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Kia ora koutou.

Thank you for being here to farewell and celebrate my little brother, Daniel James Reid — Dan to just about everyone who knew him.

Born in Christchurch on 14 March 1987, raised in Dunedin, gone from us on 2 April this year, far too soon, at 39.
I still can’t quite believe I’m saying those dates out loud.
But I can hear his voice in my head, telling me to get on with it, to tell the good bits, and to check if the mic needs rewiring while I’m up here.

We were siblings, sure, but we were also close mates.
He was the middle one — me, Lucy, the bossy older sister; then Dan; then our younger brother, Ben.
We grew up under the same roof, sharing snacks, secrets, and the occasional black eye from backyard rugby.
He was loyal to the core, practical to a fault, with a cheeky sense of humour that arrived a few seconds before his grin.
Under pressure, he was steady as a rock.
And he had this quiet generosity — the kind that didn’t wait for a roster or a rostered day off.
He’d just show up.

Mum and Dad — Karen and Michael — you raised a good man.
A man who kept his word, worked hard and did it right, who put whānau first, and whose idea of manaakitanga was not a slogan but a set of actions.
Turn up.
Listen.
Lend a hand.
Leave things better than you found them.

He did all of that without making a speech about it.

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He started as a Dunedin kid who loved the smell of rain on the footpath and the buzz of a Saturday at the park.
He finished his electrical apprenticeship with pride — not because of a certificate on the wall, but because he loved the feeling of switching something on and knowing it would hold.
Then he packed his tools and moved to Wellington, where the wind and the hills suited him.
He started his own small business, Reid Electrics, which he ran with that mix of precision and friendly ribbing that made customers into mates.
He was proudest not of the logo on the van, but of the apprentices he mentored.
He'd talk about them like a proud uncle — not just the circuits they mastered, but the people they were becoming.

If you knew Dan, you knew the ocean had a hold on him.
He volunteered with Surf Life Saving, early mornings on chilly sand, watchful eyes on a restless sea.
He didn't make a fuss about it.
He simply turned up, did the training, pulled people out when they needed it, and put the IRB away properly after.
That was him.
Do the job.
Do it well.
Then go make a cuppa.

He loved the coast and the hills as if they were family.
Weekends were for tramps in Tongariro where blisters were a badge of honour.
For fishing off the Kāpiti coast — coming home sunburnt, salty, and proud of a snapper the size of his forearm, even when it was closer to his hand.
For rugby with the local club — muddy boots left at the door, stories that grew by the telling, and that laugh that filled a room like a warm fire on a southerly.
And if there was an old Holden on a driveway, bonnet up, there was a fair chance Dan was crouched beside it, grease on his hands, happy as a man can

be.

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My favourite memory?
A South Island roadie to Fiordland, just the two of us.
Windows down, singing Crowded House badly — he never did find the right key, but he sang like he meant it.
We camped under the stars at Lake Te Anau, the sort of night when the sky feels close enough to touch.
I remember Dan fiddling with the camp light till it was just so, boiling the billy, and saying, “This is the life, Luce.”
We lay there talking about everything and nothing — work, dreams, how to swap out the alternator on a stubborn Commodore.
I hold that night like a treasure now.

Dan chose his people well.
To Maia — you brought out his gentler edges and met his cheek with your own sparkle.
You were his partner in the truest sense — in plans, in dinners cobbled together after long days, in quiet walks, in every shared look that said we’ve got this.
He was devoted to you, and he told me often that he’d lucked in.

To Isla and Theo — his adored niece and nephew — he never arrived empty-handed.
Sometimes it was a chocolate fish.
More often it was his time and those bear hugs that lifted you clear off your feet.
He rigged fairy lights in your forts, fixed the squeaky door on your playhouse, and taught you how to hold a torch properly.
You’ll hear his laugh whenever you build something that stays standing.

What will we miss?
That big laugh, first.
Those bear hugs that made bad days less bad.
And his way of arriving at tricky moments with a toolbox in one hand and a meat pie in the other, saying, “Right, where do we start?”

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He didn’t save the world.
He saved Saturdays.
He saved frayed tempers.
He saved birthday parties by getting the bouncy castle going again.
He saved us time and again by reminding us that problems are just puzzles you haven’t solved yet.

Dan’s values weren’t complicated.
Whānau first.
Help your mates.
Keep your word.
Work hard and do it right.
Treat people with care.
If you asked him where he learned that, he’d point to Mum and Dad, to coaches and foremen and surf club seniors, and to all of you who pulled on the rope with him.

We want to thank the team at Wellington Regional Hospital for their care and kindness.
In a week when life felt like loose wires and dim rooms, you brought light and steadiness.
We won’t forget it.

And in the end, Dan kept helping others.
He was an organ donor.
It fits, doesn’t it?
Even as we were losing him, he was giving someone else a second chance.
That’s our brother.

I know today is heavy.
But if you want to honour him, here’s what I think he’d ask:
Turn up.
Phone your parents.
Text the group chat and organise the walk you keep postponing.

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Teach someone what you know — how to tie the right knot, how to check a fuse, how to apologise and mean it.
Laugh loud.
Do the mahi properly, and then knock off and watch the sun go down.

Dan, you were a good man.
A loyal mate.
A steady hand.
You made things work — the tricky light switches, the half-broken plans, the tender parts of our hearts that needed a calm presence and a terrible joke.

We love you.
We miss you.
We'll carry you with us — in every fix-it job, every dawn on the coast, every chorus we sing badly, on purpose.

Haere rā, little brother.
Thank you for everything.

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