

உ
சிவமயம்



யாழ்ப்பாணத்தைப் பிறப்பிடமாகவும்
Scotland ஐ வாழ்விடமாகக் கொண்டவரும்
திரு முருகேச ஆறுமுகம் அவர்களின் பிரியபத்தினியுமான
திருமதி ஜெயலட்சுமி ஆறுமுகம் அவர்கள்
இறைபதம் அடைந்தமை குறித்த
நினைவு மலர்



In Loving Memory of
Mrs Jeyaluxmy Arumugam



Gayatri Mantra

Om Bhoor Bhuvah Svah
Tat Savitur Varenyam
Bhargo Devasya Dheemahi
Dhiyo Yonah Prachodayaa

பட்டினத்தார் தாயாருக்கு தகனக்கிரியைகள் செய்யும்போது பாடியவை

ஐயிரண்டு திங்களாய் அங்கமெலாம் நொந்து பெற்றுப்
பையல்என்ற போதே பரிந்து எடுத்துச் - செய்யஇரு
கைப்புறத்தில் ஏந்திக் கனகமுலை தந்தாளை
எப்பிறப்பில் காண்பேன் இனி.

முந்தித் தவம்கிடந்து முந்நாறு நாள் சுமந்தே
அந்திபக லாச்சிவனை ஆதரித்துத் தொந்தி
சரியச் சுமந்துபெற்ற தாயார் தமக்கோ
எரியத் தழல்முட்டு வேன்

வட்டிலிலும் தொட்டிலிலும் மார்மேலும் தோள்மேலும்
கட்டிலிலும் வைத்துஎன்னைக் காதலித்து - முட்டச்
சிறகிலிட்டுக் காப்பாற்றிச் சீராட்டும் தாய்க்கோ
விறகிலிட்டுத் தீமுட்டு வேன்.

நொந்து சுமந்து பெற்று நோவாமல் ஏந்திமுலை
தந்து வளர்த்துஎடுத்துத் தாழாமே - அந்திபகல்
கையிலே கொண்டு என்னைக் காப்பாற்றும் தாய்தனக்கோ
மெய்யிலே தீமுட்டு வேன்.

அமரர் திருமதி ஆறுமுகம் ஜெயலட்சுமி



மண்ணில்
24.08.1942

விண்ணில்
30.05.2009



திதி வெண்பா

ஆண்டு விரோதி அமைந்த வைகாசி
புண்ட பூர்வபக்க சப்தமியில் - மாண்பு
ஆறுமுகம் பத்தினியார் ஜெயலட்சுமி அம்மையார்
ஆறுமுகத்தான் கழலடைந்தார் காண்

அரிசியோ நான்இடுவேன் ஆத்தாள் தனக்கு
வரிசை இட்டுப் பார்த்து மகிழாமல் - உருசிஉள்ள
தேனே அமிர்தமே செல்வத் திரவியப்பூ
மானே எனஅழைத்த வாய்க்கு.

அள்ளி இடுவது அரிசியோ தாய்தலைமேல்
கொள்ளிதனை வைப்பேனோ கூசாமல் - மெள்ள
முகமேல் முகம்வைத்து முத்தாடி என்றன்
மகனே எனஅழைத்த வாய்க்கு

முன்னை இட்டதீ முப்பு ரத்திலே
பின்னை இட்டதீ தென்இ லங்கையில்
அன்னை இட்டதீ அடிவ யிற்றிலே
யானும் இட்டதீ மூள்க மூள்கவே

வேகுதே தீஅதனில் வெந்துபொடி சாம்பல்
ஆகுதே பாவியேன் ஐயகோ - மாகக்
குருவி பறவாமல் கோதாட்டி என்னைக்
கருதி வளர்த்துஎடுத்த கை

வெந்தாளோ சோணகிசி வித்தகா நிற்பதத்தில்
வந்தாளோ என்னை மறந்தாளோ - சந்ததமும்
உன்னையே நோக்கி உகந்து வரம்கிடந்தென்
தன்னையே ஈன்றுஎடுத்த தாய்.

வீற்றிருந்தாள் அன்னை வீதிதனில் இருந்தாள்
நேற்றிருந்தாள் இன்று வெந்து நீராணாள் பால் தெளிக்க
எல்லீரும் வாருங்கள் ஏதென்று இரங்காமல்
எல்லாம் சிவமயமே யாம்

“இன்று இருப்பார் நாளை இருப்பார் என்று யார் அறிவார்
தெய்வமே முருகா!”



விநாயகர் துதி

பிடியதன் உருவுமை கொளமிகு கரியது
வடிகொடு தனதடி வழிபடும் அவரிடர்
கடிகணபதி வர அருளினன் மிகுகொடை
வடிவினர் பயில்வலி வலமுறை இறையே.

அம்பாள் வணக்கம்

தனம் தரும் கல்வி தரும் ஒருநாளும் தளர்வறியா
மனம் தரும் தெய்வ வடிவும் தரும் நெஞ்சில் வஞ்சமிலா
இனம் தரும் நல்லன எல்லாம் தரும் அன்பர் என்பவர்க்கே
கனம் தரும் பூங்குழாலாள் அபிராமி கடைக்கண்களே .

தேவாரம்

முத்திநெறி அறியாத மூர்க்கொடு முயல்வேனைப்
பத்திநெறி அறிவித்துப் பழவினைகள் பாறும் வண்ணம்
சித்தமலம் அறுவித்துச் சிவமாக்கி எனையாண்ட
அத்தனைக் கருளியவா றார்பெறுவார் அச்சோவே

திருவாசகம்

பாடிமால் புகழும் பாதமே அல்லால்
பற்று நான் மற்றிலேன் கண்டாய்
தேடி நீ ஆண்டாய் சிவபுரத்தரசே
திருப்பெருந் துறையுறை சிவனே
ஊடுவதுன்னோடு வப்பதும் உன்னை
உணர்த்துவ துனக் கெனக் குறுதி
வாடினேன் இங்கு வாழ்கிலேன் கண்டாய்
வருகவெள் றருள் புரியாயே

திருவிசைப்பா

காமனைக் காலன் தக்கன் மிக் கெச்சன்
படக்கடைக் கணித்தவன் அல்லாய்
பேய் மனம் பிறிந்த தவப்பெருந் தொண்டர்

தொண்டனேன் பெரும்பற்றப் புலியூர்ச்
சேமநற் நிலலை வட்டங்கொண் டாண்ட
செல்வச்சிற் றம்பலக் கூத்தா
பூமல ரடிக் கீழ்ப் புராண பூதங்கள்
பொறுப்பெரன் புன்சொலின் பொருளே.

திருப்பல்லாண்டு

ஆரார் வந்தார் அமரர் குழாத்தில்
அணியுடை ஆதிரை நாள்
நாராயணனொடு நான்முகன் அல்கி
இரவியும் இந்திரனும்
தேரார் வீதியில் தேவர் குழாங்கள்
திசையனைத்தும் நிறைந்து
பாரார் தொல் புகழ் பாடியும் ஆடியும்
பல்லாண்டு கூறுதுமே.

புராணம்

ஆதியாய் நடுவு மாகி யளவிலா வளவு மாகிச்
சோதியா யுணர்வு மாகித் தோன்றிய பொருளு மாகிப்
பேதியா வேக மாகிப் பெண்ணுமா யாணு மாகிப்
போதியா நிற்குந் தில்லைப் பொது நடம்போற்றி போற்றி.

திருப்புகழ்

காரணம தாக வந்து புவியீதே
காலனணு காதிசைந்து கதிகாண
நாரணறு வேதன் முன்பு தெரியாத
ங்ான நடமே புரிந்து வருவாயே
ஆரமுதமான தந்தி மணவாளா
ஆறுமுக மாறிரண்டு விழியோனே
சூரர் கிளை மாளவென்ற கதிவேலா
சோலை மலை மேவிநின்ற பெருமானே.

**என்றும் என் மனதை விட்டு நீங்காத அன்பு மனைவி
ஜெயலட்சுமியின் (தேவி) நினைவுகள்**

1942ம் ஆண்டு ஆவணி மாதம் 24ம் திகதி யாழ்ப்பாணத்தில் பிரபல நகைக்கடை (Yappan Jewellers) உரிமையாளரான கனகசபைக்கும், பொன்னம்மாவுக்கும் அன்பு மகளாக தேவி பிறந்தார். அன்புச்சகோதரன் லோகநாதனில் (USA) தேவி வைத்திருந்த பாசம், மரியாதை மற்றும் அக்கறை என்னால் இன்னும் வர்ணிக்க முடியாமல் உள்ளது. இவர் வைத்தீஸ்வராக்கல்லூரியில் தனது உயர் கல்வி வரை கல்வி கற்ற தேவிக்கு பாடசாலைக்காலங்களில் எண்ணில் அடங்காத நண்பிகள் ஒவ்வொரு ஊரிலும் இருந்தார்கள். தனது ஓய்வு நேரங்களை இசையுடன் கழிப்பதற்காக இவர் வீணையையும் இளமைக்காலத்தில் முறைப்படி கற்று இருந்தார்.



குடும்பத்தில் இரண்டாவது பிள்ளையாக இருந்தாலும் கூட எல்லோரிடமும் அன்பாகக் கவரும் வகையில் பழகும் குணம், தைரியமாக எந்தக்காரியத்தையும் பொறுப்பேற்று நடத்தக்கூடிய வல்லமை தேவியின் தகப்பனாரின் மறைவின் பின் Yappan Jewellers கடையை அவரின் பொறுப்பில் ஏற்று சிறப்பாக நடாத்த உதவியது.



கொழும்பு பல்கலைக்கழக படிப்பை முடித்துக்கொண்டு கொழும்பு சாகிராக் கல்லூரியில் விரிவுரையாளராகப் பணியாற்றிய வேளையில் விடுமுறைக்கு நான் வீட்டுக்குப் போகும் நேரத்தில் பெற்றோரால் எனக்கு நிச்சயித்து வைத்த பெண்ணைப் பார்க்க காரை நகரில் இருந்து யாழ்ப்பாணத்தில் உள்ள Yappan Jewellers நோக்கிச் சென்றேன். கடையின் முதலாளி கதிரையில் இருந்த தேவி என்னை யார் என்று தெரியாமல் வாடிக்கையாளர்களை வரவேற்பது போல் என்னை வரவேற்ற முதல் சந்திப்பு என் மனதை விட்டு இன்னும் நீங்கவில்லை.



1968ம் ஆண்டு ஜூன் மாதம் 20ம் திகதி கன்னாதிட்டி வீதியில் உள்ள தேவியின் வீட்டில் எங்கள் திருமணம் வெகு சிறப்பாக நடைபெற்றது. மேள தாளங்கள், பந்தல்கள், தோரணங்கள் என தேவியின்

தலைமையில் பல ஏற்பாடுகள் எங்கள் கல்யாணத்திற்காக செய்யப் பட்டது. இது தவிர கன்னதிட்டி வீதி கூட கல்யாணத்திற்காக மூடப்பட்டது. தான் நினைத்ததை மற்றவர்களுக்கு கஷ்டம் ஏற்படாத வகையில் வெற்றிகரமாக நடாத்தி வைக்கக்கூடிய திறமை தேவியிடம் இருந்தமை எனக்கு மிகப் பிடித்த குணங்களில் ஒன்று.



எனது மேற்படிப்பைத் தொடர் வதற்காக தேவியை உறவினர்கள், நண்பர்கள் மற்றும் அவர் பிறந்து வளர்ந்த ஊரை விட்டு பிரித்தானியாவுக்கு அழைத்து வர நேர்ந்தது. பல்கலைக்கழகப்படிப்பை முடித்ததும் Scotlandஇல் வேலை கிடைக்க, எமது குடும்ப வாழ்க்கையை நாம் அங்கேயே ஆரம்பித்தோம்.

எமது பிள்ளைகள் சித்திரா, ராஜ்குமார், ஷியாமளாவின் ஆரம்ப காலப் பாடசாலைகள், சங்கீத வகுப்புகள், நடன வகுப்புகள் போன்ற வற்றிற்கு அழைத்துச் சென்று, ஒவ்வொரு வரையும் ஒவ்வொரு கலையில் திறம்படக் கல்வி கற்கச் செய்து அவர்கள் பாடுவதையும் ஆடுவதையும் Scotland ஐச்சேர்ந்த பிறமொழி அயலவர்களுக்குக் காட்டி மகிழும் பழக்கம் தேவியிடம் இருந்து வந்தது.

எமது பிள்ளைகள் அவர்களுக்கு விருப்பமான துறைகளில் பட்டப்படிப்பை படித்து முடித்து இன்று சந்தோசமாக ஒரு நல்ல நிலை அடையக் காரணமாக இருந்தது தேவியின் அயராது உழைப்பும் அவர் பிள்ளை களுக்கு வழங்கிய உற்சாகமுமே ஆகும்.

எங்களுக்குத் தெரியாதவர்களாக இருந்தாலும் கூட அவர்கள் கஷ்டப்படும்போது அவர்களுக்கு தன்னால் இயன்ற உதவியை வழங்க தேவி எப்போதும் பின்னிற்றதில்லை. அதுமட்டுமல்ல அவர்களில் இருக்கின்ற குறை நிறைகளை மனதில் வைக்காது நேரே யாராக இருந்தாலும் கூட பக்குவமாக

எடுத்துக்கூறும் பண்பு நிறைந்தவர்.

தேவிக்குத் தெரிந்தவர்கள் யாராக இருந்தாலும் அவர்களின் இன்ப துன்பங்களில் தேவையை அறிந்து தானாக முன்னின்று நடாத்தி வைக்கும் வல்லமை கொண்ட தேவியின் இழப்பு எல்லோரையும் மிகுந்த கவலைக்குள்ளாக்கியுள்ளது. ஆனால் இந்த உலகத்தில் பிறக்கும் ஒவ்வொரு உயிரினத்துக்கும் மரணம் மட்டுமே நிச்சயம் ஆனது என்பது நாம் எல்லோரும் ஏற்றுக்கொள்ள வேண்டியதொன்று.

இவ்வளவு திறமையும் கொண்டு எல்லோரிடமும் பாசத்தைக் காட்டிய தேவியை எனக்கு மனைவியாக தந்த இறைவனுக்கு நான் என்றும் நன்றி கூறக்கடமைப்பட்டுள்ளேன்.

எனறும் உன் பிரிவால் வாடும்
அன்புக் கணவன் மு.ஆறுமுகம்

M.Arumugam,
ex ICI Plc
Scotland
U.K.



Eulogy for Sister from Brother Loganathan

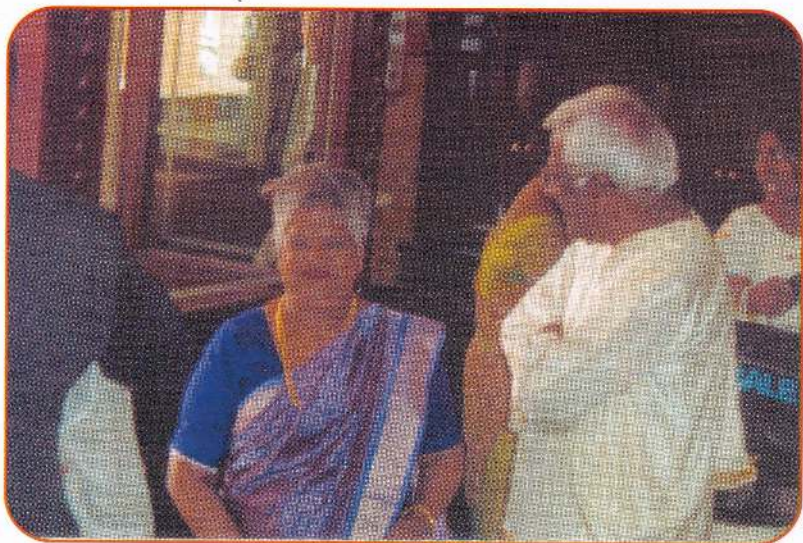
Jeyaluxmy, we use to call her simply Devi at home in Sri Lanka or later Jaya in the UK, was a loving wife, mother, daughter and sister. During her early part of her life, as the situation warranted, she made a great impact on her family - she was as a caring person, supportive of her parents and brother in their day to day life and in their family business.



Marriage brought in her loving husband and his family into our fold. We saw them leaving to the UK on her husband's studies with confidence that Devi is in safe hands. Partly due to her perseverance, she saw with great pride her



children's advancement in their studies and in their careers and marriage. Sadly, she couldn't wait long to see her granddaughter born a few weeks ago and named in her memory as Luxmy. As at home in Sri Lanka she developed lasting friendship with her relations in the UK and friends in England and Scotland.



Devi's prayers worked in a miraculous way. I know Devi was prepared to leave her family and community. God has His own plan.



From Chitra, Jeya's daughter

First of all I would like to thank my father and I know that mum would have wanted me to do so.

Dad, without your sheer audacity, single mindedness and unshakeable resolve and determination, we would not have secured for mum the top level of care and treatment that she received.

Your commitment and love for her over 41 years of marriage culminated in your extraordinary battle to push for the best treatment that she could possibly have, from moving her to London to continue her treatment, to questioning and challenging the opinions of experts, to seeking the opinions and advice of experts from across the world.

Even now you had contacted Seattle, USA for advice on the next course of treatment options and you had raised the possibility of mum starting a new drug not widely given to patients here.

You explored every option and every possibility. You did everything and more that one man could do for his wife....that one human being could do for another.

You gave her hope and life. Two years more than what was predicted and for that Raj, Shyamala and I are truly grateful.

Mum knew that you fought for her and that she was safe in your hands. You have only passed her onto hands that are safer and stronger than yours.

John Chapter 14: I am the Way, and the Truth and the Life

"Let not your hearts be troubled. Believe in God; believe also in me. In my Father's house are many rooms. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, that where I am you may be also. And you know the way to where I am going."

And the way my mother approached these last two years with her leukaemia was no different to the way she had lived the rest of her life. She grasped life with both hands...her strength of character, her stubbornness and her refusal to give up and her joy of life and desire to look after us and do whatever was needed for us, was what gave her the strength to fight on.



I remember the first time she was admitted to Crosshouse hospital in Ayrshire, Scotland. Even though she had received the most devastating news and that she was effectively locked up in an isolation room, she carried on as normal. She only wanted to wear her own clothes, she refused to lie in bed all day and she exercised daily in her full exercise kit and trainers in front of her favourite exercise videos. She was

even keen to start classes for the other patients from her room. I remember the doctor's comments that they had never seen anyone go through such high doses of chemotherapy and still get up, get dressed and put her makeup and lipstick on in the morning. That was the very nature of the woman...to never give up and to always look your best!



Her joy of life and determination to do what she wanted came from her, often spoilt childhood given by her father Yappan Kanagasabai in Sri Lanka. She was born into a privileged family who owned a well known jewellery business for three generations. And as her only brother Loganathan would testify: what mum wanted, mum got. Whether it be taking a wall down to enlarge the family home to host age attainment ceremony for hundreds of people, to having the road closed off to her house during her own wedding, to having sari shops kept open in the evening so that she and her friends could shop in their own time.

She designed her own jewellery and told us of the interesting

stories behind each piece. She would often go to the cinema with her girlfriends and if she liked what the leading lady was wearing, she would sketch a copy of it and then have it made at her father's shop.



I think that encapsulates mum, a unique individual for whom nothing was too much trouble. If it was worth doing it was worth doing extremely well and she believed that everyone should put that extra effort in.

My grandmother (my mum's mother) brought me up in Sri Lanka until the age of seven. I can now look back and see that the woman who instilled the great qualities in my mother also laid the foundations of my life. These two generations of women have instilled in me a sense of duty to my family and friends.

Life will never be the same for me. I have lost a true friend, companion and soul mate. There will always be a space and loneliness in my life that will never be filled.

Mum...if I could see your face one more time, if I could hold you one more time, if we could laugh one more time, if you would cook for me one more time.....

But I know that I must let you go into the hands of God where you will be safe for ever.

You were a rock of support to me and I hope that you will continue to guide me throughout my life until I see you again.

Into the freedom of wind and sunshine

We let you go

Into the dance of the stars and the planets

We let you go

Into the wind's breath and the hands of the star maker

We let you go

We love you, we miss you, we want you to be happy

Go safely, go dancing, go running home.



From Raj, Jeya's son

In his 1923 book *The Prophet*, the Lebanese American poet Kahlil Gibran included a chapter which began with the following words:

"You would know the secret of death.

But how shall you find it unless you seek it in the heart of life?

The owl whose night-bound eyes are blind unto the day cannot unveil the mystery of light.

If you would indeed behold the spirit of death, open your heart wide unto the body of life.

For life and death are one, even as the river and the sea are one."



This short passage sums up my feelings at this time, the most difficult moment I have ever faced. My father, my sisters and I are devastated by the loss of our dear dear mother. Our world is rocked: nothing will ever be the same again.

Yet in the face of this unspeakable loss, I cannot help but also be thankful. Thankful that we had a mother as unique and special as ours, who lived life to the full, and that as a family we enjoyed so many happy times together. With our dear father, Mum made

Chitra, Shyamala and me everything that we are. And standing here today, even in this saddest of all possible moments, it is impossible to forget all those wonderful memories.

My mother had a unique combination of qualities: full of love and compassion; utterly devoted to her family; fiercely loyal; an uncompromising sense of right and wrong; she was fearless and courageous; immensely capable, perceptive and intelligent. And perhaps most of all she was utterly selfless. She always put others first, and nothing ever changed that.



This remained the case throughout her extraordinarily courageous battle with leukaemia. She underwent 7 separate cycles of chemotherapy, each one involving several

weeks in hospital, as well

as a bone marrow transplant. On any view, her treatment was phenomenally difficult to undergo. It was made even more difficult for Mum because she loved the company of friends and family, but her leukaemia prevented her from enjoying that for long periods due to risks of infection. Yet at no stage did she lose the qualities that made her uniquely herself. During her 5th cycle of chemo in July of last year, after her leukaemia had returned, she helped mastermind wedding arrangements for Shyamala and Janahan.

She even had Shyamala put on her veil in her hospital room and parade round for the haematology nurses, who took pictures on their mobile phones as there was no camera to hand. It was business as usual as far as Mum was concerned.

The picture on the front of your order of service is taken from the wedding – I ask you whether, apart from her funky haircut, that looks like an ill woman to you. I think not.

When she was in hospital recovering from her bone marrow transplant, while most other patients are flat on their back, she somehow managed to knit a jumper for her future grandchild. Sadly, Mum will not now see baby Anoushka, born just 3 weeks after Mum's death, but Anoushka will know what kind of grandmother she had.

Mum handled her illness with an extraordinary strength, energy and courage. She never once complained. Even after her leukaemia returned for a second time, she remained unbelievably positive. I will never forget her words to me when she said: "There is no reason to be miserable. You only die once, not every day." And in that short seemingly throw away phrase, I see how Mum looked at both life and death.

One of Mum's joys which I will especially miss is her unwavering support and encouragement for my own music making. She knew how much music meant to me and she loved watching me play. She was my greatest and proudest of fans and, believe it or not, also my sharpest of critics.

Remember her lust for life and her unquashable happiness and style.

Remember Mum's tremendous courage and strength.

Remember how she never stopped caring for each one of us.

And maybe there will we find both the heart of life and the secret of death.

From Shyamala, Jeya's daughter

Since our dear Mum passed away, my family and I have been deeply touched by the many warm wishes and loving memories that our friends and family remember her by. Many of you have fondly commented on Mum's warm, loving and joyous nature, her big smile, her infectious laughter, the unlimited source of energy she always seemed to possess and her constant hustling and bustling around. In fact, one relative called and told me how much he enjoyed Mum's outspoken and feisty behavior; he said, **'There are not many people who would just say it as things were'**. Indeed, Mum was certainly never afraid to tell you what she thought of anybody or any situation! Mum was very capable of 'shocking' people with some of her comments – including her own family. But she used to say that if she was thinking it, then so was everybody else - she was just the only person brave enough to say it aloud! Whether it was an outfit that didn't suit you or if you had put on weight or, more importantly, you had done something unjust to another individual, she was



always prepared to just say it as it was. Nonetheless, I think deep down we all knew that what Mum said was the truth because it came from the heart – and she said what she did because she wanted us to know better and to become better people for it.



So I'm sure you will all be pleased to know, that Mum passed on this 'endearing' trait to all three of us! We now eagerly wait to see whether Raj and Nimali's daughter, Anoushka, will possess the same blunt quality!

Over the last several weeks, we have been able to reflect and remember the many wonderful years we enjoyed with Mum. She was many things to many people, but the role she played and enjoyed most of all was that of wife, mother and friend. She was a truly selfless and generous woman and it gave her great pleasure to do things for others in life.

She was a true 'Mummy' and whatever Mum did for us she did

it with real passion and conviction. Most of you will know that Mum was a rather impressive cook – but she was also an incredibly talented baker and seamstress. Every year, when we were young, she would make our birthday cakes – and I don't mean your standard square chocolate iced cake with a few candles on top. I mean an exclusive, one time only, novelty cake – the sort that nowadays, we all go to Marks & Spencer and buy. One year, Mum made Raj a calculator (a novel way to get any child excited about maths!) But the best one she made for me was a one foot large, iced pink fairy castle, finished with a roof made of hundreds and thousands and wafer ice cream cone turrets complete with cocktail stick flags! In fact, Mum made these extravagant gestures for not just us, but for her friends too. She loved to show her affection for others through food and she enjoyed going that extra mile.

When I was a little girl of about seven or eight years old, one of my school friend's mother passed away. Mum was very fond of the lady who had died and she felt great sadness for this family. She did what she could to help them and as time went on, one day, when my friend Pamela and I were busy playing at home, Mum came over to her and said:

'Pamela, your birthday is coming up soon. I know if your Mummy was here, she would be making you a cake, so instead, I'm going to make it for you – what would you like?'

It took Pamela about three seconds to respond, when she excitedly said: **'ohhh.. I'd really like Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, please!'**

Mum's jaw nearly hit the floor! I think she was expecting Pamela to say, **'oh, a chocolate cake would be very nice,**

Thanks Mrs Arumugam! Nevertheless, Mum agreed – nervously – because she couldn't possibly turn down this little girl now. So Mum set off, doing her research and sure enough, she made a birthday cake with the theme of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

She made a rectangular cake that was a bed and in it were seven little dwarfs, lying on seven white marzipan pillows. Each dwarf had their face painted asleep, and she gave each dwarf a different colour hat with a matching coloured pair of handmade slippers at the bottom of the bed. To finish it off, she hand painted a patch work quilt for the bed – it was truly stunning.



Mum really made our childhoods magical. Some of you may remember at my wedding, Raj kindly reminded us of my debut on the high street of West Kilbride, dressed as a Christmas Tree! What Raj didn't tell you, was that it was Mum who made the outfit for me. She made it an annual event to dress me up in an even more outrageous outfit than the previous year! She would pick me up after school and we would go to the local library

together and take out books on fancy dress costumes. I don't know why, but this one particular year, she just fell in love with the idea of turning me into a Christmas tree!

I remember coming home one day and finding her dying thirty odd yards of white net with holly green dye in a large industrial size pot on our kitchen stove – and she didn't stop there – once the outfit was made, she hand stitched every last Christmas decoration we had in our house onto me, including the star to my head! I'm convinced, that if she could have found a way to attach the electrical fairy lights – she would have!

I'm afraid I only now appreciate this magical childhood that Mum gave me. Even into our adulthoods, she couldn't resist continuing to care and look after us and as we each grew up and got married, she was blessed with new sons and a daughter to call her own and this was a new reason for her to carry on mothering.

Dearest Mum – I never told you enough how important, influential and what a beautiful person you are. In the last year of my life, I have begun to realize what is really important. That whatever title we use, or profession we belong to, this may help define what you are, but it doesn't define who you are. None of this is a substitute for the beautiful, heartfelt qualities that you possessed and which came from within. Being a wife, mother and friend was what Mum lived for. Mum – you inspire me to be the wife and hopefully a mother too someday that you are.

In life, Mum was an incredible human being and a role model to all of us. I know she will continue to guide Chitra, Raj and I.

Mum - Thank you for having me, Thank you for everything you have done for us. Janahan and I thank you and God for being present and being well at our wedding.

Thank you for being our Mum.

Your ever loving daughter,

Shyamala



From Mrs Elizabeth Bell and Mrs Judy Thompson, Jeya's Friends, West Kilbride, Scotland

Jeya was warm, caring, funny, generous and brave, and a good and wonderful friend. The words that follow, and the love that comes with them, are from all the many friends that Jeya made during her long stay in West Kilbride.

Jeya had so much enthusiasm for everything she tackled and always gave full support happily to her friends and to the community.



She loved her garden (we would go out for one plant, and come back with a forest in the back of the car), and a favourite memory was one of the days spent at the Chelsea Flower Show, somewhere she had always wanted to visit.

She loved her cooking (she demonstrated Sri Lankan meals at the Women's Institute and to the children in school and

volunteered to run the tearoom in the Community Centre), and all her friends enjoyed (almost too much!) sampling her pakora and other delicious meals. She loved her sewing (she could run up a ball gown for Chitra or a fancy dress costume for Shyamala miraculously overnight).

She enjoyed her keep fit and badminton and swimming. Above all though, she loved people, as has been shown by the many happy memories she has left behind with her family and with her friends. Of all the groups she belonged to, two were dear to her heart – our little sewing group, which has developed into a close-knit circle of friends, and the prayer group which was a great source of comfort and support to her. Jeya had a deep faith in the one God, and believed that it did not matter where or how one worshipped, because He would always be with you.



She was much loved in both churches in West Kilbride. She started to read the Bible, and one day, as she was starting her treatment, opened the book and read the following verse from Jeremiah:

"Prepare your shields, both big and small, and march out for battle!"

This was a direction to the Israelite army preparing for battle, and Jeya certainly had to fight with all she had through all her treatment.

In the latter months, she would say that, as well as her wonderful family, it was the prayers of the West Kilbride folk that gave her the strength to cope with her illness. Many years ago, she asked the ladies in the prayer group to pray for her. That same day, she phoned a friend and said that she kept hearing a voice in her head saying "I will never leave or forsake you". These were the words of a promise in the Scriptures spoken by the Lord Jesus. We believe he kept his promise over all the years, and certainly she was helped through these last sad difficulty months by the goodness of God – never forgetting her wonderful family and all they did for her too.



Acknowledgement

We wish to thank our close relations and friends for their kind assistance, presence and comforting messages during this most sad time.

We would also like to express our sincere appreciation and heart felt thanks to our friends in Scotland.

In particular we would like to especially thank Elizabeth Bell, Judy Thompson, Bill Montgomery, the prayer and sewing groups in West Kilbride.

Our special thanks to Mani in Sri Lanka for her undiminishing support and prayers during her treatment and till the end of her life.

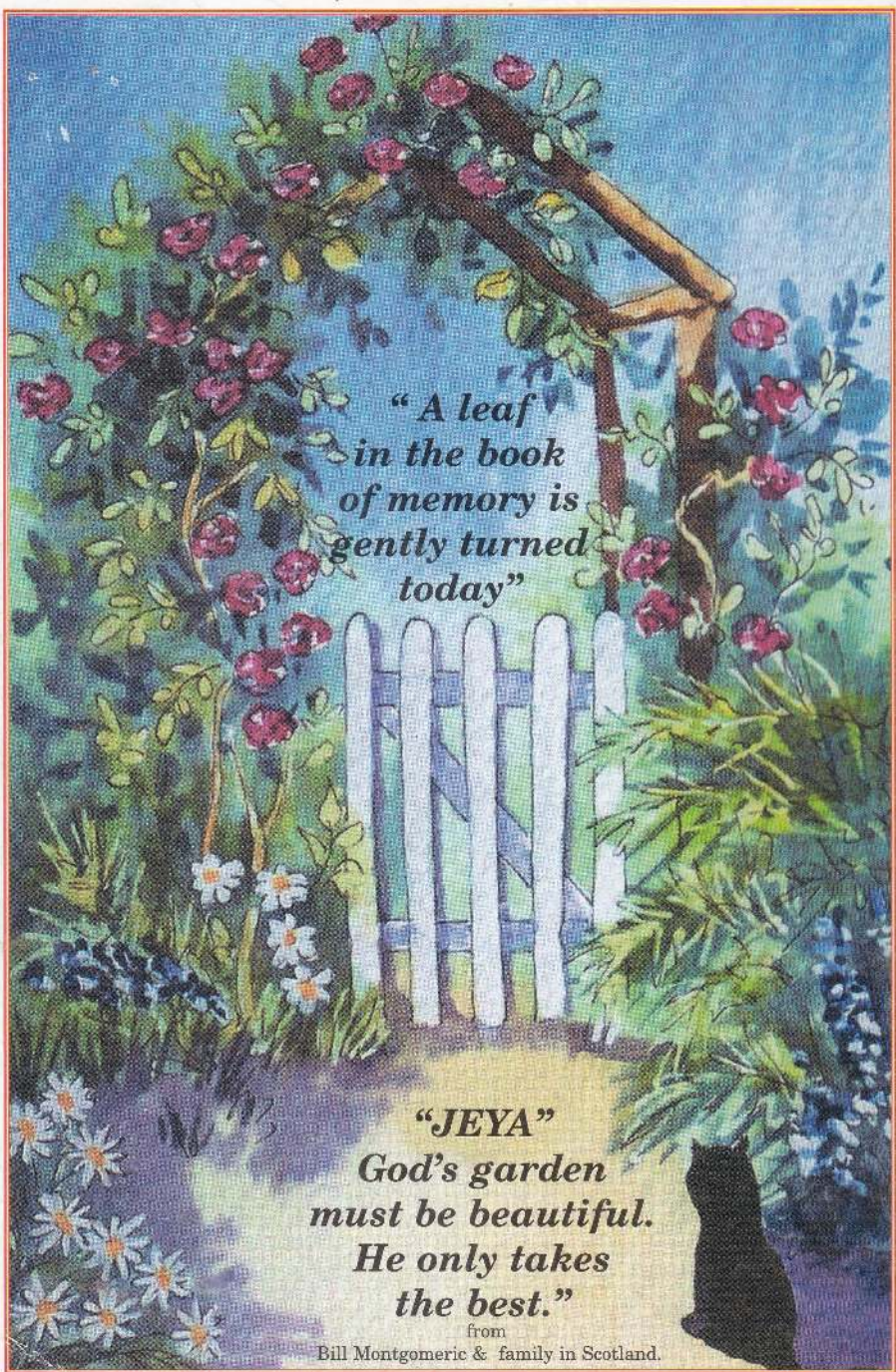
And a special thanks also to Saroja, Dr. Jegam and Parasakthi.

These people gave Jeya the courage, strength and determination to pull through her most difficult times during her treatment. For all their undiminishing support, we are truly grateful.

Arumugam, Chitra, Raj, Shyamala, Nimali, Janahan and Baby Anushka Luxmy (grand daughter)







*“A leaf
in the book
of memory is
gently turned
today”*

“JEYA”
*God’s garden
must be beautiful.
He only takes
the best.”*

from
Bill Montgomerie & family in Scotland.