



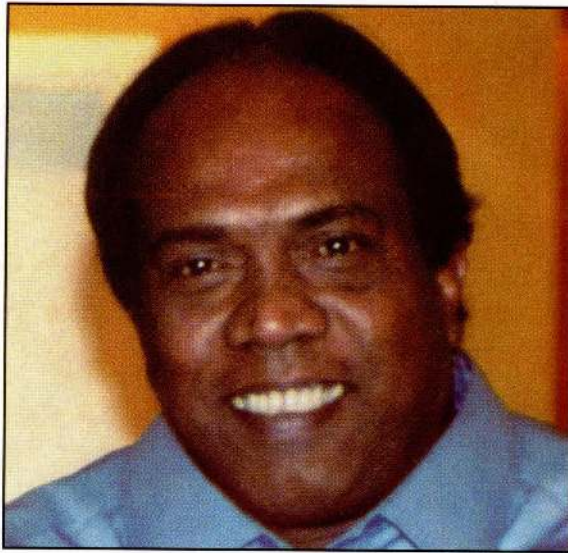
சிவபதம் எய்திய அமரர்  
திரு. ஆனந்தநடராசா சத்தியானந்தன் அவர்களின்  
நினைவாஞ்சலி

*In Loving Memory of the Late*  
**Mr. Ananthadarasa Sathianandan**  
*Departed on 25<sup>th</sup> June 2006*



# ANANTHANADARASA SATHIANANDAN

Born  
05.05.1948



Departed  
25.06.2006



## Dedication To Our Loving Appa



You were us and we became you  
Everything dear to you, you taught us too

You channelled our paths and lit the way  
And now the skies, they seem so grey

So many memories that we hold so near  
That distinct voice we will always hear

Although life without you unwinds  
Forevermore you will remain in our minds

So much in life, we owe to you  
And so we dedicate this, our tribute to you

- Sobi, Sangee & Saru -



## தேவாரம்

பிடியத னுருவுமை கொளமிகு கரியது  
வடிகொடு தனதடி வழிபடு மவரிடர்  
கடிகண புதிவர அருளினை மிகுகொடை  
வடிவினர் பயில் வலி வலமுறை இறையே

திருநாமம் அஞ் செழுத்தும் செப்பராகில்  
தீவண்ணர் திறமொருகாற் பேசராகில்  
ஒருக்காலும் திருக்கோயில் சூழராகில்  
உண்பதன் முன் மலர் பறித்திட்டுண்ணராகி  
அரு நோய்கள் கெட வெண்ணிறணியராகில்  
அழியற்றார் பிறந்த வாறேதா வெனில்  
பெரு நோய்கள் மிக நலிய பெயர்த்தும் செத்துப்  
பிறப்பதற்கே தொழிலாகி இறக்கின்றாரே

## திருவாசகம்

அம்மையே அப்பா ஒப்பிலா மணியே  
அன்பினில் விளைந்த ஆ ரமுதே  
பொய்ம்மையே பெருக்கிப் பொழுதினைச் சுருக்கும்  
புழுத்தலைப் புலையனேன் தனக்குச்  
செம்மையே ஆய சிவபதம் அளித்த  
செல்வமே சிவபெருமானே  
இம்மையே உன்னைச் சிக்கெனப் பிடித்தேன்  
எங்கெழுந் தருளுவ தினியே.

## திருவிசைப்பா

ஒளிவளர் விளக்கே! உலப்பிலா வொன்றே!  
உணர்வுசூழ் கடந்ததோர் உணர்வே  
தெளிவளர் பளிங்கின் திரள்மணிக் குன்றே!  
சித்தத்துள் தித்திக்கும் தேனே!  
அளிவளர் உள்ளத் தானந்தக் கனி!  
அம்பலம் ஆடரங் காக  
வெளிவளர் தெய்வக் கூத்துகந் தாயைத்  
தொண்டனேன் விளம்புமா விளம்பே.

## சேந்தனார் திருப்பல்லாண்டு

பாலுக்குப் பாலகன் வேண்டி அழுதிடப்  
பாற்கடல் ஈந்தபிரான்  
மாலுக்குச் சக்கரம் அன்றருள் செய்தவன்  
மன்னிய தில்லைதன்னுள்  
ஆலிக்கும் அந்தணர் வாழ்கின்ற சிற்றம்  
பலமே இடமாகப்  
பாலித்து நடட்டம் பயிலவல் லானுக்கே  
பல்லாண்டு கூறுதுமே.

## திருப்புராணம்

கற்பனை கடந்தசோதி கருணையே யுருவமாகி  
அற்புதக் கோல நீடி யருமறைச் சிரத்தின் மேலாஞ்  
சிற்பர வியோ மாகுந் திருச்சிற்றம் பலத்துள் நின்று  
பொற்புடன் நடஞ் செய்கின்ற பூங்கழல் போற்றி போற்றி!

## திருப்புகழ்

பத்தியால் யானுனைப் பலகாலும் பற்றியே மாதிருப் புகழ்பாடி  
முத்தனா மாறெனைப் பெருவாழ்வின் முத்தியே சேர்வதற்கருள்வாயே  
உத்தமா தானசற் குணநேயா ஒப்பிலா மாமணிக் கிரிவாசா  
வித்தகா ஞானசத் தினிபாதா வெற்றிவே லாயுதப் பெருமாளே

## வாழ்த்து

வான்முகில் வழாது பெய்க மலிவளஞ் சுரக்க மன்னன்  
கோன்முறை அரசு செய்க குறைவிலா துயிர்கள் வாழ்க  
நான்மறை அறங்க ளோங்க நற்றவம் வேள்வி மல்க  
மேன்மைகொள் சைவநீதி விளங்குக உலகமெல்லாம்.

## மூலமந்திரம்

ஓம் சக்தியே! பராசக்தியே!  
ஓம் சக்தியே! ஆதி பராசக்தியே!  
ஓம் சக்தியே! மருவூர் அரசியே!  
ஓம் சக்தியே! ஓம் விநாயகா!  
ஓம் சக்தியே! ஓம் காமாட்சியே!  
ஓம் சக்தியே! ஓம் பங்காரு காமாட்சியே!

## திருமந்திரம்

சிவ சிவ என்கிலர் தீவினையாளர்  
சிவ சிவ என்றிடத் தீவினை மாளும்  
சிவ சிவ என்றிடத் தேவரும் ஆவார்  
சிவ சிவ என்னச் சிவகதி தானே

## காயத்திரி மந்திரம்

ஓம் பூர் புவஸ்வஹ  
தத் ஸவிதூர்வ ரேன்யம்  
யர்கோ தேவஸ்ய தீமஹி  
தீயோ யோன ப்ரஷோதயாத்

## திருமால் துதி

பச்சைமா மலை போல் மேனி பவளமாய் கமலச் செங்கண்  
அச்சுதா அமரர் ஏறே ஆயர்தம் கொழுந்தே என்னும்  
இச்சுவை தவிர யான்போய் இந்திர லோகம் ஆளும்  
அச்சுவை பெறினும் வேண்டேன் அரங்கமா நகருளானே

## மாணிக்கவாசக சுவாமிகள்

திருவாசகம்

தொல்லை இரும்பிறவிச் சூழும் தளைநீக்கி  
அல்லலறுத் தானந்தம் ஆக்கியதே— எல்லை  
மருவா நெறி அளிக்கும் வாதவூர் எங்கோன்  
திருவா சகம்என்னும் தேன்.

## சிவபுராணம்

நமச்சிவாய வாழ்க நாதன்தாள் வாழ்க  
இமைப்பொழுதும் என்னெஞ்சி னீங்காதான் தாள்வாழ்க  
கோகழி யாண்ட குருமணிதன் தாள்வாழ்க  
ஆகம மாகிநின் றண்ணிப்பான் தாள்வாழ்க  
ஏகன் அநேகன் இறைவ னடிவாழ்க  
வேகம் கெடுத்தாண்ட வேந்த னடிவெல்க  
பிறப்பறுக்கும் பிஞ்ஞுகன்றன் பெய்கழல்கள் வெல்க  
புறத்தார்க்குச் சேயோன்றன் பூங்கழல்கள் வெல்க  
கரங்குவிவார் உள்மகிழுங் கோன்கழல்கள் வெல்க  
சிரங்குவிவார் ஓங்குவிக்கும் சீரோன்கழல் வெல்க  
ஈசனடிபோற்றி எந்தையடி போற்றி  
தேசனடிபோற்றி சிவன்சே வடிபோற்றி  
நேயத்தே நின்ற நிமல னடிபோற்றி  
மாயப் பிறப்பறுக்கும் மன்ன னடிபோற்றி  
சீரார் பெருந்துறைநம் தேவ னடிபோற்றி  
ஆராத இன்பம் அருளு மலைபோற்றி  
சிவனவன்என் சிந்தையுள் நின்ற அதனால்  
அவனரு ளாலே அவன்தாள் வணங்கிச்  
சிந்தை மகிழ்ச் சிவபுராணம் தன்னை

முந்தை வினைமுழுது மோய உரைப்பன்யான்  
 கண்ணுதலான் தன்கருணைக் கண்காட்ட வந்தெய்தி  
 எண்ணுதற் கெட்டா எழிலார் கழலிறைஞ்சி  
 விண்ணிறைந்து மண்ணிறைந்து மிக்காய் விளங்கொளியாய்  
 எண்ணிறந் தெல்லை யிலாதானே நன்பெருஞ்சீர்  
 பொல்லா வினையேன் புகழுமா றொன்றறியேன்  
 புல்லாகிப் பூடாய்ப் புழுவாய் மரமாகிப்  
 பல்விருக மாகிப் பறவையாய்ப் பாம்பாகிக்  
 கல்லாய் மனிதராய்ப் பேயாய்க் கணங்களாய்  
 வல்லகர ராகி முனிவராய்த் தேவராய்ச்  
 செல்லா நின்றஇத் தாவர சங்கமத்துள்  
 எல்லாப் பிறப்பும் பிறந்தினைத்தேன் எம்பெருமான்  
 மெய்யேஉன் பொன்னடிகள் கண்டின்று வீடுற்றேன்  
 உய்யஎன் உள்ளத்துள் ஓங்கார மாய்நின்ற  
 மெய்யா விமலா விடைப்பாகா வேதங்கள்  
 ஐயா எனஓங்கி ஆழ்ந்தகன்ற நுண்ணியனே  
 வெய்யாய் தணியாய் இயமான னாம்விமலா  
 பொய்யா யினவெல்லாம் போயகல வந்தருளி  
 மெஞ்ஞான மாகி மிளிர்கின்ற மெய்ச்சுடரே  
 எஞ்ஞானம் இல்லாதேன் இன்பப் பெருமானே  
 அஞ்ஞானம் தன்னை அகல்விக்கும் நல்லறிவே  
 ஆக்கம் அளவிறுதி இல்லாய் அனைத்துலகும்  
 ஆக்குவாய் காப்பாய் அழிப்பாய் அருள்தருவாய்  
 போக்குவாய் என்னைப் புகுவிப்பாய் நின்தொழும்பில்  
 நாற்றத்தின் நேரியாய் சேயாய் நணியானே  
 மாற்றம் மனங்கழிய நின்ற மறையோனே  
 கறந்தபால் கன்னலொடு நெய்கலந்தாற் போலச்  
 சிறந்தடியார் சிந்தனையுள் தேனூறி நின்று  
 பிறந்த பிறப்பறுக்கும் எங்கள் பெருமான்  
 நிறங்களோ ரைந்துடையாய் விண்ணோர்க ளேத்த  
 மறைந்திருந்தாய் எம்பெருமான் வல்வினையேன்தன்னை  
 மறைந்திட மூடிய மாய இருளை  
 அறம்பாவம் என்னும் அருங்கயிற்றாற் கட்டிப்  
 புறந்தோல் போர்த்தெங்கும் புழுவழுக்கு மூடி  
 மலஞ்சோரும் ஒன்பது வாயிற் குடிவை  
 மலங்கப் புலனைந்தும் வஞ்சனையைச் செய்ய  
 விலங்கு மனத்தால் விமலா உனக்குக்  
 கலந்தஅன் பாகிக் கசிந்துள் ளருகும்  
 நலந்தான் இலாத சிறியேற்கு நல்கி



நிலந்தன்மேல் வந்தருளி நீள்கழல்கள் காட்டி  
 நாயிற் கடையாய்க் கிடந்த அடியேற்குத்  
 தாயிற் சிறந்த தயாவான தத்துவனே  
 மாசற்ற சோதி மலர்ந்த மலர்ச்சுடரே  
 தேசனே தேனா ரமுதே சிவபுரனே  
 பாசமாம் பற்றறுத்துப் பாரிக்கும் ஆரியனே  
 நேச அருள்புரிந்து நெஞ்சில்வஞ் சங்கெடப்  
 பேராது நின்ற பெருங்கருணைப் பேராறே  
 ஆரா அமுதே அளவிலாப் பெம்மானே  
 ஓராதார் உள்ளத் தொளிக்கும் ஒளியானே  
 நீராய் உருக்கியென் ஆருயிராய் நின்றானே  
 இன்பமுந் துன்பமும் இல்லானே உள்ளானே  
 அன்பருக் கன்பனே யாவையுமாய் அல்லையுமாஞ்  
 சோதியனே துன்னிருளே தோன்றாப் பெருமையனே  
 ஆதியனே அந்தம் நடுவாகி அல்லானே  
 ஈர்த்தென்னை யாட்கொண்ட எந்தை பெருமானே  
 கூர்த்த மெய் ஞானத்தால் கொண்டுணர்வார் தன்கருத்தின்  
 நோக்கரிய நோக்கே நுணுக்கரிய நுண்ணுணர்வே  
 போக்கும்வரவும் புணர்வுமிலாப் புண்ணியனே  
 காக்குமெங் காவலனே காண்பரிய பேரொளியே  
 ஆற்றின்ப வெள்ளமே அத்தாமிக் காய்நின்ற  
 தோற்றச் சுடரொளியாய் சொல்லாத நுண்ணுணர்வாய்  
 மாற்றமாம் வையகத்தின் வெவ்வேறே வந்தறிவாம்  
 தேற்றனே தேற்றத் தெளிவேஎன் சிந்தனையுள்  
 ஊற்றான உண்ணா ரமுதே உடையானே  
 வேற்று விகார விடக்குடம்பி னுட்கிடப்ப  
 ஆற்றேன்எம் ஐயா அரனேஓ என்றென்று  
 போற்றிப் புகழ்ந்திருந்து பொய்கெட்டு மெய்யானார்  
 மீட்டிங்கு வந்து வினைப்பிறவி சாராமே  
 கள்ளப் புலக்குரம்பை கட்டழிக்க வல்லானே  
 நள்ளிருளில் நடடம் பயின்றாடும் நாதனே  
 தில்லையுட் கூத்தனே தென்பாண்டி நாட்டானே  
 அல்லற் பிறவி அறுப்பானே ஓவென்று  
 சொல்லற் கரியானைச் சொல்லித் திருவடிக்கீழ்ச்  
 சொல்லிய பாட்டின் பொருளுணர்ந்து சொல்லுவார்  
 செல்வர் சிவபுரத்தின் உள்ளார் சிவனடிக்கீழ்ப்  
 பல்லோரும் ஏத்தப் பணிந்து.

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## நெஞ்சில் நிறைந்த நினைவுகள்

உங்கள் நினைவு மலருக்கு மனைவி என்ற முறையில் ஏதாவது எழுதுமாறு பணிக்கப்பட்டுள்ளேன். எதை எழுதுவது? எதை விடுவது? 1983 ஆம் ஆண்டு ஆனி மாதம் உங்களை முதல் முறையாக சந்தித்த பொழுது, நீங்கள் உங்களைப் பற்றி திறந்த மனதுடன் விவரித்தீர்கள். எனது குணம் இதுதான் எனது வாழ்க்கைமுறை இப்படியானது என்று கூறினீர்கள். ஒளிவு மறைவின்றி கதைத்த விதம் எனக்கு மிகவும் பிடித்திருந்தது.

எங்கள் திருமணத்தின் பிறகு நாட்டுநிலமை சீராக இல்லாதபோதும், அதை ஒரு சவாலாக ஏற்று பிறந்த மண்ணை பிரிந்து வர மனமில்லாது அங்கேயே இருப்பதற்கு தீர்மானிக்கீர்கள். பின்னர் நாட்டு நிலமைகள் மோசமடைந்தாலும், பிள்ளைகளின் நன்மை கருதியும், உங்கள் அண்ணையின் வேண்டுகோளுக்கிணங்கி இங்கிலாந்து வர சம்மதித்தீர்கள். பிள்ளைகளுக்கும் அதை பல சந்தர்ப்பங்களில் உணர்த்தியிருக்கிறீர்கள். பிள்ளைகளின் வளர்ச்சிக்கும், முன்னேற்றத்துக்கும் மிகவும் பாடுபட்டதோடு அவர்களுடைய முன்னேற்றம் கண்டு பெருமையடைந்தீர்கள். அவர்கள் உங்கள் ஆசைகளை நிறைவேற்றுவதற்கு என்றென்றும் உங்கள் நல்வாசிகள் இருக்கும் என்பது நிச்சயம்!

உங்கள் உறவினர்களோடும், நண்பர்களோடும் நீங்கள் அன்போடு பழகிய விதமும், உங்கள் விருந்தோம்பல் பண்பும் அவர்கள் எல்லோரையும் ஒரே குடும்பம் என்று நினைக்குமளவில் வைத்திருந்தது. “கடமையை சேய், கடவுள் பதில் சொல்லுவார்”, என்று அடிக்கடி சொல்வீர்களே! உங்கள் சுகனினத்தின் பிறகு கடந்த ஒரு வருடகாலமாக உங்கள் நண்பர்களும், உறவினர்களும் ஆற்றிய உதவிகளும், அளித்த ஆறுதல் மொழிகளும் இதை தெளிவாக உணர்த்தியது.

உங்கள் நண்பர் ஒருவர் அண்மையில் கூறிய வார்த்தைகள் இன்னும் என் காதல் ஒலிக்கிறது. “நீ உயிரோடு இருக்கும்பொழுதே உனக்கு எவ்வளவு ஆதரவு இருக்கிறது என்று பார்த்துவிட்டாய் இய்ய நீ சேத்தாலும் பரவாயில்லை”, என்று அவர் கூறியதை எல்லோருக்கும் பெருமையுடன் சொல்லி சிரித்தீர்களே!

கடந்த ஒரு மாதகாலமும் உங்களை சிறிய குழந்தையை போல நாங்கள் வைத்து பராமரித்தது என்றும் எமது நெஞ்சில் நிறைந்த நினைவுகளாக இருக்கும். உங்கள் மரணச்சடங்களிலும், இறுதியாத்திரையிலும் கலந்து கொண்ட வர்களின் எண்ணிக்கையை பார்த்தபொழுது உங்களை நினைத்து மிகவும் பெருமையாக இருந்தது. ஆனால் அதனை காண்பதற்கு நீங்கள் எங்களுடன் இல்லையே என்று நம்ப முடியாமலிருக்கிறது.

“உங்கள் ஆத்மா சாந்தியடைய இறைவனை வேண்டுகிறேன்”

என்றும் உங்கள் நினைவுடன் வாழும்  
சியாமளா

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# Father and Daughter: An Everlasting Bond

How do you put into words what a father means to his daughters? And will these words ever be able to do him justice? After all, this is the man who has raised us and shaped our lives the most.

Between us we have many memories of our dad and in the years to come it is these memories that will help to fill the huge void left in our lives. As we grew up so many things around us seemed to change but our dad was always there, a pillar of love, support and strength.

It seems as though everywhere we turn now there is something missing. The seat on which he would sit with the phone glued to his ear is now empty, the scent of the three aftershaves that he would use in combination no longer drifts from the bathroom, and the sound of him chanting prayers in the morning will not wake us anymore.

As time passes by there will undoubtedly be times when his absence will be more apparent, for example results days and birthdays. However it is his daily presence that will be most greatly missed. It fills us with immense sadness that we will no longer return from school or answer the phone to hear "Hello kutty, how was your day?"

Dad continuously encouraged us to aim for the highest standards, particularly in our education. But he would also step back, giving us a chance to make our own mistakes and learn from them. The smile on his face and the glint in his eyes were all that we needed to see to know that we had made him proud. Our dad was also a man of great values and he was eager to pass these on to us.

A year ago, when our dad was given his diagnosis we were devastated. But as they say "every cloud has a silver lining". And in this situation that silver lining was the chance to appreciate our father while he was still here, to say the things we wanted to say and treasure the time we spent together. We have the upmost admiration for the way in which Dad fought his illness. He fought with both courage and determination till the very end. And even in the last week of Dad's life on earth, his smile never wavered, and he kept us laughing with his witty comments and singing.

Dad always lived life to the full and grasped any opportunity to make a moment memorable. Even though he will no longer be here to share those important milestones in our lives we hope that we will continue to make him proud.

Dad, we are eternally grateful for all that you have done for us. We know that one of your biggest worries was about leaving us so early, but we want you to know that you have prepared us well and all that you have imparted on us already will continue to guide us for the rest of our lives. You will be remembered in our thoughts everyday and will never leave our hearts. We pray that your soul will rest in everlasting peace.

Your loving daughters,  
**Sobi, Sangee and Saru.**

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# A Fallen Pillar: The Loss of a Brother and Friend

My parents Navaratnam Ananthanadarasa and Swaminathar Kanmany married in 1944 and lived in 'Mani Mahal', the family abode in Chunnakam. My mother's sister Manonmany (Periammah), her husband Rasanayakam (Periayah), their three children (Sri Rajadevi, Sri Rajaskanthan, Sri Rajasunthari) and my mother's brother Ponnampalam (Mama) all lived together here till 1951, when Periammah & Mama moved to Rajakam & Sothi Illam respectively.

Our family comprised Gananandan, Sathianandan and Navanandan. Our mother exerted her influence in discipline, education and values and her love for my brothers and I was limitless. In Chunnakam, our mother was well known for her hospitality and this is a quality that has been passed on to the three of us.

Sathianandan, the second son, fondly known as "Baby" or "Satchi" was born in 1948. His primary education was at Mylani Saiva Vithiasalai (Chunnakam). This was followed by his studies at Skandavarodaya College & Jaffna College where he was actively involved in sports. He then completed a four year course at Walkers (Colombo) and qualified as a Marine Engineer.

We lost our parents at a young age and since then our love for each other grew even stronger. More than brothers we became friends. Baby looked up to me for any advice or guidance.

My brother Sathianandan married Shyamalanayaki in August 1984 and they were blessed with three daughters, Sobitha, Sangeetha & Sarumathi. One of the hardest decisions he ever had to make came in 1990, when I requested him to migrate to the UK. He was very reluctant to give up his career at the early age of 42 but eventually moved to the UK in February 1990.

He was a devoted husband and a great father. He always wanted his children to do well in life and was well liked by his nephews and nieces. His hospitality attracted many friends during his lifetime, as was evident by the large number of people who came to pay their respects at his funeral.

My brother parted from us on the 25 June 2006, further enlarging the gulf left in my life from the death of my parents.

My brother Nava and I will deeply miss an affectionate brother and the family has lost a valuable member and a friend.

Baby, May your soul rest in Peace

**Babba Annai**  
(Brother, London)

## நம்ப முடியாதது நடந்து விட்டது

என் அருமை மருகா (பேபி)

அன்பின் உறைவிடமாய் பாசத்தின் இருப்பிடமாய்  
வையத்துள் வாழ்வாங்கு வாழ்ந்து வானுறையும் தெய்வமாகிய மருகா  
மணமுடித்து இருபத்துமூன்று ஆண்டுகள் ஆகும் தறுவாயில்  
மனையாள் மக்கள் செல்வங்களை தவிக்கவிட்டு - நீங்கள்  
என்றும் அழியாத அழிக்க முடியாத பாசத்தையும் பழக்கவழக்கங்களையும்  
பிள்ளைகளுக்கு கொடுத்து மறைந்த மாயமென்ன  
தோற்றம் மறைந்தாலும் துயரங்கள் மறையவில்லை  
வாழ வேண்டிய வருடங்கள்  
ஆள வேண்டிய விடயங்கள் ஆயிரமீடுக்க  
எம்மையெல்லாம் ஆறாத்துயரில்  
ஆழ்த்தி விட்டு மீளாத்துயரில் நீங்கள் சென்ற மாயமென்ன  
நீங்கள் மறைந்து நாட்கள் முப்பத்தொன்றானாலும்  
எங்கள் நீங்காத பாச உணர்வுகளில் என்றும் உயிருடன் வாழ்கிறீர்கள்

அத்தமும் வாழ்வும் அகத்துமட்டே விழி அப்பொழுது  
மெத்திய மாதரும் வீதி மட்டே விம்மி விம்மி இரு  
கை தலை மேல் வைத்தழு மைந்தரும் சுடுகாடு மட்டே  
பற்றி தொடரும் இருவினை புண்ணிய பாவமே.

(பட்டணத்தார் பாலல்)

ஆண்டாண்டு தோறும் அழுது புரண்டாலும் மாண்டார் வருவாரோ மண்ணுக்கு

உங்கள் ஆன்மாவை ஆண்டவன் தன் பாதத்தில் இளைப்பாற செய்திட  
இறைஞ்சி நிற்கும்.

- மாமி பரமேஸ்வரி - கொழும்பு

## அன்புச் சகோதரர்கள்

முத்துக்கு முத்தாக சொத்துக்கு சொத்தாக  
அண்ணன் தம்பி பிறந்து வந்தோம் கண்ணுக்கு கண்ணாக  
அன்பாலே இணைந்து வந்தோம் ஒன்றுக்குள் ஒன்றாக  
(முத்துக்கு முத்தாக)

தாயாரும் படித்ததில்லை தந்தைமுகம் பார்த்ததில்லை  
தாலாட்டு கேட்டதன்றி ஓர் பாட்டும் அறிந்ததில்லை  
தானாக படித்து வந்தான் தங்கமேன வளர்ந்த தம்பி  
தள்ளாத வயதிலிலே நான் வாழுகின்றேன் அவனை நம்பி  
(முத்துக்கு முத்தாக)

அண்ணன் சொல்லும் வார்த்தை எல்லாம் வேதம் என்னும் தம்பி உள்ளம்  
அன்னையென வந்த உள்ளம் தேய்வம் என காவல் கொள்ளும்  
சின்ன தம்பி கடைசி தம்பி சேல்லமாய் வளர்ந்த பின்னை  
ஒன்றுபட்ட இதயத்தினிலே ஒரு நானும் பிரிவு இல்லை  
(முத்துக்கு முத்தாக)

ராஜாக்கள் மானிகையும் காணாத இன்பம் வடா  
நாலுகால் மண்டபம் போல் நாங்கள் கொண்ட சொந்தமடா  
ரோஜாவின் இதழ்களை போல் தீராத வாசமடா  
நூறாண்டு வாழ வைக்கும் மாறாத பாசமடா  
(முத்துக்கு முத்தாக)



Brothers Reunion - 1993, London

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# A Dear Cousin Fondly Remembered

In the words of Leo Tolstoy "True life lies in man's relationship to the world and the life of those who die continues even in this world".

I knew Sathianandan (Baby) for 58 years and his passing fills me with great sadness. When ever there was a family function his presence was always felt by everyone around him. He would never be ignored by anyone. Baby was a kind hearted, warm and compassionate person. He was at ease with everyone, young and old. He loved to communicate and tremendous affinity flowed through his communication. He was a man for enjoyable parties.

At times of difficulties I could depend on Baby to be present at the right time and at the right place and to give me the strength to face the situation. He was indeed a tower of strength to my late husband and myself. Siva was totally devastated on hearing about Baby's illness but yet the solace that each of them derived from one another was admirable.

God took the strength of a mountain,  
The majesty of a tree,  
The warmth of a summer sun,  
The calm of a quiet sea,  
The generous soul of nature,  
The comforting arm of night,  
The wisdom of the ages,  
The power of the eagle's flight,  
The joy of a morning in spring,  
The faith of a mustard seed,  
The patience of eternity,  
The depth of a family need,  
Then God combined these qualities,  
When there was no more to add,  
He knew his masterpiece,  
And so  
He called it - - - Cousin (Baby).

May the Almighty offer him a special place to be singing His praise with music eternal.

**Sri Siva**

(Cousin, London).

## எனது நோக்கில் தம்பியார் பேபி

உறவு முறையில் பேபி உடன்பிறவாத் தம்பியாக இருப்பினும், உடன் பிறந்த தம்பியாகவே பிறந்தது முதல் இதுவரை வாழ்ந்து காட்டினார். எங்கள் வாழ்க்கை ஆரம்பமாகிய இடமாகிய “மணிமகால்” இல் நாம் வாழும் பொழுது அம்மொ, சிறியதாம் என்ற வேறுபாடோ, சகோதரவோறுபாடோ இல்லாமல் ஒரு குடும்பமாகவே வாழ்ந்தோம். லண்டனில் இருந்து கொண்டும் சில நேரங்களில் பேபியும் நானும் அந்த நாட்களைப் பற்றிக் கதைத்து மகிழ்வேோம்.

நானடைவில் குடும்பங்கள் விரிவடைய எனது தந்தையார் “நிசுமலிவை” என்ற இல்லத்தை புதிதாக அமைத்து அதில் வாழ்ந்தோம். அச்சந்தர்ப்பத்திலும் இருவிடுகளும், ஒரு விடு போலவே வாழ்ந்தோம். பேபியின் தாயார் ஊருக்கு உத்தரவியாகவும், உபகாரியாகவும் வாழ்ந்து மக்கள் எல்லோராலும் கவரப்பட்டு எல்லோரது உள்ளத்திலும் இடம் பெற்றவர். “மணிமகால்” என்ற இல்லம் ஒரு சத்திரம் ஆகவே காட்சியளித்தது. யாருக்கு என்ன உதவி வேண்டுமோ, என்ன ஆறுதல், அறிவுரை வேண்டுமோ, உடனே அவரை நாடுவார்கள். அவரின் இடத்தை முழுதாக பேபி எடுத்துள்ளார் என்பதை பேபியுடன் பழகியவர்கள் நன்கு அறிவீர்கள். பேபியின் நோற்றழம் தாயார் போலவே.

நங்கள் எங்கள் தந்தைமையர் ஒரு காலத்தில் இழந்தோம். அதனால் எங்கள் உறவு மேலும் நெருங்கியது. ஒருவருக்கு ஒருவர் ஆறுதல் கூறும் நிலையில் இருந்தோம். நான் திருமணத்தின் பின் கொழும்பில் வாழும் பொழுதும் பேபி என்னுடன் இருந்து படித்தார். பேபியின் அண்ணா பயாவும், நவாவும் மேற்படிப்புக்காக லண்டன் வந்தார்கள். அதன் பின் நானும் பேபியும் நான் ஸ்ரீலங்காவில் வாழ்ந்தோம். அதே நேரத்தில் பேபியின் தாயாரின் இழப்பும் ஏற்பட்டது. இத்துன்பத்தை அனுபவிக்கும் பொழுதும் ஒருவருக்கு ஒருவர் ஆறுதல் கூறி வாழ்ந்தோம்.

பேபியின் திருமணத்தை ஒழங்கு செய்து நடாத்தி வைக்கும் பொறுப்பு என் கையில் விடப்பட்டது. பேபிக்கு எல்லாவிதத்திலும் ஏற்ற ஒரு பெண் மனைவியாக அமைந்தமையே பேபியின் சிறந்த இல்லை வாழ்க்கைக்கு வித்தாக அமைந்தது.

“மனைவி அமைந்தெல்லாம் இறைவன் கொடுத்த வரம்”, என்று கூற வேண்டும். இந்நோய் பேபிக்கு என்று அறித்ததும் தன் கவலை, மனைவதை எல்லாவற்றையும் மறைத்துக் கொண்டு பேபியை பராமரித்த முறையை போற்றாதார் இல்லை. பேபி நோயினால் கஷ்டப்பட்டாமல் மனத்தையிராமாக நோயை எதிர்த்து நின்று ஒரு வகுடகாலமாவது எம்முடன் இருந்தமைக்கு இறைபக்தியும், மனைவி பிள்ளைகளின் பராமரிப்பும் காரணம் எனக் கூறினால் மிகையாகாது.

பேபி எனது தாயாரின் மிக அன்பு கொண்டவர். அவரும் ஒரு நாளாவது பேபியை பிள்ளைகளைக் காணாமல் இருக்க மாட்டா. எனது தாயார் லண்டனில் சந்தோஷமாக வாழ்ந்தமைக்கு பேபியின் குடும்பமே காரணம்.

பேபிக்கு இந்த நோய் என்று நிச்சயமாவதற்கு ஒரு மாதத்திற்கு முன் ஒரு நான் என்னுடன் போனில் கதைக்கும் பொழுது தனக்கு மனதில் பயமாக இருக்கிறது என்று கூறி துக்கப்பட்டார். ஏதாவது களவு கண்டதோ எனக் கேட்டேன். இல்லை எனக் கூறி கதையை நிறுத்திவிட்டார். இறை பக்தி மிக்கவராகையால் மனதில் ஏதோ பயம் ஏற்பட்டதோ தெரியவில்லை.

பேபி கன்னகத்தின் அமைந்த குல தெய்வமான மயிலனி சிவன் கோயில் கொடியேற்ற திருவிழாவை மிக சிறப்பாக நடாத்தி வந்தார். கிருஷ்ணனாரையும் வணங்கி வருவார். சில வேளையில் தியானத்தில் இருப்பவர் போல் மிக அமைதியாக இருந்து “பச்சை மாமலை போல் மெனி பவளவாய் கமலச் செடிகள் அச்சுதா அரரேறே” என வாய் முறுமுறுக்கும். இறுதியில் மாறாட்டத்தை ஏற்படுத்தி எம்மை விட்டு பிரிவதை பேபி அறியாமலே மாபவன் ஆட்கொண்டுள்ளான்.

குனித்த புகுவழம் கொவ்வைவாழிற் குமின் சிரிப்பும்  
மனித்த சடைபும் பவளம் போல் மெனியில் பால் வெண்ணீறும்  
இனிதமுடைய பொற்பாதழும் காணப் பெற்றால்  
மனித்தப் பிறவியும் வேண்டுவதே மாநிலக்கே.

இத்தேவாரத்திலிருந்து நாம் இப்பிறவியை எடுத்தது இறைவனை வணங்கி முத்தியின்பம் பெறும் பொருட்டேயாகும் என்பதை உரைக்கட்டியதாக உள்ளது. அன்னாரின் ஆத்மா சாந்தியடை அறைவனை பிராரத்திப்போமாக.

ஓம் சாந்தி ஓம் சாந்தி ஓம் சாந்தி

கந்தரி அக்கா



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## You Are In Our Hearts

I wonder what it is that we all like about you. I think it is your personality and ability to treat the child or the old person, poor or rich, labourer or Chief executive at the same level and become friendly with them. You have taught many people the value of friendship, loving others, keeping others happy and the value and happiness of being together with your friends, relatives and community.

You were a very friendly, kind, entertaining and helpful person. Every time we spoke you would joke about winning the lotto, Vasavalan or about our lucky number five.

You liked to keep people and families together and see them happy. When I needed your support and help you gave it to me every time without any hesitation.

On May 26th you came home from the hospital and you were tired but you still wanted to say “hello” to Senthil and me. It was proof of your love and affection for us. You understood our anxiety to talk to you, which was typical of you Baby Annai.

Simply “we miss you”.

### **Senthil and Anpu Sagotharar Vithuran**

(as you referred to me in our last phone conversation)

(Australia)



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## In Memory of Sithappa

From a very young age I have always had a very close relationship with Sithappa. He always took a keen interest in my life and my achievements, whether it be academic or extracurricular. As a result, I constantly pushed myself to achieve more so that he would be proud of me. As I grew older our relationship matured and strengthened and we came to talk about more meaningful things. One of the most loving things he said to me, was when he called me the son he never had, which showed me how close we had become. One of the things that I regret is that I never thanked Sithappa. He offered me invaluable advice and immense support throughout my life and I will always treasure the time we spent together. So thank you Sithappa.

When I think of Sithappa, the thing that is most prominent in my mind is his wonderful character, particularly his sense of humour which remained with him right until the very end. No matter how sad I was or how bad my day had been, he always managed to bring a smile to my face. He had a very vibrant character and was always the life and soul of the party. The party never really started until Sithappa got there. He was also a very kind and loving man whose generosity was boundless. He was always willing to help even if he had nothing to give. Whenever I went on a school trip he would always give me some money and tell me to enjoy myself.

Another thing that struck me about Sithappa was the huge number of people who knew him. Whenever I went to his house there would always be someone there or he would always be on the phone to someone. But it was not just the fact that he knew all these people, it was the fact that they all loved him. I never heard a bad word spoken about Sithappa. When I went to Sri Lanka, a couple of years back, everyone would ask me when Sithappa was coming back to visit them. I felt honoured to know this man who was admired by so many.

When I found out that Sithappa had cancer I was devastated. But over the last year it showed me another one of his admirable qualities, that he was a fighter. His strong will and passion for life ceased to amaze me. It was his determination and inner strength that gave me hope. But even as he neared the end of his life, and his physical condition deteriorated, whenever I looked in to his eyes I always saw that great man, who meant so much to so many people, and will always have a very special place in my heart. May your soul rest in peace Sithappa.

**Kohilan Gananandan**

(Nephew, London)

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# Baby Mama: A World Renowned Personality

Wherever I have travelled in this world and the people I have met, there is one thing that remains constant, everybody knows Baby and everybody that knows Baby has a great story to tell. There have been times when I have been introduced to people, they skip asking me how my parents are doing and go straight into how they knew my Baby Mama. I remember one time when I was in Australia; a relative took me to see his mother in a senior care home. The first thing she said was “your Baby Mama calls me on my birthday every year and he is the only one who never forgets”.

On many occasions, I have heard stories of the good old days when my uncle was a young and adventurous marine engineer. About how his ship would dock after being at sea for months and the wild times and long nights that were to be had. By all accounts, it seemed that everyone and anyone had a good time when Baby was in town.

Even when he was in the hospital my uncle still managed to have a good time. I remember visiting a few months back, and he told me that I had to come to St. Christopher’s Hospice on Fridays to listen to him play the tambourine in the band they had created. Or how I should come to the hospice to taste his baking skills first hand as he made cookies for probably the first time in his life.

Now I may shed tears of grief in memory of my uncle, but in better days I shared many more tears of joy with him. While many of us may be blessed to live a longer life than he did, few of us will ever live a better one.

**Pranavan Navanandan**

(Nephew, America)



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# Memories

When I think about my Chittappa, I am quickly reminded of various memories that demonstrate his high-spirited, caring and loving personality. Baby Chittappa was always deeply devoted to family as he managed to maintain a tight bond to my family although we lived thousands of miles away from the U.K. Once when my parents and I had a three hour lay over in Heathrow Airport, he took a bus to the airport just to visit us during that brief time period. While growing up my brother and I would always look forward to Sunday mornings when we would receive a phone call from Chittappa. He would have my brother and I speak to each of our cousins and then without fail would end the conversation by asking us when would be our next visit to London.

Baby Chithappa always had enjoyable stories to tell about his times growing up in Chunnakam and always encouraged me to visit Jaffna myself. He was also enriched in our culture, which he continuously demonstrated through his support for my love for Bharatha Natyam. While I was in the midst of preparing for my Arangetram, he would frequently call to ensure that everything was running smoothly and even made great efforts to make sure that his children attended the event.

I will always remember Baby Chittappa for his fun, humorous and entertaining character. Specifically, I recall one time when my cousins and I decided to dance to the soundtrack of a musical that we had attended. Within a few minutes, Baby chittappa was up and dancing with more energy and enthusiasm than any of us. It is through these cherished memories that I will forever remember Baby Chittappa as the family-devoted, fun-loving and sincere uncle that he was.

## **Nidhya Navanandan**

(Niece, America)



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## Baby: A Cousin and Friend

Sathianandan, fondly known to all of us as 'Baby', was born 58 years ago in the famous market town of Chunnakam in northern Sri Lanka. His father was Anandanatharasa (we called him Anandar mama), a popular and pleasant personality just like Baby. I remember him as a man with a quiet demeanour, who was always impeccably dressed in a crisp white short-sleeved shirt and vertti. Baby's mother was Kanmani (we called her Kanmani mami or Kuchiachi). She was a dignified and charming lady. Baby with his elder brother Baba (Gananandan) and younger brother Nava had a very happy childhood.

Even though I was senior to him, along with my brothers and sisters we all grew up together and played together. Not only did we play soft ball, cricket and football but also 'kiddy' and 'thachi'! Those days all the relatives lived close together, supporting each other and functioning as one big extended family. We were in each other's houses at weekends and holidays.

Baby received his primary education at Mylani Saiva Vidyasalai which gave a head start to most of us in the locality; and where his cousin Sundari later became principal. He had his secondary education at the famous Skanda Varodya College. Like his father he took a keen interest in sport which he pursued till his untimely death. After his secondary education he trained as a marine engineer and travelled to many countries.

Baby lost his father in 1969 and his mother in 1974. He married Shyamala, daughter of Dr and Mrs. Kandiah a distinguished and respected family from Vasavilan in 1984. He was blessed with a happy marriage and bright and brilliant daughters Sobi, Sangee and Saru. He came to the UK in 1990 and settled in Croydon. He was actively involved in many community affairs. For many years he was an active member of Skanda OSA. Along with his family, he became closely involved with South London Tamil School.

Baby had a charming personality with a big smile and a kind heart. He was generous in hospitality, always entertaining guests. He was also generous in helping others with utmost sincerity. He enjoyed keeping in touch with many relatives and friends across the world from Sydney to South Africa, Colombo to Canada, Malaysia to Massachusetts, Singapore to Chicago; he liked calling them and having a chat and informing them of any life events that had taken place amongst our relatives.

He loved people. People adored him and held him in high esteem. The very large gathering of people at his funeral, some who had come from USA, Canada, Australia, Singapore and South Africa bared ample testament to the affection with which he was held. He had a remarkable capacity to relate to people from different generations with equal enthusiasm. Youngsters were always at ease, talking and joking with him.

He loved life and enjoyed life to the full. When he was diagnosed with cancer about a year ago it came as a great shock to him and everybody close to him. However, he bounced back within days and faced his illness with great courage, determination and positive attitude. He even surprised his doctors and nurses. He was able to lead a near

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normal life, attending social functions and enjoying celebrations with his family and friends till very late in his illness. Unfortunately, his illness advanced and got the better of him during the last month. He passed away peacefully on Sunday 25th June 2006 in the presence of his beloved wife Shyamala, children Sobi, Sangee, Saru, his brother Baba and family and his cousins and in-laws.

He was cheerful till the end. It had been a difficult year for all of us close to Baby. However, the main impact of his illness was on his immediate family. We were moved by the sheer dedication and unrelenting love and devotion shown by Shyamala in caring for her husband. She was with him day and night through his illness, keeping a vigil.

Sobi balanced her tough medical studies with caring for her father as well as comforting her mother and sisters. She quietly and confidently played a pivotal role in his care. Sangee and Saru were brilliant. They showed maturity beyond their years, right through Baby's illness and kept him cheerful. They made his life as normal as possible.

His elder brother Baba was a tower of strength to him. His younger brother Nava, his cousins, in-laws, nephews and nieces all rallied around him as they have always done to lessen the burden on Shyamala and the children. Some made several trips from abroad to comfort him and his family.

Finally Baby, we will miss you. We will miss your charming personality, your beaming smile and good nature. You cannot be replaced. You will always have a special place in our hearts.

**Dr M Chellappah**

(Cousin and Friend)



## மைத்துனா மாயமாய் மறைந்தாய்!

பிறந்தோர் இறப்பது இயற்கையின் நியதி. எனினும் நாம் மிக அன்பு கொண்டவர் எமக்கு மிக வேண்டியவர் மறையும் பொழுது அந்த வேதனையை எம்மால் தாங்கமுடியாது தவிக்கிறோம்.

உறவினரும், நண்பனுமான பேபியுடன் சிறுவயது முதல் பழகி வந்தேன் இருவரும் ஆரம்பக்கல்வியை மயிலணி சைவ வித்தியாசாலையில் ஆரம்பித்தோம். பின் ஸ்கந்தவரோதையாக் கல்லூரியில் இருவரும் ஒரே வகுப்பில் படித்தோம். பாடசாலை நேரத்தை விட மிகுதி நேரத்தில் பெரும் பெகுதியை பேபி வீட்டிலேயே களிப்பேன். பேபியின் தாயாரில் எனக்கு மிகுந்த பாசம். அவர் சொல்லுவார் தனக்கு நான்கு ஆண்பிள்ளைகள் என்று என்னையும் தன் மகனாகவே மதித்தும் வாழ்ந்தும் வந்தார்.

இருவரது தொழில் துறையும் வேறாக அமைந்தாலும் எங்கள் தொடர்பு ஒருபோதும் குறையவில்லை. பேபியின் தந்தை, தாய் மறைவு எங்களை மிகவும் பாதித்தது. 19980 ஆம் ஆண்டு பேபியின் அண்ணா எனது சகோதரியை மணம் செய்தமையால் பேபியின் மைத்துனரானேன். அதன் பின் எங்கள் தொடர்பு மேலும் விரிவடைந்தது.

பேபிக்கு திருமணமாகி வாழ்ந்து கொண்டிருக்கும்பொழுது நாட்டுநிலமை காரணமாக லண்டனில் வாழ்வதற்கு தீர்மானித்தார். தொலைபேசி மூலம் தொடர்பு கொள்வோம்.

பேபிக்கு இந்த கொடியநோய் என்று கேள்விப்பட்டதும் என்ன செய்வது என்று தெரியாத நிலையில் இலண்டனுக்கு வந்து அவருடன் ஒரு மாதமாவது தங்குவது என தீர்மானித்தேன். அன்று முதல் தினமும் அவருடன் தொலைபேசியில் தொடர்பு கொள்வேன் அவரும் தனக்கு சுகமாகி வருவதாக கூறுவார். நான் அதனை நம்பியும் நாட்டு நிலைமைகாரணமாகவும் எனது பயணத்தை பிற்போட்டேன் அதனால் பேபியைக் காண்பதற்கு கொடுத்து வைக்காத பாவியானேன். பேபியின் பிள்ளைகள் என்னில் மிக அன்பாக உள்ளார்கள். பேபியின் இடத்தை அவர்கள் பூர்த்தி செய்வார்கள் என நம்புகிறேன்.

ஓம் சாந்தி!

சுருட்டி மாஸ்டர்  
சேது விபுலானந்தா

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# The "Baby" at Dharmarama Road

As usual the day dawned with bright sun shine and a cool breeze. Melody from the beautiful chirping birds awoke me to hear the sad news of the sudden death of my husband's cousin, Anandar, and we travelled to Chunnakam, Jaffna to attend the funeral. The entire family of Anandar was shattered by the sudden death, especially Baby. The three sons were very young with Baby and Nava still studying. My husband was keen that Baby should come and stay with him in Colombo.

So Baby relocated his residence to Dharmarama road in Colombo and my family welcomed him with open arms. He commenced a new life there and adapted to the busy Colombo life very well. The neighbours began to build friendships with him, his great quality of making friends in no time on display. He was always there to help them at anytime.

Baby was very free with my family members. Some times he had heated arguments with Kunchiappu, got angry and forgot the next minute, like a passing cloud. There was always fun and laughter when he was around. I always say that Baby is like one of my three sons along with Muralee & Giri and feel as if he has been living with us for many years. We both are his Kunchiappu & Kunchiachi.

Every morning he never failed to clean the house and the garden. Then he had a bath and would head to the shrine room. He lit the lamp and joss stick and performed prayers, which I hear was continued until his death.

I used to tease him that he was not a man but a "baby". His friends of all communities: Tamils, Singhalese, Muslims and Burgers, came to our house and Baby always provided them with happiness and laughter. In fact, they too called us Kunchiappu & Kunchiachi. I feel Baby is one of the very few individuals who never had an enemy which is rare in the present way of life.

He successfully completed an apprenticeship in Marine Engineering and began to sail around the globe until finally migrating to England. When ever he came to Sri Lanka he made sure that he visited his friends and relatives, showing gratitude to the ones who had helped him. Whilst staying with us he got married to Shyamala, who like Baby is a friendly and loving person and also calls us Kunchiappu & Kunchiachi.

When I visited London with my late husband, the time we had with Baby was memorable. Every evening Baby, Shyamala and the lovely children with their aunts and cousins gathered at Baby's brother's (Baba), almost a replica of 48/1 Dharmarama road. Baba's wife, Gowri, entertained all and her hospitality was wonderful. The whole house was like a family and I had some wonderful times. It is heartening to realise that this was the last time I saw Baby.

At times we may think that God is not kind. But I feel it is not so, because God has blessed Baby with a wonderful devoted wife and three beautiful, brilliant daughters. Needless to say that they will continue to carry the torch left behind by Baby. God may have taken Baby away, but he will be remembered by every one known to him all around the globe.

Baby's stay down Dharmarama Road, Colombo 6 is always remembered and cherished.

May his soul rest in peace

**Kunchiachi**  
(Australia)



## **Satchi, Who had a Heart to Love, Heart to give and a Heart to serve**

A. Sathianandan, my cousin who was lovingly known among family members as “Baby” is no more in his physical form. When I heard of his sickness I was deeply rooted with sadness but it reminded me of the universal truth that life is a mystery and we fail in our effort to correlate the cause and effect syndrome. My mother was the eldest in a family of three; the other two being her brothers in which Baby’s father was the youngest. As I recollect the past I remember how the two brothers considered my mother as a guardian angel with a bond of love and affection. This tie of brotherhood among the families remained right through.

Baby also known as “Satchi” among friends was a lovable personality. He specialised in the field of Marine Engineering and had a successful career while in Sri Lanka. He believed in the philosophy that we make a living by what we get, but we make a life by what we give. On my return to Sri Lanka following my assignments abroad and a long lapse of time, I heard people commenting that Baby gave liberally to the needy and had helped many village folks. A man with a tender heart, and always with a cute smile, ready to help any one in the spirit of universal love. I have lost a compassionate and caring cousin, a brother and a friend who always called us from London, “Suriya Annai and Baby Acca”, and enquired of our health and of any wants from the UK.

Destiny took him and his family to the Untied Kingdom when the children were in their infancy. I am very proud that his eldest daughter, Sobi, is now entering her fourth year of the medical course and that the other two daughters, Sangee and Saru, who are also excelling in their studies will certainly follow suit in their field of interest.

Destiny has left Shymala, children and the family members in a situation difficult to conceive but may the almighty give the strength, courage and the blessings to create a positive environment to face the challenges ahead in their life of samsara. Leela Acca joins me in conveying our moral support in this, our hour of grief.

May his soul find repose at the Lotus Feet of Lord Shiva.

**S. Suriyadeva**

(Cousin, Sri Lanka)

## மனையின் ஒளி இன்று மங்கினாலும் மச்சானின் ஒளி என்றும் மங்காது

உறவு முறையில் மச்சான் ஆக இருந்தாலும் அன்பு, பாச மேலீட்டினால் பேரி அண்ணை என்றே நாம் மூவரும் அழைத்து வந்தோம். சின்னஞ் சிறு வயதிலேயே நாங்கள் மூவரும் பேரி அண்ணையை அறிவுரை கூறும் ஆசானாக மதித்து அன்புடன் பழகி வந்தோம்.

பேரி அண்ணை மிகவும் இறைபக்தி உடையவர். ஸ்ரீலங்காவில் எங்கள் குலதேய்வமான மயிலணி சிவன் கோயிலில் கோடியேற்றி திருவிழாக்களை மிகச்சிறப்பாக நடாத்தி வரப்பார். அந்த நேரத்தில் நாங்கள் மூவரும் அவருக்கு உதவிபாக அவரின் தலைமையில் இயங்குவோம். அந்நேரத்தல் வேட்டி சால்வையுடன் பேரி அண்ணை ஓடித்திரியும் காட்சி தான் எங்கள் மனதில் பதிந்துள்ளது.

பேரி அண்ணை லண்டனிலும் நாங்கள் கனடாவிலும் வாழ்ந்தாலும் கிரமைக்கு ஒரு தடவையோ இரு தடவையோ தொலைபேசியில் கதைக்க தவற மாட்டோம். எல்லாம் புதினங்களையும் கதைத்து சந்தோஷமாக வாழ்ந்தோம். திடீரென பேரி அண்ணை க்கு இந்த நோய் என்று அறிந்ததும் ஆற்ற முடியாத கவலைக்கு ஆளானோம். செய்வதறியாத நிலையில் மூவரும் லண்டனுக்கு போய் ஒவ்வொரு மாத காலமாகது அவருடன் கழிப்பது எனத் தீர்மானித்து மூவரும் ஒவ்வொருவராக வந்து அவருடன் தங்கி வந்தோம். அந்த நாட்களில் தனது ககயினத்தை பொருட்படுத்தாது எங்களை உபசரித்த சிறப்பை எங்களால் என்றுமே மறக்க முடியாது.

பேரி அண்ணை இல்லையே என மனவேதனை அடையும் வரக்கு அவரின் பிள்ளைகள், மனைவி எங்களில் கொண்டிள்ள அன்பும் பாசமும் மன ஆறுதலை தருகிறது. பேரி அண்ணை எங்களுடன் இல்லாவிட்டாலும் அவர் இறைவனுடன் இருந்து வரக்கு ஆசி கூறி வாழி நடாத்துவார் என்பதில் ஐயமில்லை.

ஓம் சாந்தி ஓம் சாந்தி ஓம் சாந்தி

சுவாமி, சிவா, பரம்

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## Tribute to Baby Mama

My first memories of Baby Mama are from a trip to Sri Lanka when I was ten years old. He won a place in my heart following a game of cricket in which he accidentally knocked-out my sister with a cricket bat. This endeared him to me immediately. We met again in the 1990's when Mama and his family moved to the United Kingdom; this allowed us to become much closer as a family.

Mama had many amazing qualities which came across to people almost instantaneously upon meeting him for the first time. For me his philosophy on life and the code by which he felt life should be lived was most impressive. He wanted to enjoy as much as possible from life and believed that we should always help others around us. Whenever, I met him he always had a smile, and would always be interested in developments in mine and my sister's life. His passion for life was clearly evident to anyone that spoke to or engaged him in a topic which he was interested in, for example cricket or politics.

Since Baby mama's family lived so close we would often pop in and visit. The reoccurring theme in their household was that everyone was relaxed and happy. Baby Mama's children also have adopted his outlook on life and they all have outgoing personalities.

Once diagnosed with oesophageal cancer and being informed that it was incurable, he dealt with the news in a positive and strong way. He was keen to find out what treatments were available and was willing to trial any therapies that could possibly help him. His continued positive mental attitude and immense family support allowed him to live a relatively normal life following the diagnosis albeit for the numerous appointments at the Marsden Hospital. It was clear to me that he was determined to survive as long as possible with the condition so that he could spend as much time as possible with his family. He dealt with the chemotherapy exceedingly well and did not complain. He remained as active as possible.

I would like to thank Baby Mama, for leaving me with so many positive memories and interesting stories, and let him know that he will always be missed.

**Venthan Sri Rajakanthan**  
(Nephew, London)

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# In Loving Memory of Baby Mama

Baby Mama, to me you were more than a loving uncle, you were also my friend. Being so fun-loving and easy to talk to it is no wonder that such a strong bond was able to form between us. From the first day that I met you, which was on holiday in Sri Lanka in 1989, you showered me with such love and affection and looked after me as if I was one of your own. I will never forget how we had so much fun together when you took me to Kerimalae for swimming and the calculator which you bought me later on that day.

You have a special gift, the gift of being able to bridge the gap between adults and children of all ages. As a child I always used to look forward to seeing you, as you would constantly make me laugh and smile and somehow had the ability to make everything seem fun. I remember how I would long for you to join us as we played games such as "Karam" and "Frustration" as your competitive nature would add to the excitement of the activities.

So many of us are at fault of not staying in regular contact with our family and friends but what amazed me about you was how big your heart was and how you managed to make time for everyone. There has never been a time when you have not shown a keen interest in my life and I will never forget the last conversation we shared. Even with everything that was going on in your life you remembered to ring and wish me good luck for my exams which were the following day. This exemplifies your thoughtful and caring nature and I am so thankful for all the love and support you have given me over the years.

Baby Mama you have left me with so many wonderful memories which I shall cherish forever. Looking back, the funniest has to be the time you took us to Water Palace. You were enjoying yourself so much that you somehow managed to lose Sangee and had to go on a marathon search and make an announcement over the radio for "Sangeetha Sathianandan to come back to Daddy".

Baby Mama, you loved all aspects of life and lived life to the full and this is what made you a fabulous father, superb uncle and loving husband. I have been truly blessed and lucky to have you in my life. You will always have a special place in my heart and I will miss you greatly. One thing is for sure, I will never forget you.

**Mythily Sri Rajaskanthan**

(Niece, London)

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# Our Memories of Chittappah

My brothers and I have had the great fortune to have been able to visit Chittappah, Chitti, Sobi, Sangee and Saru numerous times. My parents and sister were able to see Chittappah and Chitti after a long time last year. We know him as a caring and wonderful brother-in-law and uncle, and will miss his humour and sense of togetherness as a family.

When I was 16, I remember coming to the house and instantly feeling at home with the family's quick remarks and jokes and open engaging talk. It usually started with Chittappah's big smile before starting these loving exchanges. Over time, I might have been gone for a year or more but whenever I visited it was like I had never left.

Chittappah always insisted on meeting my friends from South Africa and knowing how they were doing here in the UK. In turn, they really connected with my family here in no small part to him. When my then new sisters-in-law came to the UK and met Chittappah and family, he instantly made them feel part of the family and they have the fondest memories of him with his quips.

He was a devoted, loving husband and father. I remember the many times he would chat to me about Chitti, Sobi, Sangee and Saru's accomplishments with such pride. He also took much pride in his work and community involvement and always showed me the latest jobs and activities he was involved in, be it at the Spar or the Tamil School. He was a cornerstone of the family and community.

Chittappah, Chitti and my cousins made me realise how important it is to know your family wherever they may be. He was always introducing us to family and friends, including the local shopkeepers all of whom he seemed to know! I am fortunate to have met Chittappah's side of the family and the close friends he has made here in the UK.

Recently he was trying to get me to "settle down" and I knew one of the main reasons for this was the happiness that family brought to him. Chittappah always did things with joy and pride and left you feeling inspired to make him and the family proud in whatever you do.

We share in the family's grief but remember Chittappah with all the happiness that he brought to us all.

To Chittappah, I know your legacy will live on with Chitti, Sobi, Sangee and Saru and their great achievements still to come, as will the family spirit that you created amongst our distributed family. This is not a goodbye, for you will always remain part of all of us and in our thoughts. You serve as an inspiration to us on how to live life happily no matter the circumstances.

## **Kutty, Kannan, Kunchu and Lochi**

(Nephews and Niece, South Africa)

## எங்கள் அருமை Baby சித்தப்பா!!!!

சிறுவயது முதல் "Baby சித்தப்பா" என  
கூப்பிட்ட நாங்கள் இனி யாரை அப்படி  
கூப்பிட போகின்றோம்!

உங்களின் கலகலப்பான பேச்சையும்,  
புன்னகை பூத்த இனிய முகத்தையும்  
இனி நாங்கள் எங்கு காண்போம்!

எங்களுக்கு பல் அறிவுரைகளை தந்து  
வழிகாட்டிய நீங்கள் இன்று எங்களை  
தவிக்க விட்டு போவதற்கு  
என்னதான் அவசரமோ!

நீங்கள் எங்களை விட்டு போய்விட்டீர்கள்  
என்ற செய்தி கேட்டதும்  
நாங்கள் ஒரு கணம் கதிகலங்கி போய்விட்டோம்

சித்தப்பாவின் பிரிவால் துயருற்றிருக்கும்  
சியாமளா சித்திக்கும், சோபி, சங்கி, சாருக்கும்  
ஆறுதல் கூறி  
பேபி சித்தப்பாவின் ஆத்மா சாந்தியடைய  
இறைவனை வேண்டி நிற்கிறோம்!

- உங்களின் பிரிவால் துயருறும் -

**Rajanthy, Jamuna & Harish**

(Nieces and Nephew, Sri Lanka)

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## **Tribute to Mama: An Open Home and an Open Heart**

I will always remember Mama for his warmth and big heart. His front door was always open to anyone and everyone and every time I stepped into his house I was welcomed with open arms. Mama had an amazing ability to make everyone feel as though they were important to him. Whether he was meeting you for the first time or whether he hadn't seen you in a while, he always managed to make you feel as though you were life long friends by making you feel comfortable.

He was a stubborn man that always wanted his way, but this only added to his character and charm. He was always so bubbly and cheerful, and always the first one to make a joke. He enjoyed more than an occasional beer and cigarette and always enjoyed a good chat. I think Mama had the longest list of friends of anyone that I know. He made such a conscious effort to keep in touch with everyone from family to friends, whether they lived next door or all the way across the globe in Sydney, Australia.

Mama, you are a very special person and truly one of a kind. You had an amazingly generous heart that you shared with so many people. You were a true family man, who loved and cared deeply for your girls and Mami. I know that you are proud of all of them and that they will continue to make you proud. And although you will always look over them, we will do everything we can to look after them too.

Thank you for everything you gave us, thank you for sharing your warmth and kindness with us, we love you and will never forget you.

**Abhi & Abharna Anandakumar**  
(Nieces, Australia)

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# Baby Periappah: An Inspiration

Death is inevitable and only a fool would choose immortality. It is the prospect of death that makes us really live life.

I have my strongest recollection of Periappah when we visited in 1997. My brother Nimalan was only one then and he immediately connected with Periappah, offering him the occasional calf massage to have a hold of his icy beer. To me, he never came across as "an uncle". I did however have a great deal of respect for him, as any man that could live with four women in the same household was made of the right stuff. He was more like a mate, someone you can just talk to. Pick up the phone, skip the formalities and get straight into the sport. His interest in mine and Nimalan's cricket and soccer developments served as motivation for us to continue our participation. I remember how at the end of last year, when I had finished my finals and was awaiting my results, his almost arrogant exclamations of "what are you worried about? You'll have done well!" were all I needed to hear to settle me down. Of course, when I did get my results, there was a hint of "I told you so" and a little chuckle.

There are numerous people who have been touched by Baby Periappah's warmth, kindness, and laughter. We should not be sad that he has gone but be grateful that he was with us.

May his body rest in peace, but his spirit live eternally within us all.

**Abayasankar and Nimalan Sundaram**

(Nephews, Australia)

## Mama

We were shocked to hear about the sad and sudden demise of our Mama. We are praying to God to keep his soul in peace. Also, we pray to God to give us all the strength to bear his loss and we are sure that God almighty will keep us all under his arms to cover his loss.

Although our Mama left us, he will be in our hearts throughout our remaining life.

Om Shanthi,Om Shanthi,Om Shanthi

**Prasha & Mathusha**

(Nieces, Abu Dhabi)



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# My Tribute to Baby Uncle

I remember first meeting Baby uncle when I was 10 years old. I visited his house with my Amma and Ammama. At that time, I was so surprised that someone from my Appa's side wanted to see me so eagerly. More shocking was the fact that he invited my Amma and Ammama to come with me. I guess that's the type of person Baby uncle was, a man who didn't judge people or change his views about others even after a separation.

I lost touch with him over the years and spoke to him around once a year. About 2 years ago, I got an unexpected phone call from Baby uncle. He asked me to visit him in London and I told him I would next summer. Next summer came and I learned Baby uncle was diagnosed with cancer. I spoke to him on the phone and he asked me once again when I was coming to London. He also told me he really wanted to see me before anything happened to him. I promised him I would visit on my next break from university.

That break came this past December. I visited London for one reason and one reason only, to meet Baby uncle. I remember the first day I arrived at Baby uncle's house. My first impression of him was a sick man who had cancer and no idea of when his life was going to end. We spent most of our time together just talking about anything and everything. That's one thing I loved about Baby uncle, he was never scared to give his opinion and advice. The next day we went to a Tamil School Christmas party. The most memorable moment for me was when the Tamil school chose him to be Santa Clause. It was that moment alone that changed my first impression of Baby uncle. I was no longer looking at a man who had cancer, instead I was looking at a man who was really happy and wanted to spread joy and happiness to all his friends and family.

My last day with Baby uncle was on Christmas day. We had a huge Christmas party at Skanda uncle's house. After the party, I went to Baby uncle's house and we just talked and talked. When Suresh uncle arrived to pick me up from Baby uncle's house we all hugged and said our good byes. The minute I picked up my bag, Baby uncle started crying. I looked in his eyes and it was as if he felt that it would be the last time we would meet. I told him, "Baby uncle, alla vendam, I promise I will meet you again this summer". Summer came and I kept my promise to him, but unfortunately it was under different circumstances to those I had imagined.

To sum up I would like to say one thing to Baby uncle. Baby uncle I promise that we will meet again but this time we will have more laughs and share our life stories. Rest in peace Baby uncle.

**Prashanth Paramanathan**

(Nephew, Canada)

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## Baby mama

Baby mama had a wonderful habit of keeping in touch. When I was a child, my sister and I always knew that the sound of an auto pulling up outside the house heralded his arrival. This was no ordinary visitor; we looked forward to his arrival. He was never empty handed but always laden with Green Cabin cake, Kandos chocolates and those jam biscuits you could never find in Colombo in the 1980s. It was this and his warm heart that left us always looking forward to his next trip.

As we grew older, it wasn't simply Baby mama, but Sobi, Sangee, Saru and Shyamala aunty who would call to celebrate and share in your happiness in all life events. The cheeky laugh and encouragement for me to continue the conversation in Tamil meant that I knew instantly it was Baby mama, on answering the phone. He was always the fountain of knowledge regarding news concerning the family across all the continents.

The last time we exchanged words of advice was at his birthday as he inquired about my progress in reaching matrimonial bliss and asked for my advice about treatment. I felt privileged that he felt able to discuss the latter with me. This ended as all our conversations before with a laugh and a pat on my back.

Baby mama was special to people in many ways but to my family it was this enduring quality of always keeping in touch that meant that he was so dear to us. He managed to keep alive the spirit of Station Lane, Chunnakam in all of us.

**Arani Anadakumaraswamy**

(Niece, London)

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## In Memory of Baby Anna

Baby Anna, a proud marine engineer full of life and fun, is not with us anymore. Like everyone else, I am still finding it hard to accept that he has left us.

When Baby Anna was diagnosed with oesophageal cancer a year ago, it was the biggest shock Baby Anna ever had. However, he always said that whatever happened it would be based on his fate and he tried his level best to keep others smiling. Until two days before his death, he was neither short of a smile on his face nor had he given up hope of successful treatment. He has always been positive with the medical care that he received, which helped his family and friends to continue with their lives as normal. He managed to follow the interesting cricket matches on television and never failed to call his friends or relatives until three weeks before his death.

In the early nineties, I experienced a series of career setbacks and had an opportunity to move in with Baby Anna and Shyamala Acca. They gave me a lot of support and motivation in life. He always said things to make me feel better. His unique sense of humour would lift the spirits of all those around him. As both Baby Anna and Shyamala Acca were very accommodating and easy to talk to, all my friends became their friends too. His influence has initiated the happy and successful marriages of two of my friends. This gave Baby Anna enormous happiness and satisfaction.

Baby Anna passed away on Sunday 25th June 2006. The events followed as though he had waited to say his final goodbyes when everyone was free from their commitments and his family and friends were by his bedside. The only consolation is that God has relieved his pain.

May Baby Anna's soul rest in peace.

**Sinniah Logeswaran**

(Cousin, Essex)

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# In Memoriam of Baby Annai

When we truly love, it is never lost. It is only after death, that the depth of bond is truly felt, and our loved one becomes more a part of us than was possible in life.

**Oriental tradition**

It has been the greatest privilege and an honour to know Baby annai and his family.

Baby annai was the kindest soul whose generosity was second to none. He was always there for everyone, young or old, in their hour of need. He was always in the background silently 'beavering' away, ensuring that events went smoothly but when it came to being acknowledged, one could never find him. He would have disappeared in a "puff of smoke".

Baby annai was also blessed with three beautiful, intelligent girls, whom he was very proud of and loved dearly. He was also a lucky man to have had an extremely devoted, supportive and loving wife in Shyamala acca.

We as a family have many memorable events that we shall treasure forever. We consider ourselves very fortunate to have known such a great Gentleman, and feel humble that we were included in his circle of close friends and relatives.

We will never forget you Baby annai and the following piece we feel, will help many of us to come to terms with your new adventure.

Death is nothing at all.  
I have only slipped away into the next room.  
I am I, and you are you,  
What ever we were to each other that we still are.  
Call me by my old familiar name,  
Speak to me in the easy way, which you always used.  
Put no difference in your tone,  
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow,  
Laugh as we always laughed, at the little jokes we enjoyed together.  
Pray smile, think of me, pray for me.  
Let my name be ever the household word that it always was.  
Let it be spoken without effort,  
without the trace of a shadow in it.  
Life means all that it ever meant  
it is the same as it ever was.  
There is unbroken continuity  
why should I be out of mind because I am out of sight?  
I am waiting for you somewhere very near  
just around the corner.  
All is well

**Henry Scott Holland 1847-1918**

Canon of St Paul's Cathedral

**Hangovan Family**  
(Basingstoke)

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## A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed

I am fortunate to have known Satchi for the last thirty eight years. Whilst I was preparing for my City & Guilds of London Exam in Colombo, Satchi was following a Marine Engineering Apprenticeship at Walkers (Colombo) and was looking to rent a room in Colombo. I was introduced to him by my friends Rajeswaran and Christy Rasanayakam. All four of us shared a room at 27 Frankfurt Place, Bambalapitiya. During this time Satchi had a lot of friends of all races. He was very popular amongst his friends and treated them all in the same way irrespective of their wealth or status. He was a friend who always wanted to help people in need and socialise with everyone.

Satchi stayed with us for a short period and then moved to 24 Visaka Road Bambalapitiya to live with his cousin Sunthari and her husband Vythi. Our friendship continued and became stronger. He was fond of taking me along with him when he visited his relatives in Colombo for 'chitchat' or to help them in anyway he could. During the festive holidays in Sri Lanka most of Satchi's friends visited Jaffna and would gather at his house to plan the holidays. Satchi's mother was a very lovely and pleasant lady who always wore a smile. She would entertain Satchi's friends of all races and treated all of us as her own children. I can still remember the lovely and tasty dishes she made. At this time most of us knew Gana (Babba) and Nava as Satchi's brothers. We moved with Gana but gave him due respect as Satchi's elder brother.

In the early part of the seventies, most of our friends and Satchi's two brothers migrated to western countries leaving us both behind in Sri Lanka. Our friendship still grew stronger.

When Satchi's mother was diagnosed with cancer in 1974 and he was told that her life span would only be 6 months, he was very upset. At that time he was the only son living in Sri Lanka. The other two brothers Babba and Nava had migrated to the UK in January 1974. Satchi was supported by his cousin Sunthari and his friends in taking care of his mother.

I migrated to the UK in 1975 for further studies. Even though we were miles apart we maintained our friendship. In London I was living close to his brothers and relatives. Whenever he visited Jaffna he never failed to visit my mother and sisters at Vaddukoddai.

In 1982 I migrated to Singapore in search of a job. Since I was considered as a family friend, Satchi's cousin, the late Mr Sivananthan helped me to find a job in the firm he was working for. Whenever the ship docked in Singapore harbour Satchi never failed to visit my house. I got married in 1982 and was privileged to have his presence on my wedding day.

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Due to the political unrest in Sri Lanka, Satchi decided to retire from his career in 1990 and migrate to UK with his family. This move was initiated by his elder brother Babba.

Satchi was very proud of his wife, Shyamala, and his children, Sobitha, Sangeetha and Sarumathi. Whenever we talked about his family he had high regard for his wife and believed that she was a very capable woman and that his children are pretty and intelligent.

When I heard about Satchi's sickness through my brother-in-law, Mr. Selvaganachandran, I was deeply rooted with sadness. I made a few telephone calls to enquire about his health and his reply was always the same "I am alright and getting better, nothing to worry about".

When I heard about the demise of Satchi, I was shocked and felt that I had lost a friend who was actively involved in every stage of my life. I hope God will give Shyamala and the children the strength and courage to face the challenges ahead and that the children will do well in their lives.

If, as I believe there is a rebirth after demise then I will be privileged to be his friend in my next life.

Satchi, May your soul rest in peace.

**Yoganathan**

(Friend, Singapore)



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## Farewell to a Dear Friend

Sathi, a distinguished friend extinguished now and gone forever. He entered our lives in Croydon about 16 years ago, and in the brief years that he was privileged to act on this mortal stage, he played his part exceedingly well. Sathi was a deeply loved, greatly admired, remarkable individual. A man of enormous energy and warmth, whose flame burnt brightly until just days before the end of his life.

Two themes predominated throughout Sathi's fifty eight years of work and fun, he enjoyed life in all its aspects and he was happy working, especially when working to help and encourage others. These themes were evident in Sathi as a newcomer to Croydon in the 1990's where friends remember that with his toothy smile and cigarette between his fingers, he enjoyed his social drinking, badminton playing and was always seen laughing away with complete abandon.

However, he was not averse to controversy. I still remember him challenging me at a Tamil School AGM urging me to speak in Tamil, perhaps not knowing that I was not all that fluent in the lingo. That is when I asked someone: "who is this man?" When much later, I reminded him about this incident, he replied in his own cheeky way that it was wonderful to put me on my back foot.

His commitment to the Tamil school was the centre piece of his life, and his loyalty to it was never in doubt. Sathi, after many years, as head of a concerned group of parents drafted me again to be the Chairman of the school. It was then I saw his many qualities in action. His cheerful and invigorating presence sought to mend the wounded spirit in the School at that time, and greatly helped to restore its strength of optimism. By his tireless efforts, pursued with almost a lightness of spirit he made our burden of office very small. Sathi, when we succeeded you stood back and took no credit, and when we failed you were there by our side. What more could we ask for?

Sathi was a Marine Engineer. He loved the world about him in the broadest sense, and had travelled to many parts of the world. He was never scared of new sights and experiences and his spirit of adventure had no limits. His attitude to life had a freshness and optimism, which was infectious and won converts from every section of the community. Yet his humour often had a purpose beyond humour. In the last months of his life, his easy jokes gave considerable relief to his many anxious friends and allowed us to maintain our usual banter with him.

Words pale in the shadow of grief, they seem insufficient even to measure the quality of the man we loved. The best we can do is to remember him as he lived, bringing life, and love and joy to those who knew him.

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Sathi carried himself, with a decency and attention to small kindness. He was a courtly, gentle and considerate man, never known to slight or embarrass others. Many people cherish the kindness he showered to people dealing with sickness and loss.

Sathi need not be idealized, or enlarged in death beyond what he was in life, to be remembered simply as a good and decent man who saw wrong and tried to right it, saw suffering and tried to heal it.

All of us grieve, that as Sathi entered a particularly golden age in his life he was diagnosed with cancer. He vehemently refused to allow this to get him down. During most of this time he was happy, still joked with his friends and pursued his passion for parties. We saw death approach Sathi in the years of departing light and were awed by his courage and grace. In these trials, he showed how a man so enchanted by life can be at peace with life's end.

In a life of good fortune, he valued above all the gracious gift of his family. Our community's loss is first a profound personal loss to the family, friends and loved ones. But I hope we can find a little solace from the universality of this experience. Death comes to every individual, there is an amazing democracy about it. It is the irreducible common denominator of all humans. I hope we can find some consolation from Hindu affirmation that death is not the end, but a comma that punctuates it.

Lastly, Sathi lived, really lived, until he died. His memorial is the many people whose lives he enriched by encouraging them, supporting them and acting as a superb role model for our community.

So the time has come to bid good bye. Farewell to you our dearest friend.

**V. Kughan**

(Friend, London)





## ஆனந்த தீபம் அணைந்ததேனோ!

எழிலோங்கும் ஈழத்தின் இணையற்ற நற்பதியாம்  
தமிழோடு சைவ வளம் செழிந்து வளர் கன்னாகத்தனிலே  
குலம் தன்னை உயர்த்தி வே குன்றாக அவதரித்த  
சாந்த முக நாயகரே சத்தியத்தின் சோதரே  
ஆனந்தம் பேரியே உங்கள் அன்பு முகம் தான் எங்கே!

வச பவிளாவில் வந்துதித்த வண்ணமுகத் தேவதையாம்  
வஞ்சனைகள் ஏதம் இல்லா சியாமளா அன்றியுடன்  
பாசமும் நேசமும் கொண்டே பணிவிடைகள் பல செய்து  
குறை இன்றி குவலயத்தில் குலமகளாய் வாழவைத்தீர்!

நந்தவத்தின் பயனாக முத்தமிழுக்கு இலக்கணமாய்  
மூன்று செல்வங்களை பெற்றெடுத்து  
மூவேனும் முறைப்படியே பயிள்வித்து  
முடிவினை காணும் முன்பே முன்னே சென்றேதெங்கே!

நாடு விட்டு நாடு மாறி கடல் கடந்து கடமை செய்து  
லண்டன் மாநகர் வந்து கனிவுடனே எம்மோடு  
கண்ணுக்குள் இமைபோல் எம்முக்குள் ஒன்றாய்  
கபியோடு சுகுணைமொழி பேசி அன்பில் நாம் மிக்க  
கண்ணீரில் கலங்க வைத்து கணப்பொழுதில் சென்றேதெங்கே!

கிரிக்கற்று, கால்பந்து, பற்றின்ரன் என்று பல .....  
விளையாட்டு பந்தயத்தில் உங்கள் உயர்வான  
வித்தக திறமை கண்டு வியப்பற்று இருந்தோமே  
முன்னின்று பலதடவை ரவியோடு பதில் தாக்குதல்  
செய்ய பார்த்து ரசித்த நாட்கள் நினைவோ பல.....!

கல்லூர் கசிந்துருகும் சாந்தமுகம் தான் எங்கே  
கனிவுடனே பேசிடும் சத்தியத்தின் குலம் எங்கே  
கண்ணுக்கு எட்டாத காதவறி சென்றேதெங்கே!

நேரிலே காணவென்று நித்தமும் பார்த்திருக்க  
சொல்லாமல் போனதெங்கே தூயகுற்று நிற்கின்றோம்  
பாவிமாய் நாங்கள் இங்கே பறந்தோடி போனதெங்கே  
மின்னலென மறைந்தீரோ மீண்டும் வரமாய் போ!

கவை ஏறாய் கண்டேன் உன் நகைச்சுவையை சேர்த்த போது  
எட்டுத்திசுக்கில் உள்ளோடும் சபை சேர்த்த சிறிப்பொலியும்  
சங்கமமாய் வாழ்ந்தீரே எத்தனையோ பேர் இருந்தாலும்  
பற்றுடனே பழகிட யாரினிலே யாருண்டு!

அவை நடுவே நிறுத்தி எம்மை அறிமுகம் செய்து வைப்பீர்  
எத்தனை ஜென்மம் எடுத்தாலும் எவர் வருவார் இனி இங்கே  
உங்களைப் போல் ஆனந்தமாம் வாழ்வளிக்க  
ஏங்கியே நிற்கின்றோம் இருளினிலே தவிக்கின்றோம்  
ஆனந்தம் எமக்கின்பில்லை ஆனந்த தீயம் அனைந்ததோ!

“நெற்றிருந்தார் இன்று இல்லை  
ஆறதலோ எமக்கு இல்லை”

“நெருநல் உளனொருவன் இன்றில்லை என்று  
பெருமை உடைத்திவ் வலகு”

அன்னாரின் ஆத்மா பேராஸந்த பெருவாழ்வு எய்துக!

பேயி (மாமா) வின் பிரிவால் வாடி நிற்கும்  
ரவி, நிதி, கபி, சஞ்சய், அஜய்

## ஒன்றுபட்ட இதயத்திலே ஒரு நாளும் பிரிவு இல்லை

லண்டன் போற்றும் நல்ல தெளிவுடைக் கருத்துக் கொண்ட பாசமும் பண்பும் நிறைந்த நெற்றியிற் திருந்றும்  
நெஞ்சம் நிறை புன்னகையும் “லோகா” என்றழைக்கும் அன்பொலியும் இத்தரையில் இனிமேல் என்று நான்  
கேட்பேன்? சிறு வயது முதல் இன்று வரை சொந்த பெயர் தெரியாது. பேயி அண்ணா, பேயி அண்ணா என்று  
அழைத்து வந்து என்னை நடுக்கடலில் கப்பல் என அவசரமாய் விட்டகன்ற கோலம் தான் என்ன?

மறுபிறப்பு உண்டென்றால் பேயி அண்ணா! உங்களது சொந்தமும் பந்தமும் விட்டகலாது இருக்க வேண்டும்  
என்று இறைவனை வேண்டி காத்திருப்பேன் வாரீரோ.

அன்புடன்  
லோகா

## மக்கள் அன்பன்

“நண்பர்கள் துன்பப் படுகையில்  
மரணப்படுக்கையில் இருக்கையில்  
மரணிக்கும் போது இதயம் நோதல் கொள்கிறதே”

ஒரு வருடத்திற்கு முன்னர், உனக்கு கோடிய நோய் பற்றியுள்ளது என்று தோலைபேசியில் எனக்கு நீ கூறிய வேளை என்மனம் வேதனையில் மூழ்கியது. எல்லோர்க்கும் நீ இன்முகம் காட்டுவாய், இதயகத்தியோடு பேசுவாய். நகைச்சுவையாய் பேசி நண்பர்களை மகிழ்வு ஊட்டுவாய். உனது சிந்தனை எல்லாம் யாருக்கு என்ன உதவி, எப்படிச் செய்யலாம் என்பது பற்றியதாகவே இருக்கும். உன்னால் முடியாவிட்டாலும் வேறு யாரையாவது மிடித்து அந்த உதவியை செய்து கொடுப்பாய்.

“இந்த உன் இதயம்தான் எனக்கு உன் மீது பிடிப்பை ஏற்படுத்தியது”

அன்று உன் இறுதி யாத்திரையின் போது – அதுவும் ஒரு வேலை நாளில் திரண்டு வந்த மக்கள் கூட்டம் நீ அவரவர்களுக்கு செய்த சேவைகளின் அறுவடைதானோ?

அன்பு நண்பன்  
மா. சத்தியமூர்த்தி



## அன்பிலும் அன்பானவர்

பதினாறு வருடங்களின் பசுமையான பதினாயிரம் நினைவுகள்  
நண்பர்களின் நடுவே என்றென்றும் நாயகன்  
குழந்தைகளுடன் பழகும்போது Baby ஆகும் Baby  
என் ஒவ்வொரு வளர்ச்சியிலும் நீங்கள் தந்த ஊக்கமும் உற்சாகமும்  
நான் குடும்ப வைத்தியனாகி உங்கள் முன் வந்து நின்ற போது  
நீங்கள்பட்ட பூரிப்பும் பெருமையும்

கீதையில் சொன்னார்கள்

“நீ எதைக் கொண்டு வந்தாய் கொண்டு செல்ல” என்று  
நீங்கள் ஒன்றும் கொண்டு வரவில்லைதான் - ஆனால் அன்பான  
உங்கள் குடும்பத்தினரின் மகிழ்ச்சியை பிரியமான உங்கள் நண்பர்களின்  
ஆசியை கொண்டுதான் சென்றீர்கள்  
உங்கள் சிங்காரம் என்னை கேட்டாள் உங்களை எரித்தார்களா  
புதைத்தார்களா என்று நான் எனக்குள் சொல்லிக் கொண்டேன்  
உங்கள் ஆசைகள் எரிக்கப்பட்டன  
நினைவுகள் புதைக்கப்படுகின்றவென்று

அழியாத நினைவுகளுடன் உங்கள்  
ஆத்மா சாந்திபெற வேண்டி

சிவகுமார் குடும்பம்



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## If

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you:  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated don't give to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream – and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think – and not make thought your aim,  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat those two imposters just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and build them up with worn out tools;

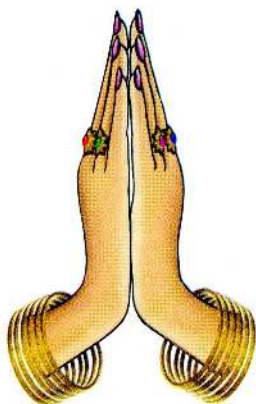
If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch – and – toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings – nor lose the common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And – which is more – you'll be a Man, my son!

**-Rudyard Kipling-**

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## Thank you



This has been a very difficult year for our family, but it would have been much harder without the help and support of many caring people. So many of our friends and relatives have been an immense help in so many ways, from lifts to the hospital, to food, to visiting and offering their support. We would like to thank the doctors, nurses and support staff at The Royal Marsden Hospital for all their expert care. Our appreciation also extends to the staff at Mayday Hospital, Parchmore Medical Centre and St. Christopher's Hospice, for their continuing support. We are extremely grateful to all those who have travelled from over seas to be with us over this time. We would also like to thank our colleagues for being so understanding during this period.

Finally, thank you to everyone who has joined us in saying our last goodbyes. Your kind words, sympathy cards and floral tributes have been much appreciated. The lengths that people have gone to in order to be there for our family has been truly touching and we extend our sincere gratitude to you all.

Thank you,

**The Family of the Late Mr. A. Sathianandan**



*Engaged in Married life - 22.08.1984*



*Sobi's 21st Birthday - 29.05.2006*

# வம்சாவழி / Family tree

**Kanagaratnamuthaliyar**

↓  
Subramanian

+  
Nagamuthupillai

↓  
Navaratnam

+  
Sinnathangam

↓  
Sinnathurai

+  
Sinnathangachi

↓  
Sivapakiam

+  
Subramaniam

↓  
Murugiah

+  
Cellachipillai

↓  
Ananthanadarasa

+  
Kanmani

↓  
Suriyadeva

+  
Leelavathi

↓  
Chanthiradeva

+  
Leelavathi

↓  
Revathi

+  
Pathmanathan

↓  
Chithira

+  
Balasubramaniam

↓  
Jeganathan

+  
Selvanathan

+  
Aranthachy

+  
Sathananthan

+  
Dharmiaothi

+  
Bhavananthan

↓  
Tharani

+  
Ravivarma

↓  
Sasibaran

+  
Mathuri

↓  
Sivetha

↓  
Leelavathi

+  
Vijayasingam

↓  
Lakshmi

+  
Sanjeeva

+  
Saraswathi

+  
Ramesh

+  
Sabhanganai

↓  
Mathanritha

+  
Maanasa

↓  
Kamalavathi

+  
Srirajakanthan

↓  
Rajaventhan

+  
Mythily

↓  
Neelavathi

+  
Arinakirineadhan

↓  
Kandiah

+  
Parameswari

↓  
Kathirkamanayaki

+  
Kanagaratnam

↓  
Lakmecharan

+  
Myriam

+  
Lamboharan

+  
Ayyigaran

+  
Lochini

↓  
Anjali

↓  
Anandakumar

+  
Irani

↓  
Abhirami

+  
Abharna

↓  
Aidan

+  
Amaya

↓  
Yogayyaki

+  
Sivakumar

↓  
Rajathy

+  
Januna

+  
Harishmar

↓  
Vijayakumar

+  
Ranjini

↓  
Prashani

+  
Mathushani

↓  
SHYAMALANAYAKI

+  
SATHIANANDAN

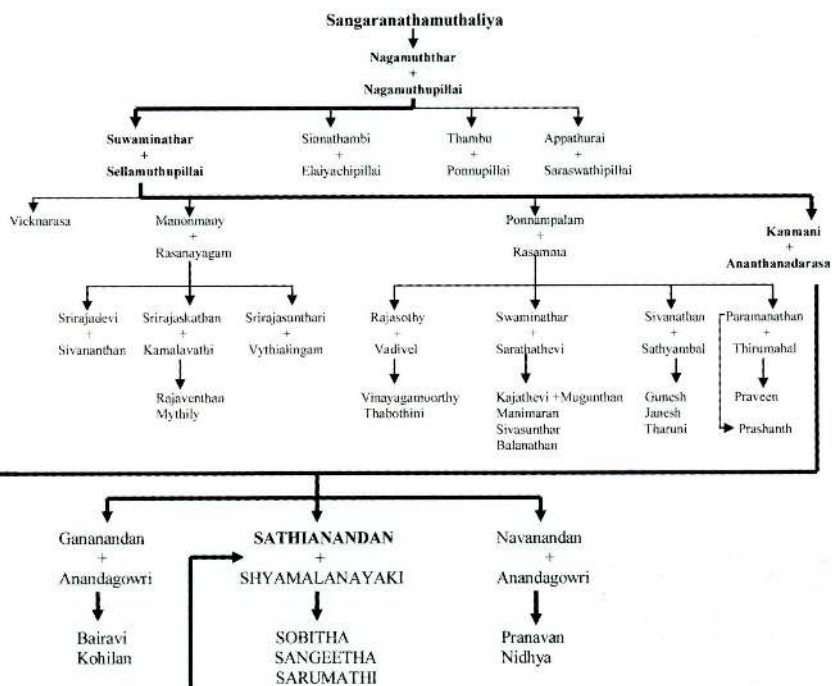
↓  
Senthilayaki

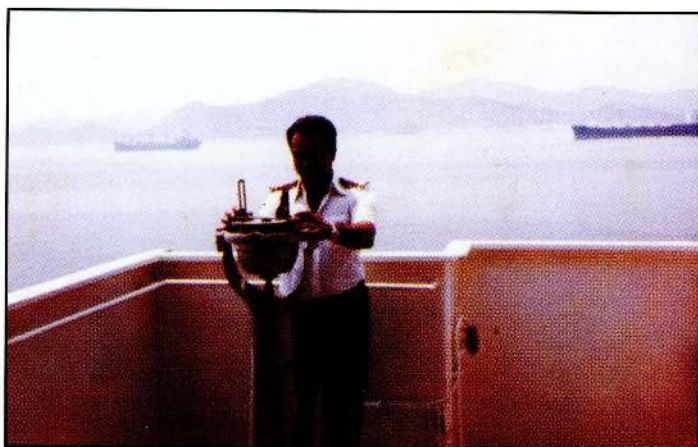
+  
Vithuran Sundaram

↓  
Abeyasankar

+  
Ningalan







*Marine Engineer - 1978*



*Tamil School Sports Day*



# கீதாசாரம்

ஹரே கிருஷ்ணா! ஹரே ராமா!



எது நடந்ததோ, அது நன்றாகவே நடந்தது  
எது நடக்கிறதோ, அது நன்றாகவே நடக்கிறது.

எது நடக்க இருக்கிறதோ,  
அதுவும் நன்றாகவே நடக்கும்.  
உன்னுடையது எதை இழந்தாய்?  
எதற்காக நீ அழுகிறாய்?  
எதை நீ கொண்டுவந்தாய், அதை நீ இழப்பதற்கு?  
எதை நீ படைத்திருந்தாய் அது வீணாவதற்கு?  
எதை நீ எடுத்துக்கொண்டாயோ,  
அது இங்கிருந்தே எடுக்கப்பட்டது.  
எதை கொடுத்தாயோ,  
அது இங்கிருந்தே கொடுக்கப்பட்டது.  
எது இன்று உன்னுடையதோ  
அது நாளை மற்றொருவருடையதாகிறது.  
மற்றொருநாள் அது வேறொருவருடையதாகும்.

“இதுவே உலக நியதியும்,  
எனது படைப்பின் சாராம்சமாகும்”

- பகவான் ஸ்ரீகிருஷ்ணர் -