



HOW IT BEGAN

Harris Smart writes...

This issue marks the 25th anniversary of Subud Voice. We give thanks to God that we have been permitted and enabled to sustain this endeavour.

The magazine was founded by Ilaina Lennard who has continued to be involved in the magazine throughout its 25 years. After editing it for 14 years, ill health required her to surrender this demanding role and the magazine has since been edited by myself in Australia with the assistance of many others.

However, Ilaina has continued to be closely involved as a proof reader, as a guiding light and as a contributing editor of many, many articles. She is truly the foundation of Subud Voice. Here she recalls how it all began...

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 worldwide. 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.

My hope has always been that an international newsletter would help bring us Subud members together worldwide at a time when we were all feeling so bereft.

I visualised something small and cheap so that everyone could afford it. It would appear monthly like a welcome friend, bringing a moment of cheer and solace.

After the first two issues there were only 41 subscriptions, but to my relief more soon arrived, and SV gradually expanded from its original



The first Subud Voice.

four to 16 pages. At that time there was no e-mail and it all had to be typed and laid out by hand. But before long I got my first computer, and all the advantages of e-mail soon followed.

Learning to use it, and how to lay out Subud Voice with Desk Top Publishing was no easy task, but I reckoned one could learn anything if one had sufficient motivation. And so it proved.

I then started to arrange gift subscriptions. They mostly went to members in the Third World, and proved very popular as a means of bringing those who couldn't afford a subscription more into the mainstream.

Extra funds were also raised through inserts, which highlighted any Subud activity which needed more prominence.

Subud Voice was a single-handed operation in those days, though Lawrence was incredible when it came *continued >*

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to the monthly mailing. Eventually we were mailing out around 1000 copies. 16 pages each to about 68 countries.. We would just sit down at our dining room table and get on with it. He would do all the page folding and I would be stuffing envelopes, sticking stamps and putting in little notes to various people. Sometimes local Subud members would come and help.

Later came translation. The first was to produce a Spanish SV, which was published regularly thanks to Laurencio Young. Then Salman Anglesio with just as great dedication translated SV into French, and for a short while there was even the possibility of an Indonesian SV, but this did not materialise.

It was very hard to write about Anugraha when everything started to go wrong. I had a lot of soul-searching about that. I was very concerned that I might give wrong impressions about what was going on. I often wished we could have the help of an investigative journalist who really understood how to report about enterprises. But there was no money to employ someone like that. There was the same problem with S. Widjojo and other enterprises.

I always tried hard to bring news alive and also to make everything as simple as possible. I was ruthless in cutting and or paraphrasing long reports (but always checked back with the writer) because I felt they would just be boring to read. What was needed I felt was a very simple light approach to news reporting.

Elwyn Waugh kept the books and I did all the admin and subscriptions as well as the reporting and editing.. One special aspect of that was when someone sent a gift subscription, which we could use for someone isolated, or for a Third World member. We had such touching letters of thanks.

I've just been looking through them. They are so lovely. Here are some extracts:

Dear brother (sister!) Ilaine Lennard, I am immensely grateful for your kindly subscribing Subud Voice for me for which I thank you so much. And request you to continue the subscription as long as it is possible or I return from this world, whichever is earlier. I am now 78. In Calcutta there is no Subud group or Helper... So I am alone and wish to be in Subud till my last day, as I have immensely benefited by the LATIHAN KEJIWAAN, which I practise alone. I feel the vibration of the Subud world through Subud Voice, which is so dear to me. Sukumar Das

And from Nigeria came this one: I want to take this opportunity to personally thank you for all your assistance to Subud Nigeria during my tenor as chairman. You cannot imagine the extent of your contribution to the development of the groups during that period. Lateef Bashua

I cannot put it down once I pick it up. Rahmaniya Bowden

I absolutely love and devour every word in Subud Voice. I think it is an enormously important Subud publication to those of us who are isolated. Rasunah Donovan

These letters are just four of many that I have kept and feel so privileged to have been sent, and with them comes to me still, that special strong impulse to help keep Subud alive not only in those far away places, but everywhere..

The Future

When I started Subud Voice back in 1987 I never for a moment thought about its future. It was for the now, for the present, something to support and comfort its readers worldwide at that time just after Bapak died.

During those years – thanks to SV's increasing subscriptions – I was able to travel quite extensively, reporting on meetings wherever I could. However, eventually it was all too much and I had a series of breakdowns. It seemed my time was running out.

But now there was a problem: how to find a new editor? Was there anyone else who could do it without pay? For months I hung on in the hope that someone would be able to offer. And at last, in 2001 two businessmen with deep pockets came to the rescue and thanks to their generosity Harris Smart was able to take over as editor, with Marcus Bolt doing the layout. Their dedication is becoming legendary.

That is what Subud Voice is all about. About really loving and caring for each other and sharing whatever comes our way. I hope it will be possible for it to grow and develop even more in the next 25 years. It has already come such a long way. Can it carry on, can it continue for many more years? I hope so. It's up to all of us.

Please give it your support in any way you can.

Really loving and caring for each other and sharing whatever comes our way

'THEY WERE THERE' – the best articles from SUBUD VOICE



Ilaina Lennard writes...

This new book is a selection of all the best Subud stories – as published in Subud Voice itself during the time I edited it from 1987. For the benefit of those who were not in Subud at the time, this first volume describes what Subud is, and tells quite extensively about Bapak's death. Here are some responses to the book received so far...

Priceless

Your book has arrived and it is "priceless"! Such a beautiful cover and layout as well! I have already read most of the stories as it is difficult to put down the book! Thank you so much Ilaina for making the effort to write down all those wonderful stories. I have to tell you that the size of the book is also very "convenient", if that is the right word!

Many people will pick up the book and read it because of that. It does not appear overwhelming, is very approachable, and will be appreciated by a vast amount of people, I believe! A very important book! I plan to order more to give to our family. The stories and Subud information are "right on", easy and light, yet very deep and thought-provoking. Ilaina, I love the first page of the book!! The photo you chose of Bapak, the words you chose, everything about it is perfect in my humble opinion. The introduction likewise! The whole book is so well done that you must be completely satisfied and hopefully receive a thousand thanks from grateful readers!

Also, Marcus Bolt deserves an armful of compliments for his cover and book design. It is really excellent. The print is perfect. So many books nowadays are hard to read for various reasons, the print can be too small and the books won't stay open while reading them etc, etc. I also appreciate the creamy pages rather than pure white!! *Rohana Rae*

Dear Readers, you have no idea how heartening it is to get your feedback, and how much I appreciate it. I love to know what you think, both positive and negative. . So do please send your comments to me at: ilaine.l@blueyonder.co.uk

HOW TO ORDER 'THEY WERE THERE' – The Best of Subud Voice Volume 1'

1. Go to www.lulu.com
2. In 'search', select 'books' and type "The Best of Subud Voice" (NOTE: **NOT** "They Were There" or Ilaina's name).
3. Click 'GO',
4. When the page comes up, follow the on-screen links to the shopping basket, setting preferred payment method, delivery & billing address(es) and postage rate as and when prompted to do so.

Note: Books normally take 3 – 5 days to arrive depending on postage price opted for.

PLEASE HELP THOSE WHO CANNOT USE A COMPUTER

Those who cannot use a computer may find it very difficult to know how to order the book. Please help them. by ordering it for them, or, if they live in the UK, please draw their attention to the following.

FOR MEMBERS IN THE UK ONLY

As a special offer to UK members, a single copy of the book can be ordered at a cost of £12.50 (including postage). Add £11.50 (also includes postage) for each additional copy. Send orders (UK cheques only) to Ilaina Lennard, 8 Sissinghurst Grove, Cheltenham, Glos. GL51 2FA. Tel 01242 707701 or direct to bank a/c 14891360. Sort code 30 63 54 – Please make your cheque payable to I. Lennard.

Any queries by phone – (0)1242 707701 or e-mail to ilaine.l@blueyonder.co.uk

(NOTE: This special offer is made to help older members who have difficulty using computers.)

UK members can of course also order the book from www.lulu.com (see 'How to Order' above).

The book is a paperback, 186 pages: price £10 plus postage.

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

SUBUD VOICE NOW...

Harris Smart writes..

Taking over the editing of Subud Voice from Ilaina Lennard eleven years ago has been a great honour and a privilege. Editing Subud Voice has been extremely important to me. It has kept me in touch with the Subud world in a way that would not otherwise have been possible. It is not too much to say that it has become a most important element in my feeling of having a purpose in life.

There have been so many wonderful experiences that have flowed from it. First of all of course there have been the many, many, many wonderful articles that Subud members have provided to us over the years. Beyond that, it's given me a reason to often travel and report on events such as the world congresses and annual meetings of WSC. It has also given me the very special experience of meeting and interviewing many Subud members from all around the world.

When Subud Voice moved to Australia, it was very much a team effort involving not only me, but also Rahman Connelly and Bradford Temple. The move to Australia would not have been possible without their support. They had of course run an extremely successful enterprise in Australia which they then sold and used much of the proceeds for supporting many Subud projects, including the development of Rungan Sari. Rahman was involved in many other projects during those years, including his role in MSF and then as CEO of Kalimantan Gold Corp. But he was always there for Subud Voice.

Bradford was an absolute pillar of support. Occasionally, in Subud, you feel you're working with someone whom you could not find anyone better in the entire world to work with. Such a person is Bradford Temple. He had come from being the administrator of a large and complex financial organization to look after the administration of Subud Voice. Assisted by his wife, Celia, he took care of everything on the admin side which left me completely free to devote myself to the editing of the magazine. Moreover, you could never find anyone more kindly and supportive than Bradford. In all our years of working together I think there was never a cross word or misunderstanding.

Over the years, many other people have contributed. We have always been a multinational enterprise with Ilaina Lennard continuing to be fundamental to the magazine. And also in the UK, Marcus Bolt, who has looked after the design and layout. With Marcus, as with Bradford, I often feel I could not be working with anyone better in the world. It is not just that he has such high level skills as a graphic designer, but also that he is always there with encouragement and support.

Something that also gives me great pride is that since 2008 we have been able to maintain the Spanish edition of Subud Voice. This has been entirely due to the work of Samuel (Andres Perez Morillas) in Cuba. Yes, in this poor and beleaguered country, a Subud member has wholeheartedly devoted himself to the translation of Subud Voice into Spanish. This has been a very big task, each month translating around 20,000 words, and sometimes much more.

The other person who has been a central member of our team is Kitka Hitula, a web designer based in Australia. Without her help, I doubt we would've survived. She is one of the most efficient and reliable people I have ever worked with and she is so expert in everything to do with the Internet that she has been invaluable to us.

A Crisis

At the end of 2010 we had a crisis in our affairs. Subscriptions had fallen, costs had risen. We were no longer financially viable. We were only kept going by the generosity of one of our team members.

Bradford and I had a crisis meeting at his house in Wollongong. I hoped we might be able to continue as an online magazine only, but when Bradford showed me the books, it was even worse than that. Shutting up shop was the only option. Moreover, Bradford himself was going to have to leave Subud Voice because of other commitments. Then, Bradford said a magic word, "sponsorship". Could I perhaps keep Subud Voice going by seeking sponsorships?



Harris Smart, Editor Subud Voice

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I'm a person who has always found it very hard to ask for money for anything I'm doing. But just around that time I had a job raising money for charity, and I became fearless about asking people for money, and fortunately this carried over into Subud Voice and I became fearless and shameless about asking sponsors for money, and a number of individuals, businesses and foundations came generously to the party and we have been able to keep Subud Voice going.

Often on a shoestring, often hanging by a thread, but we are still here. Apart from a brief unsuccessful attempt to reinstate a subscription system last year we have managed to continue to be free and online, not only to Subud members, but to the whole world.

Other Projects

One thing that pleases me is that over the years we have not only produced a magazine on a regular basis, but we have also been able to do other projects of benefit to the Subud world.

As a Bapak Centenary Commemoration project, we carried out a film and video project which took several years to complete. We gathered all the film and video that we could find from around the world pertaining to Bapak and the history of Subud and then we made three videos with a total running time of four-and-a-half hours documenting Bapak's life and the history of Subud up to 2001. Subsequently we compressed this down to a multilingual one hour DVD. The film that we had gathered in the process became the basis of the Subud Film and Video Archive.

As part of that memorial project, we also made the website, "What is Subud?" which is the most comprehensive description of Subud so far done on the Internet, including photographs and video.

Recently, we have become a publishing house for books by Subud members, since nobody else seems to be doing this. SPI concentrates quite rightly on its projects to preserve and promulgate Bapak's words. In the last year or so we have supported the publication of two books by Arifa Asariah, and more recently, we have published Ilaina Lennard's book *They Were There – the Best of Subud Voice Volume 1*, and Kuswanda's book *Moments of Insight*. Please support Subud authors by buying these books, which are regularly advertised in our pages, from www.lulu.com

A Vision

In March 1984 I sat in a room in Bapak's house with about 25 other people following some meetings in Cilandak.

Bapak gave a remarkable impromptu talk. It began in a rather amusing way. Wilbert Verheyen was there, the first chair of the Subud social welfare organization, and he wanted a name for it. Bapak said, "Call it Susila Budhi Dharma."

We were all a bit stunned. There was silence in the room and then Sharif whispered, "Um, Bapak, that's the name of the whole organization."

"Oh yes," said Bapak, "call it just Susila Dharma, then."

He went on to talk a lot about SICA. He said SICA had the power to inspire people and make them want to join Subud. Then he began to talk specifically about a book for the general public. He said someone should write a book about Subud that would show "the proof, the evidence and the reality" and that "Subud has every kind of thing in it".

You could almost see the book floating in the room when Bapak spoke about it. It was as if it already existed in heaven somewhere, and it just needed to be made manifest on earth. But of course making the visions of heaven manifest on earth can be quite an effort, and there is "many a slip twixt cup and lip".

For me it has always been an ideal. As we say in Australia, if you aim for the stars you might sometimes hit the back fence. So every book I've written, I've set out with the idea that I wanted to try and do something like what Bapak was asking for. "To show the proof, the evidence and the reality and that Subud has every kind of thing in it." I know I have failed miserably, but that is the vision that has led me on, my star to follow.

For me, Subud Voice is another attempt to realise this endeavour in a serial form. Over the long period of its existence, I guess we have published stories on just about everything you could think of. People's personal spiritual experiences, enterprises, artists and cultural projects, the vibrant activities of youth etc.

We have kept our finger on the pulse of Subud. We have chronicled the growth of Subud as it has happened. We are an invaluable record. I like to imagine that in 800 years time, scholars will be consulting us; and Ph.D theses will be written using this invaluable resource of what Subud was like in "the early days". *continued >*

“The proof, the evidence and the reality”

More than a Magazine

By saying that Subud Voice is more than a magazine, I mean it has impacts, beyond what you would imagine.

Last year we ran an article about Chandra MacDonald, aged 17, living in Rungan Sari, attending BCU School. She is the daughter of Karim and Rashidah MacDonald; Karim is the headmaster at BCU.

While teaching at BCU, I was much struck by how this young woman exhibited the qualities of Susila in her daily life by helping the many less fortunate people around her. Particularly the young people of Kalimantan who as well as often being destitute, frequently have serious family problems. She helps them in many ways with her support and friendship and also in practical ways by teaching them English.

We followed this up by a story written by Chandra in the creative writing class at BCU, a profile of a young friend of hers, Herni Listiani, in which she describes the enormous difficulties facing this young woman in life. But it had a happy ending, because Chandra was able to get Herni a job at BCU looking after the library. Subsequently, Herni joined Subud.

Hanafi Fraval read these articles and was so impressed that he has begun a whole new venture called Bright Futures which is aimed at enhancing the educational opportunities of disadvantaged young people all around the world.

Or another example. Recently we republished an article by Halimah Polk about the latihan. I think she wrote it about 15 years ago. A woman wrote to me from Latin America to say that she had stopped doing the latihan but after reading this article had begun again.

Such happenings are what make it all even more worthwhile. You drop a stone in the pond, and you do not know where the ripples may spread.

So, now we celebrate our 25th Anniversary. Thank you to Almighty God and to Bapak and to all of you who have supported us in sustaining our enterprise for 25 years.

“
You drop a
stone in the
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”

SUBUD VOICE: THE NEXT 25 YEARS...

Subud Voice is 25 years old, but the people who currently do it are much older than that. Where are you, young people, who are going to carry on the mission?

I am 70, I think Marcus is about the same, Samuel farway in Cuba is about the same, and Ilaina is even older. But we old-timers soldier on, soldier on.

And I think, that all things considered we keep a pretty youthful attitude. We stay open to new things. We are sympathetic to the young.

But no matter how much we might want to stay in tune, and how sympathetic to the young we may be, inevitably there are differences. The world changes.

So where are those young people who are going to take over Subud Voice when we need to hand it over? Where are the young people with skills like ours (or even better, newer ones) and a similar dedication, responsibility, commitment and love of Subud who will carry it all on? Young people who will understand the mission and the purpose and the importance and want to develop it and make it even better.

We are unique, you know. Nobody else does quite what we do. Not only the news but also those all-important articles about everything from enterprise to spiritual experience. Who will do it if we all drop off the twig?

We are looking to hand on our mission and our legacy to skilled and responsible younger people. We must arrange the succession, the handover to the next generation. Where are you?

Write to Harris Smart, subvoice@gmail.com

Songs from an Armchair

A book in praise of old age

Stephanie Smith and the members of the Wisma Mulia Poetry Group

This is the story of how nine indomitable women, with a combined age of nearly 800 years, already bonded in friendship and spiritual philosophy, unexpectedly found themselves writing poems – spurred on by Steph’s irresistible enthusiasm.



Wisma Mulia, England.

An effervescent account of how it is possible to find vibrancy, fulfilment and fun in the final stages of life.

It was while on holiday in Thailand that writer Stephanie Smith heard for the first time about ‘Wisma Mulia’, a unique care home for the elderly in Frampton-on-Severn, Gloucestershire.

Recording their words verbatim, pressing them to extend their vision, find voice for their memories, Steph encouraged these women to share their experiences of another era.

In the intimacy of their sitting room they discussed and wrote about their lives, their loved ones and even their liberty bodices.

The first part of the book is by turns touching, amusing and surprising, Steph’s account charts her journey at Wisma Mulia, persevering against much resistance to create the poetry group.

The second part presents the poems written by the group. This one is called ‘Wearing Perfume’.

In the third part of the book, Steph recorded individual interviews with each of the poetry group members, capturing the essence of nine completely diverse lifetimes and nine personalities. Here is an extract from her conversation with Patricia.

To read more and to order the book visit the website: <http://www.songsfromanarmchair.co.uk>

YOU HAVE BEEN EMPOWERED...a dream about Bapak

Harris Smart writes... On a recent visit to Indonesia, Pak Kuswanda told me of this experience he had with Bapak..

As I told you I have always had problems with my ears. At one time – after an ear operation – I was suffering excruciating pain so I asked Bapak for a *rajab*. (A *rajab* is a remedy from Bapak whereby words or symbols are written on a piece of paper which is then burned and the ashes mixed with water.) I drank some of it but I awoke with the pain and so I drank all of it.

I slept and I dreamed that Bapak called me to the “big house”. The whole family was there. I sat in the background seated on a little cushion because of course I was not a member of the family..



Kuswanda

Then Bapak came and stood in front of me so that I was now the focus of attention and he said to me, “Go into my office and take off all your clothes.” Everyone was laughing.

So I went next door to his office and started to take off my clothes, but I put my head around the door and asked, “Do I have to take off everything?”

Bapak replied, “Yes, completely naked.”

So I took off my trousers, but not yet my shirt and Bapak came and stood behind me and began to say, “Allah, Allah”, so I also started my latihan. He pressed his hands down on my shoulders three times. I couldn’t actually feel the pressure, but he really was pressing down on me, and then he said, “Yes, you are strong enough.”

Then he bent my head back and vomited in my mouth. I did not know what to do with the vomit, it was warm and tasted of vomit, so I swallowed it, and I could taste it and feel the texture of it, but I swallowed it whole.

Bapak said, “Clean your face.” Ibu Rahayu came with a green scarf and wiped my face.

continued >

“Soon, Bapak will give you an assignment”

Subsequently, I went to Sudarto to ask about the meaning of the dream. He said, “You are very blessed, Bapak has given some people his thumb to suck, or even his toe, but you have been given much more. You have been empowered and soon Bapak will give you an assignment.”

It was soon after that I became chairman of Subud Indonesia three times, and it was true that the experience had empowered me. Everything went very smoothly while I was chairman. There were no problems of any kind. No financial problems, no personality problems.

Nowadays, sometimes people question whether they should accept a certain job such as being a chairman. But in those days we did not question. We just accepted it.

Another time I dreamed that I was with Bapak and he was eating noodles. He began to vomit them out and I had to pull it out of his mouth, the noodles came mixed with plastic strips and I disposed of it in a waste paper basket.

I awoke and understood this meant that in Subud the good and the bad come out mixed together and it was my job to try and clean them but it is a very difficult job.

I did not put these experiences in my book because people will think they are too strange. Even for Subud members.

Some of these experiences were included in a slightly different version in Emmanuel Williams' book An Extraordinary Man. But here is one of the stories that Kuswanda did put into his book Moments of Insight, 60 stories about the significance of incidents of everyday life. The fourth story in the book seems particularly appropriate to follow on from these experiences with Bapak...

UNCONDITIONAL LOVE

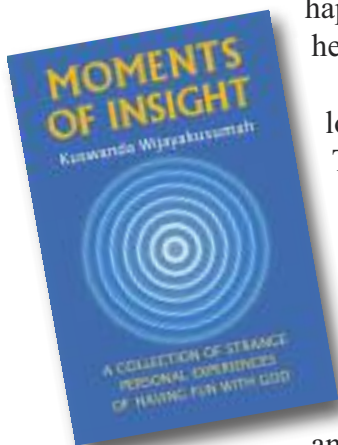
One day when I was on the island of Obi, I was washing my clothes in the clear river behind the village where I was staying. In the quietness of the forest edge, I asked as if in a half prayer, “God, how can I love my enemy in the way that Jesus taught it to his followers? How can I also turn my right cheek if my enemy has struck my left cheek?” It didn’t seem possible. There was no answer as I continued to wash my clothes.

But after I reached Manado, while waiting to catch the plane back to Jakarta on Christmas Day, I stayed at my uncle’s house. He happened to be the town’s doctor. One morning I was wandering around the local market – something I enjoy – watching people buy and sell – when suddenly I received as if I was speaking to myself: “Look at the people around you, you can only love them if you act like a father; then you will feel happy if your children are clever and rich; but will feel sad if they are poor. Only if you help others in that way, without self interest, will you be able to love your enemy.”

That was something I received more than 40 years ago, and gradually I do find I can love each person like a child of my own – though not all of them with the same intensity. This change came very gradually through moments when I realized that “The mysterious and subtle power of God is continuously, unknown to me, working within me. I will recognize and receive it only if I am in a state of complete surrender to His Will.”

That moment of insight in 1965 at Christmas time in Manado was very important to me. It was then that I realized that to love others unconditionally, I must look on everyone as if they were my own sons and daughters.

Moments of Insight is available as a printed book from www.lulu.com (soon to be an ebook). Price 10 Pounds. ●



Brushes with death...

There have been a number of remarkable stories of Subud members who have survived near fatal car accidents. Two examples which come to my mind are; Simon Guerrand, who after a near fatal car accident which he describes as “the best thing that ever happened to me”, was moved to set up the Guerrand Hermes Foundation for Peace ; and Solihin Thom who became an osteopath as a result of nearly dying in an accident.

In this final episode in a series of three about Peter Jenkins, he tells of his double brush with death...

Some while ago, I decided that there were two things I really wanted to do. To get my health sorted out and to become more serious about writing, and to this effect, Isti and I booked into a 10 day detox in a place in Queensland and I enrolled in workshops at the Byron Bay Writers' Festival. *continued >*



Peter Jenkins

The detox was at a place called, 'Living Valley Springs', and they didn't allow tobacco or cigarettes on the property, so I arrived there early and hid my tobacco under a rock, just down the road. I thought, if I get desperate I can race down there for a quick smoke.

Then I walked through the gates and I haven't had a cigarette since. It was a bit miraculous because it was painless and it was effortless.

After the detox, we returned to Gunnebah just in time for a four-day SICA workshop. During this time we were trialling a new diet. I felt good but rather sleepy. I called Living Valley Springs to tell them about the sleepiness and they said, "stick with the diet, the sleepiness will go". When the SICA workshop finished I set off for the first day of the writing workshop.

On the way back, I was within a mile of Gunnebah, when I fell asleep at the wheel while going down a steep hill. The road curved to the left and I flew straight on, some 70 metres, and woke to airbags going off and the windscreen exploding. I crawled out of the car and somebody came out

and called an ambulance. (He later showed me where the car, at the beginning of its flight, had gone between two huge trees and taken a chunk out of each of them.)

I couldn't stand up, but the ambulance took me to the hospital where it was found I had a crushed vertebrae. But what a relief it was to be safe in the hospital and to be put in a ward and snuggled down to sleep under the influence of pain-killers.

The nurse was taking my blood pressure, when suddenly there was a huge crash. And I saw the nurse lying on the floor some meters away with her top off, which was now in the hand of a large man who had apparently gone nuts, and was now moving in on me.

I tried to fend him off with my feet and yelled out, "Help!", and eventually a nurse came, took my hand, pulled me out of bed and said, "Quick!" She took me into another room to protect me. Unfortunately, it was quite wrong for me to stand up, with the crush fracture to the vertebrae, and in this safety room, my blood pressure plummeted and I had to be put into an Intensive Care Unit for three days.

I never found out what had motivated this man or if there was there any follow up to the story, but last week, I got measured and I was five foot nine-and-a half, whereas I used to be 6 foot. So it just occurs to me that being pulled out of bed could have contributed at least half an inch to that. And next time I'm up there, I might go to the hospital and see if there's a report.

It took me a while to recover from the accident, which gave me lots of time to ponder on the meaning. Should I make another attempt to improve my health and get serious about writing? Perhaps not.

Within twelve months of this accident, I had another one. I was driving along with Isti and we were doing about 75 mph going around a bend in an 80 mile zone, when suddenly, there was a car on our side of the road heading straight for us. The massive collision was almost head-on. Luckily, it was at a slight angle and the cars ricocheted away from each other. Witnesses said that this car had been speeding and crossing double white lines to overtake.

More ambulances, one for me, one for Isti and one for the other driver. Hospital again, severe bruising, a few bones broken, and a fractured sternum for me.

So, what really has been the impact of all this on me? My theory is that in these accidents, there was nothing haphazard. It was like, it was absolutely precise and my understanding is that this was the only way to open up certain parts of me that were still closed or resistant and which needed to be released.

Since these accidents, I am much more emotional than before. I cry more easily than I used to and I feel I have become more vulnerable and more emotionally open

And there's another thing. Before this accident I used to put my back out about once a year and it took about three visits to an osteopath to fix it. But since this accident I have had no problems at all.

This concludes our three part series with Peter Jenkins.

“
*In these accidents,
there was nothing
haphazard*
”

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO...? *More news about people you may know*

From Rozak Tatebe

I am now occupied with a project to introduce the ICDP program into Japan; as the first step, we are planning to hold the ICDP introductory seminars in June in Tokyo and Hamamatsu City, inviting ICDP international trainers from Denmark.

Rukman Hundeide passed away recently so that we could not invite him, but I believe that ICDP is a great contribution to the world made by a Subud member. Although it was originally developed to save the children in the 3rd world psychologically damaged by war, violence, abuse and neglect, ICDP conveys the essence of the universal and basic human care, the quality of Susila, so that it is beneficial not only to the care of children, but also to people of all ages who need care.

ICDP has now reached 38 countries and is being implemented on a large scale in 9 countries. I feel it a great pity that ICDP is still totally unknown in Japan.

I am also involved in another enterprise called 'International Exchange Village'. This is a tourism business directed to foreign visitors who are interested in the Japanese culture. It aims to attract foreign tourists, by introducing various aspects of the Japanese culture through reports from overseas students, and to offer the opportunity to directly experience these cultures at reasonable cost, with the help of volunteers from Japanese university students. So it can promote cross-cultural communication. The provision of cheap accommodation having the Japanese flavor is also planned.

This business model has been developed by **Arifin Machino**, a Subud member, based on the international exchange village concept pursued by the Purnama project 30 years ago. The Purnama project was conceived as the national enterprise to construct a Subud International Center in Japan, similarly to the Anugraha and Sunrise projects. I was one of the Purnama directors appointed by Bapak at that time. I was surprised by the coincidence.

In order to implement his plan, **Hitoshi Maeshima**, who is also in Subud, and I set up a company. Unfortunately, the disaster occurred in Japan soon afterward, resulting in a big reduction in foreign visitors, so the company is still having a difficult time. However, I am optimistic as to its future. Since it accords with the government's policy, the Ministry of Economy & Industry has approached us, offering their cooperation.

In one sense, these undertakings appear to me like the revival of the Purnama project. Although the Purnama project failed as a facility construction enterprise, what is more important is not the building but the activities to be performed there. To my eyes, bringing ICDP into Japan and the International Exchange Village project are the kind of activities that I would have liked to see carried out in the Japanese Subud International Center if it could have been built, and so I feel they are now worthy as the content of the Purnama project.

Sjarifuddin Harris in Badger California is currently a Real Estate Agent and Nat Helper in the USA. He says: "I have been interested in sustainability and Permaculture and building Cob and Strawbale homes for approx. 20 years. Last year I assisted Maria Pope and Leo Horthy purchase a 185 acre Ranch land up here in Badger. Soon after they both went to a Permaculture training and are excited about developing this property in a sustainable way. I feel that Biochar will be a valuable tool for them." Contact: sharif.harris@gmail.com

From Subud's historian Harlinah Longcroft

Book 3 is coming along slowly because I am also working on a second edition of Book 1, as well as on a project to get all the tapes of interviews onto archival CDs. This is being done professionally but of course I have to do all the paper work etc.

Work on the second edition of Book 1 was finished but then I realized that all the quotes in the book came from old transcriptions and translations of Bapak's talks, and this did not "match" the ones now being published in the Volumes of Bapak's talks. I am trying to find similar quotes to the ones I used, which have already been retranslated etc. This takes a lot of time, especially as it seems rather difficult to get SPI to send me some of the talks in a format I can search with the computer. Contact: harlinah@grapevine.net.au

Dr. Abdurrachman Mitchell writes: We are in the UK for the next few months. Not so long ago I wrote a few articles for SV but my intention is to do more writing again, while I am here. I am focusing on 'stories' rather than a straight memoir of my life, experiences which have taught me something.

We are now staying in our daughter Lorna's house at Nutley in East Sussex, near Lewes. Back in Perth I was working for Fremantle Street Doctor – an organisation that makes medical aid available to those who do not feel comfortable in the regular GP clinics. Contact: rachmanm@iprimus.com.au

On the Dieng Plateau

Harris writes...

This photograph of two men on the Dieng Plateau in Central Java always evokes very many memories for me.

I was fortunate that during the 1980s I was often able to visit Cilandak at special times such as a Bapak's birthday and Ramadan. Following one Ramadan, a group of us decided to make a journey into Central Java visiting the places associated with Bapak's life as well as the usual tourist places such as Jogjakarta.

It was an extraordinary journey and I wrote it up at the time under the title "The Jolly Java Jaunt" and it appeared in the magazine *Subud World*. About 12 of us, of many nationalities, crammed into a minibus, and under the guidance of Bapak's grandson Mas Adji, now sadly departed, we set off into the magical land of Java, its mountains and volcanoes, its emerald green paddy fields.

There were many highlights. Doing latihan in the house in Semarang, in the very room from which Bapak made his ascension. Visiting Kedung Jati, Bapak's birthplace, and seeing the humble origins from which he had emerged.

We also went to the Dieng Plateau, that very mysterious, almost spooky place. When Islam came to Indonesia in the 15th century, certain high places in Java, mountains and plateaus, remained largely untouched. The people there continued to a very large extent to follow the ancient "religion of Java", those mystical syncretist traditions which combine many influences ranging from animism to Buddhism and Hinduism.

On the Dieng Plateau, this archaic atmosphere was still very much to be felt. It was as if we had entered, a time warp, another reality.

“
Another reality...
”



CONSIDERING OBSERVING RAMADAN?

Below is a compilation of information about it, “Subud style”, and also there is information at the bottom about where to order tapes of Bapak talks in various formats.

Note to all: we are not sending out this information because we are urging people to do Ramadan, or because Subud espouses one religion over another. Bapak recommended that fasting has value for us individually, and we know that some members observe Lent instead of Ramadan, or do their own private form of fasting. (See Bapak’s letter to a member on this topic, at the end of this message)

From Melinda Wallis, Subud USA

When Does Ramadan Begin in 2012

We are advised that in 2012 Ramadan will start on Friday, the 20th of July and will continue for 30 days until Saturday, the 18th of August.

Based on new moon sightability in North America, in 2012 Ramadan will start in North America a day later – on Saturday, the 21st of July.

Note that in the Muslim calendar, a holiday begins on the sunset of the previous day, so observing Muslims will celebrate Ramadan on the sunset of Thursday, the 19th of July.

However, Subud members should check with local Islamic authorities about when Ramadan will start in their part of the world.

For those observing the fast of Ramadan

Explanations from Bapak, by Mas Sudarto and by Mas Prio

Eve of Ramadan: The way to observe Ramadan is to take a full bath, including hair washing, and also cutting the hair and the nails, the evening before the fast. Then, after you are clean, to state your wish to observe Ramadan as a sincere expression of your worship of Almighty God. Then stay up at night, preferably spending the night together with other Subud brothers and sisters, in the home of a member who is also observing Ramadan.

Around three o'clock in the morning, you should take breakfast and you should brush your teeth no later than 4:30 in the morning, and after this, no more smoking, not even gargling till 6:30 PM or 7:00 PM - along about sunset. (The local mosque can clarify as to the hour for breaking the fast.)

To break the fast, start slowly by drinking warm tea and a light snack; you can eat your dinner about half an hour or an hour later. Bapak also recommends no sexual union during the whole month of Ramadan. It is also beneficial to sleep as little as possible during Ramadan, not only on Nights of Power.

During the month of Ramadan: it is not permitted to have sexual intercourse, and our fasting must also include abstention from the following:

- a) We must not use our ears to listen to gossip, quarrels or bad words.
- b) We must not use our mouth to say anything wrong or unkind.
- c) We must not use the emotions to reach the emotions or passions of others.
- d) We must not use our eyes in a way that is not good or nice.
- e) We must not use the heart and mind to imagine or think about unhappy things, fantasies or unrealities.
- f) We must not eat or drink or smoke anything between dawn and sunset each day.

During the month of Ramadan, we have to fast thirty days, and during the thirty days of fasting we go through three important periods:

The first ten days (ending evening of 9th day Ramadan):

This is a period of putting the passion in an inactive state. During this period we are made aware that our passions become weaker and weaker day by day, and on the 9th day of fasting, it is felt that our passion is completely inactive.

The second ten days (ending evening of 19th day Ramadan):

This is a period of becoming aware that in general our attitude and actions are guided by our *continued* >

inner-self and the guidance day by day becomes stronger and stronger and on the 19th day of fasting our actions are as if in a complete latihan state, but in harmony with our daily activities.

The last ten days (ending evening of 30th Ramadan):

This is a period of receiving the lailatu 'lkadar (the Nights of Power), and this is sent by God on the 21st, 23rd, 25th, 27th and 29th days of fasting. This lailatu 'lkadar is not something that falls from above, but it forms a certain power which can change our state.

Most of the Subud members who fasted felt, after completing the fasting, that there were changes to their inner. Mostly, their spirit to worship became stronger and stronger and also the intention of doing 'prihatin' became stronger and stronger.

LAILATUL-QADR (The evening preceding 27th day Ramadan): Although it is generally accepted in the Moslem community that the last ten days of Ramadan are days of receiving, this particular evening is celebrated with special prayer, in the Moslem community, because it is thought that this is the day upon which the Messenger Muhammad received the verses of the Qu'ran.

TAK-BARAN: (30th day Ramadan): The last day of fasting. Sundown marks the end of the month.

IDUL-FITRI: The Night of Forgiveness. At the end of Ramadan, we again take a full bath and put on new clothes, and then we should go to our family and our friends and ask forgiveness for whatever sin we have done. This is a time of special celebration and thanks to Almighty God.

1. To print out Bapak talks, or listen to or download talks, go to www.subudlibrary.net

You can do a search, using key words, so you can ask for Ramadan Talks.

2. There is a set of CDs of 53 Ramadan Talks given by Bapak, Many centers have this set. Ask around!

3. Bapak Talks books are available from Subud USA. 425-643-1904 www.subudusa.org

Click on Subud Books and Media

With thanks to Leonard Dixon for the compilation of the info from Bapak, Mas Sudarto and Mas Prio.

Lent and Ramadhan

Letter to a member in England *Pewarta*, March 1970

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Provisional Translation For Subud Members Only

In reality, Lent and Ramadhan have equal value. Christians feel that fasting in Lent is very important for them because it is derived and adapted from what was done and experienced by Jesus Christ.

You say that Jesus Christ carried out the religious observance of fasting in the wilderness for forty days at the time of Lent. This may be taken to mean that Jesus Christ fasted during this time so that his inner feeling might be swept clean of the influence of the nafsu causing darkness (wilderness) within.

For Muslims, the religious observance of fasting in the month of Ramadhan is the same. This too is derived and adapted from what was done and experienced by the Prophet Muhammad.

It is told that the Prophet Muhammad fasted in a cave at that time (this too means in darkness). He carried out the religious observance of fasting in the cave so that the inner feeling could be swept clean of the influence of the nafsu causing darkness. It is therefore said that the revelation that he was to be the Messenger of God came to him in the cave. In other words, it was then that he received the first command of the One God.

This is Bapak's explanation concerning these two religious observances of fasting, as seen from the spiritual point of view. So Bapak feels that Lent and Ramadhan are of equally great and high value.

Furthermore, any individual Christians, or Christians in general, may follow the religious observance of fasting during Ramadhan if they wish to do so, because, although this is not usually customary for Christians, if the fast is observed it is also a method whereby the influence of the nafsu, which always constitutes a temptation and a hindrance to the quiet of the inner feeling, can be separated and swept away from the inner feeling. Conversely, it is the same for Muslims who wish to carry out the religious observance of fasting during Lent.

Now, of course, you ask: how is it for us or for Subud members?

Bapak would like you to know that, because our brotherhood of Susila Budhi Dharma consists *continued >*

“ A good and noble life
can be achieved only if one
really practices prihatin
beforehand. ”

of members of various nationalities and religions, it is best for each member to observe the fast of his own religion unless he wishes to observe another as well.

Concerning the explanation you may want about prihatin: This actually is cutting down one's pleasures in eating, sleeping and other enjoyments. For, if one practices prihatin, the heart is accustomed not to be deceived all the time by the nafsu. If the nafsu, which arise in the heart and mind, are not given their way so much (that is, if one restricts the pleasures of eating and sleeping and restrains the nafsu of anger and greed which drive away all contentment) then the nafsu will automatically weaken, and a feeling of patience, surrender, trust and sincere submission will become manifest.

Prihatin may be practiced by anyone wishing to do so, anyone who hopes to become a person of patience who surrenders with trust and sincere submission to the Will of Almighty God. Usually when a person can really carry this out his situation will be one of well being and happiness.

This kind of prihatin may be done by way of fasting every Monday and Thursday, without saur (that means without eating in the middle of the night) or by cutting down on one's food every day; for instance, if one is accustomed to having beefsteak and potatoes, then one eats only potatoes and vegetables, provided one does not take too much of these either. One can also cut down on sleep; not sleeping often with one's wife and not sleeping before midnight.

This is done in the hope that one's life situation, or one's lot in life, may improve; also so that one's inner feeling, which still continues to feel dark or hindered by the influence of the nafsu, may become calm and quiet and the influence of the nafsu, which always interferes with the calm and quiet of the inner feeling, may be avoided.

This is why Bapak always says that a good and noble life can be achieved only if one really practices prihatin beforehand. It must be remembered that even Jesus Christ and the Prophet Muhammad did this. How much more does an ordinary person need it. One should not be quick to complain so often, or to feel despair just because one lacks things in life, nor should one feel overjoyed if one happens to have unusually good fortune.

This is Bapak's answer to your question. Bapak gives praise and thanks to Almighty God and hopes that you will accept the above explanation in a good way.

From Bapak

HOW NOT TO DO RAMADAN: Frumkin's humorous guide to fasting...

This article was originally published in Subud Voice, March 1992, but has perhaps not lost its relevance...

Ramadan is much harder than Lent

Since I invariably receive the blessing of the Qadar, it may help if I pass on a few useful tips about doing this Fast:

First, do consider those who are NOT fasting. If you find people backing away from you or making silly excuses for not sharing your car, take the hint: YOUR BREATH IS PROBABLY FOUL. Take a Double Amplex. With practice you can pop it into your cheek and keep it there for hours. God will forgive you.

The Dawn Meal

Personally I find it impossible to eat anything at all at such an hour. What I do is eat just before I go to bed at 11.0 p.m. If you calculate 14 hours (the usual fasting time) from then it comes to exactly one o'clock and you can have lunch – knowing you have done all you should for that day. You will then be less likely to fall asleep in the afternoon and risk the sack.

However you may feel this is cheating. So carry on if you can and earn double points for every extra hour.

Sleep fasting

I know some people stay up each night till dawn and this is quite a good idea, because you can then sleep all day and the fasting hours go much more quickly.

“ You can sleep all day
and the fasting goes
more quickly ”

continued >

Bad thoughts

As far as I know, if you have any bad thoughts while fasting, the Fast is cancelled. So if a bad thought comes I usually go and have a cup of tea.

The Nights of Power

I will just relate one experience among many, which has shown me that indeed my Fast has been blessed: one night there was a knock at my door which turned out to be someone wanting to tell me I'd left my car lights on. From the radiance of his eyes, however, I KNEW THIS WAS NO ORDINARY CALLER – the Angel Gabriel comes in many guises.

Yours, Hamid (Hereward) Frumpkin

Subud and the Third Secret of Fatima

Emmanuel Elliott describes Mark Week's experiences and their relevance to the Third Secret of Fatima (shortened extracts from his book, THE DAWNING)...

While living in Los Angeles some years ago, I received a telephone call from Mark (Erling) Week, a long-standing Subud member of whom I had heard but never met, and the purpose of the call was to suggest a meeting.

It was only after the meal, while we were strolling together in the sunshine near his home, that Mark brought up the subject that had prompted his phone call. Before long, I realized that there was much more to this meeting than a merely pleasant encounter.

"I think you should know," Mark began, "about an experience I had during a latihan in Jakarta in 1968. I was standing on a hill looking up at the sky and in the sky was the earth, twice the size of the moon. I realized that everyone in the world was also outside, looking at the sky and seeing this impossible thing. Then a very bright source of light shone down, hitting the earth at different points on the different continents.

"A year later I had occasion to tell Bapak about this experience, and he asked, 'How many rays of light were there?' Immediately after the experience I had realized the importance of this question and had decided that there were more than twelve and less than fifty, which I now put to Bapak. He immediately responded, 'More than thirty and less than forty.'"

As Mark reached this point in his story I began to be aware of a strong vibration within me. I remembered the light from space that had entered me in October 1986 at the beginning of my crisis, and I felt that I was hearing something of supreme importance to me personally. I also remembered a clear dream in which I saw myself walking shoulder to shoulder with an older man, rugged and powerful.

"Do you know who this is?" asked a voice. "No," I replied. "That is a pity," continued the voice, "because this is one of the most caring people ever to walk on earth." Now, striding out side by side with Mark, I felt a sudden insight that he might be the mysterious older man.

"During the next stage of the experience," continued Mark, "I found myself walking into a big park in which there was a research building, a rambling construction that had obviously been built without an advance plan. There were Subud people walking around, and as I went up onto the verandah I realized that it was a Subud building, that in fact the building symbolized Subud itself.

"I looked through the window at one end of the building, into a room which I could see contained nothing but the statue of a Javanese dancer. I knew that this was a statue of Bapak, that Bapak was dead, and that the statue symbolised the first phase of Subud.

The second phase of Subud

"I then looked into the adjoining room and saw a computer there about the size of a steamer trunk. In spite of its small size, however, I knew that it had a greater capacity than any other computer on earth and that it represented the second phase of Subud.

I could no longer contain myself: "The light from space, the computer – these are things that happened to me during my crisis," I said.

"I haven't finished yet," smiled Mark. "As the experience continued, it occurred to me that by looking at the manufacturer's plate on the computer I would be able to see when all this was going to *continued >*

happen. So I entered the second room and found a brass plate on the side of the computer. It bore the date 1987 – the year, of course, in which Bapak died.

“As I looked at the brass plate,” continued Mark, “the date changed like a tachometer: 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991. Then it stopped, and Bapak confirmed that this is something that would really happen. ‘In about twenty years time,’ he said, ‘between thirty and forty rohani souls [souls completely surrendered to the will of God] will come into the world, and after that nobody will be able to say that God does not exist.’

“Bapak also asked me if I understood anything more about the computer, and I had to answer ‘No’ said Mark. But within a very short time I began to receive more understanding about it. I came to see that all the people who will possess, or be possessed by, the rohani force will be connected to the computer, so that if any one of them is asked a question he or she will be able in effect to call up an answer from the ‘one great computer’ and that the answer will be the same, no matter which of the rohanis is asked the question.”

I listened intently to Mark’s account, all too aware of the parallels between his vision of 1968 and my own computer/new brain experience of 1987.

I had been 55 years old, the age that I would reach in October 1991. Ever since that experience, I had been sure that in late 1991 either I would die or the process that had begun in me during my crisis would begin to bear fruit. In the event, this was the year when my first attempts to ‘tell the world about Subud’ (Revelation Subud and Latihan) were published.



Despite the dramatic nature of much of what Mark had told me, I felt calm and peaceful as I drove back to L.A. after taking my leave of the Weeks. I had had to endure so much during and since my spiritual crisis, that again and again I had doubted my capacity to bear it; again and again I had wondered if I were losing my mind. Now, for the first time, I felt that I had been given some real insight into what had happened to me.

Soon afterwards I visited Mark and Istimah again, and we discussed what has become known as the Third Secret of Fatima.

Subud and Fatima

It so happened that at the very time the Catholic world was in a state of high expectation, keenly awaiting the disclosure of the Third Secret of Fatima, the West was in the earliest stage of becoming aware of the existence of the Subud latihan.

In the wake of the spiritual whirlwind that accompanied Bapak’s first journey outside Indonesia in 1957, 1960 was a heady time for the hundreds of new Subud members scattered around the globe who knew that something momentous was happening.

Half expecting that millions more would soon get to hear about and respond to the reality of the latihan, we would not have been surprised if the whole world had been changed within a few years.

For decades it had been strongly rumoured within the Subud community that the Secret of Fatima was in some way linked to the coming of the latihan.

During my second meeting with Mark and Istimah, however, I realised that I had come face to face with two first-hand witnesses who were in a unique position to contribute vital, complementary evidence, witnesses whose integrity I had every reason to respect.

Mark Week had been accustomed to powerful spiritual manifestations from his youth. From the age of twelve, during long nights in prayer, he began to experience feelings of bliss entering through the top of his head, sometimes accompanied by ideas that did not arise from himself.

In 1934, when he was a nineteen-year-old Honours student at the University College of California at Berkeley, Mark underwent an experience of special significance in which he suddenly found himself in a place ‘before the beginning’: a place in which his perception of himself was that of being a dimensionless point possessed of consciousness. There was no space, no time, no body, no senses and no ‘other.’

“In this state,” Mark explained, “I was given to understand that the vibrating points around *continued* >

“ There was much more to this meeting than an encounter. ”

me showed my relationship with all mankind: that I was influenced by their states and they were influenced by mine.

“This understanding was followed by the wordless but clear knowledge that I had come into this life for one purpose only: to participate during my lifetime in a process and climactic event that would totally change the nature of man’s life in this world – his culture, his governments, his laws, his economic activities.

“I knew that this would be brought about by a new and very powerful influx of the power of God similar to that at the time of Christ but modified to accord with the present state and needs of humanity. Later, I realised that this corresponded to what is called The Second Coming.”

Mark had received the latihan in New York in 1958, one of the first Americans to do so, and he went on to play a key role both as a helper and as an administrator during the early days of Subud in the United States, including three terms as Chairman of Subud North America.

He went on to become a principal in various business enterprises in the United States, as well as in Australia and Latin America. He was also active as a nutritional scientist and as an adviser to various government bodies in the early 1940s.

Fatima and the Second Coming

In 1952 Mark underwent a second major spiritual experience, soon after which he began to receive interior locutions. These inner messages were in turn followed by ‘memories’ of experiences with Jesus two thousand years before, and by a sense of an increasing inner pressure to withdraw from his business activities and travel to Europe to ‘look for somebody.’

He carried with him letters of introduction to several notable personalities of the day, including well-known free market economists and certain intelligence operatives.



The Children of Fatima

During his travels through Europe he continued to have experiences connected with the Second Coming, and in Paris one of his connections suggested he should visit a Monsieur Bernard Fay in Fribourg, Switzerland.

M. Fay, a Catholic and a former director of the French National Library, was living the life of a lay contemplative at Villa St. Jean in Fribourg. Mark, who was himself from a Protestant background, initiated their conversation by telling his host of his 1934 and 1952 experiences, as well as more recent interior locutions he had received in Latin, connected directly with the Roman Catholic Church.

Responding to his visitor’s frank disclosures, M. Fay expressed the view that the depth of Mark’s experiences revealed that he was clearly subject to the action of sanctifying grace, a condition that he, Fay, and certain friends in the faith were keenly seeking and praying for. The Frenchman then confided to Mark that he was very close to Pius XII and that he had in fact just returned from a stay of several months with him at Castel Gandolfo, the Pope’s summer residence. Bernard Fay spoke of the Pontiff’s fine spiritual qualities and then made an astounding reference to Fatima.

According to Fay, Pope Pius XII had brought Sister Lucia to Rome in 1950 and, under obedience, instructed her to reveal to him the Secret of Fatima, which she did. He went on:

“We know that we are about to see the Second Coming of Christ. We know that it will come from outside the Church and we know that it will come from the East.”

He went on to tell Mark that all four of the then acknowledged mystics within the Church, recognized to be participating in the action of sanctifying grace – Sister Lucia herself, Padre Pio of Italy, Teresa Neumann of Germany and a French woman who could not be named – were receiving indications that pointed to the same conclusion.



Mark had met Bapak for the first time in 1959 and told him the full story of his experiences. Bapak’s response to Mark’s account of his meeting with Bernard Fay was “Yes.” It was to be another nine years before Bapak was to throw fresh light on the subject, and, in a very real sense, the thrust of what he had to say was unintentionally corroborated by Pope John Paul II himself some twenty years later.



continued >

During a tour in 1968, Bapak stayed for ten days with Mark and Istimah in their New Zealand home. On the last day of his visit, said Istimah, and seemingly quite out of the blue, Bapak brought up the subject of Fatima.

“Whenever Bapak stayed with us,” Istimah told me, “he would invariably present us with a special gift, usually in the form of new insight of a spiritual nature.

“I was doing something in the kitchen on the morning of Bapak’s departure. Suddenly, to our surprise, in the middle of these domestic activities, Bapak entered the kitchen, looking very relaxed in his shirt sleeves. He started to talk to us about the secret of Fatima, and I knew at once that this was his inner present to us on this occasion.

“Bapak talked for some time about the miracle at Fatima and said that the message contained the information that salvation would come with a man from the East, and that his name was Muhammad.”

In 1992 and again in 1997, much exercised by all the information that had come their way, Istimah and Mark, in collaboration with close family friend Raymond van Sommers, repeatedly sought to bring this to the attention of the Vatican, but without success.

Emmanuel’s book, *THE DAWNING* tells the full story, and includes a letter from Istimah Week to Pope John Paul II, a letter from Mark to Raymond van Sommers in which he makes reference to Bernard Fay and a letter from Raymond to the then Cardinal Ratzinger

Emmanuel’s book, called *THE DAWNING*, is available at his website – www.thedawning.co.uk

Both Istimah’s book *The Man From The East* – co-authored with Raymond van Sommers – and Raymond’s own *A Life in Subud* are enthralling Subud memoirs. Both are obtainable from Subud Publications International.

Mark died on 8 September 2006, aged 91, and Istimah on 13 November 2008, aged 85. ●

European Subud Gathering, and Subud Britain Congress 201

This year we are once again holding our annual Subud congress in the Malvern St James School in Malvern. This will be the third year and we are delighted with this venue. The school is lovely: the people are very helpful and obliging and the area itself offers much as a holiday destination. Malvern is an old-fashioned Victorian spa town, boasting some of the purest spring water in the UK. I understand that it is the water of choice for her majesty the Queen!

The school has great facilities. There is a lovely swimming pool, available to us exclusively several hours a day, and an up to date sports facility. We have use of the extraordinary Dome (an architectural oddity constructed in the 60s which is wonderfully mystical for big latihans) and the food is really very good! The space that we have for camping is also very nice and we are able to provide a camp fire and barbeque too! We also run a cafe of our own in the Quad, which is the central open area in the school and a great meeting place for all.

We run a supervised crèche so that parents with young children can get some time for themselves to do other things.. and there is a very full programme for the older children and Subud youth.

The first four days (Sunday to Wednesday) are billed as the holiday proper; and there will be many opportunities for walking and *continued >*





excursions around Malvern, many workshops and opportunities to sing, play music, and make art, as well as opportunities for Kedjiwaan activity and for deepening one's understanding and practice of the latihan. I am also very excited to confirm that this year we will be offering a sort of condensed "Yes Quest" for adults and youth during those first four days: an opportunity for anyone who wants to think more deeply about their lives and talents and where they want to go next.

The last three days cover more the business side of congress, but there will still be ample opportunities for workshops and Kedjiwaan activity. There will be a full and varied entertainment programme, which in the past has included musical performances (classical, pop, rock and everything else in between) dances and alternative fashion shows and films.

I really feel this is a great opportunity for our European brothers and sisters to have more of an immersion experience in the Subud world, as I know that in many countries the Subud groups are very small indeed. And besides, it really fits our theme for this year!

At the last National Council meeting everyone present was asked to test about what Subud needed at this time and what was needed for our Congress, and the theme which emerged was the need for greater connection. We need to connect firstly with ourselves, with God within if you like, then with each other, with the wider Subud community and then the wider world.... and so, it was felt very important that this Congress was also made a "European Gathering". We will also be having many members from around the world coming for the SDIA (Susila Dharma) meeting and AGM, and they will also be offering talks and workshops as part of the week.

So, come one, come all! We are really looking forward to sharing more widely with our European Subud Family! And if you have any special gift or project that you would like to share while you're here then do contact me. You can find more detailed information on accommodation and prices and a downloadable booking form at: www.subud.org.uk/book/export/html/274

Or contact me directly, Adelia Tisdall (Congress Organiser) at: adeliatisdall123@o2.co.uk

Phone: +44 (0)1626 879650

It's time to connect!

Why come to a Subud Congress?

I notice that my inner being, my soul, jumps in the driver's seat when I am with my Subud family. As we worship together in latihan, the receiving is amplified..I am stretched, challenged and refreshed...I can pick up where I left off last year with my Subud siblings with little pause because more of me is connecting to a deeper place with each of you...

I watch the tension, the concern and worry just roll off of me and I walk around in a light and happy state free and peaceful for the few days that we are together...I remind my self that this is an exercise to flex my soul so that I can go back into the world more as my true self...with courage, humour and love...and there is laughter. the kind that erupts from deep inside, the beauty of the gifts and talents expressed through SICA, Susila Dharma, SES, SIHA and all the wings...The entertainment which always delights and enlivens..

I learn from all of you in this multi faceted Subud experience...and you let me be ME, which is a gift I find most precious. Why wouldn't I want to come a Subud Congress?

Aminah Ulmer ●

The Farewell Requiem

- about the death of our son in 1993

by François Michel Rousseau

(English translations by Hanavi Hirsh and Rosalind Priestley)

SINCE MY ADOLESCENCE, I have been fascinated by classical music. I love music of the "classical" variety, the kind which one can hum long after hearing it, to encounter once again something that we love and which does us good; something which can transport us to distant lands, or to places deep within. This music which had become, for me, a kind of spiritual guide and friendly confidant during my adolescence, igniting or calming my soul, according to its need. But I never did like Requiems. I always found them to be too syrupy, and I never bought a recording of any of them. And, now, I know only too well why that was so.

By exception I had been, from my first hearing of it, fascinated by the beauty and the melancholic resignation of the funeral march of Beethoven's Third Symphony. I now know why this piercing melody, an expression of profound resignation, has been my close companion throughout my life, as if to prepare me for that which was awaiting me.

On Saturday, January 30th, 1993, I went out in the morning. On the way back I went into a shop which sold second hand CD's. After I had flipped through them, I was only left with one which I kept going back to and which I did not already have. It was Mozart's Requiem. I asked myself why I kept returning to this disc. I told myself that, after all, in the case of Mozart I could overcome my usual aversion to Requiems. And so, I returned home with that disc. As soon as I arrived, I played it.

Halfway through, all at once, I sprang to my feet, without knowing why. I felt as if a current of air had lifted me, and then I was filled completely by the following words: "Ad vitam aeternam..." (But I checked later and these words are not found in Mozart's Requiem.) I then noted the time. It was a little after ten minutes past twelve. I thought that maybe, since it was past noon, sudden hunger had urged me to get up. I then listened calmly to the end of Mozart's Requiem. Soon after my wife, Helsa, arrived.

A little later, Serge (a friend of our son Martin telephoned to ask if he could come by to see us, around three, to talk about a personal matter. We asked ourselves what on earth he could want, as we did not know him. Serge rang our doorbell around four o'clock. After welcoming him, I asked him what brought him to us.

He answered, "It's not about me, it's about Martin."

A maelstrom started to spin in my head, and I immediately knew, in my mind and in my body, that Martin was dead. I burst out, in a broken voice,

"Don't tell me that Martin is dead!"

Helsa spoke, her voice almost strangled, "Shut up! It's not true. You don't make stupid jokes like that."

"Yes, it's true. He died at noon in a car accident," Said Serge.

At that instant, I felt as if I had been struck by a steel bar in my solar plexus. I was literally bent over double by the pain, and I burst into sobs in a way that had never happened before in my life.

After some time, I got to my feet and, in our tears, Helsa and I embraced each other. I was unable to stop crying.

During the month that followed, I felt as if I had a big hole in my chest and as if my right arm was missing.

Helsa then asked Serge how this had happened.

Martin was going to his store when his car had skidded to the left, then facing in the opposite direction, on the notoriously dangerous curve of the Jacques Cartier bridge, and had been struck, on his right, by a minivan. Serge told us that, having hit his head his temple on the door jamb, Martin had died instantly. (At that moment, however, that detail did not register with me.) His body had been sent directly to the morgue.

And so, something in me knew that my son, Martin, would die. While he was headed, undoubtedly with his usual quickness, towards his death, I had received to play for him, as a farewell gesture the most beautiful of Requiems, that of Mozart. It must have been Martin who waved to me in passing, causing me to jump up out of my armchair a few minutes after twelve. In fact, I learned later that an eyewitness to the accident, who had been driving a car equipped with a mobile telephone, had dialed the 911 emergency number at exactly twelve fifteen.

continued >

A true agony then began for us. We were unable to get any more precise information until the next day when we could reach the police, as they had finished their shift. We had to go to the morgue to identify our son's body, but we couldn't do this until the following Monday as the clerks at the morgue were off work from noon, Saturday, until Monday morning.

We were thus unable to see our son's body, to convince ourselves, beyond any doubt, of the reality of this unthinkable nightmare. This state of dread and unreality was drawn out during the whole weekend, from Saturday afternoon until Monday morning. And then, once we were at the morgue on Monday morning, we were only able to see his body through a window. We could not confirm his cold lifelessness, not even by touching his hand! It was as if his body belonged more to the police than to his own parents, with the authorities being fearful that his parents might seize from Martin something that belonged to the police!

I suffered in an unimaginable way. My thirty-two-year-old son had suddenly become my little child again, my young boy, our only son, and I could not rid myself of the thought that he had suffered terribly before dying. Maybe he had been terrified by his pain, and that he had found himself alone and without having made any preparation for his passage to the next world... into the unknown. I had forgotten Serge's information stating that our son had died instantly.

Both Helsa and I were devastated. Helsa wanted, a little later, to know how the accident had happened. Serge didn't know much more than he had told us. We had to wait until the following day to speak to the policeman who had been on duty at the time of the accident, as they had finished their day shift. As for Serge, he had received a call from the police at our son's flat, and he had offered to break the bad news to us, rather than leaving it to strangers. (Not accepting what he had been told, he first went to verify that it really was our son's car that had been in the accident before he came to see us.)

Because Marie did not yet have a telephone in Tumbaco, Ecuador, where she lived (and still lives) it took several steps and many hours before I was able to reach her. I finally found the Wilds (of the Pestalozzi school) and the Garzons (of the Fundacion Vivir) and asked if one of them could relate the tragic news. Late that evening, Marie called us. We all cried together, on the telephone. Marie told us without hesitation that she felt that it was very important for her to be with us.

During this time, we felt very much protected and loved by all our relatives and friends. They helped us and demonstrated their full support during this trial which was, in every way, a terrible ordeal to get through. Around one or two in the morning, we returned home, despite the offer from Marie-Françoise and Marc that we spend the night at their home.

I had great difficulty sleeping, as I could not stop myself from sobbing, all the while thinking that our son must have suffered terribly before dying. I dozed off for a few hours only to find myself awake at three or four o'clock in the morning in indescribable despair. I then left our bedroom to take refuge in my office where, finally, I was able to pull myself together. I asked to receive if I could do some testing concerning the questions which were haunting me. I received a very strong 'yes' and I asked to receive concerning the three following questions: 1a) Was Martin's death the Will of God?, i.e. did that event come about according to his life plan, or, rather, 1b) Did it follow from an unforeseen accident? 2) Did Martin suffer before dying?, and 3) Could I receive what was Martin's inner state as it was at that moment?

And I received, clearly, that, yes, Martin's death occurred as part of God's Will and his life plan; that, no, he did not suffer at all; and that, as for his inner state, it was in such a quiet state that I had difficulty receiving it, as it was so serene and light. I was so relieved that I had the impression that a one hundred kilo weight had been removed from my chest.

I remember myself still kneeling and having said to God, with a great feeling of humility, "If, despite my inner turmoil, I have rightly received that the death of our son, Martin, was in accord with Thy Will and his life plan, thank you, dear God. If I have rightly received that our son did not suffer before dying, thank you, dear God. If I rightly received our son's inner state at this time, thank you, Almighty God."

* * *

The day after, I telephoned to two old friends in France; one was not at home and I was unable to say more than a few words to his wife. The other, who had gone through the same experience several years before, told me something very important, which went deeply into me: that one must not indulge oneself in self-pity.

Our daughter, Marie told us, as soon as she had arrived from Ecuador, that the day after *continued >*

Martin's passing, which was a Sunday, she had asked to do latihan with the helpers.

"I asked that we do the latihan for Martin. At first, I felt a bit heavy. Then, I suddenly felt Martin next to me for a length of time. Then, he said to me that while he was in his body it was too difficult for him to feel the latihan, but that when he died, he was able to feel the latihan, and that he feels much better now than he did while on Earth.

"I then felt the presence of two 'souls', or two yellow illuminated beings, I don't know exactly what, above me who told me that 'they' were there to help Martin. Then, it was as if I was aware of Martin's soul in his body, which was filled with light, very briefly (for maybe half a second), as it did not stay constrained in his body. And then I felt the light (his soul) rise, rise, rise and rise and the feeling was one of total peace and was very light.

"I stayed with this feeling of latihan for a very long time. It gave me the strength and calmness I needed to deal with this reality."

What a magnificent blessing that one of the family members could, without even looking for it, without even thinking about it, be in contact with Martin who, by this means, was able to reassure us concerning his state. We are most grateful for this possibility.

* * *

We also went to do our latihan, Helsa and I, Sunday morning, with the Montréal group. We got there a little early, because we wanted to do some testing with the helpers who had agreed to meet with us at this earlier time. Following my request, the men asked once again the same three questions which I had asked during the night. To my great relief, the answers were the same for the three of us. The women also asked similar questions, as well as other ones, following Helsa's request, and they received answers similar to the ones received on our side. For the one which concerned whether Martin had suffered, Suzanne Lavigne received, "No, not at all." She then felt, "What a deliverance," and was heard to say, "Wow, at last! What a relief!"

The Sunday following Martin's death, we welcomed all the relatives and friends, Martin's and our own, at a reception held at the Subud hall on Bordeaux Street to mark Martin's passing. His three daughters were there, playing with their cousins. Nearly two hundred people came during the afternoon. The main distributor of loudspeakers to Martin, who liked him very much, as well as one of Helsa's cousins and her husband, had driven from Toronto (600 km) to bid him farewell and to tell us how much they had liked him. It was a calm and serene reception, but also joyous in a certain way: we were bidding farewell to Martin and wishing him bon voyage. And we felt that he was happy and a little surprised to see that so many people had loved him and had come for him.

In the meantime, we had received near to one hundred condolence cards; Pauline and Lester Sutherland's card included a quotation from a letter of Siti Rahayu, in answer to someone who had asked her about the death of her child and what it meant on the spiritual level. She said that Bapak once told her that when a SUBUD member or the child of a SUBUD member dies accidentally, that his or her death has been willed by Almighty God. It is interesting to note that this checks with what the helpers and myself had received concerning the death of Martin. Our daughter told us, while she was with us, that she had had a dream which helped her understand what we had been through when our son died. Here is her dream: "I was with my four children who were playing in the water; the water was crystal clear and quiet. Then Stéphanie, (my second daughter) walked in the water and went away from me. At that very moment, an enormous wave, like a thirty metre high tidal wave, suddenly came in at full speed and engulfed her within a second. I was looking at that scene, horrified and totally powerless, paralysed. I could do nothing." She then understood how awful the impossibility to do anything was for us. And this is really what pulled us down, the unexpectedness and our powerlessness.

* * *

We were blessed and greatly helped to be surrounded by so many friends, as well physically as spiritually, during the first days which are the worst. We could feel their love, from almost all parts of the world. From the bottom of our hearts we sincerely thank all our brothers and sisters for their love and support. *continued >*

We wish them to remember that it is good for us to speak about Martin and not to be afraid of making us sad by doing so. Because we know that he is now very busy improving himself.

In this difficult experience, we have discovered the magnitude and depth of our love for our son. Helsa has said that she would gladly have exchanged her life for our son's. We never knew, before his departure, how much and how strongly we loved Martin. This showed us, maybe, that we have within us a small spark of Almighty God's tremendous love toward us all.

It is our own feelings that suffer on such a sudden departure. But in reality, what greater gift can parents wish for their child than the presence within him/her of the Creative Force!

* * *

On a few occasions, our daughter felt Martin speaking to her. This happened when she was doing a quiet period before going to sleep. She felt the presence of her brother and heard him (inwardly) speaking to her. He has given her the following messages.

First experience

The first thing Martin told me was that his time here was over. "I don't want you to be sad. You are sad because you think you will never see me again. All you have to do is to feel my presence and I will be there, at your side. The only difference is that you don't see me."

The day after I heard that message, while I was going to make an errand, I began to talk to my son in the car, telling him how much I loved him and apologizing if I maybe had not been as good a father as I could have been. It was so much as if he was sitting there, besides me on the passenger seat, that I extended my arm to squeeze his shoulder. I then realised that he was not there, physically, and burst out sobbing. I had to stop the car.

Second experience

He has also told Marie that he was very happy that we had made that celebration for him, on Sunday 7th of February, at the Subud centre and that he had never felt so much love during his life; and that love is the most important thing in life.

Marie has told us: "I have never felt so close to Martin. I feel his presence and I feel his quietness and the latihan. This also helps me to understand other people. And I feel very close to my family, I feel that this brings us together."

Third experience

"Martin has told me that what he was now doing was to 'pay' for his errors. That it is very, very important to be conscious of our mistakes. That normally, we know when we behave badly, but that one puts it aside and continues to repeat the same mistakes. We must take the time needed to be quiet and have some perspective of our own life. Because if we don't do it, it's a real waste of time; that is really the meaning of the expression "To waste our time".

"He has also said that in his life he was too much in a hurry, that he should have taken the time to analyse things. That time is there, for us to use, but that we lack the energy. To get quiet and have a perspective on our life doesn't require energy, only patience!

"Often he would tell me that he could not stay for long and that it was much too hot for him here."

Fourth experience

Marie relating: "Last evening I felt Martin's presence and that he was telling me the following things: That he feels better (he often says that). That it is the latihan that has 'saved him; that it is because Michel and Helsa do the latihan that he was 'saved'. And that it is very important that my parents do the latihan for him, if possible each evening before going to sleep; or, at least, to do a quiet period."

He has also given me a special message for Helsa: "Tell Helsa that it is not to hurt her that I have left. It is because it was really very important for me to leave."

continued >

Fifth experience

Martin now knows what his main task will be in his next life: to find a good spouse for himself.

He now knows that God exists; that there is an energy, a creative force, so great, so powerful, so wonderful and magnificent and so totally filled with light! That it is so unbelievably wonderful that one can't imagine how much. And that if we believe in this Force and let It sincerely enter into us, It could guide us, put us on our life path. That it can fill us with light.

If he can give advice, it is to "never forget why we are on earth; what is the purpose of our life and to remain aware of this wide, of this true life. Not to remain stuck with our small and petty problems. This is so important and so simple, but not as easy as to keep being as we were before.

"We must be very careful, always be on our guard, remain aware of our inner life. Mainly, not be arrogant. We still have so many things to learn. And only God knows the real state of each one of us."

Sixth experience

"Martin told me that he could see what we were doing whenever he wished to. He has also told me that he now understood a lot of things and that he was conscious of his path. That he hoped very much that we, during our life on earth, will be able to be conscious of this energy, of this Life Force and will be able to find our true path."

During one of his last 'visits', Martin has told Marie that he had found the 'quiet', the family where he would go to be born again. Marie asked him if she would see him again and he said no. In the consecutive «visits», it was harder and harder for Marie to understand what Martin was saying until the «visits» stopped altogether.

* * *

To end this account, I have to say that our daughter has admitted to us that she felt somewhat ill at ease to transmit all these messages and that she wished to know how we felt about them. She was afraid we would think that they were all very subjective. But she said that Martin would repeat his messages until she would transmit them to us and that he would often tell her: "Say to father..." or "Say to mother...". I feel that we are, of course, blessed to have the opportunity of such a consolation, even though our emotions are not yet healed.

What was and still is the most precious thing is, indisputably, the presence of parents and friends as well as their love which we have well felt since the very first day. This support has immensely helped us to go through our sudden loss and we thank all of them from the bottom of our heart.

What we mostly miss at this time is to talk about our son with those who knew him. Nobody seems to be inclined to talk to us about him, no doubt because they are afraid to awaken our pain. But such is not the case; to talk about him is a balm for us, somewhat like finding him back with us for a few moments. But we also know that he is now very much busy improving himself.

François Michel Rousseau, May 1993

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