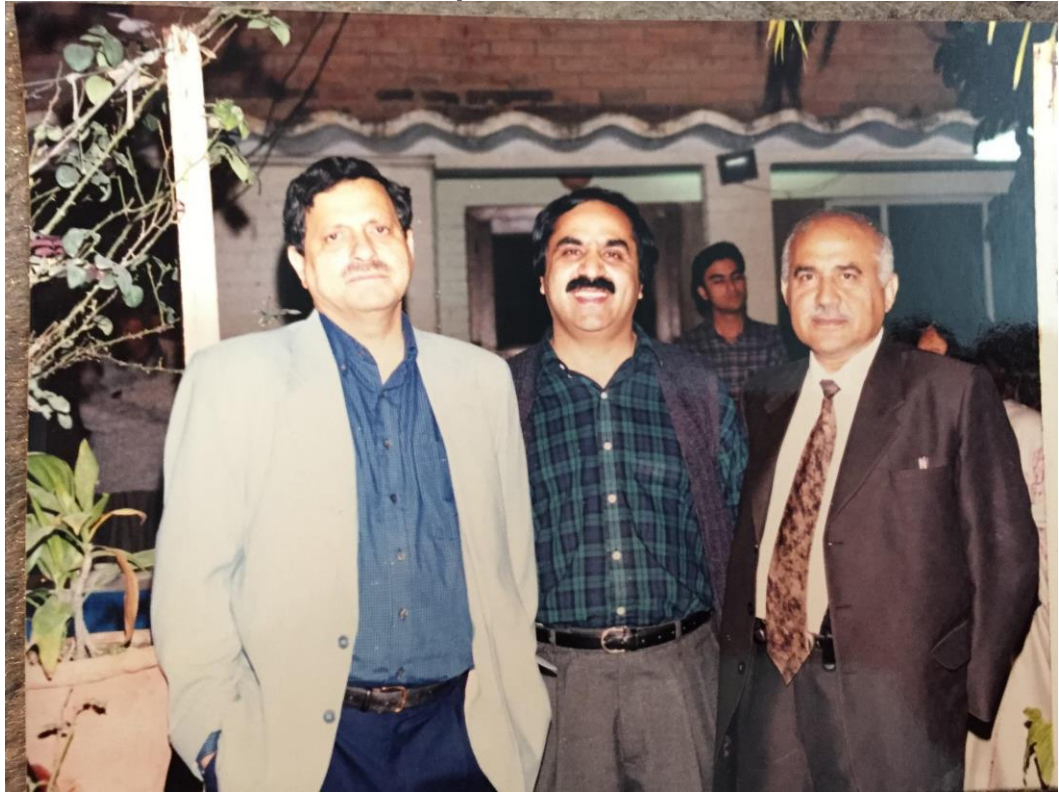


## Mourning A Best Friend!

Zafar Iqbal Kalanauri



One of my closest friends Mian Farukh Naeem Lukesar (My Furukh Bhai) died suddenly on Saturday the 26th of December 2015, six days before New year.

I cannot hold back the tears as the most amazing person with whom I shared the best years of my life, he is gone from this world. Resign and I can only pray to God for the good of his soul.

When he died, all things soft and beautiful and bright would be buried with him. I was so confused and shocked when I learned that my dearest friend, elder brother, mentor, strength and guide had died, sometimes I wonder why God takes to his side the people which are so much lacking here.

Not only had my big brother like fiend disappeared, but--and bear with me here--a part of my very being had gone with him. Stories about us could, from them on, be told from only one perspective. Memories could be told but not shared.

I am always saddened by the death of a good person. It is from this sadness that a feeling of gratitude emerges. I feel honored to have known them and blessed that their passing serves as a reminder to me that my time on this beautiful earth is limited and that I should seize the opportunity I have to forgive, share, explore, and love. I can think of no greater way to honor the deceased than to live this way.

Whoever said that loss gets easier with time was a liar. Here's what really happens: The spaces between the times you miss them grow longer. Then, when you do remember to miss them again, it's still with a stabbing pain to the heart. And you have guilt. Guilt because it's been too long

since you missed them last.

Death leaves a heartache no one can heal, love leaves a memory no one can steal.

نہیں سوالی کر جاتے ہیں  
صبحیں کالی گر جاتے ہیں  
راہی چھوڑ کے جانے والے  
انکھیں خالی کر جاتے ہیں  
احمد راہی

As I struggle to figure out what to be thankful for during the hardest time in my life, I'm reminded of all that he did for me — and for everyone.

I was kind of hoping they would cancel New Year Celebrations this year.

دل تو میرا اداس ہے ناصر  
شہر کیوں ساء ین ساء ین کرتا ہے  
ناصر کاظمی

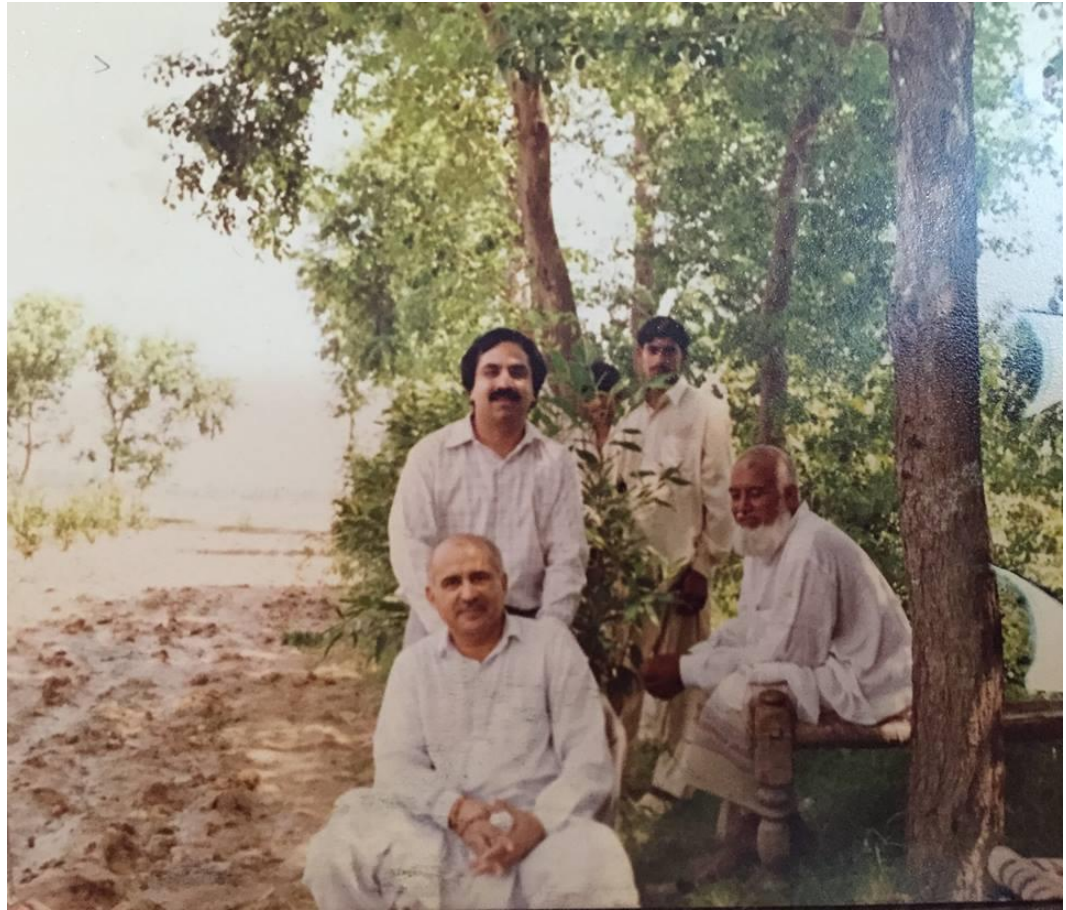
I know that's selfish, but on Sunday, when I watched one of my best friends get buried, his loved ones wracked with grief, the thought of sitting around a table and talking about why I should be thankful felt like the punch line of a fucked-up joke. And so the idea of focusing on gratitude when there is so much pain in my heart strikes me as absurd.

But New year celebration isn't canceled. And though my body aches with the loss of someone who has been central to my life for the past four decades, I know that I do a disservice to my friend by focusing solely on my pain instead of on all of the wonderful things he brought to my life — to so many people's lives. The truth is, I had Furukh Bhai as a best friend and confidante for 40 years, and I am a better person for it. As hard as it is to celebrate the New Year, I am so, so grateful for that.



I met Furkh Bhai when I was 14. We met through his uncle Haji Hanif sahib (My father's best friend) and became something close to inseparable. We spent the good and bad times together. He always gave me hope, encouragement and confidence. He was a person with big heart, very generous, courteous, down to earth, humble, loving, and caring full of life and very confident. Always helped the poor, down trodden and needy. Loved to entertain others by offering food. Had great leadership and training skills. Took care of all the relatives, neighbors, friends and family by monetary and practical help whenever they needed him. Despite having best of both the Worlds, he had no air around him. No one could match him when it came to spending on others without expecting any return. In his last ten years he became a very pious and religious person. He also performed Hajj. He was an exemplary son, brother, husband, father, college, boss and friend.





He was an Aitchisonian, Ravian, Hallian and a Rotarian. A top class Tax practitioner, planner and advisor. He was a Former President of Lahore Tax Bar Association, Former President of Punjab Squash Rackets Association, Director ACOBA, a great Squash & Tennis Player and an extra ordinary Athlete. Gymkhana club sports arenas will miss him.

He belonged to Richest Family of Lahore who once owned 1/3 rd of Old Lahore. His great grandfather Haji Qadir Bush was the Ambassador of France on behalf of Indian Government. His ancestors were given the title of "Lukhesar" by the Mughal emperor for bearing the expenses of One Lakh soldiers of Army. His Father Mr. M. E. Naeem Lukhesar was the founder of "Naeem & Company" a firm of Tax Practitioners in 1922 in Lahore and Delhi. Many leading Tax Lawyer and Chartered Accountants, including Hussain Chaudhry ( The First Muslim Chartered Accountant) came from this company. His father was the founder First President and Patron of Lahore Tax Bar Association. The building of Naeem & Company was the meeting place for legendary library figures like Hafiz Jahlandri, Waqar Anbalvi, Hakim Naeyer Wasti etc.

Furukh Bhai, is survived by his two sons Ghazanfer Farrokh Lukhesar (An Architect turned into an Advocate) and Barrister Zurgham Lukhesar, who are carrying forward a great legacy of their ancestors in the field of law at the historical "Naeem & Company".

He Is Not Dead

I cannot say, and I will not say,  
That he is dead. He is just away.  
With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,  
He has wandered into an unknown land  
And left us dreaming how very fair

It needs must be, since he lingers there.  
And you—oh you, who the wildest yearn  
For an old-time step, and the glad return,  
Think of him faring on, as dear  
In the love of There as the love of Here.  
Think of him still as the same. I say,  
He is not dead—he is just away.”

Especially now, as I live the rest of my bonus life(after suffering a huge Herat attack) , I need to find something positive to hold onto, because how else am I supposed to make it through the day in one piece?

Me and my wife will never stop missing him, but we'll will also never stop being proud of him. Those are important (and yes, hilarious) lines that say so much about who Furukh Bhai was. The sadness lingers, and while I know I'll continue to mourn him for a long time, I'm thankful that he left so much to remember him by — not just for me, but for everyone touched by his words.

I feel very sorry for the death of my dear friend, we have known for a lifetime and think I will never see him again makes me feel a deep sadness. I send my sincere condolences to all family.

ALLAHA un ki Magferat Fermaye AMEEN!!  
Ap sab se duay magferat ki apeel hy plz plz Zr0r kren.....

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