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Kia ora koutou,

thank you for being here to celebrate the life of my husband, my mate, my favourite sparring partner and soft place to land, Michael James Rangi — Mick to almost everyone who knew him.

He was born in Tauranga on 7 September 1965.
He left us on 20 March 2026, sixty years old, still full of plans, still with a to-do list pinned to the fridge.
The kind of to-do list that always had space for someone else's job at the bottom.

Mick grew up between the sea and the sand at the Mount.
He liked to say his first lessons were taught by Mauao — stand steady, weather the wind, and make your own fun.
At school in Mount Maunganui he discovered three things he loved for life:
good mates,
a good laugh,
and anything with a switch, wire, or moving part.

He started as a sparky the old-fashioned way — apprenticeship, early mornings, calloused hands, learning from the ones who'd been there before.
He soaked it up, then had the courage to start his own electrical business.
He never made a fuss about it.
He just worked hard, kept his word, and paid the bills on time.
That was success to him.

Mick wasn't just good at his trade.
He was a master electrician who treated every job like it had his name on it — because it did.

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He mentored apprentices, the ones who turned up quiet, or a bit lost, or all bravado.
He saw through the fronts.
He taught rangatahi how to wire a board, sure, but mostly how to show up, shake a hand properly, and tidy the site before you clock off.
He told them, “Do it right once, and you won’t have to do it twice.”
They rolled their eyes.
Then they became the kind of tradies people ask for by name.

He backed junior rugby in our community because Saturday mornings on the sideline are where you learn things school can’t teach — grit, fair play, how to be a good loser and an even better winner.
He’d sling sausages on the barbecue, replace the dodgy floodlight at the clubrooms, and quietly pay for boots when a kid needed them.
No announcements.
No invoices.
Just community before self.

That was Mick’s way.

He was the big-hearted one with the cheeky grin, the generous to a fault one, the fierce and loyal one you wanted in your corner.
A natural leader who never needed the microphone.
He’d get things moving with a clap of his hands and that booming laugh that made people turn and smile before they even knew the joke.

We were partners for 28 years — a laughter-filled marriage grounded in respect.
He called me Aroha when he wanted something, and Aroha when he didn’t.
He never forgot that I was my own person.
He wanted me to win at my life as badly as he wanted to win at his.
That kind of support is a quiet miracle you only truly notice when you look back.

My favourite memory of him is small and perfect.
Late afternoon sun across the kitchen tiles.

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Crowded House on the old Bluetooth speaker.
Cheese scones in the oven — he swore mine were better, I maintain he buttered them better.
He'd take my hand, we'd sway next to the bench, he'd sing off-key and grin like the cat that caught the cream.
We never got through a full song without him opening the oven to check on "the goods."
If you ever ate a scone at our place, you tasted those moments.
That's what love looked like for us — ordinary, generous, and often slightly burnt on the edges because we were too busy laughing.

Mick loved the moana.
If he wasn't at work, he was fishing off Mauao or planning to.
He had a sixth sense for snapper and a seventh for when it was time to pack it in and go home to his whānau.
He supported Coastguard New Zealand because he understood respect for the water — its beauty and its bite.
In lieu of flowers, our family would be honoured by donations to Coastguard.
It fits him.
Practical help for people on the water he loved.

Home was where he really shone.
Husband to me.
Dad to Maia and Kieran — you two were the best project he ever worked on.
And now, koro to little Piki, who somehow inherited his eyebrows and his hunger at the same time.
He was a cherished son to Hine, and he always spoke of his dad, the late Wiremu, with affection and the kind of quiet pride that shows up in the choices you make.
Brother to Tane and Mere — partners in mischief, backup singers, and the keepers of those childhood stories no one else can verify.
You were his people.
He was yours.

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If there was a gathering, Mick turned it into a feast.
A chilly bin would appear out of nowhere.
The barbecue would roar.
Guitar on the lap for a couple of songs, Holden parts on the table if you were unfortunate enough to bring up cars.
There was always room for one more plate, one more kid under the table pinching sausages, one more neighbour who “just popped by.”
Manaakitanga was not a word he used to show off his reo — it was how he lived.
Make people welcome.
Feed them properly.
Send them home with leftovers and a tool they can borrow, no questions asked.

He loved his classic Holdens.
You have not known patience until you have watched him restore a stubborn old beauty panel by panel, swearing softly, then stepping back with that little nod that meant, “She’ll do.”
He loved Saturday morning footy and arguing about the bench selections like he was on the coaching team.
He loved the bach — or rather, he loved how friends became family around that battered deck and that one wobbly chair no one admitted they feared.

Generous to a fault sounds like a polite exaggeration until you realise he gave away his days in small pieces and never kept count.
Pro-bono work for kaumātua homes, lights fixed, heaters installed, switches moved lower so old hands didn’t have to reach so high.
He didn’t tell me most of it.
The stories found their way back to me anyway, always the same ending:
“He wouldn’t take a cent.”

He kept his word.
If he promised to show up, he showed up.
If he said he’d be there at six, he was there at ten to, turning off lights in rooms that didn’t need them and checking the fuse box for fun.
Hard work wasn’t a slogan.

It was an alarm clock.Create your own personalised speech at eulogyai.nz

What will we miss?
That laugh that filled a room.
Those bear hugs that picked you up and reset your day.
The way he could walk into a kitchen with two onions and a packet of sausages and somehow produce enough kai to feed a small army.
The way he remembered names, even of the kids who only came to training twice.
The way he made strangers feel like cousins.

Mick had edges, as all good people do.
He could be stubborn when he believed something mattered.
He could argue the toss, and he loved being right slightly more than was polite.
But he also knew when to apologise, when to listen, and when to let someone else have the last word — especially me, because he liked a peaceful house and a happy wife.
He would wink and say, “Pick your battles, babe.”
He picked them well.

To our apprentices, club mates, neighbours, and friends — if you learned something from Mick, pass it on.
Teach someone how to do a job properly.
Split a tray of scones with a mate.
Offer your skills where they’re needed.
That’s how he’ll keep showing up in this community he loved.

To our children, Maia and Kieran — your dad’s legacy is not a toolbox or a business name, though those are part of it.
It’s the way he looked at you when you were talking.
It’s the Saturdays he spent on the sideline and the late nights he spent fixing your flat battery without making you feel silly.
It’s the lesson he taught over and over:
turn up,

tell the truth,
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do the work,
and remember where you come from.

To little Piki — one day you'll understand why your koro's hug could make a bad day better.
We will tell you.
We will show you.
We will dance in the kitchen to Crowded House and open the oven too often and call it tradition.

To Hine — your boy carried your gentleness into every room.
To Tane and Mere — you kept his laugh sharp and his stories honest.
To everyone here — thank you for loving him, for bringing your memories, for standing with us.

Today is a celebration because his life deserves it.
Not a perfect life, not a grand life in the spotlight, but a good life — measured in handshakes, early starts, repaired heaters, patched roofs, and the sound of kids playing on fields he lit.

When I think of him now, I picture him on the water at first light.
Thermos by his side.
Mauao steady behind him.
That quiet moment when the harbour is still and the world is kind.
He would look back at the shore and think of home.
Then he'd get on with it.

So we'll get on with it too.
We'll love each other with the same big-hearted stubbornness he showed us.
We'll keep our word.
We'll make room at the table.
We'll take care of our elders and bring our young ones through.

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And when we hear a Crowded House song, we’ll leave the oven door shut — just this once — and dance all the way to the last chorus.

Haere rā, Mick.
Thank you for choosing us.
Thank you for every bolt tightened, every light switched on, every laugh that shook the walls.
We’ll carry your mana, your mischief, and your love with us.

Moe mai rā, e tā.
We’ll see you in the dawn.

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