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Hello everyone,

I’m Bronwyn, Mike’s partner,
and for ten joyful, messy, ordinary-and-magic years we built a life together,
a blended family stitched with laughter and patience.

Mike was born in Gqeberha,
found his feet in Cape Town in his twenties,
and somehow turned ideas into places for people to belong.
He started a small creative agency because he loved stories and colour and the way a simple poster could make a stranger smile.
Later he swapped deadlines for beach bags and gloves,
and founded a little NPO that turned Saturday mornings into community—
kids, surfers, gogos, tourists—hands in the sand, eyes on the water.

He was the son of June, the brother of Grant,
my partner, and a loving stepdad to Kayla, who is sixteen
and carries his fearless optimism like a lighthouse.

Adventurous and generous—those words are easy to say,
but with Mike they were practical things.
He had a cheeky grin that opened doors,
and a way of making anyone feel welcome—
from the new kid at a clean-up to the auntie at the corner café
who suddenly had her story told through his lens.

Some mornings are printed in my mind.
Dawn at Muizenberg, waves soft as breathing,
Mike paddling out with that loose-shouldered confidence,
sea salt in his hair, grinning at the world.

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Afterwards, hot coffee that steamed up the bakkie windows,
fresh vetkoek torn open with cold fingers,
music already queued—always the right song, always.
He’d say, “This is it, Bron. This is church.”

He loved surfing and street photography,
Sunday braais that went on until the stars were honest,
vinyl records and those curated playlists he made for every mood—
“Rainy drive to Stanford,” “Chili chopping,” “Big sea, small boards.”

He believed in kindness, in community,
in protecting the sea that taught him rhythm,
and in living lightly and fully—
not as slogans, but as choices repeated, tide after tide.
Through youth outreach he showed kids the coastline wasn’t just a view,
it was theirs to know and to look after.
He made room for people to be big-hearted.

What we’ll miss is easy to list and hard to bear—
the spontaneous road trips that ended at some dusty padstal with perfect koeksisters,
the music in his pocket, ready to redeem a queue or a storm,
and that fearless optimism that made problems feel like plans waiting to happen.

He asked for a colourful memorial and short speeches,
so I’ll keep it simple and bright:
Thank you, Mike, for the best kind of ordinary days.
For teaching us that community is a verb.
For every sunrise you made us wake up for,
and every laugh you smuggled into the serious bits.

If you’d like to honour him, know that he asked for donations to beach clean-ups in lieu of flowers.

He’d have loved that—hands to work, hearts to water.

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Mike, my love,
the tide is moving and so are we.
We’ll meet you at first light,
coffee on, playlist ready,
and carry your welcome with us wherever the road bends.

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