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Good afternoon everyone.

My name's [your name], and I knew Minh from the community garden and our weekend photo trips.

He was born on 16 September 1975 in Saigon, came to Australia in 1988, and built a life here in Brisbane that was steady, generous, and quietly remarkable. He passed away this April, aged 50.

He leaves behind his beloved Thu, his kids Alex and Emily, and his mum, Lan.

If you spent five minutes with Minh, you learnt something.

Not because he lectured, but because he shared.

He wrote software the way he took photos: clean lines, no clutter, everything with purpose.

Juniors at work loved him because he'd sit beside them, ask a few calm questions, and somehow their code — and their confidence — got better.

He volunteered as a youth mentor and community translator with that same patience, giving people exactly what they needed to stand a little taller.

Minh was curious, patient, quietly witty, and thoughtful to a fault.

He loved night-sky photography, the garden, cooking pho on Sundays, and he was, to his eternal frustration, a Brisbane Heat tragic.

He believed in gratitude, inclusion, hard work, and sharing knowledge freely.

He didn't make a fuss — he preferred simple words, good music, and time to think.

My favourite memory is from a trip out near Charleville.

We'd set up for the Milky Way, all gear and settings and eager chatter.

Minh looked up, smiled, and said, "Let's just listen to the silence first."

So we did.

When we finally pressed the shutter, the photos felt different — like we'd

remembered what we were actually trying to capture

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Since then, when life gets loud, I hear Minh reminding me to pause before pressing the next button.

Around the garden, he had a way of turning small tasks into acts of care. He'd swap cuttings, show you how to coax basil through winter, leave a jar of broth on your doorstep when you'd had a rough week. On Sundays, his pho anchored the day — steam on glasses, star anise on the air, and the quiet contentment of people being looked after.

We'll miss his calm advice, his beautifully composed photos, and yes, the comfort of that Sunday pho.

But more than anything, we'll miss the way he made rooms gentler just by being in them.

To Thu, to Alex and Emily, to Lan — thank you for sharing Minh with all of us. His love for you was the constant he never had to explain.

Today, in Minh's style, let's keep it simple. Let's carry his habits forward — make time to teach someone, translate a form, check a friend's code, water a neighbour's tomatoes. Step outside tonight, look up, and take a moment to listen to the silence before you press whatever comes next.

Thank you, Minh.
For your steadiness.
For your humour that arrived exactly on time.
For reminding us that the best work and the best photos start with paying attention.

Rest easy, mate.

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