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Good afternoon, everyone, and thank you for being here to celebrate the life of my grandfather, Edward James Clark — our Grandad Eddie.

He was born on 2 September 1938 in Durban, and he left us on 18 January 2025 in Pietermaritzburg, at 86.
Those dates bookend a life that was anything but small.

He matriculated in Durban and, as he liked to remind us, spent the 50s surfing the Golden Mile when the boards were heavy and the water felt like freedom.
He carried that same spirit inland when he opened a family hardware store in Pietermaritzburg.
Over time, the shop became a landmark — not because of a fancy sign, but because people knew they'd get fair prices, solid advice, and a laugh that filled the aisle.
If you came in for a screw, you left with a plan.

He married Nora, our gran, and for 54 years the two of them moved through life like a good partnership should — with loyalty, teasing, and a steady sense of purpose.
They raised Allison and Peter, and then four lucky grandchildren who learned that curiosity is not a phase, it's a way to live.

Grandad was charismatic and playful, fiercely loyal and endlessly curious.
He loved restoring old tools — saying every blade deserved a second chance — and he never met a school project he couldn't improve with a donated plank or a bag of screws.
He was a Proteas man through thick and thin, a woodworker by instinct, an early-morning beach walker on holidays, and a devotee of proper Durban curries that made your nose run and your heart happy.

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My favourite memory is simple and perfect:
he taught me to ride a bike on the fields at Hilton College.
He jogged alongside me, hand on the saddle, and when I finally wobbled into balance, he whooped like I'd won the Tour de France.
That was his way — celebrate the small wins, because they're what life is mostly made of.

He believed in hard work.
He believed in fairness.
He believed your word should mean something.
And he believed that showing up, again and again, was how love sounds when it's not trying to be poetic.

What will we miss?
His booming laugh that arrived before he did.
Those sawdust-scented hugs that left your shirt a bit dusty and your day a lot better.
And his match-day commentary — every over a drama, every boundary a festival, every close call settled by "Ag, give the oke a chance."

If you want to honour him, do what he did.
Back yourself.
Keep your word.
Help someone fix a thing that matters to them.
And when someone finds their balance, cheer like it's the biggest race on earth.

In lieu of flowers, our family welcomes donations to the local youth cricket club in Pietermaritzburg — a place he believed could change a young person's week, and maybe their life.

Grandad Eddie, thank you for the courage you loaned us and the laughter you left behind.
We'll carry both, and we'll keep pedalling.

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