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Good afternoon, everyone

Thank you for coming to celebrate the life of my brother, Andrew Mark Petersen — Drew to almost all of us

Born 22 September 1989 in Cape Town, raised in Pinelands, and — somehow — able to fit an entire city's worth of heart into just 36 years before he left us on 28 March 2026

I'm Jason, his younger brother and, if you asked me, his best mate
We shared everything from schoolboy cricket to late-night study sessions, from hand-me-down jokes to hard-won advice
He taught me how to push, and also how to pause for a decent coffee

Drew was a maths kid who grew into a UCT BCom IS grad, and then a software developer who loved clean code the way some people love clean kitchens
He moved to Pretoria to build a career, but he never left Cape Town behind — the hikes, the gatsbys, the way he said "shame, man" when something touched him
He kept our traditions, even as he built something new

He co-founded a small edu-tech NPO that ran coding clubs in Mamelodi
No fanfare, no speeches — just Tuesday afternoons in a classroom, teaching loops and if-statements and the bigger lesson he lived by: pay it forward
He loved mentoring juniors at work the same way — patient, curious, generous, and always ready with a line of code or a one-liner to make it click

Family was his anchor
Beloved son of Gail and Trevor, brother to me, fiancé to Naledi, and the proudest uncle to my boys, Connor and Luke

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He showed up — birthdays, report evenings, tired Sundays, tough Wednesdays — and he made ordinary moments feel like wins

If I had to choose one picture of him, it would be this:
Two Oceans half-marathon finish, me yelling like a lunatic as he came down the chute, that crooked grin of his somehow wider than the finish arch
Then the two of us on the grass with Gatsby rolls, sweaty, laughing, arguing about fantasy football picks, and tasting childhood again with every bite
That was Drew — effort and joy in the same breath

He loved trail running, Cape Town hikes when he visited, tinkering with espresso until the crema behaved, and turning plans into action before the rest of us had finished the WhatsApp debate
And those WhatsApp one-liners — we'll hear them in our heads for years
He had a gift for encouragement that didn't feel like a pep talk — just a nudge, a raised eyebrow, and "let's try this"

His principles were simple and stubborn
Keep learning
Treat people with respect
Show up when it counts
And when you've been helped, help the next person

What we'll miss most are the small, everyday proofs of who he was
The spontaneous coffee drop-offs
The check-ins that landed exactly when needed
The way he made rooms lighter and ideas possible

Naledi, he loved you with a steadiness that made the rest of us believe in steadiness
Mom and Dad, he carried your kindness into every room
Connor and Luke, your Uncle Drew thought you were brilliant — and he would say, "Back yourselves, but be nice about it"

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Today is smart-casual, just how he preferred — dignity without stiffness, warmth without fuss
In lieu of flowers, if you’re able, donations to his coding clubs in Mamelodi will keep his favourite classroom alive

Drew didn’t chase headlines
He chose people
And in choosing people, he built a life that keeps moving in all of us

Brother, thank you for the runs, the coffee, the courage, and the way you made being decent look easy
We’ll take it from here —
one kind line,
one shared skill,
one finished plan at a time

If anyone would like a copy of these words, please reach out at cto@kuchventures.com

We love you, Drew
Go well, boet

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