

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 9<sup>th</sup> 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**

