

Java Journal (Part 1):

April 1979



Adrian Hall

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April 1979



Mirrored Majesty

Mirrored Majesty
Mount Edith Cavell, Alberta, Canada

"As the Father has loved me,
so have I loved you:
Abide in my love."
(John 15 v 9)

"Who crowns you with
steadfast love and mercy."
(Psalm 103 v 4)

"Finally, brethren, whatever is true,
whatever is honorable,
whatever is just, whatever is pure,
whatever is lovely, whatever is gracious,
if there is any excellence,
if there is anything worthy of praise,
think about these things."
(Philippians 4 v 8)

"Take delight in the LORD,
and He will give you the desires
of your heart."
(Psalm 37 v 4)

April 1979

Mon	2	9	16	23	30
Tue	3	10	17	24	
Wed	4	11	18	25	
Thu	5	12	19	26	
Fri	6	13	20	27	
Sat	7	14	21	28	
Sun	1	8	15	22	29

Calendar: *Mirrored Majesty*

Mount Edith Cavell, Alberta, Canada

"As the Father has loved me, so have I loved you. Abide in my love." (John 15 v 9)

"Who crowns you with steadfast love and mercy" (Psalm 103 v 4).

"Finally brethren, whatever is true, whatever is honourable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is gracious, if there is any excellence, if there is anything worthy of praise, think about these things."

(Philippians 4 v 8)

"Take delight in the LORD, and He will give you the desires of your heart." (Psalm 37 v 4)

Arrival in Tretes, East Java

Tuesday 3 April 1979 – Tretes, East Java. Here I am at last in the home I have travelled so far to reach, in the house which has been my destination for so long – the place to which we have been called. I sit at my new desk, in an extremely comfortable suite of rooms, drinking a refreshing glass of 'Seven-up' after a long, hot day, listening to the chirping chorus of crickets and cicadas.

Tretes is a very, very beautiful place. I took an evening walk up through the 'village' into the forests and hills above. I looked down over plains fading in the dusk, and ahead towards a perfect volcano, its clear lines rising above the palm trees – a blue-grey silhouette against streaks of orange and pink in the Western sky. Behind me, ridge upon ridge of forested hillside rising towards summits swathed in cloud and mist, the first lights flickering in the town below. Stillness – save for the chorus of cicadas and the sound of rushing water in the distance. I have finally reached *Jawa Timur*, or East Java. The beautiful scene was the Lord's way of saying to me, "*Selamat datang ke Negeri Indonesia!*" [*Welcome to the land of Indonesia!*]

On Monday [2 April 1979] I landed at Bangkok at first light. [*I recall a scramble to catch the Lufthansa flight from Karachi to Bangkok, after a late arrival from Lahore, courtesy of Pakistan International Airways, which served hot curry and chapattis on the 2-hour flight south.*] It was a sultry, hazy morning. I 'immigrated' into Thailand, and took my first walk in the Far East – and was not very impressed. Or was it simply the depressing countryside and squalour around Bangkok Airport?

At midday we reached Singapore: again, it was very hot and humid, and we encountered the most incredible rainstorm I have ever seen – like a steaming hot shower! Then followed a fascinating flight south from the Straits, following the coast of Sumatra – alternately clear and blue, and then thunderclouds gathering for a storm, until we reached Java at last, and came down into Jakarta. I was met by John (local MMP representative) – a cup of tea and a quick tour of Jakarta, before catching the last plane to Surabaya from Kemayoran Airport. There, Nick and Laura met me in the new Project Land Rover, and welcomed me into their home for the night. We spent the evening catching up on news, chatting about Java, and the Javanese culture and temperament.



Somewhere between Sumatra and Java



Garuda Indonesian Airways



Inside aircraft cabin



Fellow passenger...

Tuesday, late morning, business in the Head Office at Jalan Johar (Surabaya), and then on to the Project Office at Sidoarjo, where I met Heather, the Project Engineer. Finally, up into the mountain, and to Tretes on the slopes of Mount Arjuno. Evening with Pak Ali, speaking some Indonesian.

[I well remember the first journey by Land Rover up the mountain – courtesy of ‘Max’ the driver. Past the township of Pandaan, with its Hindu temple, the somewhat uneven, bumpy road started to climb steeply, and the air rapidly became cooler and more comfortable; then the road ascended in a series of sharp hairpin bends, with three-dimensional ‘sculpture’ advertisements featuring incongruous Disney cartoon characters such as Woody-Woodpecker! Finally, there was a very steep stretch of gravel driveway up to the house, and the Land Rover came to a halt just in front of my ‘office’.]

First days, first impressions

As recorded in my diary:

Jawa Timur contains ‘elements of East Africa’ – so that, walking up in the hills gave me, as nothing else, a feeling of being ‘back in Africa’. There are elements, too, from the Indian Subcontinent – rickshaws, scooters, bullocks and buffaloes. But Java has something else – something distinctly unique, and perhaps my time here will be spent in discovering what that something is...

Wednesday 4 April 1979 – my first day in the Project Office. I was given a ‘Selamatan’ or welcoming meal. I found I had to give my first speech in Indonesian (a few words, but well received): “*Nama saya Saudara Adrian Hall, dan saya datang ke Negeri Inggeris dua hari yang lalu, dan saya suka tinggal di sini*” [My name is Mr Adrian Hall, and I came

from the country of England two days ago, and I like living here]. Then I had to say Grace, as no one considered themselves to be sufficiently good Muslims – except the *penjaga* [doorman]. Then Max drove me to Surabaya for an introduction and briefing with Hamid, the Project Director, followed by a drink with his family. Hamid happened to be from Pakistan originally, and so we talked about Pakistan and India. My arrival made the 50th MMP engineer!

As recorded in my diary:

Beautiful landform around the village of Tretes – the three-dimensional effect of Gunung Arjuno, with ridges separated by cloud and mist. Steep slopes terraced for padi, with banana plantations falling away from Tretes. Fierce tropical sunshine, high sun, bright colours.

[I remember very clearly those first mornings in the Tretes 'hill station'. In bright morning sunshine, breakfast was served in the dining room – a bowl of mixed chopped fresh banana and paw-paw (papaya), whose bland taste could be enhanced by a squeeze of fresh lemon juice (jeruk); or by special request you could have a hot breakfast consisting of toast 'dengan telur' (with fried egg). Breakfast would be served by Wiyarti, with Bu Lasi preparing the food in the kitchen. Heather would sometimes join us. I would have the Grundig short-wave radio set up to receive the BBC Worldwide News broadcast – the news bulletin was always announced by the 'patriotic' 'Ballydehob' theme tune, and preceded by a radio play featuring Noel Coward, with theme music to suit. Then, immediately after breakfast, after instructions to Sitarjo to load up the Land Rover with cases and other equipment ("Semua atas!" Everything on top, or inside), Heather and I would pile into the Land Rover, and Max would drive us down to the Project Office in Sidoarjo, and often I would go on into the field.]

Thursday 5 April 1979 – my first day 'in the field', in DP Tanggul [*'DP' stands for Daerah Pengairan = Irrigation Area*]. The day was conducted entirely in Indonesian, as no one spoke English. We started at the Cabang Seksi [Branch Section] Office, Bangil. We chatted about personal life – especially moral standards, given that I was living up in Tretes [*which was notorious as a red-light district*]! I was able to say that I was a Christian – and found that almost all those I worked with were Muslims, who were probably open to consider Christianity: a wide open door! After work, Max drove me back to Tretes, and I took an evening walk to a beautiful waterfall in the depths of the jungle. I was surprised how easily I could get above Tretes, and away from people – into the depths of the forest that cover the slopes of the volcanoes.

First impressions of the house at Tretes...



House with Gunung Arjuno behind



Gunung Penanggungan from the Top House



House with swimming pool, Sitarjo



Heather playing her flute



My 'office'...



Bu Lasi and Wiyarti

First impressions of East Java...



Sunset from Tretes



Temple at Pandaan



Garden at Tretes



Max (on right) and friend with Land Rover



Our engagement photograph, with blue glass vase from Afghanistan



Steam engine and bejaks at Bangil



Cabang Seksi Office staff at Bangil

Excerpts from a letter home (4 to 5 April 1979)

Excerpts from a letter written from Tretes, East Java, Indonesia, dated Wednesday 4th April 1979, but written over two days (4th and 5th April):

Just where do I begin? I've been here only two days and yet there it so much to relate. ... I didn't get back till 8:30 this evening – my first day at work! I was invited back for a drink with Hamid in Surabaya – and I started the day at 06:00! So I am very tired, and tomorrow will be my first day out on the field, inspecting the irrigation system. But I shall close tonight by describing Tretes (where I live) as a very, very beautiful place. Yesterday evening, soon after I arrived, I took a walk up through the village into the forests and hills above. Looked down over the plains fading in the dusk and ahead towards a perfect volcano – its clear lines rising above the palm trees, a blue-grey silhouette against streaks of orange and pink in the western sky. Behind me, ridge upon ridge of forested hillside rising towards summits swathed in clouds and mist. The first lights flickering in the town below. Stillness – save for the chorus of cicadas and the sound of rushing water in the distance. I have finally reached *Jawa Timur* or East Java. I felt the beautiful scene was the Lord's way of telling me, *Selamat datang ke Negeri Indonesia!* Life is so exciting here in Indonesia – it is such a dramatic contrast to sitting in an office all day in Cambridge! I have only been here three days, but so much has happened already – I hardly know where to begin...

An overnight flight by Lufthansa, and we arrived in Bangkok at first light. A sultry, hazy morning. I 'immigrated' into Thailand and took my first walk in the Far East. Frankly I was not very impressed – or was it simply the depressing countryside and squalour around Bangkok airport? We arrived midday in Singapore – it was very hot and humid. We encountered the most incredible rainstorm I have ever seen – like a steaming hot shower! Then we had a fascinating flight south from the Straits, following the coast of Sumatra – alternately clear and blue, and then gathering thunderstorms – until we reached Java at last and came down in Jakarta. I was met by John, a colleague and a Christian. We had a cup of tea and a quick tour of Jakarta before driving to the other airport (Kebayoran) to catch the last plane to Surabaya. (This of course is probably the way that you will come in July!) I was met at Surabaya by Nick (my immediate boss, in charge of the project) and Laura, who welcomed me to stay for the night.

Wednesday was my first proper day at work, and was spent almost entirely at the Project Office in Sidoarjo (near Surabaya) – at lunch the staff gave me a *Selamatan*, or welcoming meal of curry-rice (*nasi goreng*), pineapples and bananas. I had to make a speech in Indonesian (they were all very impressed!) and also to say Grace, as it seems I was the only Christian present. In the evening we went to Head Office in Surabaya to meet Hamid (head of all projects in Indonesia). He is Pakistani and very nice, and he made me feel welcome; we talked about work and also personal things. Apparently I am the 50th engineer from MMP in Indonesia at present – this number has never been reached before, and they are planning some kind of celebration! Hamid said there shouldn't be too much of a problem about my coming back [to England] in May. The travel agent in Surabaya is very good and is going ahead booking my flights. The only thing is that apparently I have to obtain an exit-re-entry visa (i.e. multiple entry visa) from Jakarta. So my passport is going there with Hamid later this week. He's going to stress that I must have it by 27th April...

Today was my first day in the field. I toured an Irrigation Unit (a pilot scheme of about 700 hectares, to test out the new procedures of operation and maintenance). My guide was an Indonesian who could speak no English – but with the help of a dictionary I managed quite well. They were interested in me as a person and asked about my personal life. I learned that the word *bertungan* means 'engaged', and I found this very useful! They are nice, friendly people. East Java certainly is beautiful. Hillsides are intricately terraced with *padi* fields, so that very little water is wasted. I saw rice in various stages of cultivation. The wet season is just ending and the dry season is starting (though it's pouring with rain outside), so only a limited area of rice will be grown, as it will be entirely dependent on irrigation. I took a walk up into the hills earlier this evening, following

footpaths winding up into the jungle – all very exciting. I discovered a fantastic waterfall only about 10 minutes away from the house... Parts of the country remind me of Africa – especially the hills, vegetation and tropical sun, friendliness and openness of people; and parts remind me of India and Pakistan – especially the rickshaws and scooters and bullock carts! But I know there is something distinct and unique about this part of the world, and I am only just beginning to discover what it is...

April Diary

Friday 6 April 1979 – day in the office. I nearly got smashed up in a motoring incident: a Toyota swerved in from the left, hitting our bows; we swerved, but fortunately missed the oncoming traffic. The affair was sorted out in the *Kantor Polisi* – Praise the Lord for His care and protection! In the evening I walked up into the forest and saw the beautiful volcano rising clear above a grey and pink sunset sky. Once again, I was reassured of the Lord's presence, protection, help and strength.

The Javanese people – gentleness and tolerance. No persecution of those of other faiths. Violence is not part of their temperament. You could never hit a Javanese person. They have subdued emotions: they never get too elated about anything, or too depressed. There is no word in Javanese or Indonesian for 'excited'. Most have a fatalistic attitude towards life, stemming from Islam or Buddhism. Family ties are very strong (like in Kenya) – the family structure is close-knit. They cannot give themselves fully to work, because they must also look after their families.

Sunday 8 April 1979 – a day of contrasts. First, the not so good: the Surabaya HASH, the 199th run. It may have been a good laugh for us, but what do the Indonesian farmers think about hordes of Europeans stampeding through their *padi* fields? 'On-on' through the exquisitely beautiful, terraced hillsides of East Java, following paths between paddy fields, crossing rivers, and arriving – exhausted and sun-burned at the 'Down-down' – where the simple Indonesian peasant would observe the strange European ritual of loud talk, copious amounts of beer and rowdy songs – while a little further down the hill can be heard the enthusiastic, rhythmical singing from the East Java Pentecostal Church.

Second, the good: full of excitement, and rich with the promises of God. On Sunday morning I 'stumbled' across what I thought was the only church in Tretes – the Javanese Pentecostal Church. There was inspired preaching (in Indonesian), whole-hearted (if noisy) praying, and singing filled with the love and joy of the Holy Spirit – as we shared together outside, on the hillside overlooking the plains – singing choruses we knew, some in English, some translated into Indonesian. These dear brothers and sisters in Christ (some from Tretes, others from Surabaya, some Javanese, some Chinese) – the first Christians I have met since my arrival – welcomed me richly into their fellowship! *Puji Tuhan!* [Praise the Lord!] Here is a part of the true Indonesia – the indigenous church, worshipping the Lord and standing firm in a hostile and heathen land, a light shining brightly in a dark place.

[I recall wanting to go down to Surabaya for the evening English church service at the Ebenhaezer Church, pastored by Rev Derek H, OMF missionary – but I was exhausted and sunburned, so I had to lie on my bed.]

Excerpts from a letter home (8 April 1979)

Excerpts from a letter written from Tretes, East Java, Indonesia, dated Sunday 8th April 1979:

I am sending this letter by courier to the UK, who leaves on Tuesday and should arrive Thursday. I think it will be quicker than sending it by Air Mail. Today is Sunday. Two things happened today, one good and one 'bad' (though 'in everything God works for good with those who love Him'). First the bad: I got invited to the Surabaya 'Hash' – a

gathering of expatriates who go running (of all things) and then have a barbeque afterwards. I thought it would be a good opportunity to meet other expatriates, and today's meeting took place near Tretes. Well, I joined the run – but it was an exceptionally long one and the sun was hotter than it had been for months, because the dry season is just beginning. So – far from developing a nice healthy tan, I got myself rather badly sunburned on my arms and legs! Not serious (I hope), and I feel OK – but very painful. I don't think I shall get much sleep tonight. I don't know whether I shall be able to go to work tomorrow – it's hot on the plains, and I don't think it will do me any good – but we'll see. So I feel a bit stupid, really, but in a way I was glad I went because it helped me realize early on that this is just not my scene. In fact I found the whole thing jarred against my sense of values – the idea of hordes of expatriates stamping through people's fields and then drinking themselves silly afterwards. I do not think I shall be going to many such gatherings in the future. The trouble is that if you don't 'join in' and conform, you get regarded as anti-social or unsociable – but... you know me well enough to realize that I don't frankly care very much about what other people will choose to think of me! Fortunately, Heather, who shares the 'Mess' in Tretes with me, has a very similar attitude towards the Hash – it is not her scene either! Praise the Lord!

The good thing was that I did manage to go to church. I had already discovered that there is a church in Tretes. Today, I discovered that there are two – one is 'Anglican' [or so I thought] and the other is Pentecostal. So this morning I set out for the Anglican church (which had been pointed out to me before) but I couldn't quite remember where it was – and so I accidentally stumbled upon the Pentecostal church instead! I feel the Lord must have had something to do with this! They were having a 'convention', so had more people than usual, but they made me very welcome. We listened to some preaching from the Bible (all in Indonesian), prayed together (Pentecostal fashion), and then outside a group of us played and sang choruses together – some in English and some in Indonesian (mostly translations from the English). They very much hoped I would come again. I was impressed. Most are simple Javanese folk, but they love the Lord and are full of joy as they sing and praise the Lord together. I don't think there is any nominalism here! I've not been able to get to Surabaya to see missionaries yet but hope to do so next week. Perhaps they will be able to give me some advice!

[I had forgotten the problem of needing to choose a church. Later I was to discover that the only other church in Tretes was actually not Anglican at all, but a non-denominational church founded by a Chinese American missionary Ms Adeline C. This church was much further away on the hillside, and I think had more Chinese members. As it happened, towards the end of our time in Indonesia we were able to host an evening to which BOTH churches were invited and participated: a Selamat berpisah [farewell celebration] at Tretes. Nearly 50 people came to our house: members of the Javanese Pentecostal Church with Sister Oemi Asiyah and Sutinah, and also members of Adeline's church, with some Indo-Dutch friends as well.]

The house here is very nice. There is a swimming pool and tennis court, and superb views over the hills. I don't have a room – I have a suite – bedroom, small living room and bathroom! I can't quite get used to the idea of having servants – cook, housemaid, gardener, night-watchman – we have to do very little for ourselves, e.g. no washing up! For work I have my own Land Rover (for transport to the office, and for fieldwork) – provided with a driver! Please, however, pray for my safety on the roads especially. On Friday I was in Nick's Land Rover and we hit another vehicle. Nothing serious, but we all had to go to the police station to sort things out. But it could have been a lot worse.

The nice thing about Tretes is that it's easy to get above the towns and into the hills – covered with beautiful old residual forest – fun to walk in and explore. About an hour's walking up and down the hillside tends to be my form of exercise! Must stop now, so this can catch the courier to the UK...

April Diary (continued)

Tuesday 10 April 1979 – a long, but very good day. (1) Cabang Seksi meeting [at Bangil], at which I understood very little. An elderly gentleman with a very oriental face and long moustache, blue-grey smoke coiling upwards from his lips [*I can still hear the crackle, and smell the sweet, clove-flavoured aroma of 'kretek' home-rolled cigarettes*]. The squeal and shriek of puffer trains clanking trucks of Pertamina oil at the nearby railway crossing. (2) Sidoarjo office and the mail: five letters! What a joy to receive them... (3) Into Surabaya, main office – checked that flights are being booked. Imagine, in 2½ weeks I'll be on my way back! (4) I met [for the first time] Derek and Ellen H, OMF missionaries. We chatted about Christian work and witness in Java, and I was encouraged. We prayed together. (5) Shopping in Toko Nam and Toko Apollo. I bought a very nice attaché case, music cassettes etc. The amazing glow of pink cumulus clouds in a purple sky – and lights in the city as the streets of Surabaya came to life. (6) Very pleasant evening with Nick and Laura, Bill and the K's. A leisurely meal, music and conversation. (7) Returned to Tretes late – tired but happy, watching thunderstorms light up the countryside as we passed through. [*I recall on this, or a similar occasion, listening in my mind to the haunting melodies of Sibelius' Violin Concerto.*]

Java – some interesting facts and statistics: (1) In the last 130 years the population of Java has increased 6 or 7 times; however, the population *density* has remained almost constant. Indonesians always preferred to live in over-crowdedness and squalor, and when the population increased, they simply occupied more territory and were content with the same conditions. (2) The Javanese are essentially an easy-going race. The Dutch opened up new areas for them to farm, so that their standard of living would rise. When they carried on farming just the same areas before, with no apparent effort to cultivate the new land, the Dutch came to the conclusion that they just 'couldn't be bothered'! (3) The Indonesians are not a colonizing race. After all, they never colonized Australia, and that was well within their reach. (Thank you, Indonesia, for leaving Australia to the English...) Anyway, that's why it's so hard to get Javanese to move to the less densely populated islands of Indonesia: Sumatra, Kalimantan, Sulawesi, Irian Jaya. Generally speaking, if a Javanese person is offered 5 hectares of fertile land and a large house in Sumatra, he prefers his 1/3 of a hectare and tin shack in Java.

Wednesday 11 April 1979 – *Work diary: Pak Ali failed to turn up. Reading [Cabang Seksi] Handbook, then looked for Moekani and Juru I. Inspected Sectors D and E of the primary canal, DP Tanggul. Made observations.*

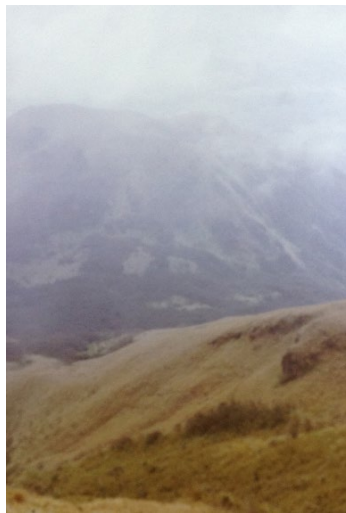
Thursday 12 April 1979 – *Work diary: DP Tanggul.*

Good Friday, 13 April 1979 – ascent (and descent) of Gunung Penanggungan, the perfect volcano between Pandaan and Mojokerto. Ascent through plantations of maize and bananas on the lower ridges – reminding me very much of Kenya; through woodlands of tall trees and brightly coloured flowers; through a village of primitive dwellings – with looks of amazement from the children! Up through dense jungle, which gradually got steeper until we emerged above the tree line, for the last long steep climb to the crater summit. Mists swirling around us, and a cool breeze – until we were suddenly on the crater rim, looking down across a smooth, grassy hollow about 200 to 300 m across. Pleasant walk around the crater rim, occasionally rewarded by superb views when the clouds cleared – over the flat, densely populated land of East Java, 6,000 feet below, the hillside falling away into forested ridges and cultivated valleys below us.

The Ascent of Gunung Penanggungan (13 April 1979)



Gunung Penanggungan from the Top House, Tretes

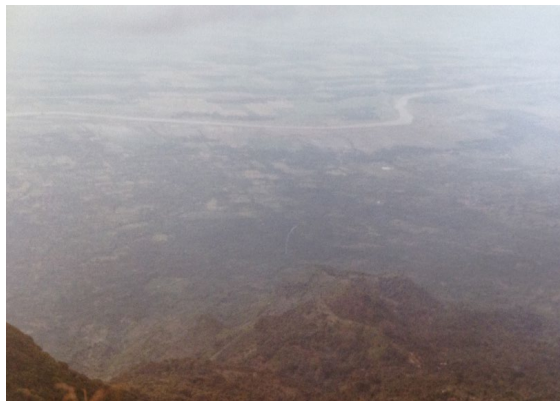


Views from the summit

Neil at the summit



Rob on the ascent



Kali (River) Brantas from the summit

Excerpts from a letter home (13 April 1979)

Excerpts from letter written from Tretes, East Java, Indonesia, dated 13th April 1979 (Good Friday):

I've had an interesting but very busy week. A lot of work, and some time for hill walking also. In fact today, being Good Friday and a holiday, we've been climbing up a small volcano not far from here – Gunung Penanggungan (try saying that a few times!), a grueling climb as it's 6,000 feet or more, the country was very rough (a lot of thick forest), and the slopes very steep. But it was fun reaching the crater at the top – though it's all grassed over now as the volcano is long extinct. So it's been a long day, and I feel quite tired...

Saturday 14 April 1979 – the 200th Surabaya HASH at Gresik, near the coast. Beautiful scenery – looking over flooded paddy fields and fish farms reflecting the grey clouds and the glow of orange and crimson in the western sky. Over palm trees, to the sea, and Madura island a few miles across the Straits. A reminder to praise the Lord for everything – for all His wonderful works. For in praising Him we trust Him, and realize afresh his love and care for us, his children: “The steadfast love of the LORD never ceases; His mercies never come to an end – They are new every morning, Great is His faithfulness.”

EASTER SUNDAY, 15 April 1979 – “Early on the first day of the week, while it was still dark, Mary of Magdala went to the tomb and saw that the stone had been removed... He's not here; HE IS RISEN.” But I felt sad and lonely because I felt I had no one to say ‘Praise the Lord’ to. So I sat and read...

“Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit which is given unto us” (Romans 5), and

“I will give thanks to the LORD with my whole heart; I will tell of all thy wonderful deeds. I will be glad and exalt in thee; I will sing praise to thy name, O Most High” (Psalm 9).

I went to the Pentecostal Church: *‘Yesus dibangkitkan, ya tentu dibangkitkan! Yesus disalibkan, dan dibangkitkan dari antara orang yang mati. Yesus hidup!’* (Jesus is risen, yes, surely He is risen! Jesus was crucified, and is risen from the dead. Jesus is alive!) We sang choruses in Indonesian: *‘Di dalam nama Yesus ada kemenangan’* (in the name of Jesus, we have the vic-to-ry). We prayed, and listened to a powerful sermon by a lady from Surabaya. We sat and had tea afterwards – the elders welcomed me into the church...

Into Surabaya by bus (14 adults and 4 children in a Colt minibus!), and then *naik bejak* from Wonokromo to Gelara Pancasila, to stay with Derek and Ellen H, and go to the English Service. Derek preached an excellent sermon on the verse, ‘By His great mercy you have been born anew to a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead’ (1 Peter 1). It is a *living hope* – something to look forward to – like being engaged! I stayed the night with the H's. We had a wonderful time of sharing and praying together – discovering there was so much we had in common. I was struck by the simplicity of their life-style – no air conditioning, Indonesian-style bathroom, only a primus stove to cook from, only a motor-bike for transport. Quite a challenging contrast with the affluence we receive from MMP.

An Easter Thought – “We were buried therefore with him by baptism into death, so that as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, *we too might walk in newness of life*” (Romans 6 v 4).

Excerpts from a letter home (15 and 16 April 1979)

Letter written from Tretes, East Java, Indonesia, commenced on 15th April 1979 (Easter Sunday) and finished on Monday 16th April 1979:

Puji Tuhan! Yesus dibangkitkan! Ya, tentu dibangkitkan! Praise the Lord! Jesus is risen! Yes, he is risen indeed! Yes, I agree – it's difficult to say 'Praise the Lord' more than a few times without smiling – so I was able to rejoice this Easter Sunday morning...

Later in the morning I was able to go to the Pentecostal Church here in Tretes – for which I was very thankful. It was a long service with much preaching and singing – all in Indonesian, but I was able to understand a little. After the service, it was pouring with rain, so I sat down and chatted to the elders (who were all women!) They made me feel very welcome...

I go to Surabaya this afternoon for the English service – a special Communion service as it's Easter Sunday. I forgot to tell you – on Tuesday I managed to call round on the H's (Derek and Ellen, English missionaries in Surabaya). They are very nice – we had a long chat and we were able to pray together. Derek is taking the service this evening, and I am staying the night with them afterwards. That's nice, isn't it?

I think I wrote to you about our ascent of Gunung Penanggungan – a very arduous climb, but it was fascinating getting up into the villages half way up – very remote and inaccessible by road, houses made of wood, mud and wicker – very basic, and reminding me of rural Kenya, terraced maize plantations farmed from these villages; the people very friendly and obviously interested to see 'white men'.

Yesterday I went along to the Hash, as it was the 200th run and a special occasion. I was glad I went, even though I feel it is not really my place – and I doubt if I shall be going very much in the future. But the run itself was beautiful: it was at a place called Gresik, just north of Surabaya and quite hilly. As the sun went down, we were able to look inland, over paddy fields and fish farms, and also out to sea, across the straits to Madura island...

Monday 16 April 1979 – *Work diary: Office – Sidoarjo, and Jalan Johar.*

Tuesday 17 April 1979 – *Work diary: CS [Cabang Seksi] Bangil with Ali. Discussion of calculations.*

Wednesday 18 April 1979 – *Work diary: DP Tanggul with N L. Visited secondary canal and made observations. Also Dam Bunder. Wrote up observations. 4 pm paskar [market].*

Thursday 19 April 1979 – *Work diary: DP Tanggul with Moekani and Juru I. Photographs and all discharge measurements.*

Friday 20 April 1979 – *Work diary: CS meeting at Bangil. Leave 06.30 to pick up Ali at Mojokerto. Sidoarjo, worked on 2IM manual labour trials. Surabaya.*

Saturday 21 April 1979 – *Work diary: Sidoarjo, 2IM manual labour trials. Staff meeting.*

A day in the field, DP Tanggul (19 April 1979)



Dam Tanggul



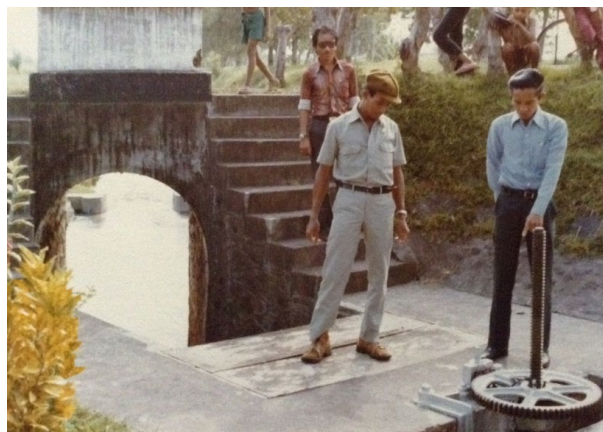
Pak Ali explaining the function of a weir



Children playing in weir



Max and a large spider!



Juru Pak I and Pak Ali

A day in the field, DP Tanggul (continued)



Washing in the canal



Bullocks ploughing



Drop structures and canal operation notice board



Juru Pak I chatting to farmers



Farmers carrying rice to market



Juru Pak I (right) chatting to farmer

Farming scenes from East Java



Ploughing using bullocks



Transplanting seedlings



Using a mattock



Padi terraces



Threshing harvested rice

Farming scenes from East Java (continued)



Gunung Arjuno above rice ready for harvest



Plough



Transplanting rice seedlings



Ploughing using mattocks



Threshing harvested rice

April Diary (continued)

Sunday 29 April 1979, Halim Airport, Jakarta – Here I am, again, in the world of international airports and jet travel. The sound of jet engines and a view of fields and clouds – it all comes back to me, and seems so familiar. I hardly feel any time has passed since I last stepped out of a plane at Halim Airport – and yet, so *much* has happened in one short month.

Praise the Lord! Life has been so rich and colourful and varied – so full of involvement and purpose, that it seems that I have been away a long time. England, Legbourne, Cambridge and the Ark seem very remote – almost part of another world. I can hardly believe that in 24 hours I shall be there again! Then I suppose Indonesia will become ‘the other world’ – strange and unreal, like a dream.

I praise the Lord for the experiences and insights of this past month. The last week especially has been a time of blessing, and I recall it as a series of impressions:

Monday [23 April 1979] – Christian meeting at Pandaan. Members of all churches in the district (including Tretes) had got together for a time of singing, praise, worship and preaching. It was exciting to see a church full to overflowing (with people sitting outside the building), full of people singing, clapping and praising the Lord as the sun went down, the shadows lengthened, and the deep darkness of the tropical night closed in around us. As we got into the Land Rover to go to Surabaya, we left the warm glow of the lighted building behind us – and there was darkness all around.

Then followed an evening of listening to Vic, an elderly British mining engineer, who talked at great length (as I listened with much interest) about his years of service in the oil fields of the North African desert and the Middle East, and about his war-time experiences and life in the army.

Work diary: DP Tanggul with Moekani and Juru I. Measuring flows on Sector B to obtain water balance. Finished 2IM manual labour trials – recommendations for future work. Sidoarjo BD Mess.

The next day [Tuesday 24 April 1979], I was ‘talked at’ by a Pakistani who was working for a Canadian aid project in Benkulu, Sumatra, and who had come to look at Operation and Maintenance of Irrigation Systems in East Java. He went on and on and on, and it was very difficult to get a word in edgeways – a lot of what he said was quite interesting, and some of the things he said were quite entertaining – when taken with a pinch of salt! Perhaps this part of our calling as Christians – to listen patiently to people, of all different types and backgrounds. If they will not let us speak, then we must listen.

However, that same day brought two incredible sights. First, the blue silhouette of Gunung Semeru, the highest mountain in Java, peeping above the Surabaya skyline, and then rising clear above the horizon as we pulled out of the city towards Mojokerto. All the mountains – Arjuno, Penanggungan, Bromo – were visible in the clear morning light, but most dramatic of all was Semeru, from whose peak a huge plume of steam was rising in a gigantic white cloud.

Then, at the end of the day, a beautiful mountain road back to Tretes – a road I hope to travel many times when I start field work at Mojokerto. Terraced fields of maize, cassava and bananas tumbling down the steep slopes of the foothills of Arjuno, the gentler lower slopes exquisitely terraced with *padi sawah*, bright vivid green, beautifully sculptured like an exquisite carving. Simple folk till these fields, Javanese peasants with cows and bullocks, their patterns of life unchanged by the passing centuries. Above us, half hidden in the clouds and mists, precipitous rocky peaks, sheer cliffs and forested slopes. Here I was reminded of the bookmark... [in] my Bible, a Chinese painting of a traveler on horseback riding among steep mountains and waterfalls – and a promise, ‘My presence shall go with thee; I will be with thee, whithersoever thou goest.’

Work diary: To Seksi Mojokerto with Mr Attab R (Acres International), M Thakar BIE and Ali. PTP [Pilot Tertiary Project], Penewon, Brantas Barrage etc.

Wednesday [25 April 1979] – what a joy to receive three letters! I was able to read most of [them] in the Land Rover, as we battled our way through the lorries, trucks, Colt-minibuses, bullock carts, scooters, motorbikes, bicycles and *bejaks* [rickshaws] of Surabaya.

Work diary: Sidoarjo and Surabaya. Admin, Flight to UK. Telex sent to HO [Head Office] re flight details.

Thursday 26 April 1979 – *Work diary: DP Tanggul with Moekani and Juru I. Checking Dam, measuring flows in Sector A. Calculating losses from A to B.*

Friday [27 April 1979] – returning to Tretes from Surabaya, I chatted to Max, the driver – partly to improve my grasp of Indonesian – who told me the terribly sad story about a boy (who lived close to him in Pandaan) who was killed the evening before by lightning, because he was in the middle of a field during a thunderstorm. I remember the storm well – how the clouds swirled around us, coming up from the valley below, and then suddenly the sky seemed to explode, and the rain fell down with a deafening roar. It seemed so cruel and pointless that the storm should have taken the life of an infant – such tragedies are without explanation; we may never know their meaning.

Work diary: Admin in Surabaya. Flights, money transfer etc. Arrival of David E. EJOM staff meeting with MHK [Hamid].

I shall never forget the beauty of yesterday evening [Saturday 28 April 1979] – my last day here. For the first time this year the mountains remained free of cloud all day – a sure sign that the rains are ending, and the dry season is now upon us. We crossed the Porong River in the late afternoon, a wide sweep of rich, smooth, brown flowing water reflecting the bright sunshine – while beyond it, above the *kampung*, palm trees and paddy fields – rose the familiar, blue-grey shape of Penanggungan, the perfect volcano, while to the left, and much, much higher, rose the colossal, three-peaked massif of Gunung Arjuno – the hillside town of Tretes nestling in its nursery slopes.

I took a walk in the late afternoon, and reached the top of an open field as the sun set. Below me, a panorama of terraced farms and villages, with the grey slopes of Penanggungan lost in the gathering cloud; behind me, the backdrop of hills rising tier by tier, forested up to the highest ridge on the skyline. The air was filled with a curious half-light – as the Muslim prayer calls drifted up from the villages below. Sunset, nightfall – a magical time when everything took on a supernatural appearance; white clouds to the east, fading in the gathering dusk; while to the west clouds were a smoky grey, glowing red, orange and pink. The sharp silhouettes of tall trees on the furthest ridge stood out against a clear, translucent blue-green sky, as the light faded, and the faintest suggestion of a new moon hung above the western horizon.

Again I was reminded to thank God for all things – for his faithfulness from day to day and from generation to generation. I thanked him especially that he had brought me here, and had opened a door for us to come to the beautiful land of Indonesia and *Jawa Timur*. A long-awaited dream had become a reality.

Work diary: Sidoarjo. Library: Categorizing all books and publications.

Today has been a good day too. I got up early for a last walk among the hills in the bright morning sunshine. Here I found a quiet place, with an almost dream-like quality – a gentle hillside of pine trees, and bushes covered with white flowers, alive with countless butterflies, all brightly coloured. Tall, isolated trees rising out of the bush – the strange, lush melodies of tropical birds...

Sunday morning church service to which Pak Ali came – and said he was very impressed! I was able to say a few words to the fellowship in Indonesian, and to teach them an English chorus. I was able to understand a fair amount of what was being said in the sermon. Finally, they prayed for my journey back to England – that the Lord would go with me and keep me safe.

We left the house almost as soon as we got back from church. I was able to discuss and explain the gospel of Jesus Christ to Ali, as he was evidently interested – coming from a background of traditional Javanese religion and Islam. Our conversation lasted until we reached Juanda airport – he accompanied me, just so that he could say “Well fare” – though I did manage to correct him, and say that in spite of the Dutch expression (‘Velfare’?), the English expression was in fact ‘Farewell’. He confessed he found it confusing – especially when we say “Welcome” – why not ‘Come well’?

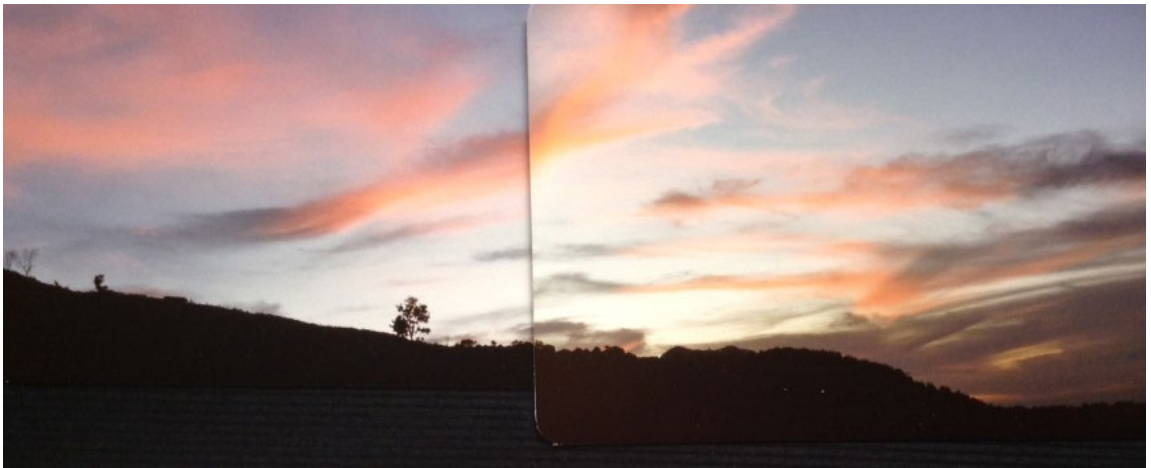
Scenes at sunset...



Tretes at dusk



Gunung Penanggungan at dusk



Nearby ridge at sunset



Bougainvillea at dusk...

Excerpts from Training Report for ICE

REPORT ON TRAINING AND EXPERIENCE

Submitted to

The Institution of Civil Engineers

for the Professional Examination

AMD Hall, April 1982

INDONESIA - EAST JAVA IRRIGATION

OPERATION AND MAINTENANCE (O & M) PROJECT

Associate Expert: March 1979 - April 1980

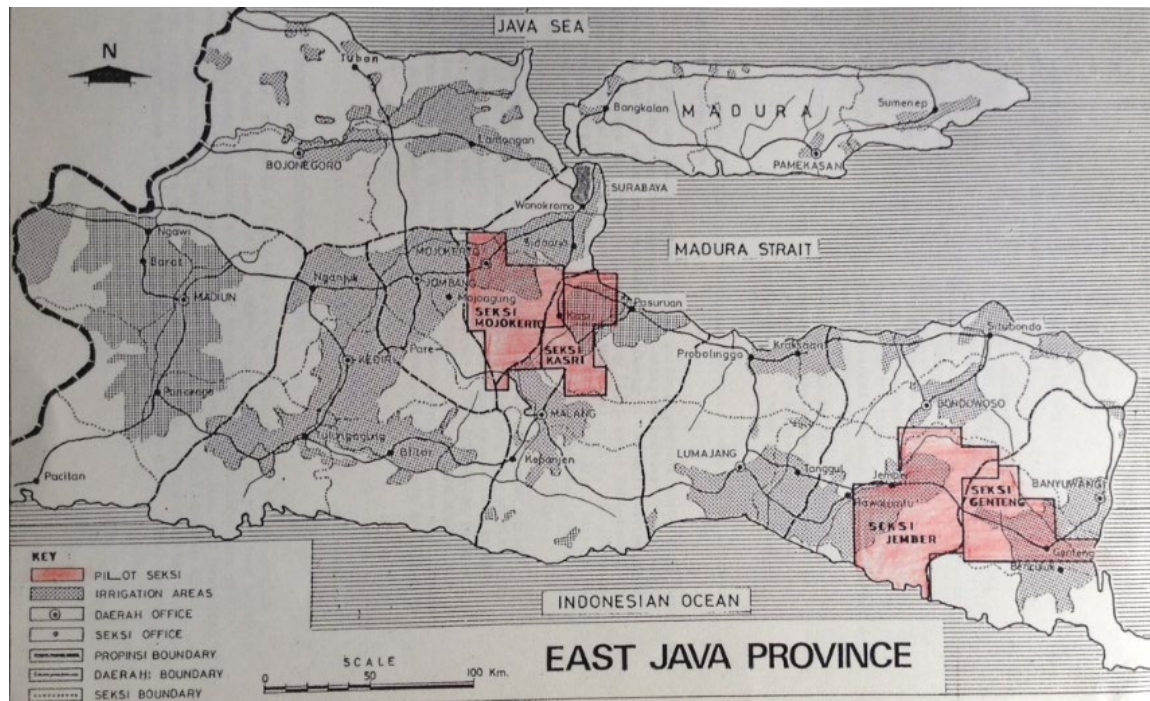
Historical Background

From the early 1970s the East Java Irrigation Service engaged a team of consultants from Sir M. MacDonald and Partners to assist with the improvement of operation and maintenance practices. The 900,000 ha irrigation system of East Java had been constructed by the Dutch for their sugar plantations, but suffered steady deterioration since the Second World War. Lack of regular maintenance had caused a serious accumulation of silt in much of the canal system, and many of the structures had fallen into disrepair. Furthermore the loss of effective operation procedures had resulted in inefficient water distribution - so that the system was no longer able to cope with ever-increasing demands.

A study of the existing O & M practices revealed that there was a shortage of technically qualified staff; that the prescribed methods for calculation and data collection by field staff were too complicated; and that there were no set procedures for canal inspection, maintenance and repairs. The consultants' approach was therefore to simplify, clarify and modify the O & M procedures so that they could be readily implemented by local staff.

The 'New Procedures' were presented in the form of separate Hand-books for each administrative level: Sections (25,000 ha), Sub-sections (5,000 ha), and individual irrigation schemes (750 ha). New, simplified forms were provided for the collection of rainfall, cropping and discharge data. Schematic maps showing the canal system and tertiary units for irrigation schemes were also proposed. These were to enable staff to assess visually the current pattern of water distribution, and to reallocate available supplies accordingly. The new maintenance procedures outlined schedules for regular inspection of the canals, drains and structures. Routine maintenance would then be carried out by newly formed direct labour gangs: a gang of artisans for structural repairs at Section Level, and a gang of general labourers for canal desilting and bank repairs for each Sub-section. The New Procedures were introduced into two Sections on a trial basis, in order to assess their effectiveness before being adopted for general use in the Province.

The East Java Irrigation Operation and Maintenance Project, formed in 1978, was led by a team of four consultants financed by the British Overseas Development Administration. The aim of the Project was to continue the development of the New Procedures in the 'Pilot Sections', and to compare mechanical and manual labour methods of desilting canals, in order to assess the applicability of machines to canal maintenance.



Excerpt from EJOM Final Report showing location of Pilot Seksis

Monitoring and Assessment of New Procedures

I was transferred to the Project at the end of March 1979. My first task was to assess the response of field staff to the New Procedures, and to find out how they were being applied in practice. This was achieved by conducting interviews with field workers, by questionnaires, and by detailed observation of representative irrigation schemes.

Generally the O & M staff preferred the new system for collecting data, because the calculations were simpler. Schematic maps were popular as a 'visual aid' to water management, but were often a misrepresentation of field conditions. For example, in the dry season, tertiary units at the downstream end of an irrigation scheme would suffer because of excessive leakage or illegal abstractions upstream. Downstream farmers were therefore forced to divert drainage flows by means of unauthorized village dams. Many of the schematic maps needed amendment to account for these altered flow patterns, or other new constructions. Another problem was the lack of liaison between office and field staff, apparent from the fact that gate settings often bore no resemblance to the water distribution plan. The direct labour gangs were popular, as they enabled routine maintenance tasks to be carried out promptly. However, their effectiveness was often curtailed by inadequate logistical support.

During this monitoring period, we held short Training Courses for O & M staff. These included a course to explain how to correct schematic maps, and a course to introduce a new system for planning, co-ordinating and costing the day-to-day work of the labour gangs. A large scale training programme to introduce the New Procedures to the rest of the Province was planned in detail, but this was deferred until later in the Project. On reflection I found the Training Courses a stimulating aspect of the work, and a valuable means of communication between the Project and local field staff.

Preparation of Data Manual for Irrigation Scheme

One of the obstacles to irrigation management in East Java was the lack of centralized engineering information pertaining to individual irrigation schemes. The purpose of the

Data Manual was to assimilate local knowledge, presenting it in a form which could be readily understood at all administrative levels.

Essentially a data collection survey, I compiled a sample Data Manual for a representative 700 hectare scheme. Basic information included topographic and irrigation maps; condensed long-sections of the main canals; inventories of canal structures; height-discharge curves for measuring-weirs; and special O & M requirements for the inlet dam. Time-dependent information included records of maintenance and priorities for future work; rainfall data and inlet discharge data; cropping intensities and crop yields. Such information could be updated in the form of an annual report.

Together the Data Manual and reports would enable O & M staff to identify the problems and deficiencies of the irrigation scheme, and take steps to improve its performance as an irrigation/agricultural unit. Finally I prepared an accompanying Training Manual which explained how field staff were to prepare similar Data Manuals for other schemes throughout the Province.