 6-week Psychodrama Directors training class of masters and PhD psych counseling interns. It went great and most them want to continue in a weekly on-going Director training. I've done a workshop for ITP, a local institute-college in graduate psych. In couple of weeks I start my second Directors training class. As soon as I get enough bucks, I'll rent a larger studio and do weekly Friday open to the public "psychodrama shows" and record on film for weekly YouTube showings (edited and over layered with music). I already have two giant concert speakers, stage lightings, spotlight and music DVDs. Returning to doing this work I am more convinced I have created something for which I have no name. It is much more than a totally new art form. I utilize the combined tools of psychotherapy, acting, theater, rap poetry, music-opera-wayang kulit, film, spiritual-cultural rituals and much more. It has past, future, altered-reality and dream projections rolled into present here and now.

As I work with real people I create new scenes in their presence which they actually feel as a totally new real live SPONTANEOUS-REALITY-ACTING HUMAN DRAMA which the live audience who had simultaneously participated and witnessed in its live-unfolding in the here/now: "real life is born in theater". In some a live music accompanied by piano, guitar and or group prayer-chanting-singing, other times recorded music added.

I recalled I had worked with a 30 year old young man who had nothing to do with his father for more than 10 years. I had him talk to me, as his pretend dead father, who was killed in an auto accident. As his father I told him how sorry I was for being a horrible abusive dad to him and his (divorced mom), and could he ever forgive me – that my soul can only be release from my grave by his son's love and forgiveness. His son did forgive his "dead dad". He cried as the audience wept.

A few minutes later I had him telephone (here in L.A.) and talk to his real living father in New York. On the phone the dad did ask his son for forgiveness. "Yes, Dad, I do forgive you, and please forgive me for shutting you out all these years, I love you, Dad". Dad responded, "Oh son my son, I do I forgive you, and I've always loved you". Both wept. The entire audience cried and cheered loudly.

I need somebody to help me write, describe and market (viral and live) this new reality "art form" I have created. It is way beyond psychodrama. I want to help train people to direct, create, perform and film this new "spontaneous live born-again reality" theatrical production. I really really need a new name for this. Presently, I've been calling it Husain's Transformation Theatre.

I have a live film (shot by a filmmaker with 30 yrs experience) of a psychodrama workshop with Subud people but no sign approval from the participants to show it.

I need to raise a few bucks to do a few films then show them weekly on YouTube as a new kind of transformation living reality.

Best, *Husain Chung*

Shark in Trance

Usually in Favourite Photo we publish a photo by a Subud member... but I could not resist this one. Its Subud significance? Just I suppose that the world is full of wonders, on the one hand, and sharks provide another example of human greed and cruelty, on the other. And we dare to speak of “predators”?

This is the jaws-dropping moment a scuba diver literally holds a 10ft shark in the palm of her hand.

Italian diver Cristina Zenato can clearly be seen doing what many would believe unthinkable - stroking, touching and holding a large ocean predator in tropical Caribbean waters.

The animal is so at ease with her it goes into a trance state, allowing Ms Zenato to hold it vertically in the water with its nose in her hand.

She induces the 'tonic' state in the shark using a little-known technique of rubbing the ampullae of Lorenzini – the name given to hundreds of jelly-filled pores around the animal's nose and mouth.

A 'tonic' state is where a shark enters a natural state of paralysis, often by being turned upside down, for up to 15 minutes.

The pores act as electroreceptors detecting prey moving in the electromagnetic field around the shark – but also for some reason rubbing them turns 'Jaws' into a sleeping baby.

Ms Zenato uses her ability to put the sharks in a sleepy state to educate other divers, remove parasites and even take fishing hooks caught in their mouths out.

The 42-year-old said: 'My first time to witness Cristina feeding the sharks was amazing. I expected an adrenaline rush, but the dive was so peaceful and calm.'

'It was totally relaxing to watch the sharks swim slow circles around us in hopes of being fed by Cristina. I was in awe and could not keep the smile off my face.'

'Sharks are the apex predator of the ocean and it is a privilege to be near them and observe them in their world.'

Ms Zenato has been working with sharks for more than 15 years, but still wears a chain link suit in case one of the animals is tempted to bite.

Mr Meier, a commercial photographer who specialises in underwater nature and travel, said he hoped to raise awareness of the plight of sharks.

He said: 'We kill millions of sharks every year, with the majority of those having their fins cut off while still alive and then thrown back into the water to die a slow, agonising death.'



Photographer Matthew Meier, from San Diego, U.S., captured the moment Cristina Zenato brought a Caribbean Reef shark under control.

THE EMERISA GARDENS ENTERPRISE

Mughtar Salzman writes...

I started with no experience in running a nursery. I had a basic understanding of plant and soil relationships through my education and I felt confident that we would learn as we went along.

I had been waiting in vain for an enterprise I could work for, one in which the directors were dedicated to following God's guidance in their work. Then I began to feel that this enterprise was not "out there" but inside me, one that I should start myself. I said to God that if I have to start it myself, please help me.

One of the important things about starting the Emerisa Gardens enterprise was my desire to work with my family, with my children. None of them had experience in nursery work. I started mainly with my 3 sons, and a skeleton crew that stayed with the nursery when I bought it.

The nursery had a good selection of perennials and herbs but the quality of the plants and the condition of the nursery itself were not good. There were many weeds in the plants but the good thing was that we already had a customer base.! A nursery is a complex thing to deal with.

A colleague from another nursery who had been in business for 8 years said it was easier to make Toyotas than run a nursery because the Toyota parts are not affected by weather conditions, water requirements, diseases, soil, light etc.

So Much to Learn

We had so much to learn: the basic needs of the different plant varieties in terms of soil, water, light, temperature, diseases etc; how to propagate plants without too many losses; how to order the correct kind of plants from other propagators; how to buy the most sellable varieties; how to label the plants correctly – meaning having the correct information on the label ...all the details.

Another important task was making sure the right order would be delivered to the right customer. Initially there were no efficient systems in place. In the first year or two I remember working between 84-96 hours a week.

It was difficult for me because I couldn't attend group latihans regularly and within myself I knew you never, never miss a latihan. Bapak said about this, that after you die, you will regret every latihan that you missed and I believe that.

But I was saying "Yeah God, you know the reasons why I am not going to latihan. It is taking 110% and more of my energy to get this enterprise established." This is my continuous prayer, but I never was at peace with it, and I prayed that God would forgive me.

We worked long hours and were successful in improving the quality of the nursery itself and of the plant material we sold. We doubled our sales the next year and for me this meant that this enterprise was succeeding in its effort to do everything correctly, or in a way that has God's approval.

I believe that our life, which is work, should be guided by our creator, by God - which is love. God has given us this gift beyond measure, beyond comprehension because God knows how much mankind really needs to have this life-force of love in the world.

That is why I never felt that those long hours were too much! Bapak would say "In your enterprises you will face all of the things that are not correct in the world." For instance: what is the correct relationship between the boss and the employee? The employee is your brother, your co-worker, your brother in arms and you need to learn the true connection. The boss is like an older brother and you need to train the other people to have the same understanding.

In front of God we are all equal. So you have to develop the correct relationship between management and workers. Also: how do you find the correct pricing for your products? Bapak would say if you could find something cheaper somewhere, you should not price it for a lot more.

Your customer should benefit from your intelligence and get something cheaper too. Truth in advertising. Truth to your customers – are you genuinely interested in their life or are you nice to them because you believe they will buy something? All of those things have to be correct because God knows.

Overcoming Fear

What you are learning in an enterprise is how to overcome the fear of competition, the fear of failure. *continued >*



*Home page of Emerisa gardens website:
www.emerisa.com*

This is why the value of enterprises is so enormous. You learn to face these things and overcome them. You have to make a decision and sometimes you feel under pressure, but you learn to accept that often your decision-making process may be slower but in the long run it is better.

There's fear of losing money if you make the wrong decision; there's the fear of disharmony among the workers. You feel all these things, but you learn that your first duty is to find peace and confidence so that they do not rule you but only God's love that brings lightness and peacefulness, which create harmony among your co-workers.

Bapak told us that we are not allowed to be depressed, and I believe that also we are not allowed to be fearful, because God is truly Almighty, All knowing and All loving. If I allow depression or fear within myself, I am saying, with my lips, that God is Almighty and All loving and so on, but I don't really believe it.

Bapak explained to us that in addition to Patience, Trust and Sincerity, we also must have Courage. So one of the most valuable things I learned from doing this enterprise is the understanding of what Bapak means when he was pushing us to start enterprises, when Bapak is saying that we really have these two duties: One: to worship God and Two: to put it into practice

Worship is God's Work, allowing God to do the work within you (that is receiving the latihan); putting it into practice is our responsibility. We ask God to show us the way and then we put it into our work. If you are an artist, what is guiding your work? You are guided by the truth of life, by love. We are not doing an enterprise just to make money. Following our guidance, putting it into practice; this is the essence of enterprise as I understand it.

This is an account of all the beautiful things you learn when you truly try to follow Bapak's guidance about doing enterprises. In this whole process, my family was involved very closely – I didn't just go to work for 8 hours and disconnect from them, they all worked with me and some of them continue to do so even today.

I had to learn to form a corporation because now I need to learn to hand over this operation to my children, which in itself is a very interesting learning process. My prayer is that God will continue to bless our efforts.

Addenda: *As of this January, a part of our nursery was officially certified as Organic Growing grounds. We can now label our vegetables and such as officially grown organically.*

Many of our vegetable seeds come from organic sources and many are heirloom varieties.

My sons and son-in-law are now official officers of the Emerisa Gardens Corporation, so that if something happened to me, they will be able to direct the Nursery without too many disruptions.

I have seen quite a few nurseries biting the dust, as well as quite a few landscapers. We have, so far, survived the "economic tsunami", which is a good thing.

YUM AND THE CLINTON GLOBAL INITIATIVE...

Taken from an article from the Jakarta Post that appears in YUM's January 2012 newsletter. Access the full YUM January 2012 newsletter [here](#).

Olvia Reksodipoetro – A Winner Gives All: Mariel Grazella, The Jakarta Post, Jakarta

For many non-profit organizations, winning a membership to the Clinton Global Initiative (CGI) means gaining access to a substantial pool of potential donors ready to offer funds to community development projects.

Established by former US president Bill Clinton in 2005, CGI is an amalgamation of some of the world's top companies, community leaders and civil societies.

Every year members meet at an annual meeting – the most recent took place in September of this year – to exchange ideas on pressing issues such as generating employment and sustainable consumption.

“This is a fantastic opportunity for us because the Clinton Global Initiative has about 900 members with whom we can connect not only during the meetings but through their websites,” said Olvia Reksodipoetro, the chairwoman of the Foundation for Noble Work or Yayasan Usaha Mulia (YUM).

YUM, founded by Muhammad Subuh in 1976, runs education, health and community development projects in West Java and Central Kalimantan. Together with local communities, they have worked to increase access to education and clean water, as well as wipe out endemic malaria.

“We can see who the ones are that are looking for partners in Indonesia for specific projects so, I am hoping this will help us look for funds for projects we have in mind in the next few years,” she told The Jakarta Post.

As with many other non-profit organizations, securing funds from robust donors has become critical *continued >*



for Olvia in ensuring that the foundation can continue running their outreach programs.

“We are constantly looking for funding,” Olvia noted, adding that the foundation “luckily has friends who know other organizations” willing to help the fund-raising process.

A “friend of the foundation” interning at CGI was the one who recommended the foundation to apply for membership. After presenting themselves to the CGI, the CGI eventually waived the US \$20,000 membership fee for YUM.

“We couldn’t have afforded it,” Olvia said. It was through a network of friends that the foundation was able to get in touch with corporate and government based donors including Barclays and the German Federal Ministry for Economic Cooperation and Development or BMZ.

However, fundraising is not always an easy task for many foundations as many donor organizations were wary of fund abuse. “It’s difficult to approach the corporate world in Indonesia because they think that they will give money to foundations and the money will be misused,” she said.

Therefore, the government needs to set up an association which assesses foundations, hence sifting the good from the bad. “The association would have criteria on what is accountable and professional. I think it would really be helpful for those who are trying to do their best,” she said.

According to Olvia, professionalism and accountability was what saved YUM from the downward slump it had been experiencing when she took over the position as chairwoman in 2005.

“I immediately called an external auditor to have the accounts audited because I wanted to start with a clean slate. And so the start was to assess where the problems were and what needed to be done,” she said.

She added that a capable staff was essential in achieving accountability. However, this was what many Indonesian foundations lacked, which ultimately led to their closure.

“I think lots of people who start creating small foundations have lots of good ideas. They want to help, they want to do something good but, they do not have the proper background to really understand management or to establish a proper organization,” she said.

“To really grow, you need to act professionally and also the new foundation laws in Indonesia are quite strict. So we have to be professional in order to abide by the laws,” she said.

As for Olvia, she said that she had honed her management skills when she worked for the United Nations in her hometown of Paris and when she ended up in a consulting firm after moving to Indonesia in 1974 to set up home with her Indonesian husband.

Yet, the catalyst for her involvement in charity work was the financial difficulties her family faced in the early days of her husband’s career as a civil servant on a limited income, which once could barely cover electricity and telephone bills.

“I started to be interested in social work after I myself suffered from some problems. Then I realized how it feels to not have enough money to live on a day-to-day basis and that really pushed me to get involved with social work projects once my life got back on track,” she told the Post.

She initially carried out social work activities outside her work hours as a consultant. Together with her friends, as well as her sister-in-law Nasti Reksodipoetro, she established the Wandering Books Foundation, or Yayasan Pustaka Kelana, which ran mobile libraries in Jakarta.

“Fifteen years ago I became interested in social work and in 2005 I was asked to be the chairperson of Yayasan Usaha Mulia,” she said.

Through her social work, Olvia learnt some of the most critical issues that the country must loosen itself from in years to come. One problem concerned the inability of people to access sizable social funds the government has prepared simply because the people were unaware that they had rights to those funds.

Another pressing problem was the increasing inaccessibility to education due to fees charged to students. “Education has become very expensive,” she said. “So how can people with very little income put their kids through school? That is very critical in my opinion because if we have a high percentage of unskilled uneducated people in this country, we are going to have a lot of social problems.”

She added that she, and many other social workers regardless of their nationality, wanted to improve conditions in Indonesia through social work because they have spotted the potential in Indonesians.

“There are a lot of bright people in Indonesia,” said the woman who is now an Indonesian citizen. “[Social activists] feel something can be done, should be done and they want to help,” she said.

At the end of the day, the woman, who said that she has “brainwashed” her children into committing themselves to charity work as well, noted that she was the ultimate “winner” by reaching out to others.

“I feel it’s so fulfilling to do something that you feel is helping other people,” she commented “I always feel that I am the one who had quiet a lot of professional experience through the years of work I had done, and I want to give back.”

“I feel that I am the winner, I am the lucky one.”

“To really grow,
you need to act
professionally”

MANY MANSIONS... an experience with Christ

In our last issue we ran an article by Imron Comey in which he described his experiences at a Subud gathering in Sydney in 1987. He continues the story with what happened to him after the gathering...

The next day I was to spend the night with my other old Sydney friends, Robin and Ruth (the names have been changed).. Robin and I had discovered and joined Subud together, and had been opened together. Something bonded us within although we had little worldly traffic with one another, living a thousand kilometres apart.

I spent that day observing; watching, and beginning to realise that instead of my thinking and feelings returning to the normal chaos and buzz that would have characterised them, somehow they were deepening in their quiet. I was now able to see and understand things in a way I had never experienced before, truly 'see' the conditions of those about me. But unable to speak, unable to help, yet indeed, I saw.

I was somewhat experienced in 'crisis' and my expectation was that this state would deteriorate and I would return to normal. However, this was not happening. If anything I sensed it seem to go deeper or penetrate other parts of myself.

The Baby's Cry

1987 was a time when the struggles and confusions of Darling Harbour still festered, particularly among those Sydney members who were necessarily close to its fomentations. Robin was, like many, annoyed with the goings on. That evening after dinner, sitting on the couch, me opposite him on the lounge chair, he began to assail me with his concerns. This went on for an extraordinarily long time and was not really characteristic of him. I just listened, unable to speak, and in a way, not really understanding. After a while the youngest of his two boys, Mathew, (maybe he was 8 or nine months old), began to cry.

Or it might seem a cry. I heard no cry but the clear and perfectly pronounced word "Ayah", meaning, I knew, 'father'. It was repeated over and over, stridently, evenly, loudly, and demandingly by this baby boy. He was upstairs with his mother, Ruth.

Robin continued to talk as if oblivious to the crying. Finally Ruth brought Mathew down, planning to calm him, and sat next to Robin on the couch. Mathew kept up his calling relentlessly with no change in tone or pace.

What happened next was an experience that will never leave me. Mathew, sitting on Ruth's lap was looking at his father intently, and, from my perspective, calling out to him, indeed saying "Ayah", "Father".

This might not be remarkable. But then the child suddenly turned to me full face. I found myself looking into the eyes of a vast being of tremendous maturity and depth who then spoke to me saying, "Wake up my father! He is asleep! Wake him up!"

I was naturally utterly shocked that a baby was talking to me and forced to realise that I was not in the world as I had always known it. I had become conscious at a level I did not know existed for these human creatures we are. Mathew and I were talking. Impossible. But as I turned and looked at his father I now saw that what the child was saying was true. Robin was talking in his sleep, with his eyes open! He was not with us, a zombie! Asleep!

And now that I saw what the child saw my heart thumped in fear at this new view of things. I cannot now begin to explain this fear we held for Robin, knowing that this is not such an uncommon condition for most of us, and knowing further that only those who have experienced what I am describing will have any sense of it's 'significance'.

Robin reached over and took Mathew up, as any of us would, and held and played with him, raising him in the air, chuckling him and so forth, but to no avail. The calling continued, seemingly even more desperate and fearful for his father's state.

Giving up, Robin returned Mathew to his mother and she took him upstairs, the baby still calling out steadily and leaving me with the job of fulfilling his request.

I spoke for the first time that evening. "Does Mathew usually do this?"

Robin seemed shaken. "No. Never. He is never like this."

"Well", I said. "perhaps we should do what Bapak suggests, when a boy child is upset the father can do latihan nearby till his normal state is restored."

Robin agreed enthusiastically to the idea and suggested we could do latihan in the front room. It was near midnight.

The Latihan

We began latihan. It was with that innocent beginning that all would end for me.

We could still hear Mathew calling, but within minutes of starting the latihan, if not within seconds, he abruptly stopped. And not another word from him.

We continued our latihan and starting from this position of extreme inner quiet that had developed, I was ripe, I suppose, for what then happened.

It began with a powerful tingling of the *kundalini*, in the base of my spine, a coarse electrical like vibration. *continued >*

I felt a rushing sensation as this vibration moved upwards into the next *chakra* (that will have to be the word) and I was taken along with it, feeling my 'head' burst through some kind of 'ceiling' and the vibration becoming now refined, sweet, zinging.

This then happened again, and again, each time finer and more exquisite, and accompanied by a feeling now of unthinkable movement through vast space at speeds that would have to be cited as finally reaching light years per second, and very real as such. Much more real than flying or any type of movement on this earth, or that I had experienced as a pilot.

This happened five times; the breaking through ceilings and the refining on this 'trip'. It shot me off into a very distant part of the universe. As I sped away I was 'informed' about what was going on.

I was terrified for I knew very well that I had died and was returning to the 'origin'. I saw the distance back to 'earth', to my family, to my children. It was so utterly vast that there would be no hope of return. I cannot now explain this except to say this 'seeing' was with my inner eyes. I also 'knew' as I was 'travelling' that I was taking my body and the earth 'with me' to this distant place. I felt an anguished snap in my heart, thinking I would never see my children again.

On the 'fifth floor' and at a distance I fully experienced as literally light years from the earth this incredible elevator came to a slamming halt. I still had my eyes closed. And this 'I' who now writes this story was but a tiny squeaking mass of terror and awe crumpled up pathetically somewhere near my left ear hole. There was a vast presence, a sense of consciousness and 'being' previously unimaginable to me. I asked, again with my eyes still closed, "Where am I?"

Said a voice very clearly, "Your head is beneath the footstool of the Lord" and as I stood in this space I knew this was true, I knew then that I had awakened from a dream, from the dream of life; knew that I had been asleep all this 'life' and all that had transpired back there on earth, had been nothing more than a dream. This was reality, this was Awake. The dream was over. No other description gives meaning to this, I had awoken.

The august perfection of this place; this realisation of self, of absolute location, of who and where, standing in the center of a vibration that reached out to and was the power in the sun and stars streaming back into this center, this Heart.

It was a vibration and a force that has no equivalent here in this earthly dream, a completeness, a desire-less perfect resolution of all questions, a compounding of all desires at once met, realised, the end and beginning of this 'mankind'. the thunderous vast pounding wonder of it, a consuming, boundless, unbound.

I cannot begin to reach what I would want to say for language cannot climb the first step and I fall back, again wordless, feeling myself nothing but a confounded apple tree, knowing only the vagaries of the wind and rain. forgetful...

Then came a sensation, growing in force, not unlike standing straddling a railway line, your back turned, when you know the 600 ton Super Chief is barrelling down on you at a hundred miles an hour. My back rippled in expectation. It hit.

I must say, having no other choice, that I disappeared with shock of that collision; 'I', that whimpering clot huddled near the left ear hole, although something remained to be a witness to what then transpired.

The Days of Adam

In what followed occurred the understandings and spoken things that were later to be taken away from me. I will call myself here 'Him' and 'He' as there is no other way to do it. It would not be right to say 'i'. So let it be understood that what 'i' had become, what I was experiencing as 'me' was utterly alien to my whole life's experience of 'me'. His eyes burst open with the shock. He did not know this place. He did not know what the 'latihan' was or 'Subud'. Everything was made out of a living force, and this living force was the flesh of all appearance. Standing directly and only inches in front of Him was another man, with his eyes closed. He did not know the man, who was quite asleep, asleep standing up.

He thought it curious that this man should be asleep like this, standing up, and He placed His hands on the man's shoulders and gently shook him to wake him up. Slowly, very drowsily, the man's eyes opened. It was then, looking into the man's eyes that a terrific shock took Him and He cried out in surprise "My Brother! My Brother! Not since the Days of Adam have we met and now I have found you!"

I must stop and describe this.

In front of Him / me, was my/His brother. This was as confounding and real a meeting as if here in this life we were to be introduced to someone as the long lost brother whom we had not seen since a child, or a brother we never knew we had; a lost and forgotten brother. He in fact called him His 'long lost brother'.

He did not know this was 'Robin of Sydney', or even that there was a 'Sydney' or a 'Robin'. He (and I) were in the realm of Adam, under the footstool of the Lord of Heaven. This man in front of Him was His REAL, true, and original brother, the feeling and the force of that relationship making pale anything previously portending to be "brother". *continued >*

This 'I' who now writes this story was but a tiny squeaking mass of terror

The 'brotherness' of this being before Him shattered home; a transforming delight like some reconciliation after a thousand lifetimes; a millennia of search ended.

Although at this stage 'I/Him was to speak things about the 'Days of Adam' these words have been lost to me, these secrets. Not to be taken from the place I presume. For that is where I was, that Place. That I utterly knew, little blood clot though 'i' was.

All of this was still taking place in an aura of consciousness being easily a 100 times more 'aware' than this awareness we think we have in this dream in which we swim now, dwarfing the awareness produced, say, by LSD.

This was a Real world, and the place of returning. That I knew.

He, that spirit now occupying me, spoke in a thundering voice. Ruth would later remark that she was worried that the neighbours would call the police. It was truly loud. And this blast was mostly into the 'sleeping' face of the man standing in front of me, and upon his awakening. He spoke not in modern English but in the thee and thous of the King James version of the Bible. A stilted, inspired, and, truly thundering prophet like voice that was certainly not mine.

But this was not the end of things. After the awakening of 'my' brother. And those thunderings of the things of Adam, we were now standing peacefully in the front room, in silence. For 'me' it was the 'front room' that I had dragged 100's of light years through space to this distant and gigantic 'world of Adam'. For the 'Him' occupying me, it was a place He was visiting. I don't want to even begin to try to explain this.

Now, suddenly, I knew 'who' I was. And where; and that this included that far far place, Sydney, and that vacuous dream I had lived and called my life. Further, I knew that standing within my being now was another.

Now, suddenly, I knew who I was

Many Mansions

Robin moved to the hallway and then turned to me and spoke his first and only words. "I am so glad you have come again." An odd choice of words without pretext.

I was standing as he spoke, not as I ever would, but my hands (His hands) were folded in a gentle X over my heart, rather suggestive of something. I said nothing but moved closer to him and bowed my head, my hands still crossed upon me. As I looked down at my bare feet I saw, not my feet, but His. Tears fled silently from my eyes at this sight, the most beautiful feet I have ever seen. His feet.

I realized He had come again and was with us.

My experience, as I would later confirm, was the coming of the Lord, (for me Christ Jesus) into my body. That is what had blasted the smithereens out of me.

Bapak had said once. "The 'Second Coming' of Jesus Christ is when he comes to into you personally (or maybe 'to you')."

The Lord said nothing, my tears falling on to his utterly beautiful feet.

We walked silently back into the sitting room. But it was not I who walked.

Now I knew the meaning of what Jesus said, in full: "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know."

We sat quietly for a while in the still house. Finally Robin got up and took out the trash. (Well, it was trash night!) Then he said good night. I was left alone. But certainly not alone.

An angel flashed through the corner of the room. The One spoke and I learned many things of the Christ. He explained what I was feeling, an utterly indescribable sadness:

"That which I suffered, they know not of, and what they think I suffered, that I suffered not."

I learned too, of The One; the nature of the True Human being. I learned that there is only one. And it is this within us all that binds us as one family, the child of the father. Only one.

That He Had to Suffer

Within a half hour the 'Christ state', which was definitely too much for my old wine-skins, had mercifully begun to drop off but I was still enjoying abilities I did not know we could have. I was able to turn my awareness inwards and see the interior of my body and keep going till I could see at the cellular level, down to the very shining single cells of my flesh. With His eyes I now saw all things.

And there was opened to me every secret and everything spoke. But not only did every little thing in that room speak, and speak of secrets, of my friends, and of the handling and creation of those things and their authors, but also, in the corner of the room was a suit case, belonging to 'Luke'. To me. And it was enough to look at it and its contents to know more about myself than I could bear to know.

I had to leave the house, which was now becoming a cacophony of horrors calling out to me, the horror of our lives, the dark curling livery of the unforgiven to which we were usually oblivious. That He had to suffer.

In the next issue we will publish the 3rd and final part of Imron's experience.

REMEMBERING VARINDRA *Latifah Taormina, SICA Chair, writes...*

Usually, when I tell someone about a person I know, I like to start at the beginning. But I can't remember any beginning with Varindra. I can't remember whether I read his books and then met him or whether I met him and then read his books, or what. It all seems to start in the middle. So forgive me if my story jumps around in time. I'll just put down what comes.

Maybe it began with the huge appetite all of us had in the early days for the marvelous stories our brothers and sisters could tell, that wonderful panoply of experiences that say, "Yes, and this is Subud, too, for I have witnessed it, because it happened to me. . ." They were the kind of stories Yeats would say "speak to the deep heart's core." I don't remember when I became suddenly full of a great hunger to soak up these "witnessing stories," but if you can imagine having such a hunger, then you can imagine how it was for me to discover Varindra. I thought I'd died and gone to heaven.

As I began to taste the deliciousness of that Subud lore that's just in Subud, I privately began to assemble a cast of interesting characters in my mind's eye. At first, they were just names of people "out there," people I had never met, but others knew them, people who were close to Bapak, people who were at Coombe Springs.

Coombe Springs. Some magical place I could only imagine with some sort of wonderful octagon space and a great crowd of people who were part of the grand adventure of bringing Subud to the West. People who dropped a word here or there at such a perfect moment that everything changed, often with great love and laughter. And this whole cast of characters had all had these interesting names: Iksan, Mr. B., Rochanawati, Sudarto, Prio, Pak Slamet, Richard, Virginia, Mariamah, Varindra, and so on. I had no idea that one of my characters was the master storyteller himself.

Varindra kept us together with his stories. He sang to us with his stories. I have wisps of memories full of someone's voice saying "And then Varindra said. . ." and whatever it was he said or did "settled" whatever or whomever needed to be settled.

Snapshots

Late 60's: Peter and Rosina Filippelli's house in San Francisco. A big Victorian house close to downtown with an air of comfortable and tasteful elegance. As a new Subud member, I had a feeling of being "in" just to be there. It was a late after-latihan evening — back in the days when we all assured each other that the later we did latihan the better because "the forces" were quieter then. There was a certain glow in the feelings because something special was about to happen.

We all smoked then. It was the badge of the Subud member. After all, Bapak smoked. So like Bapak, we smoked and had coffee or drank cokes. If we were very lucky, someone would have a kretek. There might be an Indonesian cloth on a table or a wayang figure on the wall, and always a photograph somewhere of Bapak. All signs that we were once again among friends.

But tonight was special. "Varindra's here," someone had whispered. "He has a message from Bapak." So we had all come, and we were all welcome. We crowded into the living room — on the sofas, chairs, floors, window seats, wherever we could find a space — and then we'd just sit back and lean into the quiet and wait.

Varindra would look about the room taking in his audience, light another Gauloise, exhale, and ever so softly start to communicate his latest message from "the boss."

Bapak was always "the boss," and Varindra, usually by telling a joke on himself, would set the stage to bring us the latest.

"Yes, Monday and Thursday fasting could be very beneficial . . . Mm?" (Mm? was Varindra's way of saying, "Did you get it? Are you with me?")

His accent was crisp, English but not English, and not the singsong of Indian English. Mm? His words would start slowly and then abruptly tumble out on top of each other so fast you couldn't catch them all, like a brook rushing over rocks to fall into a quiet pool. Then he would slow down, let the effect of what he had said sink in, and add a little rhetorical punctuation: "Mm?"

I knew the rhythm by heart. My father did the same, only where Varindra said "Mm?" my father said, "See?" *continued* >



Varindra Vittachi at a gathering in New York greeting Simon Guerrand. Ed Kerner at the left.

We'd lean forward to catch every word, and then fall over backwards laughing, and then lean forward again. It was like a kind of music. And then it would always be too late, and we would find ourselves still going on into the wee hours until we would simply have to stop and go our separate ways to go home. But we left full and happy, and thinking, "Maybe I'll try that Monday – Thursday fasting..." (Or whatever message was being delivered.)

I was particularly fascinated with Varindra back then because I'd heard he'd been an atheist and then a communist before Subud. And now he was Subud. I'd been a political activist myself and often was dissatisfied with what I perceived to be a kind of laissez-faire attitude among Subud members about some of the horrors in the world. I had participated in peace marches, Vietnam War protests, and civil rights rallies. I had considered leaving Subud because of this seeming lack of caring on the part of my brothers and sisters. And then suddenly, there was Varindra. Totally Subud. And totally active.

I also remember Varindra sitting on the stage of the old Hope Street Hall in Los Angeles and telling stories to a whole California Congress of people. While we sat in rows of hard backed chairs facing a stage, he still made us feel as if we were sitting in an intimate circle just as if we were all in the Filippelli's living room again.

I have countless mental snapshots of Varindra, and almost all of them are of him sitting somewhere with a small group of brothers and sisters, and telling stories: on the guest porch in Cilandak late at night. The ashtrays never large enough to hold all the cigarettes. Cicaks crawling around the lights overhead. Shiny, sweating faces, all leaning into the speaker to hear him better, to drink it all up.

Sometimes he'd be there telling stories after hours and hours of traveling on some mad series of airplanes, and sometimes you knew he'd really rather have turned in, but one young person's thirst for more, could win out.

Varindra and Lestari came to my house in Los Angeles once. I'd given a party for the local group for some reason I now can't remember. And Varindra was in town and looking in on his old friend, Sherman Labby. They all came, and the stories went on for a long while. Iksan stories. Francis Van Kahler stories.

It was Varindra who told me about Francis dealing with the newly opened Subud member who had called late one night with a question. "Is it true," the young man anxiously asked Francis, "that if you do latihan in the same room with another, they can be opened?"

"Yes," Francis had answered slowly, not quite sure what might be coming.

"Oh dear," the young man said, "I think I have just opened my turtle."

Francis paused and then asked, "Was it a male turtle?"

"Yes."

"Then no need to worry."

In fact, I believe it was Varindra who started up a scholarship fund in Francis' name after Francis passed on.

But the most fascinating stories were the ones where he shared his meetings with Bapak. He would go report to the boss on what was going on "out there." And then he would share with us Bapak's response — not just his words, but his looks, his sighs, his demeanor. Varindra made us feel as if we had been sitting in the same room with Bapak, and he also made us feel that the way he was speaking with us was no differently from the way he might have been speaking with Bapak. It was all quite extraordinarily ordinary.

At the end of his life, there was one thing he kept asking of us: 'Be kind.' Mmm?

“Was it a male turtle?”
“Yes.”
“Then no need to worry...”

REMINDERS OF REALITY –

collected by Emmanuel Elliott, who writes...

The Reminders of Reality website is now up and running at www.remindersofreality.weebly.com. If you haven't yet contributed, do please consider sending me your story. You just never know how it might touch and help someone on the other side of the world.

I hope you will like this latest instalment of stories - a wonderfully varied collection.

The first anecdote is also an invitation to contribute a possible explanation. If you feel you can tune into the meaning of the experience, do please let me know. I will pass all interpretations on to the writer, along with your email address.

And now, with love, here are this month's Reminders of Reality, with warm thanks to our seven contributors.



Emmanuel Elliott.

The Beautiful Little Girl

Our youngest daughter moved to Nova Scotia in 2010. She bought her first house in a very small town, and my wife and I went to visit her in the spring of 2011. She had three bedrooms so we each had our own room.

One morning, as I was waking up, I saw the face of a beautiful little girl, about five years old, peering *continued >*

into my face from the side of the bed. She had brilliant blue eyes, blonde hair tinted reddish, lovely facial complexion, and was very, very cute. She didn't remind me of anyone I had ever seen before.

I think she had been looking into my face before I started to wake up and didn't expect me to see her, because she disappeared quickly once she saw me looking back at her. Seeing her made me feel good. I'm sure it was not a dream. I have never dreamed anything of that nature before or since. She's not the sort of person that an elderly man in his 80's, like me, would ever dream about.

The same day I told my wife and daughter about the little girl, but none of us could do more than guess who or what she might have been. Was she an angel, perhaps there to look after my daughter, or had she lived in that house in the past and came back to check us out? It's a puzzle. If anyone has any suggestions I would love to hear them.

Saintly Procession

One night after latihan I went to the small kitchen at the back of our hall to get a cup of coffee for an old friend of mine, then in her mid-eighties. After I had filled a cup with coffee, I looked around for her. I saw her momentarily, and then she disappeared. When next I saw her, she was one of a procession of saintly women moving in prayerful worship towards a place of great holiness. They were dressed in full-length gowns of shining white. The vision lasted but a moment or two, and then she reappeared. I told her about my experience, and she laughingly dismissed it.

When Children Are Opened

This is a story about when my son was opened in Subud. I knew that he was to be opened on a particular day at about 8.30 pm, and although I would like to have been there (perhaps to do latihan in an adjoining room?) it seemed a bit over the top to travel all that way when I knew that the latihan does not require geographical closeness.

Instead, I decided that I would do latihan at home at the same time as his opening, and spent the early part of the evening quietly settled down doing some college homework (I was a mature student at the time). I was very aware of the time ticking by, and had one eye on the clock.

At about 7.30 p.m., an hour before he was due to be opened, while in the middle of an essay, I was unexpectedly "hit" by the latihan, and knew that I had to do it then and there. It was a very powerful experience, very emotional and difficult, and I felt as if I was having all the attachment and maternal feeling for my son wrenched out of me. I was grieving as if I had lost him. While at the same time knowing in my mind that this was part of a spiritual process and that I was not to worry.

The latihan continued for some time, and finished abruptly at 8.30pm. I felt completely rung out by the experience, and knew also that I was somehow forbidden to do latihan during his opening. That wasn't my job! My job was to let him go and get out of the way.

I was living with some other Subud people at the time, and, tears still pouring from my eyes, was able to explain to a Subud sister what I had been through. About 40 minutes later, we decided to do latihan together, and it was utterly joyous, filled with light and gratitude. I realised then that I had been made to let go of my son on a spiritual level, to enable him to be able to come "clean" before God, as his own person.

When my daughter was opened it was completely different. I was there at her opening and felt the angels sing, as they say. I wonder if any other parent has had a similar experience?

When Grandchildren are Born

When my grandchildren were born, I felt the latihan on each occasion, especially when my granddaughter was born. The ambulance man and I pretty well delivered her between us, as the planned trip to the hospital was halted abruptly when my daughter's labour suddenly went up several notches in several minutes.

I knew exactly which contraction would bring my granddaughter's head into the world, as I felt a rush of latihan just as the contraction started. How connected we all are!

Someone Needs Help

Once I was driving on the Nepean Highway, the busy motorway that cuts through Melbourne. It was a stormy autumn Saturday morning, and the rain and wind were lashing my car, when suddenly a feeling of compassion came over me. I felt warm and loving towards my fellow human beings and a thought came up in me: "If only I could help someone today, someone who needs help in this miserable weather"

I drove home and when I came through the door, my wife asked if I could get some bread. So I turned around, got back into the car and drove to the supermarket. By that time I'd forgotten about the experience I'd had.

After a short while, I remembered seeing a bakery sometime ago that I hadn't tried before and I felt the urge to go there instead of to the supermarket. This bakery was just off the busy highway I'd been on. The weather was still terrible and I remember thinking how dangerous it must be for pedestrians to cross this road, with cars racing by and such poor visibility.

continued >

I came out of the bakery with my bread in a plastic bag, got into the car and was just about to start the engine when someone knocked on my window. It was an old lady, a tramp by the look of it. She was wearing old worn out clothes and looked dirty.

I opened the window and then she said to me "Please sir, could you give me a lift. I live across the highway but I don't dare to cross it because of the weather."

I have to admit that I am ashamed of my initial response which was a feeling of "Hmm, I am not sure if I want a dirty, wet tramp in my car."

Then, suddenly, I remembered the experience I'd had earlier and the feeling of love and wanting to help someone came back. So I opened the door for the old lady and drove her home. After a while, she said to me, "I've been waiting for nearly an hour there looking for someone to give me a lift. When I saw you I thought, This one, he's got an honest face, I can trust him. God bless you."

An Easy Way to God

If you Google AN EASY WAY TO GOD, you will find yourself looking at 'The Subud Story,' the report of an interview I gave to the Ceylon Observer in 2001. The title did not come from me.

Of all those who responded to this article, three people were rather special and perhaps Dharma, an elderly lady approaching 70 was the most noteworthy for our present purposes. A Christian and a long-time seeker, her journey is a true Subud story.

She lived a few hours away from Colombo, and I duly sent her all the applicant information. Eventually she met women helpers at the main Colombo centre, but decided to put off joining Subud as she could not commit herself to attend latihan on Sundays (during the day) as it conflicted with her meditation, nor could she travel on other days when latihan were held in the evening.

More than a year went by until my wife and I were invited to the opening of a Tourist Inn by close friends of ours in Kandy. They had hired a couple who had experience in hotel management, and our friends introduced us to this couple, whereupon an old lady who was close by came up to me and asked me whether I was in Subud.

Needless to say, I was surprised and jumped to the wrong conclusions, until she told me who she was and how we had once communicated by mail: yes, it was Dharma. I believe I spent the rest of the evening talking to her about Subud and told her how I had first received the latihan. Before we left that evening she said she would give up the meditation and come for latihan.

She stayed with her son for more than a week and I gave her plenty of Subud books. As she was over 64 she was opened without delay, and a few weeks later she told me how she had regretted not joining Subud earlier. It transpired that two or three weeks before she met us in Kandy, she was working in the kitchen and an unknown urge within her had made this appeal: "Bapak Muhammad Subuh, whoever you are and wherever you are, please help me."

A few months after she was opened she was again working in the kitchen, when she turned around and there was Bapak seated in her favourite chair watching her work and smiling. The vision soon dissipated, but she clearly recognized Bapak from a picture she had seen in a Subud book. So, yes, Bapak is closer to us than we think.

More from Emmanuel on the web site...

Greetings! I am delighted to report that the website is now up and running. Go to www.remindersofreality.weebly.com. Our hope is that you will pass the link on within your own group and to your wider Subud circle so that, God willing, it can spread around the world and be a source of inspiration and renewal to brothers and sisters everywhere.

The plan is to continue with the present project of circulating a fresh intake of stories every weekend, which will then be incorporated into the website within a day or so. Seb Paemen and I remain somewhat in awe at the way this project came into being 'of itself.'

For yours truly, this is very much in keeping with something Bapak said to Istimah Week in 1979, which she recorded in her book *The Man From The East* (page 167): "In Subud we cannot plan ahead, but we must be aware, so that, when we are meant to act, we do."

A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN

Marie Bramwell writes from Ecuador

The first time I met Bapak was in June 1981 in Hoboken New Jersey after one of his talks. I was only 19 and recently opened in Subud: behind my father (Francois-Michel Rousseau), waiting for my turn to shake hands with Bapak on the occasion of his Birthday, feeling very shy and unworthy of meeting such a man as the founder of Subud; *continued* >

was not good enough.

Francois went ahead and, when he was finished shaking hands with Bapak, as I was about to step forward, someone shot in front of me but by then I felt so calm and relaxed, it didn't bother me at all.

My turn came and Bapak's entourage beckoned to me very warmly, I stepped forward, felt my hand touch Bapak's very slightly and then I felt transported somewhere very high up, I felt in a state of bliss and peacefulness. I saw a "place" with the thinnest layer of white cloud, I think I was literally in Heaven.

I then felt Bapak's hand withdraw incredibly gently, and, I was back to planet earth! As I went

back to join the others, I started getting upset and thinking to myself what a fool I was to have kept my mouth shut and not said a word to Bapak, not even wish him a Happy Birthday! As it turned out, I am the one to have received a gift for his birthday- utterly unexpectedly- and it has stayed with me ever since.

In the summer of 2000, while at a congress near Quito, Ecuador, I felt compelled to see Ibu Rahayu after Latihan. As I was about to go to greet Ibu, once again someone shot in front of me, and once again, it did not bother me in the slightest, I had such a peaceful feeling after a very special Latihan.

Like it happened in Hoboken, Ibu beckoned to me very warmly and I have the feeling that she recognized me, maybe because of the set of events repeating themselves, because she said to me in English

"How nice to see you again!" while hugging me.

I feel very strongly that these experiences have served to strengthen greatly my faith in God and to help me keep on with the Latihan and not give up even when things get very difficult.

If you'd like to read this article in the original French, click on the link on the Subud Voice site.



Maria Bramwell.

2012.02 Japanese Earthquake and Tsunami Relief (Posted in: SD National Reports)

Report on Japan Earthquake and Tsunami Relief as of September 28th, 2011 (extracts - shortened for Subud Voice)

“the victims and affected areas are even now still suffering”

It has been over a year since the earthquake and tsunami occurred on Friday, March 11th in Japan. Regarding the current situation, the victims and affected areas are even now still suffering from the results of the disaster and the many events that happened after that.

Relief funds were donated through many channels such as the Red Cross, but apparently distribution to the victims was delayed. One of the reasons was that (for instance in Otsuchi-cho), all the town council had been swept away by the tsunami. Also, it seems that the distribution system of the relief funds had some problems.

According to the president, in September the Japanese Red Cross, are going to call for national and local governments to have discussions about improvements to the distribution system.. A recent report states that the total amount received so far amounts to JPY 324.5 billion.

Mika, a friend of ours, who as a counsellor has been giving support to victims in an affected area together with Setsuko - a member of Subud Japan, and also a counselor/therapist living near Tokyo, said that the victims don't use the relief money, but rather save it because of their insecurity.

Setsuko and Mika said that even a promise of long-run support can be of reassurance to them. Some refugees moved back into the shelters from temporary houses because the shelters are better in some respects, such as providing free meals. They also feel isolated in the temporary houses. Whilst keeping a community together should be considered important when moving to the houses, in Otsuchi-cho their temporary houses were built in a remote and inconvenient location, discouraging them from moving, whilst in the next town the houses were in a convenient place.

Radiation

What makes the situation more difficult for the country as a whole is radiation, as you know. Many people are wary of everything that comes from those areas, fearful that it might contain the risk of radiation. *continued >*

In general the elderly wish to stay in their home town while mothers with children want to evacuate to avoid the radiation. I asked our local administrative office if our Subud House would be useful to them. Many others were offering the same. But according to the office, there were few responses from the evacuees.

My sister, non-Subud, had as a piano teacher, given a performance with her friends for the evacuees. But it seemed to her that the audience were very apathetic.

When I visited Tome-shi with Setsuko and Mitsuyoshi, (Susila Dharma Japan), another friend of ours -Yasuko, put us up in her old farmhouse. She grows vegetables, but on the second day of our stay, she said "I didn't get a chance to tell you that radioactive caesium may have been in the crops we ate here, as it was detected in this city." However, according to information from the city, the radiation level was far below the danger limit.

The Subud National Committee met to discuss the earthquake and tsunami relief efforts in May 2011. I was called by Masayuki Nagamine, Chair of Subud Japan at that time, to join in as I have a role in Susila Dharma. I suggested supporting Setsuko's visit to the devastated areas. She had already planned to give mental health care in Tome-shi as a counselor and therapist, along with her old friends, making use of their relationship with the communities there

Following this Arisa Ooi, now committee councillor and SD Japan vice-chair, expressed her wish to have a summer art camp for the children affected by the disaster - if it's too difficult this year then next year. Then Masayuki reported on his visit to Kesennuma-shi, one of the most devastated cities. And the following week Arisa visited Sendai, the biggest city in the north east of Japan. Their reports are available in WSA News No. 5 May 2011, and Subud Voice Number 3 April 2011, Number 4 May, Number 7 August.

Parents and Teachers Gathering

One of Setsuko's meetings in the Tome-shi area, has the name "Madeh-tomo Jikan". "Madeh" means "considerate" or "careful". "Jikan" means "time." Those gathered were teachers of all kinds and the parents of the children/students. When I visited in August there were around 15 attendees, coming not only from neighbouring areas, but also from places half a day's travel away. During the gathering, experiences in their daily lives were shared. It seemed that there is a lot of stress, not only as a direct effect of the disaster, but also from things triggered by it in later events. Also the attendees at that time were giving care to others, and were not always caring enough for themselves.

The gathering was conducted by Setsuko with her therapy technique. She also gave individual counselling using Bach Flower remedies, though she was not sure if they would take them. But they simply said things like "I got back my peace of mind, thank you." and "Can I have more?". It seems that not much explanation is required where there is a real need. Setsuko is going to continue regularly, although amongst Subud Japan members/helpers, there are some objections to Bach remedies in case this might be "mixing" with the latihan. But Bach seems to be working well in the devastated area, and in my understanding, the latihan may help in using Bach - just as with everything we do in our daily life.

An article by Maria Brockway is available in Subud Voice January 2011 that explains how Bach began in Japan.

Arisa has been seeking ways to progress the summer art camp. Subud Japan has a painter, who is also a councillor at one of the most major artists' associations in Japan, and he had conducted some programs for children to give them the experience and enjoyment of painting in various ways. Arisa is trying to make a plan involving him. But after consideration, she now thinks that workshops instead of a summer camp would be better in some respects. I think it's fine in any form because it would be better to have more than one.

We have received emergency funds of USD 5,000 (JPY397,700) from SDIA for Japan earthquake and tsunami relief. We didn't send it to the Red Cross, but asked SDIA if it's acceptable to use it for the relief activities of Setsuko and the summer art camp/workshop. The reply was generous-hearted acceptance with encouragement. Currently, we used the amount of JPY 200,000 for Setsuko's relief activities. The rest will be used for the same, or for the summer art workshop according to the needs.

I know many members and countries are behind the emergency relief fund in SDIA. I conclude this report with due thanks for your support, confessing that I have always felt as if close to you, especially when I see people who are still suffering in the devastated areas.

Thank you. *Ichiro Nakamura Chair of Susila Dharma Japan*

A "YES QUEST" FOR ADULTS IN JANUARY AT RUNGAN SARI

Yes Quests for young Subud members have been running now for ten years. During this time we have often been approached by older members who say, "it's not just the young who need to look at their life work and direction". They remind us that things change, that people have more than one career these days, that many older people would welcome the opportunity to review their progress through life, re-visit their talents and explore new directions. They ask, 'when will there be a Quest for us?.'

Well, we have actually had a couple of Quests where we have included a small proportion of older *continued >*

members, often because these people were interested in becoming Quest facilitators. This has shown us quite clearly that the process is just as effective with older members as it is with the young.

Here is what some of them have to say about their experience:

After doing the Yes Quest I was left with a feeling of fulfilment and a renewed sense of direction in my life. I had left behind something old and had found my true self again. It was a test of courage and self discovery. I highly recommend it.

Zaakir

The YES Quest experience began a very important life re-set. The YES Quest facilitators provided a richness of creative approaches for self-discovery that finally got by the strong fortress of beliefs - to what really mattered. I am so grateful to the team for their wonderful combination of caring, fun, and creativity and for this extraordinary program. I am so much happier today, living a life that makes so much more sense. I would recommend this program to anyone without reservation.

Lusijah

The premise on which the Quest is based is very simple, and it applies equally to all ages and stages of life: - if you want to explore your outer potential and new opportunities, then look inside. What the Quest does is to provide a space and a process where a group of committed people can do this together.

The space is one of safety and trust and the process is aided by experienced facilitators who are used to working with the body and the feelings as well as the mind, utilising a wide range of modalities including art, sculpture, drama, dance, journalling and games as well as processing of the past and visualisation of the future. There is also latihan and testing.

The tried and tested Quest format consists of some four days of intensive self-exploration followed by a three day adventure, during which the experiences of the first segment are assimilated. The final segment focusses on defining clear goals for the future and establishing a 6 or 12 month plan of initial steps towards those goals.

For the Adult Quest, the adventure component will be kept fairly comfortable, probably involving a pleasant river cruise and maybe an overnight jungle camp.

The Quest also involves a certain amount of ceremony and ritual and culminates in a final night of celebration where each participant gives a performance (they can design their own, or we will design one for them!)

The first Adult Yes Quest will take place at the Eco-Village at Rungan Sari from January 25th to Feb 1st 2013. The cost of UAD\$1,000 includes food, accommodation, adventure and Quest program.

Because we choose to work only with people who are prepared to commit 100% to the process, we ask participants to undergo a selection process which involves answering a few questions.

For more information on the Yes Quest, visit www.yesquest.org For an application form, please email Silvana at silvana@yesquest.org

THE PASSING OF JERRY CHALEM

Dear brothers and sisters,

Our dear brother Jerry Chalem passed on March 17, Saturday. He had been ill for a long time, especially so recently. His suffering is ended now. Jerry faced his illness with great courage and good attitudes.

This big wide generous soul – what a *mensch*!

Jerry was a very long time member of Subud New York.

There are pictures of Jerry at his home in Long Island on Simon Cherpitel's website.

<http://www.livingsubud.com> – (Click on Northeast)

Jerry will be long remembered for the great legacy he gave us, of forming a team of people who interviewed hundreds of Subud members about their experiences with Bapak and Subud. Others on that basic team were Henrietta Music and Mardi Arquette. Jerry wanted these interviews to be used, made public, as a testimony of Subud members' experiences. There are several sets of these interviews on DVDs, in Archives and at Subud USA.

As Sharifa Benepe says: A much loved and respected member of Subud New York.

We all are so indebted to him for how he supervised the construction work when the Subud New York House was first bought and renovated.

Ah! So sad to hear that yet another great Subud brother has left us!

Love, Sharifa

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We have had four wonderful years at Gunnebah. The guests are amazing and full of gratitude for the atmosphere and service we provide. Year after year they keep coming back. This inspired us to offer more.

So we renovated the buildings, replaced all the bedding, upgraded the kitchen and introduced new menus.

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So, we terraced the hill and built new gardens, painted the rooms and upgraded the furniture

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Is it us, or is it Gunnebah? Maybe it's a bit of both. Gunnebah was originally an Aboriginal birthing place. In fact the name means 'place of birth and joy'. And perhaps that special energy has inspired us to be creative and generous in wanting to give something back.

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"In fact the name means 'place of birth and joy'.."



Gunnebah Hall.



Gunnebah Hall (inside). >

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Tom Bass Totem Maker (with Tom Bass) – Life Story of the most important Australian sculptor of the 20th century and a profoundly spiritual man. \$30

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Contact: harrissmart@optusnet.com.au

DVD

The Man and His Mission – 60 minute multi-lingual DVD telling the life story of Muhamad Subuh and the development of Subud 1901-2001. In English, Russian, French and Indonesian. \$30

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MONTHLY ONLINE

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29 April 2012

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www.subudvoice.net

A Spanish facsimile edition usually appears a little later on the same web site.

SUBMISSIONS

Send articles, photos, cartoons etc. to Harris Smart, Editor Subud Voice,

email: editor@subudvoice.net

Tel: + 61 3 95118122

Submissions are invited which relate to Subud life or are from Subud members. We cannot guarantee when or if a submission sep be published. Preference will be given to articles of about 2000 words or less accompanied by a photograph, well-written in English and dealing with the activities of Subud members, or expressing a Subud member's perspective on a subject.

Articles should be written in such a way that they are intelligible and interesting to both Subud members and the general public. Sometimes this sep 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.

Submissions to Subud Voice sep be edited for a variety of reasons including the need to shorten them or improve expression. If you do not want your submission to be edited in any way, please mark it clearly NOT TO BE EDITED.

The opinions expressed in the various articles are the sole responsibility of their authors and cannot be seen as representing the opinion of either the editor or the World Subud Association.

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