

eulogyai.com.au

G'day everyone,

Thank you for being here, and for turning up in those bright shirts.

It's exactly what Lachie would've wanted — a bit of colour, a bit of summer, a crowd of mates.

I'm speaking as a uni mate and surfing buddy.

One of many who learned fast that if you called Lachie, he dropped everything.

Tools down, board on the roof, a grin in the rearview.

He showed up when it counted — every time.

Lachlan James Reid — our Lachie — was born on 22 July 1989, and we lost him this March, far too soon, at 36.

He grew up in Newcastle, a Knights tragic from the start, saltwater in the veins and a soft spot for old Holden utes.

He studied civil engineering at UNSW, and moved to Sydney to work on the coast he loved.

Not just working near the beach, but working for it.

Beach restoration, real nuts-and-bolts stuff — sand, seawalls, tides, the patient work of giving shoreline back to people and wildlife.

You'd see him at a site meeting, hi-vis on, then later that afternoon in red and yellow, volunteering at Surf Life Saving, the same beach, different hat.

Over a decade of patrols, and he was a mentor to the nippers — the guy kneeling in the shallows, steadying a nervous kid's board, talking them through the whitewater like it was the most important conversation of his life.

He was generous, adventurous, and loyal.

That cheeky grin wasn't an accessory — it was a promise that the day would be better than you planned.

And when other people started to wobble, Lachie had this calm — a proper

ballast in any storm Create your own personalised speech at eulogyai.com.au

He didn't puff himself up.

He just steadied the room.

My favourite memory with him was a dawn run up to Seal Rocks.

We left Sydney in the dark, thermos coffee rattling in the cup holder, Knights sticker peeling on the window, and whatever music was half-working through an ancient speaker he'd "nearly fixed."

We got there as the first light hit and the whole ocean went pink, like someone had tipped in a bottle of food dye.

The sets were clean and the air was glass.

Before we'd even paddled out, Lachie clocked a bloke on the shore with a rented foamie who looked equal parts keen and terrified.

We watched for a minute, then Lachie jogged over, chest-deep in the shorebreak, and spent the next hour teaching a stranger to catch his first wave.

He didn't grandstand.

He just kept saying, "Mate, small steps. I've got you."

When the bloke finally stood, he whooped so loudly that half the beach turned, and Lachie just laughed, gave him a thumbs up, and paddled back out like it was the most ordinary thing in the world.

That was him.

He made big moments feel simple, and simple moments feel big.

Home base for Lachie wasn't just the ocean.

It was a backyard barbecue with too many snags, music coming out of a window, friends drifting in and out, and him hovering over the tongs like it was an engineering project.

It was tinkering on those Holdens — spanners on the grass, parts laid out in "a system" that only he could understand.

It was him on the couch yelling at the telly when the Knights needed a line break and deciding, with supreme confidence, that he could coach better from the living room.

He believed in mateship and fairness.

He looked out for the little guy, gave people a leg up, and included the quiet ones in the circle.

He trusted action over talk — the kind of bloke who didn't say "let me know if you need anything," because he'd already worked out what needed doing and turned up with a drill, or soup, or a spare board.

He showed up when it counted, and also when it was just Tuesday.

Today we hold close the people he loved most.

Zoe — his fiancée — the light in his eyes when he spoke about the future.

You built a home together that felt like open windows and sandy floors and shared plans.

Karen and Peter — his devoted mum and dad — who gave him that mix of kindness and backbone.

And Emma — the big sister he adored, the first mate he followed into the surf and the first to hear about every dodgy tinkering idea.

He was proud of you all.

He was proud to belong to you.

He leaves a coastline of friends and family who will miss his big laugh, the way he drew people in, the way he could find the best break by just standing on the dune and squinting at the horizon like he had a deal with the swell charts.

We'll miss the calm he brought into chaos.

We'll miss that text the night before a dawn paddle: "Pink sky tomorrow. Boards at six?"

We'll miss how easily he turned strangers into mates.

But there's a lot of him still planted in the world.

In the beaches he helped mend.

In the kids who learned to trust a wave because he believed they could.

In the habits we picked up from him — a quicker offer of help, a longer look at the ocean before we jump in.

If you want to honour him, keep doing those things.

Carry a spare towel.

Check on your mates.

Take the slow lane sometimes and watch the sky change.
Create your own personalised speech at eulogyai.com.au

Cheer loudly for the Knights, even when it's a stretch.

And if a kid at the shoreline looks unsure, go stand beside them and say, "Small steps. I've got you."

In lieu of flowers, the family have asked that donations be made to Surf Life Saving NSW.

It fits.

It's where he poured his time and heart.

Lachie,

mate,

thanks for the early starts, the late-night fixes, the lifts, the lifts again, the advice you sneaked in under a joke, the steadiness you offered without fuss.

Thanks for making room for all of us.

We'll keep wearing the bright shirts.

We'll keep turning up.

And we'll meet you at first light, out past the break, where the water's still and the day's just starting.

This speech was created with eulogyai.com.au. Answer a few questions and generate your own personalised speech now at eulogyai.com.au

Create your own personalised speech at eulogyai.com.au