

## REMEMBERING RICHARD VELU

# A SHINING LIGHT

**A**LTHOUGH our work desks were within shouting distance of each other, we were under two different publications. He was with the New Straits Times, and I for the Malay Mail.

Interactions in the office far and in between, but after hours of toil, we were bound to share a common love — journalists' after-office amber liquid.

R. Velu and I had our favourite watering hole — Hoi Kee Restaurant in Brickfields. The effervescent owner, David, sometimes joined us, dismissing the notion that three is a crowd.

However, this did not stop colleagues from joining us later in the day after the paper had been put to bed.

With empty bottles under the table, unlike these days, when

even sports journalists discussed the nation's state of affairs, we exchanged notes. Our nuances were limited to sports, especially football, where rumours of match-fixing abounded.

There are far too many times when "one for the road" was said, but most of the time, he was the silent one, taking mental notes of what was being said, most of which were picked up at the corridors of police stations.

Richard, as he later affectionately known, was a shining light in the lives of all who had the privilege of knowing him. Later in life, his journey was marked by love,

compassion, and unwavering faith in the Lord.

His passing has left a void in the hearts of many whose lives he touched. He will be remembered for impacting the lives of those who had the pleasure of working with him and knowing him.

**BY R NADESWARAN**

