

Lost in the woods

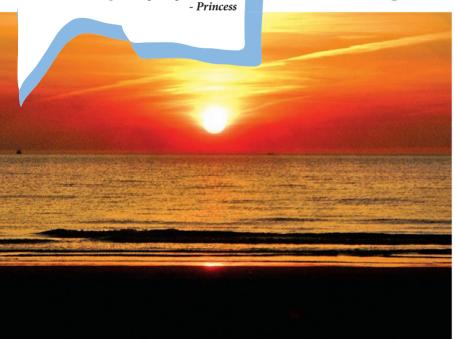
The trust that never fades 'Lord' in thee, I endeavour, Not like flowers that droop But sparkle in celestial glow Fount of love in deep devotion, Under the spreading bough, I feel.... Sweat rest for the weary mind; "Neath the comfort of a spreading bough. Lonely stretches the endless road, Where abide thee, my 'Lord' Within the sacred folds of thy heart; Let me invade in thee... Ripples of the brooks Or shimmers in the pond, The twinkling blue water kiss thy feet. The woods and glades; glories of earth And a whiff of nocturnal air, rise When I reach for thee... Brightly gleams thy countenance, That radiates the woods around And under this lonely tree I survey When thou art far, far away. But I feel thy presence in the woods; From under the spreading bough...





I saw her as a delicate and smooth rose bud On her birthday beside her mother, my wife Who brought me this precious birthday present, For my wonderful and unforgettable birthday. I saw her growing like a charming beautiful doll, Loving and attractive as a blooming flower rose, Spreading sweet perfume around while playing, And speaking enchanting fond little words. I saw her gaining knowledge by inquiring about Everything she sees using what and why. She went to the kindergarten and school willingly, Without any hesitation studied well and loved by all. I saw her artistic ability since her childhood, Singing, dancing and doing artistic work efficiently, She was in a happy mood all the time with lovely smile, Which made her prettier and attractive like an angel. I was so attached to her due to her innocent behaviour, With so much love and affection and obedience a father can ever get, After her marriage she didn't go abroad with her husband as I was sick, Later she went abroad to her husband's nest after my-heart operation. - Dr. Rupa Warnakulasuriya





The ruddy shades of the after glow, Hurrying, scurrying, Across the ethereal expanse. Fleeing from the fiend. Of approaching darkness. The waters of the Kelani, Speeding along-disturbed, As a ferry makes inroads, Displacing its waters, Carrying its passengers-home-ward bound. Impatient, anxious, Urgency in every move, Scuttling to the safety of their domicile, 'ere darkness falls. Along the telephone wires, Above the Kelani bridge, Birds gather. Waiting, swinging, twittering; Simultaneously spreading their wings, A picturesque flight, above and across the river, To roost in the sheltering branches, Of the trees that fringe the waters, 'ere darkness pervades.

- Jeannette Cabraal



The tearful story of a pearl

A tiny growth, like a grain of sand, Begins inside the pearl oyster. Gradually it grows, with a sheen and luster A unique beauty that no comparison stands. It can adorn a monarch's crown How graceful it looks around a beauty's neck! What pains it gave the owner, the oyster Nobody knows: it's a painful secret. We rob its life to secure the treasure Won't tears like pearls would flow from its eyes? The birth of a pearl Seals the death of its owner. A string of pearls is a string of tears.

- Lalitha Somathilaka

Sri Lanka

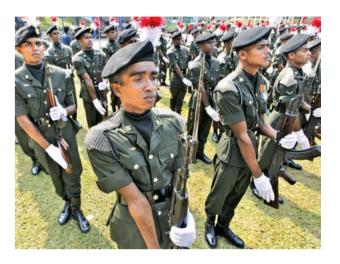
The Pearl of the Indian Ocean, Sets our souls in motion. Its people wise and smart, Humble n' pure at heart. Their vibrant Kandy dance, Puts us all in a trance. Smart girls of blue band, Made us all feel so grand. Spice gardens and banana trees, Coconut palms and cool breeze. Exotic flavours of its food, Delight your heart and mood. The great diversity of its people, Reflected by mosques, temples and steeples. Long live the Pakistan-Sri Lanka relations, May prosperity come to both countries.

- Muneeza Mir, Pakistan





Great heroes of our times



Lt. Premakumara Kiriella, Great and gallant officer and a Graduate of the Kothalawela Defence Academy. Commanded fast attack craft on that fateful But memorable September 16, 2011, In a bitter battle fought between Ruthless LTTE terrorists, Off KKS harbour, With the assistance of only Two FAC's and five gunboats. Verily a 'do or die' encounter, it was To save 'pride of the south,' A passenger ship with soldiers on board A thousand and five hundred in all, Reporting for duty after leave. A great responsibility, in his hands, To protect both slip and men, At all costs, Sadly out-numbered, With little or no hope, Against LTTE's seventeen craft. But Kiriella's greatest achievement And the turning point in the battle And indeed of his career itself, By destroying the man commanding The entire LTTE fleet. In Kiriella's own words "......" I and my team felt like that we have Done something for our country." These words ought to be written in gold In the history of this land. Kiriella and his men have done The country proud. 'Great heroes'; of Mother Lanka. 'Heroes forever!' - J.I. Rosairo

