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## Editorial

By Sangita Ashok

We are truly in a world that is seeing an overload of information．From waking to sleeping，we are constantly being manipulated by the media whether it is the television，the radio，the print media and now electronic media．Most of us are increasingly waking up to our phones．What happened to the days that Boris Gardiner crooned ＂I wanna wake up with you＂？He like us never imagined a world where the delicate music of messages on our phone would signal our reason to wake up to a new day．From whatsapp， facebook，messenger，emails， instagram，twitter and the many platforms，we have been sent into an overdrive of mental action， restlessness and constant desire for more mixed messages， constant chatter，global news that focuses on the ills that face our world，and a newly emerging global consciousness．

Yet，I believe our intelligence has not flourished but is at an all－time low．We are consumers of information，greedy and aspiring for more，our nerves are on constant edge seeking
contactless contact．This is truly an era of meaningless speeches， long drawn out discussions and we are increasingly drowning in the noise of communication． Faces morph out of zoom，take on new personas，we see what we want to see，the word does not match the action，and there is a race for more of everything． This rapid phase in communication is in contrast to the increasing constraining in our freedom of speech and assembly．So we are increasingly a victim of miscommunication， lies and deception despite our efforts to bring in an element of accountability and transparency in the way we interact with each other．


The warmth in a touch, a sigh, the closeness and intimacy has now been taken out of our lives. It is another sign of our consumerist, materialistic times. We can blame a lot of this on the pandemic, the virus of our lives. But over the years, we as humans have been working on increasing our contactless contact online, our soulless intimacy. Meeting one on one is hard, our souls cannot blossom in unison, time is at a premium, and there is a decline in our humaneness. We have been happy to go down this formal path of calling the shots in talking only when we feel like speaking, hearing only when we feel like listening. Welcome to the apps and Facetime when we connect to our ageing parents that we left behind in our search for greener pastures, our loved ones, friends and family. |

We cannot soothe away their pain, take them for walks, or talk to them and listen to their stories, however harder we laugh with them, pretend to be in their lives, and bring them happiness in the fading years of their lives.

Recently, I joined laughter yoga classes online once a week. For 25-30 minutes, I listen to the mindless laughter of the tutor on zoom.

In the confines of my room, the sound of my laughter as I mouth the laugh using the vowel sounds of $a, e, l$, o and u sounds eerie, grotesque almost. I am learning to laugh all over again. I am trying to trick my brain to assume that my fake laughter is real laughter so that my brain can process all the healthy emotions and help me to
release the much needed endorphins to reduce blood pressure, make pain bearable because laughter is indeed the best medicine. When I was little, I had every reason to smile. The warmth of the sun, just the mere waking up to being alive and going about life brought the a to my lips. The warm embrace of my parents' love, the rushed walk early morning to catch the bus, meeting friends on crowded buses, the giggles with my classmates. I never imagined a day without laughter by my side. Laughter and music filled my days. Life was not easy, it took four hours of commuting to and fro to school. I was almost always late to school despite leaving home around 5:45am. Still, there was happiness in watching the world as it was go by. Maybe it was just the spring of youth.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,

But to be young was very heaven! - Oh! times

We are beginning to take ourselves very seriously. Yes, the business of life is not to be trifled with. We are in the grip of a society that is soul-less, the dollar is our identity, big cars and big homes, the latest gadgets, all that reeks of western influence has seduced our sensibilities. The prevalent attitude is definitely not the values that were instilled in me of hard work, study and the desire to compete with oneself. To be a better human being, to be kind and compassionate, treat everyone equally, and with decency. Yes, decency is very much an unknown word.

In our frantic desperation to achieve and compete we have lost ourselves, our innate sense of compassion, integrity, basic human values of fairness, equality and justice. Instead, we are desperately seeking to consolidate our power at whatever human cost. Lies are spun, favourites are backed and there is the torrid attempt to gain name and fame at any price. The stakes are high, and we are running with the wind, with those in power in our search for our two seconds of undeserved glory.

We are very much a colonised people. Over hundreds of years of colonialism have instilled in us the desire to be the minion, to serve what we consider a superior race. So here we are desperately leaving for foreign shores. Leaving a country that gave most of us our first break, free education until university level, unparalleled by any other country in the world. Glorifying the language of our colonial masters and relegating the richness of Sanskrit and Pali to the fate of non-existence. Glorifying, our colonial masters and their way of life, we have crossed oceans.

But a few years in a white country, you realise you are 'an indian'. We need more Indians was the mantra that I had to listen to from a pompous departmental head. You watch young graduates climb the ladder with such ease and alacrity, the skin colour helps. You cry at interview commentaries that are handed down to you. Harsh statements of your incompetency are given to you by lazy
managers. You know that you are not this.
But we have left our motherland behind, and with it our identity. We start life anew. But to what end? Have we failed our motherland in our search to integrate into a culture that is alien to us? Have we played a part in the development of our motherland? By giving handouts to our motherland as a way of assuaging our guilt, have we really paid our tribute to our country and her people? By leaving her shores, have we not failed her?

We are a generation caught in the crossroads of not belonging in this alien culture, tossed between new worldviews, the world of our children; and then again in the world of our parents, the way of life that we knew and identified with, longing for our warm summer home in Sri Lanka, the pearl of the orient. Our choices have now bound us to where we find ourselves.

We need to take pride in our motherland. Truly what a beautiful country, Sri Lanka is! Abounding with natural resources, gems, crops, glorious weather and year-round sunshine, beautiful landscapes, warm waters and beaches, luxurious palm trees fringing the beaches, Sri Lanka is an island country that is lush and incomparable. Fast track to Australia, the dusty roads, cold weather, expensive holiday rentals that hardly speak of service, the unrelenting weather; any comparison to our motherland is impossible. Yet we have made this large island Australia our
home, while we live in the dream of warm, breezy nights in Colombo, monsoonal seasons, in the trance of the 'koha' cooing, the blue seas and sunshine. We embrace the message of the Buddha, pay obeisance to all of our Hindu Gods, listen to the call of Islam, and seek to understand the Sunday gospel.

It is of course not easy to remove ourselves from the life that we have now chosen. We need to accept our choices and keep going. Keep going is an eternal wisdom. It includes the notion of acting responsibly, of being able to respond. In this lies your ability to live in freedom. The outer world will continue to chatter and we as human beings will continue to be enslaved to it. Our inner life is within our command. I hope that we will begin to respond to our motherland. We have made our adopted country even richer by offering our services in exchange for the dollar. There is glory in going back to Sri Lanka and bragging about the roads and infrastructure in a developed world, showing off our accents, glorifying the laws and rigid regulations framework but happily flouting them when returning back to our roots.

There is more glory in working for our motherland. It is my dream that one day we will regain Sri Lanka to its proud heritage. To do this we need to unite as a people. We need to let go our past differences. To forge ahead, we need to focus on the need of the hour to develop our economy, our education, social and economic
welfare. We need to heal as a people and try to regain our isle of paradise.

Let the journey begin.


## Ayubowan! Wanakkam! As-Salaam-Alaikum! Greetings! Lasath Lecamwasam. ASLA President

## Let's Help them Breathe Again! - GoFundMe https-//gofund.me/04f2de45

With the resurgence of the pandemic in Sri Lanka, the Canberra based Sri Lankan organisations united to combine our efforts for a fundraiser campaign under the banner of
Canberra Covid HelpLanka. The participating associations included ASLA, AAUPCC, ASLABA SLDVA, LCF and the cricket clubs Lions and Singha. As the current president of ASLA, I had the privilege to serve as the Chairperson of the group.

From the onset we decided that this would be an effort by the Canberra Sri Lankan Community, and we would take responsibility
 for raising funds, coordinating with appropriate authorities in Sri Lanka to identify urgently required medical equipment and to find a suitable hospital where the equipment we send could be used immediately to help critically ill patients immediately.

This experience was more than simply a fund raiser for me. It was a good opportunity to interact with fellow Sri Lankans from different Associations, to listen to their viewpoints and to make decisions through consensus. I also had the privilege to develop new friendships with others having a passion to help our beloved Sri Lanka.

The campaign initially targeted to raise $\$ 25,000$. We had the advantage of having a Doctor and a Biomedical Engineer working with us in Canberra and coordinating with the Ceylon College of Critical Care Specialists, to identify suitable medical equipment that was affordable within our forecasted budget. We had organised a Dinner/Dance/Auction at the Hellenic Club, however this had to be cancelled at short notice due to the escalating situation in Sydney and other states.

To date, we have collected about $\$ 16,000$ through donations to the GoFundMe campaign and through direct transfers to the ASLA bank account. The ASLA Treasurer and I will ensure that we maintain transparency to representatives from all participating Associations and accountability for all the funds raised. We will keep the community advised of progress.

With the funds raised to date, we are in the process of purchasing four high quality (Fisher \& Paykel) High Flow Oxygen Therapy Machines with the necessary accessories. We have identified the new High Dependency Unit at the National Hospital in Colombo- which is the final referral centre in Sri Lanka, as the recipient of these machines.

I wish to sincerely acknowledge the support and goodwill from the Canberra Associations, their members and the numerous well-wishers for their assistance towards this effort. This included generous contributions received from non-Sri Lankans to the GoFundMe campaign and the donations for the fundraiser auction we had planned. The GoFundMe account will be open until the $15^{\text {th }}$ August. Any money collected will be used towards the airfreighting costs to Sri Lankan Airlines, and for the provision of further medical equipment to Sri Lanka.

Further information about this campaign can be found in www.ASLAACT.com. For anyone, wishing to make financial contributions, the GoFundMe campaign will be open until the $15^{\text {th }}$ August 2021.

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## Guest Column by Lal Wijesiriwardana











































































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## An architect by design - Interview with Jayantha Madawala by Sangita Ashok

It was a cool, crisp wintery morning when I headed to meet a man famed for his manifold achievements in architecture in Australia. Jayantha Madawala, the man behind the vision and design of the imposing Sri Lankan High Commission is indeed a man who has achieved excellence in Australia.

By way of introduction, Madawala began his studies in Trinity Kandy and completed his studies in Pembroke Academy, Colombo. While pursuing his studies in Medicine, Madawala realised that his calling lay in design and architecture. But this was
 the early 1960s, and Sri Lankan universities had not recognised architecture as a course worthy of study at University. Madawala decided however to join as an apprentice draftsman to learn the tricks of the trade, and commenced a one year apprenticeship without pay.

However, he surprised his employer by the quality of his work, and began earning Rupees 50 per month within four months of his traineeship. Soon, Katubedde (Moratuwa University) began offering a six year course in Architecture which included one compulsory year for training, under the auspices of the Royal Institute of British Architects. In the third year of the course Madawala obtained distinction passes and was offered a scholarship to UK through the Department of Education in Sri Lanka. However in the absence of lecturers in the 5th and 6th year, and the delay in the scholarship, Madawala applied to the University of Melbourne and was offered a place to study architecture.

Despite arriving six months late in Melbourne for his course, he made up for it in the first year and much to the surprise of his lecturers, passed with distinction. Madawala also distinguished himself that year by producing a design that won an exhibition. The University of Melbourne has this design in its archives. After obtaining his Bachelors in Architecture, Madawala obtained a job in Canberra. He had an interesting story to recount how he rolled up his designs and caught the bus for his interview in Canberra in the year 1969. He worked for a firm of architects in Canberra.

After a few years he returned to Sri Lanka but fate had other plans for him. In 1974, he packed his bags again and headed to Australia on a migration visa. Architects were then in demand in Australia so his application came through quickly. But due to the recession that had hit Australia, he found himself in Brisbane without a job but
settled to selling encyclopaedias for a living initially, and then finding work in his line of work.

He later returned to Sri Lanka and worked with some of the eminent architects from 1981 to 1985.

In 1985, he headed back to Canberra and found himself engaged in some major projects that included expansion of what was then the Ainslie historic hotel, now called Mercure. He won a citation obtaining a certificate of excellence for his firm. He also won an award for his work in designing the Grandstand Racehorse. He worked in a number of commercial and residential projects, including the Canberra City Centre. He later commenced working for himself.

When I asked him what was the highlight of his career he promptly replied that the designing of the Sri Lankan high commission was his most fulfilling project.

The Sri Lankan Government's brief to Madawala was to incorporate the best of Sri Lanka's architectural tradition in constructing the Chancery, and also to ensure that spatially it should take into account the residential needs of the High Commission and the projected expansion of its work and staff during the next hundred years. Madawala chose the elongated block, ideally suited as a site for an elongated building that he had in mind. Monumental buildings of the Kandyan period were elongated, not square. The seasonal weather patterns in Canberra were also accounted for to ensure that maximum sunshine would be secured during cold winters, and that in the hot summers, the building would remain cool in the face of the intense sunshine.

The concept was not to build a normal office block but for the spirit of the building to represent the country, Sri Lanka. The building drew its inspiration from the grand Dalada Maligawa with its audience hall where the king comes to meet and listen to his subjects.

Unmistakably Kandyan in style and noticeable from a distance is the buildings high pitched roof. This style although appearing to be decorative had a very practical purpose to drains the water in the event of heavy rains, and to prevent leaks. This water is collected by a concealed drainage system and stored in a large underground tank beneath the car park to be used for irrigating the landscaped gardens. The verandah columns have provision for flood-lighting on ceremonial occasions. The open verandahs with its magnificent pillars were made to impress. The flowers represented are the Binara mala to represent the month of September.

The most striking feature on entry into the building is the large mural in the main wall. Made of terracotta, it was designed by Prof Albert Dharmasiri and fabricated by Prof Sarath Chandrajeewa, based on 'rural Sri Lanka' theme as envisioned by Madawala.

This mural is quintessentially designed to reflect the magic, moods and the way of life in Sri Lanka. With its bullock carts, women bathing in the redde drawing water from the wells, or sitting around playing the rabana, the ploughing of the fields, the mural painted a canvas of the lush and majestic Sri Lanka. It captured the frescoes of celestial maidens in Sigiriya, the kandyan dancers, the Buddhist temple as it co-exists in harmony with the mosque, church and hindu temple, the bejewelled elephants in the Kandyan Esala Perahera, the Ambalangoda mask and so much more.

The entire mural was made in Sri Lanka, then shipped and installed by the fabricator. The decorations on the reception counter and the foyer ceiling were also made in Sri Lanka in the manner conceptualised by Madawala.

An amazing feat in architecture, built within 11 months once all approvals were obtained, the Chancery is indeed worthy of pride and recognition.

When I left Madawala's home, my thoughts were a whirlwind of memories of my beautiful country, Sri Lanka, the nostalgia for all that my island country portrays and stands for. Chief among this emotion was my pride in a true son of Sri Lanka. I salute the man for his originality and intense creativity in conveying the poetry of Sri Lanka into an architectural reality.




















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## When I'm dead - by Nobel Laureate Sir Robindra Nath Tagore.

When I'm dead.
Your tears will flow
But I won't know
Cry with me now instead.
You will send flowers,
But I won't see
Send them now instead*
You'll say words of praise
But I won't hear.
Praise me now instead
You'll forgive my faults,
But I won't know
So forget them now instead.
You'll miss me then,
But I won't feel.
Meet me now, instead.
You'll wish you could have spent more time with me,
Spend it now instead
When you hear I'm gone, you'll find your way to my house to pay condolence but we haven't even spoken in years
Look , listen and reply me now.
Spend time with every person around you, and help them with whatever you can to make them happy, your families, friends and acquaintances.
Make them feel Special because you never know when time will take them away from you forever.

Alone I can 'Say' but* *together we can 'Talk'. Alone I can 'Enjoy' but together we can 'Celebrate' Alone I can 'Smile' but together we can 'Laugh'

WHAT THEY SAID BEFORE DYING - Subramaniam Sukumar

நான் என்னை உண்டாக்கினவரை சந்திப்பதற்கு ஆயத்தம். ஆனால் என்னை உண்டாக்கினவர் என்னை சந்திப்பதனால் வரும் வேதனைக்கு ஆயத்தமாய் இருக்கின்றாரா என்பது வேறு விடயம்.

I am ready to meet my Maker. Whether my Maker is ready for the ordeal of meeting me is another matter Winston Churchill

நான் விரும்பிய பொழுது போய்விட விரும்புகின்றேன்.
 செயற்கையாக எனது வாழ்வை நீடித்து கொண்டிருப்பது சுவாரஸ்யமற்றது. கடமையில் எனது பணியை செய்து முடித்துவிட்டு நான் போவதற்கு நேரமாகிவிட்ட்து. அதனை அழகுடன் செய்து முடிப்பேன்.

I want to go when I want. It is tasteless to prolong life artificially. I have done my share, it is time to go. I will do it elegantly.

Albert Einstein

எனது நாட்டின் சேவையில் எனது உயிர் பிரிந்தால் நான் கவலைப்பட மாட்டேன். இன்று என் உயிர் பிரிந்தால் எனது ஒவ்வொரு துளி இரத்தமும் இந்த நாட்டிற்கு ஊக்கமளிக்கும்

I don't mind if my life goes in the service of the nation. If I die today every drop of my blood will invigorate the nation.

Indira Gandhi

கடவுளின் வருகையின் மகிமையை எனது கண்கள் கண்டுவிட்டன.
Mine eyes have seen the Glory of the coming of the Lord. Martin Luther King JR

சகோதரியே நீர் என்னை தொடர்ந்து வாழ வைக்க முயடற்சிக்கிறீர். ஒரு பழைய நூதனசாலைப் வைத்திருப்பது உமது விருப்பம். ஆனால் நான் முடித்து விட்டேன். எனது கதை முடிவிற்கு வந்துவிட்ட்து. நான் மரிக்கப் போகிறேன்.

Sister, you are trying to keep me alive as an old curiosity but I am done. I am finished. I am going to die. George Bernard Shaw
(தற்கொலைக்கு முன்பு) நான் போவதற்கு ஒரு இடமும் இல்லை. ஏனெனில் சிறிய பிள்ளைகளுடன் என்னால் எங்கும் போக முடியாதிருக்கிறது.

I have nowhere to go because with little children I will not be able to make.

## P J Geobbells

(காதலியுடன் தற்கொலை செய்ய முன்பு) நான் எனது மனைவியும் கைது செய்யப்படும் அவமானத்திலிருந்து தப்புவதற்காக மரணத்தை தெரிந்து கொள்ளுகிறோம்.

I myself and my wife . in order to escape the disgrace of deposition or capitulation, choose death. Adolf Hitler

நான் எனது அவலத்தின் முடிவை எதிர்பார்த்துக் கொண்டிருந்தேன்.
I await the end of the tragedy.
Benito Mussolini

நான் என்னைப்பற்றி வரலாற்று ஆசிரியரிகளின் த்ர்ப்பை குறித்துப் பயப்படலாகேன். I should not fear the historien's verdict. Neville Chamberlain

போய்வருகின்றேன்! சுவர்க்கத்தில் உங்களை சந்திப்பேன்.
Goodbye! I'll see you in heaven. John Rockefeller

அங்கே எல்லாம் மிக மிக அழகாக இருக்கின்றது.
It is very beautiful over there.
Thomas Alva Edison

நாம் எல்லோரும் நாம் கண்ட தரிசனங்களை வெளிப்படுத்துகின்றோம். தரிசனங்கள் முடிந்துவிட்டன! அவ்வளவு தான்.

We all reveal our manifestations. This manifestation is over. That's all.
Leo Tolstoy

தொலைந்து போங்கள்,வெளியேறுங்கள் கடைசி வார்த்தைகள் என்பது வாழ்க்கையில் ஒன்றுமே கூறாதவடர்களிற்குரியவை.

Go on, get out! Last words are for fools, who haven't said enough.
Kaal Marx
மரிப்பது இவ்வளவு சுலபமான வேலையென்று எனக்கு முன்பு தெரியவில்லை. அல்லேலூயா ஆனந்தம் ( இவ்விரு சொற்களை தமிழில் கூறினார்

I did not know that it was so easy to die "
His last word, pronounced in a whisper, was ' Joy! Joy! Hallelujah' the two first having been spoken in Tami Daniel Poor (1789-1855).
எனது இனிய கணவவும் பிள்ளைகளும் என்னை உலகோடு பிணிக்கும் கயிறாக இப்பொழுது இல்லை. ஒவ்வொரு பிணைப்பும் இப்பொழுது அறுந்துவிட்ட்து.. நான் சிறிதும் எதிர்பாராத வெற்றி இது.

Even my beloved husband and children cease to be ties to bind me to earth. Every cord is now broken. This is a victory for which I scarcely dared to hope Susan Poor

கர்த்தர் எவ்வளவு நல்லவர்
How good is the Lord "
Mrs.Winslow (Founder of Uduvil)

The Wisdom of Subramania Bharati (1880-1921)

சென்றதினி மீளாது மூடரே

சென்றதினி மீளாது மூடரே நீர்
எப்போதுஞ் சென்றதையே சிந்தைசெய்து
கொன்றழிக்குங் கவலையெனும் குழில்வீழ்ந்து
குமையாத்ர்! சென்றதனைக் குறித்தல் வேண்டா
இன்றுபுதி தாய்பிறந்தோ மென்றுநீவீர்
எண்ணமதைத் திண்ணமுற இசைத்துக்கொண்டு
தின்றுவிளை யாடியின்புற் றிருந்துவாழ்வீர்:
தீமலெல்லாம் அழிந்துபோம். திரும்பிவாரா.

The past will not return, O fools!
Do not lose yourself in sorrow
Of viperous memories of the past.
No more talk of the past:
Hold on to the faith
"We are born a new today!"
Live in happiness enjoying the world.
What use if you'll not hear mb
But must repeat past follies?

## பால பாதத்திலிருந்து ீரு பாடம் - Extracts Subramaniam Sukumar

1816ம் ஆண்டு யாழ்ப்பாணத்தில் காலடியெடுத்து வைத்த அமெரிக்க மிஷனரிமார், 1818ல் தெல்லிப்பழையிலும், மல்லாகத்திலும் ஆரம்ப தமிழ் பாடசாலைகளை நிறுவினாரகள். அவர்களுடைய கல்வி திட்டத்தின் முக்கியமான அம்சம், வயதிதற்கேற்ற பாட புஸ்தகம் (Graded text).

பால போதம் 2ம் புஸ்தகத்திலுள்ள ஒரு பாடம் பின்வருமாறு.

பால போதம் - 27ம் பாடம் - 2ம் புத்தகம்

1. உன் புத்தகங்களும் ஏடுகளும் கிழிந்து போகாதபடி கவனமாயிரு. அவைகளை ஒரு பெட்டியில் அல்லது உமலில் பவித்திரமாக வை.
2. குறித்த நேரத்தில் குறித்த படத்தைப் படி.
3. அந்தப் படங்களைச் சரியாக விளங்கிப் படி.
4. படித்த படத்துக்கும், மற்றுங் காரியங்களுக்கும் உள்ள சம்பந்தம் படிப்பினை எவையென்று கூடியளவு ஆராய்.
5. உனக்குத் தெரியாதவர்களை உபாதியாரிடம் அல்லது தேறின மாணாக்கனிடம் விசாரி.
6. மற்றவர்களூடய உதவியினால் ஒன்றை விளங்கிக்கொள்ளலாம். உன் சுய முயற்சியினால் அதை விளங்கிக்கொள்வது உத்தமம்.
7. ஒரு காரியத்தை பூரணமாய் விளங்க அறியுமட்டும் அதை விடாதே.
8. விளங்க அறியாதிருக்கில் வெட்கித்து மற்றவர்களிடத்திடற் கேளாமல் விடாதே.
9. மற்றவர்கள் துணை செய்வார்கள் என்று எண்ணி முயற்சி செய்யாதிராதே. உன் சுய முயற்சியால் அறிவைச் சம்பாதிக்கத் தெண்டி.
10. உனது பாடங்களிற்தேர்ச்சியடைய நோக்கி, நாளுக்கு நாள் உன் படிப்பிற் தேறுதல் அடையும்படி கவனமாய் இரு. தவறினால் மனம் முறியாது படி.
11. பிழை திருத்தப்பட்டால் அதை மனதிற் கவனித்து பிட்காலத்தில் அப்பிழையில் அகப்படாதபடி தெண்டி.
12. நீ படிக்கிற பாடங்கள் ஒவொன்றையும் மனதில் அவதானித்து கருதாய்ப் படிக்கவேண்டும். உரத்துப் படிக்கிறவர்கள் தாங்கள் படிப்பதை மனதில் அவதானிக்க மாட்டார்கள்.
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பவித்திரம் - சுத்தம் முறிதல் - உடைதல்
சம்பந்தம் - சேர்மானம் அவதானித்தல் - நினைத்தல்
ஆராய்தல் - விசாரித்தல் தேர்ச்ச - தேறுதல்
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## คளவயாரின் ஞானம் By Subramaniam Sukumar

1953ம் ஆண்டு ஜெமினி ஸ்ரூடியோ உரிமையாளர் எஸ் எஸ் வாசன் 'ஔவயார்' என்ற படத்தை தயாரித்து முடித்தார். மிகுந்த மகிழ்ச்சியுடன் அறிஞர் அண்ணாவை 'ஔவயார் படம் எப்படி?' என்று கேட்டார். அறிஞர் அண்ணா 'உனது படம் எனக்குப் பிடிக்கவில்லை' என்றார். எத்தனையோ பெண் பாற் புலவர்கள் ஔவயார் என்ற பெயருடன் வாழ்ந்தனர், எல்லாரைப் பற்றியும் பல பல கதைகள் உண்டு. நீ எல்லாவற்றயும் ஒருவருடைய கதையாகக் கூறியது தவறு. இதனாலேதான் உன்னடைய படம் எனக்குப் பிடிக்கவில்லையென்றார்.

கமில் சுவலபில் என்ற செக் குடியரசைச் சேர்ந்த தமிழ் அறிஞன் ஔவயார் என்றால் தாய், வயோதிப மாது, பெண்துறவி முதலியவற்றை குறிக்கும் சொல். குறைந்த பட்சம் நாலு பெண்பாற் புலவர்கள் ஔவயார் என்ற பெயருடன் தமிழ் நாட்டில் வாழ்ந்திருக்கின்றனர் என்று குறிப்பிட்டுள்ளார். கமில் சுவலபில் தமிழறிஞர்ககள் எல்லோரும் போற்றுகின்ற பிறநாட்டு ஆய்வாளர்.

பின்வரும் பாடல்கள் ஔவயாருடயவை. இவர் சங்கமருவிய காலம் அல்லது அறநூலகளின் காலம் என்ற கட்டத்தில் வாழ்ந்தவராக இருத்தல் வேண்டும். ஆத்திசூடி, கொன்றைவேந்தன், நல்வழி, மூதுரை, போன்ற அறநூலகளை இயற்றியவர். கி பி மூன்றாம் நூற்றாண்டு முதல் க பி ஆறாம் நூற்றாண்டு வரை சங்கமருவிய அல்லது அற நூலகளின் காலம் எனப்படுகின்றது.

ஔவயாரின் சிந்தனைகள் ஆழமானவை. இன்ன இன்னாருடன் எவையெவை முடிந்துவிடும் என்று கூறுகிறார்.

தாயோடறுசுவைப்போம், தந்தையோடு கல்விபோம் சேயோடு தான் பெற்ற செல்வம் போம் - ஆயவாழ் வுற்றாருடன்போம் உடன் பிறப்பாற் தோள்வலி போம் பொற்றாலியுடன் எவையும் போம்.

ஆயவாழ்வு: பெருவாழ்வு
பொற்றாலி: வாழ்க்கைத்துணை

## கொடியது

கொடியது கேட்கினெடிய வெவ் வேலோய்
கொடியது கொடியது வறுமை கொடியது
அதனிலுங் கொடியது இளமையில் வறுமை
அதனிலுங் கொடியது ஆற்றொணா கொடுநோய்
அதனிலுங் கொடியது அன்பிலாப் பெண்டிர்
அதனிலுங் கொடியது இன்புற அவர் கையில் உண்பது தானே

இனியது

இனியது கேட்கின் தனிநெடுவேலோய்
இனிது இனிது ஏகாந்த மினிது
அதனிலும் இனிது ஆதியை தொழுதல்
அதனிலும் இனிது அறிவிணைச் சேர்தல்
அதனிலும் இனிது அறிவுள்ளோகளைக்
கனவிலும் நனவிலும் காண்பது தானே

அரியது

அரியது கேட்கின் வரிவடிவேலோய்
அரியது அரியது மானுடனாதலரிது
மானுட ராயினுங் கூன்குருடு செவிடு
பேடு நீங்கிப் பிறந்தால் அரிது பேடு
நீங்கிப் பிறந்த கலையும் ஞானமும்
கல்வியும் வாழ்ந்தவரரிது.

பேடு: பெண்மை

ஔவயாரின் பாடலகளை, குறிப்பாக அறநூற்களைத் தமிழ் மக்கள் கற்றுத் தேற வேண்டும். அவருடைய ஞானம் நமக்கு எப்பொழுதும் கைகொடுக்கும்

எஸ் சுகுமார்

# மாமியார் பற்றிய பழமொழிகள் - Proverbs (Compiled by Subramaniam Sukumar) 

மாமியார் வீடு மகா சௌக்கியம்
நாலு நாள் போனால் நாய் படாப்பாடு

மாமியார் செத்து மருமகள் அழுகிறது போல

மாமியார் உடைத்தால் மண் குடம்
மருமகள் உடைத்தால் பொன் குடம்

மாமியார் மெச்சிய மருமகள் இல்லை
மருமகள் மெச்சிய மாமியார் இல்லை

மாமியார் செத்து ஆறாம் மாதம் மருமகள்
கண்ணில் தண்ணீர் வந்ததாம்

மாமியாரும் சாகாவோ மனக்கவலையும் தீராதோ

மாமி ஓட்டினாலும் பானை ஒட்டாது

மாமியாரைக்கண்டு மருமகன் நாணுகிறது போல

மாமியார் உடை குலைந்தால் வாயாலும் சொல்லக் கூடாது கையாலூம் காட்டக் கூடாது

மாமியார் தலையிலே கையும் மாப்பிளைமேல் சிந்தையும்

## Vesak Celebration at our Temple - By Udara Manage



The lights from various coloured lanterns beamed through the night sky. The fragrance of Sri Lankan food lingered. The excitement of devotees filled the air. This was the Vesak Celebration. The Vesak festival was held on May 1st, at the temple. We celebrate this day with decorations, food and performances by the children and the parents. This event brought the Sri Lankan community together to enjoy a fantastic festival and bring happiness and pleasure.

On Vesak, we lit up the temple with bright lanterns and lights. The temple was covered in various colour lights, and paper lanterns adorned the temple. The lanterns were made with tissue paper and bamboo sticks, and inside was a tea light with a bright colour. Many children of the temple devotedly built these lanterns, and around a hundred were made. The children radiated dedication with every lantern they made. The rotating lantern captured the attention of all present.


In addition to the decorations, a food fair sold an assortment of traditional and modern foods. Some foods were patties, Kottu, hoppers, spicy Kadala, and more. The Kadala Karaththaya was a favourite and was loved by all. Many volunteers held the food fair, and all the proceeds from the food were donated to the temple's development. This year there was a vast array of people of different cultures who attended our Vesak festival. Many people enjoyed the traditional food and watched the performances choreographed by our teachers and parents.

Another great tradition we do is Bhakthi Geetha (devotional songs). Children and parents all sang Sri Lankan songs. During our Vesak, all the children wore the traditional lama sari and sang the songs with devotion. Afterwards, dancers
performed for everyone with beautiful and traditional dances, keeping our heritage alive. This year the drama was about the Angulimalla Jataka story. Like all other Jataka stories, it is a story used to convey the teachings of the Buddha. The drama performance was a combination of dance and performing. The drama was performed by students of the temple and choreographed by the teachers.


Vesak brings delight to us and represents our heritage. We celebrate this day with joy and happiness, and it fills us with devotion. The reason for which we celebrate Vesak is that it is the anniversary of Lord Buddha's birth, enlightenment and Nirvana (passing). We celebrate this day to pay our respect to Lord Buddha.

By Udara Manage
Class 3
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## New Year Celebration - Jayantha Somasundaram

ASLA along with eleven other Canberra-based Sri Lanka community and sports organisations hosted this year's New Year celebration on $24^{\text {th }}$ April. Such celebrations have always been more than the community's efforts to mark the commencement of another year. They are a cultural encounter based on centuries-old traditions which meet a spiritual need, enabling the community to reflect on its past, celebrate the present and embrace the future.

This year's celebration was held at Stage 88 in Canberra's Commonwealth Park. It was planned as an all day affair with a range of events and activities that included young and old, men and women, Sri Lankan and non-Sri Lankan.

The program was structured around a carefully considered COVID Safe Plan which set down guidelines for participants, volunteers and guests, covering requisite documentation, physical layout, social distancing, hand and equipment sanitising, strict food serving procedures and the use of masks, gloves and face shields. Volunteer Covid Marshals were on duty throughout the day, and meals were provided in individually boxed containers in order to minimise contact.

The morning's program included a fancy dress parade for children along with traditional games for different age groups. There was healthy competition during the games and attractive prizes for the winners. Two young comperes Ruvi and Kavinya who acted as master and mistress of ceremony provided an introduction to the younger generation as well as to our guests, on the significance and meaning of the customs and traditions that were being observed.

The formal proceedings began in the afternoon with the lighting of the traditional oil lamp, signifying the dawn of a new year, one that would be illuminated by the light of goodwill, generosity and respect. This was followed by blessings invoked by the Buddhist and Hindu prelates.

The President of ASLA Lasath Lecamwasam welcomed everyone present and thanked our guests for their support. He was followed by members of the ACT Legislative Assembly who commended the community for celebrating their customs and traditions and hosting such a widely attended function. The final address was by the Acting Sri Lanka High Commissioner who conveyed the good wishes of the government.

During the afternoon groups of performers entertained the audience with a series of colourful and captivating musical and dance items, some of which included young and budding performers. The finale was a beauty and talent pageant to select and crown the Avuruddu Kumaraya and Kumariya (Prince and Princess).

## Sinhala New Year at the Temple - By Thenuki WD

Sinhalese New Year, also known in Sri Lanka as 'Aluth Avurudda' is an important celebration in our temple. It is a great way of connecting to our heritage and culture while having plenty of fun. This year many of our Dhamma school children and many others participated in a variety of new year games and competitions in a similar manner to that of children in Sri Lanka. Children in Australia were given the chance to experience a traditional celebration even when they were oceans across from Sri Lanka. This is important for young children to learn about proper ways of celebrating the new year and keeping their culture within them. Before the games commence, the children gathered around with their parents to view the lighting of the hearth. A clay pot was filled with milk and a fire was lit underneath. The kids watched in wonder as the milk boils and overflowed from the pot representing happiness and prosperity. All of the children were then blessed by a monk with herbal oil in the oil anointing ceremony, and then proceeded to worship their parents and started the new year. The games were then ready to begin. Children were given the chance to represent different Sri Lankan people or characters in the wonderful 'vikata andun tharange' or fancy dress parade. Dressed up as fruit sellers or village folk, the kids paraded around showing off their costumes. Another well loved event at our new year festival is the selection of 'Aurudu Kumara and Kumari' or new year prince or princess. Lots of young children wear colourful, traditional clothes to the festival and the selection of Kumara and Kumari gave them a chance to present their beautiful clothing to the crowd. All of the children and even the parents then played many more traditional games such as pin the eye on the elephant, tug of war and the lime and spoon race. The festival ended with a recap of what the Sinhala New Year means to us. The Sinhala New year festival is a great way to connect with our culture while having lots of fun!


By Thenuki WD
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#### Abstract

The Commonwealth High Commissions in Canberra regained the Muttukumaru Cricket Trophy at this year's fixture, when they beat the team fielded by the Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade. In the match played in March at the Forrest Oval, Sri Lanka's Acting High Commissioner in Canberra HE Senarath Dissanayake captained the winning team.


The Muttukumaru Cricket Trophy is one of the most amazing icons of Sports Diplomacy. Its origins go back almost fifty years when the then Ceylon High Commissioner in Pakistan, Anton Muttukumaru, organised a cricket match between a team made up of players from Commonwealth Missions in Karachchi to take on a local Pakistani team.

At a time and in a situation where Indo-Pakistan relations were poor, the High Commissioner Muttukumaru was able to persuade 'GP' Parthasarathy the Indian High Commissioner, to captain the diplomats' team in the match that drew a significant and enthusiastic crowd of spectators and earned the appreciation of President Ayub Khan. GP was an outstanding diplomat and sportsman, a double University Oxford Blue in cricket and hockey who would go on to become Delhi's Permanent Representative in New York.

The successful experiment would be replicated in Canberra in 1963 when Anton Muttukumaru took up the position of High Commissioner. The game between players from Commonwealth Missions and a Canberra team took place at the Duntroon Oval. It was hosted by the ADFA Commandant, Major General Basil Findlay who had been at the Imperial Defence College London with Major General Anton Muttukumaru in 1955. His son Tony a keen cricketer who as a schoolboy played for St Joseph's recalls that the Chief Guest that day was Prime Minister Robert Menzies.

In 1966 when High Commissioner Muttukumaru completed his tour of duty he presented the Muttukumaru Cricket Trophy to the Royal Commonwealth Society who thereafter hosted an annual fixture between Commonwealth High Commissions in Canberra and a team from the Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade.


Anton Muttukumaru's son Tony displays the Muttukumaru Trophy while Sri Lanka's Acting High Commissioner in Canberra HE Senarath Dissanayake who captained High Commissions team is being congratulated by the DFAT Captain Shashi Samprathi.

## Karmic thoughts - Sangita Ashok

Of life quarantined
In landlocked Zambia
Lusaka with its unchanging summers and mosquito-less heat
Your life swaddled within Chitenjes, the wrap amid which dark babies shyly peep
Kaunda's vision of humanism embraces you
You meet African people for the first time in your young 26 years
Your work permit on US\$255 a month appears grand
You leave your family behind and take a plane to nemesis
Into a freedom that unbeknown to you
Is to enmesh you into bondage

You miss your daily drive along Galle Face
Busy days at the office
Sari clad, gentle yet firm - your opinion matters
Now a young mother
You are new to home and hearth
You miss the life of a professional woman
The long conversations with your daddy
The jokes and the movies with your smiling mother
You miss the blue of the sea
In a landlocked nation

You meet Africans see their lives in the kraal
Drive to Harare, Livingstone - it sounds romantic
Poverty on the street, opulence in five star safaris
Back home in the confines of a secure gated commune
Your life draws sharp intakes of breath as you come up gasping for freedom
People divide into class, race and religion
You become aware that this soul within you which was inclusive
Is now learning to recognise the differences, to experience the divisiveness
You move to the mountainous kingdom of Swaziland
Another people, another place to start all over again, find friends
To remove the aloneness of your existence
Another land surrounded by South Africa
Now with child again you seek refuge in an Indian commune
But out of one's bosom you can only meet strangers
Your application for migration comes through
You have no idea why you applied to Australia
Nothing about that strange land has attracted you
The pictures that you see don't compete with the island that burns in your soul
The Sri Lanka you know of greenery, warmth, food, family and freedom
You arrive into the cold embrace of Melbourne
Where housing is hard, the apartment you finally secure is flooded by rats

You get taken to a tribunal and almost lose your one month bond Because you have rejected the advances of an old creepy landlord

In the trams you see old women and men muttering
Everyone buries their heads, nobody looks at you
The fake laughter you begin to understand
The incessant talk of the weather
You leave the cold, windy Melbourne beaches to enter an even colder Canberra
Again you are landlocked.
The seasons leave you cold
It is the spring, summer, autumn and winter of discontent
In the public service you are another number
Out on the streets you are told to go back to where you came from
Fake modulated tones of civilisation hide behind sheaths of fury
At your blackness
Your garlic and ginger is frowned upon
Just as your decency
You weave your way in and out of the traffic, insignificant as the insipid coffee That you are forced to drink with colleagues to suffer the chill of the winter The acidity of promotions, the forced banter and the never ending boredom Of discussing the weather, the cheap stand-up comedy of four letter words And how lucky you are to live in this soul-less nation

Then covid-19 springs upon the world
Everyone is now locked up like you have been
In this quarantined world
Yours began decades ago when you left the shores
Of your motherland
That idyllic isle, the pearl in the Orient, lush and majestic in its spices
Tea, rubber and coconut, the garment workers and the fertile paddy
Have you paid your karmic debt, you bend your head in prayer?
Is it time for you to claim back your identity
To feel that breath of freedom, the warmth of the sea breezes
To blend into that oneness of brown, the pride of belonging
Only your timeless actions over this and many lifetimes will reward or punish you
You know that
Yet your heart pleads to an unyielding universe.



## The art and science of yoga - a personal journey - By Sangita Ashok

Yoga is increasingly being practised in the western world as a form of exercise that is seen to have healing properties. Light on the joints, easy in the mind; yoga has created quite a storm. It is yet another export from the east to the west that is increasingly being commercialised.

Let us begin by understanding what is yoga? The word yoga is derived from the Sanskrit root 'yuj' meaning to join or unite. Yoga is a spiritual discipline based on a science that aims to bring harmony in body and mind. It is an art and science for healthy living.

The practice of yoga began thousands of years ago, long before the age of religious and belief systems. It was initiated by seers who carried yoga to Asia, northern Africa, the Middle East and South America but found its fullest expression in India. The sage Patanjali codified the yogic practices, meaning and wisdom in the Patanjali Yoga Sutras.

Yoga has four broad classifications:

- Karma yoga - where we utilise the body
- Bhakti Yoga - where we utilise the emotion
- Jnana Yoga - where we utilise the mind
- Kriya yoga - where we utilise the energy

It is important for all aspiring yogis to follow the direction set by a yoga teacher or guru. In this kal yug it is important that we do not lose the essence of what yoga truly is. As it stands, most gyms are practising a commercialised version of what yoga really is. The Surya Namaskar or sun salutation as it is known for example is performed without invoking the spiritual blessings of the sun God, and without much understanding of the spiritual embodiment within the postures. However, it may just be the start of a journey for many an aspiring yogi.

I embarked on the yoga journey a few years ago surprisingly in rustic Ratnapura, when I joined my co-workers for evening yoga lessons in an old almost abandoned premises next to our workplace. A mix of hip hop dance moves for my old knees followed by the yoga routine evoked my curiosity in the practice of what it means to follow yoga and make it a part of your life. Fresh from Canberra, tired and beaten from the cold weather, my creaky knees gained a rhythm and flexibility that I had not thought possible. Practising within the confines of a hall where mosquitoes tiptoed onto all parts of exposed toes, arms and face, while the scare of dengue raged during the intense flooding of the river, the mighty kalu ganga was indeed a unique experience.

But I cherish how due the lack of buses to my home after lessons, my yoga teacher or my boss took it upon themselves to drive me and my colleague to our homes, and I was doubly lucky to find my mother eagerly awaiting me for dinner and companionship. The freshness of the scent of the jasmine flower hung heavily all around, the red of the ripe rambutans greeted me as I climbed the stairs, abundant at that time of the year, and the hushed chanting by the monks of the village temple added to the surreal beauty. Outside, the people milled around the roadside hoppers and stringhoppers, the thambili, and everything that was quintessentially Sri Lankan. The memories of the koha bird as it burst into its cooing as I walked daily in the morning to work take me back to
another world - the world that I had in my ignorance left behind to tread a more difficult path in unknown lands. But I digress.

Later in 2018, just by coincidence and partly driven by loneliness in Port Moresby, yoga was to beckon me in the Indian high commission. I became an ardent follower of yoga. Fat and obnoxiously overweight I made my way to learning yoga in the classic sense by a tough task master. He was a product of the initiative taken by the Government of India under the leadership of the Honourable Prime Minister of India Shri Narendra Modi ji ,to spread the message of yoga around the world. I was a lucky beneficiary of this initiative.

For about three months I punished my body trying to contort it to achieve the required positions, learning the breathing techniques or pranayama, and meditation. While I gained the physical understanding of how to fashion my body in many asanas or postures, I was still not aware of how to use my body in the way it was meant to bring harmony and ease in movement and holistic wellbeing.

It was much later in Canberra that I finally understood the meaning of yoga. A weekly get-together to learn yoga rekindled my interest in understanding what yoga. Listening to Sadguru's discourses on yoga, especially paved the way for me to understand the essence of yoga.

Yoga in essence means union. It is the union of body, mind and soul. When these three combine in unison, in harmony like a symphony in an orchestra, a human being can step closest to the ideal of perfection. To practice yoga is to awaken your own spiritual consciousness with that of universal consciousness.

Yoga in its true sense is therefore not just exercise as interpreted narrowly by the western world but is an approach to holistic well-being, a means to achieve total harmony for man with man and nature, and with one's own inner consciousness.

Yoga is indeed the first step to understanding and evolving on ones path to freedom.


# Australia Sri Lanka Association (ACI) Inc. 

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## Committee Members 2020/2021



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