

My Mummy and My Guardian Angel

My darling Mummy, I cannot believe you are no longer with me. You have always been there, loving me and all the children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, the beautiful family you created. With open arms and a caring heart, with enduring patience and inner strength, you gave so much for me, often making quiet sacrifices that I only came to fully appreciate with time.

You were my teacher, my comforter, my encourager and my friend, appreciating everything I did and forgiving any missteps I may have taken. Sometimes I took you for granted, Mum, but I don't now, and I never will again. I know that everything I am today relates to you and your loving care. I gaze in wonder as I remember you being you, my miracle, my mother.

So how do I count the ways?

*"A mother's love is something that no one can explain,
It is made of deep devotion and of sacrifice and pain,
It is endless and unselfish and enduring come what may,
For nothing can destroy it or take that love away."*

— Helen Steiner Rice

As a young child, you were constantly next to me, feeding me, clothing me and nourishing me, both me and my twin sister. Your hands were always busy caring for us, making sure we never wanted for anything.

So how do I count the ways?

As a teenager, you reminded me of the lessons of right and wrong. At times there were strict words and glances, but they were always given with love. Those were precious life lessons which became values and principles that I inculcated and made part of my life. As a young woman who married in my early twenties, you were always my guiding light. You taught me how to handle problems and life issues calmly and in a mature way, how to build strong interpersonal relationships through patience and understanding.

So how do I count the ways?

When I had two young children in my early twenties, you gave me much needed practical tips on caring for precious infants with colds, flu, fevers and the little ailments that afflict them. You showed me how to be a good, caring and exemplary mother. I was always motivated by your advice, and every piece of wisdom was like a little treasure that I hold precious close to my chest.

As they grew into toddlers, you gave valuable insights on raising healthy and strong children with good values. When we were blessed with a third child, you added yet another layer of precious advice and guidance on character building. You showered them with so much love, and all three of my children adore their Ammamah and Thatha tremendously.

You even helped with their educational needs, providing supplementary exercises and assessment books. You gave me the motivation and the push I needed. I remember you saying explicitly that mothers play a crucial role in the education of their children, and you encouraged me to be heavily involved in their daily schoolwork. This must be the reason I had a mini tuition centre in my own home.

Later, when the great grandchildren came, your love was even more joyous as it was totally unexpected and truly beautiful. You spoke to them and cuddled them so very often. For us it was pure happiness to watch you interacting with them and their love for you is immense.

So how do I count the ways?

*"Your arms were always open when I needed a hug.
Your heart understood when I needed a friend.
Your gentle eyes were stern when I needed a lesson.
Your strength and love has guided me and gave me wings to fly."*

— Sarah Malin

One significant moment stands out in my mind with such clarity. When I became seriously ill in 2012, you stayed in my home for over three weeks, caring for me with the same tenderness you showed when I was a child. You cooked nutritious food that was gentle on my stomach, ensuring every meal helped me recover my

strength. Your presence during those difficult weeks was a gift I will never forget, a reminder that a mother's care never diminishes, no matter how many years pass.

Your strength and love truly gave me wings to fly, Mummy. So how do I count the ways?

There were many tender moments I treasure from your later years too. Whenever we were at the hospital for your doctor's appointments, you would always ask me to get you a treat of soya bean milk with a tuna or egg mayo pancake. Watching you enjoy these simple pleasures so happily, almost like a little girl, never failed to put a smile on my face. In those moments, our roles had gently reversed, and I was grateful for the chance to care for you as you had always cared for me.

As I say farewell but not goodbye, I make this solemn promise to you, my darling Mummy. I will keep your name and Papa's flying high and protect your reputation. You and Papa will always be my beacon lighting the way, and you both will be my guardian angels till the day I leave this world.

I will never say goodbye as I will always carry both you and Papa in my heart forever. I will miss you terribly until we meet again in the abode of the Almighty. 🙏🙏🙏

My Love For You Always, Your Ever Faithful Daughter,

Ananthy (Sivarenuka Vijayakumar) 🌹🌹🌹



Ammamahs Love

Ammamah was a gentle soul, whose remarkable presence has touched the lives of four generations. She was a graceful woman and the way she treated her husband and children with such motherly love and patience was a lesson in itself. She went about her days with a quiet dignity, always placing the needs of her family before her own, always finding time to listen, to comfort, to guide. From her, I learned what it truly means to love unconditionally.

Her warmth extended far beyond her immediate family. Ammamah was wonderfully doting to all her grandchildren, and what struck me most was how she embraced even her daughters-in-law as though they were her own grandchildren. She had this remarkable gift of making everyone feel like they belonged, like they were cherished. That ability to dissolve the boundaries between family and extended family, to create a circle of love that always grew wider, was one of her greatest gifts.

And then came the great grandchildren. Even in her later years, Ammamah would cradle them in her arms, cuddle them close, her face lighting up with pure joy and excitement. Jayla and Jayvin still speak of Paati fondly, a testament to the lasting impression she made even on the youngest hearts.

Ammamah showed us all what it means to be the heart of a family. She taught us patience, kindness, and the importance of treating everyone with love and dignity. Though she has left us, her legacy lives on in the values she instilled and the love she so freely gave.

We will miss you dearly, Ammamah/Paati.

Love Always,

Danesh Vijayakumar, Mathini, Jayla & Jayvin.



Loving Memories of Ammamah

Some of my most treasured memories are the Sunday lunches at Ammamah's house. The whole family would gather, and the kitchen would be filled with the most incredible aromas – her trademark chicken curry, fried chicken, mutton curry, and kathirikai paal curry. She was an extraordinary chef, but more than that, she poured love into every dish she made for us.

What amazed me most was her strength and independence. Well into her 70s, she insisted on walking to the shops for groceries and preparing elaborate meals whenever we visited. She was incredibly well-read too, always keeping up with the news and ready for a good laugh – her sense of humour was infectious.

I'll never forget when I had dengue fever at 13 or 14 and lost so much weight. I stayed with her for a couple of months, and she made it her mission to nurse me back to health, cooking all my favourite meals until I'd gained my weight back.

But what I miss most is her warm smile and the way her face would light up the moment we arrived. That joy, that unconditional love – that was Ammamah. She was the heart of our family, and her legacy of love and care lives on in all of us.

Love Always,

Naren Vijayakumar, Bronwyn, Alex-Ashwyn & Oliver-Hari



To My Dearest Ammamah,

The past few days, I keep thinking about all the memories that we have had together and how your love and warmth touched everyone who knew you.

When I think of you, I think of all the ways you showed your love and the main way was through the labour of cooking for your loved ones. They say food is the key to happiness, and you certainly made everyone happy. You were an excellent cook, and your chicken curry, mutton tulang soup, and brinjal paalkari especially were my favourites and absolutely out of this world.

Your cooking brought the whole family together and every Deepavali at your and Thatha's house was special. You would cook up a storm (even letting me help stir the pan sometimes) and also make sure we had plenty of fireworks and toys to play with. Those Deepavalis spent with my aunts, uncles, and cousins are some of my best childhood memories.

You also always provided a warm home for us to feel safe in. I still smile when I think about sleepovers at your house. You would let us watch cartoons (even in the wee hours) though my parents didn't really approve. That was just the kind of person you were, always wanting your grandchildren to be happy. But you also knew when to give good advice, constantly reminding me to be respectful to my parents, and to study hard and do well in school.

You spoiled me every time I visited, never letting me leave without some *secret* cash for my favourite candies and snacks. Even in your later years, you would always ask if I had eaten and offer me food, or at least a milo and biscuits. Making sure I was well fed and taken care of in every way was just part of who you were.

Your love was truly unwavering and infinite. Even as your memory began to fade in the recent years, you still greeted me happily as "Raveen appu" with that wide toothy (sometimes toothless) grin. This image of you, I will carry in my mind's eye forever as my Ammamah.

I'm glad that you are no longer in pain and suffering. You are resting peacefully now after having lived a long and fulfilling life brimming with never ending love, and so many achievements that we're all so proud of.

Thank you, Ammamah, for everything. Your love, your wisdom, your warmth, and your wonderful love of cooking will be with me always.

"We are made of star-stuff. We are a way for the universe to know itself." — Carl Sagan, Astronomer

You were a shining star in life, you were a part of the universe teaching me about myself.

Now to the stars you shall return.

Take care Ammamah, say hi to Thatha for me. See you again in another life.

Love Always,

Raveen Vijayakumar



