

Java Journal (Part 2):

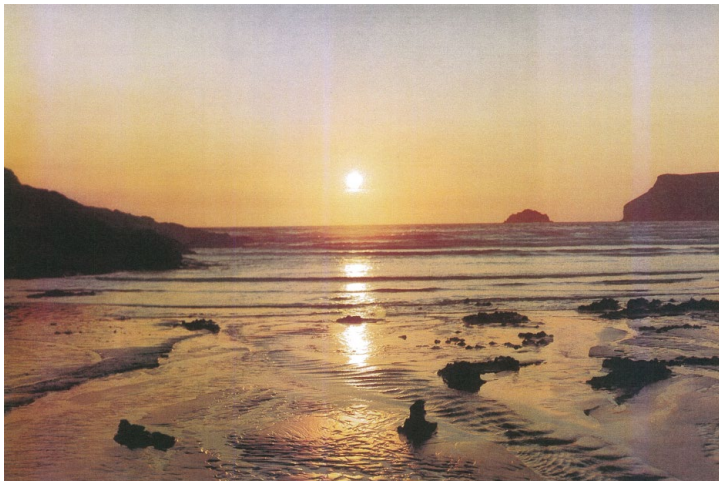
Late May and June 1979



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May 1979



Patterns in the Sand
North Cornish Coast

*"Trust in the LORD
and do good ;
so you will dwell in the land
and enjoy security .
Take Delight in the LORD
and He will give you
the desires of your heart .
Commit your way to the LORD ;
Trust in Him
and He will act . "*
(Ps. 37 v 3-5)

*"Every good endowment
and every perfect gift
is from above -
coming down from the Father of lights
with whom there is no variation ;
or shadow due to change . "*
(James 1 v 17)

*"For we are his workmanship,
created in Christ Jesus for good works,
which God prepared beforehand,
that we should walk in them . "*
(Ephesians 2 v 10)

Calendar: Patterns in the Sand

North Cornish Coast

*"Trust in the LORD and do good,
So you will dwell in the land and enjoy
security.*

*Take delight in the LORD, and he will
give you the desires of your heart.*

*Commit your way to the LORD; trust in
him and he will act."* Psalm 37 v 3 to 5

*"Every good endowment and every
perfect gift is from above, coming
down from the Father of lights, with
whom there is no variation or shadow
due to change."* (James 1 v 17)

*"For we are his workmanship, created
in Christ Jesus for good works, which
God prepared beforehand that we
should walk in them."* (Ephesians 2 v
10)

Return to East Java

Wednesday 16 May 1979 – arrived in Jakarta. Night at the Kartika Plaza Hotel. A cold and desolate place – utterly alone in a strange city. Fortunately I felt too tired and giddy to feel the full effects of alienation and depression.



Jakarta



Surabaya

Thursday 17 May 1979 – flight from Jakarta to Surabaya. Fantastic cloud formations, and a most beautiful sunset, as we drove from Surabaya to Porong – the sky ablaze with pink and red, reflected in the paddy fields. Stopped at Pandaan to watch traditional Javanese dancing.

[I recall that Max noticed the noise and activity and commotion, and pulled over so that we could have a look at what was going on. We did not stay for more than about half an hour, but I took several photographs – which I have included in the ‘montage’ overleaf. Some of the photographs in daylight may have been taken on another occasion, possibly the Pandaan Festival described in the diary notes on 2 June 1979. Looking at the photographs, I note the ‘wayang’ shadow puppets with ‘dalang’ (puppet master), the gamelan orchestra, a lead singer, alcohol being consumed by the adults, and curious children looking on. Altogether, this represented the ‘heart’ of Javanese traditional culture, and given that it was 17 May, just four days after saying goodbye to Legbourne on 13 May, the contrast between Legbourne and Pandaan, England and East Java, could not be clearer, or more profound.]

Work diary: Jakarta – Mr M, Direktorat Peralatan. Latest info on equipment clearance, shipping, bills of lading etc. Drs Imam S: PP19 and special equipment in Cab Sec. 2nd EJOM Land Rover. Jakarta – Surabaya. Arr Tretes.

Summary of work activities in May 1979:

- Friday 18/05/79, Work: Sidoarjo office
- Saturday 19/05/79, Work: Seksi Mojokerto, admin
- Sunday 20/05/79
- Monday 21/05/79, Work: Seksi Kasri, admin, preparation
- Tuesday 22/05/79, Work: DP Tanggul
- Wednesday 23/05/79, Work: DP Penewon; Personal: Church
- Thursday 24/05/79, Personal: First ascent of Gunung Arjuno
- Friday 25/05/79, Work: Sidoarjo office and Surabaya
- Saturday 26/05/79, Work: Seksi Kasri, DP Tanggul
- Sunday 27/05/79, Personal: Church, but left early (upset)
- Monday 28/05/79, Work: Dam Bunder survey
- Tuesday 29/05/79, Work: DP Tanggul; Personal: Warung, WW2 stories
- Wednesday 30/05/79, Work: Seksi Mojokerto, meetings; Personal: Church, teaching chorus
- Thursday 31/05/79, Work: Seksi Mojokerto, Kali Sadar, manual labour

Pandaan, Wayang Puppet Show and Gamelan Orchestra (17 May 1979)



Wilwatika Temple, Pandaan



The 'dalang' with shadow puppets



Gamelan orchestra...



Some events in the first few days...

Friday 18 May 1979 – another exquisite sunset, this time pinks and greys – behind the perfect shape of Penanggungan rising above forested valleys, as the wailing of the Muslim prayer call could be heard from the village below, sometimes distant, now distinct. As dusk deepened and the colours faded, I praised the Lord that he had brought me back to *Jawa Timur*.

Work diary: Office, Sidoarjo. Report on Jakarta and Head Office. Catching up on latest developments.

Saturday 19 May 1979 – went to Mojokerto to arrange work program with Pak Ali. He was busy filling in a form called *Perorangan*, with several copies of photographs of himself, taken from front and side. It was a highly complex and detailed questionnaire and essentially an ‘identity check’. All government officials have to go through ‘political screening’ annually, following the 1965 attempted Communist coup. Fourteen years they still ask you, “What were you doing on the night of such-and-such, 1965?” – and if your answer is any different to the one you gave a year ago, then God help you!

Work diary: To Mojokerto. Arranged program with Ali. Saw KS [Kepala Seksi] – program OK. Full day worked.

I walked up the lower slopes of Gunung Arjuno, following the sulphur trail – about one and a half hours ascent, before sunset. I heard a lot of snorting, grunting and scuffling in the bush around me, and got quite scared as it was undoubtedly a wild boar. I’ve not met one yet, and not sure I would particularly like to meet one, alone, with darkness coming on. However, I enjoyed superb – if tantalizing – views of mountain slopes ahead, with the sun setting behind; flowering trees and shrubs, wildlife, Gunung Arjuno – a huge mountain wilderness untouched by man...

I talked with Bob, an American from Yogyakarta, and with Max and Mufti (Indonesians) about Javanese religion. The incessant music going on every afternoon at the house above ours is no less than a religious ceremony – or practice for it. When a man dances to the endless rhythm of drums and gongs he wears a mask, and eventually goes into a trance which is sustained so long as the music continues without interruption. During this time his spirit is supposed to leave his body and be replaced by the spirit of an animal... Certainly it seems that the spiritual and supernatural abound here in Java; and that despite the later influences of Islam and Christianity, animism and magic lie at the heart of Javanese life.

I also learned through Bob that as well as the *Pancasila* – the five principles of Indonesia, a sort of constitution in a nutshell – the Indonesians also have a list of ‘principles for good living’. They say that an hour of your day should be spent in private prayer and meditation, an hour for physical exercise (‘body movement’), and an hour spent in teaching or training someone else less experienced in a particular field, with the idea of leading a younger person to greater maturity – a kind of taking responsibility for someone.

I got a letter from a close school friend – the first letter since my return. It was very encouraging and helpful, arriving just when I needed that support. He gave me Psalm 121: “a well-known passage which... gave to me before I went off round Europe on an Inter-Rail trip in 1975, and which I think sums up all the hopes and fears of any journey and travel away from those you love... Read it all and apply each phrase to your own situation – I’m sure you’ll find it a great encouragement.”

Psalm 121:

I will lift my eyes to the hills. From whence does my help come?

My help comes from the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

*He will not let your foot be moved; he who keeps you will not slumber.
Behold, he keeps Israel will neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord is your keeper; the Lord is your shade on your right hand.
The sun shall not smite you by day, nor the moon by night.
The Lord will keep you from all evil; He will keep your life.
The Lord will keep your going out and your coming in,
From this time forth and for evermore.*

Excerpts from a letter home (20 May 1979)

Letter written from Jawa Timur on Sunday 20 May 1979:

I'll write out some extracts from the diary I kept while on board the plane:

Over India... We are now passing over central India – from Bombay to Madras – a fascinating journey with superb views of incredible terrain. Clear, hot weather before the monsoon arrives, so the Indian countryside was spread out below me like a topographical map – patterns of brown hills, green valleys with patchwork fields irrigated from winding rivers... (in fact I took a whole series of photographs from the plane window). Landform constantly changing, from the 'island' city of Bombay and coastal plains, to the Western Ghats and then the central hills, plains, villages and townships – a varied and fascinating landscape contrasting vividly with the Arabian desert we have just left behind – Bahrain, Qatar, the Emirates, Muscat and Oman.

We have now reached Indonesia and had a superb view of the northern tip of Sumatra; we are now following the coast of Sumatra down to Malaysia and Singapore. Sumatra looks a beautiful island – very mountainous, with a particularly high mountain range running down the western coast... we have a superb view, with about 3 – 4 windows all looking out on to the Sumatran skyline...

Singapore Airport – this has been an incredible flight! The sun started to go down just as we crossed the (narrow) Malacca Straits over to Malaya. For a while, islands were grey silhouettes on a pale sea reflecting the many evening hues of the western sky – yellow, orange and mauve. Then, as the plane banked and turned south (and at this point I ran out of film!), the sun set as a bright red orb, sinking into the deep grey of the horizon, setting the whole sky ablaze – while below, tiny lights twinkled from ships at anchor in a mirror calm sea. As we passed the first islands of Singapore, and headed towards the city, the grey clouds were aflame with golden streams – and the palm trees faded into the gathering darkness. What a colourful return to the Far East! Landed at Singapore as darkness fell, and the palm trees were sharp silhouettes against a deep crimson glow on the western horizon.

Arrived in Jakarta at 9 pm, made my way to the Kartika Plaza Hotel, was shown to my room, sat down and felt like crying – it was so cold and impersonal... Fortunately I felt too tired and giddy after the flight to feel the full effects of depression. However the next day was OK. Managed to do some work in Jakarta, and then had a good flight to Surabaya. Max (my driver) was there to meet me, which was just as well as I'd practically run out of money! He gave me a good welcome. Drove back across the plains, with (again) a most beautiful sunset, the sky a blaze of pink and red (storm clouds), reflected in flooded paddy fields. Stopped at Pandaan to watch some traditional Javanese dancing and music; so reached Tretes about 8 pm. Bulasi and Wiyarti were there to greet me. Heather appeared a few minutes later, as she was in the bath!

Since then it's been largely a case of catching up on developments in the last fortnight and picking up the threads – and arranging my work programme for the next 2 weeks. The large house on the hill I was talking about has now been handed over to the landlord and the lease terminated, as it was too much of a liability for the E's (their son Daniel (5) kept trying to fall from the balcony!)

I've been for one or two nice walks since I got back. Again, sunsets magnificent – especially with volcanoes in the foreground. Incredible cloud formations. Must try to get some photographs some time. This afternoon I had a time of prayer as I walked, before watching the sun go down...

May Diary (continued)

Monday 21 May 1979 – *Work diary: to Kasri – arranged program with M and Surveyor. Saw Juru Pengamat. Prep for field work.*

Tuesday 22 May 1979 – *Work diary: Tanggul. Crops on ground for 3-canals [tertiary canals] A1 and A2. PRFs [Polowijo Relative Factors] very high due to Gadu Tak Ijin [unauthorized crops].*

Wednesday 23 May 1979 – Church at Tretes, Wednesday evening service to which Ali and Wiyarti came. I was asked to stand up and say a few words – so I told them of how the Lord had blessed my travels back home, and how Christians there had sent their greetings to their brothers and sisters in Christ here – for many people now know about the church in Tretes. It doesn't matter what country or race you are from, all will join in praising Jesus – every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord. I taught them the simple chorus: 'Thank you, thank you Jesus... in my heart', translated as '*Trima kasih Yesus x 2, Tuhan Yesus dalam hatiku.*' After the service I took Bu Siti back home, as she had a sick child, and I had a torch and could show her the way. She was very apologetic about her house. Clearly she lived in great poverty, and she lived alone. As she said, she had "only Jesus".

Work diary: Mojokerto – DP Penewon. Saw Dam Penewon, Jambuwok I and II diversion structures. Blendren offtake.

Thursday 24 May 1979 – Ascension Day. For us, the First Ascent of Gunung Arjuno (Welirang). We left at 02:30, with Bob, the American from Yogya, Max, and Mufti, who was a qualified guide. We climbed through the lower forests in the dark, in silence, following the path by torchlight. I passed the time by going through songs from 'Watered Garden', 'With Thanksgiving', and Iwerne choruses in my mind. Quite suddenly we could detect the whiteness of a waterfall, in among the trees in the half-light, and we knew daylight was at hand. We saw the lights of Pandaan and the road to Surabaya as far as Sidoarjo – before it disappeared behind the silhouette of Penanggungan – the plains a complex pattern of *padi* fields and clouds. Presently the tropical forest gave way to glorious pine forests, as the path began to level off and we reached the top of the 'massif' and the core of the mountain. Wooded ridges tumbling into valleys, and then rising to sheer rocky summits. We passed several labourers coming down carrying baskets full of bright yellow sulphur. We tried lifting one – it must have weighed nearly a hundredweight, and yet some of these carriers make two round trips in the day – carrying sulphur from the top of Welirang back down to Tretes – what a way to earn a living!

We came to the 'Sulphur Camp' – a clearing in the forest, surrounded by peaks. Breakfasted (08:30) on cold chicken with rice, before setting out for Welirang, the nearest peak, 3 hours climb away. Beautiful rushing sound as the wind stirred the crests of pine – the first time I have heard that sound since the Taita Hills in Kenya. Incredible steep path up a ridge of red and orange rocks. Views, south and east towards Batu and Selecta – a panorama of East Java, to the south (the mysterious 'other side' of the mountain) – a wilderness of volcanic peaks and cloud. Finally, at the top of the ridge, a desolate place – bleak and windswept, with mists and sulphurous fumes swirling over the rocks – like Tolkien's description of the Land of Mordor. On our descent, the delights of wildlife, varied and unspoiled – leaping deer, flying squirrels, innumerable coloured butterflies, birds, flowers and flowering trees.



Bob and Mufti at the summit of Welirang



On the sulphur trail



Bob and me at the summit of Welirang



At the sulphur camp



Mufti and Max, on the way up...

Excerpts from a letter home (24 May 1979)

Letter written from East Java on Thursday 24 and 25 May 1979:

Sorry not to have written sooner – I hope you got the message (via Telex) that I had arrived safely. As you can guess, I've been very busy since my return – and have also had to spend quite a bit of time catching up on sleep, jet-lag and the like! So I'm writing rather a hurried note tonight, so that I can catch the post tomorrow, as I am going into Surabaya. In fact I think I shall go off to bed pretty soon, even though it's not late, as we've just come down from a 14-hour climb of Gunung Arjuno, the mountain 'massif' that rises behind Tretes, to a height of about 10,000 feet.

Today was a public holiday (Ascension Day), so a group of us set out at 02:30 this morning, and took roughly 8 hours to climb to Welirang, or the 'Sulphur Peak' – got down about 5 pm, exhausted – it was quite a grueling climb altogether. The forest is very beautiful, plenty of wildlife. On top of the main massif is a pine forest, and then you are among high rocky peaks (some of them quite accessible). It would make a good expedition to set up camp, in a clearing, and then to have a couple of days exploring the peaks and ridges in between. We got up to the Sulphur Peak – quite a desolate place, a ridge of rocks with cloud and mists blowing across, all reeking of sulphur – a bit like Tolkien's description of 'The Land of Mordor'. I climbed with an American teacher from Yogyakarta, my driver and another mechanic (Indonesian), who was an experienced guide and knew the mountain well, so we were well equipped...

May Diary (continued)

Friday 25 May 1979 – *Work diary: 'Supervision'. Discussion on field work past and future. Surabaya, Jalan Johar. Discussed program with Hamid.*

Saturday 26 May 1979 – *Work diary: Kasri. Discussed experiment with Pengamat. Agreed in principle, but KS [Kepala Seksi]. Observation of KW6, KW12a and b. Full day worked.*

Sunday 27 May 1979 – a sad day... In church, I broke down and wept, and had to come out. I lay down and rested for most of the afternoon. In the evening I prayed, and the Lord comforted me...

Excerpts from a letter home (27 May 1979)

Letter written from East Java on Sunday 27 May 1979:

I'm afraid I broke down and wept in church this morning... I had a chorus from St Matthews ready to teach them, I had translated it into Indonesian and had brought my recorder along so that I could teach them the tune – but it will have to wait till Wednesday now, as I just wasn't in the mood for singing, and in fact I came out of church early as I wasn't feeling at all good; I went home, lay still and rested. Now I feel better but still very tired. I think it's largely a combination of tiredness and stress after a long and hard week. I think the loneliness is perhaps the hardest thing to cope with...

I was planning to go into Surabaya this evening for the English service – to try to have some fellowship with Christians – but I think I shall just have a quiet day resting, so that I can go to work tomorrow. I have to conduct a survey of a new dam that has just been built. The only trouble is, the water flows backwards! So I have to find out why.

Now I shall try to write some happier news. Bu-Siti (like 'Bu-Lasi') and Wiyarti came round to see me after church this morning, as I was lying in bed. Bu-Siti prayed for me which was nice. The work is hard and there's been a lot of traveling, but I am able to do the work and I am being kept busy, which all helps to pass the time.

On Thursday, being a holiday (Ascension Day), we made an *ascent* (!) of Gunung Arjuno, the big mountain that runs up behind Tretes. It took us 14 hours there and back. We left the house at 02:30 am and climbed for 3 hours before sunrise, using torches. Max the driver, and American called Bob, and an Indonesian guide were my companions on this

expedition. We got up to a plateau 5 hours later, covered in beautiful pine forests, from which rose several rocky peaks (scenery a bit like Switzerland). There was a camp for workers who mined sulphur and brought it down from one of the peaks – the nearest one [Welirang]. This was the one we climbed. It was desolate and wild on top (10:30 am) as mists and sulphurous fumes swirled around us. However we had superb views over various parts of East Java – we were above the cloud by this time. We got down to the bottom again by about 4:30 pm – utterly exhausted. At 10,000 feet it's a long, hard climb! But the fauna and flora of the forests were beautiful – all sorts of amazing and interesting flowers, trees, insects and animals...

May Diary (continued)

Monday 28 May 1979 – *Work diary: Kasri. Survey Dam Bunder. See Surveyor.*

Tuesday 29 May 1979 – a day in Kasri, DP Tanggul. With a small, compact Tertiary Unit, I was able at last to break the surface of the problem of water distribution – the whole question of 'suplesi' and the unofficial [*informal, and in a sense illegal*] 'secondary' water supply system, resulting from damming drains and recycling the water. Stopped in a *warung* [small shop] for refreshments (*teh manis dan panas* – tea, sweet and hot) with fried bananas, and there chatted with some of the village elders, including the *Ulu-ulu* [village headman]. They were old enough to remember the war, and described the terrible conditions they were faced with – virtually everything they grew was exported to the Japanese. We talked politics, and about their fear of the communist countries to the north.

One of the most amazing sunsets I have ever seen. Once again, looking at Gunung Penanggungan from the 'upper field' – here grey clouds turned to gold and swirled around the dark mountain slopes, against the pale blue-green background of clear sky. To the right, over Surabaya, a long line of low cumulus clouds turned pink and red – receding into the far distance, and beneath a higher back of cloud, purple and grey. Slowly the pattern of colours turned and faded – thunderstorms over Bromo and Sumeru in the distance.

Work diary: Observed DP Tanggul, tertiary unit Aa. Whole question of suplesi's and operation.

Wednesday 30 May 1979 – managed to get to church, and was able to teach the chorus 'Praise the name of Jesus' translated into Indonesian. My recorder was useful in teaching them the tune! "Praise the name of Jesus x 2, He's my rock, He's my fortress, He's my deliverer, in Him will I trust. Praise the name of Jesus."

Work diary: with Bengjali. Met new Pengamat and all Jurus of CS Brangkal.

Wednesday 31 May 1979 – *Work diary: Mojokerto with Heather and her mother. Desilting in Kali Sadar (CS Mojosari). Saw possible site for Mechanical Trials – CS Bangsal. Contract illegal, but aim to measure output.*

Rice *padi* near Trawas and Pacet and Tretes market (May/June 1979)



Transplanting rice seedlings near Trawas



Rice padi terraces near Trawas and Pacet



Workers in the rice fields



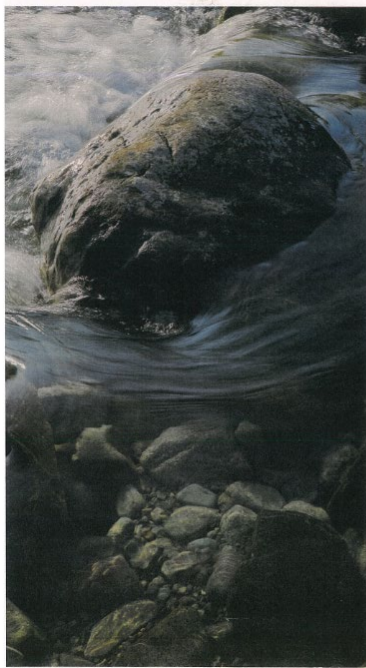
Cooking in a 'Desa' (village)



Tretes market...



June 1979



Moods of Water
Lake District

*"Behold, God is my Salvation;
I will trust and will not be
afraid;
for the LORD is my strength,
and my song,
and he has become my salvation
before you will draw water
from the wells of salvation."
(Isaiah 12:1-5)*

*"May the God of hope fill you
with all joy and peace in believing
so that by the power of
the Holy Spirit,
you may abound in hope."
(Romans 15:13)*

*"and hope does not disappoint us
because God's love has been
poured into our hearts
through the Holy Spirit,
which has been given to us."
(Romans 5:5)*

*"But the Fruit of the Spirit is
Love,
Joy,
Peace,
Patience,
Kindness,
Goodness,
Faithfulness,
Gentleness,
Self-control."
(Galatians 5:22)*

June 1979

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

Calendar: Moods of Water

Lake District

*Behold, God is my
salvation; I will trust and will
not be afraid;*

*For the LORD is my
strength and my song; and
he has become my
salvation.*

*With joy you will draw water
from the wells of salvation.*

Isaiah 12 v 2, 3

*May the God of hope fill
you with all joy and peace
in believing, so that by the
power of the Holy Spirit you
may abound in hope.*

Romans 15 v 13

*And hope does not
disappoint us, because
God's love has been
poured into our hearts
through the Holy Spirit
which has been given to us.*

Romans 5 v 5

*But the fruit of the Spirit is
love, joy, peace, patience,
kindness, goodness,
faithfulness, gentleness
and self-control.*

Galatians 5 v 22, 23

Summary of activities in June 1979:

- Friday 01/06/79, Work: Sidoarjo office, staff meeting, Surabaya; Personal: Visited the H's and met Derek's parents
- Saturday 02/06/79, Work: DP Penewon; Personal: View of mountains, Pandaan dance festival
- Sunday 03/06/79, Personal: Surabaya, English fellowship, met the S's
- Monday 04/06/79, Work: Kali Sadar manual labour
- Tuesday 05/06/79, Work: DP Penewon
- Wednesday 06/06/79, Personal: *Sakit* (off sick) with flu
- Thursday 07/06/79, Personal: *Sakit* (off sick) with flu
- Friday 08/06/79, Personal: *Sakit* (off sick) with flu
- Saturday 09/06/79, Personal: Stayed with the L's
- Sunday 10/06/79, Personal: English service in Surabaya, visited the H's
- Monday 11/06/79, Work: Sidoarjo office, Selamatan (for Pak T); Personal: swim by moonlight
- Tuesday 12/06/79, Work: DP Penewon
- Wednesday 13/06/79, Work: Seksi Mojokerto, Bali design team
- Thursday 14/06/79, Work: Travel to Yogyakarta
- Friday 15/06/79, Work: Kali Progo Project, Yogyakarta; Personal: party with Keith
- Saturday 16/06/79, Work: Mataram Canal Project, Yogyakarta; Personal: Jazz Concert with Australian band
- Sunday 17/06/79, Personal: Kraton dance class, Prambanan temple, journey back
- Monday 18/06/79, Work: Visit by Jim D, Sooko and Sidoarjo office
- Tuesday 19/06/79, Work: Sidoarjo office
- Wednesday 20/06/79, Work: Mojokerto, Inpres projects; Personal: Tretes church, evening service with Pastor L
- Thursday 21/06/79, Work: DP Tanggul
- Friday 22/06/79, Personal: Ascent of Arjuno (Welirang), summit, camp site
- Saturday 23/06/79, Personal: Descent from Arjuno
- Sunday 24/06/79

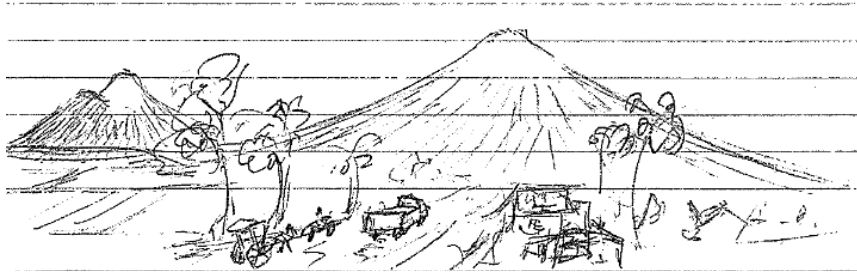
- Monday 25/06/79, Work: Sidoarjo office and Surabaya admin
- Tuesday 26/06/79, Travel to Jakarta...

June Diary

Friday 1 June 1979 – afternoon in Surabaya. Called in at Derek and Ellen H. Derek's parents were there, holidaying from the UK (via Malaysia and Singapore). When I shared with them about the circumstances of our engagement and the way we felt the Lord had been leading us, David's father told me a wonderful story. He said the clearest picture of the interaction of God's purpose and man's free will was that of carpet-making in Persia. Here women would work at a carpet (hanging vertically) from both sides, weaving the pieces of dyed thread. From the back all you can see is a tangle of loose ends, but from the front you can see that a beautiful pattern emerges.

Work diary: Sidoarjo. Staff Meeting: Mr T, David E, Nick L and self. Admin in Surabaya.

Saturday 2 June 1979 – fantastic drive down to Mojokerto through Trawas and Pacet. All the mountains were clearly visible – a jagged ridge of improbable, tooth-like shapes, rising above the forests and mountain villages. Welirang, seen from the side, became a perfect volcanic shape, with smooth concave sides sweeping gracefully upwards into a rocky peak – towering over the landscape, looking every bit twice the height of Penanggungan, the 'dwarf mountain'.



Sketch from diary...

In the evening I went to the Pandaan dance festival – a highly polished performance of a Hindu epic, in the medium of traditional Javanese dancing, on an open-air stage beneath the moonlit slopes of Gunung Penanggungan. Here was something very typical of the Far East, and particularly SE Asia – dancers, both men and women in fantastically ornate costumes, with a grace and fluidity of movement, a curious blend of flexibility and strength, balance and harmony. Incessant music of gongs and drums, with occasional soft wailing of female voices in the distance. Little children trying to sell you things all the way through the performance. Wolf-whistles and flash photography from the unruly ranks of the audience. Marvellous to have such culture on your doorstep (so to speak)!

Work diary: Mojokerto with Pak Bagi, and CS Brangkal. DP Penewon. PTP Blendren I. Full day worked.

Sunday 3 June 1979 – took a bus to Surabaya and went to the English Service – a kind of House Fellowship at the S's house. Met some nice people there – many of them American missionaries, but others from Scotland and Sweden. We focused our attention on Psalm 91 v 1, 2: "He who dwells in the shelter of the Most High will rest in the shadow of the Almighty. I will say to the LORD 'He is my refuge and my fortress, my God in whom I trust.'" We discussed practical ways in which we could dwell in the shelter of the Most High, even when the storms of life rage around us.

Excerpts from a letter home (3 June 1979)

Letter written from Tjou Sie Swan, No 1117 RT/TK Prigen, Pasuruan, Java Timur, Indonesia on Sunday 3 June 1979:

This morning I did not go to church, as I felt I would break down again. Instead I went for a walk through the hills and paddy fields. It was a beautiful morning, but it soon got very

hot. So I came back and had a refreshing swim. That all helped a little. This evening I am taking the bus into Surabaya so that I can go to the English family service with Derek and Ellen H – I think that will be good Christian fellowship. The time has passed quite quickly.

Last night I went to the Pandaan Festival to see a performance of traditional Javanese dancing – a beautiful setting, in an open-air theatre with moonlight and the silhouette of Gunung Penengungan in the background. It was a very colourful and interesting spectacle – the dancers were superb and the whole performance very elegant and graceful. The music was a trifle monotonous (gongs, drums, klongs and clangs and high-pitched wailing) – but very typical of SE Asia and the Far East, probably more so than Balinese dancing (which is more Indian – Hindu). Some of the hens have just walked round in front of the front living room, as I sit here writing this with coffee, after lunch. I hope they don't get into mischief!

June Diary (continued)

Monday 4 June 1979 – *Work diary: Kali Sadar manual labour trial with Mr Mispari, CS Mojosari. Estimate of payments and output for removal of silt from river bed.*

Tuesday 5 June 1979 – *Work diary: Mojokerto, DP Penewon. Juru Sukar, Mr Sophanhadi, Blendren II.*

Wednesday 6 June 1979 – became ill with flu, so once again began to sink into depression, loneliness and self-pity. But through the day I rediscovered the power of praise – of not complaining, but giving thanks to God in all circumstances, knowing that He has a purpose for everything, and that all things work together for good with those who love him. So I thanked God for the illness, and also for the separation – and all the fears and insecurity it seemed to generate. And so the day proved to be a very formative one, with time to think and read and pray.

Almost as if in response to this 'sacrifice of praise', the end of the day was rewarded by an armful of mail which Heather brought back from Surabaya: some wonderful letters... "Rejoice always, pray constantly, give thanks in all circumstances, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus for you" (1 Thessalonians 5 v 16 to 18). "Always and for everything giving thanks in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ to God the Father" (Ephesians 5 v 20). "Take delight in the LORD, and He will give you the desires of your heart" (Psalm 37 v 4).

Kali Sadar Manual Labour Trials, Mojosari (4 June 1979)



Removal of silt from river bed using porous silt buckets. Sandy silt is gathered from river bed in buckets by labourers who dive underwater. Buckets are carried on shoulders up steep banks (using ladders) then emptied. Other labourers ferry dry silt to nearest point accessible to lorries.



'Pikul' carriers paid Rp 10 per 200 m journey



Cart pushers paid Rp 30, cyclists paid Rp 60



'Scribes' counting bucket loads. Labourers are paid Rp 10 for a heavy bucket, Rp 5 for a light bucket.



Excerpts from a letter home (6 June 1979)

Letter written from Tjou Sie Swan, No 1117 RT/TK Prigen, Pasuruan, Java Timur, Indonesia on Wednesday 6 June 1979:

I'm afraid I'm down with 'flu at the moment, which is a nuisance... I am reminded of how important it is to *praise the Lord* for everything, giving *thanks* in all circumstances, always and for everything giving Him thanks and praise, because we know that in everything God works for good with those who love him (that's us!), who are called according to his purpose (Romans 8 v 28). I've just been re-reading something I wrote about my experiences in Africa, and at the beginning of a chapter entitled 'Praise' I commented: "In the final analysis there are just two languages in this world: (a) the language of criticism and resentment and bitterness, spoken by the majority of people you meet (how true!); and (b) the language of thankfulness and praise, which should be spoken by all of God's children." For Paul wrote to the Thessalonians, "Rejoice always, pray constantly, give thanks in all circumstances – for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus *for you*." ... let us try to be 'praising people', for praise is pleasing to God and helps us to look to Him. When we complain or are bitter, then we deny God's love and goodness – His steadfast love and faithfulness... Hitherto the Lord has blessed us. Shall we not continue to trust in Him? There's a verse which I have found encouraging, which says: "I know the plans I have for you, plans not for evil but for *welfare*, to give you a future and a hope" (Jeremiah 29 v 11)...

Heather's mother is here, on holiday, and broke her foot last weekend when she fell down a storm-water drain in Yogyakarta. So her foot has been bandaged up, and she hobbles about – so it's a real sick house, this! This morning the doctor came from Pandaan, and gave me some injections – vitamins, mainly, to help combat the 'flu. So I feel rather like a pin-cushion! ... On Sunday I went to the Surabaya English Service, after supper with Derek and Ellen H (and Derek's parents). I met some interesting people there, mostly American missionaries. It was refreshing to find some fellowship at last...

June Diary (continued)

Thursday 7 June 1979 – while I was ill, I heard part of a tape by Sister Briege McKenna, which contained a wonderful truth: a young woman was in church one day, feeling very much in the presence of the Lord – and she felt as if the Lord was saying, 'Anne, how much do you love me?' She said she thought about it, and replied, 'Well Lord, I don't really know how much I love you. It's very easy to say I love you, but if a man walked up with a gun and said, 'For Jesus will you die?' Well, I don't know what I'd do.' Then three days later, she was having a difficult time with the children and seemed to be really upset about something. But in a very gentle way she felt the Lord saying, 'Anne, if you really love me, will you show it by trusting me?'

Friday 8 June 1979 – *Work diary: Sakit (sick leave). Read AF Bottrall: Study of Irrigation Management in East Java.*

Saturday 9 June 1979 – David and Becky E took me to Surabaya, so that I could convalesce with the L's. They came late on Saturday evening, after I'd had a very distressing time pacing up and down the front room watching a horrendous thunderstorm as darkness fell. I tried to pray, but succeeded only in worrying... But even in that moment I could remember God's promises: "So you have sorrow now, but I will see you again and your hearts will rejoice, and no one will take your joy from you." "Then your sorrow will be turned to joy, and your mourning to gladness."

Sunday 10 June 1979 – I went to the English service in Surabaya, led by Derek's father – it was his parents' last day before returning home. Had coffee with the H's afterwards, and chatted to Ellen... She encouraged me to cast all my burdens upon the Lord, for "He understands and He undertakes."

Monday 11 June 1979 – I came back from Surabaya on Monday night – now fully recovered, and the first thing I did was to have a swim by the light of a full moon. The night was so still and warm and peaceful...

Work diary: Sidoarjo. Selamatan with Mr Soemarno, Mr Tarmin etc.

Excerpts from a letter home (11 June 1979)

Letter written from Tjou Sie Swan, No 1117 RT/TK Prigen, Pasuruan, Java Timur, Indonesia on Monday 11 June 1979:

News in brief: have completely recovered from the 'flu I had last week. Nick and Laura L (Team Leader) very kindly invited me to spend the weekend in Surabaya to convalesce, which was very nice. Also, was able to see the H's again and join in with the English Service – more about that later! Ellen gave me some real encouragement through this difficult and testing time. Came back to Tretes today, and had a swim before supper by the light of the full moon!

June Diary (continued)

Tuesday 12 June 1979 – *Work diary: Mojokerto. DP Penewon with Juru Sukar. Blendren III.*

Wednesday 13 June 1979 – *Work diary: Mojokerto. Meeting of Bali Design Team in Seksi Mojokerto. Servants in Tretes Mess. New Penjaga [watchman] for Top House. Possibility of Blitar transfer.*

Flowers of East Java (May and June 1979)



Yogyakarta, Thursday 14 June to Sunday 17 June 1979, the Highlights

(1) Journey west through Mojokerto, Jombang, Ngawi, Klaten and Surakarta (Solo). Beautiful evening as the sun went down over forests ahead of us. Volcanoes I had never seen before outlined on the horizon, as we headed towards Central Java – a wonderful feeling of ‘getting away from it all’ for a few days.

(2) Friday – *bejak* ride through Yogyakarta with Becky and Daniel E. Down a street called ‘Malioboro’ (= Marlborough!), to Taman Sari, the ‘water castle’ (which we didn’t see), looked at beautiful batiks.

(3) Friday pm – party to which Keith W took me. Many young people there: Australians on holiday, and some very nice VSO English teachers doing language courses in Indonesian.

Work diary: Discussion about Kali Progo project with Keith W. Each tributary acts as a secondary canal or drain. Chain of three units, with water used many times. No problems in salinity increase, as there is adequate rainfall to flush out salts. To Kali Bawang with Ted B to read penetration tests. To Wates to see rain-fed sawah from higher polowijo areas. In theory 7 m³/s in and 5 m³/s out, but only about 1 m³/s out due to illegal abstraction upstream. High rate of water use and loss. Penetration tests find water requirement for growing rice.

(4) Saturday – grand tour of the Mataram canal being constructed – one of our MMP projects with Chris W. Saw Bob again (who had gone up Arjuna with me) at the University. Watched the sun set: ripples of salmon pink against a deep blue sea. Meanwhile clouds of smoke and steam were coming from the summit of Gunung Merapi – a perfect picture-book volcano. Saturday pm – Jazz Concert by Cross Fire, an Australian band, followed by Yogya-style meal on the Malioboro pavement! A really good group of friends.

Work diary: Site visit to Mataram Canal with Chris W and Ricky L. Structural modifications needed to increase size of canal. Borehole drilling, weir badly scoured. Cut and cover road underpass. Different types of weirs. Aqueduct – original foundation undermined. Air suction syphon. Crump weirs used, as no spare head. Headworks, offtake from Kali Progo.

Kali Progo and Kali Bawang Projects, Yogyakarta (15 and 16 June 1979)



Construction of Headworks: Mataram Canal offtake from Kali Progo River (note temporary diversion)



Borehole drilling (weir is scoured)

Kali Bawang Canal Headworks



Penetration tests near Kali Bawang (testing soil conditions to assess crop water requirements for irrigation purposes)

(5) Sunday – took a *bejak* down to the *Kraton* (palace): “This royal palace of the Sultan is the archetype of a classical court on Java, in which old-fashioned ideals of courtesy and etiquette are still practised.” Certainly the architecture of endless open courtyards was impressive. Perhaps most interesting was being able to watch a rehearsal of classical Javanese dancing in progress. To the soporific, monotonous sound of *gamelan* music, the slow, beautifully controlled graceful movements of the dancers. Instructors stood beside them, correcting individual faults and helping them perfect their art.

(6) Journey back through Prambanan, stopping on the way to see the amazing Shiva temple – see guide book for history and description. Though I now know that for 1,000 years this was Java’s tallest building, what impressed me at first was the complexity of detail contained within a simple, elegant shape. More sinister, perhaps, when silhouetted black against the late afternoon sun, with the sharp peak of Merapi smoking in the distance. A long haul back to Surabaya by night.

Monday 18 June 1979 – *Work diary: Visit of Jim D. Visit to Sooko works depot to see mechanical plant. Discussion in Sidoarjo office.*

Tuesday 19 June 1979 – *Work diary: Sidoarjo office. Discussion of future program etc.*

Wednesday 20 June 1979 – *Work diary: Mojokerto. Finding proposed contacts for silt clearing work in Seksi Mojokerto. Only one found is Inpres [Instruksi President] Project. Looked at site.*

Thursday 21 June 1979 – *Work diary: Kasri. Discussion about crop data. Data collection from Ulu-ulu’s. Tertiary unit ‘B’ survey.*

Monday 25 June 1979 – *Work diary: Sidoarjo and Surabaya. Discussion about manual labour trials procedure.*

Yogyakarta Kraton and Prambanan Temple (17 June 1979)



Prambanan Temple



Yogyakarta

Prambanan detail

The Kraton



Traditional Javanese dancing class

June Diary (continued)

Wednesday 20 June 1979 – I shall end by describing two events which occurred in the last week of this period. (1) Tretes church – found that the Rev LS Lew, Chinese pastor of the Surabaya Pentecostal church, was giving a kind of Bible-teaching class to a party of young Christian girls who had come together for a week, from all over Indonesia. The address was based on 1 Corinthians 12, the different gifts of the Holy Spirit.

But I shall never forget the moment when I turned round and saw that the sky outside the church door was bright pink from east to west – soft pink declining to mauve and deep purple-blue as the light faded. And at the same time, people began praying, praising, weeping and wailing As the Spirit came upon us. Pastor Lew walked around us, laying hands on all who had needs. After the service, outside the church, palm trees and the volcano posed as graceful shapes against the afterglow of sunset. I chatted to some of the young women who had been at the service, as we shared a meal together.

Excerpts from a letter home (21 June 1979)

Letter written from Tjou Sie Swan, No 1117 RT/TK Prigen, Pasuruan, Java Timur, Indonesia on Thursday 21 June 1979:

Last weekend I went to Jogjakarta in Central Java – ostensibly to look at a large MacDonalds irrigation project, but really more of an excuse to see a fascinating part of Java. David E, our mechanical engineer, had to go there in any case on business (along with his wife and small child) – so I was able to travel with them in their Land Rover. Yogyakarta, as the guide books will tell you, is very much the cultural capital of Java. It formed one of the two states of Central Java after the fall of the Mataram Empire, and its '*Kraton*' (or palace) is the highest ranking court of Indonesia. It now has the top university in the country – so the whole place is full of students and tourists – shades of Cambridge! It even has a street called 'Malioboro' or Marlborough! I stayed with Keith W, a good friend from the Cambridge office, who is now working on the irrigation projects. Apart from visits to site – which *were* interesting as irrigation procedures and techniques are somewhat different to those of East Java – I got well initiated into the 'Yogya social scene' – Keith took me to a party which finished at 2 am – many Australians and English VSO teachers. On Saturday evening I went to a Jazz concert given by an Australian group on tour from Sydney. It was funny hearing live western music again, after the endless *gamelan* music – gongs and clangs and high-pitched wailing! On Sunday morning I went round the *Kraton* palace and watched, in one of the courtyards, rehearsals of Javanese dancers in progress. Most interesting, as the instructor was there correcting individual faults – getting this lady to hold her elbow higher, or another to keep her back straight. Yogya is full of colourful markets, craft-work and beautiful *batik*. A much more interesting place in many ways than Surabaya – which is essentially a commercial place.

The town has the other attraction of Mount Merapi, a few miles away – very much a live volcano, that has had one or two major eruptions this century. It is an incredible shape – steep, concave slopes up to a cone, just like the volcano out of a picture book. It has a plume of steam or smoke rising from the summit, and you can also see a stream of smoke coming down the western side, marking the path of the lava flow. You *can* climb it, from the eastern side, and look down on to the lava flow from the top. Particularly impressive by night, I'm told. Borobudur, one of the largest Buddhist monuments in the world, I did not have time to see, but we stopped at Prambanan on the way back, and the old 10th century Hindu Shiva temple was most impressive.

On Monday we received a visit from Jim D, the Partner, who spent half a day on our project. He was chiefly interested in all the mechanical equipment which had just arrived – to be used in a comparative study of machine vs manual labour methods of desilting canals; also in various aspects of canal operation (i.e. 'water management'), which is what I've mainly been involved in, up till now. Tomorrow, Friday (Muslim holiday), we have another expedition up Mount Arjuno, the mountain behind Tretes. We are taking

tents and plan to spend the night on the mountain (at the 'camp' on the plateau), so we can spend Saturday climbing one or two peaks.

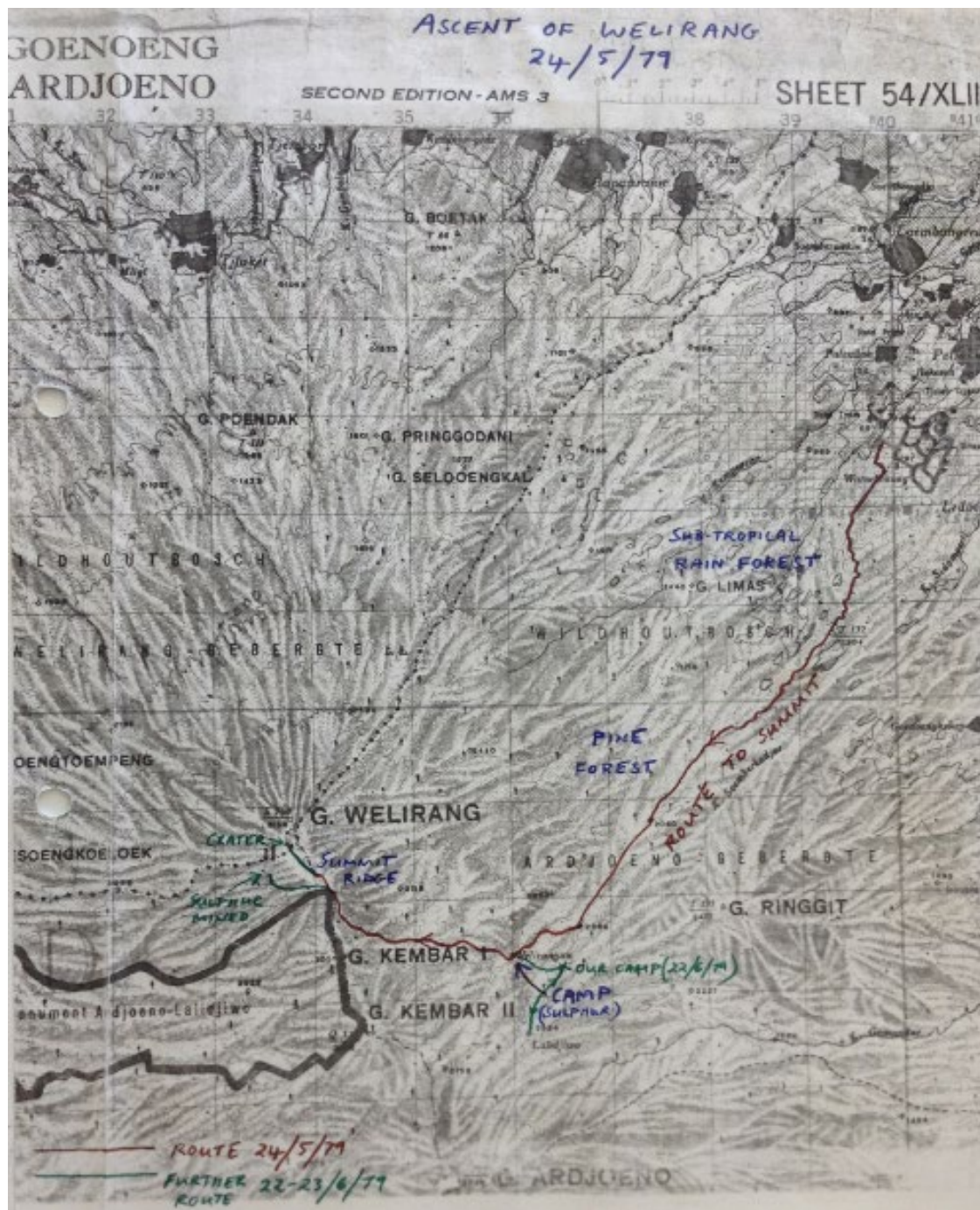
June Diary (continued)

Friday 22 June 1979 – the Second Ascent of Arjuno (Welirang). The six of us: Nick and Laura L, Alan and Lyn P, Peter L and myself, set off at 5 am, with only Venus and a thin crescent moon left in the blue-green sky before sunrise. The sun came up at the beginning of the trail, bathing the flame trees and forested hillsides in an extraordinary orange light. A beautiful clear day (in contrast to the First Ascent), making the six-hour ascent almost a pleasure – the heaviness of the packs, and the monotony of the path, made up for by exciting glimpses of glowing flowers and vividly coloured birds. As we rested in the pine forest, wisps of cloud began to form above the trees, moving in a strange and swift turbulence against the deep blue sky.

We found a perfect camp site, over a ridge and into the next valley from the native sulphur camp. We then proceeded to Welirang, reaching the summit ridge mid-afternoon. As we turned and looked at the panorama of peaks around us – the massif of Arjuno, Ringgit and Kembang, northwards to Madura island and the Straits – we saw eastwards, to the right of Bromo, the high, rounded cone of Semeru (Java's highest peak), and every few minutes there issued from its crater a huge cloud of volcanic dust and steam. The view became more and more spectacular as evening drew on, and much of the cloud disappeared. It seemed we could see virtually the whole of East Java – southwards to the hills of the south coast, range upon range of volcanoes, separated by clouds in between, some with trees growing right up to the summit, and westwards towards Central Java and the road to Yogyakarta.

In beautifully clear weather, we were able to reach the summit of Welirang, and look down into the crater – a smooth floor of sand surrounded by a rim of inhospitable, sheer, jagged peaks – a wasteland of yellow-brown rocks and cruel thorn bushes. We came down from the summit, and followed the sulphur trail round the mountain to the sulphur mines – an amazing spectacle of sulphur vents issuing steam, fumes, and dark yellow liquid sulphur from the mountain side – fantastic formations as the sulphur crystallized into bright yellow rocks, ready for transport by the sulphur-carriers. We got down through the upper forest by torchlight and reached camp about 6.30 pm. We lit a fire, as it soon became bitterly cold – a welcome meal of spaghetti Bolognese and red wine (Bordeaux!) Night-time, at high altitude in the depths of Arjuno forest, under the canopy of a million bright stars.

Saturday 23 June 1979 – we awoke next morning with the sun already risen. Perfect silence except for birds and the gentle rushing of wind through the crests of pine. A large breakfast on a fire stirred from the embers of last night: muesli and prunes, fried bacon and coffee. A leisurely morning exploring the forest, and 'Alpine' meadows with occasional views to the main peak of Arjuno, already in cloud. A place of immense beauty and stillness – far away from the problems and noises of Indonesia. An opportunity to be still, to thank the Lord for the past, and to commit the future to Him...



Old Dutch map, showing the routes taken on the two ascents of Gunung Welirang...

The Second Ascent of Gunung Arjuno (Welirang)...



The summit of Welirang



Me, Nick L, Peter L, Laura L, Lyn P, and Alan P at the summit of Gunung Welirang



The slopes of Gunung Arjuno



A well-earned rest



Camp site



Sulphur camp



Molten sulphur



Collecting sulphur near the summit of Welirang