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Family, friends, and everyone who loved him,

thank you for being here at St. Mark’s Anglican Church in Randburg to honour the life of my dad, Peter John Williams — our Pop.

Pop was born on 14 March 1962 in Durban,
and he left us peacefully on 2 April 2026, aged 64.
Those dates bookend a life that was full, steady, and quietly brave.

He grew up in Durban North, matriculated at Northwood,
qualified as an electrician, and carried that trade like a promise:
hands that worked hard, and work that spoke for his character.
In the late 80s he moved to Johannesburg,
started his own small electrical business,
and somehow made room for everything else that mattered —
coaching junior rugby at the local club,
serving on the neighbourhood watch,
and fixing half the suburb’s gate motors on a Saturday morning,
usually with a dry joke and a laugh that started in his shoulders.

He married my mom, Linda, and for 37 years they built a home you could feel as you walked through the door —
not because of the furniture, but because of the way he’d say, “Kettle’s on,” and mean it.
He was Dad to me, Leigh, and to my brother, Matthew.
He became Oupa to Isla and Noah — his face always softened when he said their names.
And he was the ever-loyal younger brother to Graham,
a bond that survived DIY mishaps, rugby debates, and more than one overcooked boerie.

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Pop was a master electrician and a small business owner,
but what made him proudest was mentoring apprentices —
showing them how to do a clean join and, more importantly, how to keep your word.
He believed in honesty, in hard work, in treating everyone with respect,
and in looking out for your community because that's how communities are built:
one lifted ladder at a time, one late-night call-out you don't invoice for,
one neighbour who knows they can knock on your door.

He was dependable, humble, patient,
and somehow always ready with a dry joke precisely when the room needed it.
He was practical in the best way —
not just the man who could fix anything with cable ties and a smile,
but the one who knew when to keep quiet, listen, and hand you a cup of tea.

Some of my best memories with him are simple ones.
Early mornings at Umhlanga Pier,
the air still cold, our hands sticky with bait,
sipping sweet tea from a flask as the sun pushed a soft gold line across the water.
He stood behind me, steadying my elbows,
teaching me how to cast — not just a line, but a little faith into the unknown.
We'd watch the float disappear and resurface,
and he'd say, "Patience, my girl. The sea works on her own schedule."
I hear that sentence in my head this week, and I think he gave me more than a lesson in fishing.

Weekends were for braais and rugby.
He was a Sharks man through and through,
the kind who could recite old match-day stories while turning chops with scientific precision.
He loved DIY woodworking, the smell of sawdust hanging in the garage,

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and those old radios he'd tinker with until they found a station no one else could catch.
If something was broken, he took it as a personal challenge —
not to show off, but because that's how he loved people:
by making their everyday a little easier.

What people will miss most is obvious to all of us here.
The bear-hug greetings that lifted your feet off the ground.
The calm advice when life felt chaotic — never a lecture, always a line that landed.
And the way he'd arrive with a toolbox and leave you with a working light,
a tidier cupboard, and a better mood.

He didn't make a fuss about himself.
He showed up on time. He finished what he started.
He kept his word.
He never confused volume with conviction.
And he never let you leave without feeling a little more sure of yourself than when you'd arrived.

Pop's influence runs through our family like copper through a house.
Mom, you and Pop built something strong and kind — thank you for the love and partnership that taught us what commitment looks like on quiet Tuesdays, not just in big moments.
Matthew, every time you pick up a spanner, I see him in the way you check twice and tighten once.
Isla and Noah, your Oupa adored you.
He kept sweets in his pocket for you and stories in his head — and we will keep those stories going.

To his friends, his neighbours, the boys he coached, and the apprentices he guided:
you were his pride.
He didn't talk about legacy, but he lived one —

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in honest work, in showing up when it counted.
in leaving things better than he found them.

Grief has its own tide.
Today it pulls hard.
But our Pop would want us to remember the whole of him —
the sunrise on the pier, the braai smoke carrying laughter across a garden,
the quiet courage of a man who loved his family and his community with both hands.

If you're looking for a way to honour him, there is one that would make him smile.
In lieu of flowers, donations to the local NSRI station would be just right.
He respected people who run toward trouble to help others — that was his kind of service.

Dad, you were our anchor and our cheerleader.
You steadied us, you encouraged us, and you taught us that a promise kept is a life well lived.
We'll keep your tools close, your jokes closer,
and your values closest of all.

Thank you for every lift home, every repaired plug, every word said right when we needed it.
Thank you for the tea at sunrise and the lesson to wait with patience.

We love you, Pop.
We'll carry you in the way we greet, the way we help, and the way we keep our word.

Rest easy.
We'll handle the electrics from here.

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