



Thank you on behalf of the family for joining us today to celebrate Branda Lamprecht, mom's life. Its heartwarming to see so many people come together.

When we discussed who should be standing here now to speak about mom, it was decided that as the eldest child, it should be me. However, I'm not the best speaker so please bear with me.

So mom, Branda. Let's start at the beginning. Mom was born in 30 Jan 1941, child of Horis Herbert and Aida Veronica Pierce. Raised in Mangate, she was born into a family with a rich tapestry of history. Mom was registered as African at birth and her race was changed when she was sent to boarding school. Sadly, we have no information about her childhood and life in Mangete. Living on the farm, life was hard but back then, your skin colour seemed to make all the difference. All the sisters were sworn

to keeping the secret of the race change and was the core to all of them being very close and always staying in touch with each other throughout all their later lives. Even when they lived in different provinces, they visited each other at least once a year.

Lawrence Pierce was the eldest of 6 children, he lost his life at the young age of 25 through illness. Me, being the first born, I was given the name Lawrence, in memory of her brother. Her sisters were Pat, Wendy, Rhona who lived in Australia and Norma.

All the sisters, throughout their lives faced huge tragedy in life. Way too many to list or talk about here.

Their father Horis had a reputation for being a bit of a nomad, a wanderer, sometimes present, sometimes not but their mom, our gran Aida was a

constant. When mom met my dad, Henry, they decided to set up home in Durban.

I am the first of 5 children, Nicky, Henry, Eva, Belinda and then much later Heidi was adopted after having being fostered for many years. This was a decision that we all made as a family. We love her as the sister that she is.

I am very sure that we all terrorized her loads.

My mom spoke fondly of all her friends and the people that she knew but she often made mention of her closest friends, those that were like sisters to her and those that she could confide in and count on. She often spoke of both Carol and Cathy. How they were so willing to help and always be there to listen in her times of need.

I'm sure that she would have been very happy to see all of us together celebrating her life rather than mourning her.

She is where she wants to be, and she is at peace and let's face it. She's bending our dad's ear again. So, it can't be all bad.

Mom was the typical modern woman, running a household, raising a medium brood, fostering multiple children, adopting one and also working. For many years she worked as a nurse at Entabeni Hospital and also as a private nurse, this stood her in good stead for her boys' hobby in later years.

As a child I remember our home was always full. Each Sunday mom would make lunch for us and before we knew it, there was a steady stream of visitors that just pitched up. Me and my mate, Nicky with his mates, cousins from many of the sisters.

Somehow, she always managed to stretch the food and everyone was welcome. The house was always full of life. Most Sundays started with 7 and ended with 40 something.

Mom stopped nursing around 1983, when she became a full-time house mom. She was always there helping any and every one. In 1993 mom and dad decided to move to PMB to be closer to the hospital where Belinda was living in. Oribi village wasn't the best place to live, it had a reputation but mom and dad made a life there and it was clear to see they became valued in the community. Sadly over 20 years ago, dad's health declined and we lost him in 2003. Mom was never really the same after that. Even though their relationship had a lot of ups and downs over the years, she had lost a piece of her.

There are so many different things that personified mom's character.

Her willingness to give the last slice of bread to a stranger, being the least of them.

Her capacity to love, being the best of them.

Her innate need to hold on to hope, being her strength.

I was speaking to Henry the other night and he relayed a funny story where he had to give mom a lift to work at Entabeni Hospital on his 175 motorcycle, with mom on the back, he stalled the bike on the steepest part of the hill. He was worried that the bike would go down in a heap with him and mom under it, but without him knowing what happened she had already leapt off the bike as soon as she realized something was wrong. Neither was hurt.

Another memory, back in the day when we were boxing. Both mom and dad would be there to support her boys, but beware to anyone that sat, in front, behind or either side of her. She never sat

quietly, she enjoy the fights. She was literally in the ring with each of her boys (not only her sons, but all boys from Belhaven boxing club). She was there in more than just spirit, because she would be throwing all the punches, screaming and shouting while supporting them.

I do remember a story when I was caned at school for not having the correct uniform, some context. We used to have safari suits as a school uniform, and the school changed this to mufty, being long grey pants with a white shirt a blazer and a tie. We could not afford the new uniform at the time, so I stuck to the safari suit.

I came home and my mom asked me how I got the red stripe down the side of my upper leg. I told her that I was caned because of not having the correct uniform. The very next morning my mom went with me to school, walked into the headmasters office, stretched over his desk, grabbed him by the tie, and pulled him across the desk. Told him the next time

he caned me for not having the correct uniform, she would come to the school and knock his block off.

On the third day I was called out of assembly only to be sent to town with a teacher to buy me a full new school uniform.

She will be remembered with lots of love and care. Not forgotten.

Aunty Brenda... We cannot possibly look back on family occasions without seeing Aunty Branda. From birthday parties, guy fawkes in Campbell Rd, crocheting blankets, doll's clothes, baby clothes and ponchos. TV nights and hot milk coffee. She loved reading and I remember her and Granny Pearce reading when she finally got to rest after her shifts at the hospital. Patient, but not a push over, she stood her ground against some very strong Lamprecht personalities. Stanley Road lunches, Umgeni Road parties. She was always willing to



share, her coke, her house, her family and her love. She fought for all her children... I think teachers were petrified of her, she was the ultimate mother bear. Even when they were grown and wandered off the beaten path as all children do, Aunty Branda would still see the gold in the dust. She would proudly relay stories of them, all of them and tell us how much she loved them, how hard they worked, how she wished she could help them more. And she always had time to include others, 5 biological children and Heidi born in her heart, she never questioned adding one more heart to her fold. Her grandchildren were her pride and joy... First Nicky J, then each and every one after him. .. She always had a story to tell about them. Dynamite surely came in small packages. God gives his hardest battles to his strongest soldiers, and that she was. Life was not a bed of roses, Aunty Branda was a survivor from her youth and yet, nothing she suffered and endured made her bitter. She was always able to see the silver lining in her clouds. She

will be missed greatly. Aunty Marcia, Monique,  
Chantal and Tatum

May she RIP