

## **SAM'S EULOGY**

Today I am going to tell you about Samuel Mwangi Macharia Zietlow, our son and brother.

I am not going to stand here and tell you about his history although his story is worth hearing.

Nor am I going to talk about his dedication to his studies even though his determination was truly inspiring to watch.

Nor will I talk of his love and passion for football even though he was the most freakishly talented footballer I have ever seen.

What I am going to tell you about is our Sam, our son and brother, who gave us much more than we could have ever hoped to have given him.

Sam walked into our home and lives and never felt like a guest. He went instantly from stranger to family with no transition.

The way our family accepted Sam into our lives was a joy to see and be part of and is something Sandra and I will be eternally proud of our boys for.

Sam never knew his parents in Kenya.

When he finally found them in Australia it didn't seem to matter that they had blonde hair and blue eyes because he showed us the same love all our boys showed us and we returned that love.

Sam loved the water. He thought the ocean was beautiful but he underestimated its power.

Whenever you see the ocean do not be sad. Smile, because that's what Sammy did whenever he saw it.

When Sam was doing something he loved like swimming, dancing or playing football he just radiated pure joy like a force field around him.

Sam had something that is missing in most Australian teenagers today and that is a quiet respect for all adults.

This was evident in his politeness and gentle patience, and explains his close relationships with his grandparents, coaches, teachers and mentors.

I never heard Sam put anyone down, burp, fart or swear even with all the encouragement and motivation his brothers gave him to do so.

Sam asked God in Kenya to teach him to read and he in return would read the bible.

True to his word the first book Sam read was the bible even though we tried to push Dr Seuss and the Cat in the Hat onto him.

Sam was a good dancer.

His Zumba teacher at school once told me that when Sam danced every female eye in the room was fixed on Sam.

But Sam was not perfect.

Sam was the world's worst driver.

His first driving lesson has left me scarred for life and there are motorists out there who now have a morbid fear of little red cars.

Sam was also a terrible cook.

He once put a frozen pie in the microwave on high for 45 minutes which killed the microwave and left behind only a small black residue.

Sam told me the only reason he did cooking at school was for the eating and his sole culinary creation was weetbix with family assorted biscuits crushed on top for breakfast every morning.

Sam was bored one day and decided to wash my car, Sandy's car and Ricky's brand new Subaru.

To make sure he did a good job of getting the dirt off he went into the kitchen and grabbed a scourer which has left a lasting impression on all our cars and was also the last time he ever washed Ricky's car.

Sam and his eldest brother Ricky stirred each other constantly.

Sam called Ricky a slob and Ricky called Sam Mwangay in that teenage way of mateship.

They might have hated each other's taste in music but they loved each other's company.

Sam's twin brother Kurt cared for and protected Sam fiercely when Sam first came to Australia. They were inseparable and Kurt made sure Sam wanted for nothing.

If you watch the slide show you will see how many photos there are of them with their arms around each other.

For this we will be eternally grateful to Kurt.

Ryan and Sam shared a room and if there ever was an odd couple this was it.

Sam's bed was always made, his clothes always folded and put away and his desk tidy.

There were football posters on one side of the room and surfing posters on the other side.

When you walked into the room depending on which eye you had closed it was either the tidiest room you had ever seen or it looked like a bomb had gone off in it.

Sam touched all our hearts and gave us a gift of pure, unadulterated love.

We have cried a river of tears and questioned why our beautiful boy was taken from us so early but it is all in vain as what is, is.

Sam never let the past cloud his present or future.

Sam was a people gatherer.

This was a quote a friend of ours said to me the other day.

Sam was the original seed of this particular friendship and when we look around there are many friendships here today that were born as a direct result of Sam and his ability to attract people and bring out the best in them.

Sam gathered together people from all walks of life and all over the globe and made their lives richer.

It is not often you meet people as powerful and wonderful as this and we were lucky enough to call Sam our son and brother.

We all knew a little boy from Kenya who changed our lives forever and made us better people.

Thank you Sammy.

We love you xxxx