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A Prayer for Mrs. Janawiyah

By Nia Susanti

Mrs. Janawiyah (55) was lying down on a mat when two JRS staff, Bas and Nia, entered a small room of 2x3 meters at Simpang Ulim barrack in Lampoh Rayeuk village. Her big stomach contrasted to her skinny body. "Good afternoon, Mum. How are you? These are the nutmeg sweets you wanted," Bas addressed her and handed over a bottle. Nutmeg sweets will not cure her illness, but will help her sleep. With difficulty, she moved slowly to wake herself up. Her son helped her. The hot weather made it hard to breathe, and a fan made it even worse. Her son and husband alternately take care of her. She was diagnosed with ovarian cancer and a tumor in her abdomen by the general hospital in Langsa. The medical check ups in



Mrs. Janawiyah accompanied by one of her family member in her barrack in Simpang Ulim, East Aceh.

Langsa and Zainal Abidin hospital in Banda Aceh proved ineffective, but her husband's complaints were useless. "They brought my wife on a long journey in her bad condition without any improvements. The doctors are liars and they don't care about my wife." Hearing

this, Bas tried some comforting words despite her difficulties in speaking and understanding Acehnese language.

Bas told me that she has tried to find a female doctor that could give better explanations about Mrs. Janawiyah's condition to her and her family. "This is not

my first time meeting with a cancer patient. I remember how hard it was for my friend who suffered from the same disease to drink and swallow food. What makes me sad is how this woman suffers from her disease now and I do not know how to give her any further help," Bas said. "What I can do for her at best is to give food and drinks, such as milk and food supplements," Bas said. "Although we have never spoken in the same language we still understand each other. I hope that she will be released from pain," Bas added.

Now she is at last really released from pain. Four days after our last visit, she passed away. We were sad knowing this. We planned to visit her again on June 22. We didn't think that this would be our last meeting. Now we can only hope that she is in a better place, and that her family will be well. □



JRS and an elementary school teacher, Mrs. Rosna, organize dance practice every Sunday and Wednesday.

Alternative Education by JRS Tapak Tuan

By Nia Susanti

"Why did the tsunami happen, *Bang* (Brother)?" a child asked Sukri, a JRS volunteer in Tapak Tuan.

"The tsunami was a punishment from God," answered another child, "that

is what my physical science teacher said." This is a conversation rose from children who have joined a JRS alternative education program in South Aceh. The aim of the program is trauma healing through recreation and team work. The

children engaged in various activities either to keep their minds off their every day troubles, or to create an arena where questions can be asked. The children are from Sawang Indah village, located at a beach front which was hit

badly by the December tsunami. Now the children are busy folding paper to make cameras and high buildings. Some are singing and dancing; these were their favorite activities from before they were displaced. Last year, they even performed on the 17 of August independence day celebration. Now, they don't have cassettes and player to rehearse.

JRS and an elementary school teacher, Mrs. Rosna, organize dance practice every Sunday and Wednesday. At the first session in May, the dance formations were rather uncoordinated, but already by the second time around, they really started to show their talents. The children mostly learned Acehese dances. *Ranup Lampuan*, *Tajak Ugleu*, *Bungon Jeumpa* and *Aceh Meulangkah* are performed by 17 girls. *Seudati* is danced by 10 boys and *Rateup Meusekat* is performed by 10 adults with 10 children. The parents are involved too and show appreciation for how JRS supports their efforts to make the children dance and love their culture. □

"Malahayati" Camp at Lhok Me

By Paulus Enggal

A water tanker carrying clean water for IDPs in Lhok Me Camp blocked our way. A man with short hair and eyes staring as if these would devour our car, approached JRS health service team, "Doctor,

you're carrying medicines, aren't you?"

"I am not, sir, I just want to visit this camp," Dr. Lubis answered.

"You should take medicines here, Doctor," the man, who may be a military doctor, said.

"Don't worry. I will

bring it for our regular Thursday service," the JRS doctor promised calmly.

The car slowly broke past to the camp area on the concrete block road. Temporary shelters and ruins made of wood was all to be seen this afternoon. A few women with jerry cans

walked and some of them ran towards the water truck. Some men sat in front of their shelters with cigarettes between their fingers watching their children who were playing cheerfully in the yard.

Our car stopped right in front of a sign board saying

(continued to page 3....)

....."Malahayati" Camp at Lhok Me

"Makam Laksamana Malahayati" (Tomb of Admiral Malahayati)". "Oh, I just knew that this is the tomb of the famous Admiral Malahayati. No wonder they call the port below Malahayati, and the camp as well is called after her."

Mahrizal and I went up the stairs which lead to the elegant tomb on the hill, followed by Dr. Lubis' worried eyes. Up there TNI (Indonesian soldiers) recurrently have gun battles with GAM, often involving interrogations and torture of IDPs living nearby.

Shielded under the young teak trees lining up along the grey stairs, we climbed up. On the hill we saw a white tomb with

distinctive Aceh ornament, but it looked neglected, with scattered leaves on it. Bilingual script written on a marble plaque which said "Here laid The Admiral Malahayati, an Honourable Acehnese Admiral who was also the Chief of Intelligent Body. She empowered widows of fishermen to fight against Portuguese and Dutch. She established a fortress called Inong Balee."

Glancing up quickly to look at the scenery, we climbed down the stairs. We did not want the police with SS1s to mistake us for rebels. When we reached the place where we parked our car we saw Dr. Lubis busy talking with Mr. Mah-

mudi (60 years old) who suffered from hypertension and diabetes. He told us that his son was shot dead by Brimob the month before.

"It happened after dark, at about eight. My son went up the hill with his mobile phone. Shortly after, there was a gunshot. I did not expect that they had got my son," he said harshly. He was shot because he was mistakenly identified as a messenger for the rebels. After that unpleasant incident, Mr. Mahmudi's family was alienated by his community. He was not given a blue water tank and daily water supply like other families in that community.

"I was mad because they did not give us the needed water supply," said

Mr. Mahmudi's daughter

The conversation went on...

"You are an angel to me, Doctor. I take your medicine and I feel better immediately. This is because of you, Doctor," Mr. Mahmudi said to Dr. Lubis.

"No, it was because of Allah and your prayer," Dr. Lubis answered with a smile, pointing his finger to the sky.

"With other doctors we had to pay, yet we did not get cured. With you it's different."

"It's because of Allah, Sir, because of Allah."

While talking with us, Mr. Mahmudi sometimes looked down watchfully to the soldiers, afraid of them climbing up hill.

We waved goodbye and proceed to Lhok Me when we were stopped by IDPs on our way. The Doctor said hello and had a short conversation with them.

"Is there somebody sick here?" asked the doctor.

"*Alhamdulillah* (Thanks to God), all are well, Sir," they answered in a choir.

"If one of us is sick, by looking at you doctor we'll be OK," said one mother who carried her baby.

A sincere gift from a sincere heart, a simple wish for sharing, and from a sincere smile grows a sweet outcome. Sincere services from JRS expect nothing from IDPs except a wish for a better life for our friends who live in the temporary tents. Not just medicine that cures them, but the love of God through Dr. Lubis's hands, Dr. Elizabeth, Dr. Ronald, Mahrizal and Via, and all JRS medic team. □



“You are an angel to me, Doctor. I take your medicine and I feel better immediately. This is because of you, Doctor,” Mr. Mahmudi said to Dr. Lubis.

On Board between Luen Bale and Lampulo

By Paulus Enggal

Luen Bale, Rinon, Breuh Island, 7 July 2005. The dusk set in, closing the long sunny day. A dull sky covered Breuh Island.

Desperately, a small ship waited for the tide ... waited for a good moment to return to Banda Aceh. The ship had just unloaded housing materials of the ATMI (Academy of Technical and Mechanical Indus-

try). The scattered, shapeless materials were to erect small houses that would shelter 287 IDP families to gather around.

It was 6.05 p.m. High tide...The passengers' happy faces looked up, including those of JRS staff, Hans and Elis. In a slow motion, the boat Lagena went along the sea until she stopped suddenly.

"What's up?" Elis wondered. She was told that the

anchor rope got stuck in ship's screw. "It would take 15 minutes to let it out," a crewmember said.

Finally, Lagena went on sailing, yet, with no speed, almost motionless. The sea remained to be calm and silent. One hour has already passed. Entering the Lampuyang stream, the ship stopped for the second time. Fortunately, it did not take a long time, just a few seconds, and then, moved

forward. Lagena returned to its path. Slowly, her front tried to smash into the waves. Darkness then covered the sea.

"Do not insist on returning to Banda tonight if you do not have any lamps," Elis said to the ship's crew.

Surprisingly, the calm dark night was struck by large waves. The ship was shaking terribly. Streams of

(continued to page 5...)



Pulo Aceh people making floating pier in Luen Bale..

..... On Board between Luen Bale and Lampulo

the Indian Ocean and Malacca Strait played on Lagena, wobbling it ceaselessly.

When the ship quaked heavily, a lady sitting next to Elis in the crew cabin spontaneously called on "Allah". She said all her prayers while holding Elis' hands, "Ya Allah, Ya Rabbi."

"Don't you feel scared?" she asked Elis.

Elis said, "No, I don't. I am getting used to it." Actually, she was deadly frightened. She just tried to calm the lady down.

Immediately, Elis thought about Hans. Since the ship left from Luen Bale, Hans has stood on the bows.

"Bang (Brother), do you know where my friend is?" She asked desperately to a crewmember.

"Bang, where is my friend?" She repeated her question.

"Bang, where is my friend?" She asked for the third time.

Finally, the crewmember answered that Hans was still on the bows.

Hans just laid down there. There's a hole in which he put his legs and used his bag for a pillow. "Nothing I can do," Hans said. "I neither can make a call by my mobile phone nor by Handy-Talkie. If the ship got sinks, I just submit my life to God's hands."

"Can you swim, Miss Elis?" A crewmember asked the Florinese-Javanese girl who was in trembling and in panic. During the west windstorm, Lagena has stopped four times because

of the engine. When the ship did not move, the shaking was getting harder and harder. The people were not only shaken from side to side, but also up and down. The ship seemed as if it was turning over.

Elis tried to contact the staff in the Banda office with her hand phone, but failed. Hans told her that when he was on board of a ferry from Ende to Kupang, it too was almost sinking. The ship provided limited number of life jackets and life boats. Therefore, who moved fast would get them. However, it was different when he departed from Pulo Aceh. There were no life jackets at all.

Almost for three hours Lagena was shaken by the big waves between Breuh Island and Sumatra landfall. All the passengers remained to be speechless. They were trying to pray in their own minds, or thinking about people they loved. Like a the lady who sat next to Elis. She kept thinking of her child.

Silence was the unarguable absolute at that moment. No single person asked a question about why you keep silent. Silence was becoming a massive truth. Something that people must have at that moment.

"I remembered people in Meulingge, Alue Raya, Rinon. I wanted to stay alive to accomplish my responsibilities," said Elis.

At last lights in Banda city sparkled in a yellow hue, covering the sky, showing a new bright hope. "Hi, we have a sign of hope in

front of us!" A crewmember said. Sometimes the lights were vanished. It showed that our hope still needed a struggle.

"Thanks Lord, the lights make me a little bit calmer. In about 45 minutes we may reach Lampulo (note: *the small seaport in Banda Aceh*)," said Elis.

The ship moved forward, approached the end of the Sumatra landfall. The lights were getting brighter. A brighter hope led home to the place where their beloved people awaited for them.

Unfortunately, the crew of the ship did not know the way in to Kuala. The tower of the Baiturahman mosque looked obvious, but it was hard to find the way in after the tsunami. Many light houses were destroyed.

The crews were not so sure about the direction. They had to steer the ship above the wrecks left by the tsunami. They tried to look for the way in until 11 p.m.

"I have tried to asked the JRS office to send another boat to pull the ship, but they did not response," said Elis to the crews.

Lagena turned towards to Krueng Raya in on the east beach, at the end of Malacca Strait, moving away from the lights.

"I will contact the base camp if we have failed to enter Lampulo," Hans said.

Finally, JRS Banda Aceh sent Budi and Azman by car 'Strada' to guide the ship. The Strada was in the south side of Lampulo. Elis said that at first, the lights were not clear, since the lamps were of the same

brightness as other lights.

A car 'Taft' came to the north side of Lampulo. There were Faisal and Enggal.

After the Taft took a position across from the 'Strada' and shown a torch light, the ship was really sure to be able to get in.

Lagena moved slowly, going in to Lampulo Port. The Strada and the Taft guided Lagena from both its right and left sides toward the best direction. In Lampulo, the ship docked a concrete grey wall. A loud sound of a deep squeak came from it. Meanwhile, the night was still dark. There was no single star, no smiling moon nor voice of night bird there welcoming us. Those were just the ripples that became eye-witnesses to the bitterness of the trip between Luen Bale and Lampulo.

It was a moment where nature and human learned to respect and understand each other.

"Ya Allah, Alhamdulillah, Allahu Akbar" (Thanks to God, God Almighty). I don't think I would ever see the land anymore. I thought I'll never see my child again," said the lady to Elis.

That night was the long one for nine people on Lagena. □

IDP Women in Gunung Beureugang

By Mr. Daryadi

“Over the last few days the water pump in our camp has been broken. We have to take water directly from the water supply and if we aren’t satisfied, we go to the river,” reported Yanti (27) an IDP woman from Padang Sirahet, Meulaboh to JRS staff who visited Gunung Beureugang barrack in Kaway XVI Sub-district.

There is a drilled well to provide water for people in the barracks, yet due to over using it has ceased to function, leaving Yanti and other IDP women to work harder taking and carrying water from the water tank to their barracks. The water which is supplied by DPU (Public Works Division) is also taken from river.

“Sometimes water from the tank tastes salty. I don’t know from which river that tank truck has taken the water. All mothers and their children here prefer going to the river rather than waiting for the water tank,” said Mrs. Sabaruddin (58), whose husband is a fisherman.

Children and women living in barracks are vulnerable groups when water is in short supply. They are threatened by various diseases that easily emerge and spread in a situation where water is rare. Besides vulnerable to diseases, women also have to struggle more for their daily living, because they have to carry water for cooking, washing, etc. from the tank or the stream. They have to walk about 500 meters to get to the river. Luckily, the



IDP women in Gunung Beureugang

stream is quite clean. For bathing, women usually carry a sarong to cover their private body parts because there is no bathroom built near the riverbank.

Shortage of water becomes a daily problem for IDPs in Gunung Beureugang barracks, Kaway XVI Sub-district who feel like step children neglected by the government. The barrack which accommodated 160 families on the side of the hill is far out of town about 16 km north of Meulaboh, West Aceh. The barrack roofs are made from palm leaves, with wooden board walls. One block is comprised of 44 back-to-back tenements measuring 3 meters in width, 6 meters in length and 2.5 meters in height for each tenement. The divider wooden walls were built so hastily and sloppily that any one could peep at others’ tenements through them.

“Recently, we tried to seal all the walls, so that we

would be unable to see our neighbors’ business,” Yanti said.

For sanitation, the IDPs themselves built bathrooms from tarpaulin tents with a wooden floor. Another problem faced by IDPs in Gunung Beureugang is the decaying roof.

“The previous day when it was rain, I felt my face was wet with water. When I gazed up I noticed water flowing from our leaking roof,” Mrs. Samsul said as she told her story.

The splashing rain also wetted the inside walls.

“Sooner or later the roof will be completely ruined because the palm leaves are decaying,” Yanti added.

They have stayed in the tenements for almost four months. Before that they lived inside hot and stuffy tents in Lapang Village, Jl Sisingamangaraja, Meulaboh for two months. During their days in the barracks, they have only received minimum health

services. There is no clinic nearby. They have to go 5 km to Peureumeu, the main town of Kaway XVI sub-district to obtain health service.

The IDP women there are also getting fidgety because they are unemployed. Days are boring for them who used to work as craftsmen making artificial bait from feathers.

“We can make artificial bait to supply the fishery shops, but we don’t have money to start up the business,” some wives of fishermen complained to JRS staff.

They said that they needed at least 500 thousands rupiah (about USD 50) to start the bait business involving at least four workers. 100 bait are valued at 2,500 rupiah. Each craftswoman used to produce 4,000 artificial bait per day. A certain NGO gave them six sewing machines but they are left unused because no one really knows how to sew. □

Aceh Update July 2005

Banda Aceh

IGA (Income Generating Activities)

JRS provided 19 women with capital loans to set up an IGA group, *Semangat Baru*, lead by Mrs. Roosmiyati. The group prepared itself to run some small enterprises, such as sewing, farming, and trading.

Education:

JRS facilitated seven children (two from Meulingge, four from Rinon, and one from Lhok Me) to attend the enrollment test at Abu Lam U Islamic Boarding School in Lambaro. In Pustu, JRS provided health service with a mobile clinic. JRS will provide assistance which other NGOs, such as CARE, Puslit, PKPU, do not give, i.e. supplementary food for children, pregnant and lactating mothers.

Pulo Aceh

Restoring Life:

JRS found some challenges dealing with the different needs amongst the local people for assistances, especially food supplies, cash for work, and house rebuilding. The two villages of Rinon and Alue Raya demanded more facilities than they had formerly agreed to they wanted to choose the kinds and the types of houses from their own alternative designs rather than the knock-down houses offered by JRS. JRS could not satisfy their demands, since it needed higher budget than JRS could

provide. However, the village of Meulingge with its 33 families asked JRS to continue building their houses. On July 26, 2005, JRS sent a team with a 'Back Hoe' to carry on the building process.

Krueng Raya

Health Care:

JRS set up a health service and health training for students in Krueng Raya.

Livelihood:

JRS helped the IDPs in building 18 huts for traditional boiling during phase I and on July 25, 19 huts were built as part of phase II. JRS also provided 22 boats for the fishermen at Meunasah Keude.

Education:

JRS facilitated an Education Programme using the Game Method for elementary school students at Meunasah Keude, accompanied the children of Krueng Raya to attend the children's festival at Ulee Lheu, and distributed school uniforms for junior and senior high school students. JRS will provide shelves for a library of Al Mafuddah Islamic Boarding School in Lamreh, Krueng Raya.

Lamno

Restoring Life:

JRS facilitated 20 students of BUDI Islamic Boarding School in the rebuilding

process of their boarding school, which is in the stage of land leveling. JRS needs the use of land leveling equipment, such as hoes and pushing carts. The process often faces problems due to of bad weather. In Meunasah Rayeuk, JRS provided 9,000 sheets of corrugated metal for roofing 200 houses, nine *meunasah* (small mosques), four Quran reciting houses, and one Islamic boarding school.

IGA (Income Generating Activities):

JRS conducted an assessment for two potential IGAs, i.e. handicraft and wooden toys, based on the tradition that Lamno is the best wood producer in Aceh.

Education:

JRS provided transportation to take 300 IDP children in Muruy Camp to schools. JRS will provide chairs and tables for junior and senior high schools and a scholarship for one student.

Lamsenia

Restoring Life:

JRS provided 16 units of tents for IDPs who had to move to Blang Ateuk, since they could not stay at Lamsenia. JRS facilitated and provided financial aid for the IDPs to obtain the land for their houses. Meanwhile, the IDPs in Meunasah Bahu asked for JRS' help to obtain land for them. □

JRS Moluccas

A Bridge and a Woman

By Bambang A. Sipayung

There was a bridge made of a coconut tree going from Sumelang Village to Karlomen Village in Kesui island, Eastern Seram regency, Moluccas. The small stream flows from the water source in the uphill Karlomen down to the sea, separating the land of the two villages. The water under the tiny bridge is a mixed of salty and plain water. The Karlomen villagers are Christian and the Sumelang people are Moslem.

However, they were able to live harmoniously. Most people from the two villages have some blood and marital relationships.

A violent conflict happened on the island in 2000. It forced the Christian people of Karlomen to flee to Langgur, South East of Moluccas. At the moment the Karlomen people were evacuated, two sisters, Madi, a Moslem woman living in Sumelang, and Oni, a Christian woman living in Karlomen, had to separate. Oni had to leave her sister Madi.

"I saw Madi crying at the seashore. She sat there seeing all of us evacuated to the other place with on a naval ship. Madi often came here and visited us in our exile," Oni said.

Houses has been burnt down and nobody has dared to go to Karlomen since that time. The bridge was abandoned and broken. It marked the broken relationship of the two villages. However, Madi had courage to go to Karlomen and took care of the cloves and nutmeg plants of the Karlomen IDPs. Furthermore, she even went to the Karlomen displacement area in Langgur and brought many people in Sumelang some information about their own re-

(continued to page 7...)

..... JRS Moluccas - A Bridge and a Woman

latives in exile. The communication was continued by her courage and presence, both in Sumelang and in Langgur.

She bridged the Sumelang people and the Karlomen people in exile with warm greetings, information and, of course, her lovely smile.

“I was sad when they left and took a naval ship. I already have gone to their camps in Langgur twice. I lived there for a month or two. When I returned here to Sumelang after my first visit, the chief of the village was angry with me because I visited them. But I didn't care. I went there for

the second time. I have my family living in exile in Langgur,” Madi said.

After acceptance of a peace agreement facilitated by government and JRS, the IDPs returned to their home village in Kesui. They returned on May 29, 2005. When Madi knew about this, she stayed with IDPs and waited for the time of their returning. She might return with IDPs and found that the coconut tree bridge has already been put back to bridge the small stream between Sumelang and Karlomen. Even now when both communities still have little some fear to go into each other's village, Madi just continues her old role, bridging the twos and encouraging a peaceful life. □



Mama Oni dancing in front of children

Moluccas Updates July 2005

The Regional Election and Regional Election Commission again had trouble approaching the second round of the election for Western Seram Municipality and Aru Island Municipality. Even the Regional Election Commission of Eastern Seram, who just finalized their results and the winner of the election, had to face a protest and march by the losing candidates' supporters. This situation is vulnerable and can lead to communal conflict among the supporters. It is now so respectable that many people do not pay serious attention to such conflicts rather than they give more attention to the their own areas development and the finalization of

IDPs' problems. In Ambon City , the attention is more on the preparation for the 60th anniversary of Maluku province which will be held on August 19, 2005.

The IDPs of Piru and Material Costs

The bloc map of the village for IDPs created another problem. The distribution of building materials for 450 IDP families in Piru started reaped additional complaints. The reason given by the IDPs is their portion, handled by two private companies namely CV Mitra Menunggal Pratama dan CV Era Baru Jaya, has been cut. They are supposed to receive 6,250,000 rupiah (about USD 625) in cash. However, the actual amount

received is only 6,000,000 rupiah (USD 600) or some even received less, i.e. 5,000,000 rupiah (USD 500) (*Ambon Ekspres*, August 6, 2005).

The Vice Governor of Maluku, Memed Latuconsina, said that their handling of IDPs in Moluccas will last up until the end of 2005. Previously, the provincial government of Moluccas was very optimistic that the finalization and solution for all Moluccan IDPs will finish by September 15, 2005. No further explanation has been given concerning the delay (*Ambon Ekspres*, August 8, 2005). □

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Bank Code (if applicable)	#CENAIJJA#

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