

# eulogyai.com.au

---

Friends, family, thank you for being here to celebrate Daniel Wong — Dan — my husband, my favourite person.

Dan was born in Melbourne on 22 September 1985.  
He left us on 10 March this year, far too soon at 40.  
Between those dates, he filled a lot of sky.

He studied design at RMIT and grew into a graphic designer people sought out because he never treated a brief like a box to tick.

He treated it like a conversation.

On the streets, camera in hand, he found the soul of this city.

Not the postcard views, but the small miracles — a laneway shadow, a busker's grin, the quiet stories in rain-streaked glass.

Those pop-up laneway exhibitions he loved didn't just showcase his work; they raised money for local causes and brought strangers together over print pegs and milk crates.

To his parents, Mei and Victor, and to his sister Alice, thank you for sharing him with us.

The way he loved you — steady, proud, a little cheeky — taught me a lot about family.

To his friends and our community, you were his home as much as any address we shared.

We were partners for nine years, married in 2021.

We built a life of bikes by the door and photo books under the coffee table.

He cycled the Yarra at ridiculous hours, swore he could taste the terroir of every third-wave coffee on Gertrude Street, cheered on the Demons with superstitious socks, and could turn "let's just pop in" at a gallery into an entire afternoon.

And when the light was good or company even better, the night ended at our

place with a dumpling station and flour everywhere

Create your own personalised speech at [eulogyai.com.au](https://eulogyai.com.au)

My favourite memory?

A spontaneous weekend in Hobart.

We chased first light along the waterfront, breath turning to smoke as he kept saying, "Just one more frame."

We laughed so hard we cried over a crooked selfie and a seagull with attitude.

Nothing grand, nothing staged.

Just us, completely alive to the moment — which is exactly how he taught me to live.

What set Dan apart wasn't only his eye; it was how he used it on people.

He was creative, kind, quick-witted, and relentlessly inclusive.

He noticed the quiet kid at the back, the new designer at the pitch, the neighbour who never quite joined in.

He encouraged without fanfare — a text after your first talk, a print left on your desk with "You've got this" scrawled on the back.

With him, you felt seen, and not in a spotlight way — more like a window opened.

He valued authenticity, generosity, community, and celebrating diversity.

He didn't perform those values; he practiced them — in who he hired, who he photographed, who he made room for at the table.

What I'll miss most is his radiant smile that arrived a second before he did, his knack for finding beauty in the ordinary, and the way he made the rest of us braver.

Today we celebrate a life well loved.

If you want to honour him, look for the good light.

Buy the stranger a coffee.

Cheer loudly, hug longer, and keep your table open.

And in lieu of flowers, please consider a donation to Beyond Blue in Dan's

memory.

Create your own personalised speech at [eulogyai.com.au](https://eulogyai.com.au)

Thank you for loving him with me.

This speech was created with [eulogyai.com.au](https://eulogyai.com.au). Answer a few questions and generate your own personalised speech now at [eulogyai.com.au](https://eulogyai.com.au)

Create your own personalised speech at [eulogyai.com.au](https://eulogyai.com.au)