



Govind Shil Dayal Srivastava

November 29, 1959 - August 6, 2018

Govind Shil Dayal Srivastava, born on November 29, 1959 , died on August 6, 2018

Shil died suddenly and unexpectedly at home in Austin, Texas, USA. A son, brother, husband, father, and friend, he found politics and Hot Wheels, underwater robotics and Thunderbirds equally engaging. Shil met the love of his life at a mixer when he was a college student at M.I.T. and she attended Wellesley College. Twenty-five years ago Shil opened the Austin office of Oceaneering International Incorporated, where he was Robotics Software Manager and supervised over 20 employees. Shil was brilliant, funny, hard-working, loving, always ready for a good cup of tea, and determined to live his life despite a series of health issues. Survived by wife Susan Klein, a law professor at the University of Texas School of Law, daughter Kallie Klein, an upcoming freshlaw at UT, and son Daniel Rae Srivastava, a junior at the University of Southern California Kaufman School of Dance; and by father K.D. Srivastava, sisters Aruna and Anila, and brother Mohan, all successful professionals living in various Canadian provinces. Shil was pre-deceased by his mother Gladys and twin brother Pal. Shil lived for his family, and was the most patient, insightful, and dedicated husband and father imaginable. Rabbi Steven Folberg officiated at a small family memorial service held on August 12th at Congregation Beth Israel, 3901 Shoal Creek Blvd, Austin, TX.

Comments



“ 1 file added to the album New Album Name



John Hack - September 13, 2018 at 08:18 AM



“ Susan, Rae and Kallie, my deepest sympathies to you three who were closest to Shil, and all who are feeling the terrible sadness of his passing.

Kallie your comments resonate so faithfully with the way I remember him. I was commenting the other day about him, and I also used the word "calming." He was a lovely gentle person. We were young like you and Rae when we met and became friends. There was a whole big group of us. We were always meeting up and carrying on one way or the other around Cambridge. It was an amazing time, and we always loved each other ever since then.

He and I lived with Al and Luther at one point. It was hysterical. There were so many little chapters and adventures we will always remember. I got a great kick out of seeing the softball photo John put up. I know John's thinking we should have a gathering up here soon to share our memories and celebrate him, and I'm looking forward to that opportunity.

Michael O'Malley - August 26, 2018 at 09:35 PM



“ 2 files added to the tribute wall



Patricia Hansen - August 23, 2018 at 03:58 PM



“ 2 files added to the album New Album Name



John Hack - August 21, 2018 at 06:29 PM



“ End of Kallie's talk:

telling me that I'm stronger than I think, that I'm better than I give myself credit for, or best of all "Kallie if you fuck this up, what's the worst thing that can happen?"

Kallie Klein - August 20, 2018 at 08:37 PM



“ Kallie Klein's memorial service tribute:

Some of you knew my father as a child, wreaking havoc with his twin on a farm outside of Vancouver in what he described as "Mennonite country," some of you knew my dad as a college student attending MIT, where he occasionally studied math but mostly climbed the "salt and pepper bridge" and disturbed the general peace by stealing bathroom signs, and some of you knew him as a boss or coworker at Oceaneering where he was foundational in establishing the code for the ROV underwater system. Today, however, I'm going to talk about what my dad was like as a father, for this was the role in which Rae and I knew him best.

As a child I quickly realized that my dad was the smartest man alive. There wasn't a question he couldn't answer, or a problem he couldn't solve. I remember going to him when I didn't understand something I overheard at one of mom's work dinners on on TV and we would sit down in his study and talk for hours about the Iraq War, the pros/cons of the various WW2 era tanks, or the reason why ships can float in water. It wasn't just that my dad knew everything, unlike other grownups he was willing to take the time to teach me what he knew. I never once heard him say "you will understand when you're older."

He didn't dismiss my questions. He would entertain my ideas and feed my curiosity for hours. His patience must have been endless. More than just a great teacher, my dad was a great listener. It's not often you find someone willing to sit and listen to a ten-year-old's fears and anxieties. My dad never scoffed or laughed at what must have been ridiculous 5th grade drama. He would sit in his chair with his feet up on his desk and his eyes fixed on me, nodding occasionally to show he understood. After I finished, he would pause for a minute and then give the most profound advice. I learned to take such advice, for he was always right.

My father was devoted to his family. He put Rae and I above everything else. I just found an email of his to our tax accountant where he explains the reason he is two

days late turning in paperwork is because he needed to reteach himself special relativity so that he could help me study for a physics exam. We always came first. Even when my father was in sometimes debilitating physical pain he would make time for use. He would wake up from much needed naps to edit our papers, and keep himself awake with tea in order to explain calculus to us. He didn't even let his own body get in the way of helping us succeed.

My dad was there for more than just academic help. He was the calming presence in our lives. When Rae and I were little we both had trouble falling asleep. I blame overactive imaginations that conjured monsters under the bed - probably not helped by the fact that we shared a room so we overexcited each other with scary stories. Dad would sit next to our bunk beds and tell us the stories that he invented. They were sometimes about the children who lived upstairs and helped dad clean at night, but these made Rae and I jealous, so they were more often fairytales where Rae and I were the star characters traveling through space or fighting our way through the jungle. Every time I was scared, every time the world felt a bit too overwhelming, I would call my dad. He knew or maybe he learned the right thing to say to get me through the test, or interview, or performance I had. He sat with me for twenty minutes before my freshmen orientation while I worked up the courage to go inside. And before every plane flight he would talk to me about the statistical likelihood of dying in plane crash and how the turbulence won't actually knock my plane out of the sky.

This past week the world has seemed a bit too overwhelming and I've pulled out my phone multiple times to call my dad. I laugh or cry when I remember that he can't pick up the phone anymore. Then I hear his voice in my head telling me that I'm

Kallie Klein - August 20, 2018 at 08:35 PM



“ 1 file added to the album New Album Name



John Hack - August 20, 2018 at 02:06 PM