



## Mukund S. Vakil

January 26, 1939 - April 28, 2016

Mukund S. Vakil was 77 years old, a loving husband, brother, beloved uncle, friends to all, caring father & overjoyed grandfather. An amazing swimming champion, fearless explorer who was ever curious and gave 100% in every encounter he had with anyone he met. He had an amazing outlook to seize all opportunity to enjoy life. He gave selflessly to his family, friends and as folks say had 'a good life'. Please join us in celebrating his life and times with us. The Vakil Family

# Tribute Wall



“ It was 1998, I was going to meet my future father-in-law. We had a nice, long talk. Toward the end of the evening, Pappa offered to read my palm. He said that I had "good lines" and then called over Rachna and said "good choice beta". I was relieved! Couple years later, many remember his incredibly funny stand-up at our wedding in 2000. He could have doubled as a comic at night and engineer by day. As years went on, I am reminded of the things that Pappa and I did together. For example, after purchasing our first home, he took me to Home Depot and bought me a drill set, ladder, HVAC filters and battery testing device. Pappa so loved having small children around at all times, one couldn't tell whether they were his lineage or not. He would go on to say all the things that we can learn from small children...sense of curiosity, untamed laughter and equality since they are not corrupted by race, religion, money or status bias that we unfortunately learn to tolerate as adults. When I saw the video and heard the speeches at the funeral in friends that have known him for 50 years, I learned about his many interests in India and early years in America. While the last few years consumed Pappa's health, he remained positive. I wish Aarti, Amar, Deval, Rachna and of course Mom all the best as they keep Pappa's memory alive in their thoughts, words and actions.- Ketan Gima

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July 12, 2016 at 12:00 AM



“ Tuesday, May 10, 2016. Kabibai High School, Bora Bazar Street, Fort, Mumbai - what a famous school at that time, 1951, when Mukund joined, and same year I joined too. Class of 1956, and each one of us had a special memory of school days, some remembered and some forgotten. Mukund selected engineering, I chose commerce and we did not meet for 53 years. Then, in 2009, we had a Kabibai class reunion in LA, courtesy of our class mates, JK Patel and Harish Parikh. Those 2 days in Los Angeles was a blast for 9 students [including Mrs.] who met after 53 years. And we spent an evening dinner meeting at Mukund's house. He was very happy. We all talked about toughest principal Mr. Talpade, Mr. V.K. Deasi, teachers, cricket teams, all the way down to peon who was a painter himself, and when we had saved enough money, we would go to Udipi [or Madras Cafe ?] for a Dosa in recess. But life moves on, I came to NY, USA for MBA. Then a few years later settled in Chicago. This was one of the best memories for all classmates. I felt so sorry that Mukund was in Chicago for a few years, but our path never crossed, and our first meet happened in LA in 2009. Last year, August 2015, I met Mukund, Daxa and his son at his house in L.A. and we talked about a lot of things. I could see that he was very happy. Even though we met only few times, I could feel his friendship, his love for school friends. Mukund, will always be remembered by us. He was tested by God in many ways and finally God had to give up and take him in His abode. Eternal Peace be with you. We also pray to God to give Daxa and all family members strength to sustain this huge loss. God bless them all. Chandrakant Mehta, Morton Grove, IL. 60053

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May 10, 2016 at 12:00 AM



“ Sorry to hear sad news. God grant a long lasting peace to his soul. We pray. Dinesh Patel, He and I were in F. N. Patel High School together. - Jaswant Mody

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**Jaswant Mody** - May 08, 2016 at 12:00 AM



“ Year 1944, I met, Mukund, First time, in First grade. Our school name: Faramji Nasarvanji Patel High School. In short, F.N.Patel High School. We became good friends. Jokingly, he gave a name for our friendship: "DIAPER FRIENDS". We frequently exchanged, novels, educational books, and other reading materials. One interesting book titled, "How to win Friends, and Influence People", written by Dale Carnegie, and translated into Gujarati:, "jindagi jitwani jady booty". That book, certainly, influenced my life. He had many hobbies: Among them were, collections of rare postage stamps, empty cigarette packets, and colored marbles. I am sure, Haripriaben and sisters remember, all his collections. With him, I traded Rare, king and queen stamps, triangular shaped stamps, and British/ India stamps, etc. After seventh grade, we were separated. He joined, Kabibai High School. Kabibai, was one of the sought after, reputable, educational Institution, in Bombay. Year 1958: After Inter-Science, I came to USA. He completed, his engineering degree, in India. We lost contact for more than 35 years. During, one of the religious gatherings, in Woodland Hills, I was surprised, and very happy, to see Mukund and Daksha. We renewed, our association again. We met more often, over lunch and dinners. We planned, few trips together, along with our common friends. To name a few trips, Las Vegas, Salt Lake City, Seattle, LA Downtown, Universal Studios, etc. We talked on phone, for a long period of time. Many of us know, he loved to talk. I recalled, one specific conversation. He called me from Seattle. He wanted to bring, his motor bike, and other belongings, that he loved and liked very much. But, could not decide, weather to rent a trailer, and drive 700 miles, or sell those items, and cash out. We discussed, cost and risk associated, with driving a heavily loaded trailer. Finally, he decided to cash out. Ever since, He was very grateful, for that decision. I need to talk about, a great, and loving lady, Daksha. It is said that, every successful men, had great lady behind him. Without hesitation, she and siblings, dedicated most of their time, taking care of him. During difficult, and prolonged sickness, they provided 24/7 attention. Daksha, and all family members, accept our sincere thanks, for taking care of, our very dear friend. Affectionatly, I called him

*Mukunda. A presence, AMONG our FRIENDS, has gone. A voice, we loved, AND CHEERED, is still. A place, is vacant, in our FRIENDSHIP, and that, can never be filled. Your memory, is our keepsake, from which, we will never part. Shreeji, may have you, in his keeping, But we still, have you in our hearts. "Aye Dosti, hum nahi bhulenge, chhodenge dum magar, teri yaad na bhulenge." On behalf of our families, and friends, "Al vida" - Our dear friend. God bless.*

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**Dinesh Patel** - May 06, 2016 at 12:00 AM

MG

“ *Mukundbhai will be remembered for his love of life. Our last meeting with him in February will always stay in our memory. He loved music, people and knew how to have fun. May his soul rest in peace.*

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**Marvel & Subhra Gima** - May 03, 2016 at 12:00 AM