

One of my earliest memories I can remember is the widest smiles on both our faces as grandpa stared at one of the drawings I had done earlier that week. He sang praises of the work as if he were singing a song; telling me time and time again that he is my manager and if anyone wanted anything, they would have to go through him first. It made me happy, he was my grandfather after all; who wouldn't be happy.

He was kind and sweet and caring and he had this tough love that was ever so annoying at the time, but when you actually sat down to think about it, or reflect on what he said, you realised he was just trying to help you. Although his choice of words may not have been the best, he loved everyone and always tried to help them, while making sure they helped themselves in the process.

We all know the expression 'money doesn't grow on trees' and, yet, we'd see him give out money to anyone who needed assistance.

A truly beautiful soul. Gone too soon and will be dearly missed.

We love you grandpa.

Osamudiamen.