



MAYA S. MATHUR

Dr. Maya Swarup Mathur (affectionately known as "Shabd" and "Babu") left this earth with grace and dignity on August 11, 2020. His last breath was taken with his family by his side. In addition to the numerous friends, colleagues and students who were touched by Maya, he will be missed and forever cherished by his wife of 56 years, Hem; his daughter and son-in-law, Ruchi and Mark; and the loves of his life, his grandchildren, Maya and Luis. He will be lovingly remembered by his brothers, Aditya and Prashant; and his sister Madhur.

Maya was born in 1939 in Amroha, India, a small town historically known for its artisans and writers. He grew up in Allahabad, an epicenter of learning and culture, and a wonderfully spiritual place where the Yamuna, Ganga and Saraswati Rivers meet. During the time of independence, Allahabad was the seat of forward-thinking activists, philosophers and poets. The impact of this ether on Maya was palpable, and this exposure shaped his life and ran in his blood from the beginning to the end.

Maya was a unique individual with the ability to use the left side and the right side of his brain to the fullest capacity. For 40 years, he was at the University of Manitoba in the Department of Physics. His devotion to his students went above and beyond. As a scientist, his research covered a wide range of topics examining the physical interactions of novel materials and surfaces. His primary contribution was in the area of Raman Spectroscopy. He was a precise man, in speech and in action. All actions... just ask anyone who saw how he diced a vegetable or drew a straight line! He was a kind man. We saw this kindness with his students and with his grandchildren. And he was devoted. Devoted to his wife, devoted to his family, devoted to his friends, and devoted to his GOD..

Maya loved art in many forms. Art was a direct manifestation of the divine for him. He wrote beautiful poetry and was prolific in painting. For those who found him quiet and reserved on first meeting, they just needed to read his words or see his artistic works to realize the depth of his emotions and soul.

In the truest sense, Maya was a Renaissance man who accomplished much in his life. And – it was a good life. A full life. A life of love and laughter. And when there were times without laughter, there was still love.

Services will be held privately on August 23, 2020. Plans to celebrate his life with wine and song will follow next year, after COVID-19 restrictions are lifted.

"Say not in grief that he is no more-
But say in thankfulness that he was.
A death is not the extinguishing of a light,

But the putting out of the lamp
because the dawn has come."

- Kabir

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