

Buku Dwibahasa - Bilingual Book

Buku ini ditulis untuk mengingat kembali catatan perjalanan dan pengalaman penulis di waktu muda. Tulisan ini adalah cerita berdasar ingatan, berdasar memori. Tetapi memori manusia bukan memori komputer, memori manusia banyak kekurangannya. Ada yang mengatakan '*memory is flawed*'. Ingatan tidak dapat dipercaya seratus persen, karena manusia hanya mengingat apa yang cocok bagi dirinya, hanya mengingat apa yang baik untuk dirinya. Maka walaupun apa yang ditulis memang berdasar kenyataan, yaitu apa yang ditulis pernah terjadi tetapi cara mengungkapkan dapat disamakan seperti seorang penulis yang menulis buku cerita, dengan harapan bahwa cerita akan berjalan mulus dan enak dibaca. Mudah-mudahan.

Terima kasih kawan karena sudah memegang buku ini walaupun untuk sejenak, dan kalau kawan menyimak tulisanku ini, semoga kawan menjadi lebih dekat dengan diriku, dan dapat tertawa bersamaku. Selamat membaca!

Harry Yohannes | Happenings in the Life

Happenings in the Life Harry Yohannes

Reminiscences and Reflections

Diterbitkan pada hari ulang tahun ke-80

Happenings in the Life

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Bunga rampai, Serba Serbi, Potpourri, Medley

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Preface

This is for my family, Mama Iin , Rea, Ruben and Abi. Love and thanks for giving me happiness. This book is also for my grandchildren Fiza, Anna, Vivi and James and to Bambang, Emil and Ino, my wonderful in laws who have given Oma and Opa beautiful and handsome grandchildren. Thank you for taking good care of them.

Buku ini adalah catatan-catatan tentang pengalaman didalam hidup dan telah ditulis berdasarkan ingatan, sesuai memori. Penulis ingin mengucapkan terima kasih kepada keluarga dan kawan-kawan yang telah memberi dorongan dan bantuan agar tulisan ini dapat terwujud.

Cerita dalam buku ini ada yang panjangnya beberapa halaman, misalnya 5 halaman atau lebih dan dikategorikan sebagai *micro-stories* dan ada yang hanya beberapa kalimat atau hanya setengah halaman, cerita yang seperti ini dikelompokkan dalam *nano-stories*.

Buku ini tentang berbagai pengalaman dalam hidup penulis tetapi bukan autobiografi. Jadi *genre* adalah “Bukan Autobiografi.”

Isinya: Bunga rampai, serba serbi, *potpourri*, *medley*.

Yogyakarta, 2 April 2020.

Menyentuh dada Bung Karno

Pada tahun 1950 saya berada di kelas empat di Sekolah Rendah (SR), Mataram, Lombok, Nusa Tenggara Barat. Pada waktu itu Mataram masih termasuk Provinsi Sunda Kecil yang ibu kotanya di Singaraja, Bali. Ayah saya guru SMP dan kemudian menjadi Kepala SMP, Mataram, Lombok dan ibu saya guru SMEP (Sekolah Menengah Ekonomi Pertama). Rumah kami tidak jauh dari sekolah. Untuk ke SR saya berjalan lewat alun-alun Mataram, kemudian menyebrang jalan disisi Utara alun alun. Jalan itu tidak terlalu besar walaupun merupakan penghubung tiga kota yaitu Tjakranegara (tempat kegiatan ekonomi), Mataram (tempat kantor Pemerintah) dan Ampenan (pelabuhan). Sekolah saya tepat dipinggir jalan raya itu.

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Alun-alun itu adalah tempat kita berolah raga dan berlatih baris-berbaris. Kegiatan Pasar Malam (yang ternyata siang pun buka) dilaksanakan di alun-alun itu. Kita jajan dan bermain di alun-alun itu. Boleh dikatakan alun-alun itu adalah milik anak-anak SR, atau begitu kesan kita yang masih anak-anak. Suatu hari ketika sedang bermain disitu, datanglah petugas pemerintah daerah yang membagikan kepada kita, selebaran berupa satu lembar kertas putih berisi pasfoto hitam putih dari anggota-anggota kabinet baru Indonesia tahun 1950. Begitulah caranya pemerintah memperkenalkan anggota kabinet kepada masyarakat luas. Selebaran itu saya bawa pulang dan berikan kepada ayah saya. Setelah melihat sebentar foto-foto menteri RI itu, ayah memanggil saya dan menunjuk ke salah satu foto. Dibawah foto itu tertulis Menteri Pekerjaan Umum dan Tenaga, Prof. Herman Johannes. Itulah kali pertama saya sadar bahwa saya punya paman dan itulah pertama kali saya melihat fotonya. Tapi didalam hati ada rasa senang dan bangga. Saat itu saya belum tahu bahwa nantinya saya akan tinggal di rumah paman saya ini di jalan Sekip 3, Yogyakarta. Saat itu juga saya belum tahu bahwa suatu saat nanti di alun-alun Mataram ini saya akan meletakkan tangan saya didada orang paling penting di Indonesia yaitu Bung Karno. Ceritanya seperti berikut. Suatu hari kami anak-anak SR melihat pekerja-pekerja mulai membangun panggung di sisi timur alun-alun.

Bahan yang dipakai sederhana saja yaitu bambu dan papan kayu. Panggung itu menghadap ketengah lapangan tempat kami sering berolahraga. Dibelakang panggung ada tangga terbuat dari papan kayu. Siapapun yang akan berpidato diatas panggung itu harus naik dan turun lewat tangga sederhana itu yang konstruksinya menyatu dengan panggung tersebut. Bukan tangga yang dapat dipindah-pindah. Menurut bapak yang mengepalai pengerjaan panggung itu Bung Karno akan mengunjungi Mataram dan akan berpidato dari atas panggung ini. Jadi informasi dimana Presiden Indonesia akan berada sudah kita ketahui, bukan dari radio, koran maupun televisi. Waktu itu tidak ada koran apalagi televisi. Hari itu ketika saya pulang sampai dirumah, berita bahwa Bung Karno akan berada di Mataram Lombok, diperkuat oleh Ibu saya. Bung karno akan tinggal di rumah besar didekat rumah kita, disebelah timur melewati selokan. Dulu rumah ini rumah residen Belanda, rumahnya besar, halaman depannya luas sekali dan dirawat dengan baik, oleh pemerintah daerah yang sekarang mengelola 'istana' itu. Saya sendiri sudah sering bermain di halaman rumah besar itu. Akhirnya tibalah hari dimana Bung Karno akan berpidato diatas panggung yang sudah disiapkan itu. Hari itu banyak sekali orang yang datang ingin melihat Bung Karno. Mereka datang dari sekitar Mataram tetapi ada juga yang datang dari Lombok Tengah (Praya) dan Lombok Timur (Selong).

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Mereka adalah orang Lombok, suku Sasak dan diantara mereka ada yang mengenakan pakaian khas suku Sasak. Jadi ketika Bung Karno sedang pidato diatas panggung saya dan bapak-bapak memakai pakaian adat suku Sasak itu berdiri dibawah panggung dekat tangga menunggu hingga pidato selesai dan Bung Karno turun. Ada yang aneh dari cerita ini? Ya betul, dibawah tangga panggung tersebut tidak ada wartawan yang berjubel membawa kamera yang canggih. Tidak ada wartawan koran, tidak ada wartawan televisi. TVRI baru akan diresmikan pada tanggal 24 Agustus, 1962, dan hanya di Jakarta studionya.

Kemudian selesailah pidato Bung Karno. Kita di bawah tangga tidak beranjak walau juga tidak tahu apa yang akan terjadi. Lalu terlihat Bung Karno jalan menuruni tangga dengan tidak tergesa gesa. Perlahan Bung Karno berjalan turun. Karena tangga agak curam dan sempit tidak ada pembesar daerah disamping beliau. Tidak ada siapapun yang menuruni tangga kecuali Bung Karno. Saat itu, di tahun 1950 tidak ada Paspampres. Tidak ada yang menjaga Bung Karno. Semua yakin bahwa rakyat menjunjung dan menghormati beliau. Jadi beliau turun sendiri. Kita yang dibawah tangga juga tidak bergeser malah senang dapat berada dekat dan melihat Bung Karno dari jarak dekat. Disebelah saya ada seorang bapak memakai pakaian daerah. Ketika sudah dekat sekali dengan kita, Bung Karno berhenti, beliau gagah memakai

seragam jas dan celana warna coklat, pada jas dibagian dada kiri ada sederetan tanda jasa warna –warni, yang kita biasa melihat di foto-foto Bung Karno. Beliau memegang tongkat komando. Pada saat inilah, bapak disebelah saya yang memakai pakaian daerah itu dengan hormat mengajukan tangannya perlahan, bukan untuk bersalaman tetapi untuk menyentuh dada Bung Karno. Bung Karno tidak kaget, tidak menapak mundur beliau tetap berdiri dan tersenyum. Saat itulah saya juga ikutan, saya anak kecil umur sepuluh tahun mengulurkan tangan dan ikut menyentuh dada Bung Karno. Hanya sebentar, karena rombongan pengantar dari atas panggung sudah menyusul dan Bung Karno mulai menapak lagi dan kita semua yang dibawah tangga mundur kesamping memberi jalan kepada beliau. Maka berlalu sudah momen yang tak terlupakan itu. Sekarang saat mengenang peristiwa itu saya menyesal tak ada kamera yang mengabadikannya. Tetapi cerita ini belum selesai. Setibanya saya dirumah ibu mengajak saya untuk ikut ibu-ibu panitia yang akan mempersiapkan teh sore untuk Presiden di rumah besar disebelah itu. “Ikutlah biar bisa melihat Presiden kita dari dekat” kata ibu. Belum tahu beliau bahwa saya sudah lebih dahulu melihat Presiden kita dari dekat. Saya jadi belum sempat cerita, ibu saya sudah berangkat jalan kaki ke rumah besar seperti istana itu. Saya menyusul dan duduk di rumput di halaman yang luas didepan rumah besar itu. Rumah jaman dulu

kamar mandi terpisah dari gedung utama. Malah letaknya jauh sekali dibelakang melewati dapur dan ruang lainnya. Ada jalan ke kamar mandi yang diberi atap sehingga saat hujan pun penghuninya dapat ke kamar mandi tanpa kena hujan. Dari tempat saya dirumput, saya bisa melihat sebagian dari jalan ke kamar mandi itu. Saya duduk saja tanpa mengetahui apa yang akan terjadi. Apakah Bung Karno akan keluar menemui tamu dari pintu utama gedung atau bagaimana entahlah. Setelah menunggu beberapa lama terlihat Bung Karno jalan menuju kamar mandi. Ternyata beliau akan mandi sore dan beliau berjalan memakai *kamer jas (bathrobe)* yang tebal dan panjang, beliau berjalan sambil membawa handuk. Ia betul. Ini tahun 1950 dan dalam ingatan saya sebagai anak kecil demikian itulah yang terjadi. Beliau tetap ganteng walau aku agak pangling karena beliau tidak memakai peci. Tidak seperti saat kita ‘bertemu’ tadi siang dibawah tangga. Memang aku harus bersyukur diberi kesempatan yang langka ini. Aku tidak menunggu beliau kembali dari kamar mandi. Aku merasa lapar karena lupa makan siang, jadi aku pulang. Lihatlah betapa aman keadaan waktu itu. Tidak ada yang menghalangi diriku saat aku datang ke halaman itu dan tidak ada yang melihat atau peduli juga saat aku memutuskan untuk pulang. Kalau sekarang seluruh halaman dan gedung itu pasti sudah di jaga ketat. Disterilkan, tak boleh ada yang mendekat.

Dimasa depan saya masih akan melihat Bung Karno beberapa kali lagi, yaitu di Yogya saat saya menjadi mahasiswa UGM. Bung Karno sering ke Yogya mengantar tamu agung, tamu negara ke Universitas Gadjah Mada. Tamu agung diterima di Sitinggil yang masih boleh dipakai oleh UGM, atas perkenan Sri Sultan Hamengku Buwana IX. Sitinggil adalah ruangan diatas Pagelaran Keraton Yogyakarta. Disitu mahasiswa boleh ikut hadir, jadi kita melihat a.l. Perdana Menteri Rusia, Nikita Khrushchev, Raja Kamboja Norodom Sihanouk dan isteri, Jaksa Agung Amerika Serikat, Robert Kennedy dan istri dan banyak tamu yang lain. Kalau ke Yogya Bung Karno tinggal di Gedung Agung yang bentuknya sama tetapi lebih besar daripada gedung di Mataram. Arsiteknya mungkin sama. Bung Karno dekat dengan mahasiswa jadi sering pengurus mahasiswa diundang makan malam. Saya bukan pengurus jadi tidak ikut. Hanya melihat Bung Karno dari jauh. Misalnya saat pidato Trikora, 19 Desember, 1961, di alun-alun utara, Yogyakarta. Kita yang tinggal di rumah Prof. Johannes semua jalan-kaki bersama, dari Sekip 3 lewat Tugu Kidul, Malioboro ke alun-alun utara. Disana berjubel rakyat mendengar pidato Bung Karno. Setelah itu ada pembagian nasi bungkus di berbagai sudut alun alun utara, tetapi saya tidak kebagian. Rombongan kita sudah terpisah jadi hanya saya dengan seorang saudara berjalan pulang ke Sekip. Tidak lupa di Jln.Tugu Kidul

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kita singgah makan burjo diwarung yang berseberangan dengan bioskop Ratih. Pernah namanya bioskop Rex yang kemudian berubah nama menjadi Ratih. Perjalanan saya saat itu, pulang dari alun-alun utara ke Sekip, mirip dengan Nitilaku UGM tiap Dies Natalis UGM sekarang. Nitilaku UGM ini sudah saya ikuti dua kali. Nitilaku UGM telah dilaksanakan sebanyak empat kali.

Rektor UGM

Suatu hari saya mendapat WA berupa foto deretan gambar Rektor UGM yang terdapat di tembok sisi selatan Balai Senat UGM yang sudah dilengkapi dengan gambar pak Pratikno (Prof. Dr. Pratikno, M.Soc.Sc) (Rektor UGM ke-14) dan bu Dwikorita (Prof. Ir. Dwikorita Karnawati M.Sc., Ph.D.) (Rektor UGM ke-15). Sipengirim adalah Helmi Johannes yang bekerja di Voice of America, Washington DC. Saya sendiri belum mengetahui bahwa gambar tersebut sudah terpasang, karena sudah lama tak diundang ke acara di Balai Senat tsb. Tetapi gambar gambar itu memicu saya untuk menulis tentang pertemuan saya dengan beliau beliau Rektor UGM.

Kenangan saya tentang pak Sardjito (Prof. Dr. M. Sardjito, M.D., M.P.H.) adalah bahwa beliau selalu memakai stelan jas putih dan pantalon putih dan dengan rambutnya yang seluruhnya sudah putih beliau adalah tokoh yang anggun berwibawa. Kalau saya mengingat pak Sardjito saya selalu membayangkan beliau sedang berjalan, dan jalannya selalu dengan langkah yang cepat. Beliau adalah Rektor pertama tetapi pada waktu menjabat dari tahun 1949 s.d. 1961 istilah yang dipakai adalah Presiden Universitas jadi beliau adalah Presiden Universitas Gadjah Mada. Istilah Rektor baru dipakai setelah tahun 1961.

Saya ingat ketika beliau memberi wejangan kepada kami kelompok kecil mahasiswa baru (1958) yang ditugaskan untuk meminta tandatangan beliau di rumah dinas di Sekip 1, yang sekarang dipakai oleh Bank Mandiri UGM.

Kita mahasiswa baru duduk dilantai diselasar sebelah selatan rumah. Sisi yang dekat dengan Fakultas Pertanian dulu. Sekarang Sekolah Vokasi.

Pak Sardjito dengan suara yang sabar dan ke-bapak-bapakan, memberikan nasehat yang sejuk. Setelah itu buku plonco kita dikumpulkan dan beliau memberi tanda tangan satu per satu. Ini terjadi pada tahun 1958. Pada waktu itu semua mahasiswa baru wajib ikut perploncoan. Nama plonco adalah nama yang jelas. Tidak menutup-nutupi fakta seperti yang mulai



Prof. Sardjito dan Prof. Johannes

terjadi tahun 1970-an dan seterusnya, selama beberapa tahun, saat mahasiswa baru mengalami perlakuan yang sama tetapi kata perploncoan tak boleh dipakai dan diganti dengan nama-nama eufimistis, nama yang muluk, indah tetapi perlakuan terhadap mahasiswa baru sama kerasnya.

Rektor UGM yang kedua adalah pak Johannes (Prof. Dr. Ir. Herman Johannes), beliau adalah Rektor UGM yang paling saya kenal karena saya nunut tinggal dirumah beliau di jalan Sekip 3, alamat ini kemudian diubah menjadi Sekip Blok L-4. Saya dititipkan ke pak Johannes oleh ayah saya yang adalah kepala SMP di Mataram, Lombok. Saya lulus SMP pada tahun 1955. Pada waktu itu diseluruh pulau Lombok belum ada SMA jadi semua lulusan yang

ingin meneruskan sekolah mencari SMA di Bali, atau di Jawa. Ada yang ke Denpasar ada yang ke Singaraja ada yang ke Malang dan Surabaya. Ayah saya kemudian menulis surat ke saudaranya yaitu pak Johannes yang di Yogya memohon apakah saya boleh ikut beliau dan sekolah di Yogya. Beliau menyetujui, maka berangkatlah saya ke Yogya naik kapal KPM dari Ampenan ke Surabaya diteruskan kereta api Surabaya –Yogya dan tidak lupa membawa sepeda saya yang dipakai sehari-hari di Mataram. Ketika turun dari kereta api di stasiun Tugu maka saya dijemput oleh keponakan pak Johannes yang lain yang sudah lebih dulu menemani pak Johannes di Sekip 3. Sepeda diturunkan, sepeda Gazelle, lalu saya langsung bersepeda lewat Jln. Tugu Kidul (dulu masih dua arah), Jln. Gondolaju, Jln. Terban (sekarang Jln. Simanjuntak) ke batas kota lalu sampai di Sekip 3. Pak Johannes suka menanam pohon buah di halaman rumahnya. Ada beberapa varian mangga dikebunnya seperti misalnya mangga Golek, mangga Manalagi dan dua varian mangga lagi yang juga favorit. Ada juga Jambu Klutuk Susu, yaitu jambu tanpa biji, yang ada bijinya juga ada, ada Jambulang, ada delima, ada belimbing dan ada juga pohon durian, tidak hanya satu tetapi dua pohon durian yang sempat berbuah dan buahnya dinikmati oleh kita semua. Bayangkan senangnya keponakan-keponakan pak Johannes yang nunut tinggal di Sekip 3 tinggal memetik buah-buahan langsung dari pohon. Diantara mereka yang tinggal di

Sekip itu ada yang kuliah di Fakultas Hukum. Fakultas Hukum masih tergabung dalam Fakultit HESP atau Fakultit Hukum, Ekonomi, Sosial dan Politik, dan kuliahnya di Pagelaran, Kraton Yogyakarta, jauh dari Sekip. Ada juga yang menjadi mahasiswa Fakultas Kedokteran yang kuliahnya di Ngasem yang letaknya lebih jauh lagi. Kendaraan yang dipakai hanya sepeda. Mobil jarang ada dan sepeda motor apalagi lebih jarang lagi. Hanya ada motor buatan Eropah seperti Ducati, Jawa, DKW, Zundapp. Mereknya banyak tetapi dijalanan tidak kelihatan, yang ada sepeda, becak dan andong. Motor Jepang belum hadir dijalanan Yogya waktu itu.

Malioboro masih dua arah, semua jalanan masih dua arah. *The good old days*.

Untuk melanjutkan sekolah, tersedia SMA- 1-A (Bahasa), SMA 3-B (Ilmu Pasti dan Alam) dan

SMA 6-C (ilmu sosial). Saya mendaftar di SMA 3-B. Waktu itu masih ada ujian Negara, jadi walaupun saya ujian SMP di Mataram, Lombok, tetapi nilai SMP saya laku di Yogya. Demikian pula karena jumlah saingan belum banyak dan istilah sekolah favorit belum ada maka saya dengan mudah berlabuh di SMA 3-B, Padmanaba. Ketika masih bujang pak Johannes pernah naik sepeda sampai ke Malioboro. Hal ini menarik perhatian wartawan sehingga dikoran ditulis artikel tentang profesor yang masih bisa dan mau naik sepeda. Pak Johannes menikah dengan puteri dari Rote yaitu

AMG Amalo (Tante Atie) pada tahun 1955 dan mempunyai empat orang anak. Yaitu Christine, Henriette, Daniel dan Wilhelm (Helmi). Pak Johannes menasehati putera-puterinya untuk mempelajari ilmu dasar sehingga ketika mereka menjadi mahasiswa, Christine masuk FIPA Jurusan Kimia Murni, Henriette masuk Fakultas Biologi dan Daniel mengambil Jurusan Fisika. Hanya Helmi yang masuk Fakultas Teknik, Jurusan Teknik Arsitektur.

Pak Johannes menjadi Rektor UGM dari tahun 1961 s.d. tahun 1966.

Yang menjabat Rektor UGM ke-empat adalah pak Soepojo Padmodipoetro (Drs. Soepojo Padmodipoetro, M.A.) Beliau istimewa karena sebagai pimpinan universitas kedudukannya adalah Ketua Presidium (Rektor) Universitas Gadjah Mada. Inilah pertama kali dan satu satu kalinya UGM dipimpin oleh Presidium. Buat saya pak Soepojo juga istimewa karena beliau adalah guru saya. Ya betul, guru saya di SMA 3-B, Padmanaba, Yogyakarta.

Mengajar mata pelajaran Ekonomi di kelas tiga pada tahun 1958. Orangnya simpatik dan mengajar dengan gaya yang menarik. Dari beliau kami pertama kali mengetahui adanya grafik permintaan dan penawaran. Rasanya asyik ada grafik begini, mata pelajaran Ekonomi jadi mudah dimengerti. Walaupun tentu ada cabang ilmu ekonomi yang rumit seperti Econometrics dll.

Pengalaman lain dengan pak Soepojo juga unik. Dalam rangka Dies Natalis UGM tahun 1967/1968 dilaksanakan *bridge drive* UGM atau turnamen bridge UGM. Pada periode itu turnamen diadakan tiap tahun dan dilaksanakan di Sekip Unit V saat itu Perpustakaan Pusat UGM. Turnamen diikuti puluhan pasangan bridge, ada yang dari Magelang dan Sala tetapi yang terbanyak dari Yogya. Saya memang suka main bridge dan sering berlatih dengan klub bridge di Yogya. Untuk turnamen kali ini saya berpartner dengan mas Semedi, yang mahasiswa Teknik Sipil UGM. Turnamen bridge memakan waktu lama. Biasanya dua hari dan berakhir malam sekitar jam 23.00.

Kelihatannya saya dan Semedi lagi mujur. Di final yang diikuti 12 pasangan, lawan demi lawan membuat kesalahan saat berhadapan dengan kami. Ketika pada sekitar jam 23.00 diadakan rekapitulasi nilai yang dikumpulkan setiap pasangan, ternyata hasilnya adalah pasangan Semedi- Harry yang mengumpulkan nilai tertinggi dan menjadi juara. Banyak pemain tenar yang sudah mengenal kita tidak bisa percaya bahwa kita juaranya. Saya dan Semedi juga heran sendiri. Tetapi senangnya hati ini tak terkira. Apalagi pemberian hadiah dilaksanakan oleh tidak lain daripada pak Soepojo, Rektor UGM, yang walaupun hari sudah malam masih menyempatkan diri untuk hadir. Bangga rasanya.

Karena Semedi pulang ke tempat kos naik motor maka piala bergilir yang cukup besar dititipkan pada diriku. Jadi pada hampir tengah malam itu, saya berjalan dari Sekip Unit V ke Sekip L-4 rumah pak Johannes, sambil memeluk piala dan ditemani tidak lain adalah beliau guru saya dan Rektor UGM pak Soepojo yang juga tinggal di Sekip tak jauh dari rumah pak Johannes. Entah apa yang kami bincangkan dimalam itu tetapi saya kira pak Soepojo juga senang bahwa piala tsb. dimenangkan warga UGM.

Pak Soepojo satu tahun menjadi Rektor karena pada tahun 1968 menjadi Sekretaris Jendral Departemen Pendidikan dan Kebudayaan. Kemudian menjadi Duta besar / Wakil tetap RI di Unesco berkedudukan di Paris (1972-1976).

Pak Sukadji Ranuwihardja, (Prof. Dr. Sukadji Ranuwihardjo, M.A.) menjadi Rektor UGM yang keenam dan menjabat dari tahun 1973 s.d. tahun 1981. Dalam masa jabatan beliau sistem kredit pertama kali diterapkan di UGM. Saya ingat pak Sukadji yang waktu itu Rektor UGM, pernah datang ke Fakultas Teknik untuk menyosialisasikan perubahan sistem akademik dari sistem lama atau sistem Eropah menjadi sistem kredit yang mirip sistem yang dipakai di Amerika. Sistem ini dipakai sampai sekarang. Putera pak Sukadji menjadi mahasiswa Jurusan Teknik Elektro. Kalau bertemu pak

Sukadji di ruang tunggu bandara maka kami saling mengangguk dan kadang berbincang sedikit tetapi beliau tokoh yang banyak kenalannya jadi lebih sering beliau di kelilingi oleh dosen dan tokoh yang lain dan mereka asyik berbincang sambil menunggu pesawat untuk pulang ke Yogya. Pak Sukadji menjadi Rektor dari tahun 1973 s.d. 1981. Kemudian pada tahun 1984 beliau diangkat menjadi Direktur Jendral Direktorat Pendidikan Tinggi dan menjabat sampai tahun 1990. Ketika Badan Akreditasi Nasional baru dibentuk pak Sukadji menjabat sebagai Kepala BAN. Kantor BAN saat itu masih di kompleks Direktorat Pendidikan Tinggi (Dikti) di Jln. Pintu Satu Senayan. BAN didirikan pada tahun 1994.

Pak Teuku Jacob, (Prof. Dr. Teuku Jacob) menjadi Rektor dari tahun 1981 s.d. 1986. Selain terkenal sebagai paleo- antropolog, antropolog ragawi, beliau juga luas pengetahuannya. Saya suka membaca tulisan-tulisan beliau di harian Kedaulatan Rakyat. Tulisannya memperluas pengetahuanku dan enak dibaca. Ternyata pak Jacob juga membantu Pusat Bahasa untuk menciptakan istilah bidang arkeologi. Jadi ketika wakil dari beberapa universitas, termasuk UI, UGM dan IPB diundang untuk lokakarya MABBIM di Kuala Lumpur (KL), Malaysia beliau diangkat menjadi Ketua Rombongan Indonesia. Saya juga katut menjadi anggota kelompok istilah fisika sedang pak Jacob kelompok istilah arkeologi. MABBIM adalah

singkatan dari Majelis Bahasa Brunei, Indonesia dan Malaysia suatu badan yang tugasnya merancang dan memantau perkembangan bahasa Melayu/Indonesia.

Pertemuan di KL ini adalah untuk menyelaraskan istilah Indonesia-Malaysia dalam berbagai bidang ilmu. Saya ingat ada juga pakar Biologi dari IPB dan pakar Hukum Laut serta pakar Ekonomi dari UI.

Saya sampai di KL lebih dahulu dari pak Jacob karena beliau masih ada kesibukan lain. Setelah sampai hotel di pusat kota KL yang tak seberapa jauh dari KLCC Park atau Taman Kuala Lumpur City Center, barulah saya mengetahui bahwa oleh panitia, peserta dari tiap universitas dipesankan kamar yang sama. Dua peserta di satu kamar. Nah lu, aku akan sekamar dengan tokoh senior seperti pak Jacob. Aku khawatir beliau akan terganggu kalau kita sekamar, apalagi pak Jacob adalah Ketua Rombongan Indonesia jadi seharusnya diberi kamar sendiri. Bagaimana jalan keluar? Saya menghubungi panitia dan meminta kamar sendiri. Untungnya dari sejumlah kamar yang sudah dipesan dan berada dalam penguasaan panitia, dan dengan harga istimewa, masih ada kamar yang kosong, tak terpakai. Lega rasanya mendapat kamar sendiri. Selama lokakarya berlangsung saya bangga melihat dan mendengar pak Jacob berpidato, memberi sambutan pembukaan sebagai Ketua Rombongan Indonesia.

Selama lokakarya saya sibuk dengan kelompok fisika bersama pakar dari Malaysia dan Brunai, jadi tidak mengetahui bagaimana perasaan pak Jacob ditinggal pergi oleh orang yang telah dirancang untuk sekamar dengan beliau.

Terkadang kalau kelompok fisika terlalu rajin dan bekerja terlalu lama dan terlambat makan malam maka sesampainya di ruang makan mendapatkan pak Jacob masih di ruang makan memberi wejangan kepada pen-syarah pen-syarah Malaysia yang datang ke meja pak Jacob penuh hormat dan perhatian mendengarkan setiap kata yang diucapkan oleh pak Jacob. Beliau betul-betul pakar berpengetahuan luas membagi ilmunya dimanca negara.

Bangga untuk Indonesia.

Bangga UGM.

Ketika pulang ke Indonesia panitia sekali lagi *check in* pesawat berdasar universitas peserta. Jadi saya duduk berdampingan dengan pak Jacob. Ternyata beliau juga senang bahwa kita mendapat kamar sendiri sendiri dan bahkan beliau mengatakan bahwa biaya kamar juga sama saja dengan peserta yang lain, tidak lebih mahal. Mungkin ini cara beliau untuk mengapresiasi inisiatif saya untuk pindah kamar.

Pak Amal (Prof. Dr. Ichlasul Amal, MA) menjadi Rektor UGM ke 11, menjabat dari tahun 1998 s.d.

tahun 2002. Dengan beliau saya tidak ingat bepergian bersama tetapi pak Amal memberikan saya dua SK. Yaitu surat keputusan yang menunjuk saya sebagai Wakil Ketua KSPO (2000) dan SK sebagai anggota Kantor Jaminan Mutu (2001-2006).

KSPO adalah Kantor Sekretariat Pelaksana Otonomi-UGM. Pada awal tahun 2000, UGM belum otonom dan masih berstatus Universitas Negeri. KSPO bekerja dibawah pengarahan dan bimbingan pak Anwar yaitu Prof Dr.H. Moch Anwar, M Med,Sc,Spog(K), Wakil Rektor Bidang Akademik. Walaupun KSPO adalah Kantor Pelaksanaan Otonomi tetapi KSPO tidak melaksanakan otonomi tetapi hanya membantu menyelenggarakan lokakarya untuk menyosialisasikan dan menyebarluaskan arti otonomi pada sivitas akademika. KSPO juga menyelenggarakan ceramah ceramah dari ahli tentang otonomi. Mengumpulkan tulisan- tulisan ahli-ahli UGM (dari Fakultas Hukum dan Fakultas lain) tentang Anggaran Rumah Tangga. Salah seorang penceramah adalah profesor dari universitas di Australia, dari beliau pertama kali kita mendengar bahwa Senat Akademik Universitas di Universitasnya beranggotakan selain Guru Besar, Pengurus Universitas dan dosen Senior juga wakil dari dosen muda, wakil pegawai, wakil mahasiswa bahkan *janitor* yaitu perawat/pembersih gedung pun dapat menjadi anggota senat. Mereka pun mempunyai

sesuatu yang bijaksana yang perlu diketahui oleh lembaga Senat yang mungkin penting bagi pengembangan universitas.

Kantor KSPO berada di lantai dua Sayap Selatan Gedung Pusat UGM, ruangan yang sekarang dipakai oleh Kantor Jaminan Mutu. Rapat Pengurus Universitas biasanya dilaksanakan di ruangan di sayap utara gedung pusat. Satu satunya rapat Pengurus Universitas yang saya ingat, dilaksanakan di sayap selatan adalah yang dilaksanakan di KSPO. Pada kesempatan itu pak Amal dan wakil-wakil rektor serta Sekretaris Senat lama hadir. Dalam rapat ini yang khusus membicarakan Senat UGM, pak Amal dengan jiwa besar melepaskan jabatannya sebagai Ketua Senat. Dalam era otonomi Ketua Senat tidak boleh dirangkap oleh Rektor. Jadi pak Amal menunjuk pak Boma (Prof.Ir. Boma Wikan Tyoso MSc., PhD.) sebagai Ketua Senat Sementara. Anggota Senat Sementara sama saja dengan anggota senat yang lama, hanya ketua Senat tidak dirangkap oleh Rektor. Senat Akademik UGM yang baru keanggotaannya akan berubah. Tidak semua professor dari fakultas menjadi anggota tetapi dikurangi menjadi wakil fakultas dari unsur dosen guru besar dan wakil fakultas dari unsur dosen bukan guru besar. Hasilnya adalah Senat Universitas yang jumlah anggotanya berkurang tetapi yang unsur keanggotaannya diperluas. Dalam masa peralihan inilah terjadi perubahan Senat Akademik yang

lama menjadi Senat Akademik Sementara dan kemudian menjadi Senat Akademik UGM yang kita kenal sekarang ini, yang keanggotaannya diperluas mencakup perwakilan fakultas dari unsur Dosen Guru Besar, perwakilan fakultas dari unsur Dosen bukan Guru Besar dan juga unsur lain seperti misalnya Kepala Perpustakaan dan Direktur Direktorat Sistem dan Sumber Daya Informasi. Pada bulan Desember tahun 2000, UGM menjadi Perguruan Tinggi- Badan Hukum Milik Negara dengan otonomi dalam mengelola Anggaran Rumah Tangga dan Keuangan. (Perkembangan mencapai otonomi penuh masih perlu waktu dan baru pada tgl. 14 Oktober 2013, UGM menjadi PTN- BH dengan otonomi penuh).

Setelah UGM menjadi Perguruan Tinggi BHMN yang berarti sudah otonom walaupun terbatas maka pak Yon (Ir. Haryana Soeroer, M.Arch) dan saya dipanggil oleh pak Anwar. Beliau mengatakan bahwa tugas di KSPO sudah selesai, tetapi masih ada pekerjaan yang penting yaitu penyusunan dan pengembangan Jaminan Mutu Pendidikan Tinggi yang akan berawal di UGM dan UGM sudah masuk dalam organisasi regional jaminan mutu yaitu ASEAN University Network Quality-Assurance. Tidak lama kemudian pada tanggal 27 November 2001, keluarlah S.K pembentukan Kantor Jaminan Mutu. Ketua KJM adalah pak Toni (Dr.Ir. Toni Atyanto Dharoko, M.Phil), pak Yon menjadi Wakil

Ketua dan saya dan beberapa rekan menjadi anggota. Maka mulailah perjalanan panjang yang menyenangkan dalam kegiatan penjaminan mutu Perguruan Tinggi. Tugas ini akan membawa kita tim KJM berkeliling di Fakultas dan Jurusan di UGM, bahkan membawa kami semua ke berbagai Perguruan Tinggi di seluruh Indonesia dan ke beberapa kota di ASEAN. Nasib manusia siapa tahu! Saya masih ingat ketika lokakarya Penjaminan Mutu pertama diadakan dengan *keynote speaker* bapak Suprodjo Pusposutardjo (Prof. Dr.Ir. Suprodjo Pusposutardjo, M.Eng.) Direktur Direktorat Pembinaan Akademis dan Kemahasiswaan, Ditjen Dikti dan juga Guru Besar di Fakultas Teknologi Pertanian UGM, yang memulai ceramahnya sebagai berikut: *Quality in education is what makes learning a pleasure and a joy*. Sungguh suatu ajakan yang sejuk untuk memulai dan mengajak semua peserta untuk melaksanakan Jaminan Mutu Pendidikan Tinggi.

Setelah terbentuknya KJM maka diadakan *awareness seminar* Penjaminan Mutu Pendidikan Tinggi untuk semua Pimpinan Universitas, Fakultas dan Jurusan dan untuk dosen mahasiswa dan pegawai. Pada tanggal 19 Januari 2002 Rektor UGM, Prof. Dr. Ichlasul Amal, MA, mencanangkan tahun 2002 sebagai tahun diterapkannya sistem Penjaminan Mutu di Universitas Gadjah Mada.

Prof. Dr. Sofian Effendi, MPIA, menjadi Rektor UGM ke 12. Pada saat pelantikannya tanggal 23 Maret 2002 beliau menetapkan diberlakukannya *Total Quality Culture and System* pada semua unit kerja di UGM. Kegiatan persiapan Jaminan Mutu ditingkatkan dan pada bulan Maret 2002 itu juga terbitlah Buku Panduan Jaminan Mutu Pendidikan Tinggi - UGM dan dibagikan ke seluruh fakultas. Dalam bulan Juni – Agustus 2002, KJM mengadakan Sosialisasi Penjaminan Mutu dengan cara mengirim tim dari KJM ke fakultas di lingkungan UGM. Anggota KJM dibagi menjadi beberapa tim yang ditugaskan ke fakultas. Diantara fakultas yang saya kunjungi adalah Fakultas ISIPOL. Disinilah pertama kali saya bertemu dengan pak Pratikno (Prof.Dr. Pratikno, M.Soc.Sc) yang waktu itu menjadi Wakil Dekan bidang Akademik. Kami diterima dengan baik sekali dan dalam pertemuan dan diskusi ternyata mahasiswa juga diikutsertakan. Ini berbeda dengan fakultas lain dimana yang hadir dalam sosialisasi hanya dosen. Memang ini cara FISIPOL untuk melatih mahasiswa ikut dalam diskusi. Bahkan dalam pertemuan ini muncul ungkapan *Skeleton in the closet* yang dikemukakan oleh peserta diskusi yang khawatir bahwa QA dan audit mutu akan mengungkap hal yang disembunyikan, yaitu mengungkap *Skeleton in the closet*. Memang setelah adanya QA dan Audit Mutu Akademik seyogya tak ada lagi *Skeleton in the Closet* atau *Skeleton in the*

cupboard. Tak ada lagi rahasia yang mengagetkan apabila terungkap. Pak Pratikno kemudian menjadi Rektor UGM dan sebelum masa jabatan selesai beliau diangkat menjadi Menteri Sekretaris Negara.

Ketika semua organisasi jaminan mutu sudah terbentuk di tingkat Universitas, Fakultas, Jurusan dan Program Studi dan dokumen mutu di setiap tahap sudah ditentukan maka pada tanggal 11 Oktober 2004, pak Sofian sebagai Rektor UGM mendeklarasikan pelaksanaan menyeluruh Sistem Penjaminan Mutu Pendidikan Tinggi di UGM. Deklarasi diadakan secara besar-besaran di Graha Sabha Pramana, didepan tamu undangan yaitu sejumlah besar Pimpinan Universitas di Yogyakarta dan tamu dari pelbagai instansi. Acara deklarasi diramaikan oleh orkes dari Institut Seni Indonesia Yogyakarta dan pada kesempatan itu diadakan jamuan makan siang dan dibagikan kantong atau tas kain berisi brosur, *leaflet* tentang penyelenggaraan Penjaminan Mutu di UGM dan juga contoh dokumen mutu. Acara itu layaknya seperti *launching* suatu produk industri tetapi dalam hal ini merupakan peluncuran suatu produk akademik yang penting, yang memberi ajakan kepada universitas lain untuk juga melaksanakan Penjaminan Mutu Pendidikan Tinggi. Demikianlah pertemuan saya dengan dua Rektor yang keduanya berasal dari Fakultas ISIPOL dan menjadi Rektor UGM secara berturutan yaitu rektor ke-11 dan ke-12.

Ada tiga Rektor UGM yang berasal dari Fakultas Teknik yaitu Prof. Ir. Sudjarwadi, M.Eng.,Ph.D. Rektor ke-13, Prof. Ir. Dwikorita Karnawati, M.Sc. Ph.D, Rektor ke- 15 dan Prof. Ir. Panut Mulyono, M.Eng., D.Eng. Rektor UGM ke-16. Karena saya juga dosen di Fakultas Teknik maka saya sudah kenal dengan beliau bertiga, dan pernah bekerjasama di tingkat fakultas dalam bidang penjaminan mutu, pengadaan alat laboratorium dan kegiatan akademik lainnya. Prof. Panut Mulyono saat buku ini diterbitkan masih menjabat sebagai Rektor UGM dan Prof. Dwikorita masih menjadi Kepala BMKG (Badan Meteorologi, Klimatologi dan Geofisika).

Going to the USA 1964.

The year was 1964. It was July and I was on my way to the USA. First time to go abroad. I took Garuda Indonesian Airlines to Hong Kong. At the time it was compulsory to take GIA if you leave Indonesia. So I flew GIA to Hong Kong, Kai Tak Airport and changed to Pan American World Airways or Pan Am. But the time between flights was so short so that only passengers can be rushed to the Pan Am Douglas DC- 8 but the baggage got left behind. Nice planning. Got a surprise cultural experience when a blond, Caucasian blue eyed Pan Am Ground crew took me from the arrival area to the departure gate while shouting commands about my baggage in.... Mandarin. Yes in Chinese and she was using the language with authority. Wonderful!

But soon we were airborne for Tokyo Japan. We arrived at Haneda Airport near Tokyo. Narita was in the far away future in 1978. It was already late evening, and our flight to Honolulu was scheduled for later that night. I could see new passengers boarding and a lot of young Japanese teenagers well wishers seeing off their friends who were going to the USA. What luck to be on a Pan Am Strato Cruiser or Pan Am Clipper heading for Honolulu, Hawaii. Happiness! We arrived in Honolulu on a Sunday morning, went through immigration and customs and entered the USA. I did not have to worry about my luggage for it was still in Hong Kong or in the air above the Pacific Ocean. (It arrived the next day. Someone from the office went to the airport to pick it up and it was delivered to my room. Good organization). But back to our arrival in the US, the whole group of young people from Asia who were to attend the Orientation period at the East West Center – University of Hawaii, was met by the organizing committee. There were participants from many countries. Four from Indonesia, two from the Philippines, several boys and girls from Thailand who were good looking and pretty, one pretty girl from Viet Nam who was also diligent, if we see her she was always in the process of ironing her clothes. There were also one or two participants from Taiwan and Laos. But participants from Japan made up the biggest group, among them was Ko Iwa

Saki who as luck would have it will be my roommate for the whole one month stay at the University of Hawaii campus. Ko was the youngest of our group, just 17 years of age and already a good cellist. He brought with him his cello, which to my eyes looked rather big. But Ko could handle it well. He would sometimes play for me in our room. And when I got out my ukulele (a present from a teenage girl in Maui) and played the *Minuet in G*, by Beethoven, he was pleasantly surprised and quickly took out his cello. We tried to play music together but it was no go. I was too much of an amateur. But at least I got his appreciation and we got together swell. Sometimes he asked me to explain some English passages from our textbook. After each session he thanked me profusely and gave me a little paper -figure or other memento. It was his way to say thank you and to show his appreciation for my helping him. He sometimes disappeared in the evening taking with him his cello. It turned out that he was asked by American families to perform at their homes. For this he was criticized by other Japanese participants. They said he was being used by the Americans to play and give them free entertainment. He was a bit bothered by this and asked my opinion. I told him that it was his decision. It was up to him to go out and play or not, and that playing in front of an audience is also a kind of training to prepare him to play to bigger audiences in later years. He was

pleased to hear this and said: “Mr.Yohannes, you are a good man”. Which in turn pleased me. Now, Ko Iwa Saki is an accomplished cellist. He has won several prizes and last I read on the web that he was a Professor of music at a University in the US.

During the first week of Orientation we were instructed in how to enroll in an American University and to familiarize us with the academic process like taking credits and how lectures and exams are conducted. To improve our English we were given English lectures starting with a multiple choice test to determine the command of English of each participant. We were also given lectures in American Studies. During the Orientation period we learned a lot about American History, about the political system and how a president of the USA was elected. We were also to attend lectures in our field of studies. So we were split up in groups according to our field of studies and each group was assigned their own lecturer.

It was in the course of this week that a lady journalist from one of the Honolulu papers came to visit the campus. She was interested in making an interview with participants of the Orientation Program. Me and Nimiya from Japan were chosen to talk to her. Nimiya is a pretty young lady from Japan and has brought with her a beautiful Kimono which she wore for the photo session. I have brought with me a head piece which was

Rote's typical hat. (The island of Rote is the southernmost island of Indonesia.) Also I had with me Rote's traditional woven cloth to wear over my shoulder as a sling. (It seems that my parents had prepared me well for my first trip abroad. Wonderful parents!). A picture was taken of both of us. Nimiya in her Kimono and me wearing my head dress the *Tii Langga*. So in the first week in Hawaii, we already made the news and had our picture in the Honolulu paper.

At the first weekend we went on a field trip around the island of Oahu. The island where Honolulu is situated. Oahu is not the biggest island in the Hawaiian islands, the biggest island is the Island of Hawaii and the most volcanic with 5 volcanoes, three of them active. Other islands are Kauai, Maui, Molokai and other smaller islands. There are no active volcanoes in Oahu. The trip around Oahu will take about a day or less than a day actually. It was organized by the Orientation Program Committee headed by Mrs. Mc Cabe and Henry Nakasone. With the help of families living in Honolulu and the area around Honolulu. They volunteered to take us around Oahu. A family usually husband and wife took two or three participants in their car. There were many good hearted families for there were about 30 participants. A young couple took us in their car. Me and my roommate Ko Iwa Saki sat in the backseat. The husband drove. We saw a lot of nice

beaches, a native village and many nice places. Be sure to know the use of the term Hawaiian. Even if you are born in Hawaii and are a US citizen from the State of Hawaii you are not a Hawaiian if you are of Caucasian, Japanese, Portuguese or other racial extraction living in Hawaii. A Hawaiian is only used to describe a native of Hawaii. Our host told about King Kameha Meha and about who wrote the Hawaiian Wedding song. I remember when we stopped at a road side stall that sold pineapples. Pineapples from Hawaii are the best, they are yellow and big and juicy and sweet. They were sold in slices, big yellow slices, very delicious. We all enjoyed the pineapple snack. At midday we stopped for lunch. I don't remember paying for the lunch so that too was already arranged by the committee or the families treated us to lunch. After lunch, while I was sitting talking with my friends from Indonesia, Henry Nakasone from the committee came sauntering along and took me aside and in his nice Hawaiian easy way asked me to make a speech on behalf of all the participants. A thank you speech! I was rather surprised and not prepared, but I told Henry to give me some minutes to collect my thoughts and come up with a good enough speech. It was my first speech abroad it was even my first speech in my whole life. But I had to give the speech. I thanked the families for their kindness, taking time out from their weekend to take us to the

beautiful places in Oahu and treating us to lunch. I also made them laugh at the end of the speech saying that even though the lunch had made us full and the atmosphere was conducive for a siesta, but we will try our best, not to fall asleep when we continue our tour. Maybe some participants did fall asleep. If they did it was just proof that the trip around the island of Oahu was a success. We arrived back at the University of Hawaii Campus at around 5 o'clock in the afternoon. And we do thank the kind families and the Orientation Program Committee for arranging the trip.

It was probably in the third week of the program that the participants were divided into two groups. One group was to visit the island of Kauai, where the movie *Blue Hawaii* was made on location in 1961, and the other group was to visit Maui a beautiful island south east of Oahu. Maui is the best Hawaiian Island and I was in the group heading for Maui. Wonderful. And it was really truly a beautiful island and it was still virtually pure and original for it was the year of 1964, where everything was still untouched for there were not too many travelers. There are six big islands in Hawaii, they are from northwest to southeast, Kauai, Oahu, Lanai, Maui, Molokai and the Island of Hawaii which is the biggest island and also the island with the most active volcanoes. The flight from Oahu to Maui was fast it took only 25 minutes and we landed in Maui at the

airport of Kilauea which was the airport closest to Wailuku where I was going. We were to stay in the houses of families who volunteered to house foreign students and show them around. My foster father was Mr. Nobriga who had a 13 year old daughter named Becky. Mr Nobriga was of Portuguese descent and has stayed in Maui for years. He took me to the sugar cane fields which was under his supervision. The workers in the fields were from the Philippines. In the afternoon a party or *luau* was held on the beach near Wailuku. We sang many songs and each country had to contribute by singing a song from their country. Easiest for us Indonesians was to sing '*Naik naik ke gunung nona*' accompanied by a guitar played by a friend. The next day I bade goodbye to the Nobriga family and as a parting gift Becky presented me with her ukulele. I played the ukulele in my room to the surprise of Ko Iwa Saki who was glad I could play a music instrument, even though a small one, compared to his cello. One month in beautiful Hawaii passed too quickly. Soon it was time to say goodbye. The group which had been together for a month was split up by different flight schedules for San Fransisco or for Los Angeles. I parted with my roommate Ko Iwa Saki and boarded a plane bound for L.A. On the plane we could see familiar faces, from our group who were also looking for connection flights in L.A. to other cities on the mainland. I was

with Asep who is from IPB. We were again taken in by a family and spend the night at their house. Their daughter was already seventeen and as it was often the case in the US had already flown the coop so to speak and already had her own place to live. The next day the family took me and Asep in their car and showed us L.A. and then on to Anaheim to Disneyland. We had fun in Disneyland and get to drive the car and see the many attractions. It was the first Disneyland and the one and only Disneyland in the world at the time. From Anaheim we went to the Marineland on The Pacific and in the evening we were delivered to the L.A. airport. We gave a big thank you to our good and friendly host and bid them farewell. Asep had to board his plane and I had to go to Chicago and on to Columbus, Ohio. So at last I was on my own. All alone in a large and strange country.

Going to Chicago in 1978

This is my second time to the USA. The first time I entered the USA at Honolulu, Hawaii. This time I landed in San Francisco also known as Frisco. At the time I was Head of the Nuclear Engineering Department, Gadjah Mada University, in Yogyakarta and I was assigned to attend a training conducted by the IAEA (International Atomic Energy Agency) which had its Headquarters in Vienna Austria. This training on 'Nuclear Reactor Management' was to be held at the Argon National Laboratory, 40 km south west of Chicago, Illinois, USA. This time I flew from Jakarta to Tokyo (Haneda) and on to San Francisco. I was to stay the night in Frisco and continue on to Chicago the following day. I was told by the airline officials at the

San Francisco International Airport to take a bus into the city. I had reservations at a good hotel in the city. In the bus I got to talking with a gentleman who lived in the city. He told me that even though the hotel was a good one that I should be careful for the neighborhood bordering the hotel on the southern side was dangerous. Often members of gangs start shooting at each other. I checked in at the hotel anyway and got a room in the back of the hotel but on the ground floor. It was early evening, so I rested awhile, took a shower and then went out to get something to eat. The area in front of the hotel was well lit and the street was wide and had a sidewalk. There were some people in the street, meaning it was not deserted. I crossed the street, turned left and kept walking till I found a place to eat which was right next to the sidewalk. You sit on a bench and can see the food being cooked. It turned out to be an Asian restaurant, the owners were Korean and they had a lot of customers. I felt good. I ordered fried rice and ate it while watching the people going by. It was a nice and peaceful evening in San Francisco. The atmosphere was almost the same as when I was having a snack with friends at the Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood many years ago. Only today I was all alone. Not much else to do other than go back to the hotel and sleep. As I lay on my bed I heard the sound of gunfire and after that the sound of sirens from police cars. The gunfire

was real, the sound came from the back of the hotel but rather far from the hotel since the sound of the gunshots were a bit subdued. Soon it was peaceful again. I listened for more action but did not hear anything, fell asleep and when I woke up it was already noon.

And I was late. I realized I was going to miss my plane. I was in shock, this is bad. What if my plane ticket is forfeited, canceled without refund? I would be stuck in San Francisco. What to do? Maybe I should call the airline at the airport and ask for my flight to be rescheduled. I went to the hotel desk and asked to use the phone. This was 1978, there was no hand phone. So I contacted the airline office and told them of my predicament. The airline official was very calm and helpful. He said yes there are other flights to O'Hare airport in Chicago, told me the schedule and asked what flight I would like to take. I decided on a flight in the afternoon, he made a note of this and told me to contact their office when I got to the airport. So the crisis was over. Very efficient airline. I had time go back to my room, pack my bag and even had time to have lunch. After that I walked to the bus stop which was not far from the hotel, boarded the bus, and was driven to the airport. I arrived in time for the next flight to Chicago, boarded the plane and was served food again on the plane which took about two hours to get to the O'Hare airport. Only we could not land, the air above the

airport was dark and heavy snow was falling. Another emergency for me. Two emergencies in one day. Nice! Many of the passengers were worried, there is a feeling of helplessness being up in the air with all that snow falling. But not to worry, this is where the ILS or Instrument Landing System and Directional Antennas installed at the airport come into use. Directing the plane safely to land, after the people on the ground have cleared the snow from the runway. It took some time but after a little rumble and tumble we were safely on the ground. The passengers all clapped their hands giving a round of applause in appraisal for the pilot. This was a first time for me too, clapping my hands after my plane has landed. We were all relieved after landing safely, but the snow was still falling. You cannot escape the snow in winter in Chicago. It was early February 1978, the year the most snow fell in Chicago. I took a black market taxi to Oak Park, negotiating the price which came to \$17.50. When we arrived at the Oak Park Arms Hotel some 30 minutes later, I gave the driver who was Caucasian, a 20 dollar bill and he was happy enough. I arrived in Oak Park in the evening on Sunday, February 11. The training started the following day. On this Monday, the first day of training I began to meet other participants coming from various countries. In fact there are two more people from Indonesia, PLN Jakarta employees. Some from Thailand,

Malaysia, the Philippines, India, East Europe, Greece, Mexico. South America was represented by participants from Chile, Brazil and Argentina. These South American countries have already started building Nuclear Power Plants. There was one participant from Algeria, one from Israel and a participant from Egypt who probably was a government official. He was always neatly dressed, always wearing a suit. We were all transported by a school bus to Argon National Laboratory. School buses in America are all painted orange so that the bus could easily be seen by other drivers, thereby reducing accidents and increasing safety for school children. Only this time the school bus was rented to transport middle aged people, between 38 years and 50 years old. The driver of the bus was a woman. This came as a surprise to many of the participants. She was a Latino and was about fifty years old. She was a skillful driver, was helpful and friendly. We rarely get another driver. As I recall, we were always taken to Argon and back to Oak Park by this lady.

On this Monday, the first day of training I began to meet other participant and started getting to know them. There were several participants from Romania, one or two from Yugoslavia which was still one nation. There was also a lady from Czechoslovakia who plays the piano. I got to know Ishak Zakaria from Malaysia and found out that his hotel room was next to mine. There

was also another Malaysian with a Javanese name, his ancestors came from Java. Also there was Chai Pattarodom from Bangkok, Thailand and one gentleman from the Philippines who was very gentle and soft spoken. This group is known as the Asean group. We were always stringing together, going to the supermarket together, cooked our own food. If the bus took us back from Argon to Oak Park, many of the participants will stop along the way going to shops not too far from our hotel. In the Asean group we made an arrangement that on the way home from Argon, all members may stop and go to the supermarket or mall except one member who has to go straight to the Oak Park Arms Hotel and cook rice for all of us. Yes the hotel has a kitchen that can be shared by several rooms. Each Asean member will bring his own side-dish or can cook or fry an egg to eat with the rice. Each week when the stock of rice has run low one of us will replenish the rice box. Asean style family in the suburbs of Chicago. Among the Aseans, the best cook is Chai. He can make delicious side dishes and share it with us and when he makes egg drop soup and there is a lot of it we share it with our European friends they liked it so much they kept asking Chai to please make some soup. But mostly the Europeans and South Americans eat out. They have more money. The Iranians we never see at the hotel they are rich and can hire a car so they don't even ride

the bus with us anymore. In class they sit in the front row, the gentleman from Egypt also sits in front but not together with the Iranians while the Aseans as always like to sit farther back. So when I started to ask a lengthy question, everybody stretched their necks turned their heads to look at me.

The first few days our lecturers were Americans working at the Argon National Lab. Later there were lecturers from the UK, Russia, Canada and from Pakistan who already were operating a Nuclear Power Reactor and even have developed an atom bomb. The American lecturers talk about Nuclear Power Reactors made in the USA, these are the Pressurized Water Reactor (PWR), which constitute the majority of power reactors installed in the world. In the USA PWRs are supplied by the Westinghouse Electric Corporation. Another type of power reactor used in the USA is the Boiling Water Reactor (BWR) produced by the General Electric Company. PWR and BWR are also called Light Water Reactors denoting all reactors which uses normal water, H₂O, to cool the reactor and the water is also used as neutron moderator as opposed to reactors from Canada that use heavy water, D₂O. The Canadian lecturers of course talk about the reactor designed and produced in Canada which is the CANDU or Canadian Deuterium Uranium Reactor which uses heavy water as coolant and neutron moderator.

The lecturer from UK explains about the Gas Cooled Reactor and the Advanced Gas Cooled Reactor used in the UK which are reactors cooled by CO₂ gas and the neutrons are moderated using graphite. The lecturer from UK also talked about the way they go about operating and managing the reactor, running the reactors in a safe but relaxed manner. You don't have to be paranoid in running a nuclear reactor, take it easy, relax and you will do a better job. Reactors producing electric power in Russia are the VVER or WWER or water-water energetic reactor and are in fact Pressurized Water Reactors of Russian design.

In the 1970's and 1980's nuclear power for generating electricity was in its heyday, it was the power for the future. Companies from the USA and from Europe in this case France (Framatome) and KWU from Germany were trying to sell Nuclear Power Plants to Asian countries. The Nuclear Management Training held here in Argon was a big undertaking by the IAEA. Look at the many lecturers from various countries. Also we the participants were taken around the USA to factories that produce Steam Generators, Pressure Vessels, Fuel Rods and Control rods. These companies also sell and can install nuclear power reactors anywhere in the world. The committee even chartered an airplane to take us to nuclear establishment around the country. It was a twin engine propeller airplane that took off and

landed at airstrips at the outskirts of the cities we were to visit. There was one stewardess only and there was nothing much for her to do because we were not served food on the plane. Our luggage was at the underside of the plane, the belly of the plane, we put it there ourselves before we board. When we landed and the plane has come to a complete stop, the doors were opened and we hurry down to the belly of the plane to take out our luggage. The plane was like our private plane. We were then transported by bus to the nuclear establishment or to companies that make reactor components like fuel pellets, fuel rods, control rods etc. This is how I got to visit Pittsburgh, Virginia , North Carolina and Chattanooga, Tennessee. We got to see the fabrication of fuel pellets at Westinghouse factory near Pittsburgh, and visit a General Electric factory in Virginia. The fuel pellets were U-235 in the form of uranium dioxide with Zirconium cladding. The fuel pellets are of a size that will fit in the palm of our hands. It is quite safe to hold the pellet in your hand. The pellets are then put into a metal tube to form fuel rods which are the nuclear fuel fed into the reactor core. Once it is used it becomes highly radioactive and can only be handled remotely. We also visited nuclear power plants that were under construction. Visiting a nuclear power plant under construction is not a walk in the park, on the contrary it is hard work. The piping in a

1100 MWe power plant can reach 11 km long, and it goes up and down many levels, so it takes a lot of walking up and down the stairs. Even visiting a nuclear power plant is tiring. A project officer at a nuclear power plant construction site has to be in good physical condition. But not everything was work, in the evening we get to rest at our hotel. We always stayed at good hotels. I remember the one in Chattanooga Tennessee. They played music in the hotel lounge and people were relaxing, some were dancing. Several friends from our group visited the lounge and soon enough Hadi from Malaysia and me were dancing with some girls, not from the hotel but local girls looking for a relaxing evening. We did not know their names, we just stood around the dance floor and then we were dancing just swaying with the music. But it did not last long for some local boys showed up, they were not happy that the girls were dancing with colored people. We saw them gave signals to the girls to stop. The girls were not happy to be ordered around but they were worried, stopped dancing with us and soon left. We did not pursue the matter, it was 1978 and we were in the deep- south and we understood the situation there. So we ordered soft drinks and started a friendly conversation with a lady who was there alone and had come all the way from across the border, from a state south of Tennessee. The state was Georgia. She admired our

English, maybe our English sounded a little funny in her pretty ears but she said she liked our English. I was very happy to be in Chattanooga for when I was in high school, maybe even junior high school in the early 1950s there was a song that I like to listen to and the title of the song was: *Chattanooga shoeshine boy*. And now I was in Chattanooga. Also, I like to dance the waltz to the tune of *The Tennessee Waltz* and here I am really and truly in the state of Tennessee. What a coincidence! Also Nashville the seat and center of the Country Songs was in Tennessee and not too far from Chattanooga. In fact Chattanooga was about halfway between Nashville, Tennessee and Atlanta, Georgia. That night before we went to that lounge I told you about, part of our nuclear group went walking in the evening to have something to eat and to see the sights. The train station in Chattanooga was very pretty. It had a restaurant that was very good and was frequented by many people living in and around Chattanooga. The train station was very beautiful it was very well decorated with ornaments and had a garden with beautiful flowers. As a memento I bought a plaque with the words "Chattanooga choo, choo" printed on it, and the picture of a locomotive with smoke coming out of the chimney. It was a blessing to be able to visit Chattanooga, Tennessee. So you see that joining a nuclear engineering training has its side benefits.

The next day we went on to North Carolina to see another reactor under construction. In the afternoon we relaxed and went to the beach near Wilmington. There was a long and wide boardwalk into the Atlantic Ocean we walked slowly down to the end of the boardwalk which was jutting out to sea. What was under the boardwalk? First there was sand and nearing the end of the walk there was some seawater. And of course the song *Under the Boardwalk* was playing in my head. And I thought to myself: ‘ Now I have met the three Oceans of the planet.’ I met the Indian Ocean when playing on the beach at Parangtritis. When I was swimming in Waikiki beach in Hawaii I was surrounded by the Pacific Ocean. And now at last I’m walking into the sea and under me are the waters of the Atlantic Ocean. The twin engine airplane brought us safely back to Chicago, it was late March and Chicago was still in winter while in Virginia spring has already arrived. Soon it will be April and yes when I descended from the school bus in Argon on the 2nd of April and walked to the entrance of Argon National Lab. What did I find? Yes you guessed right! Inside the entrance was a big one meter high card with the words “ Happy Birthday Herman”. So I celebrated my 38th birthday in Argon, Illinois, USA. Yes the committee was very efficient they never forget to take note of each participant’s birthday and always write a big Birthday card. When I was in

the States, my first born child, my daughter Rea was one and a half year old. When I returned to Yogya in May, Mama brought her to meet me at the airport. She did not recognize me, so that each time I tried to hold her in my arms, she would run away from me to her nanny, Giyem. But back to the training. It was now April and it was still cold, and we were to go north to Canada, to see the CANDU (Canadian Deuterium Uranium) a power reactor specifically made and installed in Canada and has also been exported and installed in India, Pakistan, South Korea and other countries. We the participants, all of us, were transported to Toronto, Canada using a commercial airline. We all boarded the plane at O'Hare airport of Chicago. The plane was full, no empty seats. We were all sitting in the plane which was still stationary when I experienced something new. There was an announcement from the stewardess, she said: 'We have here a gentleman who has to go to Toronto immediately for an important appointment. Is there anyone among the passengers who will kindly give up his seat to help in this emergency? Your help will be greatly appreciated. If you do give up your seat, you will then wait in the dining room at the airport and will be served a meal while waiting and you are sure to have a seat on the next flight to Toronto.' After the announcement, there was a short lull, people were trying to digest the information. Soon enough a young man stood up, went

to the stewardess, talked to her for awhile and left the airplane. Very noble of him. We landed safely in Toronto and were taken to our hotel. Since it was not late the Aseans grouped together and left the hotel for a walk. The East Europeans flocked together, going in another direction. At the time anticipating the handing over of Hong Kong back to China, many Chinese moved to Canada. There are many Chinese restaurants in Toronto, in fact I ate the best Chinese food in Toronto. It was also the first time that I went to a restaurant where they served Chinese food buffet style (*prasmaman*). But we ordered our food *a la carte*. By 'we' I meant some of the Aseans and Entesar. Entesar is one of the two Iranians in the program. He is nice, and that night we asked him to join our group and he came along. He did not order, we ordered the food Asean style. With some dishes in the middle of the table and each of us with his bowl of rice and each helping himself to the side dishes. Entesar was game, he caught on quickly and was enjoying his food. We had a nice conversation going throughout dinner. We took care of the bill and it turned out that the food was not expensive. And then we were walking again late night in Toronto. It is peaceful in Toronto. Not like Chicago. We weren't worried a bit, walking in the deserted streets.

We lost Entesar on the way. When we were sitting in a discotheque listening to music and watching people

dance, he was nowhere to be seen. It was past midnight when we started walking the deserted streets of Toronto looking for our hotel. The next morning we boarded a bus and went to Kincardine a town about 220 km west and north of Toronto. Toronto was near the lake Ontario while Kincardine was at lake Huron. It was very cold. We stayed at a hotel in Kincardine and from there we visited the Douglas Point Nuclear Generation Station where a CANDU Pressurized Heavy Water Reactor produced electric power into the grid. The CANDU is a reactor that uses heavy water (D₂O) as its coolant and neutron moderator. A neutron moderator slows down the speed of neutrons making it more probable to interact with a Uranium nucleus, causing fission of the nucleus and release of energy in the form of heat. CANDU uses natural Uranium as fuel therefore the fuel cost is low compared to light water reactors that use enriched Uranium. The CANDU reactor is safe and refueling can be done without having to shut down the reactor. After Douglas Point we went to the Bruce Nuclear Generating Station nearby where just the year before in 1977 a CANDU reactor came into power and produced 750 MWe. We stayed the night at Kincardine and the following morning we started back to Chicago. We are going to go back to Chicago by bus. Wonderful, because going back by land means we are going to visit the Niagara Falls. We were excited because we were

going to see the famous Niagara Falls. But, you cannot see the Niagara Falls, you have to hear it first. Yes before you can see the falls, you hear it first. From several kilometers away from the falls you already hear the roar of the water falling. The roar gets louder and louder when you reach Niagara Falls City and you hear it continuously, the roar will follow you into your hotel room, you can't escape it. Soon we were at the railing near the edge of Niagara Falls, one of the seven natural wonders of the world. The sound was deafening, we cannot talk to one another we cannot hear one another, the sound was thunderous and we were wet because of the mist caused by the falls. This water fall that is on the Canadian side has the form of a horseshoe therefore the name Horseshoe Falls. Where are all these waters coming from? The water comes from the Niagara River. The water is diverted from the Niagara River to generate electricity at the Niagara Hydroelectric Power Plant. The following day we crossed to the American side and we were in the State of New York, where we got to visit another waterfall. This one is also impressive and is called the American Falls. Between The Horseshoe Falls and the American Falls there is still another water fall, the smallest of the three falls called The Bridal Veil Falls. All three waterfalls are known as the Niagara Falls. Niagara Falls City at night was beautiful, decorated with colorful lights. The following morning we left for

the American side of the Niagara River. We were now in the USA, in the state of New York. In the US side there is also a Hydroelectric Station, The Robert Moses Niagara Hydroelectric Power Station. We got to see how the water was diverted into the turbine which then activated the generators to produce electricity. On average the hydroelectric power stations in Canada together with the one in the US diverts 70% of the water of the Niagara River, leaving only 30% to form the Niagara Falls. Imagine when in the old days there were no hydroelectric plants and all the water is turned into waterfalls, the sound will be more thunderous and can be heard from much farther away. Also on both sides of the river in Canada and in America, there were statues of Nikola Tesla. Tesla is famous for designing alternating current electric generators. He was still a young man when he immigrated to the USA from his native Serbia. There is a unit in magnetism bearing his name, in his honor, and rightly so for he was a genius in his field. 1 tesla or 1T, is equal to 10000 gauss. The tesla is a unit of magnetic flux density **B**.

Then we were on our way to Chicago and we were crossing the US from East to West. To think of it our group had traveled from Canada to New York State to Tennessee in the South and now we were crossing the US to the west. From Niagara Falls USA to Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo and back in Chicago. We have also

visited the Great Lakes e.g. Lake Huron (Kincardine), Lake Ontario (Toronto), Lake Erie (Buffalo and Cleveland) and of course Lake Michigan (Chicago). The only great lake we missed was Lake Superior. The trip to Canada and Niagara Falls was in April, soon it was May and when spring started to show its face in Chicago the training was over. There was a farewell dinner at a hotel. We said good bye to the committee which took good care of us. We bade adieu to our friends with whom we had shared this four month of togetherness among them Chai Pattarodom, Ishak Zakaria, Hadi, Ion Badanau, Entesar, Ruben Carreon and all other friends. Me and Ishak were on the same plane to Los Angeles and on to Honolulu, so there I was back in Honolulu again only this time we did not venture into Honolulu, just stayed at the airport and took photographs. Four months ago when on my way to Chicago I made a stop at Haneda airport very close to Tokyo. This time around, on my way back I landed in Narita, the new airport of Japan which has just started operation and is 60 km away from Tokyo. Here I said goodbye to Ishak, he had a plane to catch going to Kuala Lumpur while I stayed the night at Hotel Nikko Narita.

This training made me an ‘expert’ in Reactor Technology, but since Indonesia did not build a Nuclear Power reactor, all it benefited me was that I got enough

material which at the time was new and up to date to teach the subject ‘Teknologi Tenaga Inti’ with authority.

Post Script

The Chernobyl and Fukushima nuclear accident notwithstanding many countries still operate Nuclear Power Reactors. The types of Nuclear Reactors used now are advanced versions of the types used in 1978. Thirty countries are operating various types of Nuclear Power Reactors. The majority of the reactors are PWR, BWR, CANDU-Pressurized Heavy Water Reactor, and UK uses the AGR – Advanced Gas-cooled Reactor. According to IAEA, in addition to the 440 power reactors currently in operation throughout the world, there are 52 reactors which are under construction. Nuclear technology should be used cautiously.

Buta warna

Buta warna terjadi ketika seseorang tidak dapat melihat warna dengan cara normal. Kekurangan kualitas penglihatan ini juga dinamakan defisiensi warna. Empat setengah persen dari jumlah penduduk dunia buta warna. Pada umumnya mereka yang buta warna adalah pria. Jarang sekali putri buta warna. Fakta ini terlihat juga pada penerimaan mahasiswa baru di Fakultas Teknik UGM. Saat itu sekitar tahun 1985 saya bertugas sebagai Pembantu Dekan Bidang Akademik atau disebut PD- 1. Lulusan pun masih bergelar Insinyur. Sejumlah calon mahasiswa yang sudah lulus Sipenmaru (Seleksi penerimaan mahasiswa baru) dan sudah diterima sebagai mahasiswa Fakultas Teknik-UGM ternyata ditolak oleh beberapa Jurusan

(sekarang Departemen) karena buta warna. Dari 8 Jurusan di Fakultas Teknik adalah Jurusan T.Geodesi, T.Geologi, T. Mesin, dan T.Kimia tidak bisa menerima mahasiswa buta warna karena sifat perkuliahan di Jurusan tersebut akan menyulitkan mahasiswa dalam pembelajarannya nanti. Mereka di Teknik Geodesi ditolak karena tak mungkin dapat membaca atau membuat peta bila tak bisa membedakan warna. Di Teknik Mesin, T.Kimia, dan T. Geologi juga di tolak karena alasannya masing-masing. Jadi pada tahun itu ada sekitar 27 mahasiswa buta warna yang datang ke ruang PD- 1 untuk menanyakan nasibnya. Satupun tidak ada yang putri. Demikian pula jumlah ini sekitar 4,5% dari 600-an mahasiswa baru FT- UGM tahun itu. Jadi mirip dengan teori tentang buta warna. Tetapi mahasiswa buta warna ini gelisah karena khawatir sudah lulus Sipenmaru tetapi tidak dapat mengikuti kuliah. Oleh Jurusan mereka diarahkan ke fakultas dan di fakultas yang ditemui adalah PD-1. Jadi mereka berkumpul dikantorku di lantai dua Gedung Pusat Fak Teknik atau Kantor Pusat Tata Usaha (KPTU)-Fakultas Teknik yang masih baru dan baru dianyari, (yang sekarang, Maret, 2020 telah selesai di hancurkan, rata dengan tanah). Perlu diketahui bahwa pada tahun 1980-an Fakultas dan Jurusan mempunyai kuasa yang besar dalam menentukan siapa yang dapat diterima menjadi mahasiswa. Jadi persoalan seperti ini dapat

diselesaikan intern. Universitas tak perlu di repotkan untuk memikirkan penyelesaian persoalan ini. Apalagi calon mahasiswa waktu itu diterima di fakultas tertentu sehingga universitas akan kesulitan untuk memindahkan mereka ke fakultas lain. Sedang memindahkan dari satu jurusan ke jurusan lain dalam satu fakultas adalah hak prerogatif fakultas. Sejumlah mahasiswa buta warna yang tidak diterima di Jurusan tsb. diatas dapat disalurkan oleh Fakultas ke Jurusan lain. Jadi PD-1 mendapat tugas untuk meminta ijin Ketua Jurusan agar berkenan menerima mahasiswa buta warna. Meminta ijin juga hanya lewat telepon. Jadi saya menelfon dan meminta ijin dari Ketua Jurusan T. Arsitektur, T. Elektro, T. Nuklir dan T. Sipil yang dapat menerima mahasiswa buta warna. Jadi persoalan dapat diselesaikan, mahasiswa baru yang tadinya khawatir tidak dapat kuliah, sekarang malah kelihatan senang dapat disalurkan ke Jurusan T.Arsitektur, T.Sipil dan T. Elektro yang dari dulu sampai sekarang menjadi Jurusan favorit. Nasib manusia siapa tahu!

Going to Europe

I was fifty years old, working as a staff member at the Engineering Faculty, Gadjah Mada University in Yogyakarta and I was going to Europe for the first time in my life. I was assigned by the National Atomic Energy Agency to go to Aachen, a small town, in Westfalen Provinz, in North Western Germany, close to the border of Holland and Belgium. Aachen is famous for its University, the RWTH or Rheinisch Westfaelische Technische Hochschule, where the third President of Indonesia, Prof. Dr. B.J. Habibie once studied.

About 10 km from Aachen is the town of Juelich, home of the *Kernforschungszentrum* or Nuclear Research Center, which on a later date was changed to *Forschungszentrum*, Juelich.

I was to live in Aachen but to work in Juelich. It was fortunate that there were several former students, graduates from the Nuclear Engineering Department, Gadjah Mada University who were studying in RWTH or doing research at Juelich. They showed me around town and showed me how to obtain subscription tickets for the daily bus drive to Juelich. They also took me sightseeing and at weekends invited me to their apartments, where I could taste home cooked Indonesian food.

But I am getting ahead of myself. To get from Yogyakarta to Aachen was not easy. It is a long journey and it was not without incidents. Cheapest fare to Europe was with the Czeckoslovensko airline. At the time the Czech Republic and the Slovak Republic were still together, one nation known as the Republic of Czechoslovakia. They peacefully parted and became two nations on January 1, 1993 the first president of Czech Republic was Václav Havel, a Czech playwright, essayist, dissident and politician.

The day I started out for Europe was not ideal. It was the eve of *Suro* the first day of the Javanese month. *Satu Suro* being the first day of the Javanese calendar which coincides with the Islamic calendar of 1 Muharram. In Javanese culture *One Suro* or *Satu Suro* is special, it is a mystic day full of mystery and people are advised not to travel on that day. And here I am going to Europe

on *Satu Suro* of 1990. To be sure to get to the Jakarta airport in time I decided to go from Yogyakarta to Jakarta a day earlier. So on the eve of *Satu Suro* I was already in Jakarta. Thanks to the kindness of Danny and Celly I could stay in their home in Bintaro Jaya 2. The owner of the house themselves were away, for at the time Danny was stationed in Prabumulih (The King is returning home). Prabumulih is a small town in South Sumatera. It is about 100 km south west of Palembang the Capital of South Sumatera. The longest road through Prabumulih and dividing the city along its length is Jln. Jendral Sudirman. The distance to Jakarta is about 620 km and to get to Jakarta by car will take at least 15 hours.

I had the flu and a sore throat and was at a loss of where to get some medicine. I had to ask Danny about the whereabouts of an apothecary. Fortunately there was a transceiver connecting the house in Bintaro to Danny in Prabumulih. I forgot whether it was a Motorola or a Yaesu all mode HF/VHF/UHF transceiver or a do it yourself transceiver made by Danny who is good at making electronic apparatus. To talk to Prabumulih all you have to do is switch on the apparatus and you are ready to talk to the world. You press the transmit button and start talking and you release the button to stop transmitting and activate the speaker and hear the other party talking. So I talked to Danny in Prabumulih,

thanking him for letting me stay in his house and asking for information about where to get medicine. Lucky for me the drugstore was not too far away. I got my medicine, took the medicine, had a good night's sleep and in the morning (It was *Satu Suro*) I was feeling okay. Thanks to Danny and his transceiver!

I got to the airport in time but.....the airplane did not make it in time. In fact it did not make it at all. It did not arrive that afternoon, having some radar trouble and the plane had to stay over in Bangkok for repairs. Now that is the mystic of *Satu Suro*. I told you not to travel on *Satu Suro*. There I was with the other passengers stranded at the airport and with no airplane to board. I traveled light with only one luggage but other passengers were not so lucky having to travel with children and a lot of luggage. What to do?

The airline already had the answer. They apologized for the delay, and explained what had caused the delay. All passengers can immediately (that afternoon) check in and check their bags and accommodation will be provided in the best hotels near or around the airport. Since there was a plane-load of passengers we cannot all be accommodated in one hotel therefore they had booked us in four different hotels. Buses will be provided to take us to the hotels. I together with a bus full of travelers was assigned to the Hotel Horizon in Ancol, which was fine with me, having stayed in that hotel a

couple of years before. Climbing into the bus and looking for seats the passengers started nodding to each other and started getting to know each other. On the way to Hotel Horizon we passed Taman Impian Jaya Ancol, the bright lights of Ancol attracted attention and my new acquaintances were wondering aloud what it was. So I gave myself the duty of explaining to them that it was Taman Impian Jaya Ancol, an Amusement Park also known as Dreamland or Fantasy world. Sort of a Theme Park not Exactly like Disneyland, but there are Carousels, castles and one can even go River-Rafting in an artificial river. But that the queues are rather long if you want to go rafting. I myself had once stood in the long queues and had experienced the thrill of being on that raft. They were excited and repeated what I told them to their friends sitting near them who didn't hear me clearly first time around. Being an amateur tour guide was an inkling (indication) of what was to come when we reach Europe.

Everything was A-okay at the hotel. Dinner was okay, my room was good and after a good night's sleep we had breakfast and were transported back to the airport and onto the plane. And then we were airborne. The aircraft was a Russian made Iliyusin II 96 which was used for commercial flights starting 1988. It had very powerful engines, some say over designed engines. You could feel the power when it made its ascent gaining altitude very quickly.

The food on the plane was first class even though we were sitting in the Economy section. In fact the whole arrangement was Economy. No executive class or first class. You either get a seat in the front section or a seat farther back.

The lady in the seat next to me was English and was traveling with her 5 year old son who as luck would have it was well behaved, polite and quiet. So I could discuss a variety of subjects with his Maman who was very knowledgeable. Her husband was French and they have a house in Paris but the husband was working in Jakarta. I got to see him last night seeing off his family. We got to talk about the food which was good indeed and of high quality. The cheese was from New Zealand, I remember that well because the two of us were wandering why they buy cheese from a place so far down under. The wine of course was from France, my travel companion knew it well for she lives in France. The butter, ham, bacon and ice cream came from other European countries. All served in a Russian made aircraft run by Checkoslovakians.

Very international. The word global was not yet popular or not yet coined but speaking of global there you have it in July 1990, in a plane flying from South East Asia to Prague.

The food and the wine must have made me drowsy. I only remember waking up when we were about to

land in Prague and feeling the euphoria of again having my feet on save ground and welcoming new experience. My first time in Europe will start in Prague. But the curse of *Satu Suro* was still over our heads. Because we landed at 1 o'clock in the morning in an abandoned airport. At one hour after midnight it was dark. No shops, no restaurants nothing was open except for the counter of Czeckoslovensko airlines where can be seen several ground crew mostly tall and blond women who were seen working, trying to manage the new arrivals, meaning us! A plane load of people.

All the passengers were looking for connecting flights to major cities throughout Western Europe. Only there were no connecting flights. It was the deep of night and no aircraft was in sight. There were a group of Italians, many young girls among them who were going to Rome. Other groups were looking for flights to Zurich, Paris, Amsterdam and my group was going to Frankfurt. Only we did not know which people are going to be in our group. For during the flight we were sitting spread throughout the Iliyusin II/96. We didn't know what fate awaited us, we were still sleepy and were just sitting there waiting for the ground crew to sort out and decide what to do with us.

But the answer is clear! There are no airplanes until the following day so we had to stay over in a hotel. That means we have to go out of the airport and enter

Czech soil. To enter Czechoslovakia we had to have a temporary visa and of course next to the arrival hall there was the office of Immigration. It was 1990 and the Iron curtain was still holding strong and the immigration officers looked stern if not downright fearsome. But as for me coming from Indonesia which is free and independent, I was not intimidated. Well you have to be cautious with these officials who were wearing military-look uniforms but keep in mind that they were there to serve. They have been trained to have good discipline, meaning that they have to do their job well that is serve well. But other passengers were not as liberated as me. As we shall see.

I was bored and walked around the airport and went to the airline office to ask for information our connecting flight to Frankfurt. That was a mistake. I did not get information instead the statuesque ground stewardess handed me a stack of vouchers. And I couldn't refuse her. She just pushed it into my hands saying: 'Vouchers for bus and hotel for group going to Frankfurt. Please go to immigration.'

I went back to the group of waiting passengers and shouted: "Passengers for Frankfurt, follow me!!!" To be sure that everyone heard me I repeated "Passengers for Frankfurt, follow me". Those travelers heading for Frankfurt scrambled to their feet and followed me to the Immigration office. Nobody questioned my authority

they were tired and were hoping for a bed to sleep. I went to the immigration officer and showed him the vouchers. He gave me a stack of forms enough for each of us. And I distributed them to my fellow travelers and told them to complete the form and return it themselves to the immigration office. There were at least two windows open to serve us. There were about 22 of us going to Frankfurt. There were several Americans, several passengers from Germany and Holland. There were also two gentlemen from Indonesia, engineers graduated from ITB having been in Germany before and now returning to Germany on business. There were also people from the sub-continent of India, though they were from Malay or Singapore, starting their journey, boarding the plane in Bangkok looking for a new life in the old world. Fortunately I am used to take students on study tours and have completed (filled out) lots of forms during my tenure. I completed my form and stood looking how the others managed. Some of those who went to the immigration officials, were waved through but others were rejected. And I could see that they were worried, really worried. Having traveled all the way and be rejected entry. Some came to me and showed me their forms. The forms were really okay. Only some have forgotten to provide certain information. To be honest I really did not do a lot of correction. But after they came to me and went back to the immigration

windows *voila* everything was okay and they could go through. They were very thankful to me afterwards, even though I did not do much. It looks as if the immigration people just wanted to show their authority and rejected some people for the sake of showing that they were in charge. I told everybody to go ahead and board the bus and wait in the bus, while I waited for the last passenger to go through immigration.

I was the last one to enter the bus, I boarded the bus and was to look for a seat when I heard a chorus saying : “Please sit in front. You are our leader”. So there I was, first day in Europe and I was already a leader. At least a leader of a bus load of people from the US, Western Europe, the Indian sub-continent and from South-East Asia. When I sat down beside the driver of the large bus, I was feeling good!

The bus started out into the countryside. In the early morning light the bus rolled slowly through farm country and the golden leaves of the wheat was waving gently in the morning light welcoming me to Europe.

The bus was taking us to a hotel near the airport. We were not going to Prague we were going to a small hotel in the outskirts of Prague which was not too far away from the airport. Just less than 15 minutes from the airport. I was the first out of the bus and into the lobby and on to the front desk. There was no welcoming committee, no welcome drink. We were not expected,

it was too early in the morning and even the lobby was still dark. There was one man, rather sleepy, guarding the front office, near him on the table we could see a number of room keys. He instructed us to produce our passports and to stack it up in front of him then he took the top three passports, took a room key put it on top of the three passports and said : “This a triple room for three people”. No one of the passengers moved. The girls were afraid to being inadvertently put together with two gentlemen whom they scarcely knew. So I took it upon myself to organize the distribution of the rooms to my fellow travelers. I took the key and asked whether there are three people traveling together. Three girls were traveling together so they took the room key and disappeared into the building after searching for and finding their passport. A family of three were also eager to take a triple room, two gentlemen who already knew each other took a double room. I took a room key for a triple room and gave it to my two new found friends from ITB and asked them to go ahead and rest and to please take my suitcase with them and I will join them later. And so it goes until everyone was taken care of, meaning I was the last one to get to my room. While walking, looking for my hotel room I thought to myself: ‘Why should I volunteer to take care of all these people. Why am I doing this?’ Maybe it runs in the family. Maybe it is in my DNA.

I got to lie down on the bed but did not sleep because it was already dawn and the three of us Indonesians chatted. That's when I learned that both of them studied in ITB and in Germany and are now going back to Germany on business. We noted that the hotel building was very sturdy with thick concrete walls and thick windows which were hard to open. There were three single beds in the room. Then it was time to take a bath and go down and look for breakfast. We were early, chose a table and sat down and ordered coffee. Our fellow passengers who passed our table, nodded to us in recognition and just to say good morning. They seemed well rested. The year was 1990 and smoking was not prohibited. You can even smoke a *kretek* or clove cigarette in the dining room. The guys from ITB smoked their *kretek* cigarettes and the Czech waiter a young boy who was familiar with these cigarettes kept looking at us full of hope to be offered a cigarette. My friends called him and offered him a cigarette and later the whole pack, and he was very diligent in serving us our coffee and breakfast. More friends came to the dining room to have breakfast and when seated at their table looked around and when they saw us nodded in recognition and acknowledging our togetherness as the Frankfurt group.

But nothing lasts forever, soon it was time to get into the bus and be transported to the airport and into the

airplane. The flight to Frankfurt am Main is about one hour and fifteen minutes, and our Frankfurt group split up, scattered, disappeared, each going their own way to other cities in Germany, to Holland or Belgium. That left the three of us Indonesians who were still together. As it happened we were going to different cities in Germany but in the same direction. I was going to Köln (Cologne) where my former students will fetch me, and my two friends were going on to Dusseldorf an industrial city further on in the direction of Holland. Remember that this was my first time in Europe, I did not know where the train station (*Bahnhof*) was. I was lucky to have my two friends who were already familiar with Germany. It turned out that the train station was right beneath the airport. To get there you just have to go down using the elevator. Tickets could be obtained from a vending machine. All I have to do is supply the money for my ticket and my friends will operate the machine and get me my ticket to Köln. Wonderful to have friends. That's what friends are for.

The train was full, the passengers were mostly local people. There was not a place to sit, standing room only. Each of us looked for a place to stand and try to hold on to something secure. The train was moving in a leisurely fashion so I could enjoy the view. It was July, it was summer, the sun was shining and the view was green everywhere. We could see the many vineyards and

the houses and sometimes a small castle on the hill. Wonderful! So this is Europe! This is Germany! Germany is an industrial nation, it is not like Austria which is industrial but relies on tourism as well. This I got to know years later when I had the chance to visit Austria. But this was Germany, so no small talk on the train, nobody asked us where we were from. No one offered their seat to us. After about one hour and a half we reached Cologne and I had to part with my friends from ITB. But they were worried about me getting off by myself and not being met by anyone, all alone in a strange country, so they too descended to the platform and waited with me until my former students who are graduates from the Nuclear Engineering Department UGM found us. I introduced the two sides to each other. There was a short ceremony where I was handed over from the ITB group to the UGM group. I thanked my two fellow travelers profusely, they too were satisfied that I was in good hands. They got back to the train and were on their way. Wonderful people.

And there I was happy, to be with graduates from UGM. They too were happy to meet me, we shook hands again, they asked about my trip and without further ado took me to a restaurant to have some snack. They were As Natio, Jafnan and Kusnanto, all of them my former students in Jurusan Teknik Nuklir, Fakultas Teknik UGM, and I was happy to meet them all again

in Köln, I also got to see the Kölnisch Dom, the famous cathedral in Köln which was near the train station. And on a later day got to visit the place where the 4711 Kölnish Wasser or Eau de Cologne is produced. I want to again thank my students for welcoming me in Köln and taking me to Aachen and Juelich.

Around the World in Ten Days

Since the year 1991, I worked at the Directorate General for Higher Education or the DGHE in Jakarta. In 1994, I was appointed by Prof.Dr.Ir.Bambang Soehendro, MSc., the Director General of DGHE, to accompany a Team from the Indonesian Armed Forces Academy to visit Military Academies in the USA and Canada and also to visit the Imperial College of London in the UK. The visit was held under the Cooperation between the DGHE and the Indonesian Armed Forces Academy therefore a representative from DGHE was also part of the Team and I was appointed by the DGHE to join the Team. The aim was to study how the Military Academies in the USA and Canada carried out their education. What was the proportion of academic work and military portion of the curriculum and how was

the implementation. The knowledge obtained will be useful for the Military Academies in Indonesia. We embarked on the 19th of February and returned to Jakarta on the 1st of May 1994.

We started from Jakarta to Singapore where we stayed one night. Traveled on to Tokyo, Detroit and Washington. This was the first time I entered the USA from the North. The first time I entered the USA was in Honolulu, Hawaii. The second time was in 1978 and I entered the USA from San Francisco. Entering the USA from Detroit felt rather strange because the air was cold. It brought memories of winter from my earlier visits. We went from Detroit to Washington with a domestic airline. Stayed overnight, and next morning visited the embassy. Later in the day we went on to Kansas City and on to Leavenworth. It was already evening when we reached the City of Leavenworth, we still had a ways to stay at an inn near the United States Army Command and General Staff College. When waiting for our transport we got to talk to a lady who told us to be careful because some prisoners are loose. They just escaped from the Leavenworth prison. Which made us a bit worried when we were driving at night through the large open plains of America looking for a place to stay and at last finding a Holiday Inn.

The United States Army Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth offers a graduate level

program; the curriculum includes instruction on leadership philosophy, military history, and the military planning and decision-making processes. We were proud to know that among names on the list of Notable Alumni from the Command and General Staff College there were the names of * Ministry/Chief of Army General Staff , General Ahmad Yani of Indonesia and *President, General Susilo Bambang Yudhoyono of Indonesia. The visit went well and in the afternoon we were able to leave Fort Leavenworth and continue our visit.

Next stop was the Royal Military College in Saint Jean, Montreal, Canada. We went to Canada by way of Cincinnati. From Cincinnati with a small plane to Montreal Canada, where it was deep winter. We arrived at night and stayed in the quarters of the Military College. The room was comfortable with a nice, well made-up bed with clean linen which after all that traveling looked very inviting. Each member of the team was allotted one room. From my window I could see the many cars in the parking lot and that snow was already starting to fall. When I woke up the next morning it was still snowing, it had been snowing continuously throughout the night. The parking area was covered with snow one meter deep and the cars were covered with snow and only the roofs of the cars were visible so that the parking area looked like a cemetery. That day the temperature fell to minus 17

degrees Centigrade. I barely made the walk from the parking area to the nearest building. The weather maybe cold but the welcome was warm. We were welcomed by a Canadian Army General who was very cordial, he welcomed each of us and invited us to enter the minibus that was to take us around the campus. He waited until everyone was inside the car and was the last to enter the car, even though light snow was still falling and gathering on his uniform.

We learned a lot that day. All signs were written in English and in French. The students/ cadets have to know both languages equally well. We visited several facilities. The team visited the library and found that besides books on various subjects there were also books for learning English and books for learning French. The cadets are really required to have a good command of both languages. We visited the quarters where the cadets lived and slept. And saw books of Physics and Mathematics and books on other subjects on the desk in their bedroom. The same books on Physics and Mathematics that are used as textbooks at universities. Besides military training the cadets had to seriously study other subjects.

In the afternoon we were invited to a welcome dinner. Many college officials were invited and we were all seated in a large hall. The room was filled with officers in blue uniforms, blue being the colors of the Military

College. After that we mingled with the college officers so that members of the Akabri team can meet with their counterparts and discuss academic matters. For example, the evaluation system used to evaluate the cadets and about how to ensure the quality of learning. It was an extraordinary reception. That's right the Akabri team was received with great welcome and respect by the Royal Military College, Saint Jean, Canada.

From Montreal- Pierre Elliott Trudeau International Airport we crossed the Atlantic to Heathrow Airport London. We stayed at Indonesia House and the next day visited the Indonesian Embassy in London. We were lucky to get an audience with the Honorable Junus Effendi Habibie, Ambassador of the Republic of Indonesia to the United Kingdom. After that we were treated to Indonesian food cooked at the embassy kitchen, which was nice, very good food after days of burgers and dogs (hot-dogs). We then went to the Imperial College of London did the work we had come to do and went back to the Indonesia House. Stayed overnight and then we headed back to Singapore and on to Jakarta. So that was when I circled the globe, in 10 days, leaving Jakarta on February 19, 1994, going east to Japan and on to the USA and Canada. From Canada going east to London and back home to Jakarta on the First of March 1994.

**Bunga rampai,
Serba Serbi,
Potpourri,
Medley**

the same time, the fact that the *Journal* is a journal of the American Psychological Association, the largest and most prestigious of the professional associations, adds to its authority.

There are other journals that publish research on the psychology of religion, but none of them has the same history or prestige as the *Journal of the American Psychological Association*. The *Journal of the American Psychological Association* is the only journal of psychology that has been published continuously since 1879. It is the only journal of psychology that has been published by a professional association. It is the only journal of psychology that has been published by a journal of the American Psychological Association. It is the only journal of psychology that has been published by a journal of the American Psychological Association.

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Crossing the street with Papa.

My Dad lived to a ripe old age of 88 years. He was healthy and active until the last week of his life. In fact he was having his daily morning walk when he suddenly fell down and was taken to the hospital. He was unconscious and the doctor said that the prognosis was not too good. The hospital was Bethesda the oldest hospital in Yogya (founded in 1899) and also the largest private hospital in Yogyakarta.

Papa and Mama were already in their eighties but were living an active life. They walked a lot. They took the bus when going places. When they had to check their health at the hospital they took the bus.

Once I accompanied Papa to his Bank. He was about 83 years old at the time but still energetic. We parked

at the busy street and his bank was on the other side, so we had to cross the street, which was not easy. The street was a two way street and full of cars and motor cycles going two ways, going west and the other stream of vehicles going east continuously. There was no divider, so that if you get to the middle of the street you have to wait until there is a pause in the on-coming traffic until you can slip through to the other side.

So there we were, an old man in his eighties and his middle-aged son in his fifties, ready to cross the street. I being the younger one took my father's hand and positioned myself on the side where I shielded him from the traffic. Carefully we started out, and maneuvered ourselves onto the middle of the street. And there we had to wait for a pause in the traffic. But the stream of vehicles was now in the other direction and now it is my father who is shielding me from the traffic. And I started thinking, my father standing beside me has taught me all there is to learn about crossing a street. Decades ago he has already helped me cross a street many times over. So if I'm thinking that it was I who was helping my father cross that street I would be mistaken for in fact it was he who has taken me across the street. And I being his son, even though I was 50 odd years old, but to him I am still his son and it is he who is helping me. It is not I who is holding his hand, it is him who is holding my hand and in his mind he is helping his

son cross the street. And then there was a lull in the traffic and suddenly we were safe on the other side of the street.

I stood still for a while and he looked at me askance as if trying to fathom what I was thinking of, so I said “I was wondering who was helping whom cross that street.” Papa just smiled and walked spiritedly to the bank.

My Father's Funeral. 17 January, 1999

I did not plan it, we did not plan it, nobody planned it, but it turned out to be a nice funeral, if funerals can be called 'nice', or let's say it was a grand funeral.

The church service was great, the choir consisting of his grand children was wonderful in their impromptu interpretation of "God is my shepherd".

After the service there were speeches from the local village chief, representative of the church and the speech from the family. The speeches were soothing and sounded nice in our ears.

Many people attended the funeral. There were friends and relations from two churches, three faculties, two high schools, one from Yogya and one from Magelang and the people from the village where my father used

to live and others friends and former students of my father who read the announcement in the newspaper.

The funeral went so well and smooth, it was really a blessing.

My father was blessed. May he rest in peace.

Papa yang dalam hidupnya selalu sederhana dan tidak ingin macam-macam, pada akhir hidupnya diantar ke peristirahatan terakhir dengan sirene yang berbunyi nyaring bertalu-talu dan didahului oleh motor –motor pembuka jalan berupa, *voor-rijders*, dan remaja- remaja diatas sepeda motor.

Betul-betul Papa pergi *in grand style*.

Papa pergi dengan anggun, disayang orang banyak sekali.

He surely was blessed by the Lord.

Puji Tuhan.

Terkunci didalam mobil

Ada seorang bapak yang sudah tua. Umur sudah mendekati 80 tahun, tetapi masih suka nyupiri. Malah hiburannya adalah menyupiri mobil mengantar istrinya ke mana-mana.

Suatu sore hampir malam bapak tua ini berada didalam mobil, menunggu istrinya yang sedang bertemu teman-temannya. Setelah agak lama menunggu bapak ini ingin keluar untuk jalan sedikit untuk melemaskan kakinya. Alangkah kagetnya ketika pintu mobil kanan dekat sopir tak bisa dibuka. Dicoba pakai kunci mobil dinyalakan lalu dimatikan tetap tak bisa terbuka. Dicoba pakai tangan juga tak bisa. Dicobanya pintu-pintu yang lain juga tak bisa. Handle kunci seperti dol. Nggak nyangkut, lepas. Dicoba membuka jendela dan tangan

diulurkan keluar dan membuka pintu dari luar, juga tidak bisa.

Bapak itu terkunci dalam mobil. Lalu ia menelpon istrinya, tapi tidak diangkat, malah suara wanita dari telkom mengatakan pembicaraan di-alihkan. Lalu ia mencoba menelpon temannya yang berada didekat tempat dia parkir. Tidak diangkat. Malah suara otomatis berkata: “telpon sementara sibuk cobalah beberapa saat lagi”. Bapak ini mulai gelisah. Terkunci dalam mobil. Tak bisa kontak atau WA siapapun. Sudah kebetul pipis. Apa harus keluar dari jendela. Sudah 45 menit belum ada yang lewat untuk diminta bantuan. Lalu bapak itu dapat idea untuk cari bengkel 24 jam. Saat itu sudah lewat jam 7 malam. Di Google terdapat banyak penawaran bengkel 24 jam. Tapi dihubungi tidak diangkat. Ada yang angkat tapi bilang langganannya masih tiga yang dirawat jadi nggak bisa. Sementara sudah lama juga terkunci dalam mobil. Bapak itu gelisah tapi tak panik. Akhirnya istri dan teman-temannya datang. Ibu-ibu itu bisa nyupiri semuanya jadi langsung membantu. Coba kunci di on lalu di off, mereka usul. Ada yang coba membuka dari luar. Tetap nggak bisa ada yang usul bengkel dekat jalan itu tetapi sudah tutup. Ada salah satu ibu yang bawa sopir, jadi pak sopir ikut membantu. Dia coba semua cara tetapi tidak berhasil. Tapi akhirnya ada satu pintu yaitu yang sebelah kiri belakang bisa membuka. Wah semua senang. Mereka

bilang ibu langsung masuk saja. Duduk belakang juga baik asal bisa berangkat. Lalu bapak tua itu bilang ya masuk saja nanti kita cari bengkel terdekat yang masih buka. Memang mobil itu hanya tak bisa terbuka pintunya tetapi di stater bisa dan jalan bisa. Bapak dan ibu itu kemudian berangkat ke bengkel yang masih buka. Ternyata bengkel yang dituju besar dan memang masih buka tapi tidak kelihatan ada orang. Ibunya mau keluar tapi pintu yang tadi bisa terbuka, sekarang terkunci lagi. Gawat. Bapak itu membunyikan klaxon. Belum juga ada yang keluar. Akhirnya pintu si ibu bisa terbuka sendiri. Lalu ibu itu pergi mencari kedalam bengkel. Bapak tetap tak bisa keluar. Ketika tukangnyanya muncul diapun tidak bisa membuka pintu dekat sopir. Jadi bapak itu akhirnya harus keluar dari pintu yang lain; agak loncat sedikit melewati kursi depan lalu keluar melalui pintu belakang kiri. Hal pertama yang dilakukan bapak itu adalah bertanya: “Dimana kamar mandi?” Tukangnyanya menunjukkan arah sambil menahan senyum.

Singkat cerita. Kunci mobil diperbaiki dalam waktu 15 menit.

And all is well that ends well.

Half siblings.

In the USA and some other countries there are sperm-Banks/Cryo banks. These banks collect sperm from donors and distribute it to couples who can't have children and to whoever applies including to same sex married women who want a child. The bank can and has distributed sperm from the same donor to several women and conception has been successful for many of these women. The children from these women, using the sperm from the same donor, are half siblings. But these children don't know that they have half siblings. There is the case of a young man in his twenties, who went out to find his bio-father, he contacted the sperm bank, and found out that he had 32 half siblings around the USA. He visited each one and made photos of each

of them. Half siblings is not a new phenomenon. It has happened before but not due to technology. A king, a Sultan, a potentate, a strong man can have up to 30 different women as wives or concubines or mistresses. These women will produce up to or more than 50 children. Children from the same mother are siblings but children from different mothers are half siblings. All these off-springs know who their father is, but they may not be familiar with their half siblings. They may not even know each other or may not have met their half siblings. They may be related by blood but they are not brothers or sisters.

To be brothers or sisters you have to come from the same home, be brought up by the same mother. Meet and play with each other every day, study together, talk to each other, there is a psychological bond. That is why men can be brothers even though they or not related by blood and don't have the same DNA. It is the feeling of being from the same nest and doing everything together under the loving care of a mother or parents that is important.

Having said that, there is still a difference between the half siblings of the sultan and half siblings due to donors. Half siblings of the sultan know that their mothers are married to the sultan. They know their father even though their father may not know them or remember them or even though they seldom or never

meet their father. But they know who he is.

This is important. There is a psychological bond. The half siblings know what their father look like. And that their father have met and married their mother.

In the case of the technological/sperm bank half siblings they have to go look for their 'father' (taken bapa). This is hard to take. It weighs heavy on their mind. Their bio-father does not care for them, don't want to know them and this is a blow to their psyche. They may resent this and still he is the one who gave them life. And there is the factor of growing up without a father. Ask any psychologist what this can do to a child.

At the end of the day the question is: What is stronger, the pull of blood relation or the warmth of togetherness?

A Small Miracle **(A story for Fiza,Vivi,Anna and James)**

Oma and Opa have a small pond, a fish-pond. There were only 4 fishes in it. Two *ikan Koi* and two small beautiful red fishes called *Comet*. (like Halley's comet in the night sky). Even though the pond was small, still it was too large to hold only four fishes. Oma thought the fishes need friends or companions and more colorful fishes will make the pond brighter. So Oma and Opa went to the ornamental fish market and bought nine more fishes. The fishes we chose had a variety of colors. Several are tri-color fish, having the color black, white and orange, several others were colored black

and orange and the rest are beautiful white and orange and also white and black. The fishes were brought home in a big plastic bag filled with water and with oxygen added so that the fishes will not be short of oxygen during the trip home.

During the trip home the fishes made a lot of noise jumping around in the cramped plastic bag. Then we arrived at home and took the bag filled with new fishes to the poolside. Now comes the time where we had to open the bag and put the new fishes into the water. We were worried and were thinking: "Will the new fishes be accepted peacefully by the fishes that were already there?" For these fishes were already there for a long time and the pond was their home. Maybe they will not share the pond with the newly arrived fishes. What to do? Shall we put the new fishes one by one into the pond or should we just pour all the water

with the new fishes from the plastic bag into the pond? What will be the response of the fishes already in the pond? Will the new fishes be accepted as friends? We opened the plastic bag so the fishes have a way out from the bag and put the plastic bag into the pool. The water from the bag mixed with the water in the pool and the new fishes one by one and two by two came out of the bag and into the pool. They were met by the fish already in the pool. There was no rejection, all was peaceful and the two groups of fishes were interacting socially and became friends instantly. How wonderful!

Everyday Opa or Oma will feed the fishes. The fish food are in the form of pellets, small and round pellets. Sometimes when one or two of the grandchildren were visiting, they too will feed the fish together with Opa. Some days when Opa feels that on that day the fishes are already well fed then on that

day the fishes are not fed and even Opa does not go visit the pond.

The water level in the pond sometimes goes down, because the water is absorbed by the roots of plants growing near the pond. There are lots of plants near the poolside and the leaves are very dense and make the pond look more beautiful. If the water level is down, water should be added from a faucet near the pond. The level of the water then goes up and if Opa forgets to shut down the faucet, the water of the pond will overflow. The fishes then like to swim near the surface of the water close to the edge of the pond.

One day Opa and Oma had to leave for an appointment with friends in another part of Yogyakarta. Opa decided not to feed the fishes that day and Opa also did not go near the Pond. We were getting ready to leave and Opa was almost inside the car,

ready to start, but something caused Opa to change his mind. We were going to go out for quite a long time and won't return till late at night. But before we started out Opa felt that something was wrong so Opa went to the fish-pond and what did Opa find? A fish had jumped too high and had landed outside the pool. It lay there in the ditch beside the pool gasping for oxygen, it was dying. Opa quickly grabbed the fish and put it back into the water, while hoping that it was not too late, hoping that the fish was still alive and could go on living. And yes after a while the fish, which was a beautiful *Koi* fish with white and orange color started to move and then to swim and in a little while it has recovered, surrounded by the other fishes it started to swim around the pool .Thank God for this small miracle. If Opa had entered the car and had left then the fish would have died. But it was as if the

fish was crying “Help me, help me...” and Opa could hear the cry for help and came to the pool in time to help the fish. Now each time when Opa feed the fish Opa looks for the white and orange colored fish that is alive and well.

And Opa is thankful for the small miracle.



► Vivi



James ◀

Pengalaman 7 Juli, 2017

Hari ini terang bulan. Ini baru aku sadari setelah keluar untuk ambil pakaian seterikaan di tempat biasa Laundry Jambon/ Melia. Sebenarnya mobil sudah diluar karena tadi dipakai ke UGM, dan arah mobil juga sudah kearah yang benar, tetapi rasanya lebih senang kalau jalan kaki saja. Nah benar saja, sampai di *Laundry*, ibu disana tanya: “Kok jalan kaki?”. Ya biar sehat jawabku. Sambil pulang bawa barang seterikaan di kantong warna hijau bertulisan *Happy Fresh. Joy delivered.* Entah maksudnya apa tulisan itu. Jadi sambil jalan pulang saya perhatikan bulan purnama, indah sekali di langit yang terang tak berawan. Sambil bertanya dalam hati apakah di Hamburg, Jerman juga bulan purnama. Mengapa Hamburg masuk di

pikiran? Ini disebabkan karena ada pertemuan G- 20 disana dan tadi di TV ketika pimpinan-pimpinan dunia itu foto bersama, terlihat juga Presiden Republik Indonesia, gagah, berdiri didepan, bercakap-cakap dengan Presiden USA yang berada disampingnya. Trump malah agak jauh disebelah luar, jauh dari Angela Merkel yang tuan rumah jadi berada ditengah-tengah barisan. Dan apakah disana juga bulan purnama? Jawabannya tentu saja ia.

Lalu terlintas *forward* Mama di WA bahwa kita harus jalan kaki, karena hal itu dapat menyembuhkan delapan penyakit, ya betul delapan penyakit. Jadi aku ambil keputusan untuk jalan kaki agak jauh, tidak stop di rumah tetapi jalan terus membawa beban seterikaan itu langsung ke Indo Maret untuk beli roti gandum. Setelah beli roti dll. Saya bayar, tetapi uangnya kurang Rp 200 (dua ratus rupiah saja). Lalu saya keluarkan uang receh yang ada di kantong ternyata hanya ada kepingan uang seratus. Jadi saya keluarkan lagi uang logam Rp. 500. Tetapi mbak kasirnya malah ambil yang Rp.100. Aku tawarkan yang Rp. 500, tetapi dia tetap ambil yang seratus saja. Saya bilang “ Aku kurang bayar dong!” Tetapi mbaknya senyum saja tanda kurang seratus tidak apa-apa.—Keberuntungan pertama.

Dalam perjalanan pulang, belum sampai di toko Medina (toko dekat rumah) ada motor berhenti disampingku dan menawarkan aku naik motor. Ternyata

Hargono yang sedang menuju rumah mas Narno. Tetapi karena aku sudah bertekad mau jalan, maka aku bilang dia untuk terus saja karena aku ingin jalan.—Keberuntungan kedua.

Eeh, belum jalan sepuluh langkah, ada lagi motor berhenti dan pengendaranya menyapa diriku. “Pak rumahnya dimana? Mari saya antar”. Yang menyapa puteri, orangnya mungil, manis, putih, berjilbab dan pakai helm. Aku heran apa anak ini dari keluarga besar pak Yoto yang tinggal di kompleks dibelakang tokonya pak Yoto, jadi kenal saya? Jadi saya tanya, “Apa puterinya pak Yoto?” Ternyata dia tidak tahu pak Yoto itu siapa. “Bapak tinggal dimana, bisa saya antar” dia ulangi lagi tawarannya. Tetapi aku terangkan bahwa rumahku dekat saja di Jln Sonopakis dan memang mau jalan saja. Lalu dia bilang:

“ Ooh tadi saya kira bule. Ya sudah ya pak.” saya jawab “Baik, terima kasih yaa...”

Dia lalu mengangguk dan memacu motornya dan berlalu.—Keberuntungan ketiga!

Tapi saya pikir, apa saya ini sudah kelihatan tua dan terseok-seok jalannya, sehingga mulai ada yang iba dan ingin memberi bantuan? Ternyata di Yogya dan di daerah jauh dari pusat kota ini masyarakatnya baik-baik dan suka membantu orang lain. Beruntunglah kita, di Yogya banyak warga yang suka membantu. Syukurlah kita tinggal di Yogya.

Anak perempuan itu juga beruntung karena yang disapa bukan orang jahat. Karena ada orang jahat yang berlagak tua, jalan terseok-seok dan menimbulkan iba. Setelah dibantu ternyata *serial killer*.

Tetapi puteri itu tadi begitu *innocent* sehingga kalau kita beritahukan kepadanya bahwa ada kemungkinan orang jahat seperti itu, rasanya dia tak akan percaya omongan kita.

Rea and Anna

WA from my daughter Rea. She works in Jakarta.

One afternoon with Anna.
Me (Rea) and Anna my 4 year old daughter went into the elevator at the apartment building where we live. Going down from our floor to the floor where Anna is to take swimming lessons.. In the elevator we met a little boy maybe nine year of age. He was alone and is going down to the 1st floor. Anna was worried seeing a kid without a nanny.

Anna, "Why thee alone mommy?"

Mommy, "I don't know"

Anna, "Maybe thee not listening to the family"

Mommy, "Maybe"

Anna - talking to the boy, "Thee need to listen to your family and be with them."

Boy doesn't answer.

We got off at the swimming pool, I was about to ask the boy about his family when I saw that he had already pressed the close button of the elevator. Seeing that he seems at ease with the system and was confident, I held in my impulse to help him. Hoping that he will be alright.

Anyway, I am proud of my little daughter, knowing that she knows the security protocol: Thee need to be with your family! 😊❤️



My reply:
Beautiful story!
Wonderful Mommy.
Smart kid.
Happy Opa and Oma



► Anna

Trying out the MRT in Jakarta.

When me and my wife boarded the MRT at Bunderan HI, the train was chockfull. No place to sit. But immediately these young girls in their mid-twenties, stood up and gave up their seats to us. How nice!!! Obliging and happily they relinquished their seats for us two old people. And standing up, they were already operating their gadgets. No big deal for them. It was a nice ride to Lebak Bulus and back. I tried to compare the ride to the ones I experienced in the Subway (New York, 1964), the Paris Metro (1990's), the U-Bahn, Wien(1990's) and the MRT in Singapore. Feels the same, even better I think, for the MRT in Jakarta is brand new, modern and using the latest technology.

The young women who gave up their seats for us were probably employees at BI and Bank Mandiri, they were going from Bunderan HI to blok M, 15 minutes on the MRT. They were probably going to have lunch and shop at Blok- M and then back to work in their offices at Thamrin boulevard. Without the MRT, in the traffic jam of Jakarta, they could not have done it and return to work in time.

This new mode of transport is opening up lots of new possibilities.

Also meeting these young women who are certainly bright, and skillful and polite, I'm happy cause Indonesia is lucky to have these bright young women in the work force.

Today (2 April 2018)

It was early morning, about six thirty in the morning and I was already taking a walk. Looking for something to eat, like *jajan pasar* or *Galundeng* (a local Yogyakarta favorite snack). Not too far from my house there was a four-way intersection (*carrefour*) which I am very familiar with for I have frequently crossed it. Today it was rather full with cars and motorcycles of parents taking their children to school. It was rather hectic and I was just standing there, taking my time waiting for a lull in the traffic before crossing the street. Suddenly someone took hold of my arm, my upper arm, and before I could protest, he already blew his whistle stopping all traffic and had helped me cross the street. All I could say was *Matur Nuwun*, or “Thank you” in

Javanese. This was a first for me, to be assisted in this way, and I thought to myself “Do I really look that old and frail! Am I really that old?”

And then I realized that I was really advanced in age. And that today was the first day of my 78th year of living on this planet. In fact this incident was in a way a birthday present, reminding me that I’m lucky to be living here in the southern part of Yogyakarta, near the *Kraton* (The Sultan of Yogya Palace) where the society respect older people and are ready to help them. So the morning of my special day started off in a wonderful way. Praise the Lord!

Unit Gawat Darurat

Kemarin aku masuk Unit Gawat Darurat. Jangan khawatir dulu. Malah aku agak sungkan dan geli sendiri karena hanya untuk jari tlusupan kok ke UGD. Aku berjalan masuk ke UGD dengan gagah. Setelah menutup kembali pintu geser saya lihat tak ada perawat jaga. Jadi saya langsung duduk saja dikursi depan meja admin. Ternyata pekerja medis sedang mengurus pasien yang benar-benar gawat. Sebentar kemudian perawatnya tanya “Ada apa pak?” Supaya terkesan agak gawat dan darurat maka saya bilang: “Ini jari saya sudah dua hari sakit terus. Ketusuk duri tetapi duri tak bisa dikeluarkan. Mungkin disini ada pinset utk mengeluarkan durinya”. Mereka lalu mencari pinset. Pinset yang kecil pun masih terlalu besar. Dicoba dikeluarkan duri ukuran nano (keciil)

dibawah kuku tetapi tidak segera berhasil. Ada tiga perawat yang mengurus diriku. Satu pria dan dua putri. Gawat tenan. Satu memegang senter, satu memegang pinset, satu pegang saya punya jari. Karena tak berhasil juga maka saya bilang “Coba dikorek pakai jarum”. Perawat ke lemari ambil jarum. Masih steril jadi kemasannya masih harus disobek. Lengkap juga ini rumah sakit. Lalu jariku dipegang lagi.

“Ini SAKIT ya pak. Tahan ya pak!”

Mereka kasihan juga sama ini orang tua. Lalu jarum mulai uteg-uteg bawah kuku. Lumayan sakit. Tapi beta yang usul sendiri. Sapa suruh datang UGD. Salah sendiri. Setelah kesakitan beberapa lama..... nano duri itu keluar juga.

Wah saya lega, mereka juga lega dan puas dapat membantu orang yang sudah tua.

Mereka profesional merawat. Ada darah sedikit dibersihkan, kasih obat, plester. *And there you go. As good as new.*

Masih ada yang lucu. Mereka tanya

“Bapak tadi daftar?” Saya bilang:”Mboten” Tetapi mereka baik hati.”Njih sampun”

Tak ada biaya untuk yang adhi-yuswa. Jadi saya bilang “Matur nuwun sanget” saya mengangguk hormat. Mereka juga mengangguk. *And I was out of there. Can only happen in Indonesia. Free medical help.*

Helping with care. And you don't even have to register. 😊

80 tahun, siapa takut!

Umur 80 tahun itu harusnya prihatin, khawatir, ketakut, karena fisik sudah renta, pikiran sudah tak berfungsi penuh. Sedikit-sedikit lupa. Sebentar-sebentar lupa! Walaupun sifat lupa itu sebenarnya suatu nikmat atau berkat. Tanpa kemampuan lupa kesedihan kita di masa lalu akan teringat terus. Patah hati di masa remaja masih memburu. Sehingga kita sedih dan murung sepanjang hari. Kan enak lupa ya!

Jadi kemampuan lupa itu harus kita syukuri..... Tetapi.....

Kacamata ku dimana ya? HP ku dimana ya? Tadi aku mau nulis apa ya? Kemarin yang datang bertamu siapa ya namanya?

Saya baru saja ulang tahun ke- 80 dan kini bangga masuk kelompok *octogenarian*. Ternyata banyak rekan rekanku yang sudah lebih dari 80 tahun. Mereka tetap gembira dan optimis penuh syukur karena dapat mencapai dirga yuswa. Sekarang mereka berjuang untuk hidup produktif gembira dan bertahan sekurang kurangnya satu dekade lagi. Semoga!

Terminator

Tadi sore nonton Terminator seri ke-6. Yang main Linda Hamilton sebagai Sarah Connor yang sudah tua, rambut putih tapi masih galak. Arnold Schwarzenegger sebagai terminator yang sudah insap dan sudah tua, rambutnya pun sudah putih . Baru ini terminator bisa jadi tua. Tapi nostalgia lihat dua bintang itu main bersama lagi di hari tua. Filmnya pakai rumus lama: action terus. Walau actionnya susah dimengerti karena terlalu khayal. Tapi rame!

Nontonnya di Empire XXI, di Jalan Sala, Yogyakarta.

Pulang naik Trans Yogya. Tiket 3500 IDR. Transit di Malioboro dari bis 1A ke bis 3A sampai Ngabean transit lagi ke bis 6A jurusan Sonopakis, Ambarbinangun

Senang naik bis. Bis penuh. Begitu naik ditawari tempat duduk oleh anak anak putri SMP. Ternyata diriku sudah kelihatan tua renta dan perlu dibantu. Tapi senang naik bis cukup lama. Di tiap tempat transit harus tunggu sebentar menunggu datangnya bis yang sesuai tujuan kita. Nggak apa-apa. *Time is on my side.*

Gedung Herman Johannes

Pada tanggal 19 Desember 2019, UGM sudah berumur 70 tahun.

Saya gabung UGM ketika UGM berumur 9 tahun. Itu bahasa kerennya. Yang benar adalah saya masuk jadi mahasiswa UGM ketika UGM berumur 9 tahun. Saya masuk Bagian Fisika, Fakultas Ilmu Pasti Alam (FIPA). Kemudian menjadi FMIPA. Kuliah dan praktikum fisika di Ngasem, daerah sebelah barat Keraton Yogya. Ada juga kuliah di STM Jetis. Gedung pusat UGM belum ada, baru akan di bangun. Di kampus UGM Sekip telah dibangun 5 gedung yang diberi nama Sekip Unit I, Sekip Unit II, Sekip Unit III, Sekip Unit IV dan Sekip Unit V. Semula gedung-gedung ini ada yang diperuntukkan Asrama Mahasiswa, tetapi

kemudian diubah penggunaannya untuk perkuliahan. Fakultas Ilmu Pasti Alam menempati gedung Sekip Unit III. Sekip Unit I untuk Fakultas Pertanian, Sekip Unit II untuk Fakultas Kedokteran Hewan dan Peternakan (saat itu masih satu fakultas), Sekip Unit IV untuk Fakultas Teknik dan Sekip Unit V untuk Perpustakaan UGM. Saya ingat sering belajar di ruang baca Perpustakaan. Waktu itu kursi dan meja masuh baru terbuat dari kayu jati dengan finishing yang halus. Sampai sekarangpun, 60-an tahun kemudian meja dan kursi masih bisa dipakai. Setidak-tidaknya beberapa tahun yang lalu ketika saya mampir di Unit V, saya masih melihat kursi dan meja jaman dulu itu masih terpakai.

Saya nganyari (memakai dalam keadaan masih baru) gedung FIPA pada tahun 1958 ketika menjadi mahasiswa FIPA. Saya mengikuti kuliah Fisika dan Matematika di gedung ini. Ingatku sayap selatan gedung untuk Ilmu Alam dan sayap utara untuk Matematika dan Kimia Murni. Baru kemarin (8 Februari, 2020) saya dapat informasi bahwa gedung Sekip Unit III, sudah diberi nama Gedung HERMAN YOHANNES yang harusnya Gedung HERMAN JOHANNES, karena pak Johannes menulis namanya pakai ejaan lama.

Saya mengikuti kuliah Prof.Johannes di gedung ini. Judul mata kuliah: Fisika Klasik. Demikian pula digedung ini saya mendapat kuliah *Quantum Mechanics*, Mekanika

Kuantum, oleh Prof. Dr. Joseph Aharoni dosen dari Imperial College of London yang selama beberapa tahun diperbantukan di UGM. Di gedung ini pula setelah beberapa tahun menjadi mahasiswa Fisika saya mengadakan percobaan yang dibimbing dosen fisika. Judul percobaan: *Nuclear Magnetic Resonance* dan setelah lama dan susah payah berhasil mendapat pola Lissajous di osiloskop yang menjadi bukti bahwa memang telah dihasilkan NMR. Jadi buat saya gedung ini bersejarah. Buat banyak teman dan kakak kelas gedung ini bersejarah karena disinilah mereka kuliah dan praktikum dan bertemu dengan pribadi pribadi yang akan menjadi sahabatnya atau bahkan menjadi teman hidupnya. Kita semua pasti senang bahwa gedung ini tetap dirawat, bahkan diberi nama yang mudah di-ingat. Terima kasih UGM.

Warga Terpandang

Malam ini malam Minggu terakhir dari tahun 2019. Banyak orang di jalan.

Kami berdua, saya dan bu Harry jalan kaki dari rumah ke warung yang tak seberapa jauh untuk beli lauk.

Rupanya bu Harry sudah sangat di kenal. Sebentar sebentar ada ibu ibu yang menyapa pakai bahasa Jawa yang halus. Ramah mereka, memang sudah akrab.

Lewat warung bakmi, malah yang punya warung panggil, “Pak Yo mau kemana?” Kemudian dia tinggalkan penggorengannya bergegas keluar nyalami saya dan ibu. “Selamat Natal ya pak Yo dan bu Yo” Sambil menyalami kita berdua. Kita juga menimpali dengan “Selamat Tahun Baru”.

Setelah berlalu agak jauh saya bilang: “Ternyata kita ini orang terpandang di desa ini”.

Istri saya senyum saja, tahu kalau saya bergurau.

Tapi saya lanjutkan, “Jangan senang dulu, terpandang itu hanya berarti kelihatan, dapat dilihat, kasat-mata”.

Memang bahasa Indonesia itu kaya akan istilah dan luwes dalam penggunaannya. Kata ‘Terpandang’ dapat mempunyai berbagai makna. 😊

Kansas City

Ada dua negara bagian di Amerika Serikat yang bertetangga yaitu Kansas dan Missouri. Keduanya terpisah oleh sungai Missouri. Sungai ini di peta dibagi dua ditengah sungai sepanjang sungai. Sungai bagian barat masuk Kansas sungai bagian timur masuk negara bagian Missouri. Ibu kota kedua negara ini sama yaitu Kansas City (contoh toleransi). Bandaranya Kansas City hanya satu yaitu Kansas City International Airport dan letaknya di negara bagian Missouri. Contoh efisiensi! Kansas City penduduknya 500.000. Sebagai perbandingan, penduduk Kotamadya Yogyakarta sekitar 414.000 dan ada dua bandara internasional disekitarnya. Penduduk DIY: 3,7 juta.

Earthquake in Jakarta



Fiza

* Fiza (seven years old) at the time of an earthquake in Jakarta, while going down the stairs being led by her teacher to safe ground : “ Oh God please help!. This is my first natural disaster. I don’t wanna die. I don’t wanna die!”

* When she was eight years old Fiza said: “When I grow up, I want to be – a stay at home Mom- There are lots of work outside the home but I won’t work out at an office. I will stay home. Work from home.”

Magnetic Resonance Imaging

*M*agnetic Resonance Imaging (MRI) adalah suatu cara pemeriksaan jaringan tubuh memakai asas resonans magnetik (talunan magnetik).

Bagian yang termahal dari alat MRI adalah Pemindai atau *Scanner*. Alat ini memakai magnet dengan rapat fluks magnet yang besar. Makin besar medan magnet yang dipakai makin jelas gambar yang dihasilkan karena resolusi gambar makin besar. Satuan rapat fluks magnet (B) adalah tesla (T)

1T = 10.000 gauss. Alat MRI yang dipakai di rumah sakit rapat fluks magnetnya berkisar B= 1,5 T s.d. B= 3T (3 tesla). Ini adalah medan magnet yang sangat besar. Bandingkan dengan medan magnet bumi yang hanya 25 sd 65 mikrotesla.

Kalau di area rumah sakit ada kawasan yang dibatasi pagar kawat dengan tulisan **Kawasan Medan Magnet**, itu berarti didekat kawasan itu ada alat MRI. Pengunjung RS harus dilindungi dari medan magnet yang besar ini. Medan ini dapat menarik, menerbangkan kacamata yg ada unsur logamnya dan menarik kunci atau benda logam lain yang dibawa pengunjung.

Galaksi

Ada 100 milyar galaksi di jagad raya. Ada 100 ribu juta atau 100 milyar bintang dalam satu galaksi.

Dalam galaksi Bima Sakti kita saja ada 100 milyar sistem tata surya.

Ada 60 milyar planet di satu galaksi Bima Sakti saja yang mungkin mendukung kehidupan inteligen seperti yang ada di bumi. Sedangkan ada 100 milyar galaksi yang berterbangan di luar sana.

Jadi mungkin manusia bumi harus menerima fakta bahwa ada makhluk yang seperti kita atau ada makhluk yang kualitasnya melebihi kualitas manusia. Makhluk di galaksi lain itu, apa ilmu yang mereka pelajari? Bagaimana filosofi mereka? Apakah sila sila yang mereka

anut? Mungkin saja ada yang sama. Mungkin saja ada sila yang universal.

Mungkin juga malaikat (Gabriel, Mikail, Rafael) yang dikirim ke bumi kita oleh yang Mahakuasa juga adalah malaikat yang sama yang dikirim ke bumi mereka.

Coba tanyakan pada malaikat, ke Galaksi mana saja mereka pernah diperintahkan untuk menyampaikan kabar surgawi.

Kita masih dapat terus berandai-andai tetapi cukup sekian saja. Kita harus bersabar dan menanti saja sampai rahasia alam semesta terungkap bagi kita.

Hari ini aku bahagia.

Hari ini dibulan Februari 2019 aku bahagia karena dikunjungi Ruben. Aku bangun pagi sudah ada Ruben dirumah. Demikian pula Emil istrinya dan Vivi puterinya semua ada dirumah kita. Ruben datang jam 23.00 wib. kemarin malam setelah mengelola Seminar di Hotel. Emil sampai di Sonopakis (rumah kita) jam 22.00 wib setelah mengikuti kegiatan pendidikan di Cirebon dan naik kereta api, turun di Stasiun Tugu lalu ke Sonopakis naik Go-Car. Vivi sudah kita jemput dari kemarin pagi jam 08.00 wib. Mereka satu keluarga menginap satu malam dirumah kita. Kita senang karena Ruben tinggal dan berkarya di Yogya, sehingga kalau memerlukan bantuan segera dapat dibantu oleh Ruben. Hari ini tugas Ruben dan keluarga adalah mengantar

Mama ke Kaliurang untuk mengikuti *Hash House Harriers* yaitu suatu kumpulan pejalan kaki lintas alam yang setiap minggu berjalan kaki di lokasi yang berbeda. Kali ini lokasinya adalah di hutan dekat Kaliurang. Saya tidak ikut karena ada acara di gereja GPIB untuk menentukan acara kumpulan rumah tangga di rumah kita beberapa hari lagi.

Pulang gereja, aku jalan kaki lewat kawasan nol kilometer Yogya. Sudah banyak penikmat jalan, duduk di bangku dan foto-foto depan Gedung Agung. Aku jalan selama 30 menit sampai stasiun bus Ngabean. Lalu naik Bus Trans Yogya. Bus no 10 arah Sonosewu, Universitas PGRI. Bayar bus Rp. 3500,- Saat naik bus di sebelah kiri ada gawai bertulisan “Tempel kartu disini” Bus nya dingin, sejuk ber AC. Banyak ibu-ibu dari desa Sonosewu dan Ambarbinangun menikmati bus ini bersama cucu-cucu mereka yang lucu dan kelihatan senang naik bus kota.

Aku turun didepan Universitas PGRI, lalu jalan kaki lagi 10 menit. Sampai rumah saya lihat di HP, pada aplikasi Samsung Health terbaca bahwa saya sudah jalan lebih dari 6000 langkah. Jadi jatah jalan sehari telah dipenuhi!

WA dari Abi

Aku dapat WA dari anakku Abi yang kerja di Jakarta.
sbb:

Hope everyone had a great day today. We just left October and embrace the new month today. One good thing happened, it finally rained in Jakarta.

Hope this month gives us the opportunity for betterment to us all. It just hit me today that not only 2019 but the decade is ending in 2 months. So let's take a moment and appreciate all the good stuffs that has come our way as well as learn from the hard times.

Have a blast weekend!

Aku jawab sbb.:

Yes Abi the decade is getting old and will soon end.
This decade brought many wonderful experiences.

We will soon enter the new decade.

Hope I can last and live throughout the next
decade 😊🇮🇩

(I'm now 80 years old. A decade feels like eternity)