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Good afternoon, everyone.

Thank you for bringing your bright colours, just as Mum asked.
It suits her—she always preferred warmth to gloom, laughter to silence, welcome to farewell.

My name is Arjun, and I am Sunita Mehra’s son.
She was born on August 22, 1965, in Pune, India, and she left us on January 29, 2026, here in Edmonton, at 60.
Between those two dates is a life that never stood still.

In 1987, she landed in Calgary with a stubborn suitcase, a few recipes, and the belief that hard work could teach any language.
She learned English between two jobs and late-night bus rides, practising words under her breath the same way she kneaded dough—patiently, with purpose.

Later, in Edmonton, she built Meadowlark Café.
If you ever came in on a snowy day, you know what it felt like: a bell on the door, cardamom in the air, and Mum leaning over the counter saying, “Eat first, talk second.”
That café wasn’t just a business—it was a place where newcomers found their first friend, where students found a quiet corner, where neighbours became regulars and regulars became family.

At home, she was married to Raj—Dad—for 35 years.
Mum to me and to Priya.
A beloved auntie to a battalion of cousins who never left hungry.
She taught free baking classes on weekends, volunteered at the Edmonton Food Bank so often they basically had her on speed dial, and still found time for balcony spice gardening, hikes in Banff, Bollywood music nights, and loud Oilers

game parties where her optimism survived every overtime.

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If I had to describe her in three words: joyful, enterprising, generous.
But that undersells the way she could change a room.
She noticed the person on the edges.
She remembered names, allergies, and job interviews.
She made people feel seen, and then fed them until they believed it.

My favourite memory lives where most of her magic happened: the kitchen.
Old Bollywood songs on the radio, our chai simmering.
She'd pull me into a goofy dance, spinning a wooden spoon like a microphone, and for three minutes the world had no troubles—just clove, cinnamon, and Mum's laugh ringing off the tiles.

We will miss her masala chai that fixed any bad day.
We will miss her bear hugs that reset your spine and your spirit.
We will miss the way she cheered every step Priya and I took, even the small ones no one else would clap for.

But this is a celebration of life, and her life is everywhere.
It's in the café regular who now welcomes others at their own table.
It's in the balcony pots that will sprout again this spring.
It's in every volunteer who shows up early because she once asked them to come along "just for an hour."

If you're looking for a way to honour her today, she'd smile if you brought that kindness to the Edmonton Food Bank, just as she suggested.
And later, when the house is quiet, brew a pot of chai.
Turn on an old song.
Take a small dance step in your own kitchen.

That's where she'll meet you—joyful, encouraging, and right beside you, as always.

Thank you, Mum.

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And thank you all for loving her with us.

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