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Family and friends,

Thank you for coming to honour my father, Harish Kumar Patel—our Harry—born 10 January 1955 in Ahmedabad, who made Melbourne home in 1983, and who left us on 6 February 2026, aged 71.

He was my steady, principled father.
He taught me by example, not proclamation.
Disciplined, humble, softly spoken with a dry wit, and unwaveringly ethical—he set a standard that didn’t need announcements; it lived in the small, consistent choices of every day.

With Mum, Meera, he built a life from careful beginnings.
He studied pharmacy, then opened a small community pharmacy in Dandenong that became a neighbourhood fixture for more than three decades.
Dad knew customers by name.
He remembered their stories.
At the counter, time seemed to slow down—he made space for people when the rest of the world hurried past.

Service mattered to him.
He volunteered at health fairs, translated instructions into reassurance, and helped new migrants navigate a system that often felt like a maze.
He believed in education, thrift without stinginess, and respect for all faiths.
He never preached it; he practised it—in the way he handled a mistake, in the way he listened, in the way he paid his staff first.

He was a devoted husband to Meera, father to Priya and to me, Arun, and proud Dada to three grandkids.
He was a cherished brother and uncle, with family across Australia and India

who felt his quiet care even across oceans.

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My favourite memory sits in the half-light of early morning.
At 6am, before weekend cricket, we'd brew chai together—cardamom just so, ginger crushed, the patient simmer.
We'd talk about life and field placements, about the value of turning up, about leaving things better than we found them.
He would hand me the cup, raise an eyebrow, and with that dry smile say, "Not bad—this time."
It was his way of teaching me to take pride in details without taking myself too seriously.

Away from work, he found delight in simple rituals—listening to classical Hindi music, tending his veggie patch with the same precision he kept his dispensary, walking the Tan in the cool of morning, and following the cricket with the calm analysis of a seasoned opener.

What we will miss most is his counsel that steadied the room, his perfectly spiced chai that gathered us to the table, and the rare gift he had of making you feel unhurried and seen.

Dad's life is a reminder that character is built quietly.
Measured days.
Honest work.
A welcome kept ready for whoever stepped through the door.

On behalf of our family, thank you for the kindness you have shown us.
After this, we invite anyone who wishes to share a brief memory of Harry.
And in keeping with his wishes, vegetarian refreshments will be served.

Dad, you never asked for applause.
You simply did the next right thing—again and again.
We will carry that forward—in our family, in our work, and in our city.

Thank you.

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