

உ

சிவமயம்



அமரர் திரு. பொன்னம்பலம் ஜெயராஜ அவர்கள்

In Remembrance of the
Late Mr Ponnampalam Jeyaraj

நீனைவு மலர்

(Memorial): 03/09/2024

People are like stars. Even though you can't see them,
you know they are there.



சமர்ப்பணம்

குடும்ப ஒளி விளக்காய் வாழ்ந்த எம்
ஆன்புச் சுடரே இன்று அமர தீபமாகி விட்டீர்.
இத் திரு மலரை திங்கள் மலரடிகளில்
எமது ஆன்புக் காணிக்கையாகச்
சமர்ப்பிக்கின்றோம்
இறைவனடியில் என்றும் நீங்கள் இன்புற்றிருக்க
வாழ்த்துகிறோம், வணங்குகிறோம்

குடும்பத்தினர்.



உ
சிவமயம்



Late Mr Ponnampalam Jeyaraj

In His Mother's Arms
11 June 1944

In God's Arms
04 August 2024





விநாயகர் வணக்கம்

ஐந்து கரத்தனை ஆனை முகத்தனை
இந்தின் இளம்பிறை போலும் எயிற்றனை
நந்தி மகன்தனை ஞானக் கொழுந்தினைப்
புந்தியில் வைத்தடி போற்றுகின் றேனே.

தேவாரப் பதிகங்கள்

நாமார்க்குங் குடியல்லோம் நமனை யஞ்சோம்
நரகத்தி விடர்ப்படோம் நடலை யில்லோம்
ஏமாப்போம் பிணியறியோம் பணிவோ மல்லோம்
இன்பமே எந்நானுந் துன்ப மில்லை
தாமார்க்குங் குடியல்லாத் தன்மை யான
சங்கரனற் சங்கவெண் குழையோர் காதிற்
கோமாற்கே நாமென்றும் மீளா ஆளாய்க்
கொய்ம்மலர்ச்சே வடியிணையே குறுகி னோமே

வேதமோதி வெண்ணூல்பூண்டு வெள்ளை யெருதேறிப்
பூதஞ்சூழப் பொலியவருவார் புலியி னூரிதோலார்
நாதானவும் நக்கானவும் நம்பா எனநின்று
பாதந்தொழுவார் பாவந்தீர்ப்பார் பழன நகராரே.

குனித்த புருவமும், கொவ்வைச் செவ்வாயில் குமிண் சிரிப்பும்,
பனித்த சடையும், பவளம் போல் மேனியில் பால் வெண் நீறும்,
இனித்தம் உடைய எடுத்த பொன்பாதமும் காணப் பெற்றால்
மனி(த்)தப் பிறவியும் வேண்டுவதே, இந்த மா நிலத்தே!

--- திருநாவுக்கரசு சுவாமிகள்

திருவாசகம்

பாரொடு விண்ணாய்ப் பரந்த எம்
பரனே பற்றுநான் மற்றிலேன் கண்டாய்
சீரொடு பொலிவாய் சிவபுரத்தரசே திருப்பெருந்துறையுறை சிவனே
ஆரொடு நோகேன் ஆர்க்கெடுத் துரைக்கேன்
ஆண்டநீ அருளிலை யானால்
வார்கடல் உலகில் வாழ்கிலேன் கண்டாய் வருகஎன்றருள் புரியாயே.

திருவிசைப்பா

ஒளிவளர் விளக்கே உலப்பிலா ஒன்றே !
உணர்வுகூழ் கடந்ததோர் உணர்வே !
தெளிவளர் பளிங்கின் திரள்மணிக் குன்றே !
சித்தத்துள் தித்திக்கும் தேனே !
அளிவளர் உள்ளத்து ஆனந்தக் கனியே !
அம்பலம் ஆடரங் காக
வெளிவளர் தெய்வக் கூத்துகந் தாயைத்
தொண்டனேன் விளம்புமா விளம்பே.

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.

திருமந்திரம்

அவனை ஒழிய அமரரும் இல்லை
அவனன்றிச் செய்யும் அருந்தவம் இல்லை
அவனன்றி மூவரால் ஆவதொன் றில்லை
அவனன்றி ஊர்புகு மாற்றி யேனே

திருப்புராணம்

இறவாத இன்ப அன்பு வேண்டிப் பின்
வேண்டு கின்றார்
பிறவாமை வேண்டும் மீண்டும்
பிறப்பு உண்டேல் உன்னை என்றும்
மறாவாமை வேண்டும் இன்னும் வேண்டும் நான்
மகிழ்ந்து பாடி
அறவா நீ ஆடும் போதுன் அடியின் கீழ்
இருக்க என்றார்

திருப்புகழ்

இறவாமற் பிறவாமல் எனையாள்சற் குருவாகிப்
பிறவாகித் திரமான பெருவாழ்வைத் தருவாயே
குறமாதைப் புணர்வோனே குகனேசொற் குமரேசா
அறநாலைப் புகல்வோனே அவிநாசிப் பெருமாளே.

வாழ்த்து

வான்முகில் வழாது பெய்க மலிவளம் சுரக்க மன்னன்
கோன்முறை அரசு செய்க குறைவிலாது உயிர்கள் வாழ்க
நான்மறை அறங்கள் ஓங்க நற்றவம் வேள்வி மல்க
மேன்மைகொள் சைவ நீதி விளங்குக உலக மெல்லாம்.

சீவபுராணம்

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

தொல்லை இரும் பிறவிச் சூழும் தளை நீக்கி
அல்லல் அறுத்து ஆனந்தம் ஆக்கியதே - எல்லை
மருவா நெறி அளிக்கும் வாதவூர் எம்கோன்
திருவாசகம் என்னுந் தேன்.

நமச்சிவாய வாழ்க நாதன் தாள் வாழ்க
இமைப்பொழுதும் என் நெஞ்சில் நீங்காதான் தாள் வாழ்க
கோகழி ஆண்ட குருமணிதன் தாள் வாழ்க
ஆகமம் ஆகிநின்று அண்ணிப்பான் தாள் வாழ்க
ஏகன் அநேகன் இறைவன் அடிவாழ்க

வேகம் கெடுத்தாண்ட வேந்தன் அடிவெல்க
பிறப்பறுக்கும் பிஞ்சுகன்தன் பொய்கழல்கள் வெல்க
புறத்தார்க்குச் சேயோன் தன் பூங்கழல்கள் வெல்க
கரங்குவிவார் உள்மகிழும் கோன்கழல்கள் வெல்க
சிரம்குவிவார் ஓங்குவிக்கும் சீரோன் கழல் வெல்க

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

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

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

புல்லாகிப் பூடாய்ப் புழுவாய் மரமாகிப்
பல் விருகமாகிப் பறவையாய்ப் பாம்பாகிக்

கல்லாய் மனிதராய்ப் பேயாய்க் கணங்களாய்
வல் அசுரர் ஆகி முனிவராய்த் தேவராய்ச்
செல்லாஆ நின்ற இத் தாவர சங்கமத்துள்

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

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

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

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

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

விலங்கு மனத்தால் விமலா உனக்குக்
கலந்த அன்பாகிக் கசிந்து உள் உருகும்
நலம் தான் இலாத சிறியேற்கு நல்கி
நிலம் தன்மேல் வந்து தருளி நீள்கழல்கள் காட்டி
நாயிற் கடையாய் கிடந்த அடியேற்குத்

தாயிற் சிறந்த தயா ஆன தத்துவனே
மாசற்ற சோதி மலர்ந்த மலர்ச்சுடரே

தேசனே தேன் ஆர்அமுதே சிவபுரனே
பாசமாம் பற்று அறுத்துப் பாரிக்கும் ஆரியனே
நேச அருள்புரிந்து நெஞ்சில் வஞ்சம் கெடப்

பேராது நின்ற பெருங்கருணைப் பேராறே
ஆரா அமுதே அளவில்லாப் பெம்மானே
ஓராதார் உள்ளத்து ஒளிக்கும் ஒளியானே
நீராய் உருக்கி என் ஆருயிராய் நின்றனே
இன்பமும் துன்பமும் இல்லானே உள்ளானே

அன்பருக்கு அன்பனே யாவையுமாய் அல்லையுமாம்
சோதியனே துன்னிருளே தோன்றாப் பெருமையனே
ஆதியனே அந்தம் நடுவாகி அல்லானே
ஈர்த்து என்னை ஆட்கொண்ட எந்தை பெருமானே
கூர்த்த மெய் ஞானத்தால் கொண்டு உணர்வார் தம்கருத்தின்

நோக்கரிய நோக்கே நுணுக்கரிய நுண் உணர்வே
போக்கும் வரவும் புணர்வும் இலாப் புண்ணியனே
காக்கும் என் காவலனே காண்பரிய பேர் ஒளியே
ஆற்றின்ப வெள்ளமே அத்தா மிக்காய் நின்ற
தோற்றச் சுடர் ஒளியாய்ச் சொல்லாத நுண்ணுணர்வாய்

மாற்றமாம் வையகத்தின் வெவ்வேறே வந்த அறிவாம்
தேற்றனே தேற்றத் தெளிவே என் சிந்தனை உள்
ஊற்றான உண்ணார் அமுதே உடையானே
வேற்று விகார விடக்கு உடம்பின் உள்கிடப்ப
ஆற்றேன் எம் ஐயா அரனேயோ என்றென்று

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

அல்லல் பிறவி அறுப்பானே ஒவென்று
சொல்லற்கு அரியானைச் சொல்லித் திருவடக்கீழ்
சொல்லிய பாடின் பொருள் உணர்ந்து சொல்லுவார்
செல்வர் சிவபுரத்தின் உள்ளார் சிவன் அடிக்கீழ்ப்
பல்லோரும் ஏத்தப் பணிந்து.

திருச்சிற்றம்பலம்

ஓம் சாந்தி!!! ஓம் சாந்தி!!! ஓம் சாந்தி!!!

Psalm 23 – The psalm of David

The LORD is my shepherd, I shall not be in want.

He makes me lie down in green pastures, he leads me beside quiet waters,
he restores my soul. He guides me in paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil,
for you are with me; your rod and your staff, they comfort me.

You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies. You anoint my
head with oil; my cup overflows.

Surely goodness and love will follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell
in the house of the LORD forever.

23 அதிகாரம்

கர்த்தர் என் மேய்ப்பராயிருக்கிறார்; நான் தாழ்ச்சியடையேன்.

அவர் என்னைப் புல்லுள்ள இடங்களில் மேய்த்து, அமர்ந்த
தண்ணீர்கள் அண்டையில் என்னைக் கொண்டுபோய் விடுகிறார்.

அவர் என் ஆத்துமாவைத் தேற்றி, தம்முடைய நாமத்தினிமித்தம்
என்னை நீதியின் பாதைகளில் நடத்துகிறார்.

நான் மரண இருளின் பள்ளத்தாக்கிலே நடந்தாலும்
பொல்லாப்புக்குப் பயப்படேன்; தேவரீர் என்னோடேகூட
இருக்கிறீர்; உமது கோலும் உமது தடியும் என்னைத் தேற்றும்.

என் சத்துருக்களுக்கு முன்பாக நீர் எனக்கு ஒரு பந்தியை
ஆயத்தப்படுத்தி, என் தலையை எண்ணெயால்
அபிஷேகம்பண்ணுகிறீர்; என் பாத்திரம் நிரம்பி வழிகிறது.

என் ஜீவனுள்ள நாளெல்லாம் நன்மையும் கிருபையும் என்னைத்
தொடரும்; நான் கர்த்தருடைய வீட்டிலே நீடித்த நாட்களாய்
நிலைத்திருப்பேன்.

Mr Ponnampalam Jeyaraj– A potted history

Ponnampalam Jeyarajasingam was born on 11 June 1944 in Kedah, Malaysia to Arumugam Ponnampalam and Annammah. When he was born, he was the second son and youngest child, which earned him the lifelong nickname of Baby. To this day, he is still referred to as Baby, Baby Anna and Baby Mama, even after his younger sister and brother were born.



Jeyarajasingam spent his first five years in a village in Sungai Petani, before the family moved back to Sri Lanka and settled in his mother's home town of Sandilipay. He had two brothers, the late Thavapalasingam and the late Rajasingam, and two sisters, Thavamalar and Pathmamalar. He grew up in Sandilippay and attended Skandavarodya College.

After school, he undertook an engineering course at Katubedde Technical College (now known as Moratuwa University), before doing an apprenticeship at Browns. It was during his apprenticeship that he found out about studying

opportunities in the UK at the British Council library in Colombo.

In 1967, Jeyarajasingam migrated to the UK to study Textile Engineering at Bolton Institute of Technology (now known as the University of Greater Manchester) in Bolton. He arrived in the UK eight days after one of his closest friend, A.E. Joseph. He lived with a group of students in the house of Milada Spencer (known to all as Mum) at 19 Hilden Street, Bolton.

After completing his course, he worked for various textile companies such as Courtaulds and Carrington Vyella.



In 1973, he returned to Sri Lanka to meet and marry Kaushalya Mylvaganam, the daughter of Dr Chelliah Mylvaganam and Rita Indrani. When the Hindu rituals were completed, he returned to the UK with Kaushalya and they settled in Bolton, where they bought their first house.



In 1976, Jeyarajasingam attended an interview for an inspector position at the Crown Agents for Overseas Governments. He was offered the job and accepted and he and Kaushalya moved to London. They first lived in Hither Green before moving to Harrow, where their two children, Pravin and Pramila, were born in 1977 and 1979 respectively. When Pramila was six months old, the family moved to Leavesden, Watford as a big part of his job involved travelling to other parts of the UK and the world, including the north of England. But when Crown Agents moved to Sutton, the commute to the office became too difficult before the M25 motorway was built, so the family moved to Cheam, Sutton in 1985, where they have lived ever since and 2025 would have marked 40 years of living in the same house.



It was during this period that Jeyarajasingam decided to shorten his name to Jeyaraj through deed poll. For work purposes, he also adopted the name of Peter, as it was easier to pronounce than Ponnampalam, which he later also used socially amongst the non-Asian community.

As an inspector, Jeyaraj travelled to over 50 countries and dealt with many high-profile clients and suppliers, including the United Nations. As part of his work, he was able to be help with high profile health problems such as malaria and HIV as well as disaster relief and this earned him the right to become a trusted member of the World Health Organisation (WHO). He then made the shift from Textile Engineering to Quality Assurance. In 2002, he became a Fellow of the Institute of Quality Assurance (FIQA) and in 2008, he became a Fellow of the Chartered Quality Institute.

In 1990, as his children were growing up and starting secondary school he decided to take an office-based job and travel less. He became the Operations Director of Crown Agents' Quality Assurance and Inspection Service and was thus the second-in-command in the department. He worked at Crown Agents from 1976 until his retirement in 2007, but then continued to provide consultancy services until 2014.

He was also involved with promoting the Tamil culture to the next generation and for a period, he was the Treasurer of the South London Tamil School (SLTS) (now known as Croydon Academy of Eastern Arts (CAEA)). He was also involved with a similar initiative called Sutton Subrang, in partnership with Sutton Council. He also persuaded the Croydon Music Festival to include Tamil and other Asian music in its competitions, thereby giving Tamil children another platform to show pride in their culture.

In July 2023, Jeyaraj and Kaushalya celebrated their Golden wedding.





In June 2024, shortly before he went into hospital for an operation Jeyaraj was able to celebrate his milestone 80th birthday with his family.



Jeyaraj passed away on 4 August 2024 at St Georges Hospital, Tooting, London. He is survived by his wife Kaushalya, his children Pravin and Pramila and their respective spouses Myvili and Mayuren and his granddaughter Mathurisha.

My Loving Husband

A compassionate and caring husband which translated into the care of everyone who came into contact with him. He spent long hours at work, understudying his bosses and making sure he acquired all the skills relevant to his work. He also made sure that he read the latest journals relating to his work in textile technology and quality assurance and keeping up to date with the latest trends.

When he had to go overseas on inspection duties, his employers had absolute confidence in him that he would perform his duties with the utmost integrity and had the highest level of trust in his abilities.

As a husband and father, he did not shirk his responsibilities. He worked hard to support his families and even those who were not family. He was a generous person who believed in sharing with others. Our home was open to lots of visitors and everyone who came always had something to eat.

He loved travelling and took his family on several overseas holidays which were truly memorable.

He loved to work with his hands, always fixing things around the house, like electrical gadgets, door locks, fixing wall cupboards, etc. You name it and he would do it.

When our children got married, he made sure that they lived within close proximity to us and ensured that they bought their homes nearby.

He survived a heart attack in 2015 which resulted in having a stent put in and then a kidney transplant in December 2019, but when Covid broke out in January 2020, we were confined to our home and unable to have any visitors. Even our children had to wear masks whenever they visited but stay at a distance for fear of infection. However, through WhatsApp messages and the telephone he kept in touch with his many good friends he had acquired over the years.

During regular check-ups with the Cardiac surgeon, it was discovered that he had developed an expanding aorta. He was advised to have surgery to put that right, otherwise one day it would just burst and then it would be fatal. On 8 July he was admitted to St George's Hospital, Tooting, and had the surgery the following day. While the surgery was successful, the stay on the ward caused a few problems and subsequently he was transferred to Cardio Intensive Care Unit with a ventilator helping him to breathe.

He always told me how we would grow old together and travel more seeing the world when the children left home, but sadly it was not to be. This “sickness” came like a thief and stole the dream. Although the Cardiac ICU doctors and nurses did their best in caring for him, it was not to be.

On that fateful day, 4 August, 2024, the attending cardiac doctor telephoned me early morning and asked us to come in as he did not think my husband would last the day. Surrounded by his family and friends, he quietly passed into eternity around midday.

My husband was a remarkable man, I am not sure I can really express how much I will miss him. Not only was he a wonderful husband, but he was also a wonderful father, grandfather, best friend, colleague and so much more. His ability to make everyone feel comfortable, secure and loved were his greatest strengths.

Gone, but not forgotten. May his soul rest in eternal peace.

Your Loving Wife Kaushalya (Kaushy)



My memories of Daddy

As his son, my memories of and feelings for Daddy (aka Ponnampalam Jeyaraj) are too much to put all into words. I have attempted to describe the person that Daddy was to me, from my own experiences and stories and advice that Daddy told me.

Daddy was born on 11 June 1944 in Kedah, Malaysia. The family lived in a village in Sungai Petani in Kedah, Malaysia. Twenty-two years ago, Daddy took us to see his birthplace and he showed the house where he lived and the place where he would throw away the milk his mother gave him. It was quite different from Cheam, where he settled and I grew up. When he was seven, the family left Malaysia and moved to Sri Lanka and settled in Sandilippay in Jaffna, where Daddy grew up. He studied at Skanda Varodya College.

He studied engineering at what is now Moratuwa University in Colombo, before starting an engineering apprenticeship with Browns. He told us how a group of his colleagues did something at work which resulted in all the apprentices, whether innocent or guilty, being sent home. To stop his mother finding out, he would get dressed each day as if going to work and go and read in the British Council library. It was here that he found out about studying opportunities in the UK.

He was also interested in music and he talked about managing a band called Valiant Star, who played on Radio Ceylon. His music tastes were eclectic and it was through him that I came to like Baila but he also liked lots of Western musicians, such as Jim Reeves, Frank Sinatra, the Beatles and Louis Armstrong. I remember how he would sometimes start singing some “golden oldie” songs at random times and one of my most vivid memories is at parties at home where Daddy and Uncle Joseph and other friends would sing “Dingiri Dingale Minachi”. In his later years, he played his old records more.

Daddy migrated to the UK in 1967 to study Textile Engineering at what is now the University of Greater Manchester. He lived with other students in Bolton. England in 1967 was not as diverse as 2024 and you could not just go to the local Tamil shop. Daddy said how he and his fellow students had to be innovative when it came to replicating Sri Lankan food, like using Bachelors soup powder to thicken the gravy – something that was particularly important to him and remained so until the end. I believe I may have inherited his love of the same. He also shared his experiences of being a non-white person in England in the 1970s and 1980s, experiences that I have not had to go through, and I think this impacted what he expected of us.

In 1973, he decided it was time to get married, so he booked annual leave and returned to Sri Lanka in July of that year. He was told by his mother that he needed to see one particular girl, the daughter of Dr Mylvaganam and Rita Indrani. The initial conversation was brief but he made sure to warn her that he was an “awkward character”. To this day, Mummy still says that he did not say how awkward. After going to Jaffna to get his parents’ blessing, he returned to Colombo and they were registered within a week or so. Daddy returned to Colombo in September for the Hindu ceremony. He brought Mummy back to the UK for what he has later described as a lifelong honeymoon, although this is usually in response to Mummy’s “complaint” that he did not take her on a honeymoon.

Mummy and Daddy initially settled in Bolton, where they bought their first house. However, in the meantime, Daddy had persuaded Periappa to come to the UK. He had not planned to move to London but in 1976, he needed a way to pay for the cost of a train ticket to London to see Periappa. Fortunately, he got an interview with an organisation called Crown Agents for Overseas Governments, who would pay for the travel costs. He said that he was not particularly interested in the job but somehow the interviewers were impressed. He ended up working for Crown Agents for the next 30 years until his formal retirement in 2007.

When Daddy and Mummy first moved to London, they lived in Harrow, where Pramila and I were born. Then we moved to Watford and, in 1985, we moved to Cheam when Crown Agents moved to Sutton.

As part of his work, he was able to travel to over fifty countries and dealt with many high-profile clients and suppliers including the United Nations. He made the shift from Textile Engineering to Quality Assurance and became the de facto deputy director of his department. He also achieved membership of the Chartered Institute of Quality Assurance and later became a Fellow of the Institute, something that he was clearly proud of – this is equivalent of at least a PhD in academia. I am particularly proud of how, in this job, he was able to help high profile health problems such as malaria and HIV and disaster relief.

It also seemed a bit like being James Bond. the job involved being entertained by suppliers and clients and this often meant finding ways not to offend his hosts. On one assignment, he said how the representatives on one company were taking turns to eat or drink something and it was not clear what it was. He could not exactly refuse to take part. As it came closer to his turn, he said he needed to use the washroom, where he gave sufficient time for his turn to pass before returning to the table. The job also involved some risk – on another

assignment, he explained how he and a colleague had to quickly leave the country after being pressured to approve a contract.

Retirement did not mean that Daddy rested on his laurels. He was always saying: "Whatever is resting is rusting." He initially continued working as a consultant for Crown Agents. But he was also a landlord and he was also always finding some work to do in the house. He was the go-to person for unofficial financial advice for us and for many of his friends. He always willing to provide valuable advice, even if it was not always requested, but on hindsight he was more right than wrong. For as long as he was able, he was an active swimmer and, even up to the day he went into hospital, he was using the exercise bike. He even learnt how to make Idli.

In 2023, Mummy and Daddy celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. In June this year, Daddy was able to celebrate his 80th birthday but he wanted to keep it small as it was shortly before his heart operation, as he did not want to catch any infection that might lead to a postponement. 2025 would have marked 40 years of living in the same house in Sutton.

Daddy always valued education. He always told me that "money comes and goes but no-one can take away education". Through his efforts, I was able to study as far as I did and achieve another one of his sayings: "If I jump one foot, you should jump three feet."

Daddy was technically minded and, before smart phones were even invented, he was always finding ways to connect his speakers and Hifi so that he could control the music from any room. For me, he was also the first port-of-call for any device or equipment that was not working; now I cannot ask him to have a look at it. It was because that he bought an Apple II computer (pre-Mac) when we were young – he said he was the first among his friends to do so - that I became interested in computer programming and learnt how to use a word processor. As he moved from the Apple II to Windows PCs, my interest and knowledge in computer programming developed.

I can vividly remember when he tried, in his own time, to work with another Tamil friend to develop a new database application to improve processes at work.

I also remember how he would use 1980s printing software to edit home videos with fancy title screens.

He was also big on recycling old furniture and technology and getting the most out of it, before recycling became fashionable. He did not like to throw things

away unnecessarily in case it was useful in the future. This proved to be the case more often than not. He was good at knowing when to reuse and when to buy new, something which I hoped I have picked up.

Probably the one characteristic that best summarises Daddy was practical. To my knowledge, he believed that life should as far as possible be convenient and not be subject to the rigours of ideology. To me, he described Hinduism as the most liberal religion because you can practise it however you want, there were no rules – you could be 100% Saiva pallam or full-on beef eater, it didn't matter. Daddy was always trying to joke about vegetarian eggs.

I cannot forget the various stories that he told, some for our entertainment as children, others about his life and others that he claimed were true but were clearly designed to make a particular point.

Over the last few years, he started sending out WhatsApp “Good morning” messages and insisted that I respond. It took me awhile, but I got into the habit. But then the messages stopped when he went into hospital on 9th July 2024, and I am waiting for them to start again.

It's sounds like a cliché but Daddy did live a full life that provides experiences and knowledge that we can benefit from. He went at a time when, after his operation, it seemed to him that he could not be as active and independent as he used to be. My only regret is that he did not live long enough to see his forthcoming granddaughter in the flesh. But he was happy when Myvili became pregnant this year and I am glad that one of his last actions on his last day was to be able to feel to the kicks and respond. He will be happy that the “Jeyaraj” name will live on in another generation.

Your Loving Son Pravin



My Memories of Mama

Mama you asked me to call you Daddy but I said I like to call you Mama. You actually treated me like your own daughter. Made me to realise why you asked to call you Daddy.

Even though you were going into hospital, you were very concerned about me and your forthcoming granddaughter.

Every bit of the house reminds me of you Mama, and it is very difficult to forget you.

You put all your effort to be a perfect father, father-in-law, husband, uncle and grandfather. Always thinking about the people who were closely associated with you and trying to fulfil their desires.

You were always thinking about your wife, children and their family. You lived for us.

You like to talk about your children, especially about your son (my husband)'s childhood with me and whenever you talk about them I could see the water in your eyes. I always feel the love you have with your children.

After you left us, I miss you every time whenever I visit your house, but we know you are in better place now.

Rest in peace Mama.

Your loving daughter-in-law Myvili



The Best Dad in the World

When Mummy was pregnant with me, Daddy jokingly said to her if you don't have a daughter then not to come home. Luckily Mummy knew she was carrying a girl after having a son the first time.

There are too many memories and feelings I have of Daddy and I will do my best to summarise in a few words.

Daddy was one of the most active people I know, not just physically but also mentally. He always wanted to get things done immediately and if where possible didn't want to leave anything until tomorrow. He always said 'tomorrow never comes'. Whenever he asked me if I had done something, sometimes I would say I am doing it tomorrow as I was too tired. He would jokingly say 'Not mañana'.

I think he must have gotten his energy from birth. Daddy was born on 11 June 1944, which happened to be D-Day to mark the end of the second world war in Europe, but as Daddy was born in Malaysia, the war was still going on and I remember Daddy used to say that his mummy (Appamma) said it was a very stressful time. I have definitely inherited Daddy's energy and I can definitely see that Mathurisha has also inherited this from her Grandpa too.

When I was small and Daddy had taken the ladder down to go into the loft, I always to run up to the top the ladder as I wanted to be high. I remember Daddy used to say that Annna would be standing at the bottom of the ladder saying 'Pramila, come down' as he was scared I was going to fall.

One of the best games I enjoyed playing with Daddy was the one where Daddy spun us around in the garden with hands like on a roundabout.

Daddy brought Mum (Milada Spencer) from Bolton to live with us when she became too old to look after herself. I loved living with Mum as it gave Anna and I a similar experience if our grandparents were living with us. This followed later when Pappa (Daddy's father) came to live with shortly before he passed away. Mum was very knowledgeable about the second world war due to having lived through it and it was like having our very own interactive history lesson. Mum also taught us count to 10 and say Good morning in German

I have definitely inherited Daddy's love of travel, Daddy took us all over the UK from Land's End to Inverness and all over the world from Australia to Canada. Daddy's inquisitiveness that led him to settle half way around the world from

where he grew up was instilled in me from a young age. After university, I looked into various worldwide opportunities, but for some reason I wasn't brave enough like Daddy to follow them through.

Daddy took us to Sri-Lanka, where Mummy was born for Darlo Appa's and Darlo Amma's (Mummy's parents) Golden Wedding celebration in 1999. Darlo Appa and Darlo Amma had a marriage made in heaven and Daddy and Mummy, were able to follow in their footsteps and celebrate their Golden wedding in 2023 and Daddy took Mummy on a Cruise and they finally had the honeymoon they never had. On the day of their 50th wedding anniversary, Mathurisha was in the park and noticed that the ice cream van was advertising Mickey Mouse's 50th anniversary and she said she wanted to take a picture for 'Grandpa and Ammamma'.



As Daddy had taken us to where Mummy was born, he also wanted to make sure he took us to us to where he was born and we made a trip to Penang in Malaysia in 2002 and then to the little village in Sungai Pattani where Daddy lived and seeing the house where he lived and the gutter where he threw his milk as a little boy. We later we had a mini pooja at the on-site village temple. Daddy was proud of his Malaysian heritage especially the cuisine, which after Sri Lankan was his favourite.

To me, Daddy was a career guidance adviser, financial adviser, Tax accountant, property developer, exterior and interior designer and motivator. At first, he didn't understand why I had taken a 'squiggly' career and jumped from wanting to be teacher to financial adviser to accountant but when I started at Aviva and became a Data Analyst and achieved my Postgraduate qualification in Applied Data Analytics, he understood that this was part of my career journey in order to move into the computing and maths industry that he advised after completing my degree. .

Although I had gained qualifications in financial services, Daddy was still more up to date with financial affairs and advised me on saving and investing, the best type of properties to buy and which ones made a best return. He always joked with me that the money didn't come from a money tree in the back garden. Most recently after lockdown, I asked Daddy to help us with some exterior landscape gardening. Daddy was always very economical with his designs and this soon escalated to a conversation of our integral garage to an en-suite room to be used as my home office but also to increase the market value of the property from a three-bedroom house to a four-bedroom house and a more economical kitchen and under stairs storage. I am going to miss Daddy's economical DIY skills but all the DIY I helped him with when I was younger will surely not go to waste. I can definitely see that Mathurisha has inherited Daddy's creativity and design skills.

I am going to miss Daddy calling me 'Honeypot' or 'The Organiser' and joking that he would go and stay with his hypothetical Chinese Daughter' if I didn't look after him (😊), although I am sure in the afterlife, his 'Chinese Daughter' is looking after him and giving him lots of Malaysian Chinese or Vietnamese food (😊).

Daddy, worked at Crown Agents from 1976 to 2007 and was promoted to various different roles during this time because of the knowledge he gained and people he helped. Daddy was always interested in passing on what he learnt at Crown Agents and helped others progress within the company right up until his retirement. He told me to always make myself an 'asset' in the company you work for and the job you're employed to do and to go above and beyond where possible.

Daddy, I am glad you were my Daddy as no one else would have understood all my little quirks and how my mind works like you did and what made me unique. (😊) You always said I had a similar character to you (I hoped you meant the good bits – Not the awkward ones as Mummy used to say - Haha, just kidding).

I am so grateful that on 17 July I was able to see and speak to you in person while you were recovering from your operation. I will always remember that conversation as it was the last time you made your usual jokes.

Anyway, I will miss you in person, but I know you are in heaven and amongst the stars watching over us all. I told Mathurisha that whenever she looks at the sky she will be able to see you.

Lot of Love

Your Loving daughter Pramila (Honeypot)

My Grandpa

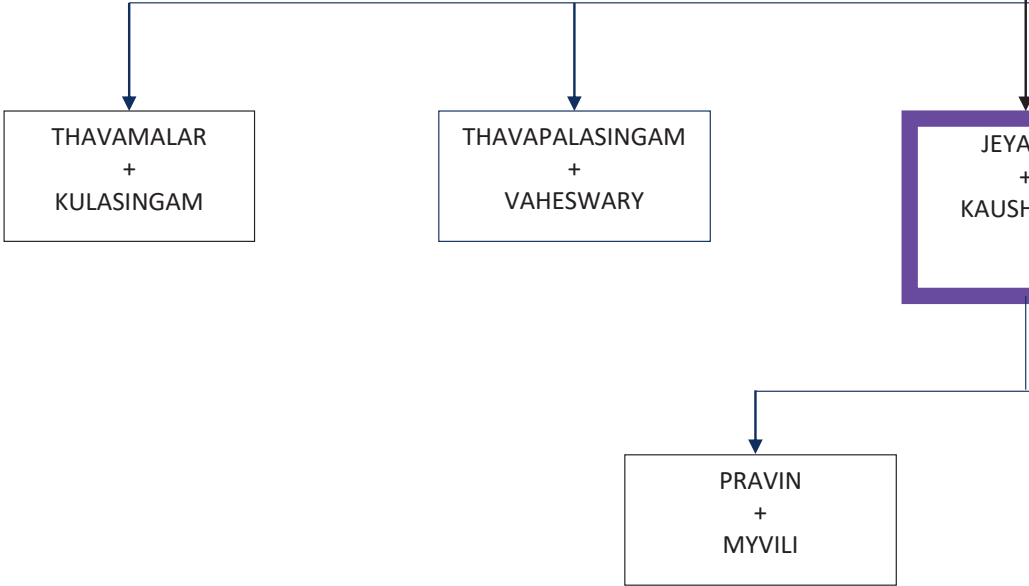


Your Loving Granddaughter Mathurisha (Mathu)



FAMIL

ARUM
+
ANNA



THAVAMALAR
+
KULASINGAM

THAVAPALASINGAM
+
VAHESWARY

JEYA
+
KAUSH

PRAVIN
+
MYVILI

Y TREE

UGAM
+
MMA

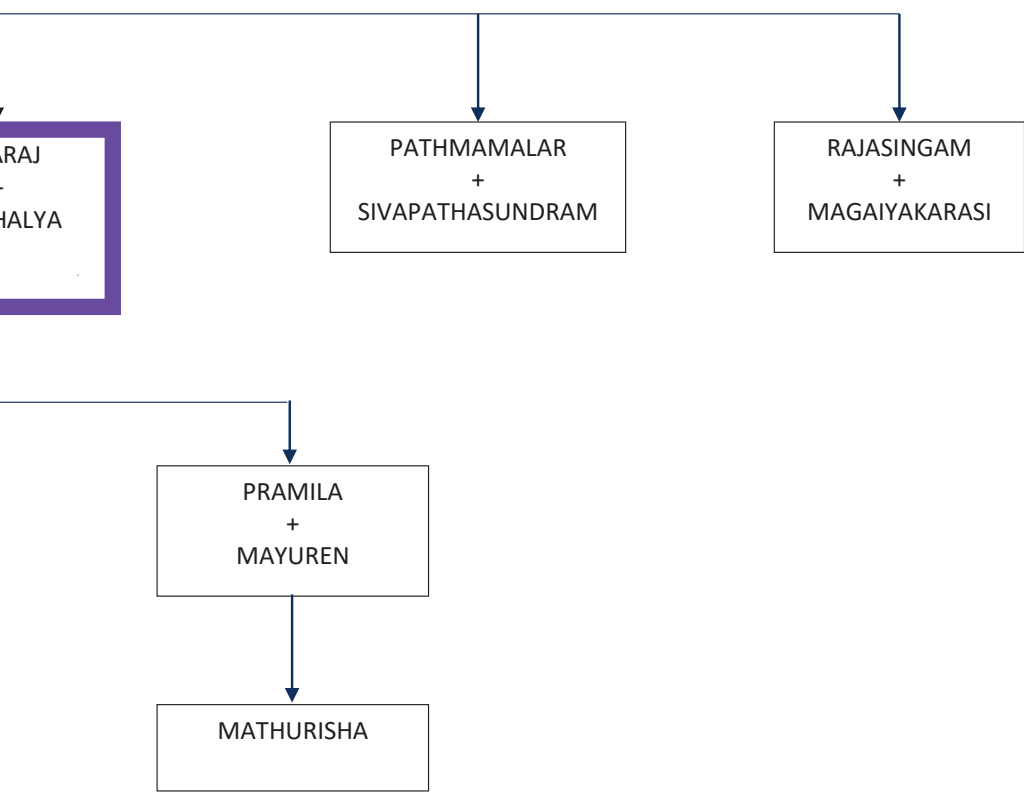
RAJ
-
HALYA

PATHMAMALAR
+
SIVAPATHASUNDRAM

RAJASINGAM
+
MAGAIYAKARASI

PRAMILA
+
MAYUREN

MATHURISHA



அன்புத் தம்பி பேயிக்கு அக்காவின் இதய அஞ்சலி

பெற்றோர்க்கு பெருமை சேர்த்த அன்பு மகனாய்
உடன் பிறந்தோர்க்கு பாசமான சகோதரனாய்
குடும்பத்திற்கு சிறந்த தலைவனாய்
உற்றார்க்கு இனிய உறவாய்
அறிவான அழகனாய் ஆளுமையுடன் இவ்வுலக வாழ்வை
நிறைவுடன் வாழ்ந்தீர்கள் .
எங்களுக்கும் பெருமை சேர்த்தீர்கள்.
காலனவன் காட்டிய அவசரம் தான் ஏனோ?
எம்மை எல்லாம் ஆறாத்துயரில் ஆழ்த்தி விட்டு மீளாத்துயர்
கொண்டுவிட்டீர்கள் .
ஆறாத வலியுடன் உங்கள் நினைவுகளைச் சுமந்து உங்கள்
ஆத்மசாந்திக்காக இறைவனைப் பிரார்த்தித்து நிற்கிறோம்
ஓம் சாந்தியே

**அன்புடன் உங்கள் அக்கா
ராசாத்தி**



My Baby Anna

My name is Pathmamalar Sivapathasundram.

Thank you for giving me the opportunity to say a few words about my dearest brother, whom we affectionately called Baby Anna. He was the one who was just older to me and the one who spent the most time with me whilst growing up.

We were naturally very close and the ones who did a lot of activities together. My cherished memories of my Baby Anna are extensive, and I am at a loss as to where to start. So, I have resorted to listing just some of those treasured memories.

At a time when it was not expected for girls to be going overseas for their studies, riding bicycles, etc. my Baby Anna kept encouraging me to strive for greater achievements. He did not want his siblings to be limited by the norms of the society. Although my mother was not keen about girls riding bicycles, his persistent efforts of teaching me cycling contributed in a major way to our survival when it was extremely useful at a time when it was the only means of transport during the dark days of the long conflict in Sri Lanka.

His ambitions of wanting both of us to move to the UK to further our studies unfortunately did not eventuate due to the declining health of our mother and the requirement for me to stay and look after her. Although his studies and eventual travel to the UK took him away from me in 1967, he never stopped communicating with me. In recent times he would message me every day.

To his credit, he achieved success through his own efforts. Apart from caring for his cherished family, his mind was always contemplating on how he could help improve the lives of his parents and siblings. The fact that he single-handedly sponsored all his siblings who moved to the UK so that their lives could be enhanced, has to be recognised.

After the loss of our mother, he took our father to London and cared for him till his passing in 1998.

One of my greatest regrets has been my inability to move to UK as per his wishes. My circumstances did not permit me to take the numerous opportunities he gave me.

I believe that one of the greatest gifts he ever received in life was his wife, my sister-in-law, Kaushalya. I wish to take this opportunity to pay tribute to her as well and say my heartfelt thanks for being a caring and cooperative wife who stood by him and supported his endeavours. She has not been a sister-in-law to me, but more like a close friend and sister.

I am going to miss my Baby Anna dearly. If there was ever going to be a rebirth for both of us, I wouldn't want anything more than to have him as my older brother for another lifetime.



Big Chit appa

Chit Appa was a true gentleman, by name, by nature and by appearance. Chit appa was very proud his achievements; especially and his children, he was very proud of where his children are today.

Chit appa was very kind to me and had lots of time for me when we met at family functions. He always showed me car and love. He used to entertain me with many stories of when Sri first came to the country. It was all very fascinating and gave me a chance to be part of that. We used to talk for ages.

I was very upset that I didn't get to say my goodbye as we kept meaning to meet up since Covid but didn't happen for one reason or another.

We used to get his morning messages to set us up for the day without fail and when it stopped we knew something was not right.

Losing someone is very difficult despite what they say, however time will heal all. We must not forget that death is merely our souls changing bodies like when we change from old clothes to new ones.

Thank you chit appa for always being there for us, guiding and caring for us. You will be deeply missed. I pray that your soul is now in peace and the you are in the protection of God.

Mona, Sri Kanth, Krishen and Arya

In Memory of Big Chittappa

As I reflect on the cherished memories I have of Big Chittappa, I am reminded of the amount of advice and guidance he offered to family and friends. From a young age, he was known for his wisdom, always eager to help others navigate their paths, whether in work or education. His stories were a source of joy, often accompanied by hearty laughter as well as thoughts.

Big Chittappa had a unique way of showing his care. Though he might not have expressed it openly, his guidance was a testament to his nurturing spirit. Our relationship, particularly in recent times, evolved as I faced my own challenges. After my knee surgery in June, our last conversation left a lasting impression on me. He encouraged me to take my health seriously and expressed his happiness in seeing me move forward with my life. His words of strength were comforting, especially since he never spoke of his own struggles.

Throughout my life, I noticed that Big Chittappa preferred to keep his hardships private, sharing only with his family. He was a man of pride, always striving to maintain his dignity, even in the face of adversity. It saddens me that I didn't have the chance to see him before his sudden passing, but I am grateful for the moments we shared during my childhood and early morning messages.

He often reminisced about the days spent with my father and little Chittappa, sharing stories that connected our families in beautiful ways. I now find solace in the thought that he is reunited with my father, my mother, little Chittappa, and Chitti, watching over us all.

May Big Chittappa soul rest in peace, and may the blessings of God provide strength to his family during this difficult time.

Angela
Daughter of the late Mr & MrsThavapalasingam

Big Chittappa

Big Chittappa, was one of two dear younger brothers of my Dad. My dad always appreciated Big Chittappa and spoke so highly of him, his achievements and on occasions went to him for guidance. He spoke of how Big Chittappa supported him to come to the UK and build a life for himself and Mummy.

Daddy really loved and valued his younger brother greatly.

I remember our trips to Surrey to Big Chittappa's house. Daddy would be excited to reunite with his brothers and family as we didn't live so close. I used to think it was a mini family holiday in which the children played in the garden and the front room whilst the adults mingled in the other room and had a party.

I came to learn about relatives and stories of my dad through these meets and have some funny family memories of our times together.

I remember Big Chittappa always having a camcorder at hand. Daddy always said that Big Chittappa was tech savvy and relied on him to bring his camera and record my birthdays.

After Appa and Amma died I missed them so much and found precious comfort from watching those videos Big Chittappa had created. I am actually impressed with the level of editing the videos he made in those days. He added songs and even names on a screen which was a great skill.

I am forever grateful for his videos as it allowed me to show my children Appa and Amma.

Funnily enough I even saw him with a camera in his hand and Risha's first birthday and remember his guidance on ensuring I captured these special moments with my children just like he did.

Big Chittappa has a priceless treasure trove of our family pictures and videos and that shows me he really valued family!

I thank you Big Chittappa for the unforgettable memories of our younger years and your nuggets of wisdom through your WhatsApp messages. Your spirit will continue to live on in our hearts and our stories.

As sad as it is that you have left earth, I like to think you have reunited with your parents, Daddy, Mummy, Little Chittappa and Chitti in heaven and you are having a party just like we used to at your house.

May your soul rest in peace.

Lots of love Manju, Chandru, Risha and Amayah.



Periappa

Home videos suggest my first encounter with Periappa was a pleasant one, with him advising my parents on what to do and how not to spoil me. Even as a grown man he had my best interests at heart, and would always give me advice on various aspects of life, learning from his past experiences. Given my dad had passed away in my early 20s, Periappa wanted to ensure I was successful and going in the right direction in life. If it wasn't for Periappa, I might not have had these precious home videos to watch - as my dad followed in his older brother's footsteps; by recording as much of life as possible on the heavy, over the shoulder camcorders from the 80s/90s.

Periappa enjoyed joking around with me, given I was his youngest nephew. We would fondly tease each other, but jokes aside he would push me to do better - enjoy life, move abroad, build up my capital, get married, start a family and SAVE, SAVE, SAVE! Even though I was employed within Finance, he was more knowledgeable than I was! He encouraged me to listen to certain radio shows to improve my finance knowledge and to stay up to date.

I was impressed with the life he had built in Cheam with Periamma, impressed with how much he had travelled with work and how he had risen up the ranks, and impressed with how he continued to swim to keep fit. Later in life I enjoyed listening to old stories from his travels, or stories about my dad in his youth, looking through old pictures as well as his coin collection.

Periappa - I hope you're enjoying yourself wherever you are (with lots of food and lots of gravy!). I look forward to seeing you again when the time comes. May your soul rest in peace.

**Love
Navin**



மருமக்களின் ஆதங்கம்.

"அன்பின் பேபி மாமா"

கண்மூடி முழிக்கும் முன்பே எம்மை விட்டுக் கடந்து விட்டீர்களே பேபி மாமா முப்பத்தொரு நாட்களாக!!! என்றென்றும் எங்களுடன் இனைத்திருப்பீர்கள் என எண்ணிலாக் கனவுகள் கண்டிருந்தோம்!!! நிரந்தரமாய் எம்மைத் தவிக்க விட்டு ஏன் மாமா மறைந்து விட்டீர்கள்? காலன் உங்களை விதியுடன் கூடிய காலத்தால் அழைத்திருந்தாலும் அத்துன்பத்தை ஏற்க எம்மால் முடியவில்லையே!!! இதுவும் விதி தான் என எம் மனது எண்ணினாலும் எமது மனதிலும் நினைவுகளிலும் என்றென்றும் நீங்கள் நிலைத்திருப்பீர்கள் பேபி மாமா!!! எமது காலம் உள்ள வரை நிழலாய் நீங்கள் தொடர்ந்திருப்பீர்கள்!!! இறைவனுடன் நெடுங்காலமாக கலந்து விட்டாலும் எங்களின் நினைப்பில் அழியாத ஓவியம் மாமா நீங்கள்!!! உங்களின் சகல அறிவுரைகளும் எங்களின் ஞாபகத்தில் என்றென்றும் நிலைத்திருக்கும்!!! இன்னுமொரு ஜென்மம் உன்டெனில் நீங்களே எமது அம்மாவின் உடன்பிறப்பாக (எமது மாமாவாக) வரவேண்டும் என்ற வரத்தையே வேண்டுகின்றோம். மருமக்கள்

கு. தவராஜ், (வபா), கு. பத்மராஜ் (ராஜ்), கு. குலராஜ் (குலம்)
சி. சிவருபன் (ருபன்), சி. தர்ஷன்



In memory of Baby Mama,

We, Gobinath, Mangalanath, and Sanharanath, want to extend our deepest gratitude for Baby Mama's involvement in our lives. We got the chance to meet only a couple of times but those times have impacted us all in different ways. Whether it be his stories, knowledge, or funny antics, he has always cared and loved for us like his own children. I, Mangalanath, had the privilege of sharing a birthday with Baby Mama. That being said I always looked forward to our calls on our day, regardless it be brief or long, it was always the necessary boost I needed. We've spoken since I was young and he never ceased to amaze me of his character and fatherly persona. Once again, we truly admire, appreciate, and love Baby Mama for everything he taught us, and will make sure his memory lives on for generations to come.

With love,

Gobinath, Mangalanath, and Sanharanth (Thavaraj)

“Forever young”

Baby Maama was a whimsical man who taught me life is not to be taken too seriously. I admired his wish to be referred to as Baby Maama rather than தாத்தா to preserve his youth- it was quite an endearing aspect about him. Today, we shall all honour his memory and his long-lasting impacts on our lives.

May he remain forever young up above ♡

Ayushi (Kularaj)



Baby Mama

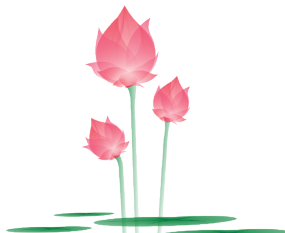
I would like to share a few words with you to remember our beloved Baby Mama.

I never got to meet my Appappa as a child, so I was lucky enough to have my very own Baby Mama, he was truly a wonderful Grandpa to me and my siblings, he treated us all as if we were his very own grandkids and I'll always be grateful for him.

My fondest memory of us, was at one of our family dinners, when I decided to quiz him on our family history, (bad decision I know), but he was so organised that he already made a whole family tree, we then sat down together and he spent the whole evening telling me who everyone was and he had the sweetest little stories about each and every one of us. I think this really does show just how loving he was of his family. He always put family first and I've always felt his love and care and especially his support. Baby Mama was not just a father figure for my dad but he truly was a great figure of respect for us all, he looked after all of us and has taught me so much over these past years.

It only hit me when I walked into this house for the first time since I last saw Baby Mama, that he truly was no longer with us, I no longer heard his deep voice from the kitchen, and I no longer saw him sat on his rocking chair. It breaks my heart that future dinners at this house will have one less person, but I can confidently say that Baby Mama lived a long and fulfilling life. He lived to the grand age of 80 and I'm so glad I was able to grow up with him in my life. Baby Mama has always been one of my biggest supporters, and has always looked out for the milestones in my life. Baby Mama, I know you're in a better place now, looking down on us all, and I hope you'll still support me in the future, We'll miss you more than anything and we all love you so much.

**Guyshni on behalf of the Sivarooban family
(Rooban, Selvi, Prisni, Guyshni, Gaavish and Riyaah)**



Dear Aunty Kaushi, Pravin, Pramila, Mayuren, Myvilli, and Mathurisha

Thank you for giving this opportunity to share a few words on this solemn occasion. I'm so thankful for having the opportunity to spend time with Aunty Kaushi and Uncle Jeya during my stay in the UK. Uncle Jeya always extended his home to me to help me not miss my home in Sri Lanka. Uncle Jeya's kindness and big heart can be seen in his children. We will all miss his warm smile and hospitality. I know my mom is already feeling the loss of her brother in law. As the family mourns over their loss on behalf of my parents and sister I would like to express our condolences and extend our prayers. May the Lord comfort you all and be with you during your time of grief. We love you all very much.

Dhinuka on behalf of the Boralessa and Samarasinha families (Dhushy, Kumar, Dhinuka, Shamilka, Sanaka, Kiara and Shiana)

Uncle Jeya was a pillar of dependability and kindness. Every time we visited England, he went above and beyond to ensure our trip was unforgettable. He would take time off work to show us around, drive us wherever we needed to go, offer advice on where to find the best deals, and always made sure we were well fed. Amma and Appa could always rely on Uncle Jeya for wise counsel and unwavering support, and they remained in close touch with him throughout the years. His absence leaves a deep void, and visiting the UK will never be the same without his warmth and generosity. Our heartfelt condolences go out to Aunty Kaushy, Pravin, Pramila, and their families. We find comfort in imagining Uncle Jeya and Appa sharing a drink together at a pub somewhere in the afterlife.

Amrit on behalf of the Mylvaganam family (Charmaine, Shalindra and Amrit)



Dear Aunty Kaushalya and family,

My mum and I offer you our deepest condolences. I couldn't let this day pass without letting you know how much Uncle Jeya meant to our family.

Uncle was such a knowledgeable man. My dad always told me that Uncle Jeya was so generous with his time if my Dad needed any advice.

He would happily share his thoughts and opinions on any particular subject and my parents were always very reassured by any advice given.

Uncle Jeya, you may no longer be with us, but I will always remember you as a very intelligent, generous and helpful Uncle. We will always respect and admire your enthusiasm for acquiring knowledge and are grateful for your pearls of wisdom.

It brings a smile to my face, thinking that you are up there with my Dad and other dear relatives, sharing a joke or two.

Thank you from the bottom of our hearts and may your soul rest in eternal peace.

Love

Shumi on behalf of Jeyadevan and Somasekeran families

(Kamalini, Shumi, Niroshan, Nelesh, Jahan, Narayan, Tania, Luca)



The unexpected and sudden passing of Peter Jeyaraj has left many of us in the community with a profound and deep sense of grief. Jeyaraj was my classmate at Skantha Varothiya college and has been a great friend for over sixty-two years. We came to London together in 1967 where I studied electronic engineering with Jeyaraj studying textile technology in Bolton. Our families have spent a lot of time together over the years and for my birthday Jeyaraj would always come from Bolton with a cake to celebrate with me.

He was a caring, thoughtful and dear friend who always had an infectious smile. He had a generous heart and would be the first to help anyone who was in need. To his wife and children, Jeya's premature demise constitutes an incalculable and irretrievable loss. We express our heartfelt condolences to them. May his soul rest in peace.

A.E.Joseph

We shared so many happy times with Uncle Jeya, Aunty Kaushy, Pravin and Pramila throughout the years and have an abundance of fond memories. You could always count on Uncle Jeya for smiles, laughter and jokes. He was full of joy and we will always be grateful for the time he spent with us. We will really miss him. Thank you Uncle Jeya.

Luckshmi on behalf of the Joseph family

(Joseph, Sharmini, Nilan, Dhushan and Luckshmi)



I met Jeya in 1968 October 21st, my first day at college. I was still a teenager then. When I arrived in UK, I suddenly found myself being on my own, away from my family for the first time, my immaturity and top of it all arriving late to college by a whole month was then a huge challenge for me. Jeya had already been in England for an year, who was informed of my arrival to UK & I may be needing some help by a letter (those were the days) by my Brother-in-Law Thiagarajah, who was very instrumental in my coming to UK. And I remember vividly Jeya when he came to meet for the first time, telling me then “**Don’t worry Thamby, you are going to be fine & don’t worry about a thing**”. When I heard this dreadful news of him passing away, my thought raced back to that day, when he assured me – all will be right (56 years ago. Ever since then Jeya has been a huge source steering force and guidance to me. He was like an older brother to me to start with and became a great friend. I can easily say without a lot of exaggeration that as recently as few days ago, hardly a month passed by without us talking to each other.

Jeya was a good selfless man unlike any I have known. He had a huge heart with immense consideration and compassion to others. Something any & all who knew him would say exactly that about him if not better. He was very respectful of others. In his college days he lived in a home of Mrs. Spencer, a fine, loving Czechoslovakian lady with two others Sri Lankans. Everyone called her Mum for simply for the reason she was motherly to all to all those students living in her home. Despite the many years passing Mum continued to receive cards, photos & letters from almost all who attended college from her home. All of such she would keep it by mantelpiece for us to see. I did run through those messages and noted almost all the messages were in the vein of gratitude, appreciative of her motherly caring tendencies.

Even many years after Jeya finished his studies and moved on in his life, Jeya did much more than that & typically his way. Those days communicating with someone without a phone in house was challenge. Despite that Jeya kept in touch with Mum, through writing letters for many years. When Jeya felt Mum was too old to be left alone, he convinced her, that she would be better off in company and help from his family & brought her to London. It was obvious to me that Pravin & Pramila loved Mum as if their grandmother but still called her Mum and Kaushy cared for her as if she was her own mother. All of the warmth towards Mum was obviously profound and palpable. Mum lived there in their home for almost 15years or more until her passing away. Who does this sort of thing? It couldn’t be anyone else but only Jeya. I know cases where there were problems in marriage for sons & daughters trying to do much less than this to their own parents. This is an unbelievable human story. But you better believe as it is factually accurate.

Until very recently Jeya would share with a few friends' good morning greetings. I am one of those recipients I am pleased to say. Now sadly there will be no such morning wishes. Jeya was through and through a fine, caring, decent man, and his passing away will leave a huge, gaping, irreplaceable void in me. He was a true friend to me; he helped my younger brother Jeya for over a decade especially during last living days. I will always be indebted to Jeya for the selfless help, care, devotional attention and timely support my brother Jeya needed and benefited immensely. I can easily go on with much more about Jeya. He has helped me personally. He was always there for me and I will miss him and he will be missed by all who knew him.

So dear Kaushy, Pravin & Pramila, what I am about to say may sound a bit familiar and common one says in the way of sympathy but I am going to say it anyway, for my knowing through personal experience hearing such may not free you from pain but I found it consoling somewhat. My heart goes out to you at this moment of intense pain. I feel certain you will find comfort, love and support from those around you. Please lean on them.

Bala (Balaratnam)



Peter joined The Crown Agents as a textile and textile products inspector on 5th July 1976 adding his knowledge and experience to a small inspection team. With his gentle sense of humour and friendly manner, as well as his keen eye for detail and diligence as an inspector, he quickly became a respected and valued member of that team. Through the years these attributes led to successive promotions and progress within the organisation where Peter successively managed larger teams of inspectors and increasingly demonstrated his commercial acumen in managing profitable businesses.

The small UK based inspection team that Peter joined in 1976 expanded to the one he led when he retired which he managed through a network of overseas offices in India, Bangladesh and Singapore as well as a network of inspectors working as sub-contractors. This was something of which both he and I were incredibly proud.

As my colleague and deputy for upwards of 30 years I was always confident that business led by Peter would be managed well and issues and problems that arose would be dealt with promptly and well. He was also supportive of me personally and incredibly loyal to myself and to The Crown Agents as an organisation.

Peter will be sadly missed by all who knew and worked with him at the Crown Agents and by me. He was a good man to know and to have worked with.

Scott Hart

Director Inspection Services (retired)



Peter and I met due to the fact that we were both Inspectors with Crown Agents Inspection Service. Peter was attached to the Sutton Office in the general supplies section whereas I was based in the Walsall and Frankfurt offices in the engineering section. We met at an Annual Pensioners reunion dinner which was held at the Holiday Inn in Sutton.

Peter was the only other member of the department present, at the first one I attended, many years ago. We naturally gravitated towards each other, and sat together at the dinner, and at all subsequent ones. Thus our friendship developed, though our meetings being limited to those occasions.

We also met at meetings held in the Robin Hood pub in Sutton when I would pick him up from home and give him a lift to the meeting. On these occasions we would buy each other a drink, him a lager shandy and me a pint of bitter.!

I know there was a laboratory somewhere in the Sutton building where Peter was no doubt active, but I have no memory ever visiting it or knowing what he did there. I do know he was involved in the inspection of condoms and the review of results from other laboratories before releasing batches for despatch to the client, a field in which CA is still regarded as pre-eminent to this day. I think he was also involved in Hand Pumps for raising water from village wells in Africa but I am not clear on the details.

He was a valued member of the department and I am pleased to have been regarded as a friend.

With our condolences

Peter and Benita Beales



We gather to remember and celebrate the life of Jeyaraj Uncle.

As we come together in this time of sorrow, I want to first extend my deepest condolences to Kaushy Aunty, Pravin Anna and Pramila Acca. Thank you for giving me the honour to write a few words.

Jeyaraj Uncle was a remarkable person. I had the privilege of knowing him for more than 30 years. Jeyaraj Uncle had a way of making everyone feel valued and loved, with a kindness that knew no bounds and a smile that could light up even the darkest of days.

I have many fond memories of Jeyaraj Uncle starting from the age of 5 when I first met him. He was always welcoming and generous. Full of advice on how to live life. Our every conversation would start with him providing me with valuable life lessons. The best way to invest my money, how to plan for the future, where to buy property. He always entwined these valuable nuggets of guidance with witty anecdotes from his own life. It's moments like these that remind us of the joy he brought into our lives and the warmth he shared with everyone around him.

Jeyaraj Uncle's legacy is one of love, generosity, and strength. He faced life with a courage that inspired us all. Whether it was helping others, looking after his family, battling health problems, he always had an optimistic approach and he has left an indelible mark on this world.

As we say goodbye, let us not dwell on the sorrow of our loss but rather celebrate the life that was lived so fully and beautifully.

In Hinduism, death is considered a significant transition rather than an end, marking the soul's departure from the physical body. Instead of thinking of today as the end of Jeyaraj Uncle's life, let's think of this as a send-off to a new journey for his soul. Jeyaraj Uncle's spirit will continue to live on in our hearts and in the memories, we cherish.

Sambavi Raviraj On Behalf of the Raviraj Family (Ravi and Menaka)



A tribute to our friend Jeyaraj **(on behalf of South London Tamil School)**

Recalling the late 1980s, when the Croydon Tamil School was becoming popular with the parents and the youngsters, late Mr Ponnampalam Jeyaraj from Cheam, Sutton, with his two children Pravin and Pramila Joined our Tamil School community at South Norwood Adult Education Centre. Soon, he became well known among the parents for his Commitment to the Tamil school. Jeyaraj was elected in 1989 as the treasurer of the South London Tamil School (SLTS). With his financial management skill, he was able to clear arrears and late payments, which helped the management committee to have surplus funds during the following years.

Jeyaraj was elected to serve in the management committee for further two more years. Jeyaraj's affection towards the Tamil school was such that he worked hard to help promote the profile of the school, by attending from Cheam to South Norwood.

Jeyaraj's another skill came to light when he joined the parents' drama group of the school, headed by late Mr S. Yogarajah. Jeyaraj's comedy acting skill was admired and appreciated by the audience in Yoga's dramas such as, "Ponu Parka Mappillai Vanthar", "Londonil Sellathurai" and "Pavama Punniyama". I still remember Jeyaraj wearing the "Vertie" acting as a Tamil "Pandithar" in the hilarious comedy drama "Londonil Sellathurai", staged in the 1990s.

Jeyaraj and his family were well respected particularly among the elders of the Tamil school community. His wife Kaushalya was also a Tamil language teacher at the same school, currently named, "Croydon Academy of Eastern Arts" (CAEA).

Jeyaraj's contributions to the annual Christmas party at the Tamil school was well remembered by both parents and students. We all miss him with good memories. May His Soul attain "Morksham"

S.Kanagasundaram
August 2024



பிராத்திக்கின்றோம்

My dear friend Jeya, it became a shock to me when I heard about your sudden demise. The God has decided to take you away with such a short notice without you saying goodbye to any one of us. I am already missing our usual chats regarding all our health issues and the family matters. You are a good person and I know that you always helped all those who needed it. Rest in Peace Jeya. I also know that we won't meet again in this life. I convey my deep sadness and condolences to your wife and your children. I pray for your soul to attain peace. Goodbye Jeya.

Selva

Nadesapillai Selvarajasingam

Rest in Peace

Dear Kaushi, Pravin, Myvili, Pramila, Mayuren and Mathurisha, I am deeply saddened by the demise of my dear friend Jeya. Please accept my condolences and I pray to God to give you all the strength to get through these sad times. I have lost a very genuine and honest friend who gave me unbiased advice on finance and health. He was a true and dear friend for me. I will miss him.

May his soul rest in peace
Malliga Baladasan

Tribute

Dear Kaushi, Pravin, Pramila and families, We are shocked and very saddened to hear of Jeya's unexpected departure. He was a good family friend for many years. He had been in touch with us until the very end. We will miss him. May God take care of him.

Kumar, Gilda, Marino, Andy and family



Funeral rites and Crematorium link



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TvEer1HG-pk>



In Appreciation

We would like to thank all those who have supported and comforted us during this difficult time - there are too many names to mention, but our loving gratitude is for each and every one of you.

We would like to thank the many relatives, friends and well-wishers who visited us, telephoned, sent cards and floral tributes and provided meals.

Last, but not least, we wish to thank all who helped to organise and attended the funeral and memorial service.

Your prayers, loving support and kind words have touched our hearts in many ways and will be with us for many years to come.

**Kaushalya
Pravin and Myvili,
Pramila, Mayuren and Mathurisha.**





கீதாசாரம்

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

எது நடக்க இருக்கிறதோ,

அதுவும் நன்றாகவே நடக்கும்.

உன்னுடையதை எதை இழந்தாய்.

எதற்காக நீ அழுகிறாய்?

எதை நீ கொண்டு வந்தாய், அதை நீ இழப்பதற்கு?

எதை நீ படைத்திருந்தாய், அது வீணாவதற்கு?

எதை நீ எடுத்துக் கொண்டாயோ,

அது இங்கிருந்தே எடுக்கப்பட்டது.

எதை கொடுத்தாயோ,

அது இங்கேயே கொடுக்கப்பட்டது.

எது இன்று உன்னுடையதோ

அது நாளை மற்றொருவருடையதாகிறது.

மற்றொரு நாள், அது வேறொருவருடையதாகும்

“இதுவே உலக நியதியும்

எனது படைப்பின் சாராம்சமுமாகும்”

- பகவான் ஸ்ரீ கிருஷ்ணர் -

