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Family and friends,

thank you for standing with us today as we lay to rest my husband, Jonathan Peter Wallace — Jono to so many of you —
here at West Park Cemetery, beside his parents.

Jono was born in Johannesburg on 3 December 1962.
He studied at Wits, fell in love with mathematics and with the idea that young people flourish when adults keep their word and show up.
He did both, for decades.

He taught maths on the East Rand and later became a principal there — punctual, thorough, and quietly witty in the corridors.
He retired to Howick with a stack of crosswords, a whistle still ready for school rugby, and roses that somehow always stood at attention.

We were married for 35 years.
We weathered every season side by side — raising Stephen, now 31, and Rachel, 28;
becoming grandparents to little Noah, who will one day know that his grandpa prayed for him long before he could say “Gogo” or “Grandad”.
Jono was also Alison’s brother — her steadfast sounding board — and a faithful elder in our church,
a mentor who preferred a listening ear to a long speech.

If you ask our family for one picture of him, it is this:
a Sunday picnic at the Walter Sisulu Botanical Garden,
binoculars passed between sticky fingers,
Jono identifying a fiscal shrike from a surprising distance,
and then delivering a dad-joke so dry the kids groaned while laughing anyway.
Birds, bread rolls, a tartan blanket —
and that patient way he had of making learning feel like play.

He believed in faith lived quietly, in honesty that didn't need a platform,
in service that didn't begin and end with a title.
He kept time and he kept his word.
He championed reading programmes because he knew a book can open the future for a child who has never left their street.
If you wish to honour him, support Shine Literacy — it matches who he was.

What will we miss?
His steady counsel at our kitchen table.
His faithful prayers, spoken without fuss.
His reassuring presence at milestones — the early arrivals, the late tidy-ups, the drive home where he said, simply, "Well done."

Today we will sing Abide with Me and Amazing Grace.
They were not just hymns he liked; they were truths he leaned on.
And while the ache is real, so is our gratitude:
for a principled man who met each day with patience,
for a teacher who never stopped being a student of people,
for a husband, father, grandfather, and brother who made promises carefully

and kept them completely.

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Jono, my love,
we place you here with your parents and into the mercy of God you trusted.
We will carry on as you taught us —
with honesty,
with humility,
on time,
and together.

Go in peace, and rest well.

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