

In loving Memory of



*Indra Anil
Weeraratunge*

13 OCTOBER 1946 - 07 FEBRUARY 2026



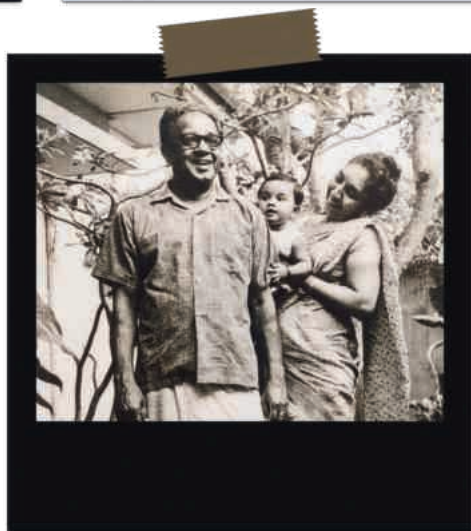


Funeral

When I go from this place,
Dress the porch with garlands,
As you would for a wedding my dear,
Pull the people from their homes,
And dance in the streets,
When death arrives,
Like a bride at the aisle,
Send me off in my brightest clothing,
Serve ice cream with rose petals to our guests,
There's no reason to cry my dear,
I have waited my whole life,
For such a beauty to take,
My breath away,
When I go let it be a celebration,
For I have been here,
I have lived,
I have won at this game called life.
-Rupi Kaur



Poem chosen by Ashinka



King of Howlers

Anil was the legendary “King of Howlers”. He had his name stamped on so many funny stories, it was hilarious. One memory etched in my memory was when we were walking back to school in the hot sun from the Royal College farm in Narahenpitiya.

On the way back, Anil stopped at a roadside public tap, cupped his hand and gulped down the water. He then stood up and announced “Nothing like some H₂SO₄ to quench a thirst”. He meant H₂O. Howls of laughter came from his classmates.

-Ruzly



Trips with Tidda



When we were kids, we visited Britain for the first time and Tidda took charge of showing us the best sites, as he had lived there for many years. Top of the list was a visit to Beaulieu, given he loved his cars and his nephews had to see it. On the motorway while driving, his nephews had a couple of coke cans which they decided to continually crush, causing an irritating noise. Tidda then yelled out “Hey boys, stop making those noises as I can’t see the road!” This resulted in many giggles by the teenagers all along the way to Beaulieu.

-Naresh



Dear Thathi



You were strong till the end,
Just as we knew you would be.
You were waiting for something,
And now we know,
It was for Ammi to wash and polish your car,
Up to your high standard.

We will miss your big smile,
Every time we walked through the door.
And your wise advice,
Even if we thought we knew better at the time.

You were our biggest cheerleader,
Always telling us,
That we could be or do anything we wanted,
As long as it allowed for stable employment,
And did not involve tattoos.

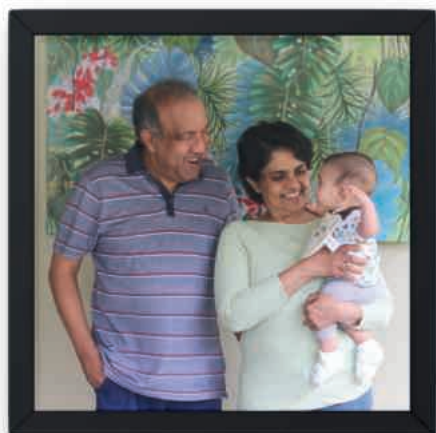
Your love for travel lives on in Akki.
Your love for community work lives on in me.
Your love for cars lives on in Logan.
You made sure each of us carried,
A piece of what mattered most to you.

We were, and continue to be,
So proud to call you,
Our husband, father, father-in-law, and grandfather.



We felt your love every single day,
And we continue to feel it now,
As we hold onto our memories,
And cherish them,
Forever.

-Anishka



Anno and Gundo

It was a pleasure sharing a flat and also a room with you in our days in London where we spent quite a few years together at the beginning of our working lives. Your talent was apparent even in that time. A talent for being orderly and punctual in your time keeping. Sadly that talent didn't extend to your culinary skills. So much so that I had to hide the bottle of washing up soap in the kitchen from you, or else you'd have added that too to any dish just like a chef would have added a sauce or spice to enhance flavour of whatever was being prepared!! In later life you improved and concocted a half decent meal it must be said! Goodbye Anno until we meet again. I'll miss you so very much.

-Nihal



The Thursday Crew

Anil could always be relied upon. Any task asked of him was met with a smile and his familiar reply of “no problem”. He would gather Peter and Fred, affectionately known as “The Three Musketeers”, and tackle jobs with good humour and quiet efficiency. I always knew the work would be done well. Anil was deeply committed to the motor museum, attending every Thursday like clockwork. The “Thursday Crew”, as I called them, was built on friendship, humour, and mutual support. Anil played a big part in that, making sure new volunteers felt welcome and included. You may have polished your last car, but your shine lives on — in the museum, among your fellow volunteers, and in all of us who were fortunate to know you.

-Patric



Disaster Appeal



Anil played an integral role in the Indian Ocean Tsunami disaster appeal, helping to bring the Rotary Village in Sri Lanka to life. Working alongside Rotarians from Western Australia, United Kingdom, and Sri Lanka, he contributed to delivering homes, roads, and essential services for nearly 250 people in Sri Lanka who lost their homes due to the tsunami.



Brighter Lands

In business he rose with quiet pride,
Success and honor walked by his side.
But what he treasured most of all,
Were moments with family, both big and small.
A loyal friend, a brother true,
An uncle who was loved and respected too.
He shared his wisdom with open hands,
Guiding others toward brighter lands.
Wise in spirit and noble of heart,
His presence remains, though he must depart.
In every memory, soft and still,
Lives the love we hold for him.

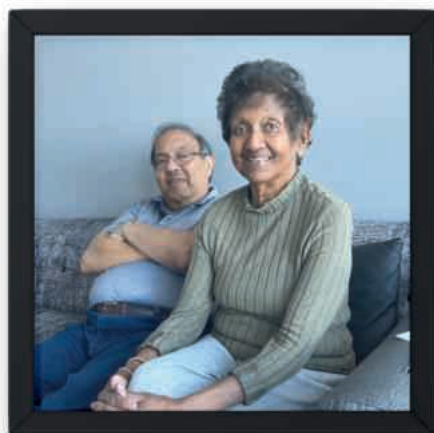
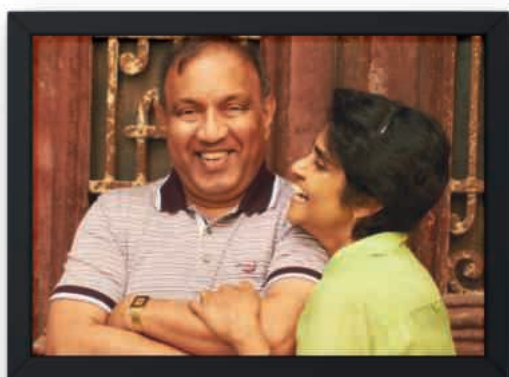
-Romaine

Amtradr

Amtradr, Sri Lanka's oldest manufacturer of concrete blocks and paving stones, has proudly served the nation since 1980. Founded by Anil, the company was built on his vision of innovation, quality, and excellence, becoming a pioneer in the industry and contributing to major construction and infrastructure projects across the country.

Anil was deeply respected not only for his leadership, but for the genuine care he showed his staff. He fostered a team-focused culture where people felt valued, supported, and encouraged to grow.





Anil's Bread Bun Recipe

1 Packet ^{Super} Soft Bread Mix based on 600 grms

1 Packet Yeast

1 Egg

2 Tablespoons Olive Oil

$\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoon Salt

2 Tablespoons Sugar

1 $\frac{1}{4}$ Lukewarm ^{Cap. Pk} water

Make the dough with all the ingredients inside the Bread Maker. Once it rings confirming that it was ready, leave to stand and rise to the top of the inside container. At least One hour.

Use a large cutting board dusted with normal flour, knead the dough several times on the board and make it into a long roll. Cut the roll into slices about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide and keep on a tray lined with Baking paper.

Get the inside fill ready. Which could be a Fish mix, Beef mince mix, or Egg/Bacon & Seeni Sambol mix. This could be made to taste, or if it is with Egg/Bacon and Seeni Sambol get the eggs boiled and cut into 4 lengthwise, Bacon strips calculated one per roll and fried, and Seeni Sambol in a small soup bowl.

Make a flat circular piece with the fingers. Place a Teaspoon of Seeni Sambol in the middle, then place a piece of bacon on top and one slice of the cut boiled egg. Then close the bread mix around the inside fill and seal in the shaped of a round bun.

Place the buns on a Baking tray which has already got a piece of Baking Paper in it. Keep making the rolls and lay them in rows on the trays.

Have the oven on at 180 C, and when it is heated up, place the tray or trays inside to bake for approx. 15 > 20 minutes. It may be necessary to move the top tray to a lower level after around 8 > 10 minutes, so that they bake evenly.

Take out of the oven, when they get a Golden Brown colour on top. Let them cool to be warm to the touch. Use a Roasting Brush and apply Butter on the tops of each Bun, to glaze them.

THE BUNS ARE NOW READY TO EAT





Thank You

Thank you for your presence here today and for the kind expressions of sympathy which are sincerely appreciated.

Refreshments

Please join us for refreshments in the Season's Reception Hall after the funeral.

Gesture of Kindness

We kindly ask that any gestures of kindness be made through a donation to a dementia association of your choosing.

