



The Hazel project

Chris Leah writes about how imagination, innovation and sheer persistence have created a new well being facility from a historic canal boat...



The craft of wooden boatbuilding, canal history and looking after people's mental well being are not obvious bedfellows, but the restoration of the 1914 built narrow boat Hazel in Stalybridge, Greater Manchester, brings all these elements together in an innovative project to restore the old boat and put her to work providing waterway holidays for people under stress or recovering from stress related illness.

The project has been the long term dream of Subud member Chris Leah, who has combined his fascination with old wooden canal boats with a desire to do something worthwhile for people and the planet. In 1987 Chris and some friends formed the Wooden Canal Craft Trust, later re-organised as the Wooden Canal Boat Society (WCBS) and registered as a charity to save old wooden boats and put them to work for the community.

Hazel was originally built at Runcorn to carry coal and salt on the canals of North West England. One of many Runcorn 'wooden header' boats, she plied her trade pulled by a single horse or mule *continued >*

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until some time in the 1940s. With the decline of canal transport after 1945, many of her sisters were broken up or left to rot in abandoned arms of the canal.

Hazel was lucky. In 1951 she was bought by a member of Manchester's Halle Orchestra and the hold that used to contain her industrial cargoes was cabined over to provide a home for the musician and his wife. The old back cabin was made into an engine room so that Hazel could travel without equine assistance.

After many families had lived aboard Hazel over the years, she was eventually donated to the Wooden Canal Boat Society. An inspection showed her to be in need of all her timbers being replaced. In the short term this was beyond the resources of a small charity, so she survived for over 20 years with gentle treatment and occasional patching.

As some members had personal experience of depression, and canal boating is known to lift the spirits, Hazel was earmarked as a boat to help people recover from depression. However, though a fund was steadily built up over the years, it often seemed that the boat would fall apart before there was enough money in the kitty to start on her rebuild.

*Canal boating
is known to lift
the spirits*

The Nick of Time

A surprising collaboration between Tameside's Health and Social Well Being Commissioners and the canal boat enthusiasts have brought the restoration of the boat forward in the nick of time. By widening out the scope of the project to attract a wider group of people with social or health needs, Hazel became eligible for funding at a time when many social welfare services are being cut.

In July 2011 Hazel was dragged from the Huddersfield Narrow Canal and a combination of professional boatbuilders (one of whom had travelled from Colorado USA to work on this project) and volunteers set to work to carefully dismantle then faithfully reconstruct the old boat, now the last of her type.

Hazel is expected to go into service in 2013. She will travel the canals, sometimes towed, sometimes horse drawn. For about 12 weeks of the year she will provide hotelboat style holidays, particularly on the trans-pennine Huddersfield Narrow Canal, which is one of the most scenic, but, with 74 locks, one of the most daunting canals in the national network.

For the rest of the year she will provide long and short breaks at as low a price as possible for local people identified as being in need of an opportunity to unwind. Research has shown that such a facility can pay for itself in terms of reduced demand for more expensive NHS services.

Nearly Complete

At present Hazel's hull is nearly complete and attention is turning to restoring and fitting out the original back cabin, a space 8' X 6'6" X 5' where the boatman and his family used to live, and the 1951 accommodation. The back cabin will become the captain's home during trips, whilst the later conversion will be fitted out with cabins to provide berths for up to 8 people, with disabled access to the main areas. A wheelchair lift, donated some years ago, will be installed to assist with boarding.

Much of the funding for Hazel has come from a group of Hazel sponsors, ordinary people who contribute £28 a year to sponsor the boat for a particular date. Many of these people have stuck with the project even through the lean times when its success looked doubtful. In this way, a fund of £30,000 has been built up which, added to the £75,000 local authority grant has made the project possible.

However, the original estimate for the work was £140,000 and, though to some extent donations in kind will reduce the shortfall, things are going to get a little difficult by early 2013. There is also a problem of having enough funds to launch the project. It had been hoped to get funding for a development worker to get the boat into service and paying its way, but, in the current economic climate this is looking unlikely to happen. The work of putting the boat into service will have to be done by the hard pressed volunteers.

The WCBS is now compiling a "wedding list" of items that will be needed for the fitting out of Hazel so that people or organisations who want to support her can buy a particular item, ranging from interior lights at £20 each to a calorifier costing £700, each of which will be marked with a plaque acknowledging the donation.

For more information go to wcbs.org.uk Email theboatman@mail.com

Ring Chris the boatman on 07931952037

Minutes of the WSC meeting

We had hoped to bring you the decisions and reports from the recent WSC meeting in Vancouver in this issue, but the minutes are still being checked, so we hope we can bring them in the next issue. Something to look forward to...

Some good news

In the meantime, while awaiting the reports from Vancouver, you might like to look at The World Subud Association Annual Report...

An Australian newspaper publishes a comic strip called “The Wizard of Id”. It is set in a faux medieval world populated by a king, a jester and various other members of this imaginary universe. Perhaps the strip is also familiar to readers in other parts of the world.

There is one issue of this comic strip I have never forgotten. The king comes out on his balcony and announces to the gathered populace, “There is good news and there is bad news.” *Pause...*

“The good news is that there is no bad news.” *Pause...*

“The bad news is that that is all the good news is there is.”

Well, this is not true of our Subud universe where bad news is not lacking. I recently travelled around to some countries and everywhere found plenty of bad news. I heard of splits, divisions, and bitter enmities. I heard of Subud groups I once knew of 40 or 50 members now vanished altogether or sustained by 3 or 4 shuffling oldsters. And the constant cry, “Where are the young people?”

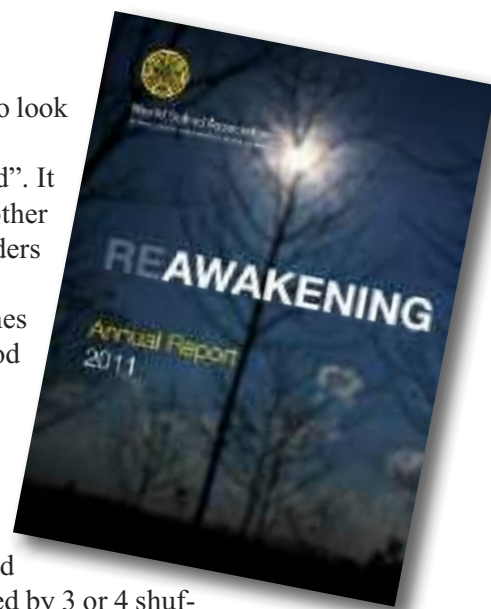
We all know of such stories and sometimes struggle to fight off despair and depression.

Is there any good news to be had? Well, yes, surprisingly enough, there is, in the WSA Annual Report. Here you will find many uplifting and heartening stories of what happened in Subud in the last year.

The World Subud Association's Annual Report for 2011 has been finished and is available to read on-line or download in .pdf format from <http://www.subudworldnews.com/index2.php>

In his 'Letter from the Chairman', Luke Penseny opens by saying, "From my perspective as WSA chair, 2011 was about Reawakening. With a new perspective that references Bapak's most fundamental guidance: Our duty to both worship and work from that place of inner worship, knowing that one without the other means that we are incomplete and lack balance. Thus, the year paid attention to five core areas of our activities and responsibilities arising from 2010 Congress resolutions: Heritage & Archives; Enterprise & Fundraising; Communities & International Centres;

Organization Development & Governance; Communications & Outreach..."



Missing shareholders

The KIC (Kalimantan Investment Corporation) Liquidation Trust was formed by the World Subud Association in order to distribute shares of the Kalimantan Gold Corporation, held by the World Subud Association (WSA), to their rightful owners. We are in the final stages of distribution and are trying to locate the remaining shareholders.

Background:

The Kalimantan Investment Corporation (KIC) is being liquidated. The shares of Kalimantan Gold Corporation that it held are being distributed to its shareholders. After an initial KIC distribution, all remaining shares were transferred to the World Subud Association in 2011. The WSA has transferred all of those shares to the KIC Liquidation Trust, organized as a USA holding company. The trust is now distributing these remaining shares.

If you are one of the shareholders and have not been contacted or know of someone that may be, please write to Evan Padilla, Trustee, at kicliquidationtrust@gmail.com. If we are unable to contact any shareholder or heir within the next four months, those remaining shares will revert to the WSA. We are grateful for any assistance.

WSA Care Support program – two vacancies

From the WSA executive and Arnaud Delune, Care Support Coordinator

The World Subud Association's Care Support Program assists members in emergency situations and with education scholarships worldwide. *continued >*

As the Care Support Team currently consists of only two members: Arnaud Delune, Coordinator, (photo) and Hakim Naibi, Emergency Fund Treasurer, two more people are urgently needed to take on the following roles:

- WSA Care Support Program Administrator: This includes assisting with the administration of applications and grants, ensuring funds are administered properly, collating reports and other related tasks.
 - WSA Care Support Fund Coordinator: This includes reviewing emergency grant applications, liaising with applicants ensuring funds are administered properly and other related tasks. As decisions about all Emergency Fund applications and many Education Fund applications are tested, the Fund Coordinator needs to have the support of local helpers for this work. *continued >*
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Ideal candidates would have an education or a background in social work or one of the caring professions, have proven administrative skills and be a good communicator preferably in both English and Spanish. They would also be competent, reliable, caring, non-judgmental and a strong team player with access to the internet.

These are volunteer positions and as Care Support is a WSA program under the responsibility of the WSA executive, they are not subject to time limits. Please consider the possibilities and personal rewards for being involved and, most importantly, how important it is for our Subud community to assist members and their families during critical times. Contact us at wsa@subud.org for a job description and information about how to apply.

For more information about WSA's Care Support Program visit the Care Support page of www.subud.org

Video about KGC

A new video about life on the ground with KGC's mineral exploration in Kalimantan is available online.

The film shows the activity at the base camp. It shows Bupati's (local head of government) visit to our KSK site in central Kalimantan. It has been shown on local TV twice in the last week.

To upload the film go to <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pUZEhHcuAdY&feature=youtu.be>

If you are keen to come, there are cabins available for those travelling from other countries, A full kitchen is available on site and we will take you to the supermarket to buy groceries nearby. It is a campsite so the facilities are clean but basic.



How to operate the subtitles.

Activities include:

- Swimming hole in the river by the camp-ground; Walk the Abel Tasman track (between 1-4 hours
- beaches between Marahau and Anchorage); Water taxi (there are several services/companies) to Anchorage, Bark Bay, Awaroa, Totoranui. Cost from \$30 one way
- Kayaking - day trip or overnight guided trips. From Marahau or Kaiteriteri
- Drive to Kaiteriteri (10 mins) to lovely golden sand beach that's not tidal
- Mountain biking (I can think of a park in Kaiteriteri especially);
- Drive to Riwaka resurgence (source of the Riwaka river). A beautiful 20 minute drive and 10 minute walk into the Kahurangi National Park

(Park Cafe 50 metres down the road has exceptional food and coffees, breakfast, lunch and dinner.)

Mansur writes... Here is also the link to our recent video of the Bupati's (local head of government) visit to our KSK site in central Kalimantan. It has been shown on local TV twice in the last week.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QbCM0uAkd34> (the above picture shows how to activate the subtitles).

Poems for peace

Latifah Taormina SICA Chair writes...

Please read, share, tell others, and participate. This is very exciting.

Our Subud International Cultural Association (SICA) is part of a huge global coalition of NGOs participating in this exciting event: POEMS FOR PEACE to celebrate PEACE ONE DAY 2012.

<http://www.facebook.com/PoemsForPeaceOneDay>

Peace One Day has the endorsement of the UN, and tons of others. More about Peace One Day here: <http://peaceoneday.org> and also here: <http://www.facebook.com/peaceoneday>

SICA is one of the NGOs that is part of a global coalition of NGOs in support of this event. This will hopefully be largest global reduction of violence ever recorded on one day – and the largest ever gathering of individuals in the name of peace.

continued >



Latifah Taormina.

SICA's contribution to this day is to sponsor and encourage a huge worldwide celebration of POEMS FOR PEACE. We've just put up our Facebook page for this, so go there and like us and be our friend.

<http://www.facebook.com/PoemsForPeaceOneDay>

(We've just put up our Facebook page for this, so go there and like us and be our friend.)

But "liking" us on Facebook is just the beginning.

Be an activist in this. I understand the Dalai Lama said if you've ever been in a room with a mosquito, you'll know the fallacy of thinking you're too small to make a difference. This is an opportunity for you to make a difference.

And we need you!!

Yes, This is where YOU come in!

Wherever you live, in all your communities, invite poets, poetry groups, poetry teachers, poetry lovers, singers, dancers, artists, actors, pipers, players — Subud and non-Subud — to create and share poetry with others on that day.

And do this in the name of SICA and PEACE ONE DAY on 21 September 2012. And, of course, always share credit where credit is due.

Use our logos and materials on our facebook pages or on our special site for the occasion:

<http://www.facebook.com/PoemsForPeaceOneDay> – <http://www.poems-for-peace.org>

Recite, share, sing and celebrate your poems — your own or your favorites — on Peace One Day, Friday 21 September 2012. Any time of the day, wherever you are, and join with others to do this. ●

What if...? A children's song about peace...

Harris writes... A few years ago I wrote a children's song about peace. It was recorded by a Filipina singer Christina del Mundo with some children.

I thought I would like to make a video clip about it but had no money. Then I remembered a scrap of Super-8 film I had shot of my daughter when she was two and I wondered if it would run with the film.

It sort of does in a funny way, because it is about children and also sheep appear, and as we know the lamb is the symbol of peace, and the song lyric recalls the Biblical definition of peace as the day when “the lion will lie down with the lamb”.

The way the sheep got into the movie was that I lived with my wife and child at that time in the Melbourne suburb of Kew and at the back of our house was the Council Pound where stray animals were collected.

If we never had a lion there, at least we had lambs.

An interesting thing was that the song runs for 3 minutes and 17 seconds and the scrap of film unedited ran for exactly the same to the second, so maybe it was “meant to be”.

The song was once picked up by some singers in Canada who performed it in schools.

The clip can be viewed on Youtube <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9xSU8Ykv0ck> and here are the lyrics:

WHAT IF WE COULD...

What if we could find a way to start
To ease the pain in every broken heart
What if we could wipe the slate quite clean
Of ev'ry trace of hate there's ever been
What if no mother's scream should pierce the night
What if no little child should wake in fright
What a perfect place this earth could be
Everyone living in harmony

What if no-one ever lived in fear
Ev'ry street was safe for walking here
What if the lion lay down with the lamb
Altogether in the promised land
What if the bombs should cease to rend and burn
What if each soldier's face should homeward turn
What a perfect place this earth could be
Always peaceful, everyone walks free

What if ev'ry shade and hue of skin
Knew each other as their next of kin
What if we did what we know is right
Each one light a candle in the night
What if we were no longer moved by greed
But each one sought to meet the other's need
What a perfect place this earth could be
Everyone living in harmony

What if we could find a way to start
To ease the pain in every broken heart
What if we did what we know is right
Each one light a candle in the night



From The Yellow House...

Harris Smart writes...

On a recent visit to Cuba, I recorded Spanish versions of two of the songs from my music theatre production “The Yellow House” which is all about the dramatic incident in the history of art when Vincent Van Gogh and Paul Gauguin tried to set up an artists' colony in the south of France. It all ended in disaster with Vincent cutting off his ear, succumbing to madness and 3 years later committing suicide.

A very cheerful story, but I found a spiritual meaning in it, and it raises many questions about life, art, talent and destiny. Both men in their different but equally unconventional ways were profoundly spiritual. As Gauguin put it in the title to one of his paintings, “Where did we come from? Why are we here? Where are we going?”

Hear the songs at www.soundcloud.com/harris-smart

I love Cuban music and I hoped to record Spanish versions of some of the songs and this came about in a rather "Subud" way.

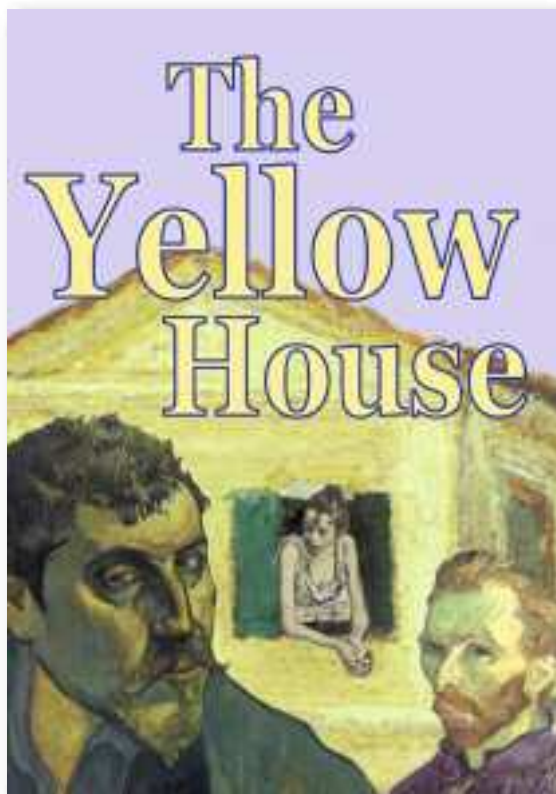
I was staying in the town of Manzanillo which is about 800 kms east of Havana with the Cuban Subud member Andres (Samuel) Perez Morillas who translates Subud Voice. One Saturday evening I walked with Samuel to the main square of Manzanillo.

On a sudden impulse Samuel decided he would like to sit on a seat just opposite the Catholic Church. Samuel remarked later that he didn't know why he wanted to sit down just there, but the result was that we heard the beautiful music coming from the church as they celebrated the evening mass.

Later we learned that this was a special mass conducted in the presence of the provincial bishop and the apostolic nuncio (Pope's representative in Cuba). It was in fact a re-enactment of the mass which had been performed for Pope Benedict on his recent visit to Santiago de Cuba. From the church we heard the most beautiful singing by a woman singer.

I instantly thought that I would love this woman to record my songs. We were able to make contact with her. Her name is Olga and she and her husband, Jesus, who is a musician, made the recordings for me.

Hear the songs “Fortress of Solitude” and “Underside of Down” along with the Spanish versions “Fortaleza de soledad” and “En el fondo del bajon” at <http://soundcloud.com/harris-smart>



A music drama about the Yellow House when Vincent van Gogh and Paul Gauguin tried to found an artists' colony.

Grounded yet ready to fly

Elijah T. Eilert writes of his experience volunteering in Moldova...

The airport at Chisinau, the capital of Moldova, is still very basic, and it was only natural to walk across the runway to get to the terminal! What struck me immediately, however, was the unusual feeling of closeness to the sky – a closeness I continue to feel during the first days I was there.

Now I ask myself if we can get used to that proximity. People also get used to bad stuff, so that we are no longer so aware of it. The experience somehow served as an emotional springboard, and, at the same time, my feet were firmly on the ground in this area of rich soils, the fruit basket of the former Soviet Union.

I had travelled there along with three other international volunteers – Karolina and Robert from Sweden, and Clara from



Anna Hiora, English Summer School organiser, in the centre with arm raised, surrounded by pupils, volunteers and helpers.

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Barcelona – to take part in the “English Summer School” in Budesti, close to the capital. It is organized by Anna Hiora, a Subud member, who plans and carries out the project with enormous professionalism, and is largely sponsored by Susila Dharma.

During personal conversations with her, it becomes clear that, as far as she's concerned, it's not only about external things, but also about her and the others' inner experience.

Lessons took place in a cultural and youth centre financed mostly with German funds. It is wonderfully situated next to a park and field on the edge of town. There are 3 local English teachers involved, as well as four other people and the delightful lady who runs the youth centre, who help organized a whole range of activities. 30 pupils took part in the project and I came to love every one of them. During the two week period we dealt with a variety of subjects, always in English.

One example is the environment, and we combined it with going out to pick up rubbish strewn around the park next door. We also had outings to museums and to a beautiful monastery. The structure Anna had created was very helpful, and included having time every day to discuss things and make any necessary changes. This joint consideration and evaluation at the end of each day ensured that we soon became a close-knit team.

Those of us coming from abroad all developed a strong emotional connection to the place. The town of Budesti has 5000 inhabitants and it is something of a miracle of local politics. The mayor of the town, Nina Costiuc, has been re-elected for the fifth time, and has created an exemplary community that is recognized throughout the country.

In all the projects that she has put together or supported, it is clear that it is not the material aspect that forms the basis of success. When I consider everything I have learnt over the past half year from working with Raimund Schulze-Vorberg's Mediasystems, I can see it confirmed here in Budesti. The community and all its projects have arisen from the ground up, and their roots are deep and strong.

Every euro invested has been put to good use in the right place and, from my understanding, has produced ample human and commercial return. Above all, there is a lot of space for love. The network created throughout Moldova (Anna herself is not from there, but from the capital) and with international friends and partner communities in Italy, Sweden and Kaufungen, Germany, is based on affection, so it promotes peace and an enriching experience for all those involved – or so it seems to me. We lodged at Anna's family. I myself stayed with Anna, her husband and their little boy. Clara, Karolina and Robert stayed with Anna's parents.

Every day after finishing lessons we went to Mama Tanja's to eat – and every day we ate too much! Mamutschka, as I soon came to call Tanja, spoiled us and we all became very fond of each other. I always had to remember my grandmother who, as my father often said, used to cook for the whole street.

It was incredibly hot, and the last hours of the afternoon were often a struggle.

In the evaluation sheets Anna gave us to fill out, we were asked what we personally had learnt. Well, I learnt a lot about my limitations. A basic principle I tried to apply was to bring together the experience of fun and learning: to try and bring some enthusiasm into it; to even have fun when we repeating “I am, you are, he is...” on the bus when we were on an outing.

I must say I wasn't always successful. There were those moments when, like an old wolf, I shouted for discipline and, undoubtedly, suppressed fun and games in favour of the “higher goal” of learning English, rather than trying to find new creative and sensitive ways of doing things.

While I was in Moldova, I read Varindra Tarzie Vittachi's book *A Special Assignment*. I read each page slowly and with thorough enjoyment, and the impact stayed with me all day. I can imagine a child eating a first candy after the war at the same pace. And, considering the process I was going through of questioning myself, I found what Bapak said about the subject of “teaching” was particularly fascinating.

Global giving for YUM

A lot of very exciting news from YUM one of Subud's most extensive and successfully sustained social projects, including a brilliant new fundraising initiative. For more about the stories below and to receive YUM's newsletter and Annual Report go to <http://www.yumindonesia.org>

The YUM Book

This newly published book tells the story of the Yayasan Usaha Mulia, YUM, from its earliest work in the Jakarta slums in the 1960s to its current programs which cover health, education and community development.

Download the .pdf from the YUM web site. <http://www.yumindonesia.org>



YUM.. helping young people with literacy and vocational training.

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GlobalGiving

On October 17th, GlobalGiving will be matching all donations made through GlobalGiving.org up to \$1,000 per donor. This is an incredible opportunity for us so please let all your family and friends know. We will send you a reminder a few weeks before the event.

Projects you can support through GlobalGiving...

VOCATIONAL TRAINING CENTER - CIPANAS

Because the youth unemployment rate in Cipanas is very high (at 60%), it is crucial for YUM to keep the Vocational Training Center (VTC) operational. Last year, 75% of our senior graduates were able to find a job. Help us keep the VTC alive by donating via Global Giving on this link: www.globalgiving.org/projects/provide-skills-for-indonesian-unemployed-youth/

A World Bank study found that close to 60 percent of Indonesian youth are unemployed; this is the case in Yayasan Usaha Mulia's project area of Cipanas, West Java. That is why a Vocational Training Center (VTC) was established in order for youths to learn skills that would increase their chances of gaining employment. So far, 75 percent of our alumni have found jobs. Help us keep the VTC going and help more than 300 disadvantaged youths per year find employment.

What is the issue, problem, or challenge?

The unemployment rate in Cipanas for youths aged 16 to 24 is over 60%. The greatest challenges to gaining employment in this area are a lack of skills and a lack of access to employment opportunities. The Vocational Training Center was designed in order to enable more than 300 youths per year to learn valuable skills that will increase their chances of gaining employment in a highly competitive job market.

How will this project solve this problem?

The VTC offers 5 courses including English Courses, Job Seeking Skills, Sewing Classes, Computer Skills Short Course and a Course in Hospitality. These trainings have obtained governmental recognition in 2011. So, students graduating from the VTC will obtain a nationally recognized certificate, assuring them to stand out in the labor market thanks to their new skills.

Potential Long Term Impact

During the past two years a total of 600 students have completed courses at the VTC. 330 of those students graduated at the same time from high school and the VTC. Out of the 330 students who graduated from the VTC, 250 have successfully found jobs. This is a 75% successful job placement! Our hope is that by continuing to offer skills training, more and more disadvantaged youths will find employment and break the cycle of poverty.

Project Message

"I am glad to fill my free time with useful things, a lot of knowledge, experience & to apply knowledge gained from the VTC. I even succeed in going to university as I wanted! Nothing is impossible if you try!"

Erin Nurfauziah, a student, an admin and also help VTC as a tutor

“ On October 17th
GlobalGiving will be
matching all donations
made through
GlobalGiving.org ”

COMMUNITY LIBRARY - CIPANAS

Last year, with your help, YUM was able to find funding to keep the library open, hire a librarian, purchase books, etc. Today, more and more children come to our library and have even become library members! Help us find funding for a second year by donating via Global Giving.

<http://www.globalgiving.org/projects/reading-in-indonesia/>

Expanding YUM's library collection to enhance the reading habits of over 1000 poor children in Cipanas, West Java, enabling them to enrich their lives through reading, ultimately promoting their intellectual development.

What is the issue, problem, or challenge?

Because reading is not part of Indonesia's culture, it is uncommon. Libraries are very rare even in big cities. Not one of the 67 schools in the Cipanas area has a library. While the world becomes increasingly competitive, these children risk getting left behind by not learning about the value of reading. By expanding the book collection YUM hopes its library, the only one in the area, will improve the reading habits of children, stimulating a sense of curiosity and intellectual development.

How will this project solve this problem?

YUM's library is open to the public daily and runs scheduled fun educational activities where children and youth are encouraged to participate. There activities are designed to motivate attendees to become more active in the *continued >*

library, simultaneously building a sense of belonging and ease in continuing to use the library. Visitors are also urged to borrow books to read at home.

Potential Long Term Impact

Going on two years, this library has managed to accommodate up to 1000 visits per month. This project will improve the literacy of children, youth and adults in the surrounding area, enhancing their ability and ease in using books for information and knowledge. For the rest of their lives they will have access to all of the accumulated knowledge of mankind, access to all of the great minds and ideas of the past and present.

Project Message

"The illiterate of the 21st century will not be those who cannot read and write, but those who cannot learn, unlearn, and relearn." Alvin Toffler, Worlds most influential voice in intellectual life

VIEW OUR NEW VIDEO ABOUT THE CIPANAS YUM VILLAGE

Over a period of 30 years, the Cipanas projects have gone through various changes and projects. Watch this mini-documentary made by students of the Jakarta International School, which updates you on the various activities at the Cipanas YUM Village community center, and see the interviews with our staff and beneficiaries. See it on Vimeo <http://vimeo.com/44182250>

Anak-Anak – the Children’s Village – was established as a rehabilitation center for tuberculosis patients and their families. Over time, it transformed into a home for children whose parents had passed away as a result of tuberculosis, or whose families lacked the resources to support their children. Over the course 30 years, YUM’s Children’s Village has supported hundreds of children from West and Central Java.

Recently, global economic decline has made it difficult for YUM to secure funding from donors, and reports from organizations such as Save the Children and UNICEF have suggested that it is better for children to be raised by members of their own families. As a result YUM, with support from the Indonesian Department of Social Affairs, has transformed the Children’s Village into an all-encompassing Community Development Center – the Cipanas YUM Village.

This video was generously made by YUM Summer Interns Nicholas Johnston and Ajar Sana from the Jakarta International School.

Favourite Photo

The Brotherhood of Man

The Favourite Photo this time (page 10) shows Patricia Lacey surrounded by children of many races during the time she organised multi-cultural nursery schools in London. I do not know who took this photo but I have always loved it.

To me it is not only about Patricia and her schools. It summons up the whole rich tapestry of the history of Subud, of all that has been done by so many people because we have chosen to follow the way of the latihan. It is heartening to remember at a time when there is sometimes depression about Subud.

Patricia Lacey, now in her eighties, lives at Wisma Mulia, the Subud home for elderly folk in Gloucestershire. She is a much beloved figure in Subud, everyone's favourite aunt. She was opened in the very first days of Subud's arrival in England in 1957 and has had a very active life in Subud.

She worked in one of Subud's first pioneering health projects, Brookurst Grange, a nursing home set up to look after the many people who were attracted to Subud after news of Eva Bartok's "miraculous healing" became known...

Subsequently she married and she and her husband went to Africa where they played an important part in the early days of Subud there. But after six years in South Africa, and twelve years of marriage altogether, she had to separate from husband who was schizophrenic and an alcoholic. She says.

I always hoped that things would change, but finally I felt they never would. I felt any spiritual growth would be thwarted and made the decision to leave.

I came back to England. I felt lost and sad. One always hopes one's marriage will work out and I was very fond of Richard. I hadn't had a job for twenty years. I was forty-two. I had three hundred quid to my name.

I wrote to Bapak who told me to stay in England and find something "to make your heart happy". I worked for a while in a nursery school, but I was still looking for a direction and then I had a dream which was *continued >*

“Go through the world, telling everyone there is a brotherhood of man”



very beautiful and left a deep impression on me.

The dream began with my asking the question: "But what is my proper work?"

With this I heard a voice say: "Receive."

I then began to do my latihan in my dream and my arms were raised above me in worship of God, and I was singing as I do in latihan. At this moment I heard my sister say in the dream: 'Shush, Patricia, they will hear you', and I replied: "Be quiet, this is my latihan, and I am receiving what I should do."

I then saw I was sitting on a haystack, surrounded by what seemed to be people of all nationalities, Chinese and Africans and Indians, but when I looked more closely, it was as if they all turned into Indians. Then I heard a voice say: "You must now go through the world, telling and showing everyone that there is a brotherhood of man, and that we do love each other, and there is no colour prejudice. Begin..."

With this, all the Indians from the haystack and I began to dance and float through the air, singing very beautifully, like in latihan. The dream was so vivid and left such an impression on me that I felt happy for weeks afterwards.

When I tried to understand this dream, I could not see any relationship to my work. Its significance seemed to me that the latihan was the most important thing, and my work secondary, so I felt that if I did the latihan I would eventually see in what direction I must go.

A few weeks later when I was telling some friends about the dream, I suddenly remembered that Bapak had said the colour brown is a combination of all the other colours, bringing about harmony and inner understanding. I then thought that perhaps when things were harmonized in me through the latihan I would understand where my proper work lay.

A Few Weeks Later...

A few weeks later, a woman from my old nursery school rang and said "Patricia, you've been recommended to start a nursery school in Kentish Town and we wondered if you'd like to come for an interview?"

"No, thank you very much. It's very sweet of you, but I'm not interested."

Three days later she rang again and said: "I've been asked to ring you again. This is not just to start another nursery school. It's to work with Africans, West Indians, Pakistanis and Chinese who are here as immigrants. We want to try and integrate them into the community so they're not living in isolated pockets. It's primarily a nursery school, but with parent co-operation and parent activities like language classes and, if it's successful, we plan to start more."

So then the penny dropped! Oh God, my dream! I went to see the committee who asked me a lot of *continued >*

questions. They said: "If we offered you this job, how long would you stay?"

"If you're thinking of eight or nine years, forget about it," I said. "I'll give you a couple of years if you like."

They offered me a piddling salary which I refused.

They asked: "What kind of salary would you like?" I told them and they said: "OK, we'll let you have that. When can you start?"

I started the first nursery in a big church hall down the road. There were thirty kids in the morning and thirty in the afternoon. The policy was to have multi-ethnic staff, so there was an Indian girl, West Indian and an English girl. There were parents at each session, one English and one ethnic parent else, so that the newcomers could learn the language and learn about each other. Out of those contacts grew many things.

They had cooking classes from all around the world. One of the English mums said: "I'm sick of the same old food day in and day out. Why can't we learn some different foods?" They did this cooking every week. I thought, great, now I'm going to have some fabulous meals. Not on your nelly. At 4:30 p.m. they all sat down and ate the Chinese food or Indian food or whatever. I never got any.

All this was very new for England. We weren't used to immigrants. We started language classes. We had a youth club for the older kids. We took them on expeditions all over London and the country. We taught them how to cope with travelling in and around London.

After I'd been running that one for about six months, my committee asked me to start some more. I had a little van which became known all over the area. The police knew me, all the kids knew me, parents for miles, social workers, doctors and the local council, with whom I worked closely.

I'd go to an area where I knew there were a lot of immigrants and I'd look for a suitable building to convert. I worked closely with health and social services. They gave me lists of mums with kids who were living in very poor and confined conditions and I'd go and tell them what we were doing.

The immigrants who were shy and reluctant I'd pick up in my little van and take them to the building to show them the nursery and what we were doing. If they didn't speak the language I would take an interpreter, and soon they would be installed and interested.

I started about ten of these centres over a period of six years. Everywhere I went it was as though the power of God was working to help me develop these projects. When I investigated a building, the caretaker would say: "You won't get this building to do that."

I'd say: "Thanks very much, but who's the owner anyway?"

In two weeks or so I'd have negotiated and had the planning permission to go ahead. Social Services and the Medical Officer of Health in the area would say: "I don't know how you get these halls, because we've been looking in these areas for the last two years."

It was just like that, just like a gift. I had no preconceived ideas of what I was going to do, no ambition, no plan to be successful, just went from day to day, with one idea from day to day, and that's how it all grew, organically. I was given the grace, though I never thought of it consciously at the time; only later did I realize it. Of course it was hard work, but I didn't have to fight for any of it, everything just grew in a natural way.

A funny thing is that all during this time I used to be woken up at four thirty, the time of prayers, the first call to prayer in the Muslim faith. I wasn't a Muslim and didn't even know about it at this time, but I knew it was something special, and used to sit quietly for ten minutes or so before beginning my paper work for the day, or finances that needed doing. Sometimes my best work, creative and practical, was done at this time. It was a very special time, beautifully quiet, and one's mind was crisp and clear.

Later I would go to the building where we were creating the nursery school, and could get through so much preparations before staff would come at nine o'clock, or before telephones began to crackle and disturb the special quiet.

This carried on for the five years of the development of these nurseries, and later Bapak told us in his talk that to get up at four-thirty is a very special time for prayer, and to help us with our work, or if we need money, or to get on in life. He said to get up then would always help us, and even said: "We need never be poor, if we get up early!" Later I saw he also advised people who were depressives to get up then too. So how lucky for me I was given the grace.

After eight years, I felt I had accomplished what I had to do. There was no challenge anymore, and I was very tired. The multi-ethnic schools were accepted and the local councils and education departments were developing their own establishments for the future multi-ethnic society.

This article is extracted from the book Sixteen Steps by Harris Smart. Harris still has some copies of the book which has often been favourably thought of by people in Subud, especially as a book that is good to give to people to tell them about Subud. Contact Harris if you would like to buy one at subudvoice@gmail.com

IBU SITI SUMARI *PART 2*

We continue our series about Bapak's second wife, Ibu Siti Sumari, with memories of Subud members who knew her...

Bapak Is Calling Me

Ibu was telling me stories about Indonesia and about what the climate was like. I was exchanging dreams that I'd had, and she was saying "Yes, that is what it was like". All of a sudden, she said to me, "Oh, I must go now, Bapak is calling me."

I could not hear Bapak calling her. She got up, walked toward the door, when she received that I had been questioning where all this calling came from. She came back and sat down next to me again, and said, "You know, when Bapak calls you, it's not like when you call somebody else. Bapak calls me from inside, and Ibu responds from inside."

And because it took her so long to explain this to me, by that time it was too late to go, and Bapak came into the room himself and motioned to her. *Lusana Faliks*

Ibu Did So Much For Us

Ibu did so much for so many of us. Women would start calling to see her at about 9.30 a.m. and if Cilandak was full of visitors, they would come right through the morning.

Often Ibu would listen to the tapes of Bapak playing the gambang. Frequently she would ask some of the ladies to join her, probably to do the latihan.

Ibu's memory was long and clear, and her perceptiveness was very deep. She was so big – big enough to appear to be many women in one.

There was Ibu the homely, the motherly, the approachable, and Ibu the confidante and diplomat. And then there was the other Ibu: the queen and so much more than that – someone so filled by the Power of God that I seemed to hear her at these times as if from a great distance, and I could hardly bear to lift my eyes to her face. *Harlinah Longcroft*

Head Up!

During one latihan, I was in the back of the room and suddenly, Ibu was there. I was down on my knees in a very holy posture, with my head to the floor, worshipping God. She grabbed my hair and she pulled me up. "Stand up," she said, and the back of her hand actually flipped my chin. "Stand up. Woman worships God standing up. Head up. Woman worships God this way." *Roekmini House*

Light and Warmth

I was opened just in time to be able to do latihan with Ibu in San Francisco in 1968. Although my eyes were closed in latihan, I felt the room get extremely light and warm and bright. It was such a strong light that I opened my eyes. Ibu was in the centre of a circle formed by myself and several other ladies.

The light and warmth were radiating from her as she moved! I was stunned, and shut my eyes as fast as I could, with the feeling that this phenomenon was not for normal sight, and tried to 'go back' to my latihan. Later the light and warmth left the room, and it felt dark and cold. I knew that it meant Ibu had left the room, but being new I opened my eyes to check. Ibu was not there. *Halimah Cristy*

Practically In Her Lap!

An interesting thing is that when I came into Subud, I was very cynical... I had two experiences with Ibu, one of them was that I was NOT going to go near Ibu in the latihan. I was in Subud about six months, and we were doing latihan. Ibu was sitting in the front of the room. I went to the other end of the room to stay away from her. *continued >*



Ibu Siti Sumari with women in Colombo.

When the latihan was over, where do you think I was? Practically in her lap! *Indira Smith*

Definitely My Mother

At first, in the early days, I didn't take too much notice of Ibu. I was very very small fry – young, ignorant and busy. For me, Ibu was a sort of shadowy figure – mysterious. She didn't make too much impression on me, she did come up to me after my third latihan and say "Good latihan," and that was a big relief, I tell you! Apart from tiny little things, that was my only sort of contact with Ibu in those days ... but I really got to know Ibu when we went to Indonesia in January 1962.

When Ibu and Bapak would come for the weekend, Ibu would take no notice of me at all. She was obviously very fond of Leonora Coupis who was also there, but not me! So, for years, I knew I was dirt beneath Ibu's feet, and she treated me that way.

And that was OK, because I was wonderfully connected with Rochanawati and Bapak and all the other young Indonesians our age. Every now and again, Ibu would come and sort of lay down the law with me. Cilandak was unpaved in those days, and in 1962 the single guesthouse was awash with mud! I couldn't stand this place dirty.

I mean this was Bapak and Ibu's house! They weren't actually living there. They lived in town, and used to come for weekends with all the entourage, the maids and everything. They lived upstairs, and my family and Leonora lived downstairs.

I couldn't stand all the mud. The dogs brought it in, the feet brought it in. It worried me that Bapak's house was dirty, so I spent many days trying to keep this red dirt out. One day Ibu came in, and she said "Salamah, you make more dirt!" I knew immediately that she meant my bad feelings! I was so upset about this dirt in Bapak's house that I was sweeping! I was furious with people for coming in and making it muddy, and I was making it more dirty with my cross feelings!

Ibu was very definitely my mother. She was way above me as a mother. One day Ibu said to me, "Salamah, what can you cook?" when she found out how little I cooked, Ibu herself taught me how to cook for my family. She would give me tastes of things she was cooking and ask how I thought it was – not enough salt? Too much turmeric? And she would tap me on the shoulder, with a chuckle at my stupidity if my tasting wasn't 'right'. And always pray when you cook: "God, God, God", she said. "Then it feels good to the stomach, too."

She would see me and ask "What you cook for Abdullah today? Tomorrow you cook, it's better for him." Or, "You like dodol? Ibu give you some for the children." *Salamah Pope*

A Real Mother

Ibu yang mulia – noble mother, Ibu yang tertjinta – best loved mother – the Ibu I saw was the Ibu jang tertjinta. She was a wonderful mother – a real mother, full of advice and gentle scoldings to help open the way. She gave me constant lessons in how to behave, as a woman; and the example of her own behaviour.

"Why you not wear nice clothes? You must make your husband happy," Dear Ibu – I miss her loving advice. "Sit up!" she said one day out of the blue. "How can you receive HERE (a thump on my chest) if you sit slouching all the time?"

On helping others, Ibu was equally firm. "You give help (money) to families who need it", she said. "Then when you need help, like cooking for a selamatan, you can ask them. This way there is no debt." *Salamah Pope* ●

Source of Life

Source of Life : Léonard Lassalle: published by Via Books, August 2012

Reviewed by Marcus Bolt

Léonard Lassalle has pulled off a remarkable feat with this new book, and if I hadn't already been a member, I would most definitely have wanted to find out about receiving the latihan after reading it – he makes it sound so exciting, rekindling anew the enthusiasm I felt in my early days when it seemed we were all on a 'Magical Mystery Tour' and spiritual adventure together.

But there again, he was the first person I spoke to about Subud when an enquirer, some 44 years ago over a candlelit supper in his garden. Bapak once indicated that when a helper is doing his/her job properly, the enquirer will 'feel something spontaneously', and I can report that I most certainly did when talking to Léonard about the latihan that first time.

I confess to being, after four decades of latihan, one of those rare things in Subud – an agnostic – as well as *continued >*

being someone still having problems with the ‘G’ word and all the unfortunate, archaic, cultural baggage it brings with it. So, the book reads very comfortably to me, because Léonard manages to convey a sense of deep spirituality, of ‘mystical other-worldliness’ and awe of the unknown without one ‘religious’ reference (except when describing an extraordinary experience with Bapak). In fact the title, ‘Source of Life’, says it all to me and is a term I’m completely at ease with and will use from now on. In turn, this makes it the ideal book for the non-Abrahamic religious enquirer, yet will sit happily with and read truthfully to members of all faiths or none.

The book is well written in a flowing, easy-read, intimate style (how I admire those who can write fluently in a language not their mother tongue) and charts, in the early chapters, Léonard’s life from his upbringing on an island off the French coast; being educated at Summerhill Free School and becoming a student at the Central School of Arts in London. And this is where he met Mélinda, the woman with whom he raised seven children and to whom he is still married 53 years later (another rare thing in Subud, it has to be said). It was through his wife-to-be that Leonard discovered Subud and eventually made the journey to Coombe Springs to be opened by Bapak.

The following chapters tell the story of how he uncovered innate skills as antique dealer, businessman and interior designer; of how he became an International Helper, spiced with amazing stories of his travels in Poland, Russia and Africa, and ends with his returning to painting in his idyllic French farmhouse, where he and Mélinda still live today.

The whole story of his life (and what a life it’s been so far) is infused with the latihan and the guidance it brings and is an exemplar for us all.

This book will delight long-timers with its stories of Bapak and Subud’s past, and will be equally fascinating to ‘post-Bapak’ members and, I believe, will re-energise any Subud member reading it. I also believe the book will feel totally satisfying to any seeker looking for that mystical, magical ‘something’, as we all once were. It’s an ideal book for any enquirer, in other words.

For your copy, go to: <http://www.lulu.com/shop/léonard-lassalle/source-of-life/paperback/product-20336644.html>
www.subudbooks.com : www.amazon.com (or any good bookstore.)

Source of Life paperback 282 pages: £11.00 plus postage : ISBN: 978-1-291-03427-1



Safe Passage

Reynold Ruslan Feldman reviews Mariam Stephens’ Safe Passage Notebooks—Chronicles of Love and War...

Mariam Stephens, a long-time Subud member from California’s wine country, has released a brilliant new book which I strongly recommend that Subud members get, read, and tell their friends about. The minute you’ve seen a paragraph or two of Safe Passage Notebooks, you’ll be clear that Mariam did not always live in California or the United States. Surely not.

She was born in Belfast, Northern Ireland, in the early years of World War II, grew up there, and then became a peace activist during the Troubles. Part One of Safe Passage Notebooks describes her childhood, Part Two her life as a single mum with two young kids in the early 1970s during the Troubles.

In my endorsement of the book I wrote, “When the late Frank McCourt died, I mourned, ‘Where will we ever find a voice like his again?’ Fortunately, having discovered Safe Passage Notebooks and Mariam Stephens, I have my answer. Here we have the sights, sounds, smells, and feel of Belfast in the 40s and 50s. Here we luxuriate in that magnum mysterium, the Irish.

At times I laughed so hard I cried. At other times I simply cried.

For here, too, is Northern Ireland in the time of the Troubles. We watch through Mariam’s eyes as Mother Teresa of Calcutta addresses the peace workers of Corrymeela, Mariam among them. We also experience the painful work of reconciliation undone by a moment’s act of violence. All in all, this is a wonderful memoir, full of love, *continued >*



Mariam Stephens.

loss, hope, and humor, bigger-than-life figures, and always, always, the voice and spirit of Ireland.”

Since you'll be reading this review in a Subud publication, let me add that this is one of the best Subud books ever, even though the words Subud, Bapak, and latihan are never mentioned. Didn't St. Francis encourage his friar to “preach the Gospel and if necessary use words”?

You can see for yourself by buying a copy of *Safe Passage Notebooks* at www.amazon.com It's available in both paperback and e-book (Kindle) formats. You can also see what the lady looks like by going to her website:

<http://mariamstephens.com>

I hope you'll do both. As they say in the shamrock isle, you'll be in for a good see and a grand read.

“ A wonderful memoir, full of love, loss, hope, and humor ”

THE PASSING OF IBU KUSWANDA

Bapak Kuswanda writes...

My wife of more than fifty years, Siti Hartati, passed away on Tuesday morning, August 7 at 04.32 at the ICU Puri Cinere Hospital, South Jakarta after a month in the hospital.

She was almost 80 years old (Oct 14, 2012), loved by most of those who know her and her departure were grieved by many who came to our house to pay their condolences including Ibu Rahayu and Bapak's close family members. Two former Ministers of Agriculture and two former Ministers of Forestry also paid a visit to pay their last respects for her. A big bouquet of flowers were also sent by the current Minister of the Environment.

Siti Hartati was an Indonesian International Helper, serving together with Ibu Ismana Haryono in the period of 1997 to 2001 (Spokane to Bali Congress). She passed away as an active Helper of South Jakarta Center, Cilandak.

Harris Smart adds...

It was with great sadness that I heard of the passing of Ibu Kuswanda. On several occasions, I was the recipient of the kindness and hospitality of Bapak and Ibu Kuswanda. She was always most welcoming and helpful to me and will be missed by many people both Indonesians and visitors to Indonesia, She was a model of the qualities of Susila, Budhi and Dharma that we in Subud hope to make manifest in our lives. Our sympathy goes out to Bapak Kuswanda and the other members of Ibu's family at this time.



Ibu Kuswanda.



Harold Temple.

HAROLD TEMPLE 1924 - 2012

Harold Temple passed away at Shellharbour Hospital on July 27th, 2012 aged 88. Harold, together with his wife Mariam, was opened in the early 60s and set about establishing a Subud Group here in Wollongong (NSW) area, where he was a dedicated member for some fifty years. He was a hard working, strong minded man who had a great love of Bapak and was very dedicated to the growth and development of Subud in the world.

He spent a great amount of time and effort in the Ukraine, his country of origin, helping to establish Subud for his compatriots, and was especially involved in the establishment of RUSS, the Ukraine Subud newsletter which has recently celebrated it's 20 year anniversary.

Harold and Mariam worked with great purpose throughout his active years in Wollongong having an absolute belief in God's will in regards to the purchase of both the original Wollongong Subud Centre and the Hillside Settlement property in West Dapto that so many of us continue *continued >*

to enjoy today. Together they also established and ran the Soleil Community Services Foster Home and PreSchool for many years, providing care and support for many hundreds of children. The PreSchool is still in operation today.

Harold will be remembered by many for his charm and oft present twinkle of humour in his eye and for his resolute uncompromising character that allowed him at times to move boulders the size of small houses, build bridges that have and will stand the test of time, and fight battles when he saw the need. We wish Harold peace and blessings for the rest of his journey but also hope there is plenty of work there for him to do.

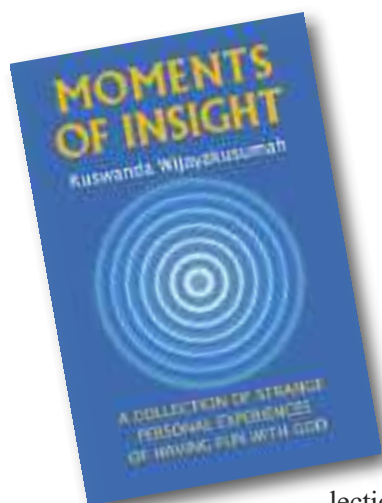
Harold's ashes will be placed under a huge fig tree near the river on the family property at Foxground (near Wollongong) on Saturday 25th August at 1pm. Mariam's ashes were placed under the same tree 3 years ago.

From Astra...

Harold's daughter, Astra, wrote to Sandra Lykhatska in the Ukraine...

You may find it interesting that at the time of his death I was with a golden eagle named 'Spirit' in Canada with its handler, it kept wanting to come to me, so he stood beside me and it spread its wings over my head and then closed its wings over me like a hug and I knew Dad was saying goodbye and on his journey. Soon afterwards Bradford telephoned me to tell me that Dad had passed away.

In Indian lore the Eagle carries our prayers and spirits to the Great Spirit.



SUBUD VOICE BOOKS

Subud Voice has recently published two new books...

Moments of Insight

Moments of Insight - a collection of strange personal experiences of having fun with God is a new book by the Indonesian Subud member Kuswanda Wijayakusumah, better known to his many friends as Pak Kuswanda...Moments of Insight is available both as an e-book and a printed book from www.lulu.com Price 10 Pounds.

They Were There

They Were There by Ilaine Lennard, the best articles from Subud Voice during the time Ilaina edited the magazine, is also available.

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 is one response to the book, from Howard Raimbach, who said in an answerphone message, "THEY WERE THERE is a wonderful read, and I will recommend it to all my friends".



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.

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The meaning of Surrender



*1ST WORLD
CONGRESS.
The first Subud
World Congress in
1959 at Coombe
Springs at which
Bapak delivered
this talk..*

Recently I was at a helpers' meeting where the helpers were giving support to a young member in his spiritual journey. Something I noticed was how often the word "surrender" was used. Perhaps it is the most used word in Subud, even more than "enterprise".

But I often wonder if when we use the word "surrender" we are any of us talking about the same thing. Or whether our use of the word conveys anything meaningful or useful to another person. We use it as if we all had a shared understanding of what it means, but I wonder if we do.

A few years ago I decided to investigate the meaning of this extremely vague word. I asked seven people in Subud to tell me what they understood by the word. I got seven completely different answers. Some people gave a verbal definition. Some people tried to describe an image or a feeling. It brought home to me how different our understandings were.

Isti Jenkins knew of my interest in this word and she told me that during Ramadan she had listened to a talk by Bapak in which he directly addresses the meaning of surrender. I publish a short extract from the talk and suggest that anyone who is interested in this might like to read the whole talk. The talk comes from the very first Subud World Congress at Coombe Springs. It is published as Talk No.16 in *The Complete Recorded Talks of Bapak Muhammad Subuh Sumohadiwidjojo Volume 5* and is also available at Subud Library www.subudlibrary.net

Recording Code Number **59 CSP 16**. First Subud World Congress, Coombe Springs, 29 August 1959. *Copyright © 2007 the World Subud Association. All rights reserved. Authorized translation. For Subud members only.*

How Can We Surrender?

John Bennett: I was saying to Bapak that the one question that had come in was: 'What is surrender, and how can we, who can only come to this at present with our minds, really surrender, when we have only our minds to surrender with?'

Bapak: Ladies and gentlemen, Bapak would like to give some explanations in answer to your question about how to surrender to the greatness of God.

The reality of your surrender at the time of your opening and thereafter, is not the normal surrender of people who submit to God's greatness just with their heart, their thinking mind or their will. What is required in order to surrender is not the submission of your heart, but the power of God working and manifesting within your being. So what enables you to surrender to God's greatness is your heart being filled to an extent with the strength of God's power, which works at the moment when you are opened and whenever you do latihan.

So the essence of surrender is that at the required time - when you are opened and later, when you do the latihan - your heart is empty and void of everything: your hopes, wishes and desires, including your wish to surrender to God. For when you wish to surrender, what is wishing is simply your heart.

The truth is that in the latihan, according to God's Will, you should simply be aware of your whole being and not think about anything. Movements will then arise from within your being. And the arising of these movements within you means that you are surrendering to God; in other words, that you are allowing whatever God Wills and the working of the Great Life Force within you. (Think of it) like this: it's as if you are with someone else, and whatever they do to you - they raise you up, they hold you, guide you, or whatever - you don't resist; you simply submit to whatever they want to do with you. That is what true surrender to God is like.

This is the meaning of surrendering to the greatness of God. But do not forget that the most important thing in the latihan and in receiving the contact is not the surrender but the fact that, by God's Will, the current of God's power flows through the opener to one who is being opened. Their feeling is spontaneously awakened within them and the activity of their heart, thinking and desires stops.

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