

**A HEALER CALLED ABAD**  
***Pak Abad, Pengobat Tradisional***

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## **A HEALER CALLED ABAD**

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## **A HEALER CALLED ABAD**

Bontang City, that is located in East Kalimantan, was once only a small village. At the time, villagers of Bontang Village mainly lived as fishermen. Those who were not fishermen worked the fields as farmers; planting rice, banana, vegetables, and a variety of secondary crops. They all lived comfortably and peacefully, with all the fields that produced crops and rivers that provided fish. The nature just had given everything for them. The villagers also benefited from the availability of a healer in their village. At the time, in Bontang lived a healer with a great ability.

He could cure almost all kinds of illness; cripples walked, crazies went sane, mutes talked, and blinds saw. In short, with his skills and knowledge, the healer was able to cure even serious and major diseases and helped the villagers. Apparently, the way the healer acquired his knowledge and skills was quite uncommon, compared to how other people usually acquired knowledge. All of a sudden, he just had them in him without knowing where they came from. The villagers had their utmost respect for the healer. They were proud because in the neighborhood there was someone who could help them with their health issues. The efficacy of the healer was already no secret among the villagers. Everywhere, people talked about his ability in curing different illnesses. So

many people had used his service all the time, as he was the only one they relied on when they were sick.

“I was really scared when my kid had a high fever. Fortunately, the healer came and cure him,” said a woman to her friend. “I’m also grateful that the healer had cured my husband who was limp,” said another woman. Time went and the healer gained more and more popularity that had even spread out of Bontang. He was also famous in Sangatta, Tanjung Santan, and other villages. All villagers had acknowledged his ability. One day, the healer finally died of old age. Villagers really mourned him for his services and merits in curing their illnesses. They were also worried as they had lost someone they could count on to help them when they were sick.

“What should we do? There is no one else we can count on when we are sick,” a villager moaned. “Yeah, I am worried, too. In fact, one of my brothers was planning to see him to get treatment,” replied another villager.

They grieved and missed the deceased healer, and at the same time, they were also worried about their circumstance. In such time of loss, they realized even more that at the time before the healer’s passing, their life had been so convenient, as they had someone to handle any health-related matters. Luckily, the people’s grievance did not last long. After the healer’s death, another healer emerged with equally remarkable skills and ability

like the previous healer. It seemed that upon a healer's death, his skills and abilities would be directly passed down to one of his family or relative that was qualified as a new healer.

These skills and abilities had been inherited in this manner from generation to generation, so the villagers would always have someone to be relied on when it came to curing illnesses. Among those healers was Mr. Abad of Kutai tribe, who also inherited his medical ability from his ancestors from generation to generation. Like the healers before him, Mr. Abad was also popular for his medical and healing ability, not only in Botang, but also in other neighboring regions. With Mr. Abad's ability as a healer, cripples walked, crazies went sane, mutes talked, and blinds saw. At the time, Mr. Abad was the only healer that the villagers had in Bontang. They put so much hope in him when they went ill.

"Thank God we still have a healer to heal our illnesses," said a villager in joy upon finding out that a new healer had emerged after the old one died.

"Yes, we're very grateful for Mr. Abad. As a healer, he was a very kind and friendly. He always sincerely helps us," the villagers expressed their gratitude for Mr. Abad.

With Mr. Abad on their side, the villagers lived conveniently. As a healer, Mr. Abad never hesitated to help anyone who was sick.

He always came to help no matter how far and no matter when his service was needed.

“Sir, my child’s fever goes really high and he is suddenly muted. Please help me,” said a man who came to Mr. Abad’s house on one day in a hopeful tone.

“Please wait a minute,” replied Mr. Abad while coming inside his house. Not long after, he departed with this man to his house. They walked in the middle of the night. It was a quite long walk from home but Mr. Abad just followed the man, never once complaining. Arriving at the man’s house, Mr. Abad immediately examined and treated the sick child. Not too long after, the child’s fever went down and he started to speak again. His parents were very grateful to Mr. Abad.

“Many thanks to you, Mr. Abad. My child is now cured,” the kid’s father said very gratefully to Mr. Abad for curing his kid. “Dad, Mom...” said the kid after he felt better. The parents looked so touched that they immediately hugged the kid. They thanked Mr. Abad again and again. And, as the night was late, the family invited Mr. Abad to stay in the house. That was how Mr. Abad lived his days. He happily and sincerely helped the villagers that suffered from sickness.

One other time, a fairly-old man came to his house, complaining about his painful leg. He asked Mr. Abad to heal his legs. Just

when he was about to examine and cure the old man's legs, someone else knocked his house door.

"Excuse me, this is my grandfather. He suddenly left alone without saying anything to me," the door knocker said. Mr. Abad seemed confused. He then explained that his grandfather was quite senile. He often left alone without the knowledge of his children or grandchildren. Of course his legs would feel stiff after a very long walk from morning to noon. Mr. Abad understood and still wanted to soothe the old man's legs. One other time, Mr. Abad was too overwhelmed to take care of one sick family. It was unclear whether it was unhealthy food or bad weather that caused the disease, but the whole family suffered from high fever, stomachache, and limpness. Dealing with five patients at a time forced Mr. Abad to work very hard.

"I'm glad you have been better. I can now focus on treating the other," said Mr. Abad gratefully as one of the five had been cured. He shifted his focus on treating the husband. Curing the husband apparently was not an easier task than curing the wife. He tried for several times, but the patient did not get better. However, this did not make Mr. Abad stop trying to cure all the patients in the family one by one. Finally, his effort paid off and they started to get better. The family were glad and grateful. And, Mr. Abad, despite his tiredness, was also grateful for his success in curing the whole family. That was how Mr. Abad spent his

days as a healer. Every day, he devoted himself to helping and curing patients.

Once upon a time, an outbreak of rare disease struck Bontang and the surrounding area. This caused a commotion among the villagers of Bontang, as the outbreak had increasingly spread day by day. The disease that infected the villagers was incurable by an average medicine. A villager had a fever in the morning, followed by limpness, before they finally died the next day.

Another villager had a fever with itchy rash on the whole body. In some cases, the symptoms also include blindness. The disease affected people of various ages. Their only hope in curing the disease and stopping the outbreak lied on Mr. Abad. They put their faith in him.

“Mr. Abad, please help us. This outbreak has already spread everywhere. We’re terrified if it will keep going on,” one of the villagers said to Mr. Abad.

“Yes, Sir. My kid had a very high fever and he was paralyzed,” a middle-aged father complaint. “My husband kept talking while sleeping, and passed out most of the times,” a woman also complaint. All these reports and complains made Mr. Abad sad. Truly, he had not found out how to cure these odd but deadly disease. The outbreak was really overwhelming for him.



“Truth be told, I myself was overwhelmed by this outbreak. But, I will find a way to put an end to it,” said Mr. Abad. Days and nights, Mr. Abad tried to find a way to stop this serious outbreak. He even brainstormed with his fellow healers from other regions about this disease, but no one seemed to be able to help. He thought every day, looking for some inspiration to cure the villagers from the disease, but it was all a big zero. Mr. Abad still could not find a way to deal with the outbreak. In every opportunity, he took time to visit the infected patients and tried to cure them, but failed every time. Seeing their only hope still struggled to deal with it, the villagers became even more and more worried. And now, the outbreak had gone severely major. “My child died this morning, Mr. Abad,” a mother sobbingly said to Mr. Abad one day. When visiting another house, Mr. Abad also found another dead patient. “My wife died yesterday, Mr. Abad,” said a man to Mr. Abad tremblingly. A kid was seen sitting sluggishly beside him. This made Mr. Abad feel bad and worried.

“At this rate, all villagers will die. Something has to be done,” said Mr. Abad, lamenting his helplessness. For days later, Mr. Abad still struggled to find some way to deal with the outbreak. He tried new methods of medication, but only to get disappointing results. He even travelled out of the village to ask and have discussion with healers and elders of other villagers that were known to be knowledgeable. But they were still unable to handle this rare and odd disease.

Going home from his trip from other villages, Mr. Abad suddenly shivered. His fever spiked. His wife and child were confused and extremely worried. They did not know how to heal him. Mr. Abad himself felt an agonizing pain. Aside from high fever, he also could not breathe properly. But, he tried to hold on.

He kept trying to take a deep breath again and again to overcome his breathing difficulty. He also asked his wife to give him the potion that he usually gave to those who had fever. Mr. Abad tried hard to calm down and be optimistic by thinking that he would heal.

“I have to get better. Who else will cure the people if I am sick?” he thought to himself. Mr. Abad’s fever had gone on for days, but it did show a sign of going down. On the fifth day, after he woke up from his sleep he touched his forehead. It was cold. Yes, the fever had gone down. He tried to take a deep breath, and he cheered as he could now breathe properly. But suddenly, a shrill scream was heard from his child’s room. “Abad! Our child...! Our child...!” a hysterical cry followed.

Mr. Abad rushed to his child’s room and found his child talking in his sleep. He touched the boy’s forehead and felt that his temperature went up so high and his body was paralyzed. Mr. Abad felt so stupid now as the disease had attacked his own family. He tried hard to cure the boy in every way he could come up with. Mr. Abad was almost desperate because his boy had

been sick for three days. He had him various potions to drink, but the fever did not come down. His wife was dazed out. She could only sob and cry outside the house. Many people felt sorry for the misfortune that Mr. Abad's family had to encounter. They were also desperate to see that it was their only hope that had this misfortune. Days went by, more villagers were infected by the disease and died by it. Meanwhile, Mr. Abad's boy still had not got better, but got worse instead. Mr. Abad was in his peak of desperation. However, her wife amazingly became even stronger in the middle of all this. Carefully, she kept taking care their only child.

"I can't stand it anymore, seeing our son sick like that. If I could, I wanted to go far away from here, so I don't have to see our boy and the villagers sick. I am their only hope, but I cannot do anything," trembling, Mr. Abad said to his wife. His tears fell.

Despite her sadness to hear Mr. Abad's words, Mrs. Abad still held back her tears.

"You must be strong. We must be strong for all of them. Our child has to be cured, and so do the peopl. This outbreak must be removed from our village. You must keep looking for the cure," Mrs. Abad said, trying to keep up her husband's spirit. She did not want him to be desperate.

“I will try to be strong and figure this out. I may need to have another trip to find the solution for all of this,” Mr. Abad replied, trying to be strong. Mrs. Abad smiled to hear this. Despite the misfortune, He had to be strong and tried very hard to figure out how to deal with the disease that was haunting the village. Mr. Abad finally took another trip in attempt to figure out how to stop the outbreak. He walked through the jungles to the house of his friend, a fellow healer that he had not visited for a long time. Mr. Abad spent two days walking in the jungle to look for his friend’s house before he finally found it.

“So, during the last three months, the villagers in my village have been suffered from an outbreak of an odd disease. Some people are having a serious condition. And, my own son is still sick until now. I am totally desperate. I have asked our other friends, but they couldn’t figure it out. I am hoping you can help me,” with a sad face, Mr. Abad asked his friend. Mr. Abad’s friend just nodded and asked Mr. Abad to tell him in detail about the disease. Mr. Abad then explained all the symptoms developed by the sick villagers: high fever, immense stomachache, frequent fainting due to excruciating headache, even sudden blindness and deafness. Mr. Abad told his friend about all these in meticulous detail. Mr. Abad’s friend nodded, while trying to think of some way to stop the outbreak as told by Mr. Abad.

“Stay the night here. I will try to think of the right potion to cure your villagers,” he said. Mr. Abad just given in. He really hoped that his friend could help him. The next morning, Mr. Abad’s friend came to see him. His face looks so tired. Apparently, he only slept for a few hours the night before because he thought hard to find the right mix of potion that could stop the outbreak which is haunting Mr. Abad’s village.

“I am sorry, Abad. I have thought very hard to come up with some way to stop the outbreak in your village, but I have nothing. I am so sorry,” he apologized with a sad face. Without energy, Mr. Abad nodded lethargically. He got more desperate. Suddenly, all was dark and he blacked out. He barely heard his friend screaming out of confusion.

The voice got fainter by the minute until finally he did not hear anything at all. It was a peaceful faint for Mr. Abad. However, his friend was so worried. He tried to wake him up. Mr. Abad regained his consciousness that night, and wanted to leave and go straight home.

“Just stay here one more night. It was so late already. You can leave tomorrow morning,” his friend persuaded him. Mr. Abad listened to his friend. He went back to rest and sleep. In his sleep, Mr. Abad dreamed of a white-bearded rishi in a white cloak. The rishi came towards him and said that the outbreak could be stopped by preparing offerings and sending them to the sea.

“Abad, if you want to stop the disease outbreak, you must make some offerings and send them to the sea,” said the rishi in Mr. Abad’s dream. Mr. Abad nodded and smiled. “I will do it,” he replied. The rishi then smiled to him and left. Mr. Abad woke up instantly after he heard the rishi. His body trembled and sweat drenched his skin. But, he also smiled. For the sake of villagers who had put their hope in him, he would do what the rishi told him in his dream. In the morning, he told his friend about the dream.

“This means that there is still a way. Just do it,” Mr. Abad’s friend encouraged him to do the requirements that he dreamed of. So, Mr. Abad immediately packed his things and went home.

Mr. Abad took a two-days-and-two-nights walk through the jungles, before suddenly he heard this terrifying roar in the middle of the jungle. He tried to be calm while hiding in the bushes and trying to find out what kind of beast that made such an eerie roar. It turned out that the roar came from a seemingly starving tiger that was wandering around. The tiger stomped approaching the bushes where Mr. Abad hid. He held his breath. He was scared to death as the tiger endlessly roared. Mr. Abad still held his breath and kept on guard. At a glance he saw the tiger limped. Seeing that the tiger had a wound in its leg gave Mr. Abad a relief. It was clear to him that the roar was not out of starvation, but pain instead. He then looked at the medicine he

brought. He wanted to help treating the tiger's wound with his medical concoction, but fear made him hesitate. Then, a very loud bang startled him. Apparently, the tiger fell and no longer made any sound. Slowly, Mr. Abad approached the tiger. It was still breathing, but the wound on its leg looked serious; who knew what had caused it. Mr. Abad gently sprinkled the medicine onto the wound.

The beast made a sudden roar again; it seemed that the medicine stung the wound. Instantly, Mr. Abad rushed back to his hiding in the bushes. He did not even care that his own feet were galled by spiny trees.

Not long after, the tiger rose and stood up. The tiger stopped roaring and no longer limped when he tried to walk. It looked to the right and left, but slowly went away from Mr. Abad's hiding. Mr. Abad felt so relieved, and decided to continue his journey. Many obstacles seemed to be on Mr. Abad's way. One time, for example, Mr. Abad ran out of water. He tried to look for a river or some fruits, but could not find any. His throat was so dry, so after wandering around here and there, he sat down from exhaustion. Out of the blue, a man searching for firewood passed by. He approached Mr. Abad and offered him his food and drink.

"Here, drink this. Have this also," offered the man to Mr. Abad.

“Where are you going? You look so tired. You must have been walking for days,” asked the man to Mr. Abad. Mr. Abad then told the man about how he was trying to cure the villagers in his village and just left from visiting another healer in another village. “It has been revealed to me in my dream how to cure my villagers. Many obstacles seemed to be on my way back home,” said Mr. Abad.

“Be patient, Mr. Abad. All difficulties you encountered will only make your success taste even sweeter. So, you must be patient,” the man tried to encourage him. Mr. Abad’s heart felt much better upon hearing his words. After having enough eat and drink, Mr. Abad continued his journey. He did not forget to thank his rescuer again and again. Running out of water was not the only obstacles that Mr. Abad had to encounter. After a few moments, when Mr. Abad needed to cross a river, he saw a crocodile in it. Although the river was not deep, Mr. Abad decided to wait until the crocodile left. Unfortunately, the crocodile did not seem to have the urge to leave. It was a quite long wait and he knew he would get home later than he expected. It was hard to immediately carry out what he was tasked to do in his dream. He remembered his sick son. He had to get home soon. After several hours of waiting, the crocodile finally left. Mr. Abad immediately crossed the river. However, when he had almost reached the riverside, he felt his pant stuck on something. It turned out that the crocodile had come back and bitten his pants.



With every strength he had, Mr. Abad tried to break free from its bite and reach the side of the river. He managed to do it and survived, despite a ripped part on the bottom of his pants. He ran away penetrating the jungle.

Despite so many troubles he had to encountered, Mr. Abad refused to give up and did his best to deal with them. All he wanted was to get home as soon as possible and carry out the instruction he received in his dream stop the outbreak. After another two days of walking, Mr. Abad finally got home. He rushed inside. Mrs. Abad, despite her gladness seeing her husband, looked very dejected. Apparently, her son's condition had got worse.

“Take a rest for a while. You look so tired,” Mrs. Abad asked her husband to take a short rest. Feeling terribly tired, Mr. Abad decided to listen to his wife. He then rose after regaining his energy. “Have you found a way to stop the outbreak?” asked Mrs. Abad. Mr. Abad nodded. His face looked bright.

“I will gather the villagers. We need to perform an offerings-giving ceremony if we want to stop the outbreak. This was revealed to me in my dream,” replied Mr. Abad. His face looked even brighter as he had found a way to stop the outbreak that had been haunting the villagers, even his own son, for a long time now. He imagined that his son and all the villagers would so be healthy and happy again.

“I hope this will work,” Mrs. Abad also looked so glad. She really wanted to participate in preparing the ceremony, but she still had to take care of his sick boy at home. Mr. Abad immediately gathered the elders of the village and told them about the message he received from his dream. The elders agreed that they had to carry out this instruction from the dream by conducting a traditional ceremony. Mr. Abad and the elders then asked all villagers to help preparing for it. In no time, every villager was busy with preparing for the ceremony. They eagerly work together to eradicate the outbreak from their village. Men, women, old, young, all participated in the work. Some made the offerings, some prepared meals for the ceremony, and some others crafted equipment and baskets for the offerings. They were all happy to do it, and no one looked gloomy. They put their last hope in the ceremony.

“I am so glad that Mr. Abad received this message in his dream. I really hope this will work and the outbreak will be over,” said an old man to his friend.

“Mom, I hope Sister will heal from her illness after this ceremony is carried out,” said a son to his mother. The mother nodded and smiled while preparing meals for the ceremony.

“I am also grateful that Mr. Abad has got this message. I hope my kid and also Mr. Abad’s son will soon heal after this ceremony,” said a mother to her friend. Her friend nodded and smiled while

also preparing meals for the offerings. Old and young, all worked side by side to ensure the successful ritual. However, the rain poured in the middle of the preparation. The villagers hurried to secure the equipment for the offerings they put down in the field. They also rushed to shelter from the heavy rain. It had indeed been a long time since the last rain. For the villagers, the rain was an important source of life. It made the trees green again. They also hoped that this rain was a good sign that the outbreak would soon be over. To this end, Mr. Abad did not care that he did not feel so good after getting soaked by the heavy rain and hit by the cold wind. Plus, he had not completely recovered from the exhaustion from yesterday's journey. All this made him suddenly shivered. Taken aback to see Mr. Abad shiver, the villagers suddenly got busy to give him a change of cloth, a thick blanket, and a warm drink to prevent him from getting sick.

“Drink this, Mr. Abad,” said a villager.

“Just take a rest for a moment. Leave the ceremonial preparation to us,” said another villager. “Please don't get sick, Sir. We really need you to officiate this ceremony,” a woman said to Mr. Abad in a hopeful tone.

“I am not sick. Please don't worry,” said Mr. Abad to calm them down.

Shortly after, Mr. Abad felt much better and the rain stopped. They continued their work to make equipment for the offerings. Mr. Abad led this preparation even more excitedly. The villagers followed all of his instructions. The ceremony would be held exactly as instructed in his dream.

“Come on! We must be excited to prepare this ceremony. This is the only way to put an end to the outbreak,” said Mr. Abad. The villagers became more excited upon listening to his speech. It took days of preparation to hold the ceremony. To ensure the smooth ceremony, there was no time to be tired.

By working together, even the hardest works would feel lighter and could be done earlier. After working for days, the preparation was finally complete, and the ceremony was ready to hold.

Mr. Abad officiated the ceremony very calmly. All people wanted to watch the ceremony. Even those who were sick wanted to watch it and asked their friends to support them. A very old man who had trouble walking also insisted to watch. He walked limply with his grandson holding his hand. All of them were enthusiastic to witness the ceremony that Mr. Abad officiated. It was a very large crowd, but no one seemed to have chit chats one another. They were all quiet and calm. The peak of the ceremony was the ritual of sending the offerings to the sea. It was successfully performed in the presence of all invited guests, including the elders of the village. They were excited to watch the whole

ceremony and hoped that the outbreak would soon be over. The ceremony was performed smoothly without any obstacles. The villagers were both grateful and satisfied that their days of preparation had paid off as well as they could expect. After the ceremony, the villagers were restless waiting for the result. They really expected that the outbreak would soon be over. Even the next morning, they were still nervous because all the patients were still sick. Nervousness also filled Mrs. Abad's heart to see that her son had yet to heal and looked very weak. "Abad, why hasn't our son healed yet after we perform the ceremony?" Mrs. Abad complained to her husband.

"Be patient. Just have faith this outbreak will end soon," Mr. Abad tried to calm his wife down. Despite his faith, he was a little worried as the outbreak did not stop as soon as he thought it would be.

"Mr. Abad, why hasn't our kid healed yet?" In another house, a woman also complained as her paralyzed kid had not yet to heal. Her husband also tried to calm her down.

"Mom, why haven't you heal?" A kid sobbed uncontrollably over his mother that was still sick. The mother could only look at her kid and nodded, trying to calm him down. Anxiety started to haunt the villagers once again. They were afraid that the ceremony they performed did not work out as well as they hoped.

However, the darkness started to be lifted. Mr. Abad's son started to look brighter and his fever was gone. And he started to regain his strength.

"Mom, Dad," said the boy calling out to his parents while trying to get up. His son's sudden improvement startled Mr. Abad a little bit. But he looked relieved. Mrs. Abad went on and hugged the boy. And joy filled the house again.

"I will go and take a look at the other patients," said Mr. Abad. Arriving in a villager's house, Mr. Abad learned from a boy that the boy's muted mother had now spoken again. News about another patient's health improvement was also heard from another house. A mother hugged her child that had just healed. The previously-paralyzed kid could now move his body. The outbreak of odd disease that had been haunting the village was now over. The villagers looked so bright and happy. They were grateful because all the hard work and energy they put into preparing the ceremony had been paid off really well.

"I am very grateful that this outbreak is now over. This is all thanks to our hard work together," said Mr. Abad to the villagers cheerfully. The villagers never stopped thanking Mr. Abad. Without him, they could not imagine how they would stop the outbreak.

“Thanks, Mr. Abad. My son is finally free from this odd disease. He had suffered for a long time,” a man said to Mr. Abad, bowing and thanking again and again.

“I could never thank you enough, Mr. Abad. My husband has also recovered from his paralysis,” a woman also thanked Mr. Abad. Tears were seen falling from her eyes, and utter happiness were shown in her face. Mr. Abad could not help but smiled to hear the villager’s sincerity in thanking him. Many people gave him crops as a token of appreciation. Despite Mr. Abad’s refusal, the villagers insisted that he should receive the crops: rice, vegetables, and fruits.

“Why so much trouble? It was my job to help people. I am just the mediator in curing diseases. It is all God’s work,” said Mr. Abad to someone who gave him a sack of rice.

“Please accept this, Mr. Abad. I am really grateful that my child has now healed. This is the least I could do,” said the man to Mr. Abad. Mr. Abad’s sincerity to help others in need made people put respect in him. He even humbly said that it was all God’s work that the disease could be cured; that he was only a mediator.

It was this modesty and sincerity that compelled the villagers to give him crops as their token of appreciation. Mr. Abad himself was actually sincerely helping them without expecting anything in return, but to appreciate them, he finally accepted the gifts.

After the outbreak was over, the villagers held a small and simple party on the field. Every family brought meals or crops from their home. Some people brought vegetables, rice, fish, and vegetables. Some others brought boiled cassava and boiled corn. They were all filled with joy, celebrating the day they had been waiting for. They hoped they would never again suffer from any outbreak in the future. After the outbreak was gone, the villagers lived peacefully. They continued working to make a living. After that first ceremony, Mr. Abad was always requested to officiate similar ceremonies every year. This ritual of sending offerings to the sea was the origin of the sea party ceremony that today is performed in Bontang City.

For years, Mr. Abad had officiated the ceremony. He got older by day and finally passed away. Everyone lost and mourned him for his services and merits to the community. “I am so sad. The person that has been treating us all this time has now gone,” said a woman to her husband in a flood of tears. The husband was also sad. He remembered Mr. Abad’s kindness that had so many times treated his family if anyone got sick. “I am really sad, Mom. Mr. Abad was very kind, and now he passed away,” said a child to his mother.

“We have to be strong and accept it. Let’s just wish him peace,” said the mother to console him. All villagers grieved and mourned



the death of this very kind healer. They recalled how Mr. Abad always refused any of their gift after healing their family.

“I’m also a farmer, so please relax. I still have food for our family,” replied Mr. Ahmad every time someone tried to give him anything. He felt bad to accept gifts because not all families that he helped were wealthy. The whole village was quite, mourning the healer that people always put their faith into. For his kindness and sincerity in helping people in his life, many people lost him and grieved for his death. They all came to his house to pay their last respect to the healer.

The death of Mr. Abad raised a new question about who would inherit his medical ability. After his death, people started to be afraid if no one was worthy enough for it. But, still it was passed down to the right person. The heir, although was not Mr. Abad’s direct descendant, was still Mr. Abad’s relative from Bugis tribe, named Haji Baso. This was revealed through the message left by Mr. Abad that Haji Baso was the one qualified to inherit this ability. Indeed, prior to his death, Mr. Abad briefly said his final words. “It is Haji Baso who will inherit my ability,” said he before dying.

After Mr. Ahmad passed away, Haji Baso continued Mr. Abad’s healing tradition. And, like his predecessor, Haji Baso also liked to help others who were sick, even if he had to visit the patients who were far away from his house. After years of service as a

healer himself, Haji Baso passed away. And, like before, his medical ability and skills were also passed down to his successor, Kumala, who was none other than a daughter of Mr. Abad. To this day, Ms. Kumala is the last healer that inherited her medical ability from her ancestor. She lives in Nyerakat Village, Bontang. Healers like Mr. Abad and the others in this story did their job sincerely and whole-heartedly to heal people from their diseases. Despite many obstacles, they refused to give up and kept trying to treat and heal people who got sick.

Despite their privilege to inherit the medical ability that has been passed down by their ancestors, Mr. Abad and other healers were still humble. In fact, it is this modesty that had made people respect them.