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Thank you for being here, in bright colours, just like she asked.
Confetti over gloom — that was pure Pree.

My name is Daniel, and I was lucky enough to be her husband, her high-school sweetheart, her best friend and adventure buddy.
We built our life in Kitsilano with our little tornado of joy, Maya, who is five.
Pree — Priya Anjali Sharma — was born on July 9, 1988, in Burnaby.
She left us on February 21, 2026, at 37.
Too soon, yes.
But what she fit into those years could fill a few lifetimes.

She was raised around Metro Vancouver, and the city fit her like a favourite sweater — North Shore trail mud on the boots, a farmers' market bouquet under one arm, and a camera in the other.
UBC grad in information systems, tech project manager by trade, team builder by instinct.
She could take a room full of people who disagreed and, twenty minutes later, have them laughing, post-it notes everywhere, and a plan that made sense.
Her favourite metric wasn't velocity; it was who felt included.

Pree championed women in STEM before it was a slide in a deck.
She organized community coding clubs, the kind where kids left with working apps and bigger horizons — and snacks she'd tested five different ways the night before.
Lift others as you climb wasn't a motto for her.
It was muscle memory.

At home, she taught me to celebrate small wins — a perfectly ripe mango, a photo with the light just right, a Canucks OT goal even in a tough season.
And she never waited to say I love you.

If she thought it, you heard it.

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My favourite memory will live with me like a song you can always hum back to pitch:
a rainy Grouse Grind, us soaked and proud, tumbling into the kitchen to make chai.
Bollywood hits on the speaker, cumin popping in the pan.
She grabbed my hand with wet socks squeaking on the floor, and we danced like two people who couldn’t believe their luck.
That was Pree — sunshine on demand, even on a Tuesday in February.

She was joyful, curious, an unstoppable optimist, and generous with her time in ways you might only notice later.
If you were new to the room, she found you.
If you were quiet, she made space.
Inclusive to a fault, we used to joke — and then we’d realize every single person at the table had told a story and been heard.

What we’ll miss is clear already:
her sparkplug energy,
the last-minute road trips to Tofino where we’d eat fries on the beach and watch fog roll like theatre curtains,
and that rare gift of making anyone feel seen — truly seen — in ten minutes flat.

To Meera and Rakesh, who raised a daughter with a wide-open heart;
to Arjun, her first co-conspirator in curiosity;
to our daughter, Maya — your mom is in your laugh, in your fearless hiking stride, in the way you already cheer the loudest for your friends.
We’ll keep her stories big and bright.
We’ll play the music loud and burn the chai sometimes and call it perfect.

Pree loved hikes, markets, recipe experiments that upgraded leftovers into feasts, photographs that caught joy mid-flight, yoga by the beach, and yes, hollering at the Canucks like they could hear her from the couch.

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She loved this place, and she loved her people.

So here’s how we honour her:
we lift someone else while we climb,
we text the compliment now, not later,
we cheer the tiny victories like they’re championships,
and when the rain comes — this is Vancouver, it will — we put on old Bollywood and dance in the kitchen.

Pree, my love, thank you for every ordinary day you turned into a celebration.
We’ll keep the colours bright.
Confetti over gloom, exactly as you wanted.
And we’ll carry your light forward, one small win at a time.

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