

# eulogyai.com.au

---

Hi everyone,

I'm Michael, Andy's big brother —  
his co-conspirator in fun, and the lucky bloke who got to road-test his wild ideas  
before the rest of the world saw them.

Andy — Andrew Minh Nguyen — was born in Melbourne on 22 November 1991.  
He left us this year at just 34.

Too soon, yes —  
but he managed to pack more curiosity, kindness and laughter into those years  
than most of us fit into twice as many.

We grew up in Footscray, dodging footies in the laneway and raiding Mum's  
kitchen at impossible hours.

Some of my favourite nights were our midnight LAN parties, fuelled by Mum's  
bánh mì and terrible energy drinks.

Andy would fix everyone's settings, patch the game, and then politely destroy  
us —

with that goofy grin that said sorry-not-sorry.

He was endlessly patient, and somehow made losing feel like winning because  
you learnt something along the way.

He took that same spirit into everything he did.

He studied computer science at Monash, then cut his teeth as a software  
engineer

before backing himself to start a small indie game studio.

His games felt like him:

playful, thoughtful, a bit cheeky —

the kind that made you smile at a clever detail and then text a mate to share it.

But if you want to know what lit him up most, it was people

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

Andy mentored local teens at community STEM clubs and weekend hackathons, the quiet anchor in a room full of buzzing ideas.

He believed knowledge should move —

that sharing it freely was how you levelled up a whole community.

He celebrated small wins like they were premierships:

a first “Hello, World!”, a solved bug, a camera setting clicked into place.

He’d throw a thumbs-up, a high-five, and often a playlist tailored to the moment.

Home was where his heart softened most.

Much-loved partner to Maya Tran, devoted son to Lan and Phuc,  
and forever our little brother to me and our sister Jenny.

He gave bear hugs that reset your week,

and brewed coffee like a ritual —

scale out, kettle just so, a quiet nod when the bloom looked right.

If you cycled the Yarra at silly o’clock, you might’ve seen him,

camera slung, chasing the kind of light that most of us miss while scrolling.

And footy days?

Richmond Tigers tragic —

shouting at the telly, then apologising to the neighbours with a sheepish laugh.

There was that Great Ocean Road trip —

Andy insisting we stop for every sunset.

Not the big tourist lookouts, necessarily —

often a gravel shoulder, a wet patch of grass, a sky doing something subtle and extraordinary.

“Two minutes,” he’d say.

And then he’d stand there, completely present, like he’d found a secret door in the day.

That was Andy’s quiet genius:

to notice, to include, to invite you into the moment and let you belong there.

What we’ll miss is simple and irreplaceable:

his grin that arrived a split second before the joke,

his hugs that said “I’ve got you.”

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

and those uncanny playlists that matched a room better than the décor.

He asked for bright colours today —

very on-brand —

and he suggested donations to Beyond Blue in his honour.

That’s Andy too:

turning even goodbye into a nudge towards care and community.

If you’re looking for a way to keep him close,

try this:

be kind first,

share what you know without keeping score,

celebrate a tiny win like it matters,

pull over for the sunset,

and, if possible, make a playlist that helps someone breathe easier.

We love you, Andy.

Thank you for the games, the coffee, the light, and the space you made for all of us.

Two minutes, you said —

and somehow you gave us a lifetime in them.

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)