



2007-03



FROM THE DIRECTOR'S DESK

Among
Friends

The year 2007 is coming to a close. I may not have another opportunity to wish our readers and well-wishers the blessings of Christmas. With my wishes extended, I proceed:

Everyone considers Christmas as the season of peace and humaneness. Unfortunately our land is yet to be blessed with that peace.

It is in this context, I have asked a few to share their life stories with all our well-wishers. These are really sad but true stories. These are also stories of courage and perseverance in the midst of visiting calamities. Reading these stories should not permit one to seek comfort in one's own cozy environment but awaken in him/her the spirit of common humanity and give him/her also courage to be a voice on behalf of these voiceless persons.

The children are always precious to the family and to the society and to our country as well. The faces of the tear filled eyes of the children of these unfortunate victims are imprinted deep in my soul as they share their anxiety and gloomy future with me and their personal encounter with cruelty. In gratitude to my creator, I say that my life is blessed for I have shared and accompanied a fellow traveler who met with misfortune in this journey of life.

These are not the only stories. There are many more in our country irrespective of race, language and religion. It is in this suffering that we find a united Sri Lanka today.

How I wish that we could have a joy filled Sri Lanka!!

At the year's end, these stories are shared with us by those who lived to tell the tale of agony and anxiety and the never despairing human spirit for reflection on the mysteries of life's journey. These narrations invite us to join in with the courageous people who have said an emphatic "NO" to defeat. They are building their life, rising above the ashes of war and destruction. They are building their families for the future of their children.

Why not, we become a part of this journey, joining hands and walking together. Let us build a nation of peace lovers who live in a culture of respect for Human Rights.

Contact us and get more information.

- ⇒ For further information on us visit our web www.cpphr.org.
⇒ எங்களைப் பற்றிய மேலதிக தகவல்களை அறிய விரும்பின்
இணையத்தள முகவரியில் பார்வையிடலாம். www.cpphr.org.

Black Christmas

Hi!! We are twins. I am Sayuran and my sister is Sayura. I have an elder sister and she is Hamsana and she is studying O/L at St,Mary's, Trincomalee. We are only 11 years old and studying in Grade 6.

Life tested us with unfortunate incidents but there is always SOMEONE behind life and we are under his protection and guidance.

Our mother died in an accident in 19.03.2001 and at that time we were only five years old. We were too young to understand death but we knew that our mother would not wake up from her sleep. We also knew that she will not talk to us or embrace us or cook for us anymore. We saw all our relatives and friends visiting our house weeping and we too wept a lot. We knew that we have lost our mother. Grandma told us that she has gone to heaven. We wished that she remained with us instead of going to heaven.



Life without our mother took a different turn. Our father brought us to our grand mother and we were on the lap of our grand mother. We are growing up with her, looked after by her. It is nice to be with our granny. What we missed from the absence of our mother was provided by our granny. She is a wonderful person.

Our father is a nice person. He always said that he is living for us. He had a three wheeler and took it out for hire everyday. He will bring the money home and made sure that we ate well and went to school and to our tuition classes. He had taken us to shops to buy clothes and to beaches to spend the evenings. It was a wonderful time to be with our father.

My sister goes to St. Mary's and I am at Hindu College. We are proud of our school too. Being with friends is always fun; playing together and studying together.

Life has many twists and turns which our mind cannot comprehend.

It was year 2005 and we were in December school vacation. December means Christmas. Everybody is happy and all the places are decorated. The shops play music and sound of peace is heard.

Who ever knew that on this beautiful day that our lives would be once again shattered.

It was Christmas day. We were at home and my father was with us too. It was evening when our father told us that there would be many people flocking the beaches and he could get some hires. He took his auto and left towards the beach. Our father who went out did not come back home and we waited and waited and finally fell asleep.

All that we saw the next day was weeping grandma. She told us that someone had shot and killed our father. His body was brought home from the hospital. We were now old enough to understand death and we knew that our father would not wake up from his sleep. We also knew that he will not talk to us or embrace us or take us out anymore. We are only 11 years old and over night our life is broken to pieces.

Once again we are under the embrace of our grandma, weeping our tears away.

It was all over in a short while. What did my father do to deserve this cruel death on such a peaceful day – Christmas day.

Christmas will come year after year and so the memories of the death of our beloved father. Can anybody replace the loss of our mother and father in our young age.

The Father at CPPHR tells us that our life will be accompanied and so to take his hand and walk the path of life.



Don't knock at my door, please

This is my life being shared with you. While my heart raises questions over the tragedies that visited my life, I still have reasons to live hoping against hope. I share my hope with you and wish that you will be a part of my journey.

I am Sinnathamby Kannahipillai. I am 50 years old. I live in Kantale. I married Sellathurai Sinnathamby and was blessed with two male children. My husband was employed as a driver at Anti Malaria Campaign, Trincomalee. We had a decent living and I was able to provide for my family and bring up both my children in a decent way.

Tragedy first struck my family in 1986. It was a time of ethnic disturbances and Trincomalee was not spared of it. My husband used to travel daily from Kantale to Trincomalee for work. On that unfortunate day (05.06.1986) he took an early morning bus to reach his work place. I was informed after a while by persons known to me that some mobs have removed the Tamil passengers from that bus and had hacked and killed them. My husband was one of them.

I had just been made a widow. Losing my husband was a blow by itself and now as single headed household, I had greatest responsibility of bringing up my children. I would have ended my life, if not for my children. My children Sugunthan and Pradeepan were the two eyes of my life and I saw everything through these two eyes. It was my determination to bring these two children as good citizens.

Life moved on in spite of many trials and hardships. Losing the breadwinner of my family was a severe blow economically. Yet we moved on and my children grew to be adults. I thought that my efforts will blossom into fruits in my old age.

Man proposes but God disposes otherwise, so the saying goes. Problems are part of life but why we cause it against each other is what I cannot comprehend.

It was somewhere in May 2000. The conflict in our area has steadily increased. There was a cordon and search operation and my son Pradeepan was arrested along with few other boys of Kantale town by the searching police party. I was not granted access to meet my son on that day. The next day, my other son Sugunthan went to meet his brother at the Police Station. To my dismay, he too was arrested by the same police and I had to lose both my son into police custody and wait for their release.

After spending three months under detention order issued under the Emergency Regulations, my son Sugunthan was released.

But Pradeepan was sent to Kalutara prison to await his trial on fabricated charges. From what my son Pradeepan told me later, I came to know that while he and few other boys held in the police cell, due to assault by the police, one of them had died. Though the police tried to hide this matter, this was taken up by some interested organization and there was a charge against a particular police officer over this incident.

My son Pradeepan was a witness to this case. He was also charged on an alleged voluntary confession made by him at the High Court of Trincomalee. To one case he was a witness and to the other he was the accused. During this period my son Pradeepan was enlarged on bail.

My son Pradeepan got married during this time (30.11.2002) and my other son did not marry.

Pradeepan was attending courts both as a witness against this police officer and also facing his accusations.

Pradeepan was blessed with two children and I enjoyed the company of my two grand children.

Tragedy repeats its knock on the same door.

It was on 05.05.2006, my son was going towards the garage that was in the same road where my house is, he was shot and killed in broad day light. Though the place was always guarded by security personnel, it is a mystery how the assailant escaped. I have a feeling that my son being a key witness may have brought this calamity on his head.

My daughter-in-law has now become a widow, with two children to fend for. I know what it means to be a widow; I have gone through the mill of life.

I am called upon to be a source of strength to my daughter in law.

Tragedy should not repeat its knock too often on the same door.

On the same year, after the killing of my son Pradeepan, my other son Sugunthan was also killed on 22.11.2006, just within six months. Is there someone taking revenge on my family? What have we done to deserve this?

Having lost my husband, Now, I have lost both my children. I have no body....or is there a new dimension to my life?

Life like a river is a continuous flow. I have learnt to believe in it.

I see the continuity of life in my two grand children.

Year 2007 has not left me in peace. My life and that of my daughter- in- law is being threatened by unknown

Congratulations to our year 5 students who have passed the scholarship examination



Rajitha Thivanga
Nalanda MV Chinabay



P.Lavanya
Vivekanantha College
Orr's Hill Trinco



G.R.Milani Natasha
Nalanda MV Chinabay



Fathima Reem
Jamaliya Muslim MV
Trinco

Congratulations to Janani



Janani has completed her O/L successfully and is following her A/L studies at Methodist College Trincomalee

It is better to cover a face smudged in pain

I am Sajitha Abdulla and I am 26 years old. My family has been living in Trincomalee ever since I knew. My husband Abdulla too is from Trincomalee.

Life has many dreams and being young and entering into life, I too had many dreams; some fulfilled and many broken.

After completing my studies, I was dreaming of a happy family life. My life was blessed. My husband was a kind and God fearing man. I married Abdulla 27.12.1997. I had a blissful happy life for ten years until tragedy struck and took away my husband and along with him my happiness.



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The blessings of my life are my children. I have four children; three boys and one girl. Elder one is Rawaha who is 9 years old; next is Huthaifa who is 7 years old; next is Ubatha who is 5 years old and the youngest is on 1 ½ years old. She was only six months old when my husband died and she is growing up not knowing her father's face. What do I tell her when she asks for her father....

My husband had a three wheeler of which he was proud of. He used to take good care of it. It was his source of income. He used it for hire and supported our family. Though we did not earn much, we had enough to feed ourselves and take care of our children's need and specially their education. He had been transporting people up and down and he also knew a lot of them because of that.

On that unfortunate day, (27.08.2006) someone had come and requested him for a hire and he had obliged. He had taken his passengers and had proceeded towards Linganagar, a place closer to my house. Soon thereafter what I heard was something that I will never forget in my life. The passengers whom my husband had trusted and taken in his three wheeler had become his killers. They have shot and killed him for reasons known to them alone. They have made me a widow and my children orphans just within seconds.

To build life, it takes a long time but to destroy it, just few seconds.

At the age of 25, I have been made a widow and placed in a hard reality to fend for myself and my children. I have no employment and I had been a house wife all the time. My relatives rallied around me and assured their support and helped me to over come my pain and gave me courage to face life.



The sweet and expectant faces of my four children gives me courage to face life. With the help of my relatives, I have lent my husband's three wheeler on hire and with that income I barely manage my family.

Each evening when I hear the sound of the three wheeler returning home, I always think that my husband returns from work.....**it is only a shadow of my past. My heart bleeds within. I dry a tear that forms and wipe my eyes, forcing a smile at my children assuring that life moves on.**

My children are growing up and I need financial support to educate them.....and move in life with the rest of the society.

Those extra judicially killed according to News papers

Date	Name	Age
29.08.2007	S.Ravi	35
30.08.2007	Nadarasa Sivakumar	35
30.08.2007	Mathuranga	18
29.08.2007	Pottukili Vibulathevi	35
29.08.2007	Sivanandi Nithiyananthan	30
07.09.2007	Ananthapragash	25
23.09.2007	Nithirasa Umakanthan	30
19.09.2007	Muthukumar Paranjothi	52
08.10.2007	Sivalingam Surenthiran	38
23.11.2007	Nisantheen Nibar	23

Those abducted and missing according news papers

Date	Name	Age
05.09.2007	V.Vijayarajasegar	26
22.09.2007	Thangarasa Gowrirasa	40
02.10.2007	Murigaiah Ashok Kumar	32
26.09.2007	Vijayaraja Segar	25
05.10.2007	Kantharaja Suriyaraja	25
14.10.2007	Krishnasamy Sivanandakumar	34
15.11.2007	Suntharalingam Rajkumar	21
15.11.2007	Iyampillai Babitharan	37

Never take NO for an answer



Kumudini Vasanthan originally hails from Muthur. But long ago her family has moved into Trincomalee town and had become one of the town folks. Her family lived at Ammankovil Veethi, Linganagar.

Her husband Selvaraja Vasanthan too was from Muthur District and he was a mason and a carpenter. In short, a jack of all trade and he did whatever jobs available to support his family.

Kumuthini and Vasanthan were married on 10.08.1998. They were blessed with two children named Dilaxan age 8 and Nitharsana age 1.

The family boat that sailed on smooth waters encountered the storms on 30.06.2006.

Vasanthan as usual in the morning, greeting his wife and children, having breakfast, went to work. Who ever thought that he would never return home.

It was about 4.00 pm in the evening, Kumudini was informed by her neighbours that they had received a phone call saying that her husband had been killed and his body lies at the mortuary at the hospital.

Overcome with fear and anxiety and praying that what she heard be never true, accompanied by her father and mother, Kumuthini went to the hospital and discovered that it was contrary to her prayers. The news was in fact true. Her husband is dead and she has become a widow and her children orphans.

Once the rituals of death and mourning are over, Kumuthini found herself in a situation to fend for herself and her children. Her parents came to her initial support. Her father being a mason himself, supported her and her children with his meagre income.

Dilaxan is studying at St.Joseph's College, Trincomalee in Gr.3.

Kumuthini had approached CPPHR and shared her anxiety and sought support for her child to continue his education. CPPHR is supporting Dilaxan to continue his studies with sponsors.

There are many Dilaxons who come to us in need of support for education. Education is a legitimate right of the child.

You can be a sponsor too.

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Human Rights Education

The 4th batch student of "Advance Studies in Human Rights" are completing their educational program in December. They will still have to take the written exam and submit their Dissertation paper.

Here they are in participatory action with Fr.J.Antony Pillai S.J learning the skills of "Non Violent Communication" to enable them to handle conflicts in a Non Violent way

Hatred sees no beauty



Here is the story of a family that transcended the ethnic, racial, language and religious prejudices. But their story is so tragic because others failed to transcend.

Jecintha is a Christian born to a Tamil family. She did her studies at St.Mary's College, Trincomalee and completed her O/L.

Susantha Laxman is from a Sinhala Family. He is from Abeyapura, Trincomalee. He owned a Three Wheeler and went on hire to earn an income.

When two young people meet, it is the language of the heart that matters. At that age of new horizons opening, who ever thinks of race, religion, ethnicity and language. There are no barriers and love has only one song to sing.

The year 1999 was not an year of peace in Trincomalee. There had been always the usual ethnic tensions and conflicts. Though there had been problems all around, both families had the courage to overcome the petty differences that divide this country and to bless their children in the bond of marriage. Susantha Laxman and Jecin-

tha were married on 24.06.1999.

Their love to each other was blessed with a child. They named him Shanthus. Today he is 7 yrs old and studying in Gr.2 at Hindu College, Trincomalee.

Laxman was a good husband and caring father to his child.

When tragedy befalls, one begins to ask questions on fate and destiny. When vandalism breaks up beauty, one wonders about the causes and feels the helplessness in the midst of it all.

The fateful day to Jacintha dawned on 31.07.2006.

As usual Laxman had taken his three wheeler and had gone to work. Jecintha had taken her child to school. Thereafter, she had come home and was busy with her household chores.

The phone rang to announce the tragic death of her husband and the father of Shanthus. It was from the General Hospital, Trincomalee informing her that her husband had been shot and killed and body is lying at the mortuary.

Unable to believe what she had just heard, accompanied by her relatives rushed to the hospital to meet fate in the eye. Yes, her husband is dead and it was a cold blooded murder. Reasons not known, neither his killers.

Is this going to be one more to the list of extra judicial killings in Trincomalee District. Yes, it has become another number in the long list.

But for the family that transcended and united the race, language, religion and ethnicity in this country, it was blow on the head. Fascism will not tolerate any harmony of this kind.

Sorrow, pain and anguish is common to all. On that day both the Sinhalese and the Tamils were in tears, grieving for the loss of Laxman, sharing in the pain of Jacintha and Shanthus. Nothing will bring back the lost joy.

Today, Jacintha lives with her parents. She is dependant on their pension for her own support and the support of her child. She has a brother who is doing his A/L and he too is being supported by the father's pension. The child longs for the love and care of his father.

Some things that are lost will never be replaced.



Congratulations to Sangika

Sangika is a year 9 student of Sri Shanmuga Ladies College Trincomalee. She has obtained 9As at the Departmental examination held for year 9 students



CPPHR children age group 14 to 16

Children in participation and learning how to manage themselves in a disaster situation and cope with emergency



CPPHR children age group 06 to 13

Children of age group 06 to 13 participating in a program on values for life.



*Director
&
Staffs*



*Human Right
Circle & From
us all*

From us 2 U

Happy Chirstmas & Peaceful New Year