



The Subud Boston Newsletter

Patience, Sincerity, Submission and Courage

March/April 2000 • Volume 7/Number 4

Editorial

Once in a while God sends us a wake up call. My latest one came Monday morning, January 24.

My morning routine is basically the same each day. I get up, putter for a few minutes, take a shower, eat a little something and pack my provisions for the day. Then I walk down two double flights of the vast converted school house stairwell to the foyer where I retrieve the day's paper and mail from the day before. Next it's one more flight down to the garage and a few paces to my car. I neatly place my accoutrements in the back seat, position myself behind the wheel and install my clip-on sunglasses. With left arm outstretched to the steering wheel, right hand cupped over the gear shift knob and a grateful thought about how privileged I am to have indoor parking, off I go. While the time varies anywhere between 8:15 and 9:45, the choreography is as predictable as the presidential primary outcome.

I have an enviable 10 minute commute, most of which is on highway 93. I access the interstate via a large rotary that seems to deliberately accelerate my speed and hurl

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The following article is the transcript from an afternoon session conducted on July 13, 1999 at the Rocky Gap Congress where members of Bapak's family spoke about their experiences growing up with Bapak. Ibu Rahayu, Bapak's daughter, spoke first and her words appear in this issue. Ibu Yati, Ibu Rahayu's sister, and Tuti Horthy, Bapak's granddaughter spoke after Ibu Rahayu—look for their stories in the next issue! Thanks to Stuart Cooke for recording this session.

Experiences with Bapak

With Ibu Rahayu, Provisional translation by Sharif Horthy

Brothers and Sisters whom I love,

This afternoon we're going to try some story telling about our contacts with Bapak, Bapak Muhammad Subuh Sumohadiwidjojo. And in my case, I'm going to tell you of my own experience, first of all as Bapak's daughter and secondly as a Subud member just like all of you.

As Bapak's daughter I don't think my experience with Bapak was very much different from your own relationship with your own parents because, although Bapak was of course already very much involved with the latihan kejiwaan and with his work for Subud, he still expected us, his children, to develop ourselves and to gain

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Summary of World Congress News To Date!

International Subud Committee

We published the information about the Congress preparation and Kalimantan as the congress location in various editions of the SWN. (Attn: Center chairs: Please make copies of each issue of SUBUD WORLD NEWS for your members!) Perhaps not many of members are aware about this information. However, the detail plan about the congress is not released yet. We still have about 17 month to go. I hope the congress committee will be able to release more detail info about the congress and the congress registration form by late April.

The Council meeting in UK last March has approved the congress site is in the city of Palangkaraya. The main venue of the congress is at Tambun Bungai area. The town hall (has 2000 seats) and the sport centre located In this Tambun Bungai area (almost 5 hectares wide) will be used for the latihan (parallel) and the plenary sessions and small meetings.

The timing will be in June and July 2001. These Subud international events will be started with Bapak's centennial from June 18-23 mostly held in Java. One of the main activities of the centennial program is the Jakarta art festival. After Bapak centennial activities, the Kejiwaan gathering will be held (June 25-July 1). The informal pre congress meetings will be held from July 2-6. The congress and the family gathering will be held from July 7-18. Except the Jakarta festival, all meetings and the congress program will be held in Palangkaraya city. The sight seeing tours will

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In Local News ...

Welcome New Members!

Subud Boston is growing! We'd like to extend a very warm welcome to our five new members. Brianna Whitesell (formerly Kimberly), was opened about 15 years ago in California. She has been away from Subud all that time, but has recently moved to the Portsmouth, NH area and felt it was time to reconnect with a Subud group. Brianna is a psychiatrist for both children and adults and has recently opened her private practice in Dover NH. Welcome back, Brianna! And, we had a quadruple opening on February 20: Richard and Linda Beckwith from Kennebunk, ME and Art and Jo Ann Eves from York Harbor, ME. They found out about Subud by reading the book *New Religions* by Jacob Needleman and then used the internet to seek out a local contact person (Sonia Owens). Self-described "gypsies," both couples have lived many places in the US and abroad. Unfortunately, Maine is far away and we don't get to see them very often. A warm welcome to you all!

Painting at the Bristol Family Lodge

A small group of Subud Boston folks got together twice for a Saturday of painting at the Bristol Family Lodge in Waltham, MA. On January 29th, Samuel, Ruslan, Peter Baptiste and Lorena painted the living room, and on February 26, the same crew plus Vernon Contessa minus Peter painted the dining room. Both rooms got two fresh coats of very bright and clean-looking white paint. The people at the house, both the social workers and the residents, were very appreciative of our contribution and the newly painted rooms.

Our history of working at the Bristol Family Lodge goes back several years, beginning in 1996 when we first volunteered there as a group participating in the City Year Servathon. That day in October we stained the outdoor stairs and handicapped access ramp (which by the way, is looking like it needs attention once again). A smaller group went back that December and hosted a Christmas dinner, complete with turkey, games and singing. Then the following spring we offered our services again and they asked if we could clean out the basement for them. That turned into a herculean effort complete with power washing! (Although it's starting to fill up with more things, the basement still looks great.) Then we fell out of touch and it wasn't until early December 1999 that we called again and gave them 19 stuffed stockings for the kids who were living there.

For these most recent painting projects, we decided to make a day of the event. We started by meeting for breakfast at 8:30 at a local diner (Waltham's great for diners). After some food and good conversation we arrived at the house and commenced with putting the first coat on the walls and window trim, trying desperately not to look too much like the four stooges. We didn't anticipate having to do two coats, but since the original color was beige and the new color was white, one wasn't enough. So while the first coat was drying we went out for sushi! (I know, "tough day" you're thinking!) We try to make these projects as much fun as they are work. After lunch at one of Waltham's fine dining establishments we returned for the second coat, and by 3:00 we were done.

Everyone who has participated in any of these projects expresses the same feelings: it's good to do work with fellow Subud members. The benefit goes beyond the actual service to others, which is very important in itself. But serving others also furthers our spiritual awakening and serving others together helps build a sense of community within our group. It really is a wonderful experience for everyone involved. Of course, if you were to watch Peter and I bicker over how many coats of paint were required on the trim you might think otherwise!

Many people in the group feel it would be good for Subud Boston to do ongoing community service work, but no one seems to know what form this should take. In lieu of a "standard" charitable cause we support or a project that Subud Boston creates (like our own day care service, for example), I think it's great to take part in the projects that individual members promote. It's good for the community and it's good for Subud Boston.

VIRTUALLY SPEAKING...

by Ruslan Henderson

The Subud Boston website (www.subudboston.org) is well known around the world. The site is constructed and maintained by Vernon Contessa with editorial input from Ruslan Henderson. There are over 300 registered users from 6 continents including 36 countries! For the last several months, the site has been averaging between 25 and 28 visits a day.

Presently, the Library contains over 500 talks by Bapak as well as 50 talks by Ibu Rahayu. The Library also contains other collections including Bapak's "Answers to Members' Questions", Bapak's "Songs and Prayers", as well as books and audio recordings all of which can be accessed on screen or downloaded for use later on.

In addition to the Library, there are links to other Subud websites in the USA and throughout the world. Also, links to Subud enterprises and Subud artists are pathways to interesting voyages of discovery about what other Subud brothers and sisters are doing all over the world.

Of local interest, there is an up-to-date current events page and soon the Subud Boston Newsletter will also be available on line. For those who haven't visited the site yet, by all means visit and let us know what you think!

Some comments we have received about the website:

Dear Vernon,

One other thing. Would you or your national chairman kindly consider giving Subud Vancouver permission to use "What is Subud" on their Website? The helpers' group here in Vancouver - both men and women were very impressed by that explanation. All the very best, Your brother, Lester Sutherland

Hi Kenton and Subud Boston,

I'm from Subud Toronto in Canada. I just had to write you to complement you on the incredible amount of effort you must have put in to have all those Bapak and Rahayu talks available on line. It is absolutely terrific!! It really helps my resolve to read more of this stuff. Plus the search facility is FABULOUS - it gives me just what I need to be able to tell our helpers (and everyone else): 1) exactly what they are doing wrong, and 2) exactly what they SHOULD be doing!! (just kidding) Thanks again - and keep up the GREAT work.

Yours in Subud, Mathew Templer

Dear Vernon,

Thanks for prompt registration. And many thanks to everyone who compiled this terrific website. Great job! Enjoyed the "fun" part of it as well. I had the privilege to join the Boston group when Ibu Rahayu visited you last summer—a beautiful day, lovely memories.

Kind regards, Hermina Dobson

What a wealth of precious material. Thank you very much Vernon.
Lahana Doucet

Hi, I think you have overall the best website about Subud on the internet. It is clear, easy to navigate, up to date, attractive and there is no off-putting archaic language. Congratulations! My name is Howard Richman. I was opened in 1972. I'm going to be sending you a reciprocal link request for my new site, "Sound Feelings Publishing", within the week. I just wanted to alert you that I am a Subud member because in my link request, there is no mention of this fact. Thanks! Howard Richman

I just wanted to mail you and let you know how very cool the audio files are. It means that I can sit here at work and listen to the Ramadan talk or the Gambang tape while I get things done. It seriously preserves my inner quiet when dealing with highly irritating tasks.
Thank you! Rosalind Chaffee

Dear Vernon...thank you and God Bless you and everyone who has done this work what is so beautifully available here is making me cry tear of joy, thank you, thank you, thank you...the songs and prayers of Bapak are what put me over the edge...Subud is wonderful.

Hadijah Gregory

World Congress - Continued from page 1

be organized both in Java, Bali and Central Kalimantan.

Three main gates to enter Indonesia from other countries are Jakarta, Bali and Surabaya. From this city, the participants will be transported to Palangkaraya by a charter flight at least three times a day depend on how many of the participants from abroad will arrive in these cities. Another way to reach Palangkaraya is by Ship: the quicker one is about 8 hours and the slower one is about 22 hours. The participants have to go to Surabaya and Semarang ports in Java. Both ships will go to Sampit port in central kalimantan. From Sampit port, the participants still need another three and half hours to reach Palangkaraya by a taxi. International air program is still negotiated by Bob Madrigan from Massachusetts and will be released in the April issue of the SWN.

Well, I hope this preliminary information will satisfy the persons who ask about the congress. Please be aware, the date of those events may be changed after the final meeting that will be held on April 6 in Jakarta. I hope you can use this info to explain about the congress preparation.

The following article was written a few months ago, but it's still interesting, especially in the context of the World Congress preparations.

The Flying Chair

Notes from Sharif's diary

It's Christmas morning in Rungan Sari, I've just finished an intense discussion about the 2001 World Congress with the young people (loosely defined, as one of them is 82) attending the Basara Millennium Kamp. More than 30 youth arrived by boat from Java two days ago, after a two-day trip. There are 17 from abroad and a few locals. (By the way, if Rungan Sari doesn't ring a bell with you, it's the Subud name for our embryonic settlement in Central Kalimantan that used to be known by the name of the nearby village, Tangkiling, but which is now in the village of Sei Gohong, having been transferred from Tangkiling by administrative decree. Got that?) I'm sitting outside the large latihan hall, staring at my computer screen waiting for an article about "The Millennium" to appear. The air was cool this morning, but the sun is shining and it's warming up now. Being the rainy season, it will rain cats and dogs from about 4 pm until early in the evening. On clear nights, the stars are glorious thanks to the extraordinarily clean air. The other thing town-dwellers like me tend to notice here is the "big sky." Don't ask me how the sky can be bigger in one place than in another, but anyone who has been to Texas or to the Great Plain in Hungary will know what I mean. Perhaps there's just more sky per person than in say, London, as the whole population of Central Kalimantan is less than a million. The latihan hall behind me is a large building in the Dayak style with an ironwood shingle roof and white plastered walls. Looking southwest towards the road, I can see three of the four private houses built so far, out of a projected forty-four that are included in the building

programme that's supposed to be completed by the congress. This part of Rungan Sari is mostly scrubland on sandy soil that would benefit from a careful tree-planting program; but to my right and passing behind the latihan hall is a pretty valley with a river and quite large trees. A thirty-minute walk on the far side brings one to the big river where the guesthouse is located.

Tuti and I arrived in Indonesia two weeks ago. It's been nine months since we were here, and the feeling has really changed. Last March we felt we were arriving at a funeral. Although evidence of economic revival is patchy, there is a bustle and a sense of a new start that was completely absent last time. We attended a meeting of the Muhammad Subuh Foundation and a kejiwaan gathering at Wisma Subud before coming to Palangka Raya with Pak Siregar, the Subud Indonesia chair, to discuss preparations for the World Congress and make courtesy calls on some local government officials. They seem pleased about our congress, but a bit bemused. "Why are you having your congress here?" asks one of them, "Why don't you go to Banjarmasin where they have a four-star hotel?" "No, Pak, that's not the point," I try to explain, "We are having it here to celebrate the centennial of our founder." I tell him that when I joined Subud in the late fifties, the story was already going around that Bapak had received that Palangka Raya would one day be the capital of Indonesia and that Subud would be involved in the development of Central Kalimantan. Ibu Ismana who is in our group adds, "Bapak received that in 1954." The official is clearly impressed. "It's true that President Sukarno designated Palangka Raya as the future capital city of Indonesia, but that was years later." He warms to his topic, "That's why our city boundary embraces an area of 2400 square kilometres—we're the largest city in Indonesia, even though our population is only 150,000. The original city plan was in the form of a spider's web." This, by the way, is scarcely evident today. Everyone we talk to is enthusiastic about our congress and there are many pledges of help and support, providing we're willing to accept the city as it is, with all its shortcomings, and to adjust to the local laws and customs.

There is also some excitement at the prospect of earning foreign currency, a top priority since the new, democratically elected, government passed a law giving much greater autonomy to the provinces. Two nights ago we invited the mayor and a number of other officials to a party at the Rungan Sari latihan hall to eat together, watch some dancing and meet the young "Kampers." Those who were Muslims broke fast and prayed together in Simon Guerrand-Hermès half-built house on stilts, and the mayor, who is Christian, referred to his town's tradition of religious tolerance, which he said fits well with the philosophy of Subud. It was all very friendly and informal.

I interrupted this to stretch my legs and ran into Maya Roundell, a young accountant from London who reached the Kamp overland from Sabah, on the other side of the island. Being careful with figures, she was able to convince me that the millennium doesn't start for another year. What a relief; to be honest, I'm not feeling ready for it. If it's true, and I

Rahayu - Continued from page 1

knowledge and to be educated to as high a level as possible. And this was probably because he himself had been forced to interrupt his schooling at a relatively low level. He wanted his children to become people of experience and understanding in the world. And so far as the jiwa was concerned, actually Bapak didn't give us spiritual guidance and the truth is that for myself it was something that just developed by itself, to the extent that I personally cannot remember when I started doing the latihan.

And actually within our family we were just like an ordinary family. For example, we actually used to joke together because, as children, we often saw people doing latihan and of course the latihan comes from beyond the mind and beyond the reach and capacity of the mind, and so it takes all kinds of forms.

And it was a long time after that, about the time when Ibu Siti Sumari, whom you remember as Ibu, was about to pass away, that I began to reflect on what was my shortcoming as Bapak's daughter. And I got an answer that actually I need to prepare myself because soon I was going to receive something that could be called the result of the latihan.

And this really happened—and soon after that, I was taken out of this world and when I got to where I was taken to, I felt afraid because I didn't understand anything. But this fear vanished as soon as I recalled that I have Bapak, that I have a father. But I was aware that the one I was looking for was not the father who had given birth to me or who had conceived me, but the father who had given me the latihan or who had trained me in the spiritual way.

And then I heard the voice and it was Bapak's voice. So then I felt at peace because I realized that I was not alone because I had someone who could guide me in that place. While the fact is, of course, at that time Bapak had not yet passed away, he was still alive. I went through this experience for 100 days. So I could come back and then go again. And in general I didn't sleep during all that time because at any time I could be called and I would have to leave immediately.

And the result of these experiences was that the content of the latihan grew in me and actually changed my personality, my individuality. Because while I was over there I also experienced something that is just like when Bapak used to test with us here. So it was from that time that Bapak began to give me jobs to do like, for example, giving names to those people who asked for new names and so on. So these skills were things I learned over there, not here. So if people now ask me, "When you are no longer here, who will give names in Subud?" I can't tell you because I also had no idea beforehand, before I had this experience, that I would one day have that ability.

Another example of all the various experiences, because there are many, many experiences over there in the other place, another effect is that I used to be very, very shy and I was completely unable to talk to strangers or to people I didn't know. And yet now I can face lots of you and talk to you without any feelings of anxiety or worry and help you with whatever you need. And in what I say when I give talks to you, I never make a plan or make notes of what I'm going

to say. Very often it just arises when I sit down and start.

And I was lucky because all this happened while Bapak was still alive so I was able to talk to him about it and ask him, "Is it true what I've experienced?" And he said, "Yes, it's true." And Bapak gave thanks to God that one of his own children had been given the opportunity to bear witness to who Bapak was and what his mission was in this world.

But, of course, this alone didn't satisfy Bapak because he always hoped that there would be lots of witnesses from among all of you as to the truth of Subud. And although there may not be a lot, there are quite a few Subud members who actually have had this confirmation, or this experience, this reality. And it doesn't have to be a big experience—it can be something relatively simple, but it is something that is like a result, or a real result, that has come from what Bapak has given you.

And I don't want those of you who never knew Bapak or came to Bapak after Bapak passed away—I don't want you to have the feeling that Bapak will abandon you, because the reality is that Bapak is the shepherd of all Subud members. Because the fact is that there are many members who were opened after Bapak died or didn't know Bapak who have experiences in the latihan of feeling Bapak's presence and even seeing Bapak there, as someone who constantly watches over our latihan.

Is that enough? While I made these stories rather short, it is actually a long story—I condensed it. And maybe you want to hear from some of the others so now I hand over to Ibu Yati because each of us have our own personal experiences.

Spring Dance

Snow retreats,
Uprolls, reveals,
Bare earth beneath
Her well-worn winter cloak,

Pushed up and back
As bulbs burst forth,
Bright harbingers of Spring,

Usher in
The lengthening days,
And higher rays

Of sunshine glance
Upon the crystal thoughts
Perchance
To Dance with you?

-Lorena Kreda

Editorial - Continued from page 1

me onto the four lane highway. Typically I zip over to the high speed lane where I can cruise along without being concerned about merging traffic. Except January 24th was different. For some reason I was content to hang out in the second lane over from the right. I noted to myself that I had no desire to hasten along my way to work because it seemed so odd to me. Speeding by on my left a few moments later, was a silver Honda Civic that even I thought was going a bit too fast. As it sailed on ahead it occurred to me that I had probably driven as fast as it was going on more than one occasion. Duly noted I thought as I continued on at my turtle-like pace of 65 m.p.h. still in lane number two.

The ride is uneventful until a few minutes later when I find myself driving past a left lane accident that had happened only seconds before! Out of the corner of my eye I see the silver Honda Civic smashed up against another car in front of it. Everyone was out of their vehicles so I was sure no one was hurt too seriously. But all I could think was that on any other day, I could have been right where that Honda was—prayers of thanks filled my heart and soul—and I knew an angel had guided me to drive more passively that morning.

The profundity of this experience stayed with me all morning, but by the time I was driving home that evening I had to work to retrieve the memory in order to slow my pace for the homeward commute. And now, over two months later, I've consciously slowed my driving, but not all the time and I dismiss the wake up call and the larger significance of this experience. Why do I do this—essentially scoff in the face of divine providence? Part of the reason may be that it's human nature to do so. Another part grows out of an interesting twist on the effects of perfectionism.

I know I was clearly guided toward uncharacteristic behavior January 24th, but in the realm of numinous revelations, this experience falls far short of the figurative "lightning strike" or appearances of the Virgin Mary. We perfectionists have very high expectations of our divine interventions just as we do of ourselves. It seems that other people can see evidence of God's work in much lesser miracles.

As a perfectionist, I'm also wary of being overly interpretive and finding meaning or significance in absolutely everything. It's easy to get carried away, to be driving along for instance and think "Maybe I should go to Nepal and become a monk," then hit a seemingly miraculous series of green lights and conclude they were signs affirming a monastic calling. As a result I stray too far to the other extreme and acknowledge meaning in nothing short of an ocean-parting. After all, the inner world is not bound by our physical laws so there must be plenty of room for higher expectations. Why couldn't I get struck be the proverbial lightning bolt? Why couldn't God be revealed to me through visions or a miraculously manifesting singing voice or the divulgence of my right work or bestowal of psychic intuitions?

*Coincidence is God's way of performing a miracle
anonymously. —Anonymous*

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Miracles

Walt Whitman

Why, who makes much of a miracle?
As to me I know of nothing else but miracles,
Whether I walk the streets of Manhattan,
Or dart my sight over the roofs of houses toward
the sky,
Or wade with naked feet along the beach just in
the edge of the water,
Or stand under trees in the woods,
Or talk by day with any one I love, or sleep in the
bed at night with any one I love,
Or sit at table at dinner with the rest,
Or look at strangers opposite me riding in the car,
Or watch honey-bees busy around the hive of a
summer forenoon,
Or animals feeding in the fields,
Or birds, or the wonderfulness of insects in the air,
Or the wonderfulness of the sundown, or of stars
shining so quiet and bright,
Or the exquisite delicate thin curve of the new
moon in spring;
These with the rest, one and all, are to me
miracles,
The whole referring, yet each distinct and in its
place.

To me every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,
Every cubic inch of space is a miracle,
Every square yard of the surface of the earth is
spread with the same,
Every foot of the interior swarms with the same.

To me the sea is a continual miracle,
The fishes that swim—the rocks—the motion of
the waves—the ships with men in them,
What stranger miracles are there?

Flying Chair - Continued from page 4

can't fault Maya's logic, we still have a year to tidy things up, close down and clear out of our life all that we would rather leave behind, and enter the third millennium with some empty space so that new and wonderful things can start for us there. Perhaps for me and for some of us, one of those things will be a closer involvement with Kalimantan, where, for the first time, I'm starting to feel at home.

In the next issue: Sharif's inspiring words for the new millenium, written a few months back, but published here in plenty of time before its true beginning!

Membership Grapevine

This issue features Dorothea Gillim who had been missing-in-action for several months ...

You haven't seen me at the latihan lately because I've been completely consumed with getting my first animated television series on the air! The show, "Hey Monie," is about a young woman—a modern day African-American Mary Tyler Moore—and appears on Oxygen, a new network for women (not available in the Boston area).

My career began in education. As a first year teacher in Philadelphia, I apprenticed with Simone Waddell, who guided me both professionally and spiritually, and introduced me to Subud. Years later, I tested with Simone about possible career directions. The receiving around television producer was very high, quite a surprise to someone who's essentially anti-tv. The path from there to here was hardly a straight line, but it feels good to finally be doing my "right" work.

"Monie" is actually short for Simone. The main character is a tribute to Simone and, by extension, to the divine force that made the show a reality.

We've been talking to Dorothea about having a screening party one Sunday evening after latihan. Stay tuned for an actual date!

The "Membership Grapevine" appears in every issue to share what is happening in each other's lives and help us know each other better. Please let me know what you're up to so I can include it here! Thank you!

Helper/Committee Update

On February 12, Subud Boston held its annual business meeting. About a dozen of us came together for the late afternoon gathering in Belmont to share in the latihan, potluck dinner extraordinaire, and business discussion. The meeting focussed on reviewing the bylaws prior to the ratification vote scheduled to take place on April 16, 1999. We all owe the committee a hearty "thank you" for their steadfast effort in crafting these bylaws. Having been non-existent for so many years, and in-progress for so many months, completing this milestone is a tremendous contribution to our group by the committee. Thank you Peter, Lillian, and Ruslan!

In the spirit of progress of another sort, Ruslan Henderson announced his intention to resign his Treasurer position (maybe those bylaws pushed him over the edge!). Ruslan helps out in so many ways besides being extremely dedicated in his service as Treasurer. He has been on the committee for two consecutive terms and while we will miss him greatly in this role, he probably could use a break! Please take a moment to think, test, and consider serving Subud Boston as Treasurer so Ruslan can take his long anticipated vacation!

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With ongoing effort, I'm slowly lightening the burdensome load of being a perfectionist. I remember the perplexed sense of wonder I felt at work when I realized that no one was 100% productive all the time and that was still okay. My attitude toward others is also shifting, gradually becoming less judgmental. One recent evening, tired from a long day at work, I passed the overflowing cardboard recycling bin in my basement and noticed a crumpled up plastic bag shoved between the boxes. Being pretty adamant about recycling, my first thought was, "People are so stupid," but I caught myself and my second thought was "No they're not, maybe this person thought they could recycle plastic bags in the bin too." Then the next day a MacDonald's bag and soda cup showed up in the bin. (Oh well, so much for that theory.) I'm joking, of course. My point is that there is always much I don't know about a person's motivation and this is reason enough to withhold judgement.

As a recovering perfectionist, I'm learning to be more forgiving and appreciative of other people, to be less demanding of myself, and consequently tune in more naturally to the messages from the universe. The key it seems is to learn to balance one's awareness of these messages with one's expectations of them, to be open to them, to look for meaning and to take meaning from these experiences without adding meaning through an overly creative imagination. It is possible to believe that everything happens for a reason and at the same time be content that we're not always able to know what that reason is. Love, respect, and appreciation of one's self and others is greatly enhanced in the absence of perfectionism's demands and forms the necessary basis within which miracles happen.

More recently, the helpers and committee met together on March 20. Rather than just have a meeting following the latihan we tested some questions including a couple about the purpose of the helper-committee meeting itself. To some, the monthly H/C meeting feels burdensome, and it is generally accepted that the format of this monthly meeting is not as conducive to productivity as it could be, often leaving people feeling frustrated. But, there needs to be a sense of continuity of purpose in the dewan without which there would be chaos. Our infrastructure is what gives us strength to be a credible presence in the world. Making this a purposeful time that mutually benefits the dewan and the group, and changing the format if need be, remains an ongoing goal of the dewan.

By the way, the helper-committee latihan is still scheduled for the first and third Monday's of each month. As it stands now (pending a format change), the dewan meets as a whole on the first Monday and the helpers and committee meet separately on the third Monday (in general).

Birthdays

APRIL

1 Tuti Horthy

MAY

2 Bart Brownell

7 Philip Mason
Samuel Mattimore

9 Stella Downie

MAY - cont.

15 Lalia Helmer

19 Jillian Hensley

JUNE

3 Michal Brownell

4 Anna Clark

16 Anne Gottlieb

Quote of Note:

“And regarding this spiritual need, what we receive is actually something original. Therefore, it is very important that when we relate to our spiritual need, the effort we put into that need to come closer to God, that we should not mix it with other things or other methods. Because it is the essential nature of Subud that what we receive is something that is truly original that it originates from God’s power or God’s essence that is conveyed to us in our human soul. And that is why through doing latihan this human soul which has hitherto been covered up or closed in - not just through what we put there, but also through things that we’ve inherited from our ancestors - is gradually freed and opened and released so that its covering is taken away enabling our true human soul to be opened and accessible for God’s gift. And so through our surrender, through our letting go, God’s gift can be received in our human soul.”

-Ibu Rahayu

Dates to Remember

Visit www.subudboston.org for the most up-to-date information on current events!

APRIL

3 Helper/Committee latihan, 7:45

12 Men’s meeting after latihan at church

15 Pierce Butler reads from his book, *A Riddle of Stars*—7:00 at the Brownell’s

16 Dessert/Discussion after latihan - ratification of the bylaws

17 Helper/Committee latihan, 7:45

29-30 Regional Helpers visit

MAY

1 Helper/Committee latihan, 7:45

7 Dessert/Discussion after latihan

10 Men’s meeting after latihan at church

15 Helper/Committee latihan, 7:45
Men’s meeting?

20 Spring Gathering in Westborough

26-29 Regional Congress in Philadelphia

JULY

4++ National Congress in Portland, OR

Announcements

Please write for the newsletter! - We welcome articles from everyone for publication in this newsletter. News articles, creative stories, poems, personal experiences—anything you’d like to share with the group is most welcome! Reminder to subscribers: you will receive three free issues in exchange for any published article!

The Subud Boston Newsletter

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