

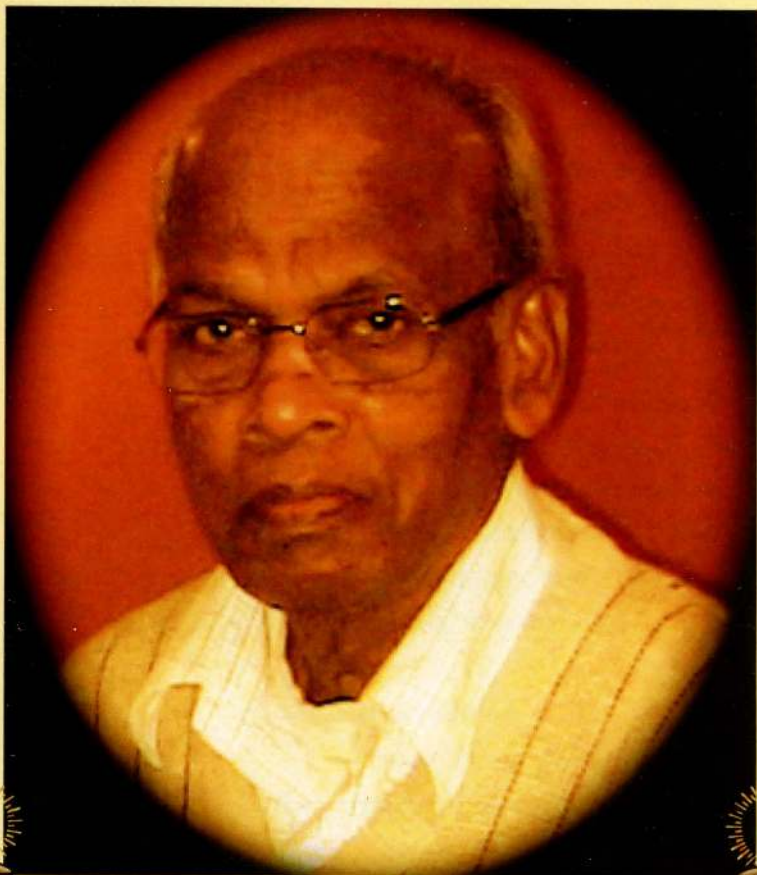


Remembrance Day Prayers
Late Mr. K. Nadarajah

அமரர் திரு கந்தையா நடராசா அவர்களின்
நினைவு அஞ்சலி

13-06-2015

Late Mr. Kandiah Nadarajah



திரு கந்தையா நடராசா

முதலாம் திருமுறை

பிடியதன் உருவுமை கொளமிகு கரியது
வடிகொடு தனதடி வழிபடும் அவரிடர்
கடிகண பதிவர அருளினன் மிகுகொடை
வடிவினர் பயில்வலி வலமுறை யிறையே

இரண்டாம் திருமுறை

மந்திர மாவது நீறு வானவர் மேலது நீறு
சுந்தர மாவது நீறு துதிக்கப் படுவது நீறு
தந்திர மாவது நீறு சமயத்தி லுள்ளது நீறு
செந்துவர் வாயுமை பங்கன் திருவால வாயான் திருநீறே.

மூன்றாம் திருமுறை

இடரினும் தளரினும் எனதுறுநோய்
தொடரினும் உனகழல் தொழுதெழுவேன்
கடல்தனில் அமுதொடு கலந்தநஞ்சை
மிடறினில் அடக்கிய வேதியனே
இதுவோஎமை ஆளுமா றீவதொன்றெமக் கில்லையேல்
அதுவோவுன தின்னருள் ஆவடுதுறை அரனே.

நான்காம் திருமுறை

கூற்றாயின வாறு விலக்ககிலீர்
கொடுமைபல செய்தன நான்அறியேன்
ஏற்றாய்அடிக் கேஇர வும்பகலும்
பிரியாது வணங்குவன் எப்பொழுதும்
தோற்றாதென் வயிற்றின் அகம்படியே
குடரோடு துடக்கி முடக்கியிட
ஆற்றேன்அடி யேன்அதி கைக்கெடில
வீரட்டா னத்துறை அம்மானே.

ஐந்தாம் திருமுறை

அன்னம் பாலிக்குந் தில்லைச்சிற் றம்பலம்
பொன்னம் பாலிக்கு மேலுமிப் பூமிசை
என்னம் பாலிக்கு மாறுகண் டின்புற
இன்னம் பாலிக்கு மோஇப் பிறவியே.

ஆறாம் திருமுறை

அப்பன் நீ அம்மை நீ ஐயனும் நீ
அன்புடைய மாமனும் மாமியும் நீ
ஒப்புடைய மாதரும் ஒண்பொருளும் நீ
ஒரு குலமுஞ் சுற்றமும் ஒருரும் நீ
துணையாய் என் நெஞ்சம் துறப்பிப்பாய் நீ
இப்பொன் நீ இம்மணி நீ இம்முத்து நீ
இறைவன் நீ எருர்ந்த செல்வன் நீயே.

ஏழாம் திருமுறை

பித்தாபிறை சூடபெரு மானேயரு ளாளா
எத்தான்மற வா தேநினைக் கின்றேன்மனத் துன்னை
வைத்தாய்பெண்ணைத் தென்பால்வெண்ணெய்
நல்லூரருட் டுறையுள்
அத்தாஉனக் காளாய்இனி
அல்லேனென லாமே.

எட்டாம் திருமுறை

திருவாசகம் - சிவபுராணம்

தொல்லை இரும் பிறவிச் சூழும் தளை நீக்கி
அல்லல் அறுத்து ஆனந்தம் ஆக்கியதே - எல்லை
மருவா நெறியளிக்கும் வாதலூர் எங்கோன்
திருவாசகம் என்னும் தேன்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

நமச்சிவாய வாழ்க நாதன் தாள் வாழ்க
இமைப்பொழுதும் என் நெஞ்சில் நீங்காதான் தாள் வாழ்க
கோகழி ஆண்ட குருமணிதன் தாள் வாழ்க
ஆகமம் ஆகிநின்று அண்ணிப்பான் தாள் வாழ்க
ஏகன் அநேகன் இறைவன் அடிவாழ்க
வேகம் கெடுத்தாண்ட வேந்தன் அடிவெல்க
பிறப்பறுக்கும் பிஞ்ஞுகன்தன் பெய்கழல்கள் வெல்க
புறந்தார்க்குச் சேயோன் தன் பூங்கழல்கள் வெல்க
கரங்குவிவார் உண்மகிழும் கோங்கழல்கள் வெல்க
சிரம்குவிவார் ஓங்குவிக்கும் சீரோன் கழல் வெல்க

ஈசன் அடிபோற்றி எந்தை அடிபோற்றி
தேசன் அடிபோற்றி சிவன் சேவடி போற்றி
நேயத்தே நின்ற நிமலன் அடி போற்றி
மாயப் பிறப்பு அறுக்கும் மன்னன் அடி போற்றி
சீரார் பெருந்துறை நம் தேவன் அடி போற்றி

ஆராத இன்பம் அருளும் மலை போற்றி
சிவன் அவன் என்சிந்தையுள் நின்ற அதனால்
அவன் அருளாலே அவன் தாள் வணங்கிச்
சிந்தை மகிழ்ச் சிவ புராணம் தன்னை
முந்தை வினைமுழுதும் ஓய உரைப்பன் யான்.

Thollai irum piravi sulum thalai neengi
Allal aruthu anandham aagiyadhe – yellai
Maruva neri allikkum, vadhavur yem kon
Thiruvagasam Yennum then

Thiruchitrabalam

Namashivaaya vaalgha, naathan thaal vaalgha
Imai polluthum en nenjil neegaathan thaal vaalgha
Kokali anda kurumanithan thaal vaalgha
aagamam aagi nindra annippaan thaal vaalgha
egan anegan iravian adi vaalgha

Vegam keduthaanda vendhan adi velgha,
pirappu arrukum pinjakanthan peikalalgal velga
purathaaruku seyon than poonkalalgal velga
karam kuvivar un magilum kon kalalkal velga
Siranguvivaar onguvikkum seeron kalal velga!

Eesan addi potri endhai addi potri!
Desan addi potri sivan sevadi potri!
Neyaththe nindra nimalan adi potri!
Mayapirapu arrukum mannan adi potri!
Seerrar perunthurai nam thevan adi potri!

Aaratha inbam arulum malai potri!
sivan avan en sindhanayul nindra athanaal
avan arulaale avan thaal vanangi
sindhai maghila sivapuranam thannai
mundhai vinay muludhum ohya, uraipan yaan

கண் நுதலான் தன்கருணைக் கண்காட்ட வந்து எய்தி
எண்ணுதற்கு எட்டா எழில் ஆர்கழல் இறைஞ்சி
விண் நிறைந்தும் மண் நிறைந்தும் மிக்காய், விளங்கு ஒளியாய்,
எண் இறந்த எல்லை இலாதானே நின் பெரும்சீர்
பொல்லா வினையேன் புகழுமாறு ஒன்று அறியேன்

புல்லாகிப் பூடாய்ப் புழுவாய் மரமாகிப்
பல் விருகமாகிப் பறவையாய்ப் பாம்பாகிக்
கல்லாய் மனிதராய்ப் பேயாய்க் கணங்களாய்
வல் அசுரர் ஆகி முனிவராய்த் தேவராய்ச்
செல்லாஅ நின்ற இத் தாவர சங்கமத்துள்

எல்லாப் பிறப்பும் பிறந்து இளைத்தேன், எம்பெருமான்
மெய்யே உன் பொன் அடிகள் கண்டு இன்று வீடு உற்றேன்
உய்ய என் உள்ளத்துள் ஓங்காரமாய் நின்ற
மெய்யா விமலா விடைப்பாகா வேதங்கள்
ஐயா எனவோங்கி ஆழ்ந்து அகன்ற நுண்ணியனே

வெய்யாய், தணியாய், இயமானனாம் விமலா
பொய் ஆயின எல்லாம் போய் அகல வந்தருளி
மெய் ஞானம் ஆகி மிளிர் கின்ற மெய்ச் சுடரே
எஞ்ஞானம் இல்லாதேன் இன்பப் பெருமானே
அஞ்ஞானம் தன்னை அகல்விக்கும் நல் அறிவே

ஆக்கம் அளவு இறுதி இல்லாய், அனைத்து உலகும்
ஆக்குவாய் காப்பாய் அழிப்பாய் அருள் தருவாய்
போக்குவாய் என்னைப் புகுவிப்பாய் நின் தொழும்பின்
நாற்றத்தின் நேரியாய், சேயாய், நணியானே
மாற்றம் மனம் கழிய நின்ற மறையோனே

kannudhalaan than karunai, kann kaatta vandhu eidhi
ennudhatku ettaa ellilar kalal irainji
vin niraindhum man niraindum, mikkai vilangu oliyay
enn irandha ellai illadhaane nin perum seer
Pollaa vinayen pugalum aaru ondru ariyen

Pullaaghi poodaai puluvaai maramaagi,
pal virukamaagi paravayaay paambaagi
kalaai manidharaay peyaa kanangalaay
val asuraraagi munivaraai thevaraay
Sellaa nindra ithaavara sangamathul

Ellaa pirappum pirandhu illaithen em perumaan!
Meyye un pon adigal kandu indru veedu utren
uyya en ullathul, ongaramay nindra
meyyaa, Vimala, Vidai paga Vedhangal
Ayyaa ena ongi allnthu agandra nunniane!

Veyyay, Thaniyay, Iyamana naam vimala!
Poyyayina ellam poyagala vandharuli,
Mei gnanam aagi milirgindra mei chudare!
Eignanam illaadhen inba perumaane!
Angnanam thannai agalvikkum nal arive!

Aakkam allavu irudi illay annaithu ullagam
aakuvaay, kaappay, alippaay, arultharuvaay
pohkkuvai, ennai puguviapai, nin tholumbin
naatrathin neriyay, seyay, nanniyane
maattram manam kaliya, nindra marayone

கறந்த பால் கன்னலொடு நெய்கலந்தாற் போலச்
சிறந்தடியார் சிந்தனையுள் தேன்ஊறி நின்று
பிறந்த பிறப்பு அறுக்கும் எங்கள் பெருமான்
நிறங்கள் ஓர் ஐந்து உடையாய், விண்ணோர்கள் ஏத்த
மறைந்திருந்தாய், எம்பெருமான் வல்வினையேன் தன்னை

மறைந்திட மூடிய மாய இருளை
அறம்பாவம் என்னும் அரும் கயிற்றால் கட்டி
புறம்தோல் போர்த்து எங்கும் புழு அழுக்கு மூடி,
மலம் சோரும் ஒன்பது வாயில் குடிவை
மலங்கப் புலன் ஐந்தும் வஞ்சனையைச் செய்ய,

விலங்கு மனத்தால், விமலா உனக்கு
கலந்த அன்பாகிக் கசிந்து உள் உருகும்
நலம் தான் இலாத சிறியேற்கு நல்கி
நிலம் தன்மேல் வந்து அருளி நீள்கழல்கள் காட்டி,
நாயிற் கடையாய்க் கிடந்த அடியேற்குத்

தாயிற் சிறந்த தயா ஆன தத்துவனே
மாசற்ற சோதி மலர்ந்த மலர்ச்சுடரே
தேசனே தேன் ஆர்அமுதே சிவபுரானே
பாசமாம் பற்று அறுத்துப் பாரிக்கும் ஆரியனே
நேச அருள்புரிந்து நெஞ்சில் வஞ்சம் கெடப்

பேராது நின்ற பெருங்கருணைப் போரானே
ஆரா அமுதே அளவிலாப் பெம்மானே
ஓராதார் உள்ளத்து ஒளிக்கும் ஒளியானே
நீராய் உருக்கி என் ஆருயிராய் நின்றானே
இன்பமும் துன்பமும் இல்லானே உள்ளானே

Karandha paal, kannalodu nei kalandhal polla,
chirandu adiyaar sindhanaiyul then oori nindru,
pirandha pirappu arrukkum engal perumaan
nirangal orr ayindhu udaya,y vinnorgal etha
maraindhirundhai, emperuman valvinayen thannai

Marainthida moodiya maya irulai,
aram, pavam, ennum arum kayitraal katti,
puranthol porthu, engum pulu alukku moodi,
malam sorum onbadhu vayil kudilai
malanga pulan aindhum vanjanayai seyya

Vilangu manathaal vimala unnakku
kalantha anbaagi kasindhu ul urugum,
nalanthan illaadha siriyerku nalgi,
nilam than mel vantharuli nizh kalalkal kaatti,
naayit kadayaay kidandha addiyerku,

Thayit chirantha thayaavaana thathtuvane
Maasatra sodhi malarndha malarchudare!
Thesane! Thenaaramuthe! Sivapurane!
Paasamaam pattru arruthu paarikum aariyane!
Nesa arul purindhu, nenjil vanjam keda

Peraadhu nindra, perum karunai perare!
Aara amuthe! Alavu illa pemmane!
Oraathar ullathu ollikum oliyane!
Neerai uruki en aaruyiray nindrane!
Inbamum thunbamum illaane! Ullaane!

அன்பருக்கு அன்பனே யாவையுமாய் இல்லையுமாய்
 சோதியனே துன்னிருளே தோன்றாப் பெருமையனே
 ஆதியனே அந்தம் நடுவாகி அல்லானே
 ஈர்த்து என்னை ஆட்கொண்ட எந்தை பெருமானே
 கூர்த்த மெய் ஞானத்தால் கொண்டு உணர்வார் தம்கருத்தில்
 நோக்கரிய நோக்கே நுணுக்கரிய நுண் உணர்வே
 போக்கும் வரவும் புணர்வும் இலாப் புண்ணியனே
 காக்கும் என் காவலனே காண்பரிய பேர் ஒளியே
 ஆற்றின்ப வெள்ளமே அத்தா மிக்காய் நின்ற
 தோற்றச் சூடர் ஒளியாய்ச் சொல்லாத நுண் உணர்வாய்

மாற்றமாம் வையகத்தின் வெவ்வேறே வந்து அறிவாம்
 தேற்றனே தேற்றத் தெளிவே என் சிந்தனை உள்
 ஊற்றான உண்ணார் அமுதே உடையானே
 வேற்று விகார விடக்கு உடம்பின் உள்கிடப்ப
 ஆற்றேன் எம் ஐயா அரனே ஓ என்று என்று

போற்றிப் புகழ்ந்திருந்து பொய்கெட்டு மெய் ஆனார்
 மீட்டு இங்கு வந்து வினைப்பிறவி சாராமே
 கள்ளப் புலக்குரம்பைக் கட்டு அழிக்க வல்லானே
 நள் இருளில் நடட்டம் பயின்று ஆடும் நாதனே
 தில்லை உள் கூத்தனே தென்பாண்டி நாட்டானே

அல்லல் பிறவி அறுப்பானே ஓ என்று
 சொல்லற்கு அரியானைச் சொல்லித் திருவடிக் கீழ்
 சொல்லிய பாட்டின் பொருள் உணர்ந்து சொல்லுவார்
 செல்வர் சிவபுரத்தின் உள்ளார் சிவன் அடிக் கீழ்ப்
 பல்லோரும் எத்தப் பணிந்து.

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

Anparukku anpane, yaavayumaai, illaiyumay
Sodhiyane! Thunirrule! Thondraa perumayane!
Aadhiyane! andham naduvaagi, allaane!
Eerththu ennai, aatkonda endhai perumaane!
Koortha meignanathal kondunarvar tham karuththil

Nohkku ariya nohkke! Nunukkariya nunn unnarve!
Pohkkum varavum punarvum illa punniyane!
Kakkum en kaavalane, kaanpariya per oliye!
Aatru inba vellame attha mikkai nindra
Thottra chudar oliyay, sollatha nun unnarvai

Maattramaam vaiyagathin vevere vandhu arivaam
Thetranee! Thetra thelive en sindhanaiyul
Oottrana unnaar amuthe! udayaane!
Vetru vigaara vidakku udampin ulkidappa
Aattren 'Em ayya, arane O endrendru

Potri pugalinthirundhu, poikettu, meyyaanaar,
meetu ingu vandu vinay piravi saaraame
Kalla pulla kurambai kattallika vallaane!
Nall irulil nattam payindraadum naathane!

Thillayul koothane! Thenpaandi naattaane
Allalpiravi arrupaane O – endru
sollatku ariyaanai solli thiruvadikeel..
solliya paattin porul unarndhu solluvaar...
Selvar sivapurathin ullaar sivan adi keel
pallorum ethra panindhu.

Thiruchittrampalam

ஒன்பதாம் திருமுறை

இடர்கெடுத் தென்னை ஆண்டுகொண் டென்னுள்
இருட்பிழும் பறஎறிந் தெழுந்த
சுடர்மணி விளக்கி னுள்ஒளி விளங்குந்
தூயநற் சோதியுட் சோதீ
அடல்விடைப் பாகா அம்பலக் கூத்தா
அயனொடு மால்அறி யாமைப்
படரொளி பரப்பிப் பரந்துநின் றாயைத்
தொண்டனேன் பணியுமா பணியே.

பத்தாம் திருமுறை

ஐந்து கரத்தனை யானை முகத்தனை
இந்தி னிளம்பிறை போலும் எயிற்றனை
நந்தி மகன்றனை ஞானக் கொழுந்தினைப்
புந்தியில் வைத்தடி போற்றுகின் றேனே.

திருப்புகழ்

ஏறு மயில் ஏறி விளையாடு முகம் ஒன்றே
ஈசருடன் ஞான மொழி பேசு முகம் ஒன்றே
கூறும் அடியார்கள் வினை தீர்க்க முகம் ஒன்றே
குன்றுருவ வேல்வாங்கி நின்ற முகம் ஒன்றே
மாறுபடு சூரரை வதைத்த முகம் ஒன்றே
வள்ளியை மணம் புணர வந்த முகம் ஒன்றே
ஆறுமுகம் ஆனபொருள் நீ அருளல் வேண்டும்
ஆதி அருணாசலம் அமர்ந்த பெருமாளே.

பதினோராம் திருமுறை

விநாயகனே வெவ்வினையை வேரறுக்க வல்லான்
விநாயகனே வேட்கைதணி விப்பான் - விநாயகனே
விண்ணிற்கும் மண்ணிற்கும் நாதனுமாந் தன்மையினால்
கண்ணிற் பணிமின் கனிந்து.

பன்னிரண்டாம் திருமுறை

உலகெ லாம்உணர்ந் தோதற் கரியவன்
நிலவு லாவிய நீர்மலி வேணியன்
அலகில் சோதியன் அம்பலத் தாடுவான்
மலர்சி லம்படி வாழ்த்தி வணங்குவாம்.

அபிராமி அந்தாதி

தனம் தரும் கல்வி தரும் ஒரு நாளும் தளர்வு அறியா
மனம் தரும் தெய்வ வடிவும் தரும் நெஞ்சில் வஞ்சம் இல்லா
இனம் தரும் நல்லன எல்லாம் தரும் அன்பர் என்பவர்க்கே
கனம் தரும் பூங்குழலாள் அபிராமி கடைக்கண்களே

திருக்கடலூர் அபிராமியம்மை பதிகம்

கலையாத கல்வியும் குறையாத வயதுமேர்
கபடு வாராத நட்பும்
கன்றாத வளமையுங் குன்றாத இளமையும்
கழுபிணியிலாத உடலும்
சலியாத மனமும் அன்பு அகலாத மனைவியும்
தவறாத சந்தானமும்
தாழாத கீர்த்தியும் மாறாத வார்த்தையும்
தடைகள் வாராத கொடையும்
தொலையாத நிதியமும் கோணாத கோலும் ஒரு
துன்பமில்லாத வாழ்வும்
துய்ய நின் பாதத்தில் அன்பும் உதவி பெரிய
தொண்டரொடு கூட்டு கண்டாய்
அலையாழி அறிதுயிலு மாயனது தங்கையே!
ஆதிகட லூரின் வாழ்வே!
அமுதீசர் ஒருபாகம் அகலாத சுகபாணி!
அருள்வாமி! அபிராமியே!

Thirukkadavur Abiramy Anthathi Pathigam

kalayatha kalviyum ..kuraiyaatha vayathumor ..
kapadu vaaratha natpum ..
kandraatha valamayum ..kundraatha ellamaiyum ..
kazhuppinilaatha udalum saliyaatha manamum ..
anbu agalaatha manaiviyum ..
thavaraatha santhanamum
thaazhaatha keerthiyum ..maraatha vaarthaiyum ..
thadaigal vaaratha kodaiyum
thulaiyaatha nithiyum ..konaatha kolum ..oru
thunbam illaatha vazhvum
thuiyanin paadhaththil ..anbum udhavi periya
thondarodu ..kootu kandaai
alaiyaazhi arithuyalumaa(ya) ..(ya)nathu thangaiye ..
aadhi kadavooril vazhve
amutheesham orubhaagham.. akalaatha sukhapaani..
aadhi kadavooril vazhve
amutheesham orubhaagham.. akalaatha sukhapaani..

Meaning

Knowledge that you do not forget, age that does not diminish,
A friendship that does not diminish,
A wealth that does not deteriorate,
A youth that does not diminish,
A body that is free from all diseases,
A mind that does not get bored, a wife whose love never diminishes,
A progeny that is regular,
A fame that never diminishes,
The promises that are never broken,
The charity that never has a road block,
A treasure that is never is lost, a government which is always just,
A life which never has any sorrow and
Love towards your very pure divine feet,
Also bless me with the company of your great devotees,
Oh sister of Lord Vishnu who sleeps on a leaf floating in the sea!
Oh life of ancient Kadavur!
Oh Goddess who does not move away from one side of Lord Shiva!
Oh please grant me all these, Abhirami!

The Funeral Rites

The funeral rites constitute the important ritual of the last journey in a householder's life. The rites regarding the funeral ceremony are performed so that the dead are respected, and the family and society protected since the dead body exudes poisonous gas.

Hindus traditionally cremate their dead; burial is forbidden. According to the Vedas, cremation is the most appropriate way to dissolve the physical body after death. In the past, the body had to be cremated within twenty four hours. Today, with scientific advancement, the body is kept for longer periods of time by the process of embalming to enable members of the family who maybe out of the country to attend these last rites of their loved one.

The funeral rites serve to explain as it were to the departed one that he has really died; the rituals address the dead urging him or her to move on, while others are for relatives allowing the family to say a farewell and express the grief and loss. It is also said that the main significance of the funeral rites lie in the inter-linking of this world with the next and the recognition that the family consists of the living plus the departed ancestors.

The Hindus believe that the dead go to the South where the God of Death, Yama presides and the body of the dead person is laid with the head towards the South and the feet towards the North.

From the moment the body is laid, religious hymns, the Thirumurais are constantly sung to the very end of the

ceremonies. This is done to help the Soul in its onward journey. The hearth is not lit in the home till the funeral is over and food is sent by the relatives and the neighbours. In earlier times, this spirit of fraternity lasted until the thirty first day ceremony.

An oil lamp, the kuththu villakku, stays lit near the head, incense burned and a canopy of white cloth is tied over the dead body. At the entrance to the house, a string of three mango leaves is tied across and a plantain tree with unripe combs of fruits minus the flower is fixed on either sides of the gate.

In olden days the beating of drums announced the death but today announcements and obituary notices and white flags, thoranams are tied announcing the death of a person. In rural areas when people gather at a funeral, the women in particular stand in a circle with the chief woman mourner and wail together loudly. This has psychological reasons for when one cries loudly it helps to lessen the sorrow and pressure that may be built.

The Last Rites –

The Saiva Kurukkal performs the rites in an area sanctified by the kolam. A member of the family who is to light the funeral pyre is the one who performs the rites, guided by the Kurukkaal. He bathes and wears white verti and the Kurukkal puts the sacred thread on the right shoulder and under the left arm.

In olden days the dressing up of the corpse was done after certain purificatory rites were performed. Today these rites are preformed symbolically. The body is anointed with

various grains, sesame oil and cosmetics that are pounded as part of the ceremony. The pounding of turmeric, chunnam and other aromatic herbs placed in the wooden mortar to the accompaniment of the Thirupotchunnam songs is an important aspect of the funeral ritual. These songs were specially composed by Saint Manikkavasagar for the young maidens who were pounding the aromatic herbs for the Lord's abhishekam. However, in Sri Lanka these songs are unfortunately associated only the with funeral ceremonies. The crushed turmeric-chunnam is a disinfectant paste and is smeared over the body and put over the closed eyes.

Nine kumbams filed with water, fringed with mango leaves around a coconut are placed and they represent the celestial beings who are invoked to help take the person across to the southern region. The water in the kumbams is sprinkled over the body. Originally it was used to bathe the body. A homam or sacred fire is lit and this was an important feature in olden days when the body was not embalmed. The homam burns up all the poisonous gasses. Throughout the latter part of the ceremonies, camphor is burned on the ground on plantain stems on the four sides of the coffin and if and when there are grandchildren, pandams are burnt by them standing round the corpse.

Finally the women and the men go round the body and offer puffed rice into the mouth to help the departed one on the onward journey. The widow places her thaali symbolically round her dead husband's neck. Garlands of flowers are placed, sacred hymns especially the Sivapuram are sung. These songs speak of the soul

merging with God and help in the forward journey. The body is now removed for cremation.

At the cemetery, the one who performed the rites walks three times round the pyre, holding a clay pot filled with water on his left shoulder and a fire brand behind his back. At each turn round the pyre, a hole is knocked in the pot letting the water out. This signifies the Soul leaving the body. With final turn the pot is dropped and with the face turned away from the body the pyre is lit and he leaves the cremation grounds without looking back. Today with the gas crematorium the rites are performed symbolically and the coffin pushed in.

On returning home, the one who performed the rites bites into a sprig of neem leaves, crosses over the threshold where the ullakkai is laid. The whole household has a bath, the rooms are washed and a lamp is lit and a tumbler of water is placed before a photograph of the departed one on the spot where he had his last breath or in the room he occupied. Food is offered at meal times and this is done for 31 days. Water is important because one often hears the elders of the family saying that the departed one is thirsty all the time and wants water.

On the second day after cremation the ash and bones are collected and kept to be mixed in the confluence of the river and the sea. On the third, fifth or eighth day after the death a special ceremony is performed purely by the household known as Ettu Chelavu. Here the portrait of the departed one in collage setting is venerated and the various types of food that were special for him are offered as prasadam and then served to the relatives. The family

dhobi and the barber are specially remembered and regarded on this day.

The Andhiyesti ceremony is performed on the 31st day but in recent times it is done much earlier on the 11th or 16th day and a year later, the Aataththuvasham is performed.

All these rituals are associated with only the dead body and not the soul. A cardinal fact in Hinduism is that the soul is eternal. In the Bhagavad Gita, Sri Krishna tells the dejected Arjuna,

“The Soul knows neither birth no death. It cannot come to exist or cease to exist. It is Unborn, Eternal, Changeless and Ancient. It is not slain when the body is slain.”

- ***Courtesy – Remembering Hindu Traditions – Sivanandini Duraiswamy.***

Memories of our grandfather

Mr Kandiah Nadarajah

Thatha, we are saddened by your sudden passing away. Because you have always given us the impression that you will live to a 100 and possibly longer as you took good care of your health and general well-being, which is why it came as a shock to many of us. But it now seems that you had other plans and I am sure you would not have given up your fight without giving your all. You have been an inspiration for us and have taught us that through discipline, hard work, honesty and perseverance we can achieve greater things in life.

You have also been a great teacher and I always had the comfort of knowing that you were there to clear things up if I got stuck on anything. Any topic I gave you, I admired the way you researched it and gave me an insight.

I would often visit you on the weekends and before I had even arrived you had walked all the way down to Tesco just to get me some Capri-Sun. You never complained and always got on with whatever you were doing. And I will always be grateful for what I have learnt from you.

But most of all, I will miss our pre and post-match discussions on cricket and football and watching the live games

together. You were a fond supporter of Arsenal as am I, and I enjoyed how we criticised Wenger's management.

I have also learned to be very charitable from your life experiences. You led a simple life but it was rich because of the power of your knowledge and your optimistic outlook on life. But the thing I think your grandchildren most admired was your calmness and just general coolness. Like when you were listening to commentary on your radio and earphones wherever you went.

You will be in our thoughts for the rest of our lives, RIP Thatha.

Kartheagan Thavanesan

Memories of our grandfather

Mr Kandiah Nadarajah

Thatha meant so much to all of his grandchildren, we are all so grateful that he had been such a huge part of our lives and I'm truly blessed to have grown so close to him over the years. He was one of the most intelligent, caring and motivated man I knew. He was an honest (sometimes too honest when he would remind Karthe and I of how chubby we were getting) man with a brilliant sense of humour and I knew that we could all seek comfort in the fact that whenever we were stuck on homework whatever the subject matter he would be there researching away.

I admired the way Thatha treated Ammama he looked after her every day of their marriage taking her to temple, collecting her prescriptions, making her tea at 3pm everyday as they sat down to watch countdown together. He was very accommodating and would not make a big deal of the cost if that meant Ammama was able to pursue her pastime hobbies in the way she desired. Their relationship was so loving and I hope to have a marriage as strong as theirs someday.

When Raghavi, Karthe and I were younger he told us a story of when he was back in Sri Lanka how he was met by two bears but only had one bullet, it was a completely dramatic story about quick wit, being resourceful, staying calm and still to this day we do not know if it was true but it made us look up to him in complete awe at how cool our grandfather had been. He was so calm and had so much patience, he would simply sit in his seat with his signature headphones plugged in giving him his daily sports

commentary. He was always so active going for daily walks, taking good care of his health and he even played fantasy football and had a twitter account. I often forgot his age which is part of the reason his passing came as such a shock.

He was a kind man with a big heart and although he didn't always seem affectionate he went out of his way to do the little things that often went unnoticed. Every year he would buy me a chocolate cake for my birthday, he always made sure the flat was stocked full of snacks for whenever any of us came by, when I felt unwell he would queue up at the GP from 7.00 am to ensure I got an appointment on the day and whenever both my parents were at work during holidays he would walk to my house before I had even woken up to look after me and make sure that I was studying instead of watching TV all day. Even during the days before he passed he had helped me with my statistics work watching my lectures online to help me crack some of the problems. I have Thatha to thank for so many of my achievements thus far, and in the future especially where studies are concerned I know I will work hard to make him proud.

Thatha unfortunately was not able to spend so much time with his own father which is part of the reason I think he had such a soft spot for his grandchildren. There were times recently when I regretted being so close to Thatha because of how hard it had been to cope with his loss but I now know that all of his grandchildren are truly fortunate to have spent time with him, shared so many memories and hopefully gained so many of his great qualities. Thank you Thatha. Rest In Peace.

Kirthana (Grand daughter)

Memories of a brother and uncle: Nadarajah Mama

Mr Nadarajah was born in the village of Puthur in Jaffna on the 22nd July 1930. His late parents were Theivanapillai and Mr Kandiah. Soon after his birth, his mum took him back to Kuala Lumpur where his father was working at that time. He was the second born in a family of four. His early life was in Kuala Lumpur with his brothers, sisters and extended family and the occasional trip to Jaffna.

As World War 2 moved to the Malay Peninsula around 1940, his father (Mr Kandiah) sent his family to Ceylon saying he would follow them soon. Unfortunately his father died in Japanese bombing of KL soon after that. Mr Nadarajah returned to Ceylon with mum, two sisters and brother and lived the next 5 years of his life in Puthur.

In Jaffna, Mr Nadarajah was boarded at St. Johns College. When the war ended in 1945, his eldest sister Late Sivapakiam got married and his entire family moved to Colombo and lived in Wellawatte where Mr Nadarajah attended St. Josephs College. He was very good in Maths. Tamil was his weak point given that he had spent his early life in KL.

After completing his schooling, he joined the Surveying Department of Ceylon where he worked in all parts of Ceylon including remote jungles. I remember visiting my uncle with my family in Trinco where he looked after all of us very well.

He married Seetha Mami in Jaffna in March 1962 and they lived in Kovilakandy and Colombuthurai so that he could

send his children to St. Johns College and Chundukuli. Lastly he was superintendent of the surveying department in Jaffna.

During the war time in Jaffna after the 1983 anti-tamil riots, life started to get difficult. So his brother-in-law Mr Sandrasegaran arranged for his entire family (except Kannan who was studying in India) to move to Zimbabwe in 1984. My Uncle was 54 years old when he started the academic part of his life lecturing at Harare Polytechnic and the teaching a course in surveying for the civil engineering and surveying department of the University of Zimbabwe.

As the situation in Zimbabwe worsened and with his family settled in UK, Nadarajah Mama moved to UK in 1995 at the age of sixty five. He spent his retired life with his grandchildren, exploring the Internet on computer, reading, watching sports such as football and cricket. I met my uncle for the last time in February 2015 when he was in Colombo for my dad's funeral. He was so knowledgeable about all the paperwork that had to be completed.

He was mentally very active and physically very healthy until the time of death aged 84.

In reflection, Nadarajah Mama was a quiet, diplomatic, generous and hardworking person who asked for so little from life and gave so much to everyone.

He is loved by his family, well respected by all his friends and family. We will miss him as he touched everyone life.

On behalf of Rajeswary, Kumares, Kumbes and Kesa families.

Memories of a father : Mr Kandiah Nadarajah

My father was a simple person in every way imaginable way. While in Sri Lanka, he forged a highly successful career and rose to the position of Superintendent of Surveys as well as a visiting Lecturer at the Technical College. He took a keen interest in our education by ensuring we were given all the opportunities possible to lay a good educational foundation by making personal sacrifices.

In Zimbabwe, my father was a Lecturer at the Harare Polytechnic and University of Zimbabwe. Again education of his children was paramount to him and he continued to guide us to pursue higher education and encouraged us to reach our full potential in our chosen fields.

In 1990, I left Zimbabwe to the UK to pursue a Masters degree and then a PhD degree. During this period, my father wrote regular letters to me advising on various things. I am so grateful for these letters, although I never had the patience to reply to them. He was a model citizen of the countries where he resided and set a good role model for us to follow.

After retirement, my father lived in the UK with my mother. There he was interested in the education of his grandchildren: Kirthana (granddaughter), Raghavi (granddaughter), and Karthi (grandson). He tried to help them as much as possible by explaining complex things in a simplified manner in virtually any subjects. He was

especially close to Kirthana and his weekly tutoring probably helped Kirthana to secure a place at one of the top universities in the UK to pursue a degree in economics.

He closely followed all the major sporting events and never missed any live match commentary and shared his passion for football and cricket with Karthi.

My father was also a pillar of moral support for my mother. He was there during the times of sickness of my mother. He took care of her medications, appointments and made sure that she was well looked after in line with medical advice.

My father was also passionate about teaching students in Zimbabwe. He had a deep feeling and sympathy for the people of Zimbabwe. So much so that he talked about wanting to return to Zimbabwe to continue his service. He did everything possible to educate the students to the best of his ability by devoting his personal time and care. He did not try to exploit the country or its people for his own comfort or the comfort of his children.

We admire his finer qualities of patience, tolerance, calm composure, perseverance and strong devotion to home life and family.

May God bless his soul.

Saraleesan Nadarajah (son)
On behalf of Seetha (wife), Thavanesan (son),
Pahirathan (son) and Pamathy (daughter) families.

Memories of a friend and co-worker Mr Kandiah Nadarajah

A BUBBLE ON A LOTUS LEAF

Farewells are heaped with emotions and kindling of memories. Nadarajah Annai's passing, comes as a great surprise. It was hardly a month ago that we spoke with him, when he was arranging to leave to Sri-Lanka for his brother in laws funeral. Apart from our concern for his need to attend the funeral, the ability to withstand the rigours of the journey, surfaced, rather mildly, but we did not doubt his mature judgement. We expected to share the experience of his, emotion packed journey, on his return, but it was too late. Events rarely forgive us when we postpone. Unfortunately they have a way of overtaking us.

Nadarajah Annai presents a calm stoic figure that conceals his biological frailties, if any. Very rarely does he indulge, in his self. He shows interest and concern towards others, and is always ready to share his wisdom.

I knew Nadarajah Annai as a friend and relative of my father, and later became a colleague in the survey profession. He used to address my father as Annai and later I used to call him Annai.

His contributions to Survey Department in Sri-Lanka was highly valued which overshadowed discriminatory

considerations, so much so he rose up to function as Supt. Of Surveys, being in charge of all survey activities, in one of ten regions of the entirety of Sri-Lanka.

He was also chosen to instruct, train and educate aspiring Surveyors in recognition of his exemplary survey practice. He did not confine the training of surveyors to Sri-Lanka only, his prowess extended to Survey Education in Zimbabwe as well, where he served for about ten years.

Nadarajah Annai was a very meticulous, organised and systematic person. One wonders, whether survey practice was elevated by his inherent qualities or whether attributes of the requirements of survey practice, shaped his qualities. His survey career is only one component of his achievement. When critics compare Bill Gates with Steven Jobs, they applaud Bill Gates greater, because of the platform that he left behind, in his innovations. The platform enabled others to use the facility to develop numerous other resources. Similarly Nadarajah Annai as well decided to move out of Sri-Lanka and provide a platform for his children to develop their potential. He left Sri-Lanka when he was fifty-five years of age and on the cusp of his career potential.

This was at a time when our community was losing our rights in our country and there was need to seek greener pastures for the benefit of subsequent generations.

Nadarajah Annai was lucky to have been supported by an able wife who shared the burden of bringing up three sons and a daughter along with her teaching career. In Sri-Lanka those in the Surveying profession rarely had the opportunity of being with their families and hence much of the management of the children was in the hands of the better half. After about ten years in Zimbabwe, Nadarajah Annai moved to UK to enjoy his children and grandchildren, flourish with their families. The children have made their parents proud. Equally the parents can pride in their contribution, to shape the future generation.

Nadarajah Annai is no more but he lives on as the sum total of the shared miniscule characteristic of the children and the grandchildren. Let us celebrate Nadarajah Anna's life.

Lingam Jeyanathan

Appreciation

The Nadarajah family express their heartfelt gratitude and appreciation to relatives, friends and well-wishers for their comforting presence, messages of condolence, invaluable assistance rendered during their recent bereavement, participation in the kiriyaygal and prayers.

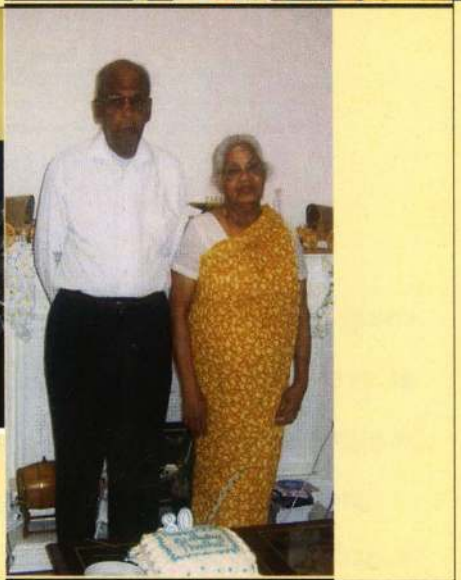
13-06-2015

நன்றி

எனது அன்புக் கணவர் / எமது அன்புத் தந்தையார், திரு கந்தையா நடராசாஅவர்களின் ஈமச் சடங்கின் போது நேரில் கலந்து கொண்ட உற்றார் உறவினர் நண்பர்கள் அனைவருக்கும், அனுதாபச் செய்தி அனுப்பியவர்களுக்கும், வேறு பல வழிகளில் அரும் பெரும் உதவிகள் புரிந்த அனைவருக்கும், அந்தியட்டி கிரியைகளின்போது சமூகமளித்து சிறப்பித்து அவர்தம் ஆத்மா சாந்தியடைய பிரார்த்தித்த அனைவருக்கும், எங்கள் இதயபூர்வமான நன்றியைத் தெரிவித்துக் கொள்ளுகிறோம்.

குடும்பத்தார்

13-06-2015



80th Birthday Photo



Golden Anniversary Photo Presented by Noolaham Foundation
noolaham.org | aayanaham.org Last memory of Mr Nadarajah



Family Tree

Kandiah
m. Theivanapillai

