

A Passage
to Africa

To my father, Donald Ratnarajah Alagiah, and in
memory of my mother, Therese Karunaiamma
Santiapillai. You opened the door to this huge
world of opportunity.

To my sisters, Mari, Rachel, Christine and
Jenny. Look back, see how far we have come.

To my nieces and nephews.
Stay well, stay together.

To Frances – a free spirit, friend and
fellow traveller.

To my sons, Adam and Matthew. So far you
have followed where we have led; we wait for the
day when you will walk in front, showing us
new things about our world.

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*We are the miracles that God made
To taste the bitter fruit of Time.
We are precious.
And one day our suffering
Will turn into the wonders of the earth.*

*There are things that burn me now
Which turn golden when I am happy.
Do you see the mystery of our pain?
That we bear poverty
And are able to sing and dream sweet things.*