Report on Poems for Peace -

This year on World Peace Day, September 21, 2013, SICA Canada members participated through getting involved in Poems for Peace, sponsored by SICA International. There were many countries with Subud groups that got involved with Poems for Peace in a variety of ways. SICA Canada chose to get involved through a poetry workshop that would elicit and encourage the creative forces in us, that are fed by our latihan.

Because of the awesome distance that Canada covers, I felt I needed to come up with a transferable format that needed limited preparation, sufficient guidance to be effective, and could be facilitated by a variety of people. Three people (a facilitator, an organizer, and a recorder) were involved in each of the cities (Montreal, Ottawa, Vancouver and Victoria) that participated.

A series of resources were accessed and a program written up. Facilitators had room in this program to vary, follow the lead of the group, and improvise as they saw fit. Organizers found a space, advertised and arranged refreshments. The recorder sent finished products.

The overall response seemed to be that participants had a fun time, the groups ranged from 6-10 people, including 2 non Subud people, some people felt they connected to their creativity in a way not previously experienced, and many moving poems were produced.

SICA Canada learned a lot about its role in such a situation and saw the general format as a way to play a stronger role in Subud, and help bridge Subud into the mainstream world through culture.

-Elfrida Schragen Chair of SICA of Canada
**Subud Ottawa Reports**

We had a small but fun gathering.
We read the poem from Invictus by William Earnest Henley.....and talked about world peace maker Mandela from South Africa.
One sister shared and read her two poems she had written.
We talked and did the fun exercises sent from SICA Canada.
We wrote poems.....starting from what peace means to an individual, from our community perspective, in our country and in the world.
It became very personal and moving. We were happy to be a small part...

a small part of peace in the world through poetry.

**Personal Peace**

Me

No worries, just now
Quiet oneness, happy softness
Sighing stillness
Blissful one endless,
Now.

I find it exhausting, always an effort
Wait.
I find patience.
It shows me the path to peace.

A garden
A good book
A time in the sun.

A quiet heart
That knows what it means
To relax.
**Peace in Community**

Not Part Of
Looking into the group
Feeling, feeling, free.
But so apart
To belong or not
Peaceful lonely, Oneness.

I belong, because I want to.
I want to work, play, laugh, love.
Find peace and share it.

A singing group
Joyful sound
Hearts joy!

What happened to my family?
What happened to me!

**Peace in My Country**
Scary people popping out.
Jumping around and shouting.
Is that my country?
We used to paddle upstream.

Peace in the country.
In the community.
In my heart.
Who am I? Canadian
British, not one
Or the other.
Grateful to be
Part, part of
This peaceful land in
A warring world.

World Peace
Earth my mother
Full of quiet wonders
Slowly dying.
Let me hold you.
Let me truly care.

Not possible, yet not impossible—
A path to walk along, we try to
Find out way.

One world
Goodness abounding
All people sing and shout
Impossible or what?

What is world peace?
I cannot connect or relate to it.
But what can I do?
I think I will visit my neighbour—she
Is not feeling well.

FROM SUBUD VICTORIA

Word exercises resulted in some interesting creations!!!
“Surprised is the past tense of surprise”
“Pond fish don’t know the size of whales!

“Garlands of “paying it forward” adorn the trees in the forest of peace”

**GROUP POEMS:**

We’re not all on the peace train yet
We begin with respect and move on to love
Opening to the great life force to guide us
Reaching out to make a difference in each others’ lives
Our integration leads to our wholeness

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**PEACE-THEMED INDIVIDUAL WRITINGS:**

**“Moments to Remember” - Exercise**

I remember hearing Nelson Mandela speak in the piazza after his release from South Africa. And the stillness of
“I remember Josephine, the neighbor’s dog, happily presenting me with my chicken that she had killed. And the hurt and betrayal when I beat her for her efforts.” - Elfrida

“I remember songs being sung beside a roaring fire and I felt the love amongst us like a big group hug as we basked in the radiance of dying embers.

I remember the clatter of many kids around the table, and the lonely chore of being the last one eating his peas.” - Samuel
“I remember a time when thoughts and insecurities swarmed my being like swarming mosquitos on a wandering youth and it’s hard to believe that I once believed those thoughts were the essential ‘me’”

“I remember seeking in bookshelves, mantras and tomes – an unfloundering bridge to the ultimate peace, and I found over time that it was less about taking in and more about letting go” – Shannon

WarGames – Adelia

I remember the tears I shed when my father went to sea
And I remember how our household changed,
How my mother opened the doors wide to the other grass widows in a warm but uneasy embrace.

I remember how it felt when my father came home again,
my parents’ embrace on the docks

And the new quiet in the household, a sense of balance restored

My father home from naval exercises, top secret war games
From Vancouver

Facilitated by Carolye Kuchta

Once we got rolling, we had 10 participants, including Carolye, and intermittently, Wally, the reportedly hand-biting Dachshund. Thankfully, in keeping with the theme of peace, Wally adopted his friendly persona.

Carolye ably and gently led us through some group exercises to help us distinguish between abstract and concrete writing.

I believe we all found it an enjoyable and energizing experience. We accomplished a lot in two hours.
Thanks to John and Helen Russell for hosting this SICA event, to Lillea for coordinating, and to Wally, for not biting.
Gold and Silver flakes fall on me gently, shimmering
I walk on the bottom of the ocean
On these sandstones, the light is golden and clean
I am showered with wealth striding through
my glorious life
So this is what peace feels like:
Active, joyous, golden and wet.

(Rosanna Hille)

The That peace on my face that smiles
When you contradict me,
acceptance of a dog licking my feet
Patience, tolerance …..
I open a newspaper and read
about war in many places
What is it in me that I miss to do
so I can free my spirit to love?
(Rohana Von Hahn)

Peace of the Ages
I love the core
Peace leaves its gentle mark
on the harshest wounding.
Peace,
    I bow to you. (Lucas Hille)

I need to find peace within!
    I have enough!
        There is no lack!
I love!
    That is all I need!
I am loved!
    That is all there is!
Trust – all is as it is supposed to be!
I am grateful! I am at peace!
    Thank you
    (B)

Peace –
    now!
Stress, anxiety and
wanting to be elsewhere – gone!
    How grateful I feel
for this time of inner
    peace.
    Thank you
    (B)

FROM MONTREAL

The six of us had a lovely time at the Poems for Peace workshop. Bernadette guided us through many different writing exercises. Some of them produced silly results and some much needed laughs, while others produced some heartfelt words that were moving. We also discussed what peace meant to each of us and it was nice to hear everybody's point of view.
Some of the poems that were written by our group:

1) Drifting down the river, breeze on my face
   Flowing from my heart, your heart, our heart
   All of us need laughter.
   Continue along the road and do not be afraid of the
   fire-breathing, hissing, sparkling wilderness.
   Angels settled comfortably in the branches of the oak tree, and sang hymns of praise.
2) The entire world brought together by God Love continues to be expressed. Follow the path through the forest until you reach a pool of water that is fed by a burbling, overflowing of kindness and love. Nevermore to blame - we are all the same.

3) When children are taught by those whose hearts are empty of fear and overflowing with love, the seeds of a peaceful world will be planted.

As those children grow, they will teach their parents, through words and example, that there is nothing to fear.

Peace can only come to those who prepare their hearts to forgive themselves and others, to end tyranny of memory and history.
4) Those who pray together as sisters and brothers may find peace within the group, but those who open their hearts in friendship to strangers and who share food with others whose stomachs are empty, open doors to peace in the larger community. Like beautiful trees that feed and shelter whoever draws near; A community with open hearts that resists being suspicious of others can spread a canopy of peace that welcomes all.

Many Voices One Heart