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Good afternoon, everyone.

I’m Emma, Margaret Elaine Clarke’s daughter —
Mags to almost all of us —
my mum and my best friend,
the heartbeat of our home.

She arrived on Valentine’s Day in 1957 in Port Elizabeth, now Gqeberha,
and somehow it always made sense that love was stitched into her story from the start.
She left us at 67,
but not before filling decades with laughter, flour, and the kind of welcome you feel in your bones.

Mum was raised in Algoa Park,
and from a tiny oven and a head full of ideas
she built a small bakery that became a neighbourhood staple.
If you started your day at that door, you knew two things:
you’d be fed,
and you’d be known.
She mentored young staff like they were her own,
uplifted local suppliers by name, not number,
and whatever didn’t sell went straight to shelters before sunset.
“Bread tastes better when it’s shared,” she’d say,
and then prove it, tray by tray.

She was the widow of my dad, John,
a mother to me and to Tessa,
gran to little Finn who could always count on an extra rusk,
and sister to Andrew and Louise —

her first teammates and lifelong cheerleaders.

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If you’re listening for her now,
you might hear that cheeky laugh she couldn’t quite hold in,
maybe over an old Johnny Clegg track playing in the background.
She was joyful, generous,
and fiercely loyal to family and friends.
When life threw a bump, she’d shrug, tie her apron tighter,
and smile like the solution was already preheating.

My favourite memory?
Sunrise walks at Kings Beach.
We’d watch the light pull itself over the water,
then sit with coffee and rusks,
planning the day’s bakes as if we were drawing a map for everyone to meet up later.
On the margins of those lists she’d write names —
who needed a lift,
who’d just started a job,
who preferred poppyseed to sesame.
That’s how she loved:
by paying attention.

She never stopped learning.
She ran community fun runs at a chatty pace,
experimented with sourdough like it was a living friend,
and taught teens baking basics until confidence rose like a good loaf.
Ask them now — many will tell you she taught them more than pastry.
She taught showing up on time,
washing your hands,
sharing the last slice,
and greeting people at the door like they matter.

What will we miss?

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Her warm welcome at the bakery,
the playlists that somehow made washing trays feel festive,
and the way you left her counter feeling like family,
whether or not you'd walked in hungry.

Today is a Celebration of Life, so thank you for arriving in bright colours.
It's exactly what she would have wanted —
no grey, just the shades she baked into our days.

There's a memory table with her recipe cards.
Please, take one home.
Try it.
Tweak it.
Write your own notes in the margins like she did.
And when her favourite playlist closes the service,
let it carry you out the way she always did —
with a song, a smile, and something to share.

If you'd like a digital copy of this or to send a story for the family album,
please email cto@kuchventures.com.
We'll treasure every word.

Mum, Mags —
you showed us that community comes first,
that hard work has a heartbeat,
that what you have is enough when you're willing to share,
and that a smile can lift more than a tray of bread.

We'll keep walking at sunrise.
We'll keep the oven warm.
We'll keep your door open.

Thank you for our home,
for our hugs that smelled faintly of vanilla,

and for teaching us that love is a daily practice.

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We love you, always.

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