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Good afternoon, everyone.

Thank you for being here to remember and celebrate my mum, Patricia Minh Nguyen—our Trish.

Seeing so many bright colours today would make her grin. She never much liked the idea that grief had to be dressed in black.

I'm Liam, her son, her sounding board, and—if you asked her—her favourite kitchen hand even though I was absolutely hopeless with the coffee machine. We were close and honest with each other. Mum wanted the truth, even when it was messy, and she gave it back with love and a cheeky smile.

Mum was born on 28 August 1970 in Sydney, the daughter of Hoa and Lan, who had the courage to start again in Cabramatta. She grew up in a home where the language of love was food and effort—one more bowl, one more hour, one more try. That set the rhythm for her whole life. She excelled at school, studied hospitality, and then did the gutsy thing: she opened Trish's Kitchen in Bankstown. She built a café that was more than a café. It was a front door that never closed on anyone who needed a place to land.

In 1994, she married Dad—David—and they were properly, wonderfully themselves together. They raised Zoe and me while Mum grew a beloved local institution out of flour, patience and that booming laugh from the kitchen. If you know, you know: the legendary pork rolls, the pandan cake that sold out in the time it took to post about it, and the deep belief that a warm banh mi at the right moment could solve at least half of life's problems.

Mum passed away on 9 January this year. She was 55. Saying that still feels surreal. But when I think about her life, I don't think first about the ending. I think about the mornings that started in the dark, the mixer already going, and

my phone buzzing at 5.12am with a text that said, "Wake up, sleepyhead. Taste test time," followed by approximately sixteen food emojis and a photo that was definitely out of focus. I think about the people who came through those doors—students in their first jobs, new arrivals finding their feet, neighbours who became regulars and then became friends. Mum mentored so many of them. She didn't just teach how to fold the paper just so around a pork roll; she taught punctuality, pride in a well-swept floor, and the art of giving people a fair go. In her world, everyone got a first chance, and if you stuffed it up, a second.

She was hard-working—famously so—but that's not the full story. She had a seriously cheeky sense of humour. Tuesday nights, after netball, she'd stride into the house like a victorious captain, scuffed knees and all, and announce to absolutely no one in particular that she'd "carried the team again." Karaoke nights with her friends were, frankly, a hostage situation. Once she had the mic, we all lived inside "Total Eclipse of the Heart" until the batteries died. She cheered for the Swans with the unshakeable optimism of someone who was sure her yelling at the TV helped them run harder. And weekends at the markets were a tactical operation—she'd haggle for herbs, invent a new recipe on the drive home, and then stay up too late tinkering with it until, as she'd say, "it finally sang."

Some of my best memories are Lunar New Year nights in our backyard. You could feel the summer air buzzing. Mum at the BBQ, music up just a little too loud, the scent of lemongrass and smoke in everything. She'd move through the crowd like a conductor, flipping skewers, topping up plates, laughing from somewhere deep in her chest. Then she'd kneel down and press a red envelope into tiny, sticky hands with a wink that said, "Don't tell your parents." That was Mum—generous to a fault, happy to be the mischief in a memory, always finding a way to make the moment bigger, warmer, more ours.

She was fiercely protective of family. If you were one of hers—Dad, Zoe, me, her parents Hoa and Lan, her brother Michael, her sister Kim, the nieces and nephews who adored their Auntie Trish—you had a defender. She could be politely unstoppable. I once watched her negotiate a supplier into delivering at

6am on a public holiday with nothing but manners and a look that said she knew how the world should work, and this was it.

But her strength wasn't loud all the time. A lot of it was quiet resilience. The sort that shows up when the oven breaks on the busiest day of the year, or when the bills and the worries pile up higher than the baking trays. She didn't pretend things were easy. She just kept turning up, mixing the batter, opening the doors, celebrating small wins like they were grand finals. "One good coffee," she'd say, "can reset a day." So could one kind word. So could one chance offered to the kid who'd dropped three plates and wanted to quit. She saw what people were trying to be, not just what they'd managed so far.

I know what many of us will miss. The early-morning texts that meant you were on her mind before the sun was. The laugh coming from the kitchen—the kind that rolled out and made the whole place feel safe. The way newcomers—especially those fresh off a long flight and a longer journey—were made to feel instantly at home. Mum had a talent for removing the sharp edges from a room. You'd sit down at Trish's Kitchen and it didn't matter where you'd come from; for a little while, you belonged.

She held to simple, sturdy values: gratitude, loyalty, giving people a fair go. She liked to celebrate small wins—first time someone poured a heart into a flat white, first time a staff member served a full lunch rush without panic, first day a young barista remembered a regular's order without peeking. She'd clap, laugh, shove a corner of pandan cake into your hand and say, "Look at you. World champion." It sounds tiny. It wasn't. Those moments put belief into people. Mum understood that big lives are built out of small victories noticed by someone who cares.

I want to say, too, that she loved colour—on the plate and in the world. If you're wearing something bright today, thank you. That's her language. She taught me that life is shorter than you think, and the best time to throw a party is now. She'd want us to remember her not by how heavy the loss feels, but by how much larger she made the everyday—how a Tuesday could feel like a festival

because there were fresh herbs, a good song on the radio, and the netball team had, allegedly, won because of her.

There are things Mum would be chuffed to hear today. She'd be proud of Dad, of the way he stood shoulder to shoulder with her in every part of life. She'd be proud of Zoe—your courage, your wit, the way you inherited her radar for who in a room needs looking after. She'd be proud of her parents, Hoa and Lan, for building the foundation she stood on, and of Michael and Kim, for sharing her stubborn kindness. She'd be proud of her nieces and nephews—of all the ways you've already started carrying her spirit forward, whether it's through your own first jobs or the way you stack the dishwasher exactly how Aunty Trish taught you. And she'd be proud of the team at the café. She believed in you. She always did.

We can honour her by continuing the things she cared about. Be the first to text in the morning. Laugh from the heart. Leave room at the table for someone new. Celebrate the small wins and make sure shy people are introduced. And keep an eye out for those who are finding their way in a new country—offer a job, a lift, a hot meal, a tip on where the weekend markets have the best greens. If you're able, donations in Mum's memory to Settlement Services International would mean a lot. It's exactly the work she championed—practical help for people starting over.

After the service, we'll gather at the café. It feels right to fill that space with stories and crumbs and the kind of noise that says love lives here. If you have a Trish tale—and I know you do—please share it. Recipes, too, are very welcome. Mum believed good recipes should travel.

Mum used to finish our calls with, "Okay, go do your best. And eat something." It was her two-part gospel. Do your best. Have a snack. I can almost hear her saying it now, and I can picture her hands—quick, capable, a little flour on one knuckle—waving me out the door to get on with it.

Patricia Minh Nguyen. Trish. Daughter of migrants who made a home, student

who excelled, hospitality pro, who turned skill into welcome, wife to David, mum to Zoe and me, loving daughter to Hoa and Lan, sister to Michael and Kim, proud Auntie, mentor, head baker, kitchen comedian, Swans fan, market strategist, and champion of the fair go. She lived in a way that made room for others. She left a map for how to keep doing that without her.

Mum, thank you for the mornings you woke the world up so we could catch the good bits.

Thank you for defending us, teasing us, teaching us, feeding us, and for telling us, again and again, that celebration doesn't have to wait for something perfect.

We'll miss your texts. We'll miss your laugh. We'll miss the way you could make a crowded room feel like a family kitchen.

We'll carry you forward—in our work, in our jokes, in the way we hand a warm roll across a counter and mean it.

Go easy, Mum. We'll do our best.

And yes—we'll eat something.

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