



## MESSAGE FROM IBU RAHAYU REGARDING THE CORONAVIRUS



*Ibu Rahayu at Innsbruck.*

Pamulang, April 14<sup>th</sup>, 2020

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

The spread of the Coronavirus plague has not stopped. It has spread all around the world and claimed many victims.

In this time of unrest, this situation today reminded me of a latihan experience that I had.

This is the story:

The office of Ibu Rahayu has sent us the authorised version of Ibu's message. To read the complete text click here:

[www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/04/Ibu-Rahayu-letter-Covid-19-pandemic.pdf](http://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/04/Ibu-Rahayu-letter-Covid-19-pandemic.pdf)

To read Ibu Rahayu's explanation about rajahs mentioned in her letter click here...

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/04/Ibu-explanation-about-Rajah.pdf>

To read Ibu Rahayu's instructions for preparing and distributing a rajah click here...

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/04/Instruction-to-use-the-Rajah.pdf>

## THE WORLD SUBUD ASSOCIATION Executive Office

## MESSAGE FROM THE DEWAN OF INTERNATIONAL HELPERS

Dear Brothers and Sisters of Subud throughout the world,

We know that in many places at this time we are not able to practice the Latihan kejiwaan together in our groups as usual, as we rightly, follow the government regulations in our countries.

We encourage members to Latihan at home at the normal times for your group during this pandemic. In this way, you continue to have the inner connection with your sisters or brothers.

The International Helpers have organised simultaneous Latihans in each area. We encourage everyone to join those times if able. As Ibu has advised us, the Latihan itself cannot be conveyed, enhanced or enabled by technology. Therefore, the use of technology is unnecessary to this inner connection between us during the Latihan.

We encourage you to prepare for Latihan in the usual way: sitting quietly for some time, so that you begin your worship in that state of deep quiet surrender.

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### SUBMISSIONS AND DONATIONS

Submissions to Subud Voice on any aspect of Subud life are welcomed. Send to Harris Smart, [subudvoice@gmail.com](mailto:subudvoice@gmail.com) We rely on donations to keep Subud Voice going. You can donate by going to the PAYMENTS button which is located in the toolbar at the top of the page. [www.subudvoice.net](http://www.subudvoice.net)

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Of course, we may wish to use technology as a means to connect with each other outside of the Latihan to enhance our social connection in this time when social isolation is recommended.

With love and prayers that we each feel ourselves within God's power.

*The Dewan of International Helpers 28 March 2020*

"So, there is no latihan where we accompany members by a mobile phone or Skype. There is no connection. In fact, what is important, what is needed, is something that creates a connection between one person and another or between many people, and that is a power that is within you. What is that power? It is the power you receive from God; we term it budhi. This is the budhi in Susila Budhi Dharma. So, do not degrade your budhi, which must be active, with a mere mobile phone. Your budhi just goes into the mobile phone. [Ibu laughs.] Your voice at the other end of the line has no content. This is the practice, the technical aspect of the kejiwaan."

*Excerpt from Ibu Rahayu's meeting with International Helpers Areas 1,2,3 Cilandak, Indonesia  
February 27, 2015*

Code 15 CDK 5 – TT RL

To read this message in Spanish go to:

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/04/DEWANIH-Message-to-Members.pdf>

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## TRUST

*From Ramzi Addison, Christchurch, New Zealand...*

*Editor's note: In the January issue of Subud Voice we published an article by Ramzi about something that happened to him at the Freiburg Congress.*

*He had an experience in which he saw the world consumed by a conflagration identified as global warming and the question that arose for him was whether human beings would have the capacity to change in time to avert disaster. The answer seemed to be "no".*

*We published that article at a time when the worst ever bushfires were raging in Australia. I asked Ramzi if he could write something about what we now face with the corona virus. He wrote...*



We are living in difficult times. Bapak used to say that in such times we are tested and can grow. Times of great change. Times of great pain. Times where we learn to truly surrender to God or be lost.

I am not an expert or authority on these things or indeed on anything spiritual. I'm just bumbling along doing my best like the rest of us. But I am an expert on managing change.

This was the topic of my PhD and I spent nearly two years gathering data through interviews and observation in four processing plants all undergoing radical technological changes in their core processes. This was in an industry characterised by strong unions and institutionalised conflict.

I won't bore you with the details but what emerged from the data – very clearly - is that the one core element that brings success in managing the change process is the building of mutual trust.

Trust implies an element of risk. To trust means that you suspend your fear that you will be hurt in some way if you concede to the other party.

In times of radical change, such as we have now, where there appears to be a great deal to lose, trust is the vital element that acts both as a glue to hold together social relationships and also as the lubricant that allows the disjointed factors of our lives to move and to be effective when things are in chaos and uncertainty.

Processing plants that built mutual trust routinely solved problems that brought other plants to their knees. It was almost miraculous to witness this.

What I was witnessing was the releasing of our potential to work together. The releasing of the power of suspending our fear of the other, of losing something to the other. And it's both amazingly powerful and amazingly simple.

So, in this situation of global change, who do we trust?

We can start by trusting each other. Immediately, contemplating this notion, we can see how difficult this is in practise. There really is something to lose – and we fear this.

But trust is like forgiveness - very difficult – but very, very powerful. And yet very simple. Only our fear stands in the way.

So maybe we should start by trusting God. I am here because I asked to be here on this planet, at this time. My heart and mind are fearful and anxious but in myself I praise God for this opportunity.

I trust God.

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# EXTEND A HELPING HAND...

*We give due attention to the virus, and we celebrate what transcends the virus...*

## The Editor writes...

Did you know that these images of the virus are completely false? There is no colour in the world of the virus. This is all just illustrators' imaginations.

You can't even see the virus with a microscope. You have to get an electron microscope to even see it. And there's no colour down in that electron microscope world. It's a monochrome world. It's a grey world.

And what about those sucker things projecting out from the sphere? Have you been wondering about them as I have? Do they fasten on to our cells with their suckers?

In some depictions of the virus they don't look like suction caps, but more like spikes tipped with velcro. So, do they fasten on to our cells with a sort of velcro effect?



## But Enough Science

I was watching TV this morning. There was all the usual news about the virus. The number of infections worldwide passed 2 million today and the number of deaths 143,000. I am writing this on April 18, 2020; by the time you get to read it, these totals will no doubt have been surpassed.

Then suddenly, out of nowhere on the TV, pops up this image of Notre Dame Cathedral. Do you remember Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris? It nearly burned down about a year ago. Yeah, I too had completely forgotten about it. The fire at Notre Dame had had its 15 minutes of fame.

It has been superseded by events of even more planetary importance. It got back on the news briefly this morning because some repair work has been going on and today its big bell rang out for the first time for a year. That was some good news amongst all the bad. For whom the bell tolls...

## Troubles Come in Threes

They say that troubles come in three, and to someone viewing the world from the vantage point of Australia, the fire at Notre Dame Cathedral seems a prophecy of what was to come. Was it God's warning sign?

It certainly seems like the first event in a trifecta, the first swallow of spring you might say, because then we had the bushfires in Australia, the worst ever, and we captured the world's headlines for a day or two, but now we have the coronavirus, a master of media manipulation, which has wiped all the other news off the slate for weeks on end.

## The Virus Is Not Even Alive

But did you know that the coronavirus that is causing all this havoc is not even alive? Apparently, scientists have these various criteria which have to be met if something is to be considered alive and the virus does not meet several of these criteria. But some people are saying the criteria for being alive should be extended to include the coronavirus since it seems pretty lively in its effects, destroying economies and so on.

Someone writes me emails saying that the virus is evil. But is that really so? Does the virus have any intention to harm the human race? Or is it just blindly following what God programmed it to do? Like when you step on a snake, you can't go around saying it's evil just because it gave you a bite.

Some people are saying it's nature's revenge for how we have abused her. We couldn't get the message from the global warming, so now she's sent the virus.

## Impact of the Virus on Subud Voice

The virus has had a big impact at Subud Voice. I have been doing this magazine for about 18 of its 32 years now and for this issue we received about five times the normal amount of submissions. Many individuals and entities within our organisation have something to say about the virus.

So you will see that this issue of Subud Voice starts off with many perspectives on the virus, beginning of course with Ibu Rahayu, whom you have just read, and then moving on to various individuals and entities such as SICA and the International Helpers.

And even I have written something about it, a very rare event. (See my article "Silver Lining" towards the end of the magazine, about all the "blessings in disguise" of the virus.)

This cascade of submissions means more work for me of course, but I do not mind. Actually, it has been >

a “godsend” because it has given me something to do during my time in solitary confinement, oops, I mean social isolation.

I never mind working on Subud Voice. I love doing Subud Voice. For a start, it is the only regular thing in my life. Every month I have to get it done so that it will come out on the 1st of the next month.

It gives my life structure. But for Subud Voice my life would be all over the place. My life would just spread out forever like a big flat pancake. It would have no boundaries; it would have no structure at all.

#### And It Keeps Me Connected to the Subud World

And as you can see from this issue, Subud Voice is very connected, not only to our virus-ridden world, but also connected to our Subud world, which had a life before the virus, and is having a more active life than usual right now, with the promise of an even more glorious life in the future.

So please give us some money so that we can keep on doing it.

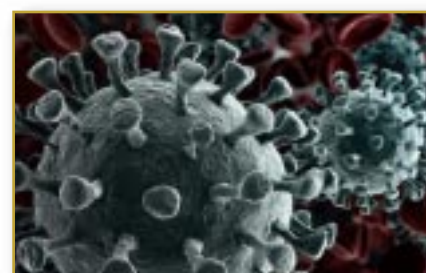
Every year we make an appeal for money hoping to raise about US\$6,000 to enable us to produce 12 issues of this excellent magazine.

Usually we only get about US\$3000. About 3000 people a month come to visit this magazine but whenever we appeal for money, asking people if they could perhaps spare us US\$60 for the year, the same 50 or 60 people always front up. Much thanks to them, or we couldn't keep going. And some of them give lots more than \$60. But where are the rest of you? The other 2,940?

Of course there are many calls upon your money, within Subud and without, and many are experiencing hardship at this time, and are counting their pennies, but surely there must be some of you who look at us, who could send us some money to keep us going. Don't you value us? Wouldn't you miss us if we were gone? Wouldn't it leave a gaping hole if we folded up?

Extend a helping hand. Help us fight the virus. Of course, we can't do anything medical about the virus, but we can fight things that come in its wake. To all those discouraging “d” words like despair, depression and disconnection, we can bring those encouraging “c” words like connect, communicate, celebrate.

We give the virus, it's due and we look at what's beyond the virus. Help us do that...



*A more realistic depiction of the virus... At least it's not brightly coloured...*

## TO KEEP US GOING FOR ANOTHER YEAR

Bank charges and administration	AU\$600
Printing	\$400
Travel (to Subud events)	\$1200
Internet (including webmaster)	\$600
Phone	\$200
Proofreading	\$1200
Design & Layout	\$4200
Software & Hardware	\$600
Honorarium	\$1000

**Total AU\$10,000**

*(Equivalent to US\$6383, Pound Sterling 5094, Euro 5851.)*

### Suggested donation US\$60

Great if you could donate at least the equivalent of our old subscription rate of US\$60 (Equivalent to Pound Sterling £48, Euro 55.)

You can donate via PayPal by going to the PAYMENTS tab at the top of our home page [www.subudvoice.net](http://www.subudvoice.net) where you can pay by credit card or Paypal.

*PayPal is an absolutely safe, secure and trustworthy way to send money.*



# LOCKDOWN AT LOUDWATER

*Sebastian Paemen writes...*

There are currently ten Subud members living at Loudwater Farm, UK. All Subud groups in the UK are closed down, including Loudwater. Because of their unique situation those who live at the Farm are still able to socialise and do latihan together. They don't let anyone from outside in, and only go out to buy groceries, or to go for a walk or a run in the adjacent fields. I understand that the situation in Rungan Sari, Kalimantan, is not dissimilar.

My children Reuben and Miriam have recently moved to Loudwater. I went over there the other day because Miriam was desperate for her summer clothes and for art materials. (Possibly I broke the rules about essential travel.) I practiced social distancing though and didn't go into the building. During my brief visit it was noticeable how happy and relaxed everybody was and how peaceful it all felt, while everybody seemed to be busy doing something.



*Loudwater Farm.*

ten Subud members are likely to create a bond between each other which might last the rest of their lives. Another addition to the long history of Loudwater Farm.

**Editor's note:** This story reminds me of an historical story which is that there is a collection of 100 stories called The Decameron by a 14th century Italian writer Boccaccio.

These stories are all enclosed within an over-arching story which is that a group of young people from Florence are holed up in someone's castle to escape the Black death. To pass the time they tell each other stories.

It seems the young people at Loudwater are in a somewhat similar situation to the young people in Florence in the 14th century. I am sure they are all sharing lots and lots and lots of stories.

Maybe all around the world there are similar groups. I wonder what books, or films, or music, or theatre or other art will emerge from them.

“ Another addition to the long history of Loudwater Farm... ”



*Residents at Loudwater Farm at lunch in early April.*

Several of them remarked on how strong the latihan was and how blessed they felt to be there. The residents keep themselves busy with a variety of activities. They have put up a badminton net and a trampoline. There is a table tennis table in the barn. A chicken run and a vegetable garden have become the latest additions to the Farm, and a sauna is currently being built.

There's a lot of cooking going on and card games are popular. Two artistically inclined members have started to work on an audio and visual installation. Clearly not a bad way to get through the lock down. While leaving, I was thinking that those

## ASSISI MEETING POSTPONED

*We have received this message from Hannah de Roo...*

Sadly, the planned Assisi gathering in August will be postponed to Summer 2021. We would like to keep the vision of a big international gathering intact, with the presence of everyone who wants to attend and contribute to a meaningful and productive time.

Due to the worldwide complications with travelling and international events, a situation that will most likely

last for the next few months, it seems this summer is not the right moment to realise that vision. Hopefully next year everything will be better.

Domus Pacis is happy to facilitate our gathering starting July 25, 2021 (some air companies allow rescheduling flights for free within a year). If you feel comfortable leaving your payment with us, we will keep your reservation for next year. If you prefer a refund, we will gladly arrange it. Everyone who booked will receive a message individually with attached instructions for refunds.

We know this is a disappointment for many people who made plans for themselves and family members, who bought plane tickets, and maybe even booked holidays in Europe before or after the gathering.

Most of all it is sad that we won't be able to enjoy each other's company - while working on the development of SUBUD within ourselves and in the world around us. But we need to remember that the Latihan is always with us, no matter where we are and in whatever circumstances. Imagine the joy when we will finally get together!

With that perspective in mind, the work that was already done is not lost and it will be even better – when we are able to physically meet again.



## Coming Together

*Rusydah Ziesel, Chair of SICA writes...*

Dear sisters and brothers, we hope you all happy and healthy. We know, this might not be the case for everyone. For all of you, walking through hard times, our prayers are with you. We hope to be able to share a little bit light with you.

Despite or maybe even because of these times, we were given a great opportunity. The virus shows us that we are all connected worldwide and we want to give this connection an inner and outer space for you with our service.

I am so thankful for our SICA team and I am totally happy to see what we have created. See for yourself!

May the time of isolation be only a physical one, our worship bears fruit and makes visible who we really are. I wish all of us loving, happy, lively and inspiring exchange.

With love, Rusydah

To download the latest SICA Newsletter go to

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/04/SICA-Newsletter6-ComingTogether.pdf>

### New Initiatives from SICA

The new SICA YouTubeChannel and our new SICA Hub are online. With the news SICA hub, we would like to encourage all of us to come together in this times, and to share some beauty and light with our talents in concerts & readings, cooking, dancing, conversation, and sharing circles, workshops, and more – from our living rooms.

Today we already had a wonderful poetry reading with Emmanuel reading. One of a row called Zoomuse, which will take place every Friday, 7 PM British time in the SICA Zoom. This and more will be findable on the SICA hub.

Find the new SICA Hub here: [www.sica-subud.org](http://www.sica-subud.org)

And visit our YouTube Channel here: <https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCpu14Bnq65lrBwK2jhG2zBw>

## Connecting in Australia during the Coronavirus

*Latimah Jones, Vice-chair of Subud Australia, writes...*

As is the situation in many other countries around the world, most groups in Subud Australia are no longer meeting for latihan in person at the present time due to the coronavirus. For someone who is used to going to group latihan twice per week and seeing and speaking to brothers and sisters in Subud on a regular basis, it feels strange to not be meeting in person. To help with these feelings of isolation that many of us feel, we have had a few virtual meetings on Zoom open to all members around Australia.

The virtual SICA music cafe was a success, with around 20 people joining the meeting, and 5 performances – instrumental, voice, and poetry. Unfortunately, the internet connection for some made it difficult to participate, but that didn't detract from how nice the event was. If I'm honest, I felt close to tears when I saw the faces and



names of my Subud friends on my screen and heard their voices.

We have watched Bapak talks via Zoom, with the meeting host sharing their computer audio and visual while playing the talk. It is nice to watch a talk together, with brothers and sisters watching from their own homes across the country. I hope to make this a regular event for the next period of time, especially over Ramadan. So far, we have held the Bapak's talk viewing after the national latihan on a Sunday evening.

To make meetings secure, we ask members not to share the meeting details with others (especially not on social media) and each meeting is password protected.

I hope that this sharing of experience can help groups in other countries in maintaining the feelings of connection between each other during this difficult time we are all experiencing.

*Latimah with her oldest boys Isaac and Jacob.*



## YUM NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT

*Olvia Reksodipoetro writes from YUM in Indonesia...*

We are working from home and have hardly been outside our house for the past 3 weeks and will continue to do so in the coming weeks.

YUM is also making some masks: we have trained quite a number of ladies in Cipanas through our sewing classes and some are working from home to make masks that we are starting to sell online together with our organic vegetables and other items.

Whenever possible, YUM employees work from home but from time to time go to the office or to the projects, always keeping a safe distance from others, and wearing a mask.

We have just sent an appeal for funds through GlobalGiving) in order to assist poor communities in our two working areas: Cipanas and Central Kalimantan. It would really help us if you would send this out to all your friends.



*YUM sustainable agriculture project in Cipanas.*

[https://www.globalgiving.org/projects/covid-19-support-for-4000-poor-indonesianfamilies/?rf=email\\_pe\\_donationsYesterday&utm\\_source=email2.globalgiving.org&utm\\_medium=email&utm\\_content=You+have+received+7+new+donations+on+GlobalGiving%21&utm\\_campaign=donationsYesterday](https://www.globalgiving.org/projects/covid-19-support-for-4000-poor-indonesianfamilies/?rf=email_pe_donationsYesterday&utm_source=email2.globalgiving.org&utm_medium=email&utm_content=You+have+received+7+new+donations+on+GlobalGiving%21&utm_campaign=donationsYesterday)

## SUSILA DHARMA INTERNATIONAL PROJECTS IN THE CONGO

*Viktor Boehm reports on a visit he made in February to the DR-Congo to visit Susila Dharma's mother-and-child clinic in the village Kwilu Ngongo of the Province Congo Central, west of Kinshasa. Viktor writes...*

I was very lucky that at that time no corona virus cases occurred in Dr-Congo. Now they have 180 cases, 18 death and 9 healed, mainly in the capital Kinshasa. They closed the schools and have stopped travel from Kinshasa to other provinces.

During my stay Hamida (from Susila Dharma International) was there with a Canadian SD-Team including Paul Roberge, the engineer of the clinic, to work on the Canadian proposal for a Community Learning Center for girls and young women.

Also, the International Helpers Valentin Pizzi and Howard Ray from Area II were there at that time. I accompanied them to the Subud groups in Kinshasa, Matadi and Inkisi/Kisantu.

I showed them the Kingantoko property with the CSCOM Clinic and house and our CSCOM Clinic in Kwilu Ngongo, where a big sugar company is located with 80 000to sugar production per year.

To read Viktor's lavishly illustrated report go to...

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/04/Congo-Clinic-Viktor-Boehm.pdf>



*Hospital inauguration  
CSCOM-Kwilu Ngongo.*

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## MARCH ISSUE OF WSA F.Y.I NEWSLETTER

The March issue of WSA F.Y.I contains important articles including the work of the international helpers and reports from the Zones.

To read the complete newsletter in English

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/04/FYI-newsletter-march2020.pdf>

And in Spanish

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/04/ESPANOL-FYI-newsletter-march2020.pdf>

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## ZONE 3 NEWSLETTER: MARCH 2020

Here is the link to the new issue of the Zone 3 newsletter – projects & properties. Please distribute to your groups and member: <https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/04/ProjectsPropertiesZone3.pdf>

During these troubling times, we hope this issue helps you feel connected with your Subud brothers and sisters, and provides some interesting reading.

English, Spanish and French versions are available, along with text only versions. The newsletter will also be available on Subud World News soon.

Many thanks to all that contributed, and to Paloma De La Viña and Joseph Delcourt for translating.

Wishing you good health; stay safe and God bless.

With love, *Ruth Zone 3 Secretary* [taylor.ruth3@gmail.com](mailto:taylor.ruth3@gmail.com)

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## NEW CD FROM FRANCES MADDEN

*Frances writes...*

Dear friends,

Whoo-hoo! I'm excited to let you know that ABC Music has released my new album 'Beautiful World':

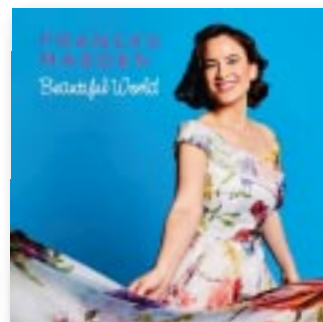
[https://abcmusic.lnk.to/BeautifulWorld!FM?utm\\_source=Frances+Madden+News&utm\\_campaign=4693e5912c-EMAIL\\_CAMPAIGN\\_2020\\_03\\_26\\_03\\_26&utm\\_medium=email&utm\\_term=0\\_633fe7c3fb-4693e5912c-179145973](https://abcmusic.lnk.to/BeautifulWorld!FM?utm_source=Frances+Madden+News&utm_campaign=4693e5912c-EMAIL_CAMPAIGN_2020_03_26_03_26&utm_medium=email&utm_term=0_633fe7c3fb-4693e5912c-179145973)

which is now available in Australia and New Zealand from digital stores. Physical CDs can also be ordered on my website:

[https://www.francesmadden.com/store?utm\\_source=Frances+Madden+News&utm\\_campaign=4693e5912c-EMAIL\\_CAMPAIGN\\_2020\\_03\\_26\\_03\\_26&utm\\_medium=email&utm\\_term=0\\_633fe7c3fb-4693e5912c-179145973](https://www.francesmadden.com/store?utm_source=Frances+Madden+News&utm_campaign=4693e5912c-EMAIL_CAMPAIGN_2020_03_26_03_26&utm_medium=email&utm_term=0_633fe7c3fb-4693e5912c-179145973)

I hope you will love the music as much as we enjoyed making it. Eight of the ten tracks are my originals, some are jazz-influenced but overall there's quite a bit of variety. The album is produced by ARIA Award winner Chong Lim, who also produces for John Farnham and Olivia Newton-John. And it features some of Australia's best musicians (on guitar, double bass, drums, trumpet, saxophone, trombone, strings, percussion) and backing vocalists.

Please give Beautiful World your support in either digital or CD format (a great musical companion if you are spending a bit more time indoors at the moment!). I hope you enjoy the music and I would love to hear what you think. Let me know by reply or social media.



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## ENTHUM HOUSE: A SAFE HAVEN

*Where is home when you have travelled half the world to find safety? A new SDIA member project in the UK is providing a place to live and much more to young refugees.*

*Enthum House opened in the summer of 2018 and has since then welcomed seven young people who travelled from Iran, Afghanistan, Vietnam and Eritrea, without their parents, to find sanctuary.*

*According to founder Lili Simonsson, the stories of Enthum House residents are ones of incredible bravery, resilience and survival:*

*"All of them have faced unimaginable challenges like trafficking, war, persecution and slavery. Some came by boat or in containers, others were rescued from Libyan torture prisons and brought directly to us by plane. Some cannot sleep for weeks on end, worrying about their families, and all are trying to come to terms with what they witnessed and endured.*

*They teach us every day about the strength of the human spirit, the overcoming of obstacles and the power >*

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*of hope and faith.”*

*The mission of Enthum House (EH) is to offer young unaccompanied asylum seekers a safe, sustainable home where they are provided with support and positive challenges through a varied programme of activities. It seems that EH is doing this very well, for, at the end of 2019, the Home Office reported that it provided best practice in the UK in supporting refugee children. This is the story so far...*

### **Brave beginnings**

It was 2015 – the height of the refugee crisis, when thousands of migrants, mostly from Africa and the Middle East, were desperately seeking safety. According to a report by the United Nations Refugee Agency (UNHCR), nearly 60 million people had been forcibly displaced from their homes by the end of 2014, 19.5 million of whom were refugees. Half of those refugees were children.

In France, thousands of people set up temporary home in a camp known as ‘the Jungle’ in Calais, hoping to reach the United Kingdom, and making often desperate attempts to get there. A group of volunteers in Lewes, UK, hearing about the terrible conditions in the Jungle, began making trips to deliver supplies and to help organisations working on the ground there.

They were supported by the fundraising efforts of the Subud group in Lewes which raised hundreds of pounds through regular Friday soup kitchens. (You can read a full account of these initiatives in our eNews archive [here](#).)

One of the Calais volunteers was filmmaker Lilian (Lili) Simonsson, who said at the time: “I can’t shake off this experience and I feel that now this connection has been made I must try to keep in touch and see what’s needed.”

Little did she imagine that what she had started would lead to a full-time venture in partnership with fellow ‘Jungle’ volunteer Jo McDonald. Together they took over Enthum Foundation, set up by Hussein Dickie and Michael Heaslip several years ago. Through it and with the help of Hussein in rewriting the Foundation’s remit, Enthum House was established to provide a safe and caring home to unaccompanied asylum-seeking children aged 16-18.

### **Growing self-reliance**

With support from Susila Dharma Britain (SDB), the project has offered mentoring for young people as part of its community integration programme, as well as a camping trip in the summer. The SDB grant also went towards therapeutic activities such as swimming classes, gym memberships and saunas.

A workshop allowed a boy from Eritrea to build himself a traditional musical instrument called a ‘krar’ which he plays every day to relieve his heart and mind in times of distress. Another young person, who is a keen swimmer, had the exhilarating experience of swimming in the sea for the first time this summer.

The project encourages and facilitates independence, self-reliance and integration into local communities and UK society as a whole and strives to help residents recover from or deal with the trauma they have suffered through a variety of therapies. The SDB grant, together with a contribution from SD Netherlands, provided trauma training for the EH team and is paying for an in-house Clinical Psychologist to offer weekly therapy to young people.

Another important service offered is a comprehensive trauma-informed legal network to support individual asylum claims and ensure that each young person’s best interests and future choices are upheld and protected.

### **Enthum House and the community**

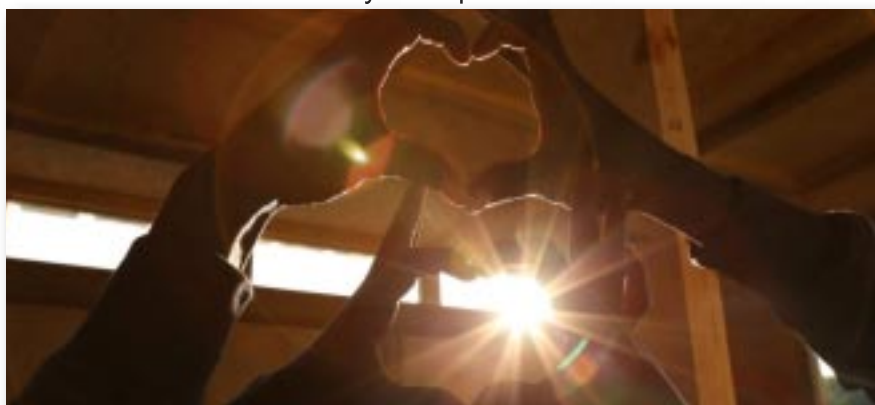
Enthum House works closely with local institutions to ensure refugee children can transition to UK society.

It has had very positive feedback from the Local Authorities and Children’s Services who say that EH is one of the few placements their young people do not want to leave. It has been involved in interviews by the Home Office and author Declan Henry about its work, ethos and approach.

Some young people arrive at Enthum House speaking no English at all. Yet this year, after being supported >



*Lilian Simonsson with two residents of Enthum House. (Photo Lili Simonsson)*



*Hearts. (Photo by Lili Simonsson)*

by EH's language teacher David, all now go to school or college. Two young people passed their GCSEs and started studying for A levels (high school exams) in September.

Two young EH residents were awarded Children of the Year Awards from Children's Services in October. According to Lily, "it was very touching to see them receive these and be recognised as leaders for the future."

One is doing her A-Levels in Physics, Chemistry and Maths and wants to become a heart surgeon "to help repair the broken hearts in her home country one day." The other, a victim of unimaginable exploitation and abuse, was acknowledged for her contribution in supporting other unaccompanied refugee children to settle in the local community only one year after she arrived in the UK.

Perhaps just as important has been the friendships forged between the youngsters despite the many challenges. Says Lili: "It's been a rocky road at times, and we couldn't have imagined the complex attention to detail, paperwork, endless multi-tasking and impact on our staff team to provide 24/7 support... walking alongside each young person as they navigate various ongoing challenges whilst settling into a country and culture unknown to them, and entering their asylum claims."

Enthum House is like a microcosm of our world, various religions, languages and food cultures under one roof; there is laughter and tears, and at times the intangible presence of all that has been lost. Initial prejudices and fears, due to coming from opposing political parties or triggering traumatic memories in each other, have developed into trusting friendships and a safe foundation for supporting each other through thick and thin.

### Moving forward

In 2020, the first group of young people will move on to a life of independence and more will be welcomed to Enthum House. Young people are encouraged to stay connected and involved, especially given the wonderful sense of community that has developed at the project.

The EH team hopes that the friendships the youngsters have built with each other, despite their diverse journeys, religions and backgrounds, will set a standard for the new arrivals. According to Lili, "they have proven that positive changes can be made in the world by building a sustainable, nurturing community."

"We know that giving a home to seven young people at a time merely scratches the surface of an immense ocean of need – with eight million children in this world escaping to safety without their parents. However, we are aware, more than ever, that one life saved has the capacity to touch the life of many and this in turn has the potential to save the whole world."

If you would like to support Enthum House, it is looking for volunteers in with graphic design, community fundraising and admin. If you think you can lend a hand, please contact [lilian@enthumfoundation.org](mailto:lilian@enthumfoundation.org). You can also sponsor a young person via a monthly standing order. Contact: [jo@enthumfoundation.org](mailto:jo@enthumfoundation.org)

“The Home Office reports that Enthum House provides best practice in the UK for supporting refugee children...”

## EXPERIENCING THE LATIHAN

*This is the third in a series of articles by Anthony Bright-Paul about the arrival of Subud in the UK in 1957...*

I was miserable. I was confused. I did not know what to think of that first latihan, of which I have already written. (Anthony wrote in a previous article how his first latihan threw him into 'turmoil'. See his article, 'The Atmosphere in 1950', published in Subud Voice March 2020.)

Oh yes! I knew I had been present at the Great Life Force, although I certainly did not put it that way to myself. There had been a wonderful smell that I had smelled. I had no doubt that this was prayer, that this was enormous, and that it was spontaneous.

That was it. It was against everything that I understood at that time. Mr Bennett was for us not just our Teacher, not just what Eastern people might call a 'guru', he was for me also a sort of father figure, whom I had appealed to not just in matters of The Work, but also in matters to do with my job, my career; and later when I had got to know him a bit better I even asked him about sex.

Haha! I thought that might interest you. Oh yes, he was mighty good on sex. 'There are three forms of sex', he enunciated, 'masturbation, mutual masturbation and sexual intercourse'. I gathered that sexual intercourse came out tops and could even make room for one's own 'I'. Well that sort of solved it, didn't it? That is as much as I am going to write on that subject for now.



*Anthony Bright-Paul.*

The point is this: for years we had been trying to be conscious. We had been attempting to remember ourselves in all sorts of life situations. To be mechanical, to be automatic was the very opposite of what we strived for. And that included spontaneity.

When Mr Bennett gave his talks at Denison House, Victoria, he did not have somebody to introduce him, to say that this is Mr Bennett who will speak with you tonight and answer your questions. Nothing so banal and ordinary as that! Mr Bennett would be hidden from view behind a screen. On the dot of 8 o'clock he would appear, an enormous man, 6 foot three, with a high forehead and piercing blue eyes.

He would mount the rostrum and then appear to go into a sphinx-like quietness, before he opened those laser-like eyes, picking out a person here and there in the audience and acknowledging them with the mere suggestion of a smile. I would be sitting next to John Penseney, waiting for someone to ask a question. Then a voice from the audience. 'Mr Bennett', the voice asked, 'Mr Bennett, why am I here?' What an idiot, I thought, squirming with embarrassment. How could he ask such a ridiculous question!

Mr Bennett however turned those piercing blue eyes on the hapless young man – a pause, and then he answered. The clear deliberate tones cut the air. 'Because' he enunciated, 'you were created to be free!' Roll of drums. The electricity was tangible as we awaited the words from a Conscious Man.

#### Back at Coombe...

Back at Coombe amongst the people who lived there, I heard Bennett say once, 'I tell you truly – I have not my own 'I''. C'mon Mr B, if you don't have your own 'I', then who the heck has?

The idea that our Teacher could himself have a teacher who was superior to him was not a real consideration. Now all of a sudden, we were being told that Help had come, that we were in an impasse, etcetera.

I had served a meal up in Bennett's study, where there was a rather jolly looking Indonesian, Icksan Ahmed, joking with Mr Bennett, who was roaring with laughter. And he was roaring with laughter at the fact that so many of the young men and women could not imagine that there was someone higher than him. Oh yes! Roaring with laughter. That was an hour or two before my first latihan. To eat upstairs in his study was itself unusual to say the least.

So, I was miserable. I could not make it out. Instead of going south from Manchester once a fortnight, as was my wont, I took the train then every weekend, in spite of the expense, in those days £5 return, which was for me a considerable sum.

'Let's go latihan', my friend Bob Prestie said on one occasion, as he led me to the Purple Room. This time, instead of tensing up, I just stood there bored stiff. Nothing happened, nothing whatsoever. I reckoned to myself that nobody could hypnotise me. By this time, I could see clearly those of my friends who had experienced and just as clearly those who like myself had not. I consoled myself that all those who had not experienced were like myself not easily led.

I met Mr B. in the garden. 'Have you felt anything?' he asked me. 'The same as all of you', I replied hastily, not to be outdone. But I was lying out of my back teeth.

#### Within a very short time...

Within a very short time a large hut had been erected in the grounds and this was where the latihan now took place. One Sunday morning Bapak was giving one of his explanations. We were all seated on the floor, while Husein Rofé translated. 'How can we know that we are not opening ourselves to Lower, not Higher forces?' I asked.

Bapak looked over the heads of the assembled throng.



*Coombe Springs, where Subud first became established in the UK.*



*I knew I had been present at the Great Life Force...*



*Bapak and Ibu Siti Sumari with John Bennett at Coombe Springs.*



There was just something in the way he looked at me, for suddenly the whole assembly erupted in laughter. He did not answer the question. Well, he did. It is recorded in Book1. That was true, but I was also charmed. After seven years of earnest Work, Bapak was not only amazing but he was also funny, incredibly funny. He was light.

My friends were all forthcoming about their experiences. They did not hold back; they were one and all full of goodwill. The guy who had wept out loud was a very good pal of mine. He was an ex-army bloke, with clipped speech, an engineer and a terrific worker on the Djamichoonatra, the nine-sided hall that we were building. He told me 'The weeping just went through me'. I could not but respect what he said.

So back in Manchester I considered the prospect before me, miserably. This Subud was clearly not for me. But what now? I had given seven years of my life to the study of Gurdjieff's ideas and to the practice of the sacred dances that we call the 'movements'. Had I now to break with all of that, which had been for me the centre of my existence?

### Opening my eyes...

There must have been a long weekend for I decided not to take the train but to drive the A6 down to London and to visit my great friend John Pensenev and his new wife Molly in their Hampstead flat. There was another Subud bloke there – I forget who now – but they all stood their grounds while I poured out my spleen. Not once did they try to correct me. I knew that I was in a highly aggressive mood, I knew that I was negative, whilst my friends were friendly and positive. I acknowledged that and Molly said to me, 'Good for you, Tony.'

Now my good friend Pensenev, whom I sometimes called 'Pince-Nez', cut in. 'Do not even try to be open. Do not try anything', he advised me. But my mind was made up. I was going to open my eyes, I was going to see what went on, to get to the bottom of it and then to leave for good. That was my heroic plan.

I drove to Coombe Springs in south west of London from Hampstead in the North. I had dinner there in the normal way, and then queued outside the hut. In those days there was a great air of excitement – many just could not wait to get into the latihan again.

So, I was in the first batch at 8 PM. There were three rows of us facing the entrance door. Begin, someone said, and so I opened my eyes just as I had decided.

Stuart Lennox was right in front of me performing some simple arm gestures. Peter Kermode was rolling rapidly across the floor – like a holy roller. Mr Bennett was crashing about the place, as if he might bring the walls down.



*How could anyone explain the euphoria, the bliss?*



Then Bapak, he was smoking a cheroot. Occasionally he stopped in front of someone. I had barely time to watch him closely, before Icksan Ahmed was in front of me. 'Close your eyes' he told me, though it sounded more like 'close your ice'. Then he began chanting right in front of me. He must have been less than two yards away. 'Allah, Allah, Allah' he said.

What happened then is difficult to describe. I was bent from the waist forwards, then backwards and then forwards and backwards again, till at last I fell with a great crash on the carpet. A great force had swept through me. Was I alarmed as lay on the ground, at this force passing through me? Far from it – I was deliriously happy. I was over the moon. It was the happiest moment of my existence.

Have you noticed, those of you who have read many Subud books, how inadequate are the descriptions of the moments a person is opened? I think of my own book, where I tried my best at that time to describe it all. Hussein Rofé made a stab at it; Bennett also.

My great friend Bill Aitken, who was an Editor of some kind on the Daily Express, also made a good stab at it, in his article 'The First Four Hundred'. He was bent gently down to the floor. He also had agonised before he experienced. Had he committed such awful sins that he was unable to receive like everyone else? Was he some sort of spiritual cripple?

The descriptions of how an individual felt when they were first opened just have to be inadequate. How can anyone explain the euphoria, the bliss, the moment a huge weight is lifted from inside of you? Nobody can explain this, however able they are with words.

What does Bapak say? What did Bapak say? Come and experience this for yourself. That was it and that is that and remains so to this day.

*To read more of Anthony's experiences see his book My Stairway to Subud. See the accompanying advertisement (page 13) for information about how to obtain it...*



*The Djamichoonatra, a nine-sided building designed according to Gurdjieff principles. Later used for Subud latihan and Bapak talks.*

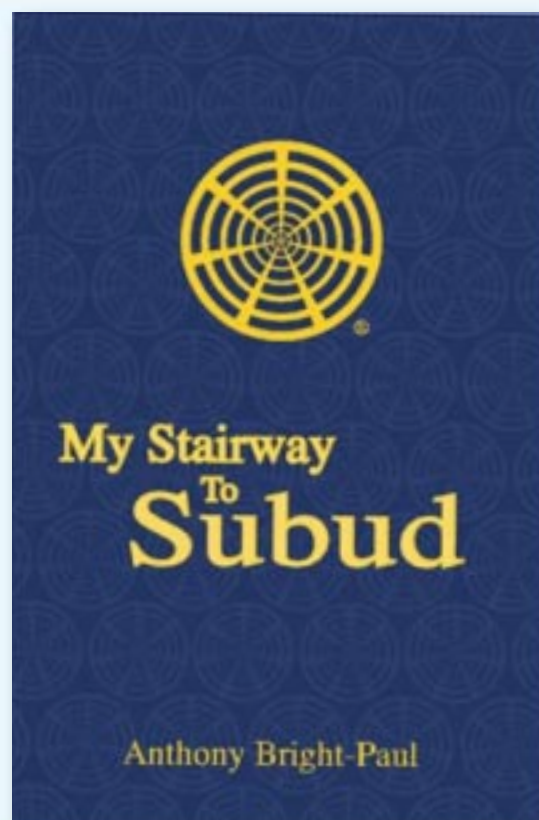
Much of *My Stairway to Subud* first appeared as the record of a young man in the early 1950's searching for values and inner understanding. At various times he was an admirer of Mahatma Gandhi, a student with the Sri Ramakrishna Vedanta Society, then a follower of G.I.Gurdjieff for seven years under the direction of J.G.Bennett, author of *The Dramatic Universe* and *What are we living for?* His search reached an explosive climax when Pak Subuh, the founder of the international spiritual movement Subud, came to England in 1957.

Anthony Bright-Paul gives an acutely observed account of the Gurdjieff methods as performed and practised at Coombe Springs with John Bennett, and a first-hand account of both the euphoria and the upheaval caused by the arrival of Pak Subuh who brought with him the latihan kejiwaan, the spiritual training of Subud.

Because he was so devoted to the ideas of Gurdjieff, and to John Bennett personally, the story of his initial resistance to Subud, and then his complete reversal, makes poignant and dramatic reading. His chronicle of the early days in Subud in the western world is unique for its detail of this period.

Available from SPI at: [www.subudbooks.com](http://www.subudbooks.com)

**PRICE £10.00** incl P&P UK (*but, plus Postage rest of the world*).



*All profits to SPI's Retranslation of Bapak's Talks project*

## FASTING IN RAMADAN PART 2

The month of Ramadan in 2020 runs from April 23 to May 23 [approximately!]

*Marcus Bolt continues the story of his experience of fasting in Ramadan, extracted from his book Saving Grace – Fifty Years in Subud...*

### The Last Ten Days of Fasting

Bapak told us, and I can now see that it's true, that the first ten days of the fast are for the nafsu to come to terms with what you're up to and to get used to it. The next ten are a kind of retraining and paving the way for change. The last ten are when the changes can happen.

During the odd nights of the last ten days (the twenty-first, twenty-third and so on) you can, if you want to, stay up all night. These nights are called 'The Nights of Power' in Islam. They are the nights when the Qodar, the gift of God, can 'descend' as a receiving. This is, of course, how the Koran was received by Mohammad.

As Bapak pointed out, what you receive relates directly to how well you've done the fast. He often reminded us that the Qodar is, 'not like a cabbage falling from the sky'. It is an inner change. It is sometimes accompanied by inner understanding, the reality of which takes time to filter through.

On any of the Nights of Power, and perhaps this is a sign of the imminence of the Qodar, Bapak told us that we may, at some point, feel overwhelmed with remorse for our past wrong doings; this can be followed by a feeling of love for our fellow human beings. After this there may come a desire to give alms to the poor. This is zakat and is one of the five pillars of Islam.

Bapak has also said that another important reason to fast is so that you can empathise more easily with poorer people and in particular the world's starving by putting yourself in their shoes. Last Ramadan I realised with awe that I have never, in all my 76 years on this planet, gone without food for more than a day. I have always had my daily bread. We are so lucky in the West.

### Id'ul Fitr

When the fast is over a time called Id'ul Fitr starts. This is a time of rejoicing, feasting, wearing new clothes (I >



guess as a symbol of the new, changed you) and asking forgiveness of past wrongdoings. In particular, asking forgiveness from your parents, your husband or wife and your children. This can be a very moving experience.

I must have done about 46 Ramadans out of the 50 years since I joined Subud. Over that period, I've been ill a couple of times and you're not supposed to fast when you're ill. One year, my daughter was born on the fifteenth day of Ramadan and a day later I started a postgraduate teacher training course. I just wasn't able to continue. You can, of course, make it up afterwards. But I'm not a Muslim and felt no obligation, so I let myself off the hook.

Quite a few Subud members have embraced Islam. In the early days I thought I, too, should become a Muslim. I tried it for three months – that is I tried the ritual washing and prayers five times daily. I realised that I could not keep up this strict discipline and was not prepared to make yet another promise to God, only to break it soon after.

My first Ramadan and the one before last are my 'best' ones. The first one really took me by surprise. I was living temporarily in a Subud married couple's house. They were a great stabilising influence on me then. I had only been in Subud for a year, still reeling from the breakup of my first marriage and my own breakdown.

I had no money and had only just started getting back into the job market. They were comfortably off, certainly compared to me, buying their own house and had a young family. They seemed to have arrived here from a different planet to me. They were observing the fast as well.

It was in darkest November and very, very cold. Leonard was working and I was teaching part time. We'd get up at five, have Saur and go for a walk every morning. We'd then break fast when he returned around five thirty. This had been going on smoothly for some weeks when I read that the fast was done for longer in Cilandak. I announced that I was going to follow Indonesian times from now on. A bit cheeky, that!

I had a very telling dream that night. Leonard and Hannah (his wife) and I were on a motorised barge chugging down a wide river. I asked Leonard if I could have a go at steering. He let me, and I took the wheel. Immediately, the boat began to drift sideways and go out of control and nearly hit a bridge, until Leonard took the wheel again. The message was clear. The next day I decided to go back to what we had been doing before.

The fast ended just before Christmas that year. We gathered at another married couple's house, quite a few of us, and broke our fast for the last time. I can only describe the memory of what I felt as a 'blanket of love' that descended on the room. It sounds so pretentious when it's written. But I had never felt such a powerful feeling towards others before. It was totally new to me.

### [A Short but Extraordinary Experience](#)

My next Ramadan was fairly uneventful except for one short but extraordinary experience, the depth of which I only understand now. I had walked the two miles back to my digs from the school where I was teaching art. It was about five o'clock on a very cold, November evening and I was so tired I crashed out on my bed, waiting for six o'clock to arrive.

In a half-sleeping state, I was suddenly 'in the local latihan hall' with all the local men members doing latihan. I was aware of each of us reaching up to heaven, and singing with one long, harmoniously vibrating note. We were like tubers in the ground, growing towards the air and light. As I came to, everyone in the dream transmuted into one of my internal organs. This lasted for no more than two seconds, yet I was aware of everything in my body doing the latihan and worshipping.

The reason I wrote that I only fully understand this experience now is simply because I've since done the latihan for many more years and have simply had more time observing its action on me. There is no doubt that, as Bapak says, the latihan works on every organ, every muscle fibre and nerve ending, even the blood. 'Man can be changed only if he is changed entirely,' Bapak said.

However, this change has to be done at a pace that can be handled by the individual. I sometimes feel at the end of latihan as though there's been a tweak here and a little 'sandpapering' there and the angels have said, 'That's enough for tonight. Off you go till the next time.'

### [A Feeling of Remorse](#)

A few years later, during one of the Nights of Power I was driving back from a friend's house in South London. It must have been about four in the morning when I began to think of an old girlfriend. We had gone out together for four years. I met her when I was about 18. We had become engaged during my early years at college. But I had met my first wife and I had broken off the engagement.

As I was driving, a feeling of remorse at the way I had treated her began to flood my feelings. It was so strong I had to stop the car and pull over. For the next quarter of an hour I sat in the car reliving the time in Panavision and Dolby Surround, sobbing my heart out.



*I was aware of everything in my body doing the latihan and worshipping...*





I had been so callous. So self centred. And I had delivered my message and run away leaving her to handle it alone. As I wrote earlier, seeing yourself as you really are is no joke. I do hope that with recognition of and genuine contrition for unacceptable behaviour comes forgiveness. I wouldn't want to go through that again – nor would she, I expect.

So, as with everything there are many levels to fasting. You can do it as a complete sham and it's a waste of time. I read somewhere that in certain Muslim countries you can pay someone to do Ramadan for you! And in the New Testament Christ admonishes those who go around letting everyone see that they are fasting. 'You have had your reward,' he says.

It seems to me that fasting is a technique that improves with practice. With a bit of luck, I might get a few more Ramadans in before I 'shuffle off this mortal coil'.

## RELIEF

*A story by Sebastian Paemen...*

I had some bread and olives for breakfast. Those nice black, salty, dry ones. It reminded me of my Turkish friend and colleague Omar. We used to regularly have Turkish breakfast together at the school we worked at as teachers in Rotterdam in the eighties. Pide bread, olives, sujuk, goat cheese, and tea.

Omar was an intellectual, the brother of a Turkish poet of some name. He loved books and would always carry a book of poetry on him. Sometimes he would spontaneously recite a poem by heart in Turkish. Usually something about lost love or a woman's beautiful brown eyes.

Omar was not a happy man. He once told me that the greatest mistake he had made in his life, was marrying his wife. He showed me a photo of her when she was 18, a stunning beauty. "I was a foolish young man," he said. "I fell for her beauty."

I met his wife and thought she was nice. The problem was that both her father and brother were criminals. That's why his family had been against the marriage and they had warned him. Over the years his wife's family members had become a burden to him. The worst thing was that one of his children had started to follow his maternal grandfather's path and became a gangster. A thoroughly honest man, he was very upset about this and it caused him deep suffering.

Shortly after I moved to Australia, I got a letter from a colleague telling me that Omar had unexpectedly passed away because of a heart attack. Initially I felt sad, but at the same time I felt a sense of relief. He had been relieved of his burden, and perhaps this was a grace, and the best which could have happened to him. Some years later his wife married a successful businessman. I said a prayer for him. Omar was a kind and gentle man. May Allah reward him for his good deeds.

*Sebastian has an excellent blog – <https://sebastianvthoff.weebly.com/blog>*

“He had been relieved of his burden, and perhaps this was a grace...”

## WHAT'S THE LIKELIHOOD OF THAT!

*From Osanna Vaughn – currently in Kalimantan...*

In my professional life, I do a lot of translation work revolving around photography. Predominantly German into English. One of the yearly projects I do covers award-winners and finalists of the Leica Oskar Barnack Award (LOBA). To clarify, Oskar Barnack was the inventor of the 35mm camera that later led to the famous Leica M, used by countless photojournalists around the world.

This year the LOBA is celebrating its 40th anniversary, so Leica has decided to write about each of the forty winners over the years. Needless to say, it is fascinating to look back over milestone events since 1980.

Lynnelle Stewart, a Subud member living in Florida, is supporting my LOBA work with editing and proofreading. It is always interesting to hear from her when she mentions remembering this or that event that made it into the press at the time when it also won the award. Once such case was the rescue of three grey whales that had become cut off from the open sea by drift ice in Alaska.

So, a couple of days ago I sent Lynnelle a new text about Jeffrey Share, who won the award in 1987 for his work covering the Great Peace March of 1986: <https://jshare.wixsite.com/jeffshare/peace-march>, with the comment: "Maybe this will take you on another journey down memory lane."

Well, imagine my amazement, when she replied and mentioned that she herself was one of the 500 people who left Los Angeles on March 1, 1986! What is the likelihood of that!

*Lynnelle wrote:*

"Wow, Osanna! This was unexpected!!!!"

This was my peace march. I started out from Los Angeles and crossed the Mojave Desert to Las Vegas with this peace march, before my physical and monetary resources ran out.

The pictures made me cry – I was among them. This man's views are how I felt about it, too; I agree with all his quotes. It was quite a powerful and moving experience, much due to the reactions of people along the way... as well as the spirit of the marchers that he mentions. We were – on the whole – welcomed by the people of the communities that we passed through.

Images came flooding back, as I looked at these pictures – I especially recall carrying the flag, Powerline Road, leaving Barstow, Easter Services, marching in cold cold rain, the peace city of tents, the Native Americans who accompanied us, Jesse Jackson – there were some movie people involved too, but the real commitment came from the 'everyday' folks. I remember passing an air force base, where they were training air force jets with this incredible speed and roar, and we found bullet casings in the sand; and the Catholic priest who ended mass with the words, "this mass will never end..."

I would have been 40 years old then... I trained for an hour each morning, an hour at lunch and an hour after work, and walked 17 miles a day on weekends – to prepare for it. In Los Angeles and Santa Monica! It was important to me then... I had been inwardly paralyzed, since youth, when first learning of the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki; and taking this action helped free me of that guilt/responsibility and inner paralysis.

Thanks for this! I had no idea anyone had done such wonderful photography - except I recall the display in People Magazine."

Of course, I just had to share this story with the editorial team in Hamburg, who were, in turn, just as surprised and delighted. They have asked permission to share Lynnelle's memories of the event with the photographer. ●

“ Images came flooding back as I looked at these pictures...”



*Lynnelle Stewart participated in the 1986 Peace March. Here she is seen in a photo at the Nevada nuclear testing site. She is on the left side of photo about two thirds of the way up in a very bright white t-shirt.  
(Photo by Jeffrey Share)*

## THE SILVER LINING

*You will understand why this drawing of a horse is up here when you read the article below... Harris Smart writes...*

As you know, everyone is looking for a silver lining in the virus crisis, everyone is looking for something positive in it. And people are finding lots of positives.

Like some people say, the virus crisis will make people turn to God again. Like there's no atheists in the trenches. They say everyone will return to God.

Or other people who don't like the capitalist system are saying, well, this will be the end of the capitalist system. And other people are predicting various outcomes suited to their particular persuasions.

To read the complete article go to <https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/04/Silver-Linings.pdf> ●



## THE OLD KUIA WITH THE VC

*Husayn Rawlings writes, "I lifted my head and looked with her at the photo of this handsome young man, so poised and confident in his pose, so steady and assured in his gaze, looking past us into the unspoken promise of the fullness of life."*

Another excellent story from the New Zealand writer Husayn Rawlings weaving personal memoir and collective history of New Zealand's Maori culture.

In this story, Husayn recalls how as a small boy he went to visit the aged mother of Moana Ngarimu, a soldier in the Second World War who had won the VC.

It is a moving story which deservedly won New Zealand's most prestigious literary award, The Katherine Mansfield Bank of New Zealand Memoir Award.

To read the complete story go to...

<https://www.subudvoice.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/04/The-Old-Kuia.pdf>



*Moana Ngarimu, winner of the VC, in uniform.*

## TOO MANY LATIHANS?

My Subud life is now busier in the year of the virus than it's ever been before.

I am very grateful for all that is being offered, but sometimes it is hard to keep up. I now have many latihans to attend ranging from the local through the national and the zonal to the area and the world latihan.

This morning I will barely have time to join the local latihan and attend the 'Zoom after-latihan-coffee' to get ready for the world latihan at 1 pm.

And it's not only latihans we have, but also last week we had a virtual musicafé and tonight there will be a Bapak talk.

Before the Bapak talk there is an Area 1 latihan which is a good way to ease into the talk.

Thank God that in Australia we do not have regions!

But my question to the helpers (local, national, international etc) is – is it possible to go into crisis from attending too many virtual latihans?



*A Smart-Bolt Production*

## Wanted – Jewellery by Torun

Torun Vivianna von Bulow Hube was an extremely talented modernist jewellery designer and Subud member. She designed for Georg Jensen and her designs have stood the test of time and accelerated in value over the years. There is a very strong market for her jewellery, some rare early pieces fetch up to £20,000!

Many Subud members own her jewellery. Do you have some Torun pieces stashed away? Are you looking to cash in your smart investment? I buy and sell Torun pieces and will happily take yours to market for a commission.

Please email me at [torunsalesuk@gmail.com](mailto:torunsalesuk@gmail.com) to discuss.

*Susannah Bolt, UK*





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AVAILABLE ONLINE FOR THE FIRST TIME  
A GIFT FROM GOD &  
BAPAK: THE MAN AND HIS MISSION



“ *A landmark production  
presenting a vivid and coherent  
account of Bapak's life and  
the story of Subud...* ”

For the first time Subud Voice is making available online four video programs which document the history and development of Subud from Bapak's birth in 1901 to his 100th anniversary in 2001.

The programs are...

**BAPAK THE MAN AND HIS MISSION**

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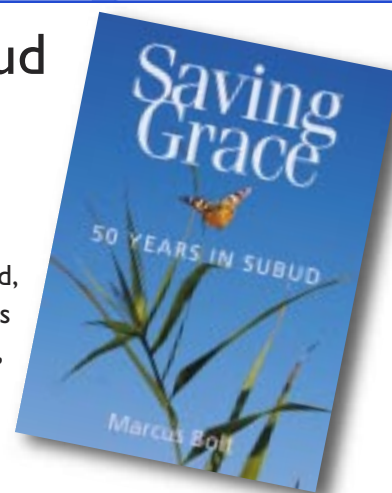
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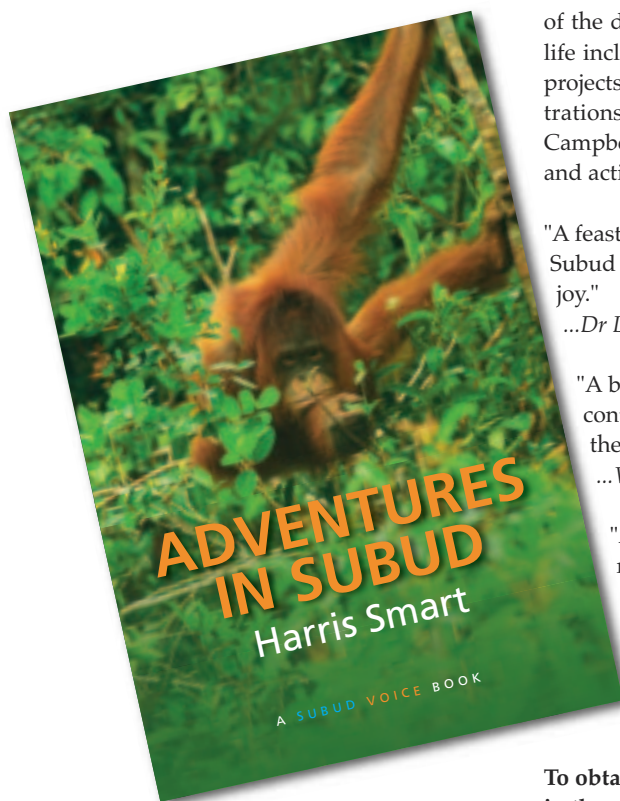
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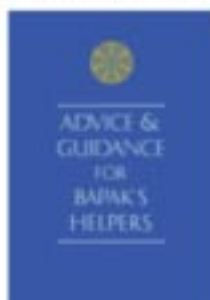
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Send articles, photos, cartoons etc. to Harris  
Smart, Editor Subud Voice,  
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