

Sivasithamparam Sathyendran



14th May 1951 - 29th October 2016



Remember Me

Remember me with smiles not tears,
For all the joy through all the years.
Recall the closeness that was ours,
A love as "sweet" as fragrant flowers.

Don't dwell on thoughts that cause you pain,
We'll see each other once again.
I am at peace...try to believe,
It was my time...I had to leave.

But "what a view" I have from here,
I see your face, I feel you near,
I follow you throughout the day,
You're not alone along the way.

And when God calls you... you will be,
Right by my side...right here with me.
Till then, I'll wait by Heaven's door,
We'll be united... evermore!

I consider it a privilege to be able to say a few words about my dear friend Sathy. He is no more with us, but we have the blessed hope that he is with our beloved Saviour.

I met Sathy for the first time about 30 years ago. Our friendship grew gradually over the years. He came across as a quiet and thoughtful person with a genuine concern for people and I felt drawn to him. We discovered that we were both interested in science and religion. He would give me birthday gifts of books on science and religion and seemed to choose the type of books that I would enjoy.

I found him to be a very loving and considerate husband and a loving and dutiful father. Kamalini brought out the best in him and Dinesh became a son he would be proud of and close to. This family was a model family -- sharing their joys and bravely facing life's challenges. Kamalini's consistent and steadfast Christian testimony made him open up to the Gospel gradually and I was happy to hear that recently he gave his heart to the Lord openly at a prayer meeting. It was wonderful news to his family and all of us who loved him.

Over the last few months we started having long conversations on the phone. He insisted on coming and seeing me in Basingstoke after his operation. It was a precious visit and Soma and I had a wonderful time with him, Kamalini and Dinesh. We were deeply touched.

A pastor's life can often be one without many friends. I counted dear Sathy as a close friend of mine. I am sure he felt close to me, too. He used to open his heart to me and ask for prayers. His home call was sudden, but peaceful. He had, before he died, made Jesus his friend and Saviour. I am confident that he is with this Friend who will always be his Friend. These are thoughts that will comfort Kamalini and Dinesh, for they know this ever loving and never leaving Friend, too. What a wonderful hope for the family that they will all be together again in heaven -- never again to be parted!

Pastor Ebenezer



MY DEAREST SATHY

This is a sad occasion for anyone who knew him, but it is twice as hard for me to say something today about my SATHY.

He was a good-hearted, caring and helpful character and it is hard to find a person of that calibre. He had been very helpful, not only to his relations, but also to others of all walks of life. He would go to any extent to help others irrespective of the consequence, no matter how detrimental it may have been for him.

He speaks what he believes. He doesn't care about others. Like his father (Late Mr M Sivasithamparam, former TULF Leader) Sathy had a commanding voice.

When I am entered politics in the UK he gave me lots of advice and guidance. Those days, whenever I visited his flat with my brothers in Lewisham, he welcomed us and provided homemade food for us.

It is indeed very hard to come to terms with the fact that he is there no more to receive us with delight, but the fragrance of his kindness will not be forgotten. Sathy was very lucky to have his loving wife Kamalini because she looked after him well.

His untimely demise is a great loss not only to his family, but also to those of us who have moved closely with him. We will surely miss him for the rest of our lives.

May his soul rest in peace. Fate is inexorable but man is only mortal.

Thavathuray Jeyaranjan
(Kunchambi)

Family

To my Darling Husband, soulmate, buddy and the man I Love! Sathy, I never even dreamt that I will be sitting and typing this tribute for you in 2017. Last year, the 11th October was the worst day in my life. You spoke to me around 12pm and I had no idea that this would be our last conversation. Until the last day your sense of responsibility never failed. You just called to say that you would be home at the usual time.

I look back over our 31years and can only thank God for the wonderful times we've spent together. You stole my heart with your handsome looks, unique deep voice, and charming personality. Our love for one another was always as fresh as the morning dew. Your silly jokes and teasing never stopped. You will never know how much I miss you and life is not the same for me and Dinesh without you. I miss you so, so much and your dulcet tones.

It is funny that although we were a small family, just the three of us together had so much fun.

I want to thank God for your beautiful life and soul. Also for your loving parents Mama, Mami, your sweet sister Niranjali (whom you fondly called Baby) and wonderful brother-in-law Devraj (who was always like a brother to you). Whenever you took me to India I was showered with their love and warmth. Mami and Mama treated me like their daughter, and I could see that you inherited all these fine qualities from your parents. Our late nephew Dhayaparan also used to brighten our visits with his stories and jokes.

Your love and kindness never stopped. Even during your last days, you made sure I had warm food and tea ready when I returned home after work. At times you were tired so you kept this in the microwave and set the timer for me before going to bed. Sathy, there are times I feel I

have let you down, that I have not done enough for you. I ask God to forgive me if I had neglected you.

You took an interest in everything I did. You were well organised, punctual and always an early riser. I never needed an alarm clock as you would always wake me up. If you were working early shift I would receive a call once you'd reached work. If it was night shift, I'd receive a call on your way back home. You were so considerate not to wake me too early. And when you kept telling me I will be fine, I never understood. But it all makes sense now.

I can keep on writing so much about you but there are a few things I want to mention in particular.

You were so romantic, you used to send flowers for every special occasion to my workplace. Maybe you got this idea from Mama, who you said used to buy jasmine flowers to tie in Mami's hair every day whilst staying at Woodlands Hotel in Chennai. The first time you sent me flowers I thought someone was playing a bad joke on me for Valentine's Day. I told the security guard "No, I don't know who sent this and I don't want to take them home." He asked if he could have them and I told him yes. Then soon after the phone rang and it was you - I told you very seriously and worried "somebody has sent me flowers," and you said "*Visar!* It is from me! Go and get it." The poor security guard was so disappointed that he missed a free gift for his wife.

You always wanted to help the needy. Whenever we went to Chennai you looked for opportunities to help disadvantaged people. You were so generous with tips for the waiters and auto drivers. We discovered you were carrying one of their telephone numbers in your pocket, perhaps to inform him that you were coming in November.

You used to make me laugh telling me about your pranks in your school days. During election times Mama stopped taking you to Karaveddi because he wouldn't get any votes after all the mischievous

things you used to do. Your poor sister, Baby, wasn't allowed to go to Karaveddi either after that.

You cared for my siblings, their spouses and children and treated them all as your own. Acca became the older sister you never had, and you told me several times that you missed Navam Anna so much. In 2001 it was your idea that we should go to Australia and spend Christmas with Vijaya and Sarah after the loss of my dear sister Mala. This was the only time you had an opportunity to meet my Anna too. I am glad that we went as you both got on so well. You cared about Ranji and her wellbeing. Nirmala too was close and dear to you.

I am sure you would be with all our loved ones in Heaven. I feel a lot of strength and courage to do things. I am sure your first prayer request was for Dinesh to pass his actuarial exams and then for his move to London. At times I imagine that as you entered Heaven's gates, God would have given you an opportunity to request anything. Knowing you, you would have asked something for us.

I thank God that he gave me the opportunity to share the gospel with you. Jesus loved you so much that he touched your heart, and I know I will see you again. I asked God to clarify all your doubts and give you peace. I am sure when we meet again you would tell me "Yes, Kamali you are right, Heaven is awesome!" Until then I will stay strong and run my race according to God's divine plan.

Finally, I end with the following lyrics - this song is for you!

*The roses aren't as pretty
The sun isn't quite as high
The birds don't sing as sweet of a lullaby
The stars are a little bit faded
The clouds are just a little more grey
And it feels like things won't ever be the same
Heaven got another angel tonight
You left this world behind
Heaven got a little better the day
It took you away from me*

*I'm missing you tonight
I'll see you again sometime
For now I'll close my eyes
And dream of heaven tonight
The beaches aren't as lovely
The sky isn't quite as blue
Still, they're sweetened by the memory of you
The rain is a little bit colder
The fire is never quite as warm
Still, it seems that heaven isn't all that far
Heaven got another angel tonight
You left this world behind
Heaven got a little better the day
It took you away from me*

Love you Always!

Kamali

Dadda (*Tribute from funeral*)

I would first like to extend my thanks to all of you on behalf of our family. My dad – or “dadda” which was my first word and the name by which I called him ever since – has received so much in the way of prayers over the past few weeks. And my mum and I have been overwhelmed with support and encouragement since his passing. One slight downside is the generosity of the Tamil community in bringing us food - I may need to restart my gym membership very soon! But I am touched by the number of people who have come here to commemorate his life. It’s funny because he never really liked crowded functions, so I’m not sure what his thoughts would be if he’s watching now. I’m guessing he would’ve wanted to leave ages ago. But the thing about dadda is, even though he didn’t like these big events, whenever he did go to them he seemed to enjoy himself. He’d usually manage to strike up a conversation with people owing to his knowledge across a broad range of subjects – whether it was politics – which was in his blood – history, sport, music, or his greatest passions of mathematics and physics. I’m sure many of you can think back to times when you’ve spoken with him at length on any of these, or other, topics.

I myself shared lots of his interests and we could talk non-stop about certain things. The same goes for our sense of humour; we could laugh and joke with each other for hours. After he’d had a stent procedure towards the end of last year, I came to visit him and I knew he’d need a bit of cheering up as he’d become quite irritable due to staying in the hospital for a few days. I started telling him all the funny stories from my recent travels, we were laughing so hard it began to hurt his chest so we quickly changed the topic. But that was how it was with us, conversation and laughter just came so easily. He was a naturally humorous man who liked to make others laugh with his quick wit. This made growing up with him extremely fun, seeing him clowning around and all the silly little things he said to tease my mum. The two of them had great chemistry and would play off each other constantly. Just a couple of months ago I was visiting for the weekend and while my dad

was looking through some of my mum's old school photos he said "You know, if I had seen these pictures back then during the proposal time then I would have rejected you." My mum immediately quipped, 'same to you.' " And the entertainment was sometimes unintentional; for example if one was upstairs and the other downstairs, they might be trying to have a conversation with each other while also having the water running. Neither would be able to hear a word of the other leading to a lot of frustration – you can imagine this only grew worse with age as their hearing started to wane. It's this constant chitter chatter, back and forth remarks and pure entertainment that I've really missed since living away from home these past few years.

My dad was an incredibly intelligent and deep thinking man. He had a natural inclination towards maths and the sciences, he loved to test himself with logic puzzles and was one of the few people I knew who dared to attempt the cryptic crosswords in newspapers. He was educated at the prestigious Royal College in Colombo, Sri Lanka, before completing his HND at King's College, London. The interesting thing I found was that he somehow managed to retain much of his academic knowledge while I progressed through the various school years and was therefore able to greatly assist in my studies. This is a testament to his natural ability, particularly in subjects such as Maths and Physics. However, after a certain level even he needed to read the textbooks and notes to keep up. Despite working full-time, he would often start reading through my uni lecture notes and learning the material himself. He had a genuine thirst to learn more and more through reading and watching videos online, and he would understand. Appapa once described it to my mum that where some might have taken hours to grasp a certain concept, my dad would take minutes.

It's also no coincidence that he seemed to develop an interest in all the courses I chose – yes he must have had a passion for them, but I also know he wanted to be on hand to help me if I was ever having trouble. He really went to great lengths to make sure I could succeed.

But that was in his nature, he would always go the extra mile for anyone. Whether it was helping people with studies, offering career advice, checking the English or grammar of important documents and letters, or something more hands-on around the house, he could be relied on. He was so generous and didn't expect anything in return.

I mentioned that he didn't particularly like big functions, and part of the reason may have been because he wasn't a fan of dressing up. He would always bemoan my mum having to wear a sari to functions and would double and triple check with her if the other men attending would be wearing jackets and ties – and inevitably complain about feeling over-dressed if he spotted just one other man not in a suit. But when he did dress up he did it well and looked the part. His prized possession was a red, silk tie that had been passed down by his father, who in turn had received it from his uncle so it's been through three generations already. "They don't make 'em like this anymore," he would often say to me. It would be his go-to tie for any important occasion, though today is an exception as he had told me countless times how one day it would be passed down to me, and I should carry on the tradition with my own family. Rest assured *dadda*, that I will respect your wishes.

Although I knew I could talk to him about anything, there were some things I felt more comfortable discussing with my mum, and he knew that so he would give me the space to breathe and allow me to let it out with her. Besides, he knew *Amma* would tell him everything later anyway! However, there was one notable conversation topic that was rarely broached between us and that was our faith. My dad grew up in a Hindu family while my mum in a Christian one. I don't believe either were strong in their respective faiths at the time of marriage. But while my mum's did grow in the subsequent years, my dad didn't practise his religion. I grew up going to church – this very one in fact for much of my early life – and it was a regular Sunday occurrence that my mum and I would go to church while *dadda* stayed at home. He would join us for special occasions, but otherwise this just became the norm. For

much of my life he struck me as an atheist, particularly with some of his reading material. My mum has always been bold and has never stopped sharing her faith and encouraging him as much as possible. I, on the other hand, have never really liked to step out of my comfort zone with him and would retreat to the safer conversation topics of football and work. Something interesting happened in January of this year though. Before he eventually had his valve replacement surgery, he had a consultation to discuss whether he would need to undergo surgery at all. He sent me an email, and from his words I could tell he was terrified of the prospect of requiring this operation and the risks involved. He told me to look after my mum if anything were to go wrong and although at the time he said he did not believe in a heaven or hell, he hoped that the three of us would be together again one day. I had never heard him speak like this, in person or in writing. In response, I felt compelled to share with him my own struggles with my faith and the fact that I can't explain why certain things happen. And yet, I still believe for a number of reasons. I tried to appeal to the mathematician and scientist in him, the man who believed in logic and reason – and how I myself had used such concepts to gain comfort on the fact that there is a God – there just has to be, it didn't seem logical any other way to me. I hoped that he could see where I was coming from because it's likely that we had a lot of things in common, a lot of the same doubts and questions that needed answering. This was by far the most meaningful exchange of words my dad and I have ever had on the subject of our faith. It's a pity that it took so long to have that conversation but it's only a mild regret to me. That's because a month later just before his surgery, he accepted Jesus as his saviour with a room full of people to witness it. Hence it was only a mild regret, because the real thing to celebrate was him taking that next step. One of the remaining hymns to sing, Abide with me, is one that my dad really liked and I can take great comfort in one of the lines of this beautiful hymn, "Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?"

On Tuesday 11th October our life was to be turned upside down when we were informed that dad had suffered a cardiac arrest while

travelling on a bus on his way back from work. He had been resuscitated at the scene but had likely undergone lengthy oxygen deprivation to his brain. From the third day, 13th October onwards, we were told time and time again that he had little to no hope of recovering to the level of being able to lead a normal life. This is what made the circumstances of this incident all the more tragic, the fact that this intelligent and deep-thinking man could be reduced to someone with only limited brain functions. All the knowledge he had acquired, experiences, fond memories and future plans gone in a matter of moments. It's a stark reminder to us all of how unpredictable life is.

At times in the hospital I would play some of his favourite songs to him while we sat beside his bed in his ward; anything from Christian hymns and worship songs to ABBA, The Beatles and Bob Marley. But his all-time favourite was 'the King' Elvis Presley. There was a point, when an Elvis song came on, when I started to feel so, so emotional – suddenly in my head I was transported back 20 years: my parents and I relaxing in the living room, these very songs blasting out of the hi-fi and us taking turns to decide which one we'd play next. I know times change, I know we all have to grow up, but couldn't we at least go back to those days? To the three of us, along with Navam uncle, Peya, Nagu and Jonny. When we were younger and times seemed much simpler.

He spent 19 days in intensive care – my mum and I visiting him day after day, feeling demoralised at seeing no improvement. The whole experience was a form of emotional torture and my faith was tested more than it has ever been in the past. The only thing keeping us afloat was the support and prayers from a vast number of loved ones. Dadda was finally called to be with the Lord on Saturday 29th October at 11pm. Both my mum and I were by his side, holding his hand and stroking his head. We knew he was entering into his final moments and wanted to be there with him, to see him off as he made his final journey. He passed away very peacefully. We believe that God gave us those 19 days to prepare ourselves – it was his time but we were able

to let him go gradually. Still, the fact that we could not communicate with him in any way, shape or form during this period was heart-breaking. You see, not only did I lose my father but I also lost one of my best friends – one of the people who motivated and inspired me, who taught me so much and gave me so much. It's not possible to put into words how much I'll miss him.

Moments after he passed, my mum suggested that dad would have struggled to live with the idea of leaving us behind – so perhaps God was doing him a favour by not allowing him to know what was going on. It was difficult for us, but as far as dad was concerned, he would not have to wrestle with that thought of leaving his loved ones.

For those who may be asking the question of why God didn't intervene and provide healing – I've asked myself that question many times. The way I've come to reason it is as follows: if there is a God and heaven – both of which I believe there to be – then how can we possibly compare paradise to this world of pain, suffering and all of its darkness? How could we deprive him of that? Of course, there are people in this world who he loved very dearly but he had over 31 years to love my mum and know that she loved him; over 29 years to love me and to know that I loved him. In that email he sent in January, he openly expressed how much he loved and admired my mum, and reiterated that the two of them have done everything for me. We will always have these words and our memories. So he can rest now and be with the Lord, and we can know that he is in peace.

In closing, I would like every person here who knew my dad at any level to think back at every time he's helped you, every time he's given you some advice, every time he's made you laugh or smile, every interesting story or discussion had with him – think back to all those times – and now imagine what it would be like to have this man as your father. This wonderful man who I could call on at any time I needed for assistance or for wisdom, to be showered with his generosity, to share all our funny stories with, or simply someone to

chat through life's ups and downs. I am so incredibly blessed to call this man my father. Dadda, words can't come close to expressing how grateful I am to you for being that man, for doing everything you could for me, for being proud of everything I achieved. All I can say is thank you so, so much. I will never forget all these things and I'll never stop trying to make you feel proud.

Lots of love, take care and see you again one day.

Dinna

Tribute to my one and only brother

அண்ணா

“அண்ணா” என்று உங்களைத் தவிர வேறு யாரையும் நான் அழைத்ததில்லை. என் மீது கொண்ட அளவு கடந்த அன்பையும் பாசத்தையும் நான் உயர்ந்திருக்கின்றேன். அதை “உணர்வு” என்று ஏன் சொல்கிறேன் என்றால் நாம் ஒருவருக்கொருவர் அதை வார்த்தைகளால் பரிமாறிக்கொண்டதில்லை. என்னுடைய ஒவ்வொரு வளர்ச்சியிலும் என்னை விட நீங்கள் தான் அதிகம் பெருமை அடைந்தீர்கள். ஒரு துரும்பும் என்னைத் துன்புறுத்தாமல் பார்த்துக் கொண்டீர்கள்.

Anna was only two years older than me and we did not always see eye to eye. We've had our sibling spats while growing up, but there was this unbreakable and special bond between us. I was touched when many people told me how he had bragged about his sister's and his brother-in-law's achievements, however small and insignificant those achievements were, he was proud of them and he will tell the world! There was never even an iota of jealousy in his mind.

Anna was very intelligent and did very well in school. Just before the GCE O'level examination, he fell sick with jaundice. I read out his lessons while he was in bed. He simply listened to them, wrote the exams and got credits in all the subjects. My parents wanted him to do medicine, but Anna disliked Chemistry, which was compulsory for medicine. He switched from Biology to Maths just before the A'level exam. He was very good in Maths but was reluctant to learn Chemistry. I tried my best to make him like the subject by doing combined study, but he decided to do the London A'level exams, for which Chemistry was not compulsory. This is how he landed in London for higher studies.

His greatest asset was his sense of humour. My son Dhayaparan also had a great sense of humour. தேவராஜீம், தயாபரனும் உங்கள் நகைச்சுவைக்கு ரசிகர்கள். உங்கள் நேர்மையையும் உண்மைத் தன்மையையும் தேவராஜ் பலமுறை என்னிடம் சொல்லி உள்ளார். தயாபரனின் இழப்பு என்பது என்னால் மீள முடியாத சோகம்.

இல்லையென்றால் உங்களுடைய மறைவு என்னை சிதற வைத்திருக்கும்.

Meeting and marrying Kamalini was the best thing that had ever happened to Anna in his life. He did not fail in his duty as a father, as a husband, as a brother and as a son. When I lost my only child, what I needed were not words of comfort and assurances. He did not give me any answers, solutions or advice but he understood my unexpressed feelings and his calm and silent presence said more than words ever could. Anna, I never told you all the things I felt, like how much I really loved you. The first time in my life I expressed my profound love for you was when you were lying unconscious in the hospital in London. Did you hear what your beloved “thangacchi” said? How would I know? You left without saying good-bye, but you will continue to live on in me as long as I live. You will always be remembered as a wonderful brother and brother-in law. Anna, you can rest assured that I will always be there for Kamalini and Dinesh for anything they need.

Niranjali

Cousin Sathy

My cousin Sathy was 4 years younger than me. My early memories of Sathy are of spending many hours playing with him with my brother and sister and with Sathy's sister, Niranjali, in our houses in Colombo especially in Mama's (Uncle's) house which had more rooms and garden space on three sides for us to play. Later on my younger brother would also join us in playing cricket and other ball games, climbing trees and the usual games children played.

As Sathy's father was my mother's brother and his mother was my father's younger sister, we also shared grandparents and great grandparents. Our holidays in Jaffna (Karaveddi) were also spent playing together among the mango trees, coconut palms, jak trees etc which were especially abundant in Sathy's maternal grandfather's house in Karaveddi East.

As a child, Sathy was always full of energy and had a mischievous streak not unusual in boys. Sathy really did not like sitting still for any length of time without doing something. Sathy was intelligent and did well at St. Thomas' Prep School and got admission to Royal College, the top school through their competitive entrance exam. It was, and still, remains a difficult hurdle to pass. Sathy did well at Royal College but would have done even better with a little more focus on his academic studies. With hindsight, Mama's political commitments in Parliament and in Jaffna over the years as an MP, Deputy Speaker and a TULF leader meant that he spent very little quality time with the family. I do feel that Sathy's occasional rebellious actions were at least partly due to Mama's frequent absences from home.

Sathy did well enough at Royal College to get admission to King's College in the University of London and he came to London in the early 70s. Unfortunately, being away from home for the first time and in a foreign country, Sathy didn't settle down well to college life and dropped out after an year or so. He did resume his college studies later and after marrying Kamalini, Sathy settled down to family life. Marrying Kamalini and having Dinesh gave Sathy the stability and happiness he had not had for long periods. When I saw Sathy after Dinesh was born and as a toddler was the happiest I had seen him in a long time. Whenever I spoke to Sathy it used to amaze me that his deep voice was so much like Mama's, except in Mama's case it was used to enthral audiences small and large in Parliament and outside.

Sathy and other members of our family suffered like many thousands of other Tamil families with Mama's house being burnt down and only avoided deaths by minutes due to the help of vigilant neighbours. The death of Sathy's father and the untimely death of his nephew did affect Sathy but he never really wanted to speak about it in any detail. I did see Sathy a few times at his workplace as part of my work and he always seemed happy at work and very friendly with his colleagues. This may at least partly explain his desire to go back to work after recovering from the heart operation.

We have very few photographs of our times together in Sri Lanka due to the tragic events in 1983, but have only memories of Sathy as a youth that are left in our minds. We can always think back and say "What if" and that things could have been different. However, on this anniversary, it is best to remember the enduring and happy memories of Sathy and that Sathy was very happy in his family life with Kamalini and Dinesh and in his closeness to his sister Niranjali right to the end.

Rabindrakumar (Mano)

I first met Sathy when he visited our home to meet my youngest sister Kamali. My husband Navam had known Sathy since the 1970's and he introduced Sathy to Kamali. My impression of Sathy at the time was that he was a cheerful, humble, simple and friendly person.

Kamali and Sathy married in 1985 and Sathy became very much a member of our family. Our children affectionately called him 'Chithappa' and he and Navam became very close. We spent many happy years in each other's homes, especially during Christmas as Sathy was an expert in making the Christmas turkey.

When Navam was diagnosed with cancer in 2011 we were all devastated. Sathy was a tower of strength to the boys and I. He used to drop in every evening after work just to spend time with Navam and provide advice to him about various healthy meals and juices. He had a brotherly affection towards Navam and was always willing to help whenever we needed him. He provided us with great support after Navam passed away

I was also able to talk to him like a brother as opposed to a brother in law. Sathy was always ready and willing to help me with any IT query I had. He showed great patience taking me through things step by step. He also took a genuine interest in our two sons and was overjoyed by Nagu's wedding, which took place a few months after his heart

surgery. He was able to participate at both the wedding and homecoming.

He loved Kamali dearly and always encouraged her in her activities at church. He was very proud of her achievements, including her recent promotion at work. Dinesh was the apple of his eye and he doted on him. He was very proud of all he achieved in his academic studies, work and outside activities.

Prior to his heart surgery Sathy accepted Jesus as his personal saviour and we have comfort in the thought that he is with Jesus, free from any pain and suffering, and we will meet him again.

Mathini (Acca)

Treasured Memories

I like to share a few words about Sathy. Sathy was so loving and caring, like a brother to me. My first encounter with Sathy was in the 90's at Galle Face Hotel Colombo, Sri Lanka. Sathy, Kamali and Dinesh were on a holiday. He used to tell interesting stories and loved eating Sri Lankan Hoppers.

After I migrated to Australia I had the pleasure of meeting Sathy again in 2001. I was touched by his caring nature, He ensured that kamali, Dinesh and himself attended the Christmas service at my church as he did not want me to be on my own.

During my visits to uk Sathy would buy my favourite caramel Pudding, Yoghurts from Marks and Spencer. He would encourage me to play the piano and give me advice on various matters.

Whenever I called, if Kamali is not around he would promptly pass the message and get her to return my call. Sathy you are greatly missed and my only hope is we will meet again in heaven.

Ranji

Like a Brother

My late husband Mahil and I met Sathy in person for the first time in 2001 when Sathy, Kamli and Dinesh visited Australia. Until then it was through phone calls and photos that we got to know a little of who Sathy was. I remember his deep voice coming through the phone, invariably ending in just a "hello" before handing it over to Kamali. We always thought that he was just the opposite of Kamali, who never stops talking!! It may be that the opposite attraction worked in their case.

Sathy was a man of few words, but his actions spoke loud and clear of what a caring, considerate and supportive man he was. When I met Sathy again in the UK, I saw another side of Sathy, which was responsible, calm and protective of the people whom he loved. To Mahil and I he was a lovely brother, and an affectionate uncle to our children, Peace and David.

Even though he was very intelligent, he was unassuming and humble. Sathy loved his wife, Kamali and his son Dinesh very much and he was very proud of both of them.

I will always remember our last conversation in September 2016. This probably was the longest conversation I ever had with Sathy. I found it so easy to talk to him about anything under the sun without hesitation. This made me think whether he was changed a little after being married to Kamali for such a long time!! He talked about what he wanted to do after he retired. He told me that he might teach Mathematics from home and help people who can't afford private tuition. This showed me his compassionate nature.

Mahil and I have been praying for Kamali, Sathy and Dinesh. God has given Sathy in our lives for a purpose and I am sure Mahil would be joining me in praising and thanking God for this blessing.

John 11:25 NIV

Jesus said to her, "I am the resurrection and the life. The one who believes in me will live, even though they die."

Nirmala

Sathy Chithappa

My earliest memories of Sathy Chithappa come from the time he married Kamali Chithi. My brother and I were very attached to Chithi and initially we were both a bit suspicious of this new tall man with a big beard, who was taking all of Chithi's attention.

However, I quickly warmed to him as he was young at heart and was always able to communicate with me in a very relaxed and friend-like manner. In fact, he and Chithi, throughout their lives together, were always like two mischievous children and I often reflected that for Dinesh it must have been like having two best friends as well as parents.

He had all the best films and most up to date technology, which was great as it meant I could sneak over to his home to watch and borrow dvds. He was also our personal library when it came to all IT related issues and I would frequently refer all of my IT problems to him; he of course resolved them effortlessly.

Most importantly he was incredibly generous and caring. Ever since my childhood he was always there as an additional pillar of support and took a keen interest in all that I did. This support was invaluable when my Appa became ill and passed away. I will never forget and will always be grateful for all that he did, especially in the difficult months that followed Appa's passing.

I was glad that following his surgery he did have time to rest, relax and enjoy time with Chithi and Dinesh. It was a blessing to have him as an attesting witness at my wedding.

A year on it is still hard to accept that Chithappa has left us but I know that he is at peace with the Lord.

Nagu

Sathy Chithappa

I was too little to actually remember meeting Chithappa. Some of my earliest memories were our families spending Christmas together with Chithappa always cooking the turkey (even though he never ate it) while our family made the veg and potatoes.

Chithappa was very much a cool uncle, he was always into Technology and Gadgets, so always had something interesting for us to play with as children. He would always lend a helping hand whenever it came to setting up computers or any technology that was beyond my parent's capabilities.

He had great taste in films and quite a collection of movies which I would always look forward to seeing and hearing his opinions about.

As I got to know Chithappa better as an adult, I realised he could basically talk about any subject matter with ease and a good sense of humour to boot. He had a lot of similar interests to my Appa, which would explain how they became close friends and were like brothers instead of in laws. Chithappa was a massive support during Appa's illness and after his passing.

I'll particularly remember whenever Amma and Kamali Chithi wanted dropping off long distances, he would always accompany me in the car and we'd often have a chuckle over some kind of funny incident involving the pair of them.

As jovial as Chithappa was, he was also a deep thinker. A real lover of science, he had a naturally inquisitive mind and loved learning new things, doing many Open University courses. He simultaneously had quite a journey of faith too. I can remember as a boy going for sleepovers, where Chithi would always make a point to pray before we slept. She would sometimes gently encourage Chithappa to mention items to pray for, other times he'd just be quiet and just listen as Chithi prayed. Later as I came to faith in Jesus as an adult, Chithappa would sometimes ask me tricky questions about Christianity or Gods purposes in suffering. I did find this challenging as I would never be prepared with any good answers to his good questions, but I think this was all parts of God leading him to trust in Christ.

Later when the church that we were baptised in, was facing closure I remember Chithappa encouraging my parents to be more supportive and attend more regularly. Eventually when it did close and we were looking around for different churches it was Chithappa that helped us finally settle on one. Our family visited Central Baptist church for an easter service and he suddenly said that he really understood what was being preached so we decided to make this our regular church fellowship. I think it's this listening to God's word being preached and Chithi and Dinesh living out of their faith, which encouraged him to want to know Jesus for himself.

Eventually Chithappa accepted Christ as his saviour, and I think now he would have all those questions answered.

Although the loss is still huge and really raw, I do thank the Lord that He saved Chithappa and that death isn't the end and we will meet again one day in Christ.

Jonathan

Uncle Sathy

I remember meeting Uncle Sathy for the first time in 2001 when he came to visit Australia. He came with Aunty Kamilini and Dinesh over Christmas time to spend time with us after my mother passed away. It was a wonderful holiday together and we had a good time showing them the sites around Australia. I remember that Uncle Sathy and Aunty Kamilini were very keen on seeing local Australian wildlife, particularly kangaroos. We went on a drive to a local national park (Tidbinbilla) so that we could see kangaroos, koalas and other natural Australian wildlife. After spending a few hours at the park, we unfortunately could not spot any kangaroos until the very end of the day. We then drove back to the motel and found kangaroos right outside the park close by! I remember Uncle Sathy seemed quite

amused by this, and we all learnt the lesson that we do not always have to travel far to find what we need!

I had the chance to meet Uncle Sathy again in 2011 when I visited London. I remember speaking him with about study and politics and local sports in the area. I always really enjoyed hearing Uncle Sathy's stories and appreciated the wisdom that he shared with others. I know that he has been an incredible father, uncle, brother and friend to so many people. His incredible diligence with his studies, his generosity and his humility will not go unnoticed.

Sarah

Memories of Sathy (Funeral Tribute)

Good morning.

I would like to say a few words on behalf of Sathi's family.

We were all deeply touched by everyone's heartfelt tributes. This has given us an insight to Sathi's beautiful life.

As everyone said Sathi was a devoted husband and a loving father. He was also a rock to his sister Baby acca and a good friend to Mathini acca and Ranji acca.

Some of you may not know that Sathi was the son of Mr M Sivasithamparam whom we fondly called as MP Mama or MP Peryappa. MP Peryappa was the Deputy speaker of the Srilankan Parliament and Leader of Tamil United Liberation Front. People used to refer him as a "Lion of Udupiddy" for his great personality and his powerful voice.

Sathi did his primary education at St Thomas prep School, Colombo. He was selected as the best student each year. During prize givings they

kept him on the stage to save time as he got lots of prizes. Sathi was a great orator. The principal even asked mami, Sathi's mother, if she has any other boys.

Sathi had a privileged life style in Colombo as a child. However, his feet were firmly on the ground. His parents made sure that he stayed that way. This was noted when he moved to London in 1972 as he easily adjusted to London lifestyle.

I was fortunate to hear about Sathi's work on a charity organisation called Bridge of Love. Kamalini is the founder member for this organisation. This charity concentrates on orphans and widows, especially war victims in Srilanka. They provide regular support to the victims and run income generating projects. Sathi helped this organisation greatly and also helped Goodwin by proof reading all the newsletters and annual reports. He had helped a lot of students on their personal statements and coursework on maths and physics. This is a testimony for Sathi's command of English in addition to his skills in Mathematics

Sathy and Baby akka had lots of plans to improve the lives of many people in Karaveddy and Jaffna. They both wanted to give all their land to under privileged people in Karaveddy. They have created a corporate fund in their father's name to support three students on merit and three students on low socio economic background from Jaffna University each year. They have also converted their Karaveddy home to help the elderly as well as children. They have furnished one room for the elderly people to rest and read papers. The other rooms are used as library and entertainment for children.

You have heard how Sathi had helped people in many ways. However, Sathi never liked to discuss his kindness with others. This unique quality says a lot about Sathi.

I want to share my one memory of Sathi with you all. When my cousin and I were studying in Ooty, Sathi came to visit us from the UK. While Sathi was talking to our Chairman, the whole hostel could hear his

deep majestic voice. He had a voice like his father. Suddenly everyone wanted to be our best friend and we became famous overnight.

Finally, I would like to quote a magnificent line from Rabindranath Tagore.

'Death is not extinguishing the light. It is putting out the lamp because a new dawn has come.'

Kamalini and Dinesh, this is a celebration of life, not the end. You both have remarkable memories of Sathi. Hang to on them and cherish them. Sathi will be always there for you with his everlasting love.

Varni

Sathy Anna

Writing a tribute to such a caring and beloved family man is an Honour.

Siva Sathyendran was the son of an uncommon leader in the Tamil Community. Known to us as Sathy Anna. Our family was extremely fond of him and he of us.

As a child Sathy Anna grew up in Colombo and visited our village with his parents and sister during holidays. That is how we came to know him. Having been educated in Colombo (Royal College) he left Sri Lanka to come to the UK to further his studies. Though it was decades ago I can still remember his final visit to the village before he left for London. Those childhood memories are still sweet and vivid.

When I worked in Colombo, one of his classmates told me of Sathy Anna's intelligence. He was so well versed in Physics and Maths. I feared we would have very little in common. But we did! His interest in politics and society in general took me by surprise. Sathy Anna had a feel for politics and a clear mind. Although he never wanted to be a politician, he admired his father who was a respectable politician. As a

child I was very fond of his father and mother. As for me, his father was a great role model and a mentor. His visit to London renewed the bridge between us and Kamalini.

Dinesh gave a new meaning to Sathy Anna. He thought of that time as his turning point. He was a caring father who was genuinely happy and humbly proud of his son's achievement. I am very fond of his family and I can truly say he dedicated his life to his son.

Like everyone, Sathy Anna had his ups and downs, but he never stopped caring for people around him. The loss of his father and the untimely death of his nephew had an impact. That scar on his soul was deep. But as the quiet man he was, he carried on caring.

After my father died, at a time I was eager to meet our mother, Sathy Anna and his family visited our mother and brought photographs to us. That day I genuinely thanked The Almighty God for Sathy Anna's thoughtfulness and sincerity. I will always remember that with gratitude.

Sathy Anna - I am fond of you, not just because you are my favourite legendary leader's son, but more because you are you. Is it not true that they say God created us for a specific purpose and gave us the exact amount of time required to fulfil our purpose?

We really miss you Sathy Anna. I will always recall a quiet, quite caring compassionate man, Sathy Anna.

Gowri

Tribute for Sathy Uncle

It is an immense loss that we all are suffering today. Uncle You are a precious gift that our family tree has been blessed with Although our relationship with you was short, you have cultivated admiring qualities within each one of us, and your memories will live on forever in our hearts. You were a great role model for all of us, and we hope to make you proud. Dear Sathy Uncle, you have at many times taken the place of our father and been there for us through thick and thin. Your kind voice still echoes in our hearts, and you will always be with us. We hope that some day we will, all meet you at our heavenly father's home. We feel immensely grateful for all that you have done for us. May God provide comfort and strength for Kamalini Mami and Dinesh to overcome this unfathomable loss.

With love

Luxmy acca, Menaka and Saravanan.

Memories of SATHY

It was with profound shock and sadness that we learnt of the passing away of Sathy in UK around October 2016. A few days prior to his demise, he had requested Kamalini to inquire from us whether we would be in Colombo during November of that year, as they had already booked their seats to come here on a holiday around that time. Many a times in the past he has sought my help to arrange either for an apartment for their stay or a vehicle for their travels or even to inquire from us for restaurants that served the best food, him being a connoisseur of good food.

Over the many years we have often met up, whenever they were here on holiday, for long chats on every conceivable topic, be it international or local politics, or the world at large, which he enjoyed very much. His depth of knowledge was astounding and I have very pleasant memories of our varied conversations. Not only was his

engineering skills at Cable & Wireless, and Vodafone of a high caliber, his knowledge of the world of technology in general was remarkable. Kamalini and Dinesh, no one could have prepared you for the sudden loss of your beloved husband/father which came like a swift wind. However, take comfort in knowing that he is now resting in the arms of our Lord.

Rajan Nathaniel, Colombo.

Memories of Sathy

My thoughts go back to 1985 when I met Sathy with my cousin Kamali at their home coming in London. Sathy, impressed me as a handsome young man, together they made a lovely couple madly in love. Years later, in 2012 when I had the pleasure of spending some time with Kamali and Sathy, I was impressed with Sathy's memorable memory, quiet listening and ability to offer support when needed.

Sathy informed me he used to hang around the Colombo Medical College boys lounge and reminded me of events I had long forgotten. Sathy, was part of every plan Kamali made, he knew what the lunch menu and itinerary Kamal had planned for me. He was actively involved in the planning and implementing the itinerary to make it a pleasant visit for me.

I was happy to meet Sathy and Kamali during my visit in May 2016. I was part of the family dinner the day before my nephew Nagu's wedding. The next day Kamali had planned a surprise birthday breakfast for Sathy. However, Sathy decided go for breakfast earlier than planned. When other members of the family turned up for breakfast Sathy had finished breakfast and was wanting to go for a walk, but the cake was not there. I felt compelled to say that it was not good to go for a walk soon after breakfast and it was best he waited for some time. At that time, I had no real medical back up for this and I am sure Sathy knew that too. Sathy listened and waited. Friends and family

sang happy birthday for Sathy to cut his last Birthday cake. The birthday celebration continued with seaside visit and lunch at the restaurant hosted by Sathy, Kamali and Dinesh finishing up with birthday tea at Dinesh's house. Little did I realise it will be the last farewell to Sathy when I left them that evening.

I was sad at the great loss but was happy to know he listened to the call of salvation and accepted Jesus and Sathy is with the Lord.

Thayala. Richards

Tributes from Memorial Service held on 10/12/2016 at Canberra

Classmate from Primary School St Thomas's Colombo

We are gathered here today to remember Sathyendran and to give thanks for his life. We are also here to reflect on his life, and above all to recall and to acknowledge, what he has meant to us, the memories that he has given us and the legacy that he has left for us.

Sathyendra and I shared something special, something precious. We shared our boyhood. When we were around six years old, we both began our schooling at St Thomas' Preparatory School. St Thomas, or 'Prep School' as it will always be for its alumni, was an Anglican Public School. It was a very Anglican school, with its houses being named Lincoln, Canterbury, Norwich and York, after the great cathedral cities of England.

When we were around ten years, we completed our time at Prep School and moved on to secondary school. Sathyendra joined Royal College, a prestigious school that is two centuries old, while I moved on to St Thomas' College. And hence our journeys parted. Why do I say that the boyhood we shared was special, important and precious? It is because one's boyhood or girlhood is that significant and all important

- In Loving Memory of Late Mr Sivasithamparam Sathyendran -

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stage of life that we pass through between childhood and manhood or womanhood. As Wordsworth said: The child is the father or the mother of the man or the woman.

Our childhood is many things. It is a time of innocence, but it is also a time of learning, of exploration – a time of becoming. It is that formative chapter in our lives, between childhood and adulthood. A time when our character, our personality, our values and beliefs, our outlook and worldview are shaped, influenced and formalized. I was privileged to share with Sathyendra, these crucial years of our lives.

And so what was Sathyendra as a boy? He was exceptional. He was an exceptional student. He would come first in class and year after year carry away prizes. And this in the face of stiff competition. I have brought with me the prize lists of those years so that you can see what a stellar academic record was left behind by Sathyendra. But he was not just bookish. He was interested in many school boy activities, particularly the creative ones. He would appear in plays and contribute essays to the school magazine.

As a person he was quiet and modest. Despite his academic achievements there was no hint of pride or arrogance or affectation. Even though he had much to be proud about. He was modest about his abilities, as he was of his family background. His father was a member of Parliament who became Deputy Speaker of Sri Lanka's House of Representatives in 1965 and went on to become a national figure. But you would never have guessed any of this had you known Sathyendra.

Such was his character that he made friends easily and got on well with his classmates. The Sathyendra that I remember made friends not enemies; was liked by all, disliked by none; helpful to all, never indifferent to others. So these are my enduring memories of my boyhood friend Sathyendra. In the Sri Lanka that Sathyendra and I grew up in, religion was important. It was not a post-industrial secular

society. The sacred mattered. And denominational or confessional schools were just that, denominational and confessional.

I remember an interesting incident from my later student years, when the then Minister of Justice, Senator Fairley Wijemanne, an old boy, was chief guest at the prize day at St Thomas' College, Mount Lavinia. In his address he recalled asking his father why he had been sent to St Thomas' given that he had been a lifelong Buddhist. His father's reply was: I sent you to St Thomas' because it was a school with a religious environment.

Schools had a religious mission. And I would like to believe that those formative years that Sathyendra spent at Prep School had an impact, overt or latent, that created the foundation for his religious outlook in later life. It is with much affection that I remember Sathyendra, and give thanks for his life, and give thanks for the memories.

Jayantha Somasundaram

Tribute to my Friend Sathy

“How can the dead be truly dead when they still live in the souls of those who are left behind?”

Friends, we are here today to thank God for Mr Sivasithamparam Sathyendran (or Sathy for many of us); we have come to remember his life, the special things we have seen in him; and to share some wonderful memories about him that linger within our souls.

Most of you are aware that Sathy was the son of late Mr Sivasithamparam (a former Sri-Lankan member of parliament) and Mrs Sivasithamparam who now lives with her daughter (i.e. Sathy's sister) in India.

Sathy was born in Sri-Lanka and as a young man he went to UK where he lived ever since. He was married to Kamalini and they have a son, Dinesh. Both mother and son are living in the UK.

I first met Sathy about 40 years ago in London. At that time I was following an engineering course there. Like many foreign students, life was not easy for us at that time; I was working in many places to pay for my studies and finding myself falling behind further and further. As you know, engineering degree had a heavy load of mathematics and I was finding it hard to keep up with my assignments. That's when I came across Sathy who lived a couple blocks away from where I lived.

I can't remember how it all started, but I vividly remember him teaching me mathematics. To me, his help was like God sent, which enabled me to keep my head above trouble waters. We lived in the same neighbourhood for about two years and then I moved onto a place closer to my university; however, we kept in touch until my move to Australia in 1982. Sathy and Kamalini have also visited us in Canberra some years ago.

To me, Sathy was an unassuming person who had a great mind with an extra ordinary ability to analyse and solve difficult mathematical problems with ease. I remember telling him to become professor of mathematics and am sure he could have easily achieved that, had he persisted.

I found Sathy to be kind; he was always willing to help others; often at his own expense. He had a good sense of humour with an ability to keep people at ease.

As I sit and reflect on my time in the UK:

- I see God's handy work in all things; long years ago God had prepared Sathy to give me a hand-up in my times of difficulties: that is the sovereign work and faithfulness of God.
- Similarly, God had also prepared Kamalini (Sathy's wife) to give a hand-up for Sathy [who came from a Hindu background] in the

spiritual sense; to experience the goodness and saving grace of God.

Death is something that none of us can avoid. So how do we live and how do we prepare? Max Lucado takes our Lord's teachings of love and puts it in a way that most of us can understand. He says, "If today were your last, would you do what you're doing? Or would you love more, give more, forgive more? Then do so! Forgive and give as if it were your last opportunity. Love like there's no tomorrow, and if tomorrow comes, love again".

My Friends, as I was thinking about Sathy and our past encounters I remembered a quote from James Moffatt, about leaving a legacy behind. It goes like this:

"Death is never the last word in the life of a man. When a man leaves this world, be he righteous or unrighteous, he leaves something in the world. He may leave something that will grow and spread like a cancer or he may leave something like the fragrance of perfume that permeates the atmosphere with blessing."

Friends, Sathy had left a wonderful memory akin to the fragrance of perfume that permeates the atmosphere with blessing. For me he gave me a hand-up when I needed and that to me is a fragrance that lingers in my soul even now after 40 yrs, a sovereign work of our loving God.

Lastly, my friends, for those who are grieving by the passing away of Sathy, I would like to remind you the words of God in the book of Ecclesiastes 11:5 (NKJV): "As you do not know what *is* the way of the wind, Or how the bones *grow* in the womb of her who is with child, So you do not know the works of God who makes everything."

We would not understand lots of things now...but we can trust our father.... our good, good father in all things concerning Sathy and his family.

Death is not the end. And for the Christian, death is nothing to be feared. Jesus came to conquer death, hell, and the grave – and He's passed that victory on to us. If we believe in Him, then death is merely a transition from this world to our true Heavenly home.

Wesley

Message by Revd David Rajasekaram

“A logical faith”

(Texts: Romans 8:31-39; 1 Cor. 15:50-57)

Preached at the thanksgiving service for Sathy Uncle

Saturday 10 December 2016 at St George's Anglican Church, Pearce, Australia

I was greatly moved when I read the tribute given by Sathy Uncle's son, Dinesh, at the funeral held in the UK. It gave a wonderful picture of his life, his personality and interests. Dinesh described his Dad as someone of *logic and rationality*. It's not surprising, then, that he had a passion and aptitude for maths and physics, both of which are based on logic.

People in our world often place logic and *faith* in opposition to one another. Some claim not to believe in God because they think that science disproves the existence of God. They say that faith is merely a crutch that gives people comfort in difficult times.

But somehow or other, earlier this year Sathy Uncle saw past this. After many years of family and friends earnestly praying for his conversion, he came to put his trust in the Lord Jesus Christ! Despite almost a lifetime of doubt and scepticism, Sathy Uncle came to see the logic in the Christian faith. And he joined many other rational people who have come to a rational faith in the Lord.

This faith in God through Christ does indeed provide comfort for difficult times. Sathy Uncle found this, as he made a decision to follow Jesus during a time of illness and uncertainty. But faith gives more than comfort – it gives *hope*, because it's based on logic, on the truth of God's Word.

Today, as we remember and give thanks for Sathy Uncle's life, I'm sure he would want us to give thanks to the God that gave Him hope even as he approached the end of his earthly life. And as we reflect on the amazing truths of the Bible readings we just had, may that hope be ours too.

THE LOGIC OF GOD'S LOVE – Romans 8:31-39

Let us turn, firstly, to the reading from Romans 8. In this breathtaking passage of Scripture, the apostle Paul compels us to believe in the logic of God's *love*.

Much of Paul's letter to the Romans is concerned with the importance of being in right relationship with God, and how that is made possible only through Christ. Although all of us have sinned and fallen short of God's glory, He justifies or makes us right, freely, through the Lord Jesus.

This shows us that above all, God *loves* us. He is *for* us. And as Paul says, "if God is for us, *who can be against us?*" God loved us so much that He gave up His own Son to die so that we may be forgiven.

So while the evil one may accuse us of guilt and wrongdoing, Paul reassures us that if we're in Christ, no one can bring any charge against us, whom God has chosen and pardoned; no one can condemn us. Moreover, as verse 34 reminds us, Christ not only died but was raised to life, and *continues* to intercede for us at God's right hand.

If that doesn't leave us awestruck, there's not much that will! How extraordinary are the lengths to which our God has gone for us! And if He is prepared to do all that, Paul rightly asks "who or what then, shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall trouble or hardship or persecution or famine or nakedness or danger or sword? No, in all these things we are more than conquerors...For I am *convinced* that

neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither the present nor the future, nor any powers, neither height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

See that word “*convinced*”? As it happens, Paul was a man of logic too, and he reasoned that if God loved us so much that He would not spare His own Son, there’s nothing in this life or the next that can separate us from Him.

This truth is at its most poignant and relevant when we’re facing our darkest times.

Dinesh mentioned in his tribute that in January of this year he received an email from Sathy Uncle, who was terrified at the prospect of heart surgery and the risks involved, and in need of assurance. For the first time, Dinesh had the opportunity to share his own faith with his Dad, and a difficult time became an occasion for Sathy Uncle to take courage in the unshakeable love of God. A month later, he decided to trust in Jesus as His Own Lord and Saviour, and heaven rejoiced at the return of a long lost son!

May we too find comfort and hope in the logic of God’s love: that even in difficult times, because God has demonstrated His love for us in Christ, we are not abandoned, no matter what cards life deals us.

THE RATIONALITY OF THE RESURRECTION (1 Corinthians 15:50-57)

Our second reading comes from one of the most hope-filled passages in the whole Bible.

The whole of 1 Corinthians 15 is Paul’s reminder to Christians that God is not simply a crutch to lean on in hard times – He is a God who has the power to change us into eternal beings. Here, we see clearly laid out for us the rationality of the resurrection.

Fundamental to Christian belief is the resurrection of Christ that glorious Easter morning. Christianity has no significance if Jesus was not indeed raised from the dead.

Yet eyewitnesses not only saw an empty tomb, but the Lord Himself, not an hallucination. The resurrection was *physical*: Christ did what no one else has.

Paul argues that Jesus' resurrection has made it possible for *us* to experience resurrection too!

Those who only rely on human scientific discovery will naturally be sceptical of this. Human beings don't just rise from the dead! But if we follow the rationale of the Bible, we see that logic and faith are not actually opposed to one another in this matter.

In verse 50, Paul agrees that human beings are mortal. Yet belief in God includes the idea that the physical realm has everything to do with the spiritual. So Paul's explanation highlights the spiritual reason for our mortality, and the spiritual solution to it. He says this:

"I declare to you, brothers and sisters, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, nor does the perishable inherit the imperishable."

Death came into human experience as the result of sin, so that humans are not immortal as God is. It only makes sense then, that *sinful* flesh and blood cannot continue beyond this life.

The power of the gospel is that although we are sinful, we have been made right with God through Christ, and that means the curse of sin is broken – we stand forgiven! Verse 51: "we will not all sleep, but we will all be *changed* – in a flash, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet." When Christ comes again, those who have died in Him will be raised, and those left alive on earth will also be taken up, physically, to be with Him forever. We will be *changed* in that we will no longer have the bodies afflicted by sin and mortality, but we will have new, eternal bodies that will *never* die. Not just souls or spirits, but resurrected *bodies*, fit for heaven.

When Paul says "the sting of death is sin" he means that although it's a bad thing to die, it's worse to die unforgiven. Yet we can give thanks to God, for He offers victory through the Lord Jesus Christ for those who trust in Him.

As Christians we have the greatest hope of all, for even our darkest enemy – death – cannot defeat us. We mourn for our loved ones, but we do so with a sure hope if they have died in Christ.

One of the reasons why I chose a reading from 1 Corinthians 15 is that in Dinesh's tribute, he mentioned the hymn "Abide with me", one of Sathy Uncle's favourites. Dinesh said he particularly drew comfort from one line, which comes from verse 55 of our passage: "where, O death is your victory? Where, O death, is your sting?" What wonderful assurance for Sathy Uncle to have in the face of illness and surgery, uncertain of the outcome! To know that having accepted Christ, *death no longer had the victory over him!* To know that one day the trumpet will sound and he will be raised *imperishable*, given a glorious resurrected body! And what comfort for Kamali Aunty and Dinesh to be able to sing this at his funeral, confident that they will be reunited as they too will be raised either from death or while still alive, to be with the Lord forever.

For all of us who have lost Christian loved ones, we know the pain and the grief of earthly life without them. Our faith doesn't take away the sadness, or the fact that we miss them on a daily basis. But it does take away the *despair*, for we know, in the words of the Psalmist, that "weeping may stay for the night, but rejoicing comes in the morning." May we cling firmly to that belief in the face of suffering, but may we also unashamedly proclaim it, that others too may come to accept the rationality of the resurrection.

Let me finish this morning with that wonderfully encouraging verse from the hymn "Abide with me":

"I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me."

Classmates from Secondary School- Royal College Colombo

Tribute from funeral

I would like to say a few words about Sathyendran's school days. Sathy had his primary education at St. Thomas College between '56 and '61, where he always topped his class and a proud owner of many awards. Sathy came first in the 11-plus entrance exam to Royal College in December 1961, an exam which was taken by over 200 pupils from all over Sri Lanka. He excelled in studies and passed his O/L exam with flying colours. After his A/L, he came to the UK to pursue his further education.

Not many people, other than his classmates, knew that Sathy was a good and keen dramatist. In the 60's our school staged only two dramas and he took major roles in both dramas. Sathy was a good athlete and represented his house in the school meetings and could have easily used his potential to represent his school in sports, but the rigour of practice probably put him off.

Sathy was very popular among our friends. He was one of the few who came to school in a car and that too in a Mercedes, which was rare in the 60's. There were times where he had been very generous and treated us to Thosai meal and then to a film.

I could go on and on recalling many of the good times we shared during our school days.

To my good friend, RIP and may God bless your soul.

Vetti

Dear Kamalini and Dinesh

In August last year I got an email from Sathy nearly half a century after we left college. "Great work you are doing on the batch directory, but I'm on St John's Road, can't afford to live in St John's Wood!" I wrote back saying I thought he could, as he used to give me rides home in his Benz car on rainy days when I couldn't use my bike. For a year I went to primary school in St John's Wood near Lord's. Sathy responded that he had a room overlooking the Lord's cricket ground in Wellington Hospital, 3rd floor, for aortic valve replacement. Too bad there was no cricket in February, but he had an excellent Harley Street cardiac surgeon, and was now fine.

He was going to work, part time for now he said, at a job with Vodafone as a computer software engineer, which he loved - thirty years on the same floor. Did he know Arun, who was with me at University and had now taken quite early retirement? No, his company became Voda only a few years back. It changed ownership 4 or 5 times but he is still on the same floor, same building, he said. We discussed the new Windows 10 update. He ended every mail expressing a wish to meet soon. He was also looking forward to visiting Sri Lanka in November, and possibly retiring about now, in August 2017.

Yes, as schoolmates, and neighbours we chatted about cricket, what we did for fun, movies, pranks on friends, even on teachers, not about studies or politics. It was a carefree time we recreate each time we are back in touch with our batch mates. Once my next door neighbour had seen his Hulftsdorp colleague's Benz car approaching, and came out to see me getting out of the car. How come you came in the car of the MP for Uduppiddy, he asked. He is very popular in his electorate, my neighbour said. It was only then that I knew who Sathy's father was.

In February this year I was helping out at the Sri Lanka stand at the tourism fair here, when another who was helping said she had gone to

school in Uduppiddy. Oh, I said, then you must know ... "Uduppiddy Singham! Yes of course, he was a wonderful man," she exclaimed. Indeed, and so was his son, my friend Sathyendra. Both of them live on in our memories, and in so many others' too, Kamalini and Dinesh. Rejoice in their lives. Remember and cherish the happy times shared.

With regards and best wishes,

Kamal Abeywickrama

Tribute to my childhood friend

Dear Kamalini & Dinesh

My sincere sympathies on the passing away of your much loved husband and father – also my friend at School in Colombo, Sri Lanka at Royal College.

From the age of 12 to 17 yrs we were together as good friends enjoying the carefree days of childhood together. We shared many a moment of sheer delight and happiness at school where friendships were forged and studies seemed incidental to us, thwarting our parental ambitions! Yet as we "learnt of books and men" as our school song went, we kept true to our motto of *Disce aut discade* – "learn or depart". Yes, depart we did, from school remaining true to the watch word of our founding fathers, excelling in our respective fields of expertise – Sathy reaching the dizzy heights of Electronic Engineering doing pioneer research as the frontiers of the tele technology evolved.

I remember him as a kind and sincere person who was genuine in his friendships and generous with his time. He would invite us to his home on 100, Norris Canal Road, Colombo to spend the day and we would be treated to great love and hospitality – of good food and kindly tolerance by his loving parents. We enjoyed ourselves thoroughly and left behind a disarranged house and clean empty plates.

Recently he spoke to me warmly of his son Dinesh who brought him much joy and of his wife Kamalini who meant so much to him, describing her as a tower of strength to him in more ways than one. He spoke of the love of God, and his faith in God through Jesus Christ.

Good bye my friend, may you rest in peace and rise in Glory.

Yours sincerely
Muthu

Satyendra: Distant Memories of a Class Mate

My acquaintance with Sathy dates back to the late sixties at Royal College, Colombo.

Fifty decades on, I am not an exception to the loss of memory or the erosion of cognition. Despite these degenerative effects caused by the passage of time there are good reasons why I remember Sathy's acquaintance vividly.

It is because Sathy's unique personality that remains indelible!

Sathy came from a very influential family. His father, the late Mr Sivasithamparam

QC was a prominent political figure, one of the most prolific and eloquent barristers of the time. Representing the interests of the Tamil people, holding at one stage the prestigious position of the Deputy Speaker to the Parliament of Sri Lanka, He was a national figure very much respected by the cross section of Sri Lankan communities.

At school in a class of some twenty-three pupils representing all walks of life Sathy chose to bond with seven of us - an ordinary group of like minded students - to share his interests immaterial of the fact that we were very different to his social strata and connections.

This was a unique characteristic of Sathy. Never did he show any sign of pride, pomp or prejudice towards those who were different to him. Unlike the majority of the class mates Sathy was one of the few who

spoke in Tamil, a sign of his love for his mother tongue, heritage and culture. He was a generous person driven by egalitarian principles. His interest varied from literature to that of cinema. He could easily switch conversations from the British colonial rule to that of the Indian Cinematic idols of Sivaji Ganesan or MGR! Versatile he was in the class his intellectual prowess was matched by none. With an infectious smile he was witty, charismatic & intelligent. He had a flare for details & would win his argument without any aggression nor arrogance. Perhaps these were genetic traits acquired from his father!

He was probably the most capable of students in the class but strangely enough, he was not propelled by ego to be competitive. Despite the prolific ability to be an excellent debater in both English & Tamil languages he hardly showed any interest to be part of the debating team while his contemporaries with less credentials managed to get in to the teams! He did not like prominence.

In 1970 we parted company going different ways. With the political fortunes turning against the Tamil students I was somewhat lucky enough to gain admission to the University of Ceylon while Sathy decided to embark on studies abroad in the UK to pursue his ambitions.

Fate brought us together 2 years ago when I bumped in to him rather unexpectedly at a wedding I attended in Southampton. It was a surprise but a pleasant reunion albeit a brief one at which we exchanged contact details but sadly his premature demise came in as a total shock last September before I could catch up with him again.

"To live in the hearts of those we leave behind is not to die" - Thomas Campbell

Sathi Ariyanayagam

அமரர் சத்யேந்திரா பற்றி சில நினைவுகள். அமரர் சத்யேந்திர அவர்களுடன் ஆயிரத்தி தொள்ளாயிரத்து அறுபது ஆண்டின் பிற்பகுதியில் றோயல் கல்லூரியில் சக மாணவனாகப் பழகும் வாய்ப்பு ஏற்பட்டது. ஐம்பது ஆண்டுகள் கழிந்த காரணத்தினால் ஞாபக, மற்றும் சிந்தனை சக்திகள் பாதிக்கப்பட்டாலும், சத்யேந்திராவைப் பொறுத்த மட்டில் அவருடைய அன்றைய உருவம் மற்றும் தொடர்புகள் என்பன இன்றைய தினம் நல்ல ஞாபகம் இருக்கின்றது. சக்தி ஒரு பிரபல குடும்பத்தில் பிறந்தவர். தந்தையார் அமரர் சிவசிதம்பரம் அவர்கள் தமிழ் மக்களின் பிரதிநிதியாகவும் அதி சிறந்த சட்டத்தரணி ஆகவும் இலங்கை பாராளுமன்றத்தின் உப ஸ்பா நாயகர் ஆகவும் பணி புரிந்து மக்களின் நன்மதிப்பைப் பெற்றவர்.

கல்லூரிப் பருவத்தில் இருபத்தி மூன்று சக மாணவர்களுடன் நான் படிக்கின்ற கால கட்டத்தில் எங்களில் ஏழு பேருடன் இவர் நன்றாகப் பழகினார். சாதாரண குடும்பங்களில் இருந்து வந்த எங்களுடன் இவர் ஒரு தனிப்பட்ட உறவினை ஏற்படுத்திக் கொண்டார். அத்துடன் அநேகர் தாய்மொழியாம் தமிழ் மொழியைக் கைவிட்டு ஆங்கிலத்தில் அளவளாவுகின்ற சூழ்நிலையில் இவர் தமிழில் பேசியது இவர் தனது தாய் மொழியில் கொண்ட பற்றைப் பிரதி பலிக்கின்றது. எந்தச் சந்தர்ப்பத்திலும் இவர் தமது அந்தஸ்தைப் பற்றி விமர்சித்தது கிடையாது. எல்லோரையும் சமமாக மதிப்பது இவரது சபாவம்.

தயாள சிந்தை மற்றும் சிரித்த முகம், கம்பீரமான தோற்றம், குரல் என்பன இவருக்கே உரித்தான அம்சங்கள். விவாதத்திற்குக் கொண்ட இவர் என்றைக்குமே மற்றவர்களைக் குறை கூறியது கிடையாது. மேலும் போட்டி போட்டு மற்றவர்களை ஒதுக்க வேணும் என்னும் நோக்கம் இவருக்கு இல்லை. பாடசாலை விவாத குழுவில் பங்குகொள்ள அனைத்துத்திற்களையும் கொண்டிருந்தாலும் இவர் அதற்கான முயற்சிகளைக் கையாளவில்லை. இது இவர் எளிய சிந்தையை வெளிப்படுத்துகிறது.

1970 ஆண்டில் தமிழ் மாணவர்களுடைய எதிர்காலம் மிகவும் அவல நிலையை அடையும் கட்டத்தில் இவர் தமது வாழ்க்கையின் எதிர்கால இலட்சியங்களை மேல் நாட்டில் மேற்கொள்ளும் பொருட்டு இங்கிலாந்து செல்ல, நான் அதிர்ஷ்ட வசமாகப் பேராதனை பல்கலை கழகம் செல்லும் தருணத்தில் நாங்கள் பிரிய வேண்டிய சந்தர்ப்பம் ஏற்பட்டது. அதைத் தொடர்ந்து இரண்டு வருடங்களுக்கு முன்பு இவரை நான் தற்செயலாக ஒரு திருமண வைபவத்தில் சந்தித்தேன். இந்த நல்ல நாளில் நாங்கள் இருவரும் எங்கள் தொடர்பு சம்பந்தமான விபரங்களைப் பரிமாறிக் கொண்டோம். ஆனாலும் தூரதிஷ்டவசமாக நாங்கள் மீண்டும் சந்திக்க முன் சத்யேந்திரா அவர்கள் அமரத்துவம் அடைந்துவிட்டார். இது இறைவன் வகுத்த நியதி.

“நான் உலகத்திட்கு ஒளியாய் இருக்கின்றேன், என்னைப்
பின்பற்றுகிறவன் இருளிலே நடவாமல் ஜீவ ஒளியை அடைந்து
இருப்பான் என்றார்” யோவான்: 8, 12-13

சத்தி அரியநாயகம்

Work colleagues from Vodafone, UK

A tribute to my best friend

Our dearest colleague and friend Sathyendran,

It is an honour to write this tribute for Sivasithamparam Sathyendran – Sathy, as he was known by many and all. A colleague, friend, a person with a wealth of knowledge and a heart of gold.

I met Sathy first while working for Mercury Communications at Vauxhall, where he joined the newly formed International Department for the West End Branch of Mercury. I used to see him coming down to the smoking area to have a cigarette. Whenever we met we used to have a chat and that became quite regular.

As time passed he used to ask me to join his group where there were many positions vacant. Then in 1995 we all moved to Smale House. In 1996 Sathy managed to persuade me to join him in the International section at Smale House. It was at Smale House that I learned how caring and helpful he was to anyone and everyone who crossed his path. When I joined his group the first thing that he did was to give me all his books and notes he had and guided me to study and learn the new systems. Not only was that there he was guiding on the day to day handling of the work, he would do that to anyone who joined the group. He also liked to order take away food at work. Whenever he

ordered food he will order for everyone around. He was very generous in every way.

Sathy was capable of holding a conversation on any subject, whether it is any science, sports or politics. He had a wealth of knowledge as a result of his vast reading. His special vast knowledge and charismatic personality were there to help him in his career and personal life. He was never reluctant to pass on his knowledge for anyone who was eager to learn from him.

He always devoted most of his time to his friends and family. I remember how proud he was of his family, especially his son Dinesh and his late nephew.

In the last four years we spent most of our working life together doing all the work, having dinner, talking about politics or sports, or even travelling back home taking the same bus to Liverpool Street.

Sathy— a caring and beloved family man, a cherished colleague, a dear friend —will be missed by many, but will never he be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to have known him!

Bala

In memory of Sathy

I first met Sathy in December 1999. I had just joined Cable & Wireless and was feeling a bit nervous about my new job. I think Sathy saw this as he went out of his way to make sure I got all the help I needed to settle in. This was my first impression of Sathy (apart from his sheer physical presence); how kind and considerate he was.

We instantly got on well partly due to our shared left wing views but I think more due to our interest in science and in particular quantum and relativity theory. We would often discuss such issues as how could mass actually bend space? How could a single electron go through two

slots at the same time? Is time travel possible and are there multiple parallel universes? Of course we never solved these problems but driven by Sathy's ceaseless curiosity about how the world works these conversations were always entertaining, interesting and informative.

Working with Sathy it was clear what a supple and quick mind he had. He had a formidable grasp of mathematics and was able to pick up new ideas quickly. However, Sathy never showed off about this (none of us knew about the awards he had won in Sri Lanka for mathematics for example). You knew he was gifted with a keen intelligence, not because he told you so, but because it shone through everything he did.

Perhaps less well known was Sathy's mischievous sense of humour. Working in an office environment where "wind ups" and pranks are a fact of life Sathy excelled in delivering such humour with a straight face and in his deep resonant voice. However, there was nothing malicious in Sathy's humour: when he laughed, he laughed with you and not at you. As impressive as Sathy's humour was, it was his physical presence that first grabbed you. Sathy was an imposing figure: Physically well built with a deep gravelly voice and seemingly impervious to the cold (possibly protected by the fiery hot curries he loved so much)! Even in depth of a cold UK winter Sathy would come to work in a lightweight jacket presenting his opened neck shirt to the world, seemingly daring the cold to try and make him shiver!

In the months and weeks that have elapsed since Sathy's funeral, I have often thought about the great number of lives he touched with his generosity, kindness and support. Sathy had a family he loved and was fiercely proud of, and manifestly had many friends and acquaintances whose lives have been enriched by knowing him. Reflecting on Sathy's life it was, of course, Aristotle who pointed out that the real measure of a life was in the range and depth of the friendships made. On this criterion, looking back over the entire span of Sathy's life, it is clear that Sathy's life was one he could be justly proud of and we can admire.

Pete

Friends

Jonathan Eden – Founder of Manor Park Tamil Church

Br. Sathyendran had an unusual background, with his father being a senior politician on behalf of Jaffna Tamils, and the family being sufficiently educated and international in outlook to own a dog of the Pomeranian breed. I know many Jaffna households had dogs, but very few were aware of the German miniature breeds such as Pommies. This may not seem important, but it indicates a depth of understanding of the world outside Jaffna. This meant that when br Sathy heard the gospel, he had a wide background knowledge of all sorts of things, and would not accept an idea just because a relative told him to, but would weigh an idea against a context of alternative ideas. Very gradually, over a lifetime, he watched and listened to lots of pastors and preachers, and most of all to his own wife, and ended his life convinced that the gospel of Christ is true and deserved his allegiance. It may seem a pity that his life ended at that exciting point. We think, couldn't God have prolonged his life to be a witness? But I think of one other family with a similar story. In June I went to hear a concert by Christian singers from Chennai. Sr Kamalini sat beside me, and on my other side another Tamil sister in Christ, whose husband died suddenly, many years ago now. That husband had struggled to follow Christ. There came a moment when he made a fresh, major effort to be a disciple. His life ended when he was nearer to God than he had ever been. So I do not know, but I wonder, did God take br Sathy's life at his spiritual peak?

அன்புக்குரிய சக்தி அண்ணாவைப்பற்றி...

மிகவும் அன்பு உள்ளம் கொண்டவர். வீட்டுக்குப் போகும் போதெல்லாம் நன்றாகப் பேசுவார். பிள்ளைகளைப் பற்றி விசாரிப்பார். என்னுடைய சாப்பாடு அவருக்கு மிகவும் பிடிக்கும். நல்ல மரியாதையாக, அன்பாகக் கதைப்பார். கமலினி அக்கா மேல் மிகவும் அன்பு. தங்களின் காதல்,

- In Loving Memory of Late Mr Sivasithamparam Sathyendran -

திருமணம் பற்றிய சுவையான அனுபவங்களைப்பற்றி Photoவுடன் விபரித்து சொல்லுவார். மகன் மேல் மிகவும் பாசமுள்ள தந்தை. இவர்களின் வீட்டுக்குப் போய் வந்தால் மன சந்தோஷம். நல்ல சகோதரனைப் பிரிந்தது சரியான மனப்பாரம். எனினும் சக்தி அண்ணாவைப் பரலோகத்தில் சந்திப்போம் என்பது நிச்சயம்.

டெல்மா டோலர்ன்

சக்தி அண்ணா!

கண்டவுடன் சிரித்தமுகத்துடன் வரவேற்று நிறைய சுவையான தங்களின் அனுபவங்களைப் பகிடியுடன் பகிர்ந்து, வீட்டில் இருக்கும் எல்லாவிதமான உணவுகளையும் பரிமாறும்படி கமலினி அக்காவுக்குச் சொல்லி எங்களுடன் அன்பாகப் பழகும் சகோதரன். ஆலோசனைகளும் சொல்லுவார். அவர் தற்போது எங்களுடன் இல்லை என்பதை இன்னும் நம்பமுடியவில்லை. சக்தி அண்ணா கமலினி அக்கா, டினேஸ் போன்ற நல்ல உள்ளங்களைத் தந்த கடவுளுக்கு நன்றி. அண்ணா உங்களை நாம் மறுபடியும் பார்ப்போம் என்ற மனநிறைவுடன் இருக்கின்றோம்.

கவிதா சிறிநெவின்ஸ்

Sister Joyce

பிறவிப் பெருங்கடல் நீத்துவார் நீந்தாதார் இறைவன் அடிசேரார். என்ற வள்ளுவர் கூற்றின் படியே, மனுக்குலம் நீந்தி முடிக்க இயலாத பாவக்கடலை நீந்திமுடித்தார் நம் இறைவன் இயேசு. இவரை அண்டினோர் வாழ்வில் இல்லவே இல்லை அலகையின்(பிசாசின்) அடிமைத்தனம். சகோதரன் சக்தி நித்திய நித்திரைக்குப் போகும்முன், நித்தியத்தின் முத்திரையாம் பெத்தலையில் பிறந்தவரை முத்திரையாய் பெற்றார்.

நிச்சயமாய் சந்தியேந்திரன் சுத்தருடன் கூடியே பக்தியுடன் பரன் இயேசு பாதம் பணிவார். நிலைஅற்ற வாழ்வில் நிஜமற்ற மனங்கள் நிறைவாழ்வின் வழி தேடுவது நியதி. நிலைநில்லா நிழல்கள் நிஜமாகா நிலையில், நிஜமான இறை அருள் இயேசுவே. வையத்துள் வாழ்வோர் வான் எறைக்குள் செல்ல வாழ்வாங்கு வாழ்ந்த மனு உண்டோ?

2016ல் தை ஒன்று வந்தது, மாசியிலே ஜெபக்கூட்டம்
நெய்த நெஞ்சாய் தஞ்சமென்று தந்தனையே உந்தன் நெஞ்சை
விந்தை கிறிஸ்த்து இயேசுவுக்கே
பொய்வழியைக் களைந்து மெய்வழியை அணிந்து விரைந்தனையே
விண்ணுலகு
பாவக்கடல் நீந்திமீட்ட பரமன்அடி சென்றீர்,
பாரியாரும் இன்று பரமன் பணிகளிலே பங்கு.

பெயருக்கென்று நீவிரவிட்ட மைந்தனாரும் (Dinesh) இன்று
பெருங்கடனாய் உம் கடமை கண்ணியமாய் செய்ய.
நேரேறுபோதன் நித்தியசங்கீதன் பாரேறு நீதன் நித்திய பதம்
வாழ்கின்றீர் இன்றும் என்றும் நீர் தெய்வத்துள் வாழ்கின்றீர்.
ஆமென் ஆமென் ஆமென்

கிறிஸ்த்துவின் உறவில்
சகோதரி Joyce Mailvaganam

Memories of Sathy Anna

We had known Sathy Anna for over 25 years. His great personality, smile and friendly nature made it easy for us to get along with him. He was a simple man who had a simple life. He did not seem to have a great interest in material things, but he was a gentle giant to those who knew him.

Sathy Anna was an all-rounder. He had ample knowledge in all the topics we can possibly think of, especially in sports, science and politics. He always shared his knowledge with others and was a great help to many students. Sathy Anna had a great sense of humour. He often told us jokes and made us laugh. He was also a great lover of food and so is his wife, Kamalini.

Sathy Anna was very devoted to his family. He loved his wife, Kamalini, and his son, Dinesh, very much. He was the backbone to everything that Kamalini was doing and he always encouraged her, especially in

her desire of evangelism. Kamalini was one of the very first people to start up the Walthamstow Tamil Church and this is where we regularly met Sathy Anna and built our friendship with him.

Sathy Anna was also a romantic man. And how do we know this? Every time we see Kamalini, she is always very bubbly and smiley and we can tell that Sathy Anna took very good care of her.

We still cannot believe that Sathy Anna has been taken away from us. He was a great friend whom we now dearly miss. No regrets for an honest man, whom we have all held dear. We should not be sad, but be happy that Sathy Anna is with God in heaven and we must thank God for the wonderful life that Sathy Anna had lived.

Ameer and Shiromi

A True Gentleman

I have known Sathy for 32 years and I can honestly say from the bottom of my heart that he was a true gentleman.

I had numerous conversations with him over these years and I never once heard him complaining or saying bad words about anybody and never gossiped about anyone or anything. In our conversations, we would cover a wide range of topics from cricket through to politics and his knowledge in all was unbelievable and he could carry a conversation for hours in a very interesting manner. Sathy was a man of great erudition and of great humility. His knowledge in all topics was exceptional. The tributes, his colleague Pete and son Dinesh gave during the funeral service demonstrated that.

Sathy was the kind of friend that everyone wants to have, he was the kind of father that every child would love to have and he was the kind of husband that every woman wishes to share her life with.

These were the sheer qualities that we should all live by or as a set example for us to live by.

In fact, I came to know Sathy through Kamalini who has been a true friend and sister to me over the years. Every time I called Kamalini's house, if Sathy picks up the phone and he would know every time that I wanted to speak to Kamalini and would immediately call her to the phone. If Kamalini was not home, then he would start a conversation with me and he treated me as a close friend of the family. Through Sathy, I came to know his sister and her husband back in India and they were a great help to me during my engagement in India.

Though Sathy was a Hindu and did not come to church regularly, I do believe that he had a belief in Jesus through Kamalini's love. I remember the day when we had a little prayer meeting at his house just before his operation, it was a real joy to see him openly accept Jesus.

I know God loves all of us but sometimes he takes the best earlier and he has definitely taken the best and we are sure that he is with Him and we will see him again.

Sathy, I know Kamalini and Dinesh are missing you very much but we also miss you too greatly and you may have gone, but your qualities and kindness will remain with us and live in our memories forever.

Until we meet again...

Nesan

Sathy Anna

He was a powerful man and people were attracted to him. He had a strong and commanding voice, which you could tell that he was the son of a well known Politician. Although at the same time there was a gentleness in the way he spoke. I knew him for many years but there was a time when I got to know him very well. What was clear to see was how much he cared about people as he loved everyone and would always ask about how others were doing. His punctuality was also another attribute that I always admired. We would talk about many things. Once I was travelling with him to Leicester and he asked me lots of questions including my Christian faith. He was very passionate about education. When he talked about any topics, he would always talk at length and would speak with such excitement and pure interest. He would never be content with how much he knew and constantly wanted to learn and know more, especially about Christian faith. He, himself, was a very well educated man and his interest in education was rooted in the desire to help others into and through education. He had a strong faith that if he believed in Jesus, that Jesus would do everything good for him. As everyone knows he accepted Jesus in the latter part of life and we know that he is with Jesus now.

Segar

Tribute from funeral

It is an honour and privilege to pay tribute today to someone who holds a very special place in our hearts. Sathy uncle was truly remarkable in many ways – he lived his life to the full and touched so many people's lives during his time here with us. We all have our own collection of fond memories that we will carry with us – memories that define Sathy uncle; memories that we will always hold dear.

As we sieve through our memories of him, we see the many valued and meaningful roles that Sathy uncle played.

First and foremost, we see Sathy uncle, the family man. He loved his family selflessly and unequivocally – he would speak fondly of Kamalini aunty and Dinesh anna and it was clear to see that he was a devoted husband, father, brother, uncle. He took all of these roles to heart and he strove to honour, support, guide and most importantly, love his family.

We will never forget all that Sathy uncle has done for our family and us – for supporting our father from the day they met, for supporting our mother over the past few years, and for supporting us. When our father passed away just over 3 years ago, yes, we were hopeless, grief-stricken, devastated but we were fortunate enough to gain a father figure in Sathy uncle. We could never thank him enough for his compassion and empathy that surrounded us in our time of loss and from that day forth, for stepping up to the plate to guide us and fill the hole left behind my father, for his unwavering love, support and selflessness. Sathy uncle was always there for us – willingly, unselfishly and intuitively – and for that, we will always be grateful.

As we continue to filter through fond memories, we see Sathy uncle, the best friend. He was a good friend to so many but we know one person who really treasured his friendship was our father. On our father's behalf, we can confidently say that Sathy uncle could be

counted on and depended on always. Whether you needed sound counsel, an empathetic ear, a shoulder to lean on, or a good laugh – Sathy uncle was always just a phone call away, ready, steadfast and more than willing to be there for our dad.

As we continue through the kaleidoscope of his life, we see Sathy uncle – the wise man. We're convinced Sathy uncle had some sort of magical power that meant that he always knew when to call and check up on you. Whenever we were having a bad day, be it at university, school or during the holidays, believe it or not, the phone would ring without fail and there Sathy uncle would be, ready to save the day. His kind and reassuring words of encouragement, and sound advice, never failed to pick us up. He always knew the right thing to say and excelled in cheering up his loved ones, a quality that will be sorely missed.

Though we have many fond memories, these select few don't do Sathy uncle enough justice. How does one even begin to express the amazing essence and spirit of someone like Sathy uncle – his selfless generosity, his uncompromising belief in all that is good and his unwavering commitment to family and friends? Even the best of words cannot pay tribute or truly capture the sense of loss that we are all feeling today. The loss is undoubtedly there – tangible and real within everyone – but Sathy uncle exemplified life, love and an irrepressible belief and faith in seeing the best in everything, even loss. And so today, we honour him, by profoundly feeling and expressing our loss, and also by remembering Sathy uncle – an amazing person who has played a unique and special role in all our lives.

Dhiviya and Sowmiya

Tribute to my dear Godfather,

I would like to thank my godmother for giving me this opportunity to share a few words about my godfather.

I want to thank God for giving me a great godfather. I think I am the only goddaughter for uncle.

Uncle has been with me in all the stages of my life. He first held me in his hands when I was 3 months. Uncle would never forget my birthday, every year he would wish me and send me a gift. Wherever uncle goes he would buy me clothes knowing whether it would fit me or not but he would always send me it. Uncle has always attended any performances I perform for Christmas. He's always encouraged me and has been a very supportive person. He is a very important person in my life, he has supported me and advised me in all my situations. I still remember for my 11+ exam, he bought me CD's and books for me to study so I could pass.

Not just for me but uncle has also been an important person in my parents' life. He has done many things for them. But till now it is truly a shock to hear that uncle is no longer with us. I didn't have that chance to say my farewell. I had the opportunity to see uncle 2 weeks ago while he was admitted in hospital. Before I could say goodbye he was gone before we knew it. My godfather was a very inspirational person in my life and he truly played a major role. Nobody can ever replace uncle's place in my life.

I am so glad that he was my godfather and as a father he has fulfilled all his responsibilities. He will be truly missed and he will always stay in our hearts. I will never forget the things he has done for me and my family. Even though you won't be able to come back, one day I will surely see you in heaven. We love you Uncle and you will be truly missed.

Melissa

Tribute Sathy Uncle

I first met Sathy Uncle at church through Kamalini Aunty when I was young during my GCSEs. He came across to me as an educated, wise man which I found useful later when he helped me apply for university.

I would send him my personal statement and each time he would comment on where I could improve and how to further my references. He would mention which parts of my statement were not necessary and which parts to expand on- I took his advice to heart more than I did with the teachers at my school because his ideas made more sense and he had more of a background in Physics. I remember having a talk with him about the Higgs Boson and becoming lost during the conversation simply because he started going into matters and quarks which I struggled to keep up with.

He also did not just comment, he researched books for me to mention in my statement. One such book included statistics in markets, 'Beat the Market' by Ed Thorpe. It was perfect as it was an interesting book which fitted well with my application and in the sense that it caught my interest as I think it would be helpful in the future. By the end, with Sathy Uncle's help and expertise he had helped me receive four out of five offers including Warwick, UCL and Bath. I felt like I had an advantage with Sathy Uncle on my side helping and I am very sure that without him, I would have received less offers.

Sathy Uncle came across to me as an all-knowing, intelligent person because of the confidence he speaks with on all subjects from science to politics. However, confronting him on this, he seemed to suggest that he was far from all-knowing as he was still learning new concepts every day. From Uncle, I gathered that being intelligent means having the ability to learn and yet being keen to learn. At his age, I was surprised to learn he was still embarking on university courses, much like me! He showed me a course which he embarked on in a very specific Physics subject and another one with coding with an American

university, online. I remember it being an Ivy League university however sadly cannot remember which one. I remember sitting with him at the time and thinking, 'how much more can one learn and understand thoroughly!' He had also completed a few courses already and seemed eager to start a new one again and again.

I will never forget the interest he had in my studies and wellbeing. He had given me a physics puzzle book prior to my first year which I struggle with now even after having completed first year. It serves as a reminder to me to challenge myself if I ever want to expand my knowledge. He recommended that I switch universities and course after hearing I had trouble in my first year, after my parents recommended otherwise. His calm and level-headed character helped me to come to make a decision whilst he reassured me that it was the right one.

Sathy Uncle was rare in terms of the depth of interest and knowledge he had in a vast number of topics. I feel extremely lucky to have met him and to have had his help in one of the most important times in my life as he was influential to me being where I am right now. One of my regrets is not spending more time with him and learning more but with Sathy Uncle you can never learn enough. It pains me to not be able to tell him I am finally doing well at my new university and that I have achieved a great mark in my first year as he was interested in how I got on.

Rest in paradise Uncle, I cannot thank and appreciate you enough.

Niroosh

Poem for a much loved Uncle

Sathy Uncle was a kind hearted-man
His personality is still adored by his fans
I remember the time he visited me in hospital
I had an asthma attack and my chest felt weak and brittle
When Uncle and Kamalini Aunty came through the hospital doors
I was in doubt "What were they doing here straight after work?"
Then I knew Sathy Uncle wanted to visit me and comfort me
In fact, he encouraged Kamalini Aunty to visit me as well
To this day, I still can't believe Uncle took the time to visit me
So after a chit chat, Kamalini Aunty and Uncle prayed for me
After a few hugs and kisses, they left me as can be
Little did I know that would be the last time I would see Sathy Uncle
When I heard the news of Sathy Uncle's passing
I felt a special connection abruptly cut off from me
That's how I felt when Sathy Uncle left after our chit chat
God had seen Sathy Uncle's kindness towards people
and
God had chosen and made the choice
The choice to take Sathy Uncle to heaven
Even if he isn't physically with us
Sathy Uncle will be
In our hearts
In our minds
Forever always

Written by **Jennifer Ganesharajah**

It's almost been a year since Sathy uncle went to be with the Lord.

Sathy uncle was definitely a blessing to all those who knew him. He was a man with a heart of gold, a warm smile and a loving nature. Losing him last year so suddenly is something that will never be easy for all of us. I would first like to thank God for being the comforter and pillar of strength for all uncle's family and friends. And especially, for being with Kamalini aunty and Dinesh anna, during what would have been the most difficult year of their lives.

I would like to praise and thank God for giving my family and I the privilege of knowing a wonderful man who was a dear friend to my parents and a loving uncle to me. I only really got to know Sathy uncle properly over the months I was applying for medical school. He took the time to help me with my application. He would sacrifice time from his busy day to chat to me and has helped me in the best possible ways that he could. He was a character who had a desire to help all those around him.

Something that many people may not know about Sathy uncle is that he was definitely an amazing cook. His shepherd's pie was probably the best I have ever tasted! He made it so lovingly for my friend and I before we headed off for uni. Over dinner, his words of encouragement, kindness and reassurance touched my heart, and from then on I knew that I could always confide in him in the future.

Uncle always called up regularly to check up on me even after I started university. He always wanted to know how I was getting on. He would willingly talk to me and was happy to hear about what I was getting up to. One of the last memories I have of uncle was from a few months before he passed away. He had called me when I was feeling quite unwell. He was so caring and called every few hours to check if I was

okay. I really appreciate everything uncle did for me, and for all the love he showed towards me.

Sathy uncle was a unique, selfless man, who poured out so much love to everyone he knew. I would like to thank God once again for the life of a man who I am so grateful to have known. Sathy uncle is irreplaceable, and fond memories of him will always remain in our hearts.

Vithusha

Memories of Sathy uncle

My earliest memories of Sathy uncle were at Dinesh's birthday parties attended by all his family and friends. We were always made to feel welcome at his home and had the opportunity to taste his wonderful cooking including his signature pork curry dish.

Sathy uncle was blessed with a devoted wife Kamalini aunty and a son he was truly proud of in Dinesh. We shared a common interest in Sports particularly football with the latest gossip on Arsenal FC dominating discussions. I also often reached out to Sathy uncle should I have any computer problems and he was always accommodating in times of need.

To this day I still have fond memories of visiting Sathy uncle and the family at Christmas time to exchange gifts often on Christmas day. Family was important to him and it was often most evident then. We will continue to remember Sathy uncle and cherish the memories we shared.

Haran

Friends from The co-operative (Texaco - Walthamstow)

Dear Mrs Sathiyendran,

We would like to express our sincerest condolences on the passing of Mr Sathiyendran. He was a fantastic individual who will be greatly missed everyone who knew him. Mr Sathiyendran was a regular customer at our Co-Op store, where he was welcomed by our entire staff for the whole-hearted person he was. He always brought a smile upon our faces and always engaged himself in conversations full of laughter.

There is a great emptiness left by Mr Sathiyendran's passing, but I am certain that the strength of the love that you and your family share for each other and for Mr Sathiyendran will get you through this difficult time. May that love honour their memory and may you cherish the time you had together.

With love and sympathy,

The Forest Road Co-Op Team

Mr. Sathyendran was a regular customer at our dry cleaners and was most definitely one of our favourite customers. He was always smiling and full of laughs. He was our friend not just a customer and will always be remembered.

Sagur and Anum
Customercare Dry Cleaners. (Walthamstow)

It is an honour to be able to write a few words about Sathy uncle. Uncle was a very caring, kind, intelligent and an encouraging gentleman, with a very gentle nature. He was a man of few words at most times except for when it came to my education. From the moment I applied for medicine up until my very final year I can remember uncle's excitement. Every time I saw him he would always ask me how my placements were going and what area of medicine interested me. He would try and persuade me to take an interest in the difficult specialities, instead of going forward with general practice. Even within the final year of his life he was in awe of the amazing work of his cardiothoracic surgeons and even asked if I would ever consider a career down that route. Uncle would also take interest when I took part in worship at our church and would be one of the first to wish me after services. Uncle was always so welcoming when we went to his house, and he would make sure that Kamilini aunty had not let us leave without having given us something to eat. The last time I saw uncle was when I went over to their house to give my wedding invitation card, I never expected that he wouldn't have been there for the wedding at that point. Uncle we will miss you dearly, but we know that you are now in no more suffering and with our good Lord. Till we meet again.

Shiyamie Jesuthasan

இனிய உள்ளங் கொண்ட தொட்டப்பா....

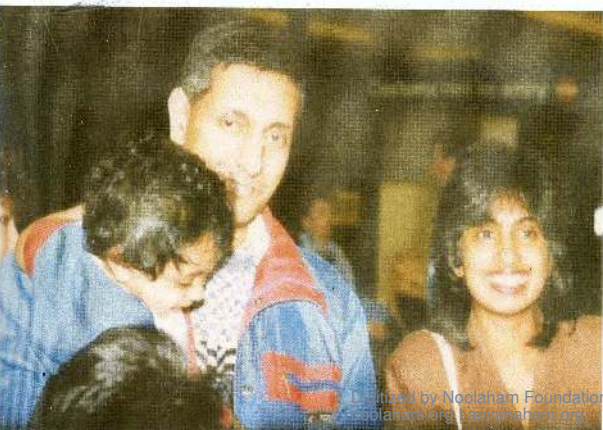
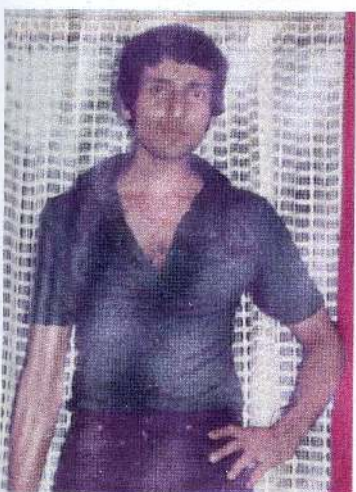
நான் முதன்முதலில் கண்ட என்
அருமை தாத்தா.....

என் குறும்புத் தனங்களை அன்போடு இரசிக்கும் என் இனிய தாத்தா....
என் பிறந்த நாட்கள் வரும்போதெல்லாம் எனக்கு என்ன பரிசு வேண்டும்
என்று கேட்டு வாங்கி வரும் பாசமுள்ள தாத்தா.....

கடவுளுக்குள் நான் வாழ எனக்கு
வழிகாட்டிச் சென்ற நேசமுள்ள தாத்தா.....
அப்போது எனக்கு வார்த்தைகள் பேச வரவில்லை.
என் மழலை மொழி புரிந்து என்னோடு விளையாடிய அன்புத் தாத்தா....

நான் பெரியவனாக வளர்ந்து வரும்போது
என் அருகில் இருந்து எனக்கு வழி காட்டுங்கள்,
என் அன்பு தொட்டப்பா.....
-இயேசு சுவாமியோடு நீங்கள் வாழ வேண்டுகிறேன்.

சுகனேந்திரன் ஜோன்.



Lord,

*Sometimes words escape us
because life just feels too hard.*

In those moments...

*Make every breath a message
that reaches Your ears.*

*Make every tear we cry a portrait
of our pain You see.*

*Make every heartbeat a note
in a song spilling our hearts to You.*

*Thank You that even in our silence,
even in the awkward pauses,
even in the uncertainty
and mess we bring You...*

You still know.

You know what we need.

You know how we feel.

Because You know us.

*please answer with what is good, right,
and full of LOVE.*

We still trust You—

always.

Amen.

