



1938

2014

This booklet is dedicated to the memory of our beloved mother

SUMALEE SANGUAN VIRAVAIIDYA

who left us unexpectedly and much too soon on

March 28, 2014

She was a remarkable woman who not only gave us life, but also the tools to cope with it and the ability to enjoy it to the fullest.

She will be missed forever, not only by us, her children, but also by many others – the friends and family who gave her love and sustenance throughout her 75 years on Earth.

Mom, Sumalee, wherever you are now, know that you are remembered – with gratitude, with admiration and respect, with joy and above all, with love.















**LARISSA
DANIELLE
STILLMAN**

**November
1968**







Arthur Daniel
Stillman

1942 - 1969





**ALEXANDER
ISSARA WICH**

**October
1974**











**SEBASTIAN
VIRAVAIIDYA WICH**

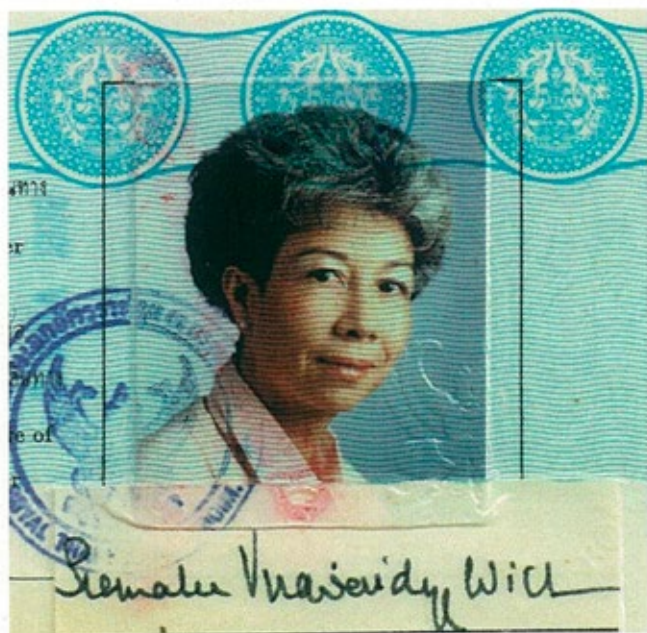
June 1976



















Benjamin Arthur Wagner 1994

Timothy Robertson Wagner 1996



Julian Sebastian Wich 2006
Jill Marie Wich 2008



To my children and grandchildren
I am like a hybrid flower of East and West
The faded petals falling
The exotic fragrance faint.
To some offensive, to others a delight.
But the seedpod remains -
A promise to posterity.

Written by Sumalee in November 2009





Row, row, row your boat

Gently down the stream

Merrily, merrily, merrily,
merrily

Life is but a dream

We are conditioned to believe in hard work, control and struggle as the way to go up (stream) in life. The first two sentences offer a kinder suggestion of gently guiding your boat downstream to the goodness and perfection that Life already has in store for you. In two simple lines, the verse captures the essence of what we now know as ‘the law of attraction’.

As long as one believes one is the ‘doer’ of life, the best advice is to row *gently* and *go down the stream*. The harder you push, the more reality you give to the false ‘doer’. So take it easy: for life is not a static lake but a stream that has its own natural, divine flow.

In the third line, there is a child-like joy of repetition, which gives the feeling-sense of how life may be lived: *merrily*. And in case you didn’t get it the first time, we’ll say it four times for you! That’s how much fun this thing called Life is!!!

The most beautiful part of the rhyme for me is the last line. The subtle connection that merriment in life arises not from where your boat takes you, but from the final understanding: *‘life is but a dream’*. Go merrily, it advises, for life is but a dream. Again, notice that it doesn’t say that life is *like* a dream – it says life *is* a dream.













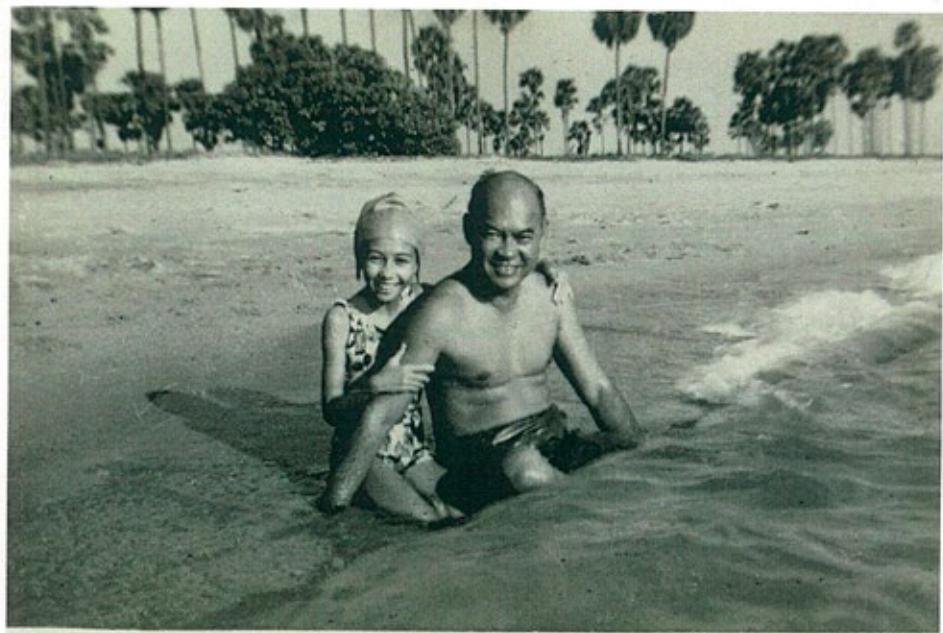


Indian Prayer (traditional)

When I am dead
Cry for me a little
Think of me sometimes
But not too much.

Think of me now and again
As I was in life
At some moments it's pleasant to recall
But not for long.

Leave me in peace
And I shall leave you in peace
And while you live
Let your thoughts be with the living





The flower of life image is a powerful design and is the basic cellular geometry of all life; everything evolves out of this geometric pattern. It is a symbol of sacred geometry, said to contain ancient, religious value depicting the fundamental forms of space and time. In this sense, it is a visual expression of the connections life weaves through all sentient beings, and it is believed to contain a type of Akashic Record of basic information of all living things.



Look at the trees, look at the birds, look at the clouds, look at the stars... and if you have eyes you will be able to see that the whole existence is joyful. Everything is simply happy. Trees are happy for no reason; they are not going to become prime ministers or presidents and they are not going to become rich and they will never have any bank balance. Look at the flowers - for no reason. It is simply unbelievable how happy flowers are.
--Osho