



Sanat Kumar Das

October 15, 1935 to October 19, 2024

I am deeply saddened to share that my father, Sanat Kumar Das, has passed away. He was the guiding light of my life. His wisdom, strength, and unwavering love shaped me into who I am today. He was not only a brilliant engineer but also the most compassionate, caring, and selfless person I've ever known. His kindness knew no bounds, and his devotion to his family was absolute. Every step of my journey was enriched by his love and guidance. He was the cornerstone of my life, and his absence leaves an unfillable void.

Sanat Kumar Das was born in 1935 in British India in the city of Khulna, and was therefore a British citizen by birth.

In 1957 he went to Britain to study Engineering at the University of London, West Ham college, where he met my mother, Erika. They were soon married.

After graduating with a degree in Mechanical Engineering, he then went on to complete all the requirements and received the designation of Professional Engineer from the British Engineering Society.

In 1965, he and my mother, pregnant with me, went to Hanover where my mother's family was from, so that they could help her with her first baby.

Shortly after I was born, our new family returned to Britain where my Dad bought his first home in Leytonstone, East London.

In 1970, my sister Monica was born.

In 1972, after my parents were divorced, my Dad raised Monica and I as a single parent, while at the same time continuing his career as a professional engineer.

In 1980, my Dad married Marta and as a family we immigrated to Canada, where my Dad was able to continue his career as a professional engineer in the Alberta oil industry.

In 1983, my sister Angelica was born.

Later that year the family moved to Edmonton, where my Dad worked at an Engineering firm, and then took on contract work in Fort McMurray, and then later in Lloydminster where he commuted weekly so he could spend the weekends in Edmonton with us.

During the 1990's while I was living and working in Athabasca Alberta, my Dad moved back to Calgary, the home of the oil and gas industry in this part of the world. He bought a house which became the family home, and later where he and Marta enjoyed most of his well-earned retirement years. The house in the Southland area of southern Calgary, less than 10 minutes from my old High School, Lord Beaverbrook, was where the whole family would get together for holidays. I remember making the 1,000 km round-trip drive from Athabasca for every single holiday during the 1990's to see my Dad and the rest of the family. It was a long drive, but so worth it!

In 2000, I moved to Edmonton where I bought a house in which I have lived to this day, and was able to drive to Calgary much easier. Since then I have been working in the Edmonton I.T. community and looked forward to every holiday so I could go and visit my Dad in Calgary.

In 2020 sadly we lost my step-mom Marta. Shortly afterwards, my sister Monica moved my Dad to Michener Park, a nursing home in Red Deer where he could be close to her family and at the same time within reach from Edmonton and Calgary to make it easier for me and my sister Angelica to visit.

On October 19, 2024, I received the most heartbreaking phone call of my life from my Dad's nurse to inform me that he had passed, peacefully in his sleep. He was 89 years old.