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Hi everyone, I'm Hannah, Andy's daughter.

Thank you for being here to celebrate the life of my dad, Andrew Minh Nguyen—Andy to just about everyone who crossed his path.

Dad was born on 3 November 1965 in Sydney, the son of Vietnamese migrants who taught him to work hard, stay humble, and say thank you twice.

He took those lessons to school, excelled, and went on to graduate in pharmacy at the University of Sydney.

Then he opened Nguyen's Pharmacy in Cabramatta, where he somehow managed to make medicine feel like hospitality.

He cared for people the way family cares for family—after-hours advice, free blood pressure checks, and a fierce belief that good health shouldn't depend on your wallet.

He was gentle.

Witty in the quiet way that sneaks up on you.

A patient teacher—of customers, neighbours, and two very talkative daughters.

He never made a fuss, he just did the right thing, especially when no one was watching.

He loved mum—Linh—his wife of 34 years, with a steadiness that set our home's rhythm.

He was Dad to me and to Michelle, and the proudest Ông Ngoại to little Ava.

He was brother to Thanh and Kim.

When we talk about family, it isn't a roll call—it's the centre of his map.

My favourite memory is our Sunday pho-making marathons.

Dad would pass me the ladle and say, "You season the broth; I'll watch." Then he'd tell stories—running barefoot between market stalls, saving coins for

second-hand books, the taste of herbs that reminded him of his parents' garden. By the time the star anise and cinnamon had done their magic, we weren't just eating—we were learning values: patience, care, and that flavour comes from time and attention.

Outside the pharmacy, he found calm in the Blue Mountains, stubborn beauty in his bonsai, and delight in capturing street corners most of us walk past. On weekends he'd play badminton with the same competitive spirit he pretended he didn't have. And at the pharmacy counter, the dad jokes were relentless. He'd hand over a packet of tablets and say, "Best taken with water—and a smile," and then remember your name the next time like it was the easiest thing in the world.

What people will miss most is exactly that—his corny jokes, his calm guidance, and the way he made you feel recognised. He didn't look past people; he looked at them. That's rarer than it should be.

Dad passed away on 14 January 2026, aged 60. He left us with more than memories. He left us with a blueprint: value education, practise gratitude, be kind without fanfare, and keep showing up for others.

If you want to honour him, carry those things forward. Ask your neighbour how they're really going. Take the extra five minutes. Season the broth slowly.

In lieu of flowers, please support Cancer Council Australia. And thank you for wearing your bright colours today—he would have loved the sunshine in this room.

We love you, Dad.

Thank you for championing everything we did, and for teaching us that a good life is built quietly, one generous act at a time.

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