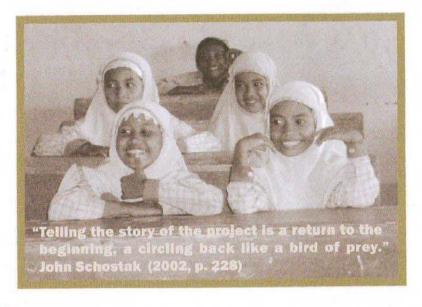






Alison Atwell



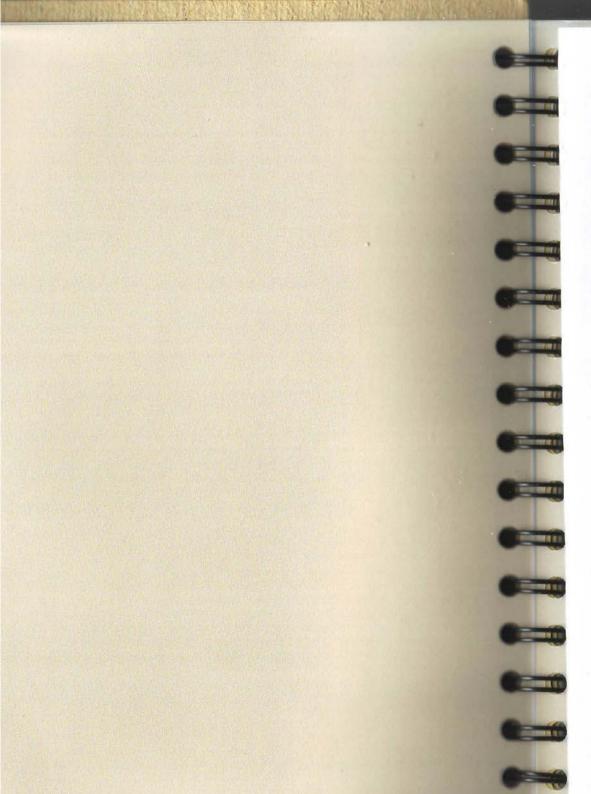




This journal represents a period of thirty-two weeks in my life, a time of both intense discovery and reflection as it chronicles my efforts to explore issues of leadership in rural school communities in Central Lombok. As a new traveller in this world of the Sasak people it provides a tool for weighing up possibilities and gauging effectiveness of practice. It attempts to secure this period within the context of Indonesian life throughout these weeks by offering background on the culture of Lombok together with relevant Indonesian educational issues. It also serves to provide a commentary on events that impact both on my work as a researcher and the future of educational projects within Indonesia such as the bombing at the Australian Embassy and the horror of the tsunami. Above all it hopes to capture the essence of my research into leadership that has been gifted to me by fifteen willing participants who have given wholeheartedly of their time and their spirit throughout the research project.



June 2001

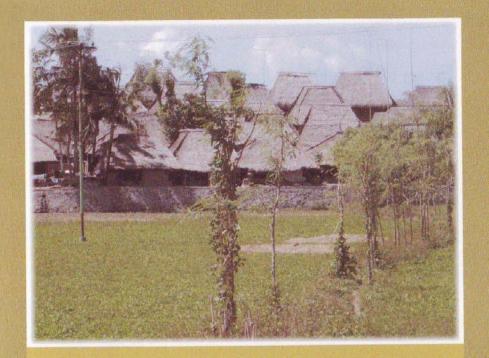


### SASAK VILLAGE

With eyes transfixed the weaver sits
Perched on a platform above the ground
Saronged legs stretched to meet the frame
Loom joined as one to body and soul
Hands dancing rapidly lacing threads
Purples and reds, yellows and greens
Magically patterning an emerging cloth
Eyes following threads hands following eyes
Heart following the craft of ancient times.

Entering the hut the mud dung floor
Shines with labour from the rubbing stone
Simmering pots hold lunch time fare
Warmed from the embers of an open fire
Deep treads lead to a higher floor
Sleeping quarters for unwed girls
Guarded vigilantly for future marriage
Defying the grooms who come bride stealing
Keeping the traditions of ancient times.

Out in the well a bucket is lowered
Voices murmur in local tongue
Tethering goats, watering cattle
Smoking cigarettes in the midday sun
Rice is pounded, nasi is eaten
Food is flavoured by the chilli's fire
Children are nurtured, life is respected
Telephones absent, power not connected
Living the traditions of ancient times.





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"This narrow path has been trod many a time already, it's only that this time the journey is one to mark the way."

Pramoedya Ananta Toer (1982, p. 8)

28th June, 2004

Today marks the first official day of my research into leadership in Central Lombok. Yet there is often such a disparity between a designated date and the reality of taking the first steps forward on a journey. While feeling an enormous sense of expectation on this June morning I am constantly reminded that my own first steps were taken twenty-five years ago when I initially set foot on Indonesian soil, tentatively cradling my four month old son as we started a six year long family sojourn in the jungles of Sulawesi. Back in 1979 I began at first quite unknowingly, a love affair with this diverse Indonesian culture, its people and its landscape that has drawn me across the oceans and the years to revisit, to refocus, to continue my steps along a pathway that never ceases to challenge and to reward me with its wonder.

This is my sixth visit to Lombok since coming to live in Jakarta in July 2002. These visits have all been focussed in the area of Central Lombok, sifting school culture and the local Sasak culture, steeping myself in the traditional crafts of weaving and pottery, learning to find my way around the multitude of rural lanes with the help of an able driver, gaining insight into the variety of crops, the dry rice plantings as well



as the wet paddies, the tobacco crops and pungent fields of onions and of chilli bushes, the banks of bananas and the kangkung harvesting. I have visited the local Sasak villages where life remains unchanged across the centuries. Thatched huts with mud/dung floors polished to look like cement, simple cooking implements used over open fires, goats and cattle tethered close by, water drawn from a basic well, weaving looms used by diligent fingers - these are all a standard way of life. There is no place in these villages for telephones, computers, electricity or motor vehicles. Children journey out each day into a school world but even there it is their own language, Sasak, that they will speak for the first years. In the poor, rural elementary schools that they attend there will only be rare opportunities for technological experiences. Local transport is simply the horse and cart and dress the traditional sarong, pulled higher around the shoulders should the weather grow chilly. The Sasak language prevails with up to eighty percent of some villages speaking no Bahasa Indonesia.

The Sasak life of Lombok Tengah is a world away from the bustle of Lombok's capital city of Mataram and the tourist centre of Senggigi Beach despite being only a two to three hour drive. This is not a world of fast food outlets or western clothing. Starbucks is noticeably absent. Time here is measured by working in the fields, shepherding ducks along a country lane, and tending to the family cow. It is a life of simplicity and hard work, of striving to make sufficient living so that the family may eat. But it is also a life of tradition and ceremonies that mark the seasons and encapsulate community. It is a world where an ancient rusty bicycle is treasured as a means of transport.

I visit schools involved in the Japan Fund for Poverty Reduction (JFPR) project to which my own research will be attached. There are fifty-seven schools in this area involved in the JFPR project and they welcome me to talk and discuss how the project has impacted on their school communities. I am taken to see first hand the new roofs, the painted walls the structural improvements that have added so much value to education in these struggling

schools. I meet with teachers eager to share, with principals who offer an overview of gains already made from JFPR and with throngs of smiling children who surround me in a varied assortment of the standard government school maroon and white uniforms. While many of these maroon skirts and shorts are held together by pins and string to defy their original wearer's size, they are always worn with enormous



pride. Maroon bottom + white top = I belong! Indonesia has cleverly standardised its uniforms for public schools so that a student may transfer to a government school anywhere throughout the country and retain the same outfit. I soon learn the colour coding: maroon and white for elementary school, navy and white for junior high school and grey and white for senior high school.

I visit madrasah, the Islamic schools run to the government curriculum and marvel at the age of enthusiastic staff barely out of high school themselves, and learn how so many madrasah have honorary teachers who give their time simply as a community and religious duty in an honorary capacity. I hear how few of these teachers have any formal teaching qualifications. I meet innocent looking young female teachers in Islamic dress and female students who are also fully covered to meet Islamic requirements. Thus I look, I listen, I feel, I learn as this is the culture that I must grow to understand in Praya Barat Daya in the midst of Sasak land where my research will be grounded.

I meet with the Team Leader of the JFPR project who is so supportive of my research project being carried out in three of the JFPR designated schools and eager for me to start. Travelling frequently from his home and university base in Yogyakarta to oversee workshops and offer continual input, this man always impresses me with his quiet wisdom and local understanding. I talk

to the eight Field Facilitators whose daily involvement in the fifty-seven schools makes them a fountain of local knowledge. Together we consider my criteria for selection of the three schools, the issues such as accessibility and expressed school community interest in further professional development and gradually school names emerge and are considered.

Pre-sunrise on this first day a rooster crows imperiously above the crashing sound of the ocean hitting against the brick wall of my hotel at Senggiai Beach. The waves have been pounding rhythmically throughout the night and as the sun beckons through my curtains I begin to organise myself for the day ahead. As always I am staying at Senggigi Beach, as there is no accommodation available in South West Praya. I am aware from previous trips that it will be at least a two hour journey this morning out to the schools. As my driver pulls out of the hotel car park, school children are already assembling in a local primary school opposite, releasing the morning's energy prior to being called to class work. We pass old men on rickety bicycles intent on their morning journeys, women classically dressed in matching uniforms complete with the Islamic head dress, the jilbab, making their way to office jobs elegantly side saddle on motor bikes, and horses and carts carrying both goods and passengers. The surrounding area of Mataram, the capital, is slowly coming to life. It is really no different from other Indonesian towns, an air of neglect in the streets and shop fronts that seem even more in a state of decay without the bustle of customers and sales that will happen later in the morning. The entire population of a local high school emerges along the main road in uniform navy and white out for a morning constitutional, crowding the streets as they amble rather than march in the style being modelled by enthusiastic teachers who lead the procession.

The driver skirts the centre of the city and within minutes we are in more rural surroundings - narrow roads, women balancing laden baskets effortlessly on their heads, green fields, coconut palms and mosques calling the faithful to prayer. An hour into the countryside the car stops to collect my translator for the day and we drive with him to his nearby home so that I can brief him regarding the day's program. Together over hot, sweetened local coffee, we work through my list of interview questions and discuss exact meanings of translations. I feel confident that I will be able to follow the discussions at schools, which will be done in Bahasa Indonesia, but I am keen to ensure that I do not miss out on information because of language constraints. Thus my translator will ask my prepared questions and together we will conduct the interviews, which I will tape for the purpose of future translation into English.

Back in the car I brace myself for a further forty-five minutes of jolting travel where pot holes threaten to swallow our vehicle as we dodge horse driven carts, goats being herded, bicycles and pedestrian traffic. In the fields the workers thrash rice and prepare the land for the next crop, water buffalo pull ancient ploughs and women work tirelessly waist deep in ponds harvesting kangkung, the green leafy vegetable that is so successfully exported to the other islands from Lombok. An elderly woman lovingly cuddles a grandchild in front of a village house as tiny children amuse themselves digging in the dirt around her.





As our car pulls in to the first school the principal appears in the schoolyard to greet me. While this is not one of the three schools that I have chosen to participate in my sample I am hopeful that the principal of Sekolah Satu will talk to me about leadership practices at his school as a comparative narration for my journey. A female teacher has seen my arrival from her classroom and runs outside to join us, warmly clinging to my arm and entwining her hand in mine as we are ushered to the principal's tiny office where we are quickly joined by the Head of the School Committee. With formalities and introductions behind us, I explain in basic Indonesian the purpose of my research and my interest in this school and the principal is quick to confirm that he will happily discuss my questions. With tape running and video camera in action, I begin with the help of the translator. As the questions progress the teacher disappears to her classroom apologising that formal end of year testing is in progress, while the principal enlarges on his thoughts on leadership, his school's views on leadership and issues he has at the school base with leadership. The Head of the School Committee enlivens the discussion with his own viewpoint and adds the additional information that he has recently joined the staff part time as a teacher of English. I am certainly not given an opportunity to put his skills in the English language to the test however as the conversation remains throughout in Bahasa Indonesia.

The second school I visit for the purpose of comparative insight is further down the same dusty road. Sekolah Dua is a madrasah, an Islamic day school that follows the government curriculum. On this one stretch of the country road I pass half a dozen schools, an interesting assortment of primary schools and junior high schools and madrasah. Once again as I enter the dusty grounds of the madrasah, I find a staff that is extraordinarily welcoming and I am surrounded by waves of shy, smiling young girls in Islamic dress beckoning me along the corridor to the principal's room. One of the staff disappears down the street to find the principal as the chairs in the office fill with young teachers eager to join in my discussion. With the arrival of the principal I find permission to discuss leadership issues for Sekolah Dua immediately forthcoming.

As we travel through the story of this school's leadership practices, a young female teacher follows all comments with animated eyes. Yet as soon as an additional male teacher enters the room, she excuses herself silently.

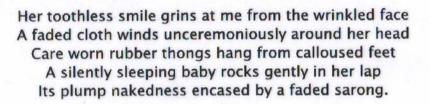
automatically giving him her seat and slips quietly out of the door. I am as always reminded of cultural and religious practices and the role of women in this society. A lively discussion continues on the school's leadership and

beliefs regarding the practice of leadership with teachers very keen to have their voices heard. The noise outside is deafening as an outdoor class is in progress complete with microphones amongst the chaos of the school's renovations, so I hold my own small tape recording microphone close to each speaker and ask them to speak as clearly and loudly as possible. An assortment of fried bananas and other



small treats appear on the table as the discussion continues together with sealed plastic cups of water. I feel very much an honoured guest.

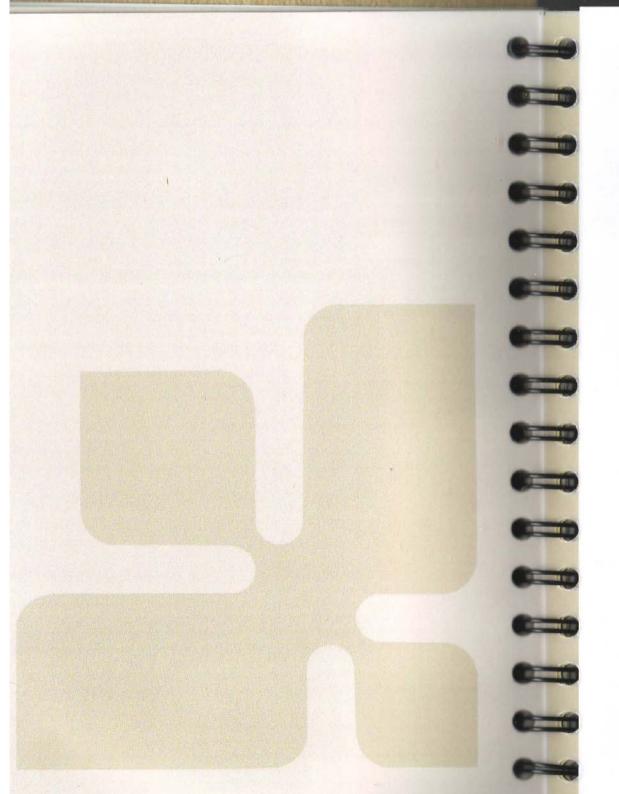
Leaving the madrasah behind we wind precariously around further pot holed country roads to visit the third school for the day stopping briefly to allow a farmer to guide his twenty or so ducks out of the way of our vehicle. The principal at Sekolah Tiga while pleasantly hospitable is hesitant about holding a discussion initially and then explains that she has only in recent months joined the staff as principal. She welcomes me to sit with the gathering teachers around the staff room table however and before long she is contributing her thoughts on leadership with clarity and enthusiasm. The staff is supportive and again also pleased to be able to offer their own comments. One of the teachers quietly sets cups of steaming sweetened tea, a much-loved Indonesian refreshment, in front of us. The discussion bounces backwards and forwards across the table. The staff members are all wearing the government uniform that is standard to all schools and government offices, khaki coloured trousers and shirts with a matching jilbab for the Islamic women. The children are on an extended break having just completed their formal testing and appear noisily in droves at the staff room door wanting to check out the video camera and my fair hair. The day is drawing to a close here as I pack up the equipment and we head back towards Mataram.

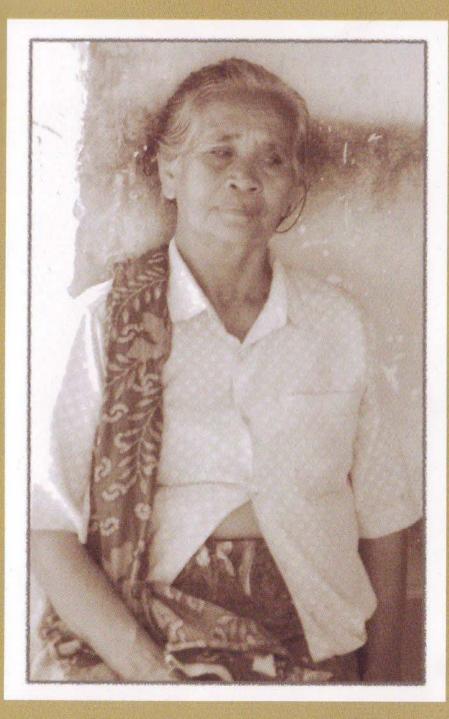


A toddler scratches patiently with sharpened stick in the dust
One hand tapping her knee in careful contact
He will not wander far to explore the Lombok sunshine
Here at the road's edge of his family home
Lies his security the centre of his universe.

Pot holes engulf school children on bicycles Cars slow to give restless cattle right of way Horses heavily blinkered pull loaded wagons High schoolers dawdle bags slung on shoulders Women return home baskets balanced on heads.

Time stands still and is not measured in decades
No counting the calendar by the world's major events
Family and village share all of life's moments
The weddings, the funerals, celebrations and mourning
The pacing of life by the community's intent.





IBU

Her toothless smile grins at me from the wrinkled face
A faded cloth winds unceremoniously around her head
Care worn rubber thongs hang from calloused feet
A silently sleeping baby rocks gently in her lap
Its plump nakedness encased by a faded sarong.

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One hand tapping her knee in careful contact
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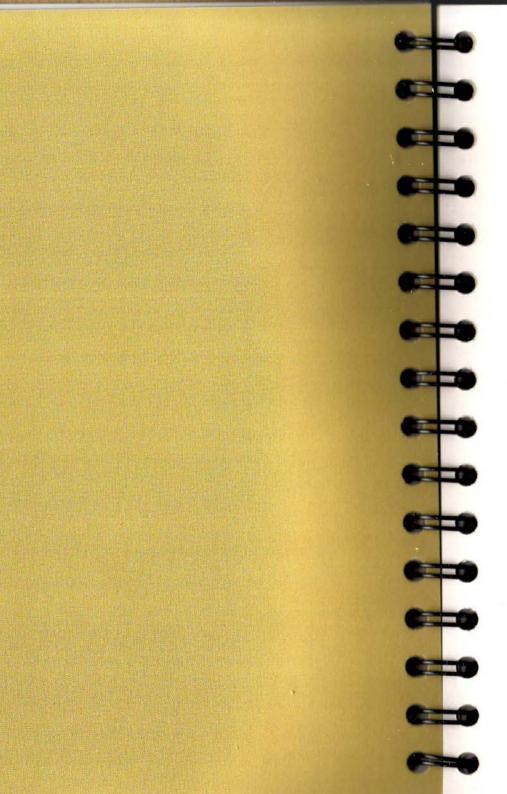
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"When wonder's great and familiarity poor How then should my tired eyes keep up the score When all things strange are ordinary grace?" Gary Shank (In Patton, 2002, p. 538)

29th June, 2004

In the early evening I set forth again in the direction of Praya Barat Daya. I brace myself for the long and somewhat precarious drive out into the countryside as dark begins to clothe the fields. Tonight I have arranged to meet with the eight Field Facilitators who are involved on a daily basis across the fifty-seven schools of the JFPR project. I have organised a Focus Group session, which will be followed by further informal chats over dinner to discuss their insights regarding leadership in the schools that I am hoping to involve in my research. The venue is a simple restaurant in Praya, the town that is central to the area. With the usual time lost turning down the wrong darkened lanes, I share a sense of accomplishment with the driver when we finally find the entrance to the restaurant. The Field Facilitators are already waiting in an outdoor dining area all well wrapped, as there is a slight chill in the June air that is keenly felt by those who live their lives in the sunshine of tropical Lombok.

Food is ordered but put on hold while the Focus Group is conducted. The Facilitators are a lively group of five men and three women and are all keen to offer input into how they see leadership within the project schools that they have visited and more specifically to offer their thoughts regarding leadership practices at the three schools that will become full participants in my research as well as an additional three schools that I will consider for comparative purposes. They identify the principal at Sekolah Merah, one of my target schools, as being a strong leader and suggest that leadership at the madrasah, Sekolah Hijau, which is a second target school, is very much the domain of the Islamic foundation that runs the school. At Sekolah Biru, the third of the target schools, they note that a senior teacher at the school constantly questions the principal's leadership. This senior teacher has the same government status as the principal. The Facilitators believe that this often causes internal issues. In relation to all schools the Facilitators suggest that leadership within the school is scaffolded on position rather than on a shared experience.

Our discussion regarding the three proposed comparative schools, centres on the principal from Sekolah Satu who is suspected by his staff of mismanaging funds from the JFPR project, that the school is involved in. This has resulted in conflict within the school and an uneasy sense of who is actually leading the school. At the nearby madrasah, Sekolah Dua, the

Tuan Guru, the highly esteemed local religious leader is considered to lead the school in the decision making processes rather than the principal. At Sekolah Tiga the principal has been newly appointed and the Facilitators suggest that she is currently working very hard but as yet feels no ownership in the school.

I am mindful once again that the three women in the Facilitator's group require individual invitations to speak or will become quickly overshadowed by the five men. It is very late by the time we finally eat although even then leadership issues are still being discussed across plates laden with garlic flavoured vegetables, the ever popular local fish, gurame, and the regional chicken delicacy, "ayam taliwang". One of the Facilitators creatively draws me a diagram on a white paper napkin to illustrate what he considers to be the finer points of leadership issues. The road back to Mataram and on to Sengiggi Beach is even darker of course than it was in the early evening and the driver skilfully navigates around slower motor bikes and heavily laden trucks.



30th June, 2004

Waking as the first light is dawning, I set forth at an early hour. I am beginning to recognise different signposts that measure this route into South West Praya now - a half finished house at the turn of the road from Mataram, an inspiring mosque a third of the way out. A busy market place where huge woven baskets restrain the roosters used for the traditional cockfights denotes the half way mark and always the same people are to be seen working the fields, sweeping the yards with the brooms of bound sticks, spreading the rice out on huge sheets of woven straw to dry in the sun.

This morning I feel both expectant and nervous. I will meet with the first group of staff from one of my three schools, outline the research and their roles as a school, formally seek their consent to be involved and then hopefully seek background in relation to their current leadership practices so that I can build on this foundation to prepare my two day leadership training course. The female principal at Sekolah Merah bustles in to greet me as the staff have ushered me into the staff room.



prior to her return from a local meeting. We move as a group to sit around the staff room table and the discussion flows easily. The principal expresses the school's absolute support in being involved in the research and confirms that five members of the school community are certainly looking forward to the workshop experience. Once again there is no reticence with the discussion of current practices and the microphone is eagerly passed around the



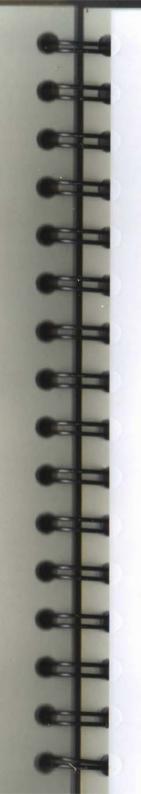
gathered group. I explain further about the logistics for the August workshop and give the principal the five letters and consent forms for members of her school team. We talk as well about a possible gender balance with the five representatives and she is hopeful that there will be at least one other woman participating. As I leave I am offered bananas grown in the schoolyard, a polite gesture of acceptance and hospitality.





Later in the day I visit the second school that will participate, Sekolah Hijau, an impoverished madrasah that offers junior secondary as well as primary education. As I enter the school's internal courtyard, children are literally scrambling in the dust and dirt, ingenious in their ways of entertaining themselves without the benefit of play equipment. Once again I am delighted with the school staff's response to the research, all of them eager to participate and to join in discussions. As our talk progresses the staff flow in and out of the room. Again many of them are barely beyond high school age themselves, local young men and women, giving their time and energy and considerable enthusiasm to their village school. Students are sitting behind a desk one moment and seemingly teaching the next. There is no in between growing up phase of moving away to college or gaining diplomas. On the job training, which at its best is usually minimal, is as good as this scenario gets. Yet there is an enthusiasm and youthful sense of innate possibilities that carries these people through. In an ideal world they would be at university training for their teaching qualifications. But this is not an ideal world. It is their world, their community and they do what ever they can to ensure that it survives. Like all madrasah this particular one is run by a yayasan or foundation, a non-profit local committee. Once again I leave behind the paperwork for the workshop with arrangements for the collection of consent forms.

July



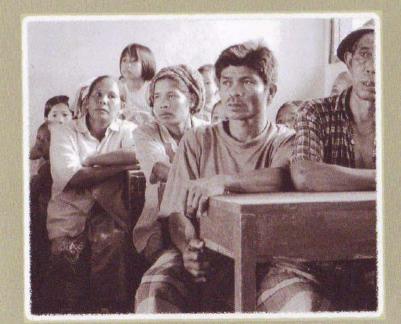
### COMMUNITY

Silently they flock into the school Fields abandoned, household tasks dismissed Bearing babies on hips in batik slings Dragging toddlers hiding tentatively in sarong folds. The foreigner, the orang bule has come from Jakarta Has entered their school, has asked that they meet.

What is her purpose?

Does she have funding? Will there be textbooks, some treats for the kids? New desks for schoolrooms, paint for the buildings? What about roof tiles and money for bursaries? What about uniforms and exercise books? They perch on the stools and balance on desks They fill up the classroom and spill out beyond They patiently eye her western style clothing With faces well tanned, straw hats from the rice fields Arms bursting with strength from work's heavy labour Arms cradling children with love and respect Eyes speaking of survival of life harshly lived Eyes greeting a stranger with welcoming lights. She speaks they listen and she speaks yet again. They speak she listens and they speak again. She talks of community of building new bridges She talks of assisting as much as she can She talks of school leadership of task sharing strategies. Her money is minimal but her mission is worthy Inspiring their vision of plans for their school With handshakes abundant their support is determined With friendship and kindness they welcome her in.





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Leadership has to take place every day. It cannot be the responsibility of the few, a rare event, or a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity."
Ronald Heifetz and Donald Laurie (1997, p. 134)



1st July, 2004

It is the following day when I visit the third school to be involved, Sekolah Biru, a primary school that looks out across the fields to the mountains beyond, in a setting that is definitely rural. I had visited the principal on the previous afternoon. The staff and students were long gone and the principal had sat with me, to arrange a suitable time for my return, having assured me that the school is committed to an involvement in the research. This morning I find the staff have all gathered in the staff room together with the Head of the School Committee and another School Committee member. It is yet again a valued discussion of leadership styles and issues at the school. The principal returns the filled out consent forms from the five members of staff so that for the first time I am aware that I am actually meeting the team of five from one of the three participating schools. The male Head of the School Committee will be joined by a young mother of a first grade student on the team. She smiles shyly but warmly at me as we make small talk about her children. She is sitting with her child's teacher who I am also pleased to meet as one of the two teachers on the team, a youthful young Islamic woman who has followed the discussion but has not yet felt comfortable enough to join in. The second teacher in the team is a senior male teacher who like the principal has been chain smoking throughout the meeting, stopping long enough however to offer his views on leadership. I am reminded that in this chain-smoking world of Indonesian males, I will have to think about smoking options when planning the workshop. I am encouraged to share the fried bananas that have been cooked on an old wok behind the staff room as our talk continues.

The principal has drawn my driver a mud map of a better route back into Mataram and we find that when returning to the township from Sekolah Biru, that it is indeed a better way to travel. With the initial introductions to the participating schools complete, I head for Senggigi Beach, on a mission to find a suitable venue for the two day workshop.



I travel from hotel to hotel along the Senggigi Beach strip stopping at the ones that look as if they will meet my personal criteria for the two day workshop. Essentially it must be affordable as I have fifteen participants and a translation crew plus a video operator, which will bring me up to twenty people inclusive of myself for accommodation, food and a meeting room. I find there is an

enormous difference regarding how these costs are calculated according to the particular hotel but finally I am being shown the possible meeting room at a hotel on the beach and I know that if I can balance the financial aspect that this is exactly what I have been looking for. The meeting facility is a very large square space with room for a horseshoe of chairs as well as three round "break out tables" in the back, when group work is in progress. The windows look out over an inspiring ocean view and the bar area which I am assured will be relieved of all alcohol for the event, will become an ideal additional work area for any activities done in pairs. The room is above the restaurant where the group would take both breaks and meals, which cuts down time spent walking for coffee breaks and yet gives a sufficiently different sense of space to make the break effective.

I enter serious negotiations with the manager on costs of rooms and provide a small holding deposit to ensure the booking. The hotel will offer a valuable interlude for the participants who rarely venture beyond their rural communities, it is comfortable without being ostentatious, offers a good and varied local menu and clean, well sized rooms. In addition it is at the beach so that an evening walk along



the sandy front is an option to blow away any workshop cobwebs while at the same time being far enough away from the tourist shops to ensure that participants are not lost along the way. My relief is enormous at having arranged this essential organizational aspect.



Back at my hotel I organise the tapes already completed that must now be translated back in Jakarta, sort through the videos that have already been filled and start to arrange the paperwork into folders so that I don't get too confused with the current bundle. I decide to put all of these items with my camera and video camera in my carry bag for the plane trip home. Somehow I cannot bear the

thought of the lost luggage saga, all too familiar across my years of Indonesian travel. I know that while I could replace many things in my suitcase that I would be very distressed if these papers and tapes went missing.



# JUST GRADE ONE

Her first year in school and proud of her uniform
The maroon skirt is drowning her legs in its folds
The white shirt is gaping from two missing buttons
The cheeky red cap confines unruly black hair
Her face is no longer an olive complexion
White patches appear where bronze skin should reign
A bacterial infection so easily corrected
A statement of poverty of life without basics
Of no running water or soap for her hands
Yet her brown eyes are dancing
Her smile is engaging
For school is her world
Kelas Satu her dream.

No creature can fly with just one wing. Gifted leadership occurs where heart and head – feeling and thought – meet. These are the two wings that allow a leader to soar." Language (2002, p. 26)



6th July, 2004

My planning proceeds for the two day workshop on August 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> in Senggigi Beach. Lists seem in danger of completely dominating my desk as I begin to formalise my workshop overview, write the range of handouts, organise the materials that I will need to supply and make arrangements for transport. Thankfully I have been able to confirm the involvement of three highly capable translators, all native Indonesian speakers who are prepared to travel with me to Lombok for the two day workshop. With the addition of



a further team member who will video the proceedings I will have a solid group of four travelling with me. I have given some thought to the need for this number on the team as I am aware that once my participants are broken into three groups during various workshop activities that I will certainly require follow through from three translators. August is high season at tourist areas in Indonesia such as Lombok so I am keen to book flights as soon as possible.

I have previously made the decision to give the three schools involved as part of my comparative narration a simple number coding system to maintain confidentiality for reporting purposes:

Sekolah Satu : School Öne Sekolah Dua : School Two Sekolah Tiga : School Three Similarly the participating schools in the ongoing research work have been coded via a colour coding system:

Sekolah Merah - Red School Sekolah Hijau - Green School Sekolah Biru - Blue School

I find that when shopping for workshop necessities such as folders and cardboard, journals and pens, that my task becomes colour streamlined as three piles of colour-coded equipment begin to emerge on my office floor. Knowing how little equipment each of these three schools has at its home base I feel confident that any reusable materials will be well prized in the future.

The first drafts of my workshop program are already trying to balance the insights, which I have gleaned from the initial interviews regarding the needs of the three schools. I am aware that there is much to expand in relation to their understanding of leadership, and that shared leadership is in many cases new and unexplored territory. I am also aware of other issues, such as the need to draw upon the strength of the local oral tradition in planning the workshop. I want to ensure that story telling is a focal point and intend myself to model this method from the opening segment. My understanding of local religious requirements also necessitates the inclusion of breaks during the two days that will be of sufficient length to allow for prayers, as all fifteen of my participants are Muslims. Thus I decide on one hour lunch breaks and half hour coffee breaks for this reason. The initial meetings and my own understanding of the Islamic culture have also made me very aware of gender issues that may arise at the workshop and so my planning becomes mindful of this as I carefully consider the breakdown for various group

activities. All of these schools have recently been involved in local training programs via the JFPR project in relation to the concept of PAKEM, which translates as Active, Joyful, Creative and Effective Learning. This is very much an activity based learning approach and so I intend to model this throughout the two days of the workshop and avoid too much talk from the front

Gradually the workshop starts to take shape and I begin to sort through my photo bank to find photographs I have taken of the three schools that I can use in power point presentations at the workshop. I also begin a quest to source some cheap basic cameras so that I can provide a camera for each school together with rolls of film. Any photos that the participants take back at their schools will be invaluable to support the journal work that they will undertake across the six month period following the workshop when they will be

W 12

instigating projects that involve leadership back at their base schools. I soon become aware of deadlines for having any handouts that I wish to use

translated and commence a flurry of work to have these ready in a final format.

With twenty-three handouts sent electronically to the translator I begin to feel that my workshop is being fine tuned and am pleased with the package deal that has enabled me to buy three sets of basic and reasonably priced cameras each complete with four films. I add six simple large picture frames to my growing list of workshop necessities as I have decided to frame two significant statements for each school that will emerge as part of workshop exercises. Each school will be



assisted in producing both their own definition of a "leader" and of "leadership" during the two day period. To print and frame these statements so that they can be hung visibly on a wall in the school office or staff room, would seem to serve as a reminder of how the school has conceptualised the basics of leadership practice.



If you can fill the unforgiving minute with civity seconds with air distance run fours is the earth and constraint that's in

Rudyard Kipling (In Keuting, 1993,

19th July, 2004

It is now only a matter of weeks until the Senggigi Beach workshop. I arrange to meet the three interpreters. Kiki, Henny and Iwan for a briefing session and across a lengthy afternoon I provide them with a step-by-step overview of the workshop process. Together we preview the handouts that will be used and view the power point presentations. All three are enthusiastic about the proposed workshop and curious about the activitybased approach, as it is quite different to their workshop experiences of the past. Kiki, who will provide the main interpreting during the workshop, has broad experience working as an interpreter for the Human Rights Commission in both seminars and workshops and together we trial the length of sentences that will sit comfortably in the translation process. I am already feeling privileged to have someone with such a fine sense of the nuances of meaning as part of my team. Henny offers to confirm all flights and hotel reservations for me and I gladly agree knowing full well that as a native speaker the final arrangements made will not be confused in translation. Iwan is happy to contact the transport service in Lombok that I have previously organised to confirm times for the pick up of the participants from their villages on the first day of the workshop.

During these final weeks I organise the mammoth photocopying exercise required now that the translation of the twenty-three handouts is finally complete and begin packing cardboard boxes that will accompany our luggage for Lombok. I have requested a meeting at the Ministry of National Education with the official who is Project Manager for DBEP (Decentralized Basic Education Project) and JFPR (Japan Funded Poverty Reduction Project). It is vital that I gain Ministry approval for my research. I have previously received full approval from the Team Leader of the JFPR Project but Ministry of National Education (MONE) approval is necessary at this stage if teachers are going to be given formal permission to participate.

Nothing will come of nothing. Speak again. William Shakespeare (In Fraser, 1963, p. 6) NAMA

22<sup>nd</sup> July, 2004

At last the meeting is a reality. Although quite interested in the process, the official with whom I am given an audience is reticent to give his signature to the letter that must go out to the Praya Barat Daya District Office in Lombok. He suggests that he might like to be involved in the workshop himself and to give a presentation on leadership directed at the principals in attendance. I am interested in his desire for input but very concerned that the dynamics of the workshop and thus the future research will be significantly altered should he choose to be actively involved. A Ministry of National Education official in attendance from Jakarta will certainly impact on the ease with which participants from the villages engage in dialogue. I realise however that I need to tread very warily as this official has the ability to halt all further proceedings if the situation is not handled with the greatest care. The official agrees to consider the workshop and asks that I hand deliver a letter in Bahasa Indonesia formally requesting that the research be approved.

I work with the translator on a letter that will hopefully provide not just the right words but also more importantly the right tone and the culturally correct phrases to try to address the need for participation and deliver it with some trepidation to the official's section. I receive a reply that the official has decided that he can not personally at this time give permission for the research to go ahead and has decided to refer the matter further up the Ministry ladder. I am required to seek permission from his superior, the Director of Junior Secondary Education. The first meeting arranged with the Director is postponed only an hour before the scheduled time as he is suddenly required to fly to Surabaya and his secretary sets up a time for the following day.

"The ship is anchored, safe and sound." Walt Whitman (In Murphy, 2004, p. 359)



27th July, 2004

To my enormous relief the Director both approves and supports the research and arranges to have a letter of consent forwarded to the appropriate authorities in Lombok. I am provided overnight with a copy of the letter that has been sent. The Director is eager to receive feedback through the research process and I am more than happy to agree to his request, as I am keen to establish this relationship with the Ministry in terms of future reporting.

august

### AIRPORT EXCITEMENT

At six in the morning
With light barely dawning
Luggage is juggled
Boxes are balanced
Gates are shut tight
Checklists consulted.

Soekarno Hatta Airport
Bursting with activity
Strapping heavy suitcases
Labelling bulky packages
Loading wobbly trolleys
Flashing ready flights
Dragging sleepy children
Queuing weary passengers.

Hand luggage checked meticulously
Bags weighed cautiously
Departure tax paid scrupulously
Boarding passes pocketed neatly
Computers shouldered carefully
Cameras slung safely
Printers hoisted precariously.

We all head for Departure We all head for Lombok We all head for a challenge And a workshop weekend.



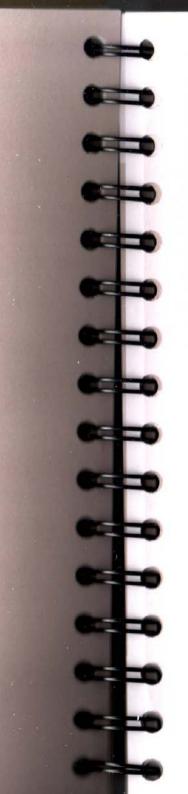
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"The moving finger writes; and, having writ, Moves on." Edward Fitzgerald (1998, p. 20)

6th August, 2004

As the car pulls out of my driveway at 6:00 a.m. en route to Soekarno Hatta Airport for the flight to Mataram, I recheck my list of accompanying luggage. My suitcase is bulky with the sets of brightly coloured handout enlargements that will adorn the workshop walls, and a wide assortment of red, blue and green materials. I count six accompanying boxes all securely sealed and labelled ready to wing their way to Lombok and am grateful that the three translators will be able to add their luggage allowance to my 30 kilos at check in time at the Garuda counter. A bag at my feet holds the six large photo frames safe in their bubble wrap which will soon contain the individualised statements on leaders and leadership that each of the three schools will write during the process of the workshop. I will take my computer bag and the bag of frames on board as hand luggage, while the translators juggle the printer, an LCD and a further computer.

I am greeted by Henny and Kiki, two of the interpreters, with excited waves as I hoist my suitcase on to the airport binding machine that will strap it as a security precaution prior to check in. One by one the boxes are also laced in the yellow plastic strapping. Iwan, the third interpreter, joins us as we make our way to the check in counter. All four of us share an air of anticipation. Since their briefing three weeks ago, Henny, Kiki and Iwan have been diligent in reading the workshop handouts and in familiarising themselves with the program and are looking forward to the activity based approach which will introduce them to new workshop methods such as school mapping and story telling.



After a brief stopover in Yogyakarta we touch down at Mataram Airport at 2:00 p.m. where the hotel shuttle service is thankfully waiting to take us the further twenty minutes to the Puri Saron Hotel. Kiki and Henny are thrilled by the ocean view that their room offers and Iwan is similarly pleased with his outlook. I lead them on the guided tour of the hotel down a tropical pathway to the hotel restaurant where meals will be taken and then upstairs to the workshop venue. I am immediately aware that they all share my positive opinion of this room that looks out from three sides on a magnificent ocean view and is a comfortable size to offer space for all activities. We are told that we can access the room to set up tomorrow's workshop in a few hours time, so return to our rooms to unpack.



By six in the evening the workshop room is well dressed in vividly coloured handout enlargements. Thankfully I have come with dressmaking pins aware that most walls are glass. The cardboard is successfully pinned to the sheer curtains. As I set up the three round tables at the back of the room for each of the schools with packages of felt pens, cardboard, rulers, stickers etc in their given colours, Kiki and Henny check on the overhead projector and the LCD while Iwan places the plastic workshop envelopes that I have filled with the Overview, a booklet and pen on each of the fifteen chairs that have been arranged in a semi circle. Beside each school's table, I mount a coloured corkboard that bears photos that I have previously taken at the schools. Within a few hours all is set up and the room is looking inviting for tomorrow's arrival of the fifteen participants. Over dinner we make final notes and arrange to be back at the restaurant in the morning for the 8:00 a.m. arrival of the two carloads of school teams.



I find myself anxious overnight wondering whether all participants will appear as despite all my efforts to reinforce the timing of the program and the intention of having five participants from each school, I know that this is a country where nothing remains static for too long. I am also aware across the experience of many years that it is rare for anything to happen on time. "Rubber time" is a popular

Indonesian concept. How simple it would be to be able to phone and reconfirm but this is of course not possible in this context of villages without power or phone connections. I know that at my request one of the project Facilitators has toured the schools on his motorbike just days before and he has reassured me that all is well.

#### WORKSHOP TALES

Shyly and self consciously you enter the hotel Fifteen villagers in unexplored surroundings Juggling cloth bags of weekend necessities Unsure of procedures and tentative in asking Following in silence along the path to the restaurant Filling in nametags and signing the forms.

With welcoming coffee you begin to unwind Eager to participate and ready for work You smile in approval at the folders and cardboard At the pens and the rulers, the glue and the stickers At the tools that you'll use for this weekend's learning At three tables set up for each school's creations.

You sit in a horseshoe, pens poised in readiness You jot down the terms as each one appears You join in the story telling the mapping and writing You act out the role-plays and smile at your friends You check out the journal and try out the cameras Watch presentations and borrow leadership books.

Between sessions you pray and walk on the beach
Devour nasi goreng and sip sweetened coffee
Eat chocolate filled pancakes and smoke clove cigarettes
You speak of your villages, wives, husbands and children
You speak of your schools and challenges there
You speak of a life that is full despite cares.

You present your own stories of legendry leadership You dress in your costumes in the traditional way You beat the drums rhythmically and strum local guitars You blow wooden flutes and wave shakers hand made Your voice fills the room in songs that are joyous Your feet hit the floor as the dancing begins.

You celebrate the stories as a statement of Lombok
You celebrate the stories with pride in your stance
You acknowledge your learning, your weekend's experience
As you weave it together with legends long known
You engender new meanings new life's understandings
As you sing and you dance and you laugh as a group.

You bid me farewell with handshakes and smiles You thank me for lessons so new and worthwhile You enthuse over projects about to be started You consider the time lines and demands of your schools You discuss when I'll visit and share in your learning Proud of this journey that will challenge us all.













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"Come forth and bring with you a heart that watches and receives." William Wordsworth (In Davies, 1994, p. 114)

7th August, 2004



As the two cars pull up in the hotel driveway on Saturday morning I methodically count the number pouring forth and am so relieved to find that yes, I do have fifteen participants in the right mix from each school. Miraculously the cars have arrived right on time as well! I shake hands and offer welcoming greetings and am aware of a shyness that I had anticipated would be present as despite the

fact that they have only travelled a few hours from their villages, this is similar to being on foreign soil for most of my guests.

The group consists of ten men and five women and is a broad mix of principals, teachers and community members. All of the women are veiled in the traditional Islamic manner and I am already aware of the specific status of the female principal who is revered as having made the pilgrimage to Mecca. A shy Year One teacher is perhaps the youngest in the group as a whole and looks constantly to the



other women for support. The enthusiasm of the School Committee representative from Sekolah Biru is already tangible. A twenty-three year old mother of a seven year old and a toddler, this young woman is so keen to absorb the weekend's challenges. Raising her children as a sole parent while her husband works as a driver in Malaysia, she spends each morning at the school voluntarily working before returning home to sew into the night as part of a local women's cooperative.

In the foyer their overnight bags are tagged to enable the staff to deliver them to the appropriate rooms later in the morning. We make our way towards the sign-in area at the restaurant where light refreshments have been organised, as I am acutely aware that they have all left home before light, to be at their schools for the early morning pick up. As they fill in their name tags and sip coffee I hear shared laughter and am pleased to see a degree of relaxation emerging in terms of their surroundings. I have intentionally planned not to commence the workshop until 9:00 a.m. to give the participants the chance to familiarise themselves, to take the stone pathway to the beach that is just beyond the restaurant walls and to walk around the internal garden. Just before 9:00 a.m. they are ushered upstairs where they take their chairs

in the horseshoe formation. Henny offers the respectful greetings that are important for Indonesian custom and then introduces me. Giving my own welcome speech I explain that Kiki will simultaneously interpret all of my English communication and reassure them that I will be able to follow much of what is being said by participants although I will rely upon the three interpreters for subtle nuances. Thus the process begins. A rhythm emerges

with Kiki and myself. I am aware of the need to break after each one or two sentences and am soon managing the "delayed reaction" that occurs when Kiki mirrors not just my words in the Indonesian language but so carefully replicates all of the subtleties of non-verbal communication as well. Whenever necessary, Henny, at my direction, uses the whiteboard to reinforce a point with an Indonesian term.



I start with some icebreaker activities involving distance individuals live from the workshop venue, which bring much laughter from the fifteen willing participants while at the same time reinforcing their understanding of where they each live within their Praya Barat Daya village communities. I follow this with a second activity to ensure that they are all well acquainted with each other's preferred name.



My initial exercise for the morning involves story telling. I preface my own story telling with an explanation of how important stories are to us all in our families and communities and that I am hoping we may share many stories of leadership experiences together throughout the workshop. With the assistance of a power point presentation that has been previously translated into Indonesian, I share

a family story regarding the leadership required to arrange from afar my recent family celebration back in Brisbane for my daughter's twenty-first birthday and my husband's fiftieth birthday. Through the array of photos involved I draw the participants in to my family life as the story of shared leadership unfolds. Already I am introducing this new concept that leadership does not have to come from one person but may be shared at certain times. I also speak of vision and mission, terms that translate so neatly as "visi" and "misi" as I want these concepts to become part of our weekend dialogue. Thus I explain that without a family vision or a shared mission we are unable to put back meaning into our family circle.

Asking their assistance I change to a new power point. On a previous trip I have taken photos of a local Sasak house under construction that shows an array of family members all actively helping in the construction. Together we begin to weave a local story of who has the responsibility for leadership under such circumstances. The finer points of the building activity are enthusiastically detailed by the participants and the differences between management and leadership are introduced and discussed. The significance of maintaining the vision of the family is also emphasised particularly when we talk together of the blessing ceremony. I am aware of a sense of understanding already that story telling as a tool for the weekend will give many opportunities to voice aspects of each individual's unique experience.

The next activity involves participants focussing individually on qualities of

a leader that they have admired in the local community, at their school, through their religion, in politics or in sport. Having written these qualities down the groups form at their designated school tables and decide on a group list of the qualities of an effective leader. There is much debate and a genuine understanding growing of how they think a leader should be characterised. Prior to



morning tea the groups share their list with the other groups and the lists are placed on the wall for further perusal as I give each person a handout on some additional thoughts on the qualities of a leader. Before moving to the restaurant directly below our room for morning tea, Henny distributes room keys to each participant and explains that all bags have now been placed in their rooms and that the rooms are now available for those who require a prayer facility during the break. They decide as a group to go to the rooms first before having coffee and cake.



Over morning tea the gradual process of sorting through a few basic issues begins but will continue for the next twenty-four hours as new concerns of a practical nature are voiced. A number of the group return from their rooms confused as to why the lights aren't working so we explain the need to place the room key in the slot to start up the power. The bathrooms are also a great

source of interest. Most of the participants have not experienced a bathtub before, as the traditional Indonesian method of bathing requires one to stand outside the filled bath and dipper cold water. Many of the participants come from village dwellings where there is only a simple "outdoor bathroom". Henny and Kiki patiently explain the difference and later discover the need to demonstrate the intricacies of the single tap so that all concerned have an understanding of being able to mix hot and cold water.

With morning tea enjoyed we again climb the stairs to begin an investigation of educational leadership via three case scenarios. Each school group makes decisions as to how the scenario should be played out in terms of leadership and offers their explanation to the other two groups. This exercise then leads the participants into another activity involving a single case study of a school in a refugee area on a nearby island that is experiencing issues because of a rapid climb in enrolments. Because each school takes on the same case study there is much discussion in the full group as to what leadership is required during the reporting back session.

It is already lunchtime and I am beginning to feel a strong sense of rhythm with the workshop. The participants are keen to undertake each new activity and certainly don't prove shy in terms of stating their point of view in their school group or in addressing the full contingent of participants. I am aware of some dominance by the males and so am continuing to be mindful that the five women have their



say as well. Interestingly when a spokesperson is chosen to come to the front to clarify a school's views, this is by no means considered the principal's sole territory and both teachers and members of the School Committee are being given the opportunity to speak. As I am well aware that this is not usually the case I feel pleased that the groups are already modelling the shared leadership practices that we have discussed.

The session following the lunch break involves an overview from me regarding the difference between leadership and management complete with a handout to offer further insight. Again I make use of story telling to clarify points. This time my story centres on the preparation for Henny's daughter's wedding celebrated in Jakarta just one month prior to the workshop. With one thousand guests invited there is plenty of scope in this tale for both management and leadership. Once again the words "misi" and "visi" appear on the white board. During our briefing session back in Jakarta I have discussed some role play activities with the three interpreters in relation to management and leadership and now Kiki, Iwan and Henny transform themselves into actors and with much obvious pleasure play out a number of scenes inviting their audience to decide whether the situations show leadership or management or perhaps both. Sinetrons or soap operas are very popular in Indonesia and before too long remarks are flying that our three interpreters might soon leave us to take up job offers on local television. Watching these role-plays I am pleased to be able to confirm that the points I have made in the overview have been well considered by the participants.



A change of pace now brings all of the participants individually back into focussing on leadership in general. On the floor I scatter over fifty laminated brightly covered sheets. Each sheet gives one quote about what leadership might involve, quotes that have appealed to me over the years and that I have gathered accordingly and subsequently had translated into Indonesian. Now I ask the

participants to choose two that they find appealing and that they would choose to defend. The floor is a sea of colour as they all sit amongst the bright cards making their choices. Having made their decisions I ask them to join their school team and as a group to decide on three of the quotes, which they will later defend to the whole workshop group. Throughout the workshop I am trying to promote shared reading activities, as I know from experience that in this oral society reading is frequently avoided even in academic circles.



Having shared the quotes and impressively defended their choices, the group as a whole is given an overview of shared leadership practices such as teacher leadership and parallel leadership. Again although I know that I have handouts to provide I am aware that many will avoid the reading material so I am conscious throughout of offering a clear verbal understanding. As all the schools

involved are aware of the locally discussed PAKEM model for Active, Joyful, Creative and Effective Learning I use a power point presentation stacked richly with slides of a poor rural primary school outside Surabaya where one teacher has shown the initiative to start the PAKEM concept in her school and has teamed with the principal to lead the school through this new way of learning. The



participants are intrigued by my pictures, as they show a school very similar to their own schools. This school is so obviously alive with colour and activity, with happy students and a highly involved parent body.



The afternoon is rapidly moving on and reinforcing the idea of shared leadership in an active manner seems essential. Each school is given a role-play activity and asked to present their version making use of the process of sharing leadership. Just as they had warmed to the role-plays performed by the translators, they now take to these scenes with a vengeance and thoroughly enjoy both

interpreting and presenting the issues involved.

During afternoon tea I take the opportunity to personally evaluate the group's readiness for the final activity for the day. Following discussion and the sharing of handouts on leadership styles, leadership responsibilities, leadership functions and leadership theories I want to ask each school group to put together what they have learned during the day to formulate their own definition of leadership



for each school. I balance the belief that they will possibly use what they have heard or experienced against my realisation that they will probably not consult much of the handout material as it means having to read. I feel however reasonably confident that the three schools are well on their way to being able to write their own definition. To give further power to this task I ask each school to commence their definition with the words, "At School X we believe that leadership is about..." On this occasion I will ask them to use the real name of their school rather than the colour coded name that they had been given to use during other workshop activities.

Once each of the three definitions is finalised I will type them, print them and frame them in the large picture frames I have brought with me. I will suggest that each school might like to hang the framed image somewhere in their staff room. As the statements are going to be publicly displayed at the schools the issue of confidentially is not relevant.



The session races by as words are played with, discussions are undertaken and ideas are written and rewritten. Finally each school shares their definition with the other schools and I am aware of the sense of empowerment in those opening words "At School X we believe..." I am overcome by a sense of awe at how far the group had travelled on this first day. In my opening

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remarks I had suggested that we would all undertake a journey together but I now feel inspired at the extent to which my fellow travellers are so engaged in the experience. Before breaking for the day we joke together about PR, the Indonesian shortening of the words for home work. I ask each school to prepare overnight a local or traditional story that involves leadership, about five minutes in length, to present in the first session the following morning. I suggest that they might enjoy using song, musical instruments, traditional costume etc. but leave the choices as widely open as possible.

Dinner is being served with its usual array of fragrant rice dishes and spicy vegetable and chicken delicacies. Many of the participants are returning from a stroll along the beach as Henny advises me that one of the teachers from Sekolah Biru is ill and in need of medical attention. The doctor on house call at the hotel is quick in arriving and soon has the patient settled. It seems the



teacher is suffering from a stomach complaint that is somewhat exacerbated by his anxiety about being away from his village, a rare event for him in his forty-two years of life. He calms considerably and dinner is sent to his room. Later in the evening the teacher takes himself off to sleep on the floor of his principal's room still considerably distressed by his change in surroundings. On Sunday morning the young doctor returns and gives his patient a clean bill of health to return to the workshop.

## THE SEAMSTRESS

Your arm entwines my waist A gesture of belonging A statement of acceptance A smiling twenty-three year old A staunch School Committee Rep. You speak of daily life Of voluntary work at the school Of paid work at the machine Of your husband in Malaysia Of your children in the village Of marrying at fifteen Of leaving school so young Of wanting more for your family Of wanting more for yourself. You dream of being a teacher You dream of a different life. Your determination is impressive Your skills beyond compare Your pleasure is infectious Your spirit just so rare.

Arm in arm we walk together Our journey just begun Learning from each other Sharing this Lombok sun.



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"Now the ears of my ears awake and the eyes of my eyes are opened." Edward Estiin Cummings (In Kennedy, 1994, p. 167)

8th August, 2004

It is a relaxed crew of participants who greet me for breakfast on Day Two, still wearing their sleep attire, as is frequently the custom in Indonesian hotels. After devouring more mounds of fried rice, they retire to their rooms returning soon after in a magnificent assortment of local costumes in preparation for their story telling which will be the first item on this morning's

agenda. I quickly realise that for these born performers there is no such thing as my suggested five minute story telling event and am soon absorbed in the vibrant sharing of legendary tales about leadership that fill the workshop venue with well modulated voices, joyous singing, the beating of drums and the melodic refrains from wooden flutes and local string instruments. Spontaneously the whole group breaks into dance accompanied by



the instruments to a rhythm that is established by a range of singers who pass the microphones about in turn. I am pulled into the centre of their dance along with the interpreters, sharing their jubilance and energy.

We all collapse back on to our seats ready to unravel together the meaning of the stories that have been portrayed. Our first practical exercise of the day involves physically mapping the schools and having been given an assortment of coloured cardboard, pens and glue the participants take to the floor to present an image of what their school looks like, overlaying their picture via tracing paper with inputs as to where financial support, human resource support, social support etc comes from. Again we talk about the mission and vision of the school and how important it is to have a clear picture of how the school physically presents in relation to its local environment if this mission and vision is going to be aligned. With the map finally finished the groups take their work to the table where their individual School Development Plans are consulted and a list of prioritised issues facing their school is developed. Prior to morning tea these maps and the prioritised plans are shared with the rest of the school groups.

Morning tea has already drawn to a close and I find I am missing a number of participants. Always wary of losing time for any of the workshop activities I search through the grounds to no avail. Back in the room I realise that it is the women who have not returned and start asking subtle questions. It seems that the women have only brought one mukenah or white prayer outfit with them to conserve space and so are taking it in turns to pray. On the previous day this wasn't an issue as the women had their own rooms to use

for prayer and so were able to pray in private in whatever outfits they were wearing. Today however, as the group has been checked out of their individual rooms and given the use of just one courtesy room, there is a need for the white outfit required by females for public prayer. Eventually the women join us and we move quickly into the next major activity that will fully occupy the group until lunchtime. As a group we brainstorm possible projects that each school might undertake over the next six months that will allow them to practice shared leadership within their school community. The groups again return to their prospective school tables to fine-tune their projects and to formulate a plan of action that will carry them through the next six months. There is an air of practical excitement as time lines are set, resources considered and tasks divided.



With the projects set, the session following lunch involves guiding the participants through a process that will allow them to chronicle their journey. I provide an overview of the purpose of maintaining a journal and give each participant their own journal with sufficient blank journal entries to see them through the next few weeks. I explain that I will bring a further supply of the blank journal entries to each school when I visit during the following

week. In order to model this process, each participant then begins the task of completing the first journal entry individually. We discuss how the entries will be enlivened by the use of drawings, photos and poetry and I provide each school with a camera for their use in the project together with four films. I explain that I will develop any used films when I visit and bring replacement films with me.

To bring together many of the concepts that have been discussed during the weekend each school now embarks on an activity that mirrors the activity used for the definition building for the word "leadership" on Day One. This time the task involves defining the word "leader" and the groups set about enthusiastically again prefacing their thoughts with "At School X we believe

a leader is ...". Having been worked and reworked the final definitions will be housed in the remaining three frames and be offered to the schools as empowering display items.

Time is rapidly drawing on and I am aware that the drivers will be at the hotel at 5:00 p.m. sharp to take the participants back to their villages. We draw together for a final session to clarify the process for the



next six months, my six weekly visits, the continuing weekly journal entries, methods of networking and keeping in touch. I provide the participants with a Reference List of books and articles both in English and Indonesian relating to leadership and invite the three schools to borrow any of the Indonesian

books on leadership that I have had on display during the weekend. Each participant is given an Evaluation Sheet and quietness reigns as they thoughtfully answer the list of questions. Finally I extend my thanks and deep appreciation of their hard work and commitment throughout the weekend as I shake hands warmly with each person and give out the well earned Certificate of Attendance. It is already a rich journey.



Spontaneously the music again begins as this joyous group celebrates their pleasure in the workshop in a traditional way.

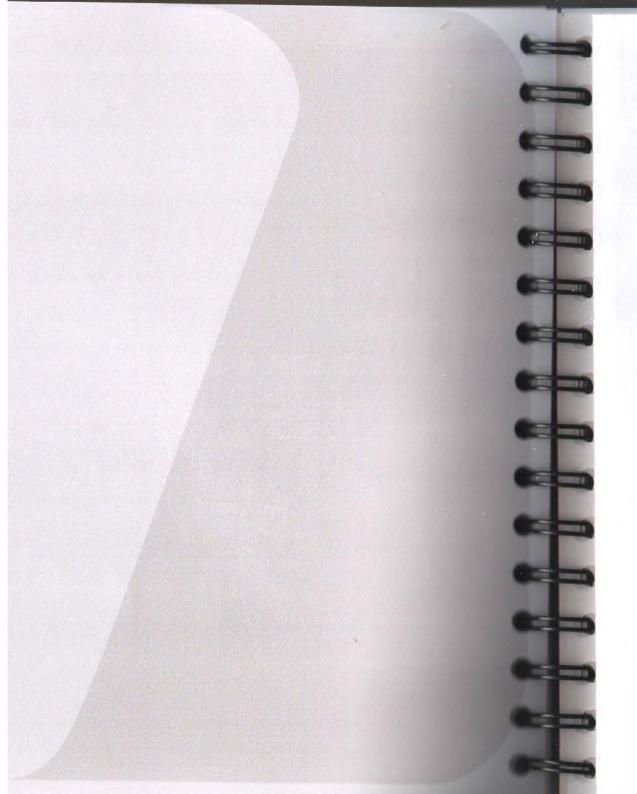


At dusk we wave goodbye to the two carloads of participants as they head back to the villages. Over dinner we discuss plans for the following days. Kiki and Iwan will fly back to Jakarta the next day but Henny will stay on to visit the schools with me and act as my interpreter. The Merdeka celebrations for Indonesian Independence Day are drawing near and the three schools have indicated that Tuesday and Wednesday

would be preferable for visits rather than Monday when they will be heavily involved in Independence Day activity planning. I decide to use Monday to call in on each of the other three schools that I had interviewed when gathering original data as I have photos to give them and also am aware of the need to maintain positive relationships.





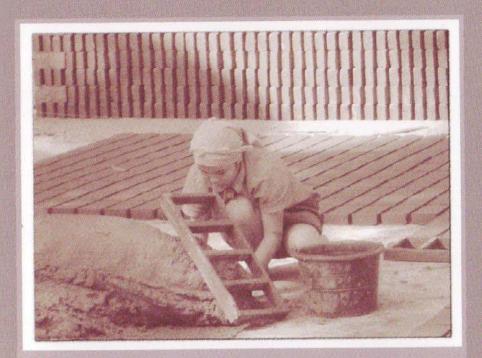


### THE BRICKMAKER

Day after day you make bricks No sums from the blackboard No writing in an exercise book You shape the earth expertly Moulding it in neat rectangles Fixing it in wooden frames.

This is your Maths
As you carefully gauge the mud
As you measure the amount of water
As you calculate the time for drying.
This is your Language Class
As you call to your sisters
With instructions so clear
As you discuss the next sluicing
As you speak of final stacking.

Your classroom is scheduled From dawn till last light. A uniform is absent But calculations are right. Stacked bricks bring rupiah With rupiah comes food School lessons well learned By a twelve year old girl.





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With rupiah comes food
School lessons well learned
By a twelve year old girl.



"The village is a unified organism in which every individual is a corpuscie and every institution an organ." Miguel Covarrubias (In Wijaya, 2002, p. 10)

9th August, 2004

The drive out to the villages takes me past the familiar landscape. We stop the car to chat to some young girls who are labouring at a rural brick factory. Barely in their teens these girls methodically set the right clay combination into the wet moulds, sluicing off any extra mud to ensure a perfect shape for each set of bricks. They work as a team with mud streaked faces, establishing a daylong pattern to produce the bricks. Schooling is not an option. One girl smiles shyly at us and shrugs her shoulders as we ask whether she attends the local elementary school. She appears to be about ten years of age. Out on the road a group of young teenage boys sit patiently waiting for the possibility of work. They speak of the chance to make five thousand rupiah, the equivalent of less than eighty cents, for every one thousand bricks that they load on to a truck and unload at the other end. The boys should still be at desks in an SLTP or Junior High, but that's not usually the way of village

As always I am greeted at each of the three schools with friendship and smiles. The photos that I have previously taken of staff and children are



seized with great pleasure and I note at Sekolah Satu that one picture goes directly into a teacher's pocket with little chance of being shared with fellow colleagues! Sekolah Satu has experienced physical renovations since my last visit via the JFPR project and these are proudly pointed out to Henny and myself. As a group of young students gather I am aware of the white blotches on many of their faces, a bacterial infection that

spreads rapidly from one child to another. Although treatable via an antibiotic ointment and stricter hygienic practices I note its appearance continually in these Central Lombok schools where money for any medical attention is scarce and a lack of water means that cleanliness is not always a top priority. Sekolah Dua, a madrasah, is still in a state of chaos with building paraphernalia and we dodge around ladders and piles of bricks as children swarm around eager to say hello. At Sekolah Tiga the children are practising



their marching formations for the Independence Day competitions and we are proudly shown the trophy shelf of previous years' successes. The teachers speak of the issues at the school, which has 266 students. The teacher of Year Five is struggling with sixty-one students in her class while the Year Four teacher has a class of fifty-two. Both teachers admit to being constantly exhausted. All of these three schools have already heard that I am visiting their area this week so I am pleased that I have made a point of visiting them to build on our growing relationships.

On our way back into the capital we stop to visit a local Sasak cluster of houses and talk with the women. In the yard chickens scratch in the dirt and I notice the bucket being used at the well is a weathered, recycled paint can.

At the front of each house a woman sits where the light is at its brightest. Each of the women is stretched out bearing the weight of a loom as she painstakingly draws thread after thread in violets and reds. Two of the women are elderly, their teeth reddened by the constant chewing of beetle nuts and are unable to speak to us in



Indonesian. The third woman is about thirty-five and has been working as a weaver since she was ten. She shares her thoughts with us, gracing us with her smile and laughter. Her life is simple. I am aware of the open hearth behind her and the simple cooking utensils, the earthen floor and the hurricane lamp. Her cloth is taking shape and she explains that by working seven days a week from first light until mid afternoon that she will complete one piece each week.

Mid afternoon we take the road to East Lombok. A friend from Canberra has introduced me via email to a principal in East Lombok whom I am eager to meet as I feel he will be able to offer insight for me into many educational issues relevant to my understanding of this island. This is my first foray to the East and I am struck over the following hours by the difference in so many aspects to the landscape of Central Lombok. We pass field after field of tobacco and many brick tobacco plants. There is an air of greater wealth in the villages and in the people we pass at the roadside. The mosques are startling. Unlike the simpler mosques of Central Lombok these mosques are of a grand scale and surprisingly ornate. I wonder at the extent of contributions from the local villagers to create such buildings.

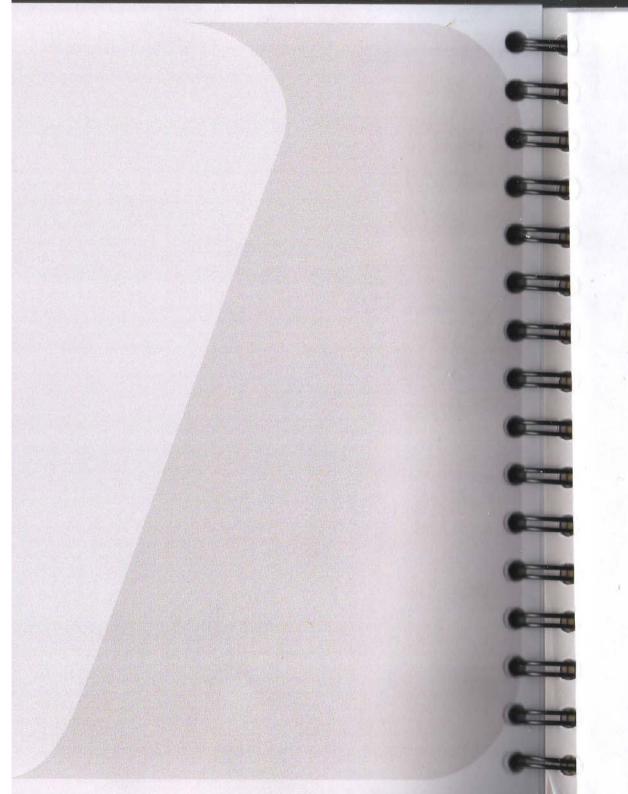
At last we are at the principal's house where his wife who teaches at the local school greets us warmly. She has no English so we converse in Indonesian but her husband who has taken his Master's Degree in Canberro is fluent in English. Although recently appointed as the principal of an SMA or senior high school, this man started his working life as a parking attendant at his local school and has gradually educated himself. He has taught Indonesian in Darwin at one stage but is now firmly settled back in the Lombok village. He talks to me of issues at his school and the subtleties of his own leadership as he is dealing with a School Committee, which has

been guilty of considerable corruption and insists on being paid for their services from the school's meagre purse. As a newly appointed principal he is treading on eggshells in dealing with this group. On his shelf I note an array of books on school based management as he speaks of how the move away from a central educational authority over the past few years has led to chaos without adequately defined funding or plans.

Our evening journey back towards Senggigi Beach is not a pleasant one as the roads are dark and the traffic erratic. We pass villages that are without any lighting and find that the only illumination other than the odd hurricane lamp comes from the mosques along the way. Certainly any homework done would have to be completed



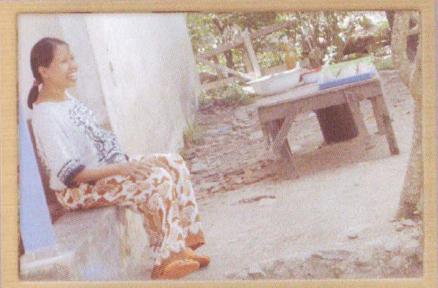
before dusk. We stop outside a village mosque to wait while the driver goes inside for evening prayers. Back on the road again our driver dodges horses and bicycles, motorcycles and trucks until hours later we are finally back at our hotel.



## SCHOOL TUCKSHOP

At the far side of Sekolah Merah you rest
Your iridescent orange thongs a joyful statement
That defies the bleakness of this dusty playground.
An unsteady table, some bowls and a blackened wok
Your only equipment to cook the lunchtime treats.
Over the open hearth in the noon day heat
Your smile lights up your surroundings
Your energy draws the children to you.
No sausage rolls, crisps and hot dogs
No smell of pies or the jaffle iron.
Just fried bananas, bean curd and jack fruit
Simple fare for simple needs
Filling the bellies, watching them smile
Nurturing the souls, watching them grow.





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"A traveller through a dusty road strewed acorns on the lea; And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into a tree." Charles Mackay (in Bryant, 1970, p. 592)

10<sup>th</sup> August, 2004.

In the early morning sunshine, we compete with bicycles out on the country lanes as their owners rush the early morning catch of ikan layar, a popular thin silvery fish, to the waiting village markets. The fish dangle from the back of the bicycles sparkling in the sunshine. We pass wide hedges of pandan leaves, which are harvested to be woven into mats. Their long serrated edges must first be removed before the leaves are boiled for softening and then dried in the sun. I am continually in awe of the patchwork of these village industries that provide some source of living for the local Sasak people and juggle in my mind how hard so many of them work to ensure that their children are able to attend school.

We arrive at Sekolah Biru where an icecream vendor is selling simple cones at the school gates. Most of the children are watching longingly from the schoolyard unable to afford such treats. As we arrive the young Year One teacher from the Sekolah Biru team steers her motor scooter out of the school gates explaining that she will drive down the lane to collect her fellow team member from her home. I am ushered into the staff room where all the staff has



gathered. I present the Sekolah Biru group with the second of the framed statements on leadership. The principal is as yet undecided on where to mount these frames. I take them once again through the process of journal writing and we discuss how leadership in any facet of their lives may be the subject of a journal entry. This is particularly significant for the young woman who is the School Committee representative as she has mentioned in her Workshop Evaluation that she is very keen to transfer her newly gained knowledge regarding leadership to her daily experience at her sewing cooperative. We discuss further their time lines for the project that they have chosen as a school. Finally I venture out into the playground to chat with the children and parents who have gathered.

We head on to Sekolah Hijau but meet up with many of the students on the roadway before we have reached the actual madrasah. With their teachers at their helm they are out practising marching in preparation for the Independence Day celebrations. We stop on the road to clap them as the older girls march cleverly in formation and the boys pass by with confident strides. At the school I am taken to the room that is newly designated as the

staff room. I discover that on returning from the workshop on Sunday evening the five members of the team have requested a meeting with the Head of the Village who is also the benefactor of the yayasan, a foundation or non-profit organization responsible for running the school. They have explained to the Head of the Village that they have committed themselves to a six month project to improve their school environment and will be drawing upon aspects of shared leadership in order to achieve this. He proves supportive of their plans and a meeting of the School Committee is immediately held to endorse the initial phase.



Thus without delay Sekolah Hijau starts their project the following day with teachers, students and parents involved in a major school cleanup. Classrooms are reorganised and it is decided to move the staff room. Already there are signs that this school is aiming also to visually enhance its very dilapidated environment in order to make learning a more pleasant experience for the students. The Village Head has been invited to our meeting and I greet him

respectfully. He engages in little conversation but I am aware that he is certainly willing to support the school's program. A school extension has also been discussed as the madrasah currently houses the students in junior high school as well as the primary aged children. I notice the two, framed statements on the qualities of leadership and leaders in pride of place in the newly established staff room. We are treated to juicy local watermelon as I travel through the practical aspects of my visit with the staff.

As we arrive at Sekolah Merah the children are given an additional recess period so that the teachers may join us in the staff room. As I enter the staff room door I notice that the large poster constructed of the school during the school mapping exercise at the workshop has been mounted on the front wall under the protection of the eaves. Inside the room the two framed leadership statements are proudly on display. With practical matters attended to I am taken for a walk around the classrooms. Outside each classroom a large bowl of water is used by the children so that their hands may be washed before entering. Water proves an enormous expense for this school. The large open pond used to capture rainwater at the edge of the school's fence is long since dry. At the far end of the school I meet women who live in tiny rooms on the school grounds. They are the family of the school's caretaker. Shy toddlers cling to their sarongs. A stool and some cooking implements beside their dwelling, indicate the equivalent of the school tuckshop, basic but effective.



Ushered back into their classrooms, the children join their effervescent principal in song as she takes me to meet each of the six classes and I am reminded again of the spontaneous music, which provided so much joy during the workshop. The front of the school has been decorated in tiny red and white flags to celebrate Independence Day. We head back towards Mataram, passing an elderly man cleverly balancing an array

of baskets on either side of a pole strung across his shoulder. A motorbike laden with over a dozen live chickens trussed behind the driver glides past our vehicle. In a small village the women stack the colourful bowls and

cooking pots that have been used for a weekend wedding and a local farmer urges his water buffalo along the dusty road. We head towards planes and Jakarta.







#### SKIP ROPE

The young girls skip rope in the dusty courtyard
Maroon skirts, white shirts, jilbabs flying
Beating the earth with the force of pounding feet
Measuring playground moments with rhythmic clapping
Ropes made cleverly from slips of recycled plastic
Painstakingly joined in tiny interlocking circles
Smiling shyly as new routines are manoeuvred
Beckoning me, drawing me into their circle
Images blurring as I tap to their beat.

Proud little girls in hand me down skirts
Tiny young bodies that cry to be fed
Faces dirt streaked, nails mud engrained
Laughing together with innate understanding
Weaving their meanings from childhood experience
Capturing pleasure that comes at no cost
Storing it for later when times are much tougher
As they grapple with maths and work at their sums
As they battle for food, for life, for a future.

"Where there is no vision, the people perish." Proverbs (In The Holy Bible, Proverbs, 29:18)

16th August, 2004

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- Table 1

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I compose a letter of thanks to send to each of the workshop participants, to acknowledge their commitment to the workshop process. The letter is also useful as a reminder of their tasks ahead and to advise them of the dates of my next visit which I am intending for early September. Kiki translates the letter and a copy is sent to the Field Facilitator back in Central Lombok who will take it out to the schools on his trusty motorbike. The front page of the daily newspaper, "The Jakarta Post" today features an article entitled, "Republic of Indonesia's teacher absenteeism 'third highest' in the world". The article cites teachers absenting themselves from school because of the large number of students in many classes and I am reminded of the teachers at Sekolah Tiga struggling with classes of fifty and sixty students. The article suggests other reasons for teacher absenteeism that include sanitation situations at schools, employment status of teachers and educational background. I am again aware of the conditions specifically at the schools in Central Lombok where many of the teachers are honorary, working without pay in the hope of a future contract. In addition these schools lack basic sanitation and many of the teachers have little training.



"Be energised by the uncertainties, mysteries and doubts. In the midst of your leadership write of your experiences to help us weary but fellow travellers." David Loader (1997, p. 157)

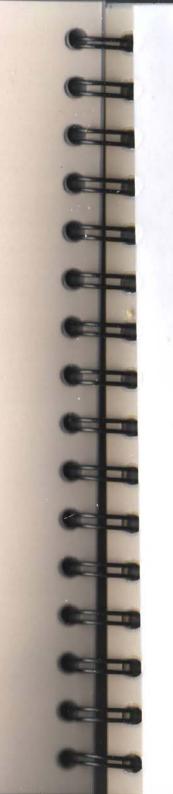
27th August, 2004.

I board a plane for Surabaya and then take the two and a half hour drive to the regional East Javanese city of Malang, centre of the apple orchards. I have been invited to present a progress report of my research at the Quarterly Meeting of the Japan Fund for Poverty Reduction Community-Based Basic Education for the Poor Technical Assistance to which my research is attached. I am welcomed at the meeting by the Project Director, the Team



Leader/School Based Management Specialist, the Community Development Specialist, the Civil Works Specialist, the Project Officer and the Project Administrator. My overview of the research to this point and my report on the workshop is given in English and on this occasion no translation is required as all members of the group are fluent English speakers. They are keen to hear my progress and ask valuable questions regarding the schools' initial framework for leadership and my thoughts on the impact of the workshop material. The Community Development Specialist is intrigued at my success in using hands on activities in the workshop as she has many stories of workshop experiences where the group remained extremely reticent. She is also interested in the degree to which I have been able to involve the women in activities, as this is frequently an issue as well. The morning proves very fruitful in terms of the ongoing support of the JFPR - CBEP Team. The Community Development Specialist seeks me out during the lunch break and asks if she can see any photos of the workshop that I might have. Fortunately my laptop is ready and willing to provide a significant bank of my photographs showing the participants engaged in a range of activities. She is delighted by the images and we enter into a dynamic discussion about the workshop process.

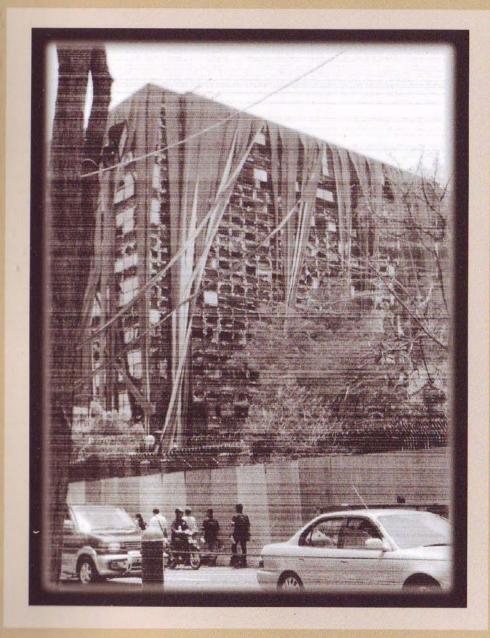
September



#### BOMB BLAST AT THE AUSTRALIAN EMBASSY

Gaping windows
Tattered flags
Cavernous holes
Blaring sirens
Bloodied people
Body bags.
What happened to warungs?
Batik paintings?
Wayang golek?
Firey chillies?
Kaki lima?
Jakarta memories
Detonated brutally.

This senseless act of terrorism Snakes out from the Embassy Menacing us all Tearing at our dreams Questioning our means Of working as foreigners. Bali, the Marriot, the Embassy The devil's trifecta Saddening us beyond belief. We weep for the dead We pray for the injured We wait wearily in disbelief For the next blast The next attempt To shatter our hopes.



## **BOMB BLAST AT THE AUSTRALIAN EMBASSY**

Gaping windows
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"These are thoughts that make a strong heart weak And bring a pallor to the cheek." Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (In Thwalte, 1996, p. 74)

9th September, 2004

I finalise travel schedules and accommodation for my first support and monitoring trip back to the schools in Central Lombok on Monday 13<sup>th</sup> September, pleased that Henny has agreed to accompany me once again for translating purposes. The schools have all been notified by letter of my visit but I am aware that I will not be able to see them until Tuesday 14<sup>th</sup> as Monday is an Indonesian public holiday. Mid morning one brief phone call tilts the world askew as I am advised of the bomb blast at the Australian Embassy and I quickly turn on ABC Asia Pacific to check the news reports, devastated by the loss of lives of security guards, innocent by-standers and Embassy visitors. The DFAT Travel Warnings buzz through my computer screen advising all Australians to defer non-essential travel to Indonesia and within Indonesia, and a feeling of sadness and ill ease pervades as family and friends phone, message and email from Australia and within Indonesia desperate to confirm that all is as well as is possible.

Both the Australian Embassy and the Consulate in Bali has been closed until further notice but the Travel Advice for Lombok remains the same, to take care in areas such as Mt. Rinjani, where kidnappings of westerners have been known to occur. Henny rings me from her travels in Toraja, Sulawesi, where the Embassy news has reached her amongst the rice fields. She is aghast like all my friends and colleagues over the latest senseless act of terrorism. I am instantly aware of the enormous horror in the local population for this act of terrorism and grateful for their strength of spirit amongst the devastation. We agree that life



must proceed as much as possible with a sense of normal rhythm and thus continue with our plans to visit Lombok the following Monday.

"Learning is truly a lifelong experience and cannot be thought of as a destination." Thomas Sergiovanni (2001, p. 133)

### 13th September, 2004

Today a public holiday is being celebrated. There are no newspapers to warn of further terrorist attacks. The possibility of additional bombings has been the front-page news over the weekend in "The Jakarta Post". Public holidays are sacred in Indonesia with all major papers closing down. With only one week until the final round of the presidential elections the country is playing a waiting game as to whether the seven days will remain unscathed by a further incident. Five hours after leaving home I touch down once again in Mataram and adjust my watch for the one hour that I have lost in the process. Taking a walk along the beachfront at Senggigi I quickly achieve drowned rat status. This I am told is the very first rain of the season as the wet is not expected for some weeks. The area is so dry and yet responds overnight to the soaking rain. Driving towards South West Praya the following morning there is a marked division between where the rain has reached and not reached. The land is caked in dust, which serves to choke us as we again manoeuvre the pot holes and dodge the cidomos, the local horse drawn carts. I am hopeful of visiting two schools on the first day, as Sekolah Merah and Sekolah Hijau are only twenty minutes apart. I have been previously warned about being stuck in local market traffic on a Tuesday and as we draw nearer to one of the smaller villages I can see the road is fully blocked by cidomos. Our car pulls into the side and the driver explains that there is little chance of movement for at least half an hour. With Henny by my side I climb down to explore the local market.



Bulbous garlic covering many mats along the market's front is in stark colour contrast with huge bamboo dishes of bitingly hot chillies. I stop beside a tray of whole chickens that have been flattened, skewered and grilled giving off an appearance of having been run over during the cooking process. An old woman balancing a basket of wares takes delight in touching me and pinching my flesh with a broad grin. The market is known as a "goat market" and goats of

all sizes and ages are being led and carried into a central grassed area where auctioneering is under way. Under another tarpaulin, a second auctioneer mesmerizes the crowd as he opens the bidding for prize roosters. A scuffle breaks out over the price of a goat and there is much pushing and kicking of dust before the matter is settled.



A woman sits with an ancient Singer, sewing in the midst of fruit and vegetable sellers seemingly oblivious to her surroundings as her feet pace the treadle and the cloth slides through the machine. Henny has bought four beautiful woven floor mats and as an experienced Lombok traveller I don't even bother to ask how she will transport these by plane back to Jakarta as I am now well aware of the variety of shaped parcels that are passed through the luggage hold on Garuda

flights. We navigate her purchase back to our car, which has made very little progress along the street during the time we have spent inside the market. I am once again reminded of the "jam karet" or "rubber time" overview of Indonesian life and wait as patiently as possible for the horses to move sufficiently for our car to pass. As I gaze back into the market I reflect on the broad vista of village life that the members of the school communities that I am about to visit experience on a daily basis.



At Sekolah Merah I am immediately struck by a physical change in the school as our vehicle parks in the street outside the gate. The entire front section of the school is newly paved in large hexagons giving the school a surprising

sense of calm. I am warmly greeted and drawn into the staff room, which has also been rearranged and is set up in a manner that is more inviting to visitors and to staff. The principal and other team members gather, eager to talk about the events of the past weeks. They proudly show me the trophies the school has won for volleyball at the August Independence Day celebrations and laughingly share how their girls' marching



team marched too quickly in the Long March event and thus proved unsuccessful. Four of the five team members are present while the fifth person, the Head of the School Committee sends his apologies as he is away from the village at a government meeting.

I am given two completed films to take back to Jakarta to have developed and told that one of the original four films didn't work so I provide three replacement films. I decide to take the first weeks of the journal writing back for translation to Jakarta and explain that I will return this batch of writing to them on my following visit. We discuss the process of the journal writing but there are no issues or concerns raised. The principal opens the discussion on how their chosen project, designed as a vehicle to practice and demonstrate leadership, has been progressing. She says how having this project has



given the school a significant impetus to carry out tasks that had previously been considered but not acted upon. The team had discussed together their plans and decided that the sports teacher as a member of the five person workshop team would lead the process. The principal explains that she was more than happy for this leadership to occur as they also discussed how everyone could be kept in the loop, well informed

and consulted about events as they progressed.

The School Committee was then brought together at the request of the sports teacher to discuss with the teachers a joint action for the work required in the grounds and over a period of Sundays the teachers together with the parents constructed a highly effective bricked drainage system for the front of the office. All teachers were involved. As is customary there was a significant gender division of work with the male teachers operating picks and shovels and the female teachers cooking up an endless supply of food. With this task completed the School Committee then engaged a school parent who had a paving business. He was able to provide his paving expertise at a greatly reduced rate. Interestingly when the negotiations were underway for the paving stones it was the principal who was called upon to do the bargaining, as she was widely known in the community as an astute bargainor. The paving in itself took four men ten days to complete and the result was an area with reduced dust that can be swept daily and is far more inviting for outside play than the previous expanse of dirt.

The principal explains that they will wait until the coming wet season to grass the rest of the area, as there is so little water available during the dry. Discussion has already taken place amongst the teachers to roster the cutting of grass, which is all done by hand with either a machete or large garden clippers. There is also discussion about some seats to be built so that students can sit beneath the trees to read. The team is greatly



encouraged by what has been achieved in the six weeks since the workshop and feels that they are comfortably working together sharing leadership amongst members of staff and community. The principal emphasises that she feels a very positive working relationship with both the staff and the School Committee and is very happy to share leadership whenever appropriate. She explains that by doing so she is able to concentrate more on the business of Teaching and Learning.

The School Committee at Sekolah Merah has thirteen members, three of whom are also teachers at the school as their own children attend this primary school. The Committee has only been established for two years in the wake of decentralization, but the principal states her support for the manner in which they are all able to work together. The principal also explains that when they started the paving project at the school, the area that was intended for paving was much smaller but she says that in the course of the work

being done they were inspired to extend it as they were all motivated to really improve the condition of their school. Another member of the team sums this experience up by saying that he feels that this is one of the joys of the project that it inspires them to move forward. Instead of thinking about not being able to do things because of a lack of resources they come together as a group to think of how they can overcome obstacles and be creative in their solutions. Another team member explains that when they raised money for the project it had been harvest time so that even in a poor community such as their own there was just that little bit extra available for spending.

The team also discusses the quality of the curriculum and how this can be

improved for the students. A plan is being considered for extra curricular lessons in English as there is no available English teacher at the school but the opportunity does exist to hire a teacher after hours from a local madrasah for this purpose. As plates of fried bananas appear on the staff room table, the second member of the School Committee on the team speaks of how the leadership workshop has given him so much more confidence to take on leadership in his job. He works as a collector of land taxes and believes that he is now able to feel more comfortable in meetings with colleagues and clients as he has more of an understanding of what is required in leadership. The conversation takes another turn as I compliment the quality of the fried bananas with their crisp outer coating and ask if the bananas are from the school trees as in the past.





The principal explains that the trees are currently bare but that these fritters come from the main pisang goreng warung or fried bananas village shop. The woman who cooks them is famous in the surrounding area for this particular treat. Through her daily sales she has managed to save sufficient funds across the years to put her three children through university. The humble bananas suddenly gain new meaning for me. It is a tale repeatedly told of the many poor families working so diligently to invest in education for their children's future.

At Sekolah Hijau, the children rush to meet our car and I am pulled into the central courtyard of the school and led towards the staff room. The principal, jangling his motorbike keys, asks if I will briefly excuse him as he wants to collect the Head of the School Committee from the Government Office nearby



in the village. One of the teachers from the workshop team proudly explains that the bricks have arrived on the previous day for the area that they have prepared for creating flower beds at the school's inner entrance. Again in talking to these enthusiastic teachers I have constantly to remind myself that there is only one out of the eleven members of staff at this madrasah who is actually paid a meagre monthly wage, the

school principal. The rest of the staff are honorary teachers who work on a full time basis but receive only a little money when and if there are any funds available in the local community. The honorary teachers survive financially in a multitude of ways by working on their family rice paddy, raising chickens to sell eggs, by cooking food to sell from a cart or by having an ojek or motorcycle taxi business out of school hours. Yet somehow their enthusiasm for the welfare of the school doesn't seem to wane. The project at Sekolah Hijau requires members of staff and parents to give of their time free of charge, as the school has no available funds for labour.





I am taken into the entrance area where a parent is busily working cementing bricks along the string line that has been set by the teacher. The teacher immediately rolls up his trouser legs and becomes actively involved in a second layer of the small wall that is being built. As he works he explains that following the leadership workshop, at a meeting that took place with staff, the Head of the Village, the Head of the vavasan, members of the School Committee, parents and some student representatives, a decision was made to share leadership. This teacher was given leadership for the physical works involved in the project for school enhancement so that the principal once again could be in a position to spend more energy and time in the area of teaching and learning activities. Again we talk about the term parallel leadership and how this is functioning so well at this stage.

Our discussion moves to the weekly keeping of journal entries. The school principal slips his entries out of his folder so that I can take them to Jakarta for translation. I am aware that he is providing me with more than the usual number for six weeks' entries. He smilingly explains that the journal had become a great source of delight for him and that sometimes he chooses

to write more frequently as it has become a muchvalued tool for reflection for him. The other team members confer that the journal is becoming a significant item in their professional lives, explaining that it assists them in planning for their leadership activities but also urges them to become accountable for achievements. One teacher put it simply as an equation: planning + achieved goals = responsibility. They express surprise at how significant the task has become.



The Head of the School Committee believes that the journal writing has the added advantage of improving his time management as he says it encourages him to process constantly what he is doing.

The discussion turns to a recent school experience that brought with it the reflection that the leadership workshop had taught them that nothing is impossible. The students have been keen to have a school excursion but of course money for such an event is considered impossible. As a school however



they devise a plan. They will go on a school hike. The leadership skills then came to the fore with different aspects of the proposal becoming the responsibility of different school members. With a school of only eighty students they invite community and past students to join them as well in keeping with the mission of their school to be a community school. Laughingly they explain that when final registrations for the walk reached one hundred they decided that it was time to have an upper limit. The group of one hundred inclusive of all teachers from Sekolah Hijau set forth early one morning to walk overland, a distance of twenty kilometres, to Mount Sasak. Climbing





to the top of Mount Sasak they all enjoyed the fresh mountain spring water for a much needed wash and shared a meal before making the descent prior to the twenty kilometre walk back to the school. It proved a highly successful school and community event which they are proud to say came with no cost to any participant. The students have now challenged the teachers to quickly organise another such event before the beginning of the fasting month. The teachers speak of how the event was possible because they realised that one person did not have to take on all the responsibility for leadership either in the planning stage or during the hike itself.

As I prepare to leave Sekolah Hijau the principal comments that since the workshop he feels his mind has been awakened to the diversity of leadership and the fact that leadership is occurring all the time around him. He says how frequently as well, thoughts about leadership now seem to enter his conversation if he is sitting in quiet moments talking with friends or colleagues. The school streams outside to wave our car farewell. One of the teachers is now carrying his two year old son in his arms and he jokes with me that the leadership workshop made him see the need to distribute family leadership with his wife and that it is now his afternoon turn to help with the children. Opposite the school in an open yard, rice is spread in the sunshine to dry and a woman lies on a huge outdoor day bed protected from the sun by an



overhead canopy. She waves the chickens away from the rice with a large woven fan. She grins as I smile in her direction. A young woman appears beside the car wearing a head dress made from the local green vegetable, kangkung, holding the hand of a five year old who is dressed somewhat incongruously in a bright yellow party frock resplendent with frills and tulle, causing her to stand out dramatically in contrast to the other children in their torn uniforms with broken zips, and faded cloth. Once again I am reminded that Indonesia is a land of distinct contrasts. Our car turns towards Senggigi for the journey back to the hotel.

#### THE SCHOOL GATE

They hover at the school gate
Eyes turned towards me
Shy and yet welcoming
I smile at their upturned caps
Their missing teeth
Home trimmed hair
Deep brown eyes
At well scrubbed uniforms
Recycled from siblings
At scruffy shoes and rubber thongs.

They sit in classrooms
Behind desks long broken
They squint to read blackboards
With no overhead lighting
They learn how to read
With no books to share
They scribble their maths
On paper well covered
Their eyes follow the teacher
The provider of all.

The ceiling is dangerous
Its panels long gone
The walls are all peeling
The windows are cracked
There's no running water
No toilets for children
No playground equipment
Or places to eat
Just smiles in abundance
And schooling to share.



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"Here is Edward Bear, coming downstairs now, bump, bump, bump, on the back of his head behind Christopher Robin. It is, as far as he knows, the only way of coming downstairs, but sometimes he feels there really is another way, if only he could stop bumping for a moment and think of it." Alan Alexander Milne (1926, p. 1)

15th September, 2004.

At 7:00 a.m. the next morning I am once again on the road to South West Praya, marvelling at the early morning sights of local people moving industriously through their daily chores. The area surrounding Sekolah Biru is painfully dry as the car pulls up at the front gate. I can see Mount Sasak in the distance and smile at the vision of one hundred members of the Sekolah Hijau community hiking around its ridges. The principal from Sekolah Biru is away at a seminar, but I am greeted by three members of the workshop team. There has been some confusion at this school by some team members as to how the journal should be written. The teacher, who had been ill overnight at the workshop, is sure that if he is writing the journal on a Saturday that the entry should only speak about what he has done on the Saturday. He has in turn convinced his young fellow teacher that this is so which has confused her as she was quite sure that this was not the case. As he is a senior teacher and a male, she explains that she must look to him for leadership. This then becomes an opportunity to tactfully discuss again how leadership is not necessarily to do with positional power or gender and may certainly be distributed and questioned at times.

The School Committee participant however has not been drawn into this confusion surrounding the journal and has been happily doing her own thing. She explains that she is using the journal to process leadership issues that are relevant to her sewing business. She also speaks of how she is having some difficulty making use of her leadership skills in the forum of the School Committee where she is the only female of the six member Committee. She is not only chastised for being too young at twenty-three to have worthwhile opinions, but is also constantly reminded that she is "only a woman". Again we discuss possible strategies together.

The young teacher explains how she has already started one aspect of the School Enhancement Project. She is running a program for cleanliness of hands and fingernails. We talk about the current success of the program and I am saddened but not surprised to learn that students who do not come to school on the designated day showing clipped, clean nails meet with corporal punishment in the form of either a sharp pinch on the arm or a slap across the wrist. I am very aware that physical punishment is still constantly used in the Indonesian education system but thankful for the opportunity to discuss alternative consequences with the young teacher. The climate of this school is such that I have feared for some time that corporal punishment is a routine

event at Sekolah Biru. The children present as very highly spirited and without any personal sense of discipline, and rarely respond to any verbal requests from staff. It leads me to believe that in my absence they have learned to respond via much more physical "requests".

The male teacher explains that they are yet unsure of further aspects of the School Enhancement Project, as money is hard to come by. I discuss with them a range of activities that could occur with minimal expenditure and we brainstorm some ideas for classrooms and outdoor areas. The school playground presents as a huge dust bowl, littered with debris, and it is not surprising that the



students look dirty and unkempt. In addition there is no outdoor activity provided to occupy children during breaks so that some have become destructive of school property that is already very run down. An example of this proves to be the very basic teachers' quarters on the edge of the school grounds. They are currently unoccupied but have been systematically damaged by groups of children.

I accompany the teachers to their classrooms, which I can see have been freshly painted through the JFPR project. The walls however are bare and so we discuss how School Enhancement could involve displaying children's



work on the walls and giving the class a sense of ownership and much needed pride in relation to their daily space. The two teachers ask me to take a photo of their classes - a first grade and a sixth grade class and we discuss having these pictures blown up for the classroom walls in their rooms in keeping with the Enhancement Project. I have already

received two films from the school for developing so promise to bring the enlarged class photos back with me as well on my next visit.

I leave the school with some sense of sadness that there is so much more that can be done so simply at a school level but then at the same time I marvel at the sense of enthusiasm of the young School Committee representative and how she believes that the leadership workshop is continuing to impact on her life. She joins me in the car, as our journey back to Senggigi will take us past her house and invites me to come and meet her mother and three year old daughter. Along the roadside, bricks are stacked in orderly piles. She explains that the bricks have been provided by the Village Council for each homeowner or business for the purpose of making a fence to provide screening from the road. It is up to each individual to construct his or her own portion of the fence. Busily apologising for her humble abode, I am ushered down an embankment and on to a small concrete porch where her mother, who sits nursing the child, greets me with a broad smile. Two small



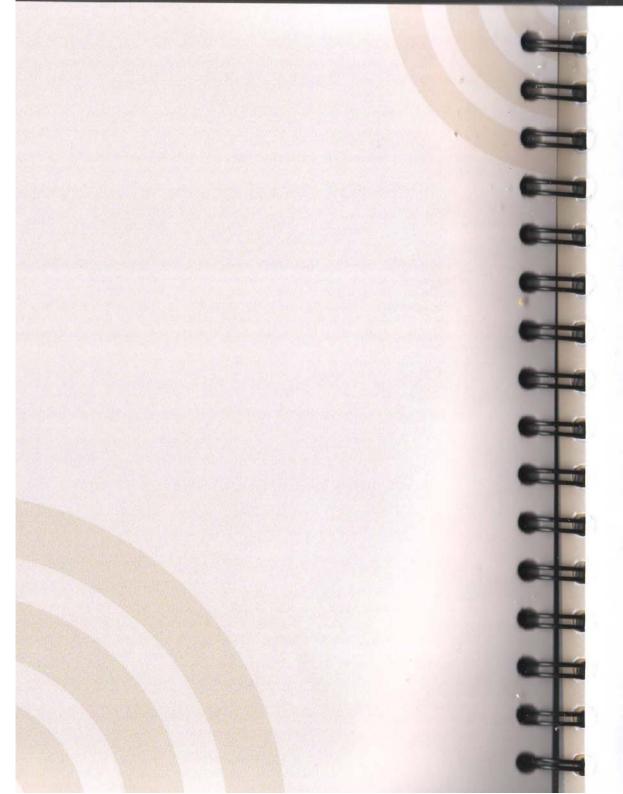
internal rooms hold three sewing machines and there is a sleeping room the size of a double mattress behind these. On the wall of one sewing room an ancient black board rests. I am told that this is her tool each day for helping her son with his schoolwork. A printed sign on the wall proclaims in Indonesian that "Laziness breeds poverty", and the young woman says she focuses on this each

morning over her breakfast so that she is reminded of the need for industry.

At the back of the house a sizeable well draws water while a simple outdoor bathroom set up beside it feeds water from a large urn. Cooking is done behind the house over an open hearth. In the distance I am shown her father-in-law's house, a more substantial brick home that I am proudly told has an indoor bathroom. This house is now empty as her father-in-law has moved to the city to expand his sewing business. Although



offered this house, the young seamstress has remained firm that she will establish her own home independently even though it has meant that her husband has gone to Malaysia to seek a better income. As I sit talking on the cement floor of the porch she tells me how fearful she was for her friends from the workshop who live in Jakarta, myself, Henny, Iwan and Kiki when she heard of the bomb at the Australian Embassy. She takes my hand phone number for any future concerns. Although she doesn't own a phone herself in emergency situations she can sometimes access one. I leave her home well nourished emotionally by the short visit.



### **VISITING THE SEAMSTRESS**

Scrambling down the embankment
I arrive topsy turvy at your door
Your three year old daughter
Reaches anxiously for the folds
Of her Grandmother's sarong
Fearful of this clumsy stranger
Wide eyed and apprehensive
Of all unknown worlds
Beyond her village comfort.

Your mother greets me wordlessly
Patting the cement beside her on the porch
I sit at peace next to her wisdom
Watching as you draw water from the well
Hearing the pot hissing on the open fire
Following the machine treadling rhythmically
Sensing your caring for family and neighbours
Recharging my soul with your spirit
Celebrating the gift of your hospitality.



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"And the same sea that pounds a foreign beach
Turns strangers here familiar, looses them
Kindly as pebbies shuffled up the shore."
Elizabeth Jennings (1986, p. 20)

16th September, 2004

I am invited to visit a National Plus School at Senggigi Beach and appreciatively accept. The National Plus Schools originated under President Suharto when it was not considered acceptable to have International Schools within Indonesia. The National Plus Schools maintain a government curriculum but also offer additional curriculum from a foreign source. This school was first opened in 2000 at the time of the Lombok riots. The Australian owner explains how the school had been marked by vigilantes as one of the buildings to be destroyed during these horrific riots. Fortunately however the local fishing community that surrounds the school convinced the rioters determined to destroy anything western or non-Islamic, that the school was very much part of their community. Just one day before the riots, the school had opened its doors to the local community to have a feast and a blessing ceremony.

Arriving at the beginning of the school day the school I visit is a hive of activity with a current enrolment of ninety children from a wide range of nationalities. All students speak both English and Indonesian and classes are provided in both of these languages. The rooms are exciting in their visual impact with coloured student art works and project displays suspended from ceilings and mounted on fishing line runners across the rooms. I meet enthusiastic teachers, many with Australian accents, as I move from room to room.

The children gather for a morning assembly and I watch as a group who have just taken part in a local dance competition entertain their classmates. A twelve year old boy who looks to be English, provides the group with an explanation of a recent science experiment and I am puzzled by his accent until I learn that despite a British father the boy has only learned English since attending school as the home language has always been Indonesian. The owners of the school, an Australian and his Indonesian born wife, offer to open the school to any of my participants if they would like to visit for professional development and we discuss the pros and cons of doing so. As I leave we make a commitment to further email discussions. One of the teachers invites me to visit a local village school that is being rebuilt nearby with voluntary labour provided by Australian Rotarians. I am disappointed

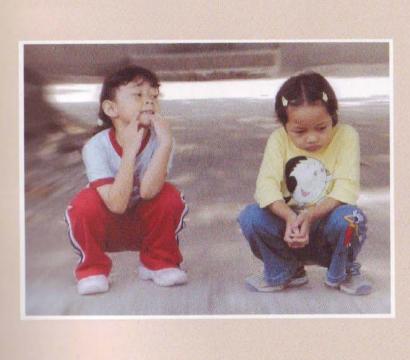


that time is running out on this trip. The plane trip back to Jakarta awaits me and so a visit to the village school will have to be put on hold until I return to Lombok once again in six weeks time. As I wait for the flight that will take me back to Yogyakarta and then to Jakarta I have the opportunity to share my latest project experiences with the Team Leader of the JFPR project who has also been in Lombok for a JFPR meeting and is returning to his home in Yogyakarta.

#### YOGYA SCHOOL FRIENDS

Two friends squat
Watchful in the dusty schoolyard
Resplendent in Saturday attire
Sharing pre-class freedom
Pondering the future
Living the present.

Nearby classmates dance
In trance like states
Young boys weave and sway
Across the hardened earth
Oblivious to their surroundings
Imitating their elders' actions
Learning the secret ways
Of releasing mind
Of freeing spirit
Trading this century
For ancient rituals
Forsaking the leggo table
Abandoning the basketball hoop
Challenging mystery
Accepting magic.



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"Leadership in the final analysis, must be about service." Peter Vaill (1998, p. 10)





17th September, 2004

At my desk in Jakarta I sift through the pile of journal entries that I have brought back to Jakarta curious as to what has been written. I decide to wait until they have been fully translated to work through them in detail. I make a substantial pile of the material that must be forwarded to the translator. At the local film shop I arrange to have the six films I have brought back with me developed, careful to submit them in three separate orders in case I have trouble discerning the schools. The developed photos however leave little doubt as to which schools have taken the particular pictures. I am thankful that photos in Indonesia are always returned inside small albums and I marvel over the shots of the schoolyards, of teachers, children and parents. Many of the photos across all three schools depict the recent Independence Day celebrations and the enormous commitment that each school has made to bring their full school community together in celebration. I am aware that the photos will be happily received on my next visit and proudly become an integral part of individual journals. Kiki who is doing the translating for me, phones to let me know that the first batch of journal entries is nearly finished.

"There is a fundamental fascination with the way other people live, and our accounts should bubble with the stuff of life itself." Harry Wolcott (2001, p. 111)

24th September, 2004.

The JFPR team is holding their regular meeting to discuss project issues. Once again I am invited to make a report on the latest developments of my research and so I take the one hour flight to Yogyakarta where the meeting will be held, looking forward to making contact again with the Indonesian Community Education Consultant. She has recently delivered a paper at an international conference in South Africa and has promised to give me



a copy. I have also been told about a poor community on the outskirts of Yogyakarta, which has a long established village school offering a vibrant learning experience. The head of the foundation invites the JFPR team and myself to visit the school early on Saturday morning.

"All that we see or seem is but a dream within a dream" Edgar Allan Poe (In Moore, 2001, p. 19)

25th September, 2004.

The school is a mere twenty minutes drive from the hotel through the usual bustle of Yogyakarta traffic where bicycles, motorbikes, cars, horse and carts and becaks haggle relentlessly for their place on the roadway. The children are still playing in the yard surrounding the classrooms when we enter the school via a narrow gang or laneway. They greet us with smiles. The school is surrounded by small village houses and it is difficult at first to ascertain which are classrooms and which are homes as the structure of the buildings is all very similar. In addition I learn that the foundation supports about ten "street kids" offering them an education and accommodation at the school itself. Like all Indonesian cities Yogyakarta sadly has numerous children on the streets and I humbly acknowledge that this foundation is making an effort to overcome the mammoth problem. At first glance the school and the village houses are obviously exceedingly poor. The basic construction is from bamboo and windows are open areas for ventilation without glass, protected by overhanging thatch against the wet season. Because there are no physical boundaries between school and community, neighbours wander along the stretch of dirt that separates classrooms, walking children and selling their wares.

I am initially struck by the variety of activities that the children are independently engaged in prior to Saturday morning classes. Outside one classroom a group of boys make their own miniature jungle with a well-used set of plastic animals. In a large open area music room, children are beating thick sticks bound with black electrical tape to sound wooden style xylophones that are set into a range of recycled desks. The instruments are basic and obviously have been made at the school, but it matters little to these children and a veritable "jam session" is in place.

Outside the Year Two classroom, I watch transfixed as young boys develop the steps of a ritual dance. While I have heard much about the trance dances of Java, I have previously considered them to be very much an adult activity. My naivety has not allowed for the necessity for learning and training in this area at a young age, as in so many areas of life. A number of the young boys very rapidly enter trance like states and appear almost as if hypnotised. They are pulled back out of the trance by friends and the practice begins yet again as they leap past with their rattan horses. I remind myself that this school only takes students until the fourth grade and calculate the boys to be nine or ten years of age.



A young Year Three student appoints himself as my guide and takes me to the school's fishpond situated between the staff room and the third grade classroom. He explains that the numerous small fish in the large pond will be eaten by the students, when the fish reach full size. The principal in passing adds that the addition of the pond has cooled the school considerably. Ducks waddle by as we cross back to the second grade classroom. The foundation arranges for visits from a voluntary music specialist on a Saturday. I watch in awe as she settles the group of thirty children and takes them first through breathing exercises, voice work and then into song. The children are all smiles as she eventually hands out recorders for them to try. At the front of the classroom I notice a young girl being given additional assistance by a classroom teacher. I am told that she is one of two autistic students in the school but that there are a number of other special needs students that this school of less than one hundred caters for.

In the Year Four classroom a group of young volunteers from the University of Gadjah Madah have the children spellbound with practical maths problems while in the Grade Three room a second group from the same university are conducting experiments with paint to decide how colours can be mixed. In the first grade classroom the principal asks me to give a quick English lesson via the puppet theatre that has been created cleverly from a box set upon an old tabletop. The children have made rudimentary shadow puppets by cutting pictures from magazines and I am quickly engaged in a story about a princess and her pet monkey with the children encouraged by the principal to try out the simple English phrases as my tale progresses.

My young guide has given me the gift of a salted duck egg and I nurse it carefully as I stop to chat to some women sitting beneath the shade of a canopy that extends from one of the buildings. One of the women is threading beads on to lengths of fine wire and I am somewhat intrigued to learn that she has a business making rosary beads despite my knowledge that the foundation that established the school is Catholic. The school itself has no religious affiliation. Beside her an elderly woman lights the burner beneath

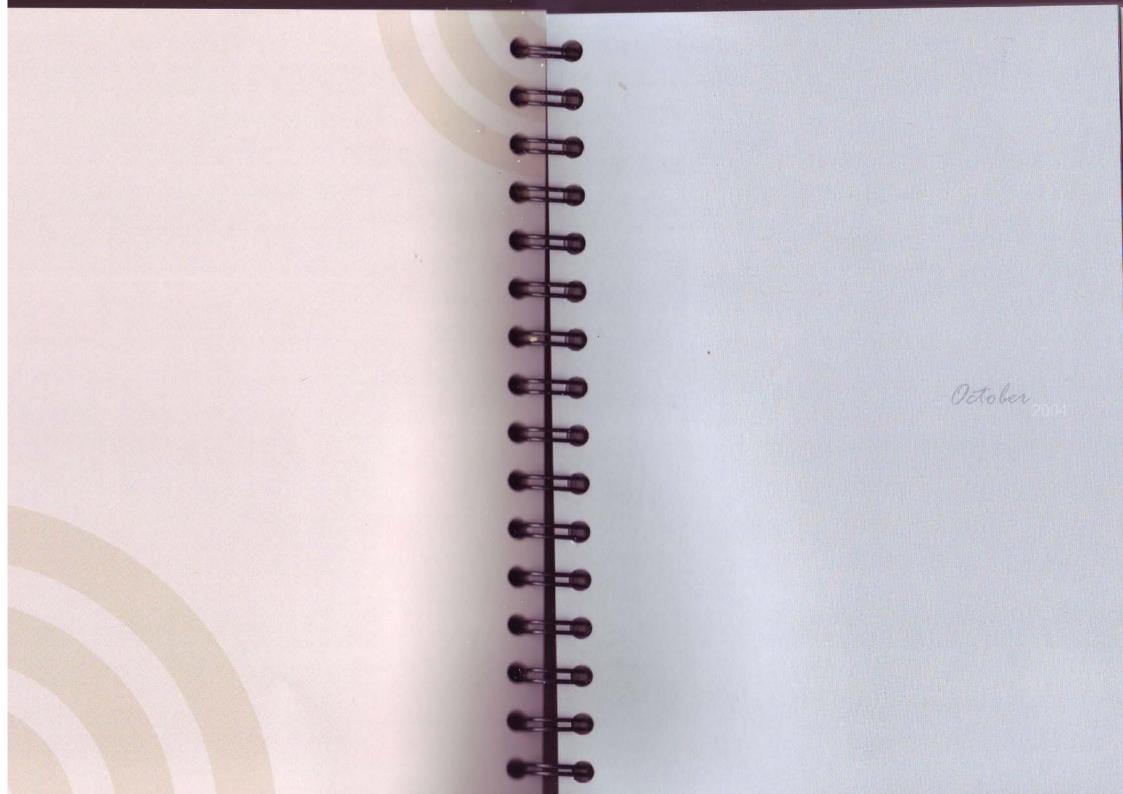
a large pot of soto or local soup. She has arranged other basic food items in front of her on a wooden table and is awaiting customers. Although shy she warms me with her smile.

Every classroom that I enter is exceedingly simple in its basic construction and yet every single classroom is alive with colour and student work. It is easy to see why the students are so involved in their work as there is a sharing of learning throughout all levels of the school. I am told that children regularly take their work home to be assessed by their parents, and that as a family group they then decide which story or drawing etc should be displayed on the classroom wall. As I prepare to leave the school, parents are gathering to collect their children. They are eager to talk and share their own stories. The foundation's motto is "Education for Freedom" and I leave the school firmly believing that in so many ways this school community is living these words. I know that if this school was geographically closer to the three schools in Lombok it could act as an excellent model to guide change. I accept that on this occasion my photos that I will share with the Lombok schools will sadly have to suffice.

Back at the hotel I attend the JFPR meeting to present my research update, which is received with enthusiasm. Together we discuss whether the three schools are at a stage that they are likely to disseminate any of their current learning by networking with other schools. I give the team members an indication of my future plans in terms of my next proposed visit to Lombok.







"Great things are done when men and mountains meet" William Blake (In Keynes, 1959, p. 550)



5th October, 2004

The first group of translated journal entries from Sekolah Merah and Sekolah Hijau are finally complete. In reading through them I am surprised by the range of experiences in which participants are making use of the leadership skills covered by the workshop. Besides a variety of school issues, I read of issues that have surfaced in settling land disputes over rice paddies, of processes used in organising weddings and funerals and Independence Day celebrations. I am intrigued by how some participants have been able to reframe leadership's meaning into their own cultural context. One person compares leadership to the local cidomo or horse and cart. In Lombok the horse sets its own pace and the driver follows the horse's rhythm but the person writing the journal points out that the driver is still always present as a leader ensuring that the vision or direction of travel is the appropriate one. Another journal entry muses that leaders require patience and determination comparing the practice to water dropping on to a stone. The writer says how it may take a while but eventually a hole will be worn in the stone. So too he reflects is the way of leadership and that by working gently and consistently with people anything is possible.

"Tears from the depths of some divine despair Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes." Alfred Lord Tennyson (In Ricks, 1969, p. 784)

"Leadership does not simply happen. It can be taught, learned developed." Rudolph Giuliani (2002, p. xiii)

### 7th October, 2004

In "The Jakarta Post" I read of the Sang Timur Catholic School in Ciledug, in Jakarta's outer suburbs, which has been shut down because a group of local militant Muslims have constructed a wall to stop entry to the 2,417 students in protest over church services being conducted on the school's grounds. The services have been conducted at the school for some years. The dispute has gone to local mediation but the militants are still refusing to allow access. I am reminded of how precarious schooling can be in Indonesia for such a wide range of reasons. An article the previous week congratulated a teacher in the Batu Ceper district for assessing that the roof was about to cave in at his school and sending his class home just prior to its collapse, while at a primary school, SD IKEP, in Jakarta the paper reports that the principal stands accused of misusing funds to the value of over US\$50,000. Between natural disasters, religious violence and ongoing corruption somehow many schools manage however to survive.



12th October, 2004.

The journal translations for Sekolah Biru finally arrive and I read them with particular interest following the range of issues discussed with this school during my visit in September. I am agreeably surprised however by the extent to which many are processing their thoughts and once again read of a varied array of activities that have attracted reflection in terms of leadership. The school is setting up a scouting group and this has been significant in terms of leadership issues. One participant



speaks of how participation at the leadership workshop has given her the confidence to plan to set up her own business as well as to organise repairs to her home caused by a recent earth tremor. She points out that in doing this she was intent on ensuring that each person felt comfortable with assigned tasks and that there was a sharing of leadership in the process. Another participant talks about how the burial of a relative proved to be not such an enormous task because he considered the process involved and how leadership for various aspects of the ritual could be shared. I find myself drawn into the journeys that each participant is travelling and look forward to their next instalments as I prepare the letter ready for translation to be sent to Lombok to advise of my next visit.

In "The Jakarta Post" I read further about the continuing blockade at the Sang Timur Catholic School in Ciledug, Tangerang. The two meter wall built by Islamic militant youth has meant that any students and staff wanting to attend the school have either to scale the wall or walk 500 metres through narrow lanes behind the school to a back entrance. There are 137 disabled students at this school, many of them autistic, and they are particularly distressed by the situation. I note the final comment in the newspaper column that authorities have given no indication when the wall will be removed.

November

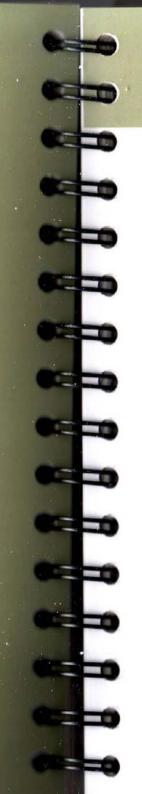
# **GIRLS IN JILBABS**

Your faces are open
Framed by the jilbabs
Questioning
Searching.
Your eyes gaze at me intently
Quietly querying my place
In your playground
In your world.
I stop to smile
To meet your eyes
You reach out
You shake my hand
A gentle clasp
You touch your hearts
My own heart sings.



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"Educators are leaders because like a pied piper, they entice all that latent stuff out into the world, where it enriches us all." John Miller (1999, p. vii)

1st November, 2004.

At 7:00 a.m. I once again take the road in Lombok to Praya Barat Daya. The seasonal rain has drenched the area from Senggigi Beach to the capital of Mataram, but as we advance further into the countryside the earth is still sadly parched. The landscape at the road's shoulder has changed since my last visit. Cleverly stacked mounds of watermelons have been replaced by bushy piles of hairy red rambutan and large baskets of succulent mangoes. Outside mosques and strung across intersections newly erected banners wish the community a safe and enlightened Ramadhan month. The outdoor eating houses and cafes that we pass are now closed during daylight hours but offer special packages to celebrate the evening ritual of "buka puasa" or "breaking the fast". At Sekolah Biru the principal is waiting to greet me and proudly confides that he has a new member of staff, a young teacher of English. As the new teacher enters the staff room I am horrified to see an expletive written in bold white letters across his black shoulder bag and have to wonder whether he understands the meaning of the words. In conversation I realise his level of English is very poor but he confirms that he does understand the words and as he has borrowed the bag from a friend he doesn't see this as his problem. Later when he joins me in a classroom he notes very stridently that it is useless to attempt to teach the students at this school any personal hygiene through the program that the young teacher is trying to instigate, as the school itself is so dirty. I suspect that there will be little value added to Sekolah Biru by the presence of this young man.



The school is operating under a shortened program for the fasting month of Ramadhan. The principal explains the project involving the creation of a new badminton court for the students has now been put on hold until after Ramadhan as the work is too tiring. Similarly although the herb garden planned to teach the students how to grow medicinal herbs has been prepared, planting will have to wait for the rainy season. This is certainly a

school where there is always a reason for delaying action! The male teacher participating in the research has however established the scouting group with fifty students. Females predominate with thirty girls and twenty boys. The scouts have attended their first district camp two weeks prior to my visit. I am intrigued as to how any equipment was purchased for camping but the principal shows me a unique banking system that involves all students. Each child brings this book daily with whatever amount the family can afford, on average 1000 to 2000 rupiah or fifteen to twenty cents. The money is

then banked into a Teacher's Cooperative, by the principal twice weekly and is available to be returned to the child at the end of the academic year. The interest on funds however is divided with 40% of the interest going to the child, 40% to the teachers and 20% to the school. The school's 20% portion had been given in the form of a tent, which was subsequently used for the camping expedition. I am intrigued that the teaching staff should receive 40% of the students' interest but am "reassured" that this is appropriate as the staff after all have the task of collecting the money.

The principal is keen to tell me of another new initiative at the school. A canteen is being planned and will open after Ramadhan. This has been organised through the School Committee as part of the leadership initiative to provide good simple nutrition for the children and will be run by the female member of this Committee, the local seamstress. She will share profits with the school and proposes a small bookshop as part of the project.



The Head of the School Committee joins our group in the staff room to give me his journal entries. He is a local government worker. He clarifies his position as a mediator between the school and parents explaining that many parents find little time to assist with school tasks as their work on the local farms is all consuming. Thus they become confused if they do not have someone with whom to discuss school matters. He mentions how the workshop training has assisted him in this area. The five participants are all excited by the photos that I have had developed from their school camera and we discuss ways of using the pictures in their journals as well as displaying some around the school for students. The school has recently become involved with yet another AID project which is supplying two much needed toilets for the students. The project is also providing a package for each teacher to assist with cleanliness for students with items such as nail clippers. The teachers are pleased at how well this fits with what they are trying to do already.

I visit the classrooms of the two participating teachers, distressed to see that the children sitting at their desks are looking particularly dirty and unkempt. One young eight year old stares up at me vacantly from the front seat with lank hair, grubby uniform, dirt engrained nails and bare feet. Once again I am aware that her blotched olive skin is indicative of a local bacterial infection. I leave Sekolah Biru saddened as to what the future actually holds for these young students.

As a madrasah or Islamic School, Sekolah Hijau is in the midst of celebrating the Holy Month of Ramadhan in a very committed manner. The first thing that strikes me however as I walk through the front gates is the flourishing flower garden at the school's entrance that was in preparation during my last visit. This small pocket in the village of Ungga has in fact had rain over night so that what was previously a dusty internal courtyard is now a muddy stretch that is precarious to cross. The principal would dearly love to pave





this area but of course in a school that has no funds to even pay its teachers a monthly salary, paving is out of the question. The school has just returned from an extended break as it is considered important to have the first weeks of fasting free to devote to religious duties.

The teachers all attend the mosque from around 4:00 p.m. each day in preparation for evening prayers and the breaking of the fast at sunset. The male teachers then remain at the mosque studying the Koran each night until around 2:00 a.m. before returning home for a brief rest prior to early morning prayers and food preparation at 3:30 a.m. Following this they understandably sleep for a few hours before attending school where work with the students is more of a religious nature than an academic one during this month.

One large teaching space has been cleared of desks and I am taken to meet the gathered students all dressed in their Islamic outfits. They sing a number of religious songs for me and the principal's young son recites a poem about leadership that his father has actually written for his weekly journal. The five participants at Sekolah Hijau explain to me how important it is to them during this month to have leadership skills, as they believe they have such a

responsibility in their community to support the religious growth of their students. The Sekolah Hijau participants are all planning to visit the central mosque at Praya, the major town for this district, for the afternoon. They clamber into my car giving the driver



directions for a slight diversion on our way back to Mataram. Conversation in the car turns to the possibility of a future wedding and the young male teacher, guru II, from Sekolah Hijau, grins broadly as his friends tell me that he has been networking his leadership skills with the young participant, guru I from Sekolah Biru, following their first meeting at the leadership workshop in August. I am told to expect a wedding invitation in the New Year.

My bag is heavy with the current six weeks supply of weekly journal entries from the two schools as I nurse the fragrant mound of mangoes that the driver has picked for me from the heavily laden tree at his home.

"Shared leadership implies shared accountability." Marilyn Katzenmeyer and Gavle Moller (1996, p. 27)

2<sup>nd</sup> November, 2004.

Sekolah Merah has been on holiday as well and is on a reduced program for the remainder of the fasting weeks prior to the final breaking of the fast for the Idul Fitri celebrations. Children wave from classroom doors as the principal ushers me into her office. Although the school has had a little rain it is still insufficient to fill the large ponds to the left of the playground. Further work has been done on the paved area and the construction of seating to be placed on the



perimeter beneath the trees is now a priority. The second grade teacher who is participating in the research is interested in trying out some of the PAKEM concepts for Active, Joyful, Creative and Effective Learning and we discuss how she might use fishing line in her room to display the children's work. Once again the participants share with me how leadership at the moment is very much tied to Ramadhan and leading the children and the community in the rites of the season. The majority of the children at the school attend the local mosque each evening from around 5:00 p.m. until 10:00 p.m. and then rise again at 3:30 a.m. for their predawn meal. The children enjoy going to the mosque as not only is it special to be allowed out in the evening, but also food is provided by the community as a Ramadhan treat. Thus for the teachers school and community merge and leadership skills are readily transferred into their local world. All students at the school are Muslims and all staff are Muslims as well with the exception of one Balinese teacher who is a Hindu. I have collected my supply of books on leadership written in Indonesian as I move around the three schools and am able to offer a few that haven't been read to the participants at Sekolah Merah.



The past six weeks journal entries make a neat pile to be translated back in Jakarta as I return the first six weeks to them. The albums of developed photos are gratefully received and I am given another three films to take with me. The three schools are keen to have a networking meeting during my next visit so we discuss possible dates and suitable times. Sekolah Hijau will provide the venue, as geographically this is the central school of the three. It would seem that a Saturday or Sunday afternoon would be appropriate although I am aware that the rooms at Sekolah Hijau are very dark and without power so we will need to start after lunch. I have decided to stay for ten days in Lombok over the Christmas/New year period, as I am keen to have the time to do some further filming. I advise the three schools that I will send details of the



networking event via a letter that the Field Facilitator will hand deliver, within

the next few weeks.

"I have an eye of silver. I have a heart of gold I have a tongue of reed-grass. And a story to be told." John Rice (1998, p. 35)

17th November, 2004.

I send a translated letter to each of the participants advising them that the networking meeting will be held at Sekolah Hijau on December 26<sup>th</sup> at 2:00 p.m. I am looking forward to the opportunity for the schools to both share their leadership stories and refocus for new challenges in 2005. Over the past weeks I have been seeking a new translator to accompany me to Lombok and arrange a meeting with "Sritanjung", a young woman who was born in Lombok, and is currently studying a Masters in Education Program at the University of Indonesia. I quickly assess that she speaks excellent English as well as Japanese, Javanese, Sasak and of course Indonesian. Above all Sritanjung is very keen to assist me as she feels my research area sits very comfortably with her own current study interests in the new curriculum that is currently being considered across Indonesia. After completing her initial education degree in Yogyakarta, Sritanjung has followed through with teaching experience at an International School in Jakarta, a National Plus School in Lombok and schools in Flores.

I hand over the latest collection of journal entries to her for translation and make arrangements for her ticket to Mataram for the December networking meeting. I am already fascinated by the stories she shares with me about growing up in Lombok in an Islamic family with a Hindu father. Sritanjung speaks with personal sadness of her sister's marriage following the ritual "bride stealing" ceremony common to Lombok life. She cannot come



to terms with a price being placed on her sister's worth and despite the fact that the marriage has been a happy one, feels that her sister was sold. As a young single woman in her early thirties she speaks of how she is considered with scorn by many when she returns to Lombok as she has lost face in not marrying at an early age. Sritanjung is also aware that her mother, the principal of a local primary school, despairs that she does not wear the traditional Islamic veil. Despite these issues she is keen to return with me to work as a translator and to see her family.

"The ultimate goal of change is when people see themselves as shareholders with a stake in the success of the system as a whole with the pursuit of meaning as the elusive key."

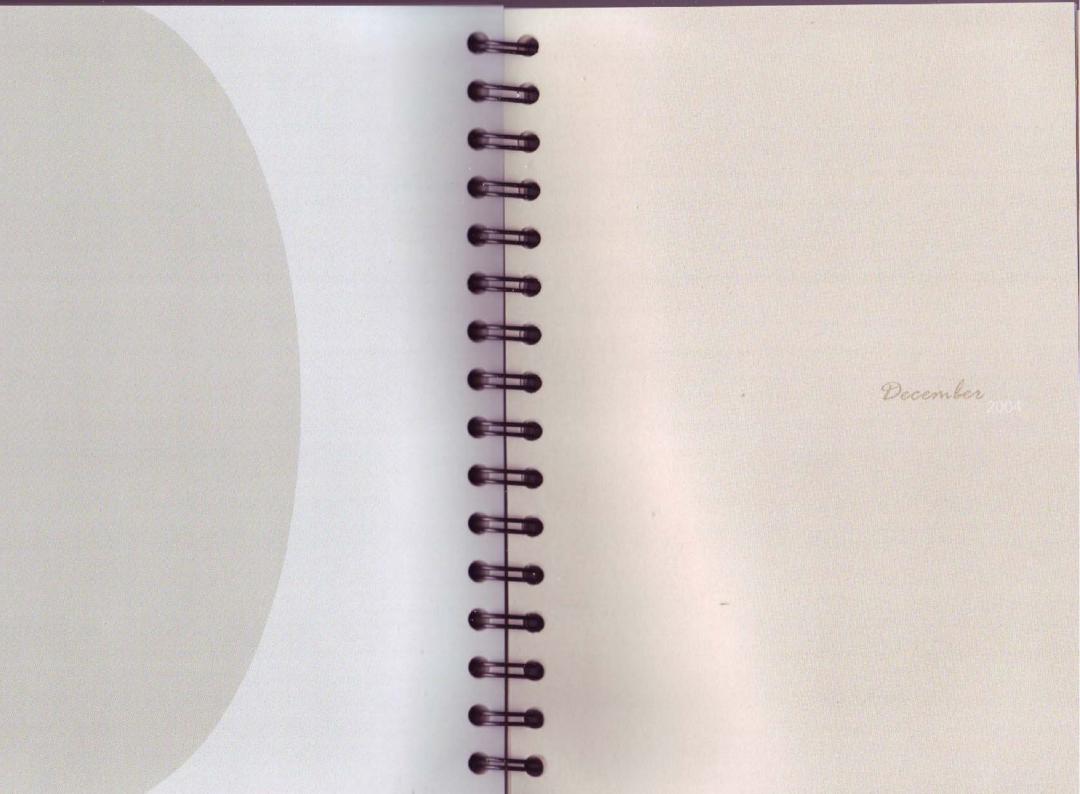
Michael Fullan (2001, p. 272)





20th November, 2004

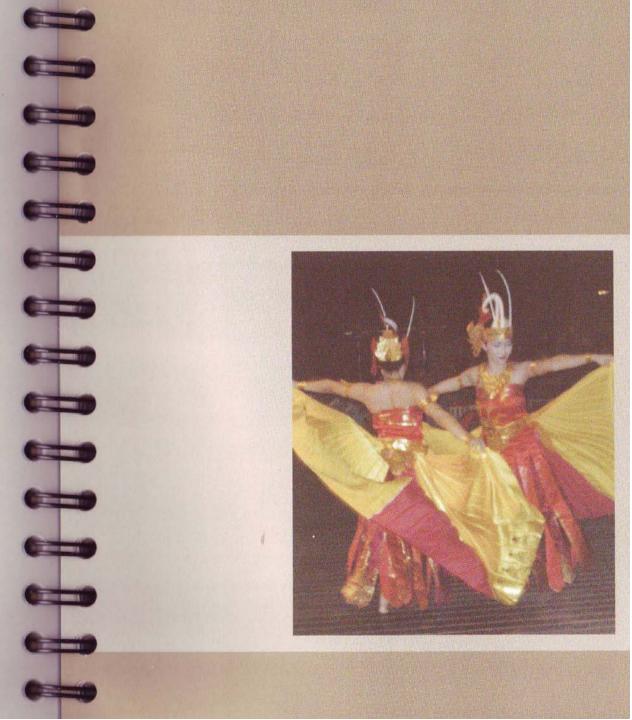
I prepare handouts and an overview for the December networking meeting and email them for translation. Airline tickets to Lombok over Christmas prove a scarcity as I will be travelling at the height of the peak season so I have no choice but to accept the expensive tickets on offer and I am grateful that my following visit in February will be in the low season. The second set of translated journal entries arrive back from the translator and I am touched by the wisdom of so much of the writing which offers leadership insights, as well as by their distinctive honesty which is quickly voiced if a section of the journal seems unimportant during a particular week's entry with words such as "No, I have nothing to say about this just now". There have also been more poems composed this time, many of them related to the Ramadhan season. The photos that I have developed offer me a different story to the previous batch of photos that I had recently returned to the participants. There is a much greater focus on actual leadership activities on this occasion and I remind myself that the first batch was taken in the flurry of excitement of actually having access to a camera and the opportunity to take images of school and community. The three schools are moving forward.



# A LOMBOK CHRISTMAS

Sasak dancers, Lombok musicians A Magic man to ward off rain Nasi goreng lunch, ikan dinner Smiles conveying "Selamat Natal".

Waves breaking, calm pervading Timeless moments, long washed sands Lombok spirit, palm frond wrapping Christmas peace across the land.



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Sasak dancers, Lombok musicians A Magic man to ward off rain Nasi goreng lunch, ikan dinner Smiles conveying "Selamat Natal".

Waves breaking, calm pervading Timeless moments, long washed sands Lombok spirit, palm frond wrapping Christmas peace across the land.

thall not cease from exploration

And the end of all our exploring

Will be to arrive where we started

And know the place for the first time.

Inomas Steams Eliot (in Nicholi, 1997

2, 170)

## 23rd December, 2004

The Jakarta airport is frantic with Christmas travellers as I load my additional bags carrying handouts, translated journals and general workshop materials on to the machine for security strapping. The passengers stroll across the tarmac to the airport lounge on our arrival in Mataram. There is an air of festivity with families pausing to capture the moment of their first Lombok holiday sunshine on camera. At my hotel a large dried palm frond has been decorated with flashing Christmas lights and daubs of fluffy cotton wool while a bank of vibrant red poinsettia plants look seasonal in pots covered in shining green wrapping paper along the restaurant wall.

In the Mataram mall "I'm dreaming of a white Christmas" incongruously blares out from loud speakers as I walk the aisles of the supermarket filling my trolley with soft drinks and biscuits for an afternoon break during the network meeting. On Christmas Day the expertise of a well-known local man of the spirits is sought to deflect any rain away from the hotel restaurant area where local Sasak dancers and musicians will perform during the evening meal. I watch intrigued as he lights a small fire that has been scattered with salt and performs a ritual that involves shaking a spiked stick in the air. The rain clouds gather ominously over the local town but the dancers expertly weave their magic without any weather concerns. I watch the local tari peresean dance where young men fight with a rattan stick and a shield made of rawhide and the gundrung dance where young women dance with elegantly manipulated fans. Shortly after the departure of the dance troop the heavens open and the rain pelts down long into the Lombok night.





"Without communities of people genuinely committed, there is no real chance of going forward." Fred Kofman and Peter Sengo (1993, p.6)

26th December, 2004

At midday I pack my supplies into the hired vehicle and set out towards the madrasah where the network meeting will take place. Stands of potent smelling durian line the roads and local people gather to sniff and choose. Roads that were pot holed and difficult just six weeks ago are now almost impossible to manoeuvre because of the mud caused by recent deluges. The school appears closed as the vehicle pulls up but the gates are flung open even before I have moved from the car. I am greeted warmly by the principal of Sekolah Hijau who ushers me into the somewhat damp interior. am taken to a classroom that has been set up for the afternoon's program and I am immediately touched by the amount of effort that has gone into the organization. A horse-shoe effect has been created with three rows of desks, which have then been neatly draped in local batik cloth. Each side of the horseshoe bears a card designating the specific school. Once again I am aware that the three schools think of themselves in terms of their colour coding for the research as it seems that without question the cards designate, red, blue and green schools rather than their actual official names. I am also excited to see that fishing line laces the room and is being used to suspend students' work, an initiative that we had discussed on my November visit. In the corner of the classroom a table has been covered with a batik cloth and adorned with a vase of flowers. Sitting next to the vase are Sekolah Hijau's framed definitions of "leader" and "leadership" that were a product of the August workshop.

Already inquisitive faces are peering through the room's only windows along the wall nearest to the outside street. The faces will change but the numbers of watchful eyes will remain constant throughout our proceedings. The classroom is quite dark even in the early afternoon and I am conscious that any videoing of the activities will prove impossible. I am also immediately aware of how difficult it must be to work daily in these darkened conditions. Outside the classroom young children are busy sweeping and washing down cemented areas and I later learn that the school community has spent the previous day cleaning the school in preparation for this event. I feel both

humbled and honoured that within the school community our work in leadership is considered so significantly. The children are thoroughly enjoying themselves as they swish water from buckets at both friends and playground and as always eagerly chat with me.

Although there is still officially an hour until proceedings get underway, participants begin to arrive from both Sekolah Biru and Sekolah Hijau and offer me Christmas greetings with much warmth. Sritanjung who is staying locally with her family, arrives on the back of her brother's motorbike and is soon establishing rapport with the participants. As the time draws near for the meeting to begin, I am surprised that no one from Sekolah Merah has arrived and my driver sets



forth towards Sekolah Merah's village to see if they are in need of transport. Within minutes a message arrives via another participant's motorbike that Sekolah Merah's village is in deep mourning. I learn that the burial is taking place of the wife of the Tuan Guru. The Tuan Guru as the most influential spiritual leader in the area commands enormous respect and allegiance from all local villagers and thus this is indeed a momentous occasion for all concerned. My driver returns with the principal of Sekolah Merah and one female teacher. They have come directly from the funeral, and condolences are offered by all. I check that the two women feel comfortable in attending the network meeting given the circumstances but they quietly assure me that they wish to stay.

With ten of the participants present we decide to commence the meeting and after preliminary greetings and discussions we laugh our way through a quick warm up activity which requires the participants to arrange themselves in order of height while moving only in a squat position. My intention is to reestablish the overall group who have not worked together since the August workshop, before moving into a second activity where each school is given five minutes to find as many short words as possible within the word "kepemimpinan" which means "leadership". Sekolah Hijau is victorious although the competition is fierce. As a focussing exercise each participant is then asked to undertake an individual review of any one leadership experience that he or she has had since the August Workshop. A set of ten guided questions is provided and quietness reigns as each person warms to the task and copious notes are written. A sharing session then takes place, which proves an excellent opportunity for participants to understand how others have used their leadership practices in areas that relate both to school and their wider community.

A second teacher arrives from Sekolah Merah, but I discover that he has simply come to give me his six weeks' journal entries and to offer his apologies for not attending as he is the brother of the woman who has died the day previously and thus must return to his family. I feel so touched by this gentle man who has taken the time to call in to the meeting despite his enormous sorrow. I am again reminded of the sense of respect for others and the staunch ethical beliefs that guide these people towards following through on

promises once given. I am aware that the principal and the other teacher from Sekolah Merah are also present for that reason and that although they are diligently on task, both are subdued and going through the motions of events rather than being major players in them. The schools now move into the main activity of the day sharing their work in the designated projects that had been decided at the August workshop. Again a set of guided questions is provided to offer a scaffolding and each school is encouraged to make a poster displaying photos, thoughts, poetry and drawings that will assist them in telling their story to others. The room is a hive of activity as the posters are created and a lengthy session follows as each school discusses their project and answers a probing number of questions from participants at the other two schools.

The meeting now opens into general issues from the floor and a number of concerns are raised. The principal of Sekolah Biru believes that the translator told him during my November visit, that he was only to use leadership experiences that were school based when writing up his weekly journal. We



discuss why this is not the case and how practising leadership skills in a range of forums is very valid for the reporting process as any such practice enhances a leader's ability to work at the school level as well. The principal is happy with this explanation

and says he will revert to his former practice of discussing a range of leadership experiences during the final journal entries. The community representative from Sekolah Biru speaks with much enthusiasm of how she has gained the confidence through the program to initiate a canteen that she is operating at the school on a profit share basis. The canteen has been underway for two weeks now.

Plates of cake suddenly appear and I realise that the Sekolah Hijau community has taken its role as hosts very conscientiously. I too have brought a number of heart shaped chocolate cakes with me that I have baked in Jakarta as a symbolic gesture as the participants have previously discussed how leadership must come from the heart. The boxes of soft drinks and tins of biscuits and sweets that I bought on arrival at Mataram are obviously now superfluous with so much cake, so I later leave these for the children who have prepared the school for the meeting. As we indulge in cake, I take the opportunity to share a power point presentation of the three schools on my computer screen. As always the participants are excited to see photographs of themselves on the screen and tales emerge about moments in the August workshop and at the schools during the ensuing months. The afternoon is wearing on and the absence of any electricity in the room together with the fact that there is little natural lighting from windows means that we will all need to depart. I arrange to visit Sekolah Merah and Sekolah Biru the following Wednesday to collect the last few journal entries and thank the Sekolah Hijau community most sincerely for their superb efforts.

#### **TUAN GURU**

His mere presence engulfs the madrasah's entry
Exuding mysticism draped in prosperity

Dominating impoverished and crumbling surroundings
Enriching decay by his powerful expression.

The Tuan Guru, renowned Leader of community
Honoured by all and respectfully admired.

Teachers stay distanced conscious of status
Students are hushed, attend to work diligently
The principal hovers, hopeful to please.

He addresses the group with an air of authority
Heads nod in unison in single accord.
This is our Leader the voice of our people
He will offer guidance and keep us together
He will make us one with family and ancestors
He will balance dreams and drive our beliefs
He has earned his gold watch, his jacket finely woven
He deserves to walk tall and be admired by all
This is our Tuan Guru, our Leader of men.



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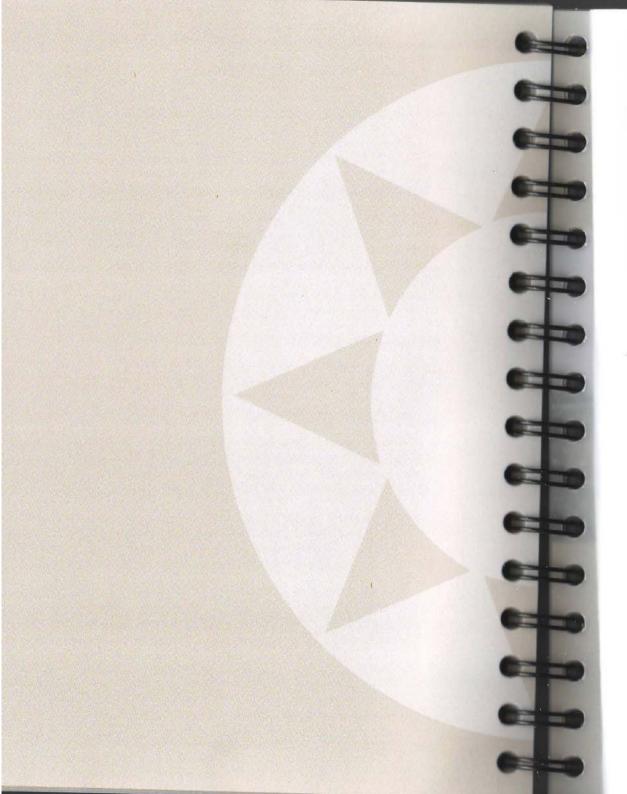
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'The world rushes on over the strings of the lingering heart making the music of sadness." Rabindrath Tagore (In Kubler-Ross, 1969, p. 97)

27th December, 2004

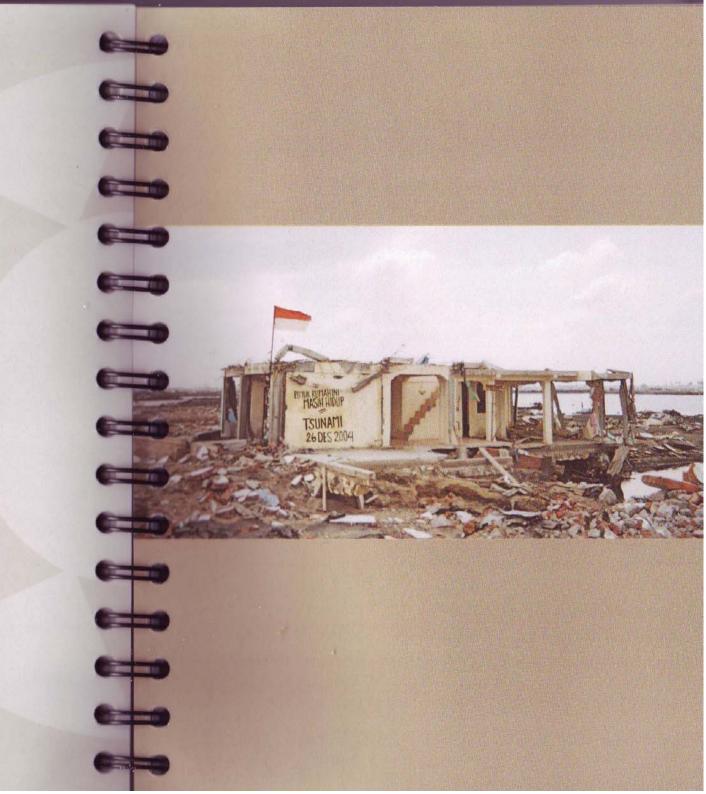
On the previous day's drive back to Senggigi Beach, I found it difficult to come to terms with the news that had just been messaged through from family and friends in Australia that a tsunami has tragically taken thousands of lives across Asia. My hotel is without television sets so I visit a neighbouring one to watch the CNN coverage. As the day unfolds the enormity of the devastation in Aceh and the countless number of children lost becomes both inconceivable and overpowering.





### Banda Aceh

When the waves came We shrieked in fear Yet the world heard Only an eerie silence. When we panicked When we ran screaming The water ran too. It devoured our families It swallowed our homes It laughed at our agony. We thrashed against pillars We bounced off tree trunks We tumbled in the ocean We smashed into fences We fought for our lives. Where are our loved ones? Where is our livlihood? Where is the peace We thought we once knew? Our boats are destroyed Our dreams are all shattered. We search for our families We mourn for their passing We accept these strange helpers Speaking languages unknown As we tend to our wounds As we patch up our hearts As after shocks mock us As fears of quakes haunt us. We yearn for past sanity We struggle for new life. Share in our horror But spare us your charity. We're not after your clothes Or in need of your Gods. Listen to our silence Walk in our footsteps Work with us here Where life is macabre. Aceh is aching Our future has vanished Conjure a miracle So our world may survive.



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People who do research should have only one concern in their work, and that is to capture with scrupulous honesty, the way things are. 7 Robert Weiss (1994, p. 213)

# 29th December, 2004

Wednesday proves to be a rainy day at Senggigi Beach although the further I drive towards Praya Barat Daya, the drier the weather becomes. Sekolah Biru is my first stop for the morning and the schoolyard is a mass of puddles as I walk across to the staff room. I am immediately struck by the litter that is scattered not only throughout the playground but along the walkway to the classrooms as well. The new canteen is busy with students buying exercise books and small food items that are packaged in bright little wrappings and it would seem that much of the litter is a result of a "buying, unwrapping, dropping" mentality. There are bins but I watch as students choose to discard their papers on the ground rather than walk two paces to make use of them. I mentally try to put these facts together with the beaming report on advances in school cleanliness that the principal has delivered with so much fervour just three days ago at the networking meeting.

One of the teacher participants takes me to his Sixth Grade classroom, which has changed considerably since my previous visit. He has attached fishing line across the room and suspended some student work for display. In addition he has restructured the desks so that students are now sitting in groups, which are named via suspended tags that hang on fishing line from the celling. The students are in the midst of a maths lesson on fractions and once they resettle following my invitation to enter their room, they appear to work in the new group formation quite effectively. As I visit other classrooms I become aware that Grade Six is the only class functioning along this group style. I look forward to reading the weekly journals to see how this has evolved. The principal is on his way to a District Meeting so I collect the additional journal entries from the Sekolah Biru participant who had been absent at the networking meeting.

At the Sunday meeting the principal had advised me that the school had no further blank copies for journal entries for the final six weeks, despite the fact that I had given them more than sufficient to last until mid February during my November visit. Thus on the previous day I have had more copied

which had proven an interesting challenge in terms of sourcing printers in down town Mataram. As I hand these over to the principal he grins at me and explains that the missing papers were on his desk all the time. I leave them with him as a backup supply in case further gremlins attack his filing system. As we walk together towards the school gate he appears oblivious to the extent of litter swimming in



the yard. At the next two schools both principals have already left to attend District Meetings but I manage to talk to the teachers and students. In contrast to the littered play ground at Sekolah Biru, the newly paved schoolyard at Sekolah Merah appears very clean. The classrooms themselves also appear cleaner as playground mud is not being walked inside. At Sekolah Hijau I am pleased to see the extent to which the plants in the new beds have grown in the past six weeks.

"It is high time we recognised the 'low art' of utilitarian culture for the 'high art' it really is. Only then can a sense of traditional values and forms survive in a world at the mercy of a belief in progress.

Urs Ramseyer (in McKinnon, 1996, p. xvii)

## 31st December, 2004

My days are spent settling into Lombok rhythms. I watch a passing parade of men balancing traditional earthenware pots on poles suspended across their shoulders. I am told that these men have huge calluses on their shoulders where the weight of the poles has pushed fiercely against their skin. In the villages, pots are sold in this way door to door directly to householders as it is considered an unnecessary chance to take to buy a pot at market and then to risk breaking it on a homeward journey. Pottery is the Sasak domain of women, handed down from mother to daughter and men are not involved in creating the work from clay. It is only at the point of sale that they enter this arena although in villages when the pots are ready for firing husbands and sons will assist with preparing the fire. I watch too a procession of women along village roads expertly balancing a range of materials in baskets and enamel dishes on their heads. Their "no hands" approach to these burdens gives almost a dance like appearance to their movements. Women walk from home along country lanes in this way, bearing aloft an entire meal for the rice harvesters. They carry their produce home atop their heads from weekly markets, their family's washing to the local waterhole, or fresh vegetables and eggs that they may hope to sell at a neighbouring village.









I watch young children minding even younger children, six year olds with one year olds balanced on their hips, children harvesting grass at the roads' edges to feed the long suffering horses who pull the carts along village lanes, children helping to spread seaweed to dry on rattan mats in the south, chillies to dry on rattan mats further north and rice on mats in villages across the countryside. In the evenings I watch the children joyously play soccer on uneven fields where palm trees offer unusual additional obstacles. At the main tourist centre in Senggigi Beach adept street vendors no more than seven years old try to sell me small wooden boats and woven bracelets. I am aware too of the procession of animals. I am transfixed by a family of ducks, neatly making their way in a straight line from one end of a rice paddy to another. An unruly herd of goats rambles along the roadside somehow managing to avoid any passing traffic and a farmer ushers his prize cows tied together in a straggling line from one field into another. Their bells jangle as they move stolidly along. In rice paddies huge water buffalo pull ancient ploughs to make the farrows for planting. On the drive towards Gunung Sari, a mountain in the north, the lush vegetation is a haven for monkeys who choose roadside living in the hope of gleaning food from travellers. For many kilometres the road edges are awash with these monkeys. Some are cradling tiny offspring.

As the previous day's newspaper arrives at my hotel I read with increasing sorrow of the ongoing disaster across Asia caused by the Boxing Day tsunami and it's particular impact in Sumatra. On this final day of the year, New Year's celebrations across the country have taken on a much quieter and more sombre tone. I learn that in Jakarta the traditional fireworks ceremonies have been replaced by mass prayer meetings. As midnight approaches in Lombok the lights at the hotel are turned off. In the sudden darkness traditional drums beat the New Year into existence, a powerful sound in the midst of the stillness offering a force of hope for 2005.



January

# COCONUT LADY

You offer a coconut
Drink of the gods
Eyes hooded in weariness
Skin sun seared and bronzed
Sarong traditionally wrapped
Machete resting at your feet.
I pass rupiah
You pass the coconut
You pick up your knife
I nurse my prize.

**(** 



"And we are here as on a darkling plain Swept with confused alarms of struggle and of flight Where ignorant armies clash by night." Watthew Arnold (in BBC Worldwide, 1998, p. 126)

# 12th January, 2005

As global efforts continue to raise funds for the tsunami victims, Bambang Sudibyo, the Minister of National Education for the Government of Indonesia, announces a plan to set up makeshift schools in some 95 locations mainly in the vicinity of refugee camps. The schools will open for two shifts each day to accommodate the number of students. They are proposing during the first month of the opening of these schools to concentrate more on the psychological needs of the students and teachers than on their academic

requirements. With an estimated loss of 420 school buildings and the tragic death of 1000 Aceh teachers, it is proving extraordinarily difficult to offer an educational service to the surviving traumatised students. The major University, Syiah Kuala, is mourning the loss of 96 lecturing staff while a further 76 staff are still missing. The Gadjah Mada University in Yogyakarta has offered to send 500 students to the Province of Aceh to help fill the required teaching positions. Meanwhile it seems



understandable that many children will actually have to be coaxed out of the I.D.P. camps back into the classroom. Twice daily after-shocks are adding to their trauma. I attend a meeting at the Ministry of Health where the Director of Public Health has brought his slides of Aceh taken during his visit there on the previous day. He points out the area where the Health Buildings once stood now totally flattened except for the gateposts. Other slides show one of his Aceh Health Department colleagues sifting the earth to try to find any remnants of his previous home. The remains are duly found: two plates, four pieces of cutlery and a battered cooking pot.

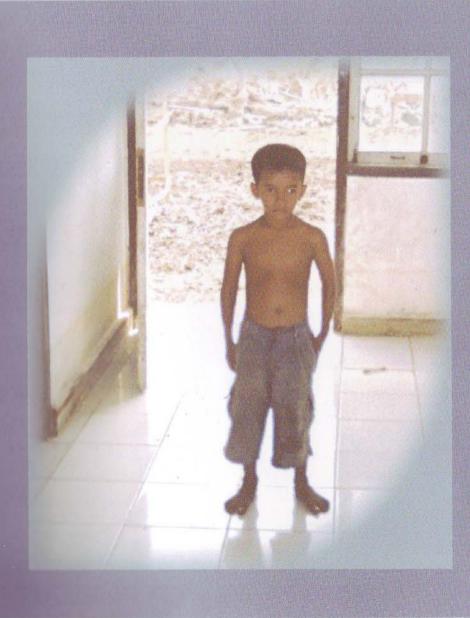


# MIRACLE BOY

Just five years old
Two days afloat
Aboard a mattress on the sea
Shivering with cold
Living beyond fear
Waiting out his world's destruction.

Post tsunami fishermen
Seeking corpses in the water
Find instead a source of hope
A boy with placid smiling face
Rubbing his gashed leg
Quiet with dehydration.

In the I.D.P camp
Reunited with family
This small child
Hailed as a living miracle
Offering life and renewal
In a beleaguered land.

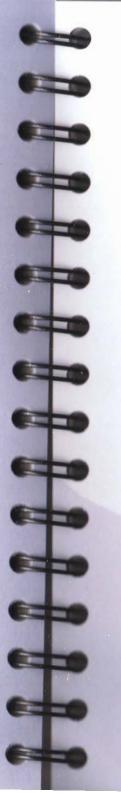


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Meanings... are never closed and finished, but open and negotiable. There is never a final interpretation because we never reach a final perception." Hedley Beare and Richard Slaughter (1993, p. 95)

# 20th January, 2005

I receive the latest round of journal entries from Sritanjung and begin the task of photocopying all of the entries that have been translated into English over the past months so that I will have working copies. The pile is impressive with a total of 274 entries across the first twenty weeks, giving a 95.2% return. I sort them into their school colour folders and then commence the reading process to glean an overall perspective for each of the fifteen participants. In doing so I reflect not only on what has been written but also on why in a country that is considered to be so averse to the written word, the response rate in these journals has been so positive. I remember the initial reaction to becoming involved in the leadership training process. Each school chose to participate. There was no directive given from a district official, nor any offer of the "bucket of goods" that is usually attached to project work in the form of library books, paint for the walls or repair to the ceilings. These three schools elected to become involved because they were enthusiastic about the possible professional development and having made the commitment to this project they followed through with active participation.

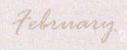
I am aware too of the process established via the initial weekend workshop. where each participant had the opportunity within a supportive environment to write their first journal entry and to discuss any arising issues. I remember that we took the time to sit and talk about what the impact of writing the journal entries might have on their development of leadership skills so that the writing was given purpose and practicality rather than being presented as yet another onerous task in their already busy lives. I am also aware that during my six weekly visits any further issues relevant to the journals have been aired and that the regular collection of the new entries and the return of the previous ones has maintained a certain rhythm in the writing process. In reading the journals I am mindful of the extent of the religious duty to follow through in the best possible manner on commitments made in any aspect of the lives of these individuals. For each of them religion is the keystone of life and following that religion means that one strives constantly to improve oneself. Thus the leadership program has become a positive vehicle to do so and the journals a method of recording progress. Many of the entries offer very brief simple comments and I am aware that it is not the participants mode of communicating to report at any great length, nor to report at all at times that they consider a question irrelevant.

As I read and reread entries I am amazed at the transference of the leadership skills into so many aspects of personal and village life. My list of activities that have become the focus for practising these developing skills grows to include funeral ceremonies, wedding processions, tax disputes, flag raising events, establishing literacy groups within the community, setting district exams and organizing school health initiatives. My list swells to include 96 of these different school and community activities. In reading the entries from the principal of Sekolah Hijau I am also reminded that this writing activity has offered a much needed opportunity for reflection and suspect that he may continue to make use of a journal even after the formal research phase is completed.





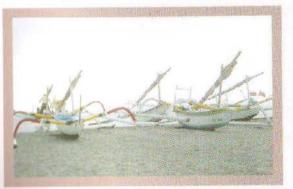




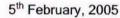
"One must learn to sail in all winds." Italian Proverb (in Santucci, 2003, p. 64)

4th February, 2005

Lombok is ghostly quiet as I am driven from the airport to my hotel to commence a week's stay that will be devoted to final interviewing of the fifteen participants. The Christmas tourists are long gone and the island waits rather despondently to see whether the February two day holiday for joint Chinese New Year and Islamic New Year festivities will offer a surge in tourist trade. "Gempa bumi" the Indonesian word for earthquake is being frequently quoted, as the island has experienced a 5.2 earthquake two days before my arrival. I am pleased to note that the buildings seem to be intact although I am mindful of some fine hairline cracks on the plastered walls of my room. The hotel manager reassures me that Senggigi was not at the earthquake's centre and that the centre was out at the village of Darek in Lombok Tengah. This is mixed news in that I am about to spend my days interviewing in the fragile school buildings in the Darek area.



"When one person decides to act, it is remarkable what can happen." John Nirenberg (1993, p. 246)



Setting off as the sun rises I notice that many of the younger school children who are wiping the sleep from their eyes as they make their way towards school yards, are wearing their scout uniforms as is customary for a Saturday. I pick up Sritanjung from her mother's home in Mataram but an hour into our car ride she is looking a ghastly shade of white. Sympathizing with her, I ponder that it is somewhat ironic that Sritanjung who is Lombok born, is less used to coping with the jolting trip offered by these pot holed roads after her many years of living in Jakarta, than I now seem to be. When we finally arrive at the school the principal kindly produces some steaming sweetened tea and twenty minutes later Sritanjung's colour thankfully returns. I quickly set up the staff room table in preparation for the first interview. The principal at Sekolah Merah is responsive to my questions and the rapid pattern of simultaneous translation is soon under way. I find that the process offers a double bonus as I am able to understand the majority of each response given and am therefore hearing what is said in both languages. I am aware however of the difficult process of interviewing in this manner as there is more emphasis than usual placed on body language when the spoken language is not fully shared.

Throughout the day the participants from Sekolah Merah build a picture of shared leadership in the school. They believe that this has been a primary focus since the August workshop. They are all proud of what they have achieved as a school since August and speak of the positive feedback from the community in relation to the physical look of the school and the impressive cleanliness of the grounds. The enhanced health of the students and staff is also a highlight as the major paving effort in the grounds has reduced the dust and meant a reduction in student illness that they feel was an unfortunate bi-product of the previous environment. All of them speak of a range of activities outside the school where they have been able to practice their new leadership skills. There is discussion of retaining the network that has already





been established with the other two schools during the project and two of the five participants are keen to follow through with their journal writing in the future. One participant explains that he has already commenced a journal to specifically reflect on his leadership practices at a teachers' cooperative that he is involved in administering in the village. Individually they are enthusiastic about future growth that they hope will occur in their leadership practices and there is much talk of the new projects that the school hopes to undertake.

As the day draws to a close Sritanjung and I discuss the language of the interviews. Sritanjung explains that the actual level of Bahasa Indonesia amongst all fifteen participants is low and that sentences are often repetitive. Indonesian is of course their second language even though they use Indonesian on a daily basis as they would all initially have spoken Sasak and would still speak Sasak locally. Sentences frequently remain incomplete. She reassures me however that this is quite a common issue nationally when translating and that she is well used to making translating sense of the participant's language. Her own ability to speak Sasak provides also a reference point for clarification.

"It is a privilege to gather the stories of people through interviewing and to come to understand their experience through their stories."

Irving Seidman (1998, p. xxl)

6th February, 2005

It has rained heavily throughout the night and as anticipated the village lanes are almost impossible to navigate. Sekolah Hijau is looking very neat as we pull up at the gates at 7:45 a.m. and I realise that the school has been freshly



painted in its favourite shade of green. In the internal courtyard, a large professionally painted sign dominates the back wall, requesting that students maintain cleanliness in the school grounds. All participants arrive to greet me dressed in their very best clothes. I explain that the interviews are staggered at one and a half to two hour intervals, but all five elect to stay and patiently wait their turn throughout the day despite the fact that Sunday is their only day "off" for the week. They are so eager to share their thoughts with me.

Once again a picture begins to emerge of shared leadership and of changes at a school level to involve more members of the school community in leadership practices. I continually hear that the journals have proven to be an excellent tool for reflection and self monitoring and once again I am told by a number of participants that a journal will remain part of a personal learning process in the future although the format will be modified to suit particular needs. They each suggest that the program would be valuable for other schools to undertake and that they themselves are hungry for further leadership training. Several participants remind me of the legendry tale that they so passionately portrayed at the August workshop, the story of a wise king who sends his children forth into the world with a mission to learn through experience. The principal suggests that this tale is symbolic of what Sekolah Hijau has also experienced during the past six months, drawing parallels between the guidance offered initially by the king and the initial input from the workshop and then further similarities concerning the way that the king monitors that his children are supported in their quest for new knowledge as they wander the earth.

"Change is threatening. It demands letting go of old comfortable patterns of thought and behaviour." Denny Wolfe and M. Lee Manning (1997, p. 36)

7th February, 2005

As I enter the school grounds at Sekolah Biru I observe that the yard looks as much of a shambles as ever although there is less litter covering the playground. I quickly realize that as it is early Monday morning, the weekly litter parade has occurred only minutes before our arrival. The students are now all filing into rows in the schoolyard for the assembly that heralds the beginning of a new week. The badminton court that had been laid out some months before is now partly overgrown and certainly less advanced than it was on my previous visit. The principal looks decidedly ill and apologises for his state of health explaining that this is the flu season. He offers us the staff room for the interviews, which proves to be a noisy spot, but I am well aware that there is no other option in the school and that attempting to schedule these interviews away from the school would prove physically impossible, as there is no other venue within at least an hour's drive. I continually test the microphone to ensure that the sound is audible and reassure myself that I am more likely to be concerned by this background noise than any of the interviewees. This certainly seems to be the case as the day progresses as the actual participants appear oblivious to it.

Individually the participants discuss how they have gained significantly from the workshop and the efforts to practice leadership at a school, community and family level. I am aware that their understanding of leadership has certainly expanded since the workshop but am unconvinced that as a school that effective leadership in the broad sense is a reality. The principal is quick to defend unfinished projects on the basis of a lack of funds, or specific expertise. He also claims that a major reason that some projects have not been completed such as the badminton court or the herb garden is because there is no guard to watch over the school. He explains that plants have been stolen and bricks removed from the initial court layout. I am aware that this may simply be part of broader leadership issues as he also seems to be struggling with relationships with some members of staff and mentions that if the teachers show him a lack of respect by arriving late for school that he locks the school gates so that they are unable to enter.

On a more positive note, the newly established canteen is proving successful and the School Committee member who is responsible for this enterprise is excited that she has been able to operate it so effectively. She rises at 4:00 a.m. to cook the fried bananas and fried tempe that she sells and is ready for her first customers at 6:30 a.m. She believes that she will continue to



write a journal as she has found this a good stimulus for reflecting upon her busy life. Currently she is also considering leadership within a Koran reciting group that she attends each Thursday evening. She contemplates how attitudes both in the School Committee and in the wider community are often negative in terms of her current status as a single parent and above all her role as a woman. She has simply decided to ignore this and choose her own pathway.

I leave Sekolah Biru impressed by individual gains made in the understanding of the leadership process but aware that there is still much work to be done at this school.

"Leadership development is a lifetime journey not a brief trip." John Maxwell (2001, p. 122)

8th February, 2005

Today I will renew my acquaintance with the three schools that will offer insight for a comparative purpose. The principal at Sekolah Satu ushers us into his office and the first interview is soon underway. I remember from our previous conversation that he considered the distance that the teachers lived from the school was an issue for school relationships in the community and so we discuss this initially. He explains that this has become further exacerbated as he himself has recently been forced to move from his own home in the school grounds to live with his relatives many kilometres away. Two weeks previously his home was robbed and he himself subjected to a violent attack. While still visibly shaken he is also distressed as to what this means for community relations, which are always so important for the schools in this area. We are joined by two teachers and two visiting student teachers from the University of Mataram and a lively discussion ensues on the meaning of leadership in this school's context. The principal and teachers ask whether there is any opportunity for them to be involved in a leadership training program in the future as they have heard much about the current one from their colleagues at Sekolah Merah. I explain again the boundaries of my research and they farewell me hopeful however that they too may be involved in the future.

At the madrasah, Sekolah Dua, six young teachers and the vice principal join me for a discussion session. The principal is currently absent for a month at an English training course. As the discussion turns to leadership in the school, the Tuan Guru's name is constantly raised and I am aware that he is the pivotal point for their understanding of leadership in any form in this school. At Sekolah Tiga the principal is still in an acting capacity and explains that during the past six months since my first visit she has simply been working hard to keep the school going. As teachers join me around the table however, I am aware that there is some spirit of working together in this school and feel hopeful that her position will soon be confirmed so that the

school can capitalize on its obvious potential and move forward. The teachers here are also keen to know whether they too can be involved in a leadership training program in the future as they have also been following the work in the other three schools over the previous six months.

As I leave the school grounds an ancient woman who is selling "obat" or medicine from a wicker basket, propped against the huge extended roots of a tree, pinches me with great gusto and cries out in Sasak, grinning up at me as she grips my arm. I ask Sritanjung for a translation. I am told that the woman has blessed me.

#### **OUR CRY**

Are you listening? Did you hear our voices? We shared our lives We shared our hopes Have you sifted our words? Have you measured our silence? We delivered our world We wove our stories Did you replicate our rhythm? Did you reflect on our tales? We whispered our fears We stumbled over challenges Will you make sense of our journey? Will you acknowledge our spirit? We gave you our trust We gifted our learning We extended our hearts We opened our minds Treat us respectfully Treat us with wisdom Capture our essence Mirror our ways Learn from our lessons.



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"Tread softly because you tread on my dreams" (William Butler Yeats (1990, p. 81)

# 10th February, 2005

I return to Jakarta to release the voices of my participants so that their stories may be heard. In the process of exploring leadership I have been drawn substantially into their world, sharing their love of community, gaining insights into their working lives and their powerful sense of religious purpose, grieving with them at times of loss, rejoicing with them at times of celebration. My Lombok journey is finally drawing to a conclusion. My life has been inextricably entwined with these fifteen special individuals across the past months and now it is time to unravel the pieces and to confront the complexities of being a meaning maker. The responsibility is challenging. Sharing their stories has become a privilege.



## WITH SPECIAL THANKS . . .



As part of this research Project the three schools were provided with basic cameras to record their leadership journeys. I am grateful for their permission to include some of these photos in my own Journal in the entries on 13th September and 20th November.

would also like to express my appreciation to my husband, Alan, for the addition of the three photos that appear with the 27th December, 20th December and 20th January entries, which were taken during the post trunami work in Aceh. Finally I would like to gratefully assessed the assistance of "Cippi" Charindra Chastiti, who shared the assistance so kindly with me in compiling the printed and this journal.

alison atwell

# **Glossary of Terms**

-@

ayam taliwang: specialty chicken dish of Lombok

Bahasa Indonesia: Indonesian language

biru: blue

buka puasa: breaking of the fast

CBEP: Community-Based Basic Education for the Poor

cidomo: horse drawn cart of Lombok

DFAT: Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade

dua: two

durian: seasonal fruit with pungent smell

gempa bumi: earthquake
gurame: variety of fish
guru: teacher
hand phone: mobile phone

hijau: green

ibu: mother/greeting term for a woman IDP: Internally Displaced Persons

idul fitri: feast celebrating the end of the fasting period

ikan: fish

jam karet: rubber time

JFPR: Japan Fund for Poverty Reduction jilbab: female head covering/Islamic veil

kaki lima: vendors cart

kangkung: green leafy vegetable grown in water

kelas: class kepemimpinan: leadership

LCD: liquid crystal display projector

madrasah: Islamic day school

merah: red

merdeka celebrations: Independence Day celebrations

misi: missio

mukenah: white prayer outfit worn by women

nasi: cooked rice nasi goreng: fried rice

National Plus School: school with government plus foreign curriculum

obat: medicii

orang bule: person from a Western nation

PAKEM: Pembelajaran Aktif, Kreatif, Efektif dan Menyenangkan

-Active Creative Effective and Joyful Learning

pekerjaan rumah (PR): homework

Ramadhan: Islamic holy month of fasting Sasak: Islamic holy month of fasting language/culture of Lombok

satu: on

SDN: Sekolah Dasar Negeri- Primary School

sekolah: school

selamat natal: Merry Christmas sinetron: soap opera

SLTP: Sekolah Lanjutan Tingkat Pertama – Junior High School

SMA: soto:

tari gundrung: tari peresean: tempe:

The Jakarta Post:

tiga: tuan guru: visi: warung:

warung: wayang golek: yayasan: Sekolah Menengah Atas - Senior High School

clear soup

local dance of Lombok local dance of Lombok fermented soybean cake

daily Indonesian newspaper published in English

three

Islamic community religious leader in Lombok

vision

small roadside food stall carved wooden puppets non-profit foundation



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