

E-NEWS AUSTRALIA
JANUARY/FEBRUARY 2011

FROM THE CHAIRPERSON OF SUBUD AUSTRALIA

Hello brothers and sisters,

At the recent Congress in Canberra I was tested in as your new National Chairlady, so I will take a little space to introduce myself and share my thoughts. My name is Asmaniah Fraval, I am married to Maxwell, and we have 6 wonderful children and 3 gorgeous grandchildren. My Subud life began when I was 9 when my parents joined Subud in that first wave in 1957 in the UK. I never had any doubts that this was my way also and am forever indebted to my father for having pioneered this for me and our extended family. Maxwell and I came to Australia with four children in 1983 and settled in Melbourne, moving to Canberra in 1995. My Subud jobs have mostly been on the helper side, local, national and international.

The national committee team we have in place so far is Harry Armytage as treasurer, Frances Kuhna as secretary, Natasha Odou as youth contact, Stanford Harrison as one of the property trustees, Peter Jenkins as committee councillor. (The term of the national helpers is from world congress to world congress so the kejiwaan councillors do not change.)

Wing chairs are Teena Gill for Susila Dharma, Sebastian Flynn for SICA, Bavali Hill for SIHA. The web masters are now Alexis Gleeson and Lucas Linden.

Positions still to be filled on the national committee are *vice chair*, *wing chair for SES*, *Youth Activities Coordinator(s)* and *property trustee*. If you have any sense one of these jobs could be yours, please check with your local helpers and let me know on asmaniahfraval@gmail.com.

Congress is always a time of renewal and evaluation of where we are and where we would like to be, and this congress was no exception. As I got used to the new role, the first thing that I became aware of was how *everyone* is responsible for what happens in Subud Australia – it is not just the national committee and national helpers, or the local committee and helpers, but each and every one of us. So I invite you all to join in making our groups in Australia dynamic, supportive and fun!

With love,

Asmaniah

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS 2011 IN CANBERRA

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

I have returned to Melbourne from the National Congress in Canberra. I am giving you just a gist of what went on. All detailed notices of the meetings and events will be sent to you from the National Office. In the meantime, please read on as this is just the flavour of what took place in Canberra.

SATURDAY

I had left Melbourne on an early morning flight to attend the Australian National Congress in Canberra. It took a mere 38 minutes to arrive in Canberra, but it took me from 5.00 a.m. to 8.30 a.m. before the delayed flight was air borne. Teresa Armytage was at the airport to pick me up. As congress registrations did not open until later in the day, the official transport was not available for such an early flight. I was taken to the Armytage home. Harry joined us for lunch whilst Irma was on campus as part of the Congress Organisation Team (COT) getting ready for registrations. The team comprised of Asmaniah, Ruth, Irma and Silvana. Lilliana was in charge of catering at the Subud Cafe. Maria, Raphaela and a myriad number of volunteers made the congress exciting and successful. So please forgive me, as I am sure I have left out someone who has worked tirelessly and deserves to be mentioned.

Canberra University was the congress venue. The campus was surrounded by bush. Families of kangaroos made their appearance at dusk. The accommodation was basic student units, but with the luxury of two bathrooms to share. My unit was a delight as I had to share with a very flexible family of three – mom and two daughters and a young friend. So it was all women. It gave me the freedom to have a chat early morning and share a cup of tea before the hurly burly of the day.

Once we settled in, we set out to find the International House which was turned into our Subud Cafe, and registration centre. It was touching to see Halimah beavering away behind the counter serving us with our orders for snacks. For someone who has had heart surgery, her recovery was complete and astonishing. Amazing lady! Having driven herself to congress, she was waiting with great excitement, to meet her latest and first great grandchild, Hermina's baby.

The cafe had a very relaxed atmosphere, as there was no rush for registrations as this was a small congress with only 65 bookings made so far. The weather was beautiful and warm. We were told that during the previous week it rained nonstop. The dining rooms and latihan hall were a fair distance, so it was wonderful it did not rain. After dinner it was a short walk back to the cafe. As there were no latihan at night due to the shortage of available rooms, the cafe became the hub, as usual. The staff were kept busy as everyone wanted to eat there. The snacks and home cooked dishes were really delicious.

Dinner at the main hall was a surprise as it was well laid out and delicious with choices of main course and scrumptious desserts. After dinner we had our first latihan in the big hall, and the bonding began. There is always an amazing feeling of love and compassion when old friends meet. Latihan create an inner bond. It was wonderful to see Salamah, (who had recently lost Abdullah) and her lovely daughter Sebastiana with sons in tow. There was also Dr. Abdurachman from Perth. Abdurachman is our Subud International Health Association (SIHA) chairman.

Our two overseas visitors Judy Gibb, chairlady of Subud New Zealand and Veronica, were made very welcome by all the friends they have here in Australia. Veronica is Renata's sister and was here as committee councillor. She was such a delight to talk to.

Saturday night was also the Welcome to Congress, the official opening of congress by Silvana, the Canberra chairlady and Peter, our outgoing national chairman. The Canberra group put on a good show with a power point presentation of the history of the Canberra group. From humble beginnings to a people surge in the mid 90s, the Canberra group has grown rapidly. It was heartening to hear how powerful the fundraising efforts were by the ladies of Canberra. Their beanies, scarves and gloves raised close to \$100,000. Teams of women knitted these items and sold them at local markets. I admire Irma's beautiful hand bags. They have been a hit wherever they were on show. It was no different at the congress and a percentage is donated to Subud.

We heard about archivists Rohana and Harlinah's efforts to preserve the history of Subud. Rohana now lives in Kilmore, near Melbourne with her husband Ian. It was wonderful to see how Canberra had grown and where it is now.

SUNDAY

The first few days were dedicated to Kedjiwaan. The morning started with a latihan after breakfast. We started the session by testing with the international and national helpers about the importance of this congress, what our roles were and how we should be. In reality, what we bring to congress is what sets the tone of congress.

All of us came with the sincere wish to latihan together and grow inwardly. I felt so much love and support from old friends of over thirty or more years. Striving for harmony starts from within each one of us and all of us worked towards it. From day one, it was the latihan working and we slowly moved to the tempo of the agenda set by congress.

The dining hall was where we did our networking and chatted with people we had not seen for a while. Most of the people had arrived, with some joining congress later on in the middle of the week. Each time the national helpers asked the new arrivals to receive what the significance of the congress was and how we should be to achieve that goal. What should be brought to this congress and what should be left behind. The sincerity with which people turned to worship God was touching. People come to congress to nourish the inner with the latihan, feel the love and compassion that is innate and part of the human psyche, and bask in the warmth of old friendships and meeting new members.

The first four days were pure kedjiwaan. The days were peaceful. Latihan were scheduled every morning after breakfast. As we latihan daily, the magnificence of Almighty God was felt as a reality. The cares and woes of daily life slowly lifted and we bonded with one another. Members who wished to have special latihan and personal issues tested had a host of helpers ready. The national helpers gave help wherever needed, which was most of the time!

After dinner it was a short walk back to the cafe. As there were no latihan in the evening, we all congregated in the cafe as there was a Bapak talk scheduled for the evening. We gathered quietly in the large meeting room adjacent to the cafe. There were people relaxing on floor cushions. The few available chairs that could be

squeezed into the room were gone! It was a balmy evening and the mosquitos were also eager. To see Bapak's face on the screen and listening to his voice reinforced the fact that we had all made a commitment when we joined Subud. The importance of doing latihans regularly twice a week was heightened. Just by sitting there together listening to Bapak created an unseen bond amongst us. The way we conducted ourselves in our outer life was the visible fruit of our latihan. The meaning of the latihan and what Bapak expected of us as we progressed using this gift, was profound. Bapak had given each of us a mission. It was up to us to see that it became a reality. We need to remember Bapak saying "Subud is You".

MONDAY

As usual we ambled down to breakfast. It was surprising that we had such a varied choice of cereals, breads, Danish, sometimes toasted croissants with melted cheese and tomato; yoghurt with fruit and nuts. We were spoilt. My favourite was the fresh fruit platter. Always well satiated, we walked across to morning latihan to see what the day opened up.

Today, after latihan we had a little talk from An Dien, our international helper about life experiences and Bapak's explanations. Some stayed and appreciated it, whilst others slowly melted away into little groups to attend meetings and private testings.

Youth latihans and youth sessions with the national helpers were scheduled for today. There were quite a few young members attending congress. Lucinda, our international youth chairperson was also present at congress. Some of us unwittingly, out of habit, walked upstairs to the hall, only to be pointed subtly by Peter that it was for young people and it would be better for us not to attend. Afterwards some of the young members commented on how helpful these sessions were.

TESTING FOR NATIONAL CHAIRMAN

After dinner on Monday night, two candidates put their hands up to be tested for National Chairman for Subud Australia – Asmaniah from Canberra and Hadrian J from Sydney.

Testing by the national helpers in front of the entire congress confirmed that our new National Chairperson is Asmaniah. It was a good feeling that Subud Australia is in the hands of a committed and experienced member.

TUESDAY

Today was the first day of the National Council Plenary Session. Peter, our outgoing chairman, handed the baton to Asmaniah. Between them, they opened the Plenary Session. There were several reports from chairpersons of groups and Wings. Most of the reports had been circulated by the national office.

In the afternoon, there was a Helper session and a Communications workshop being held at the same time. One of the recommendations was that our communications be opened up and expanded so that the members were informed about everything relevant happening in Subud Australia.

Asmaniah writes:

Communications Workshop at Congress

We spent a whole afternoon work shopping communication within Subud Australia and it is clear there is room for improvement! There are several ideas we hope to develop in the next few months which will need people who *enjoy communicating* to get involved.

- **Face to face** communication was a clear winner, with congresses and gatherings a proven format: those involved in different areas make an effort to provide information and generally those attending these events are interested to find out what is going on.

- **Australian Journal/Magazine with *Australian* content.** There was a clear wish for this to be re-instated in a format that is interesting and attractive but not so technical that it becomes too onerous to produce regularly: to be in a format that can be emailed around and when printed off in the groups still looks attractive: the content to be original articles of varied form and length but focused on members and events in Australia. Let's try for 3 issues this year (as it's already February and we don't yet have an editor.)

- **Enews** to be used for communicating events, gatherings, changes in group committees, brief news and views in the intervening months. This is a different format to the magazine with a different function and layout but should still be attractive to read.

How might we gather the information and who puts it together?

Bapak created a very democratic organization where no-one holds a job for an extended period, thus bringing fresh energies and enthusiasm. So at congress, all positions were declared vacant.

I would like to publicly thank both Rohana Fraval for producing the Enews very regularly over the past few years, and Bavali Hill for her work on the Subud Australia web page. Both have devoted a lot of time and energy and on behalf of all members, I sincerely thank them both.

In order to take on board the direction from the communications workshop we need:-

- **editors** – one for the magazine and another for the enews.

- at least one person in each group who is genuinely interested in people and what they are doing or experiencing in their lives, like a **roving reporter**. This does not have to be an official committee position but hopefully there would be communication and support for this person from the group committee.

If as you read this, or in the ensuing days, you feel you could contribute to, or take on, any of these roles, please contact me on asmaniahfraval@gmail.com. If I don't hear from you, you might be hearing from me!

Asmaniah

After the business of the day, we were eagerly waiting to listen to a talk by Ibu Rahaju. Once again, the room was filled to capacity. It was such a good idea to have a talk before we retired to bed as there were no night latihans. Normally people hung around the cafe chatting and drinking hot chocolate and coffee. Raphael, a young French member vacationing in Australia, worked as a volunteer at the Subud cafe and was extremely helpful.

WEDNESDAY

Today was a free day . Visits to the National Art Galleries and Museums were organised for those wishing to go out for excursions. Some of us stayed as there were exciting workshops organised such as the Kalimantan presentation by Eliah Dean, SDI Workshop by Mardijah and the Enterprise Support Group meeting by Marcus and Silvana. Maxwell was planning to give his usual scintillating talk on Osteopathy for Babies and Harlinah retold her History of Subud and other stories of Bapak. It was touching as Harlinah invited each and everyone present to talk about personal experiences and stories; about how they came to Subud, or any event that had left an impact on their lives. To hear these stories made me wonder why we do not record these simple experiences that touch us so deeply. Hadrian J had also scheduled to give his 'Change through the Latihan' workshop. So we were spoilt for choice.

In the evening, Judy and Asmaniah had organised an Open Space within the cafe for sharing our Subud stories. We all gathered and cosied amongst our friends. The lounge area in the cafe was ideal for such an event. Whilst some stories were funny, others were serious, but all were very touching. It was very bonding to share our experiences, sitting together reminiscing, drinking hot chocolate and munching on snacks. Even the young members got in on the act. It was such a good concept. So thank you Asmaniah and Judy. You kept it short and sweet, and very enjoyable.

THURSDAY

The first few days of congress dealt with the deeper aspects of kedjiwaan, (testing, special latihans etc). The transition had taken place after yesterday being a free day. The energy had shifted. We had now moved on to the business aspect of congress.

Today started with the National Council Meeting, running simultaneously with a presentation on World Subud Archives – Current situation and global fundraising initiative. Abdurachman was scheduled to give a talk on the Revitalisation of the Australian branch of SIHA. Later on he was planning to give a talk on Spirituality and Health. It was frustrating as several of the workshops had the same time slot, and could not be given the attention they deserved.

During the afternoon we finished off the second meeting of the National Council Plenary Session. We saw the remaining chairmen's reports that were not circulated before congress. Sebastian arrived in time to give us his report on Subud

International Cultural Association (SICA). Sebastian has now relocated from Brisbane to Canberra and is very busy.

FRIDAY

This was the last day of Congress and was filled with interesting workshops. There was Maxwell's scheduled presentation of 'WSA – Who we are and what we do.' It was an International information session. Many members do not know that all Subud countries and associations come under the global umbrella of WSA.

Harry conducted his session on 'Sound Learning Systems – Listen4Life', a fascinating study of how listening and sound can stimulate learning and change life.

Harlinah held her second session on the History of Subud so that those who missed the first session could attend and hear stories of the beginning of Subud. There are so many private and personal anecdotes of Bapak that make these sessions a "must attend."

Last but not least was the Subud Australia Annual General Meeting. Asmaniah conducted this meeting as the new Chairman of Subud Australia.

As all the business sessions winded down, there was Music Cafe to look forward to. We had heard whispers of what was to be expected. When the actual event started, it took us by surprise. Gavin Dallow-Smith was our esteemed Master of Ceremonies, a role that he was extremely good at. Maynard on pipes and Sebastian on the violin delighted us with their professional delivery. The music was lilting and transported us to a different place.

The opening act was followed by Frances who enchanted us with her vocals. She also played the piano. Her sister Sophia and brother on guitar accompanied her. After entertaining us with three songs, we heard she had to leave for Sydney.

There were some very talented young people. Teresa belted out a few favourite numbers. I was surprised at the new power in her voice. I had heard her sing last

year, and the year before. This was something new and strong. It is really wonderful to see all this raw talent emerging from our young members.

Peter and Gavin had secretly polished their act. They had rehearsed and planned ahead to auction off their clothes. On cue, the musicians struck up the appropriate music with Gavin first removing his jacket. Peter followed suit until they had stripped down to their boxer shorts amidst raucous cheers and clapping, eventually bringing the house down. Judy and Salamah were two of the lucky bidders who threw themselves into the act!

As the evening progressed, Maxwell and his brother Hadrian enacted a skit about customers coming to the green grocers and complaining about their blackberries being frozen, much to the amusement of all. The skit revolved around fruit names being commonly used in technology. There was 'Blackberry', 'Orange' - which is a telecommunications carrier, 'Apple' computers etc. It was very clever and quite funny. The evening's entertainment was a fundraiser for Subud Australia.

As Congress officially came to an end, we were all delighted that we were given the opportunity to, once again, attend our National Congress and bask in the daily latihans. Bapak has spoken about the importance for countries to hold an annual congress. The latihans are rejuvenating and the gathering gives us the opportunity to include our families so that congress is enjoyed by all.

The next National Congress will be held in Sydney. It starts on December 31st giving us the chance to witness the famous Sydney New Year's eve fireworks. As this will be a joint effort by both the Sydney groups, we send our best wishes to Harris Madden and Brian the two chairmen, Sofiah and the yet to be announced Congress Organising Team of young, dynamic members from both groups.

Ed.

ICDP (International Children's Development Project)

RENEE'S VISION

When Renee Goetz contacted ICDP asking us to help her establish ICDP in Australia, I was rather sceptical at first. This was due to my previous experience: I conducted quite a few ICDP workshops several years ago in different parts of Australia.

To my surprise this time it was entirely different. Renee has not only demonstrated an incredible and tireless enthusiasm and energy, but has also shown huge and consistent commitment in her efforts to establish ICDP in Australia. With her own means at first and then also by involving local SICA in fundraising, Renee organized everything that was required for the ICDP training to take place in the best possible way. The ICDP workshops were held in her beautiful home by the sea, which made the experience all the more memorable.

As a result of Renee's initiative, ICDP has been set up in Australia on firm grounds under the umbrella of Morningside Care and we have just issued an ICDP diploma to the first ICDP qualified trainer Anne Moore, a very experienced social worker from Brisbane, currently in a responsible position at a TAFE.

Anne Moore has recently spent one week at Loudwater Farm, from the 23rd to 29th of October, where she came to receive her final training in ICDP. During her stay Anne reported to us about her ICDP field work, which she carried out at the Moohyah Drug and Alcohol Rehabilitation Centre. She implemented the ICDP program with fathers who were separated from their children due to drug and alcohol addiction problems and who subsequently found it difficult to reconnect with their children. The results of Anne's ICDP intervention surprised the leadership of the centre, as they were doubtful at the beginning until they witnessed changes in the men's attitudes towards their children and the children's positive responses to their fathers.

In addition, Anne also told us about her future plans with ICDP:

"I would like to continue the work I am currently doing in the community organisations including:

- Salvation Army Moohyah Drug and Alcohol Rehabilitation Centre
- Young Mums & Kids – teenage single parents aged 13 – 16
- Sisters Inside – women who have just been released from prison – mostly indigenous women
- Working with the indigenous community in Nutchka with Aunty Betty McGrady

- Complete training with the child protection students from Metropolitan South Institute of Tafe
- Conduct workshops at the home of Renee when there is sufficient interest

In the future:

- I would like to form a partnership with ICDP International and Metropolitan South Institute of TAFE (MSIT) to allow us to deliver ICDP as a short course – students would pay for this course and a % of their fees would be returned to ICDP International as part of the licensing agreement allowing us to use their material and program
- I would like to establish an articulation pathway for students from MSIT to continue their studies through the University of Oslo or to participate in an ICDP project in the country of their choice

To enable this to occur I would train my existing teaching staff in ICDP allowing them to deliver the program to students studying in the areas of

- Diploma in Youth Work
- Diploma in Children's Services
- Diploma in Community Services Work
- Cert III in Education Support – Teacher Aide
- Child Protection
- Juvenile Justice

I would foresee this process could take up to 12 months as I want to start from a solid foundation with the correct preparation to try to ensure sustainability for ICDP.”

On the last day of her stay, the ICDP chairman, Rukman Hundeide invited Anne to give a short presentation about her work to the participants of the ICDP workshop, which was starting on that day at Loudwater. Afterwards he presented Anne with her ICDP Trainer diploma.

Earlier today Rukman wrote to Renee the following email: “It is a new chapter with big possibilities and Annie is the right person in it. So I congratulate you Renee on your persistence, support and vision for what ICDP could become in Australia. Annie gave a very touching presentation of her work with fathers in the drug and alcohol rehabilitation centre and their relationship to their children touched all those present at the workshop at Loudwater. She has the right feeling for what we

are dealing with in our work. We now look forward to a process of development of ICDP in the right place.”

Lailah Armstrong, 5th November 2010

Dahlan Simpson writes:

RECALLING A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

Dear reader, the following is from the draft of my forthcoming book ‘Journeys of a stockbroker’. References to Subud and Subud .org have been edited out.

Some time in my early adulthood, I became aware of a gentle, untroubling feeling that I would die at 30. So gentle was this intrusion that it slipped away from my consciousness almost as soon as it had arrived.....So, now to what happened to me when I was 30....

My ‘Crisis’

My dear former wife had stopped doing latihan after the birth of our last child. I was deeply upset. I felt our connection slipping. I became upset; then agitated; then finally, and foolishly, I began to blame God. How could He let her stop doing latihan? Why?

Don’t ever try this at home; or anywhere! Blaming God is for fools and for those unprepared for turmoil. Turmoil is what happened to me. Anger at God took me to a place I had never been: a place where I had no control.

The events I am about to relate occurred over 30 years ago; for I am now 61 at the time of writing. Some details will therefore be missing - but not, I feel, the important ones.

I arrived home late one evening, parked the car in the carport, and inserted my house key in the front door. Immediately, I was in a state of shock. I had never been here before! I felt completely different. Then, as I entered the house and moved into the living room, I stood quietly, just sensing my state. I wasn’t breathing!!

I panicked. All of a sudden I recalled my premonition of years ago. I was dying! Straight away, I called Ramdhan, my beloved father, who lived the other side of Sydney. “Am I dying, dad?” He went off to test about that. “No”, he told me, “you’re not dying”. Sounds funny to think about it now.

Shortly I retired to bed, feeling over-aware but otherwise normal. In the morning, I went to work, as usual – though a little late. At the time, I was commodities analyst for Bain and Co., a large stockbroker. I researched metals and energy. This was July, 1979. I arrived late for the morning meeting or, as the tea lady Dawn told me as I went in, for morning prayers. It was a bit like that. Well, this was when my ‘fun’ really started.

US President Jimmy Carter had made an impassioned speech to his nation on 15 July 1979. I was deeply affected by that, enthused by the challenges of the energy crisis and the state of humanity. My philosophy had always been “problem = opportunity”. Carter’s speech played right into my hands for the state I was in as I entered the roomful of morning meeting faces.

Jim Bain was, I think, addressing the meeting. As I moved past him to take my seat, I tapped him on the head. I have no idea why! Then, at the first opportunity, I launched into a speech of my own about the energy crisis and how no-one would even want OPEC oil in ten years time!

The meeting ended. I returned to my office, somehow exhausted. I discovered later that my ‘crisis’ state meant that I often worked without rest and without food. I was visibly tiring and fading away. I felt anxious that people might feel my work was behind. So I made a huge effort to report on certain news of the day. Then I sat down, just feeling wiped out. I almost forgot, one feature of my experience was that I approached people spontaneously and offered them advice. Regina Meani, the chartist, was one person I recall who remained friendly and never gave me a ‘sideways’ look. I never forgot that.

But back to my office. My door was shut. Suddenly, there was a tap, and in came my research manager, Maurice Loomes. – the best boss I ever had.

He sat down, and asked me how I was. He had just returned from holidays (he hadn’t been present at the meeting earlier). I told him I was fine. He replied “Dahlan, I don’t know what you’re going through, but it’s not over yet. Take a holiday, and come back when you’re ready”. Then he took his leave.

I left the office almost immediately. Descending in the lift, I felt highly self-conscious as though I might have two heads, or as if my speech had already attained notoriety.

I left the building on 6 O’Connell Street. I decided to head for my father’s place. I didn’t feel my former wife could cope. It must have been very hard for her, not knowing what was happening to her husband and the father of our children.

I was completely unprepared for going to dad’s. I just walked and walked. I felt very tired, supported only by adrenalin. There was a very strange thing: when I

walked, I never looked left or right. I would walk, suddenly stop, and traffic would race past. Then, I would continue on. On and on, heading out of the city. At some point, I must have become too weary – and I must have remembered how far it was to Arncliffe! A taxi delivered me to the street outside my father's house.

Of my two weeks there with dad, my stepmother Mardijah and my five young brothers and sisters, I have only partial recollection. I hardly ate anything. It would have been quite comical, I imagine. Every time I felt someone was thinking, I was unable to eat, my fork suspended in mid-air. I recall I talked a lot, offering advice. For me, it was a beautiful time, full of beautiful feelings, of sweet joy and absence of worry.

There was one profound reality. For those two weeks, my life's horizon was just five minutes. I could see only five minutes ahead, no more. Also, when I slept, I was fully conscious. This had amusing consequences: dad had arranged for people to take turns watching over me. But once they fell asleep, thinking that I was, I would sometimes go off walkabout. What a thoughtless son!

Eventually, it was time for me to go home. I think I had overstayed my welcome. There is a limit to a full immersion course in Dahlan. I didn't want to go. Dad prevailed. I didn't blame him. I remember sitting next to him in his Combi van, he ready to whisk me back home to Mt. Colah. A good hours drive. Well, for good measure, for the entire journey I gave him a rapid-fire commentary/navigation on road conditions, when to change gear, you name it! Upon arrival outside my home at Pacific Highway, Mt Colah, dad was flabbergasted at my constant stream of navigation. Who would have been the more exhausted - he or I!!

Two weeks, yes, two weeks, only seeing five minutes ahead.

But this wasn't the clincher that told me I had had a memorable, profound and life-changing experience:

I had lost my fear of dying. I suppose, it was true... I had already died a little....

And yet, as I confessed when asked years later about my experience, I still had not lost my fear of living!

The journey continued

PS I did return to Bain & Co., soon also becoming mining analyst when the incumbent moved onto the dealing desk.

Dahlan Simpson

IN SRI LANKA

Harris and Piata Smart recently went to Sri Lanka which is of course Piata's place of birth. It was Harris's first time there. They stayed at the beautiful Subud House in Colombo. Later they went down the coast and had an idyllic holiday by the sea in a small hotel.

While at the Subud House, an evening was arranged where several members came along and talked about the group. There were many amusing anecdotes about past happenings and personalities.

One character whom many recall with affectionate amusement is Rusli Sideek. On one of his visits to Sri Lanka, Bapak wanted to visit a tea plantation because he was planning to grow tea on his own farm in Indonesia. The expedition was arranged in the chauffeur-driven Cadillac of one of the members.

But Bapak said he wanted to be driven by a Subud member. Who would drive him? The only one who put up his hand was Rusli who was very small, scarcely able to see the dashboard of the car, and furthermore had very bad eyesight. Nevertheless, Bapak said that Rusli should drive. The roads into the hills were steep, narrow and winding but the journey was completed without mishap. Afterwards, Rusli said, "I did not drive the car. The car drove me." It was the car, he insisted, not himself, that had negotiated all the tight curves.

Bapak advised Rusli that he should be a farmer, even though he had inherited very substantial business interests, including real estate, from his father. Though it was painful and risky, Rusli gave up the family business,

and after a long search, located a piece of land where he began to farm livestock. A few years later the government decided to relocate the capital of Sri Lanka to some land near Rusli's and he was able to sell his farm at an enormous profit.

Several members talked about the power of the Subud symbol which is prominent high up on the façade of the Subud house. In the beginning it was made of fiberglass, and even then Robert Goonetillecke recalled how at least one man had been attracted to Subud simply by seeing the symbol.

The president, Vallipuram, added that it was decided to replace the original symbol with something better, made of stainless steel so that it would never corrode in the salt air. The craftsmen they commissioned to make the new symbol was so moved by it that he came into Subud.

Harris

Letter from across the Tasman:

This is just to let you know that there is a house for sale next to the Subudproperty ; next to the hall.

It belongs to Hannah and Robert Percival. 2a Cooks Lane, Heathcote Valley, Christchurch. Phone: (03) 3842025

Email: handrpercival@yahoo.co.nz

Thought to pass it on to you as you know so many people , maybe someone who would be interested to live in Christchurch or buy. Or maybe spread the word in the E-News?

With lots of love from Laurentia, your sister in Subud.

MILESTONES:

Engaged: Congratulations to Rachimah and Dean, who threw a memorable engagement party on Australia Day at Warrandyte. Visitors included family and friends from around Australia. It was a fun day with a BBQ and games galore.

Births: Baby girl to Hermina and Mat - first great grandchild to Halimah Armytage.

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