Thank you all for being here, and for the bright colours.
Tommy would have loved this sight — it feels like him already.

I’m speaking as Tommy’s sister.
He was my spirited younger brother with a heart twice his size and a grin that lit up rooms.
Born on 22 May 1992, he left us far too soon on 28 February this year, just 33 — but he crammed more courage and kindness into those years than many manage in twice the time.

We grew up in Cardiff, where he seemed to collect friends the way other kids collected stickers.
He trained as a paramedic with NHS Wales, and if you ever watched him step into a crisis, you saw the best of him — brave, calm, and practical, with that cheeky aside that cut through the fear.
He carried those qualities everywhere, on and off duty.
On the coast with the RNLI, on call-outs at 3 a.m., running community first-aid sessions because he believed ordinary people could do extraordinary good if someone just showed them how.

He wasn’t all sirens and seriousness.
He surfed at dawn, took coastal photos that smelled of salt and freedom, swore indie bands were better live, and played five-a-side like the pitch owed him a favour.
He hosted barbecue weekends that somehow fed half the street.
And he had a talent for turning up on your doorstep with pastries, a terrible pun, and precisely what you needed to hear.

My favourite memory is at Rest Bay.
He was teaching me to surf.

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For an hour I drank half the sea and achieved nothing but bruises.
After every tumble he'd shout, "Up you get!" — not as a command, but as a promise that the next try would be different.
When I finally stood, wobbly and astonished, I looked back and there he was, whooping like I'd won a world title.
That was Tommy's gift: he made you braver than you felt.

He was Sophie's partner, Rhodri and Megan's beloved son, my brother, and Uncle Tommy to little Eleri, whose drawings still have sandy smudges from his pockets.
Loyal to family and friends, he had time for a laugh and room for everyone.
We will miss the spontaneous visits, the puns so bad they looped back to brilliant, and the way he steadied us when life went sideways.

If you want to honour him, carry his values into your ordinary day:
serve where you stand,
be the first to help,
and save a little space for mischief and a muffin run.

Donations in Tommy's name to RNLI Penarth would mean the world — it kept him grounded, even while he was chasing waves.

Thank you, Tommy, for every "Up you get."
We'll keep getting up.
For you.

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