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Friends, family, and everyone who loved Liv, thank you for filling this room with bright colours today.
It feels exactly right for Olivia Mae Campbell — our Liv — who could turn any grey corner into a burst of joy.

I’m speaking as her big sister, but also as her best friend.
We shared everything from clothes to secrets, from bad thrifted sweaters to late-night pep talks that somehow always ended in laughter.
She was born on January 22, 1993, and in just 31 years she lived with a kind of brave, generous creativity that left a mark on every place she touched.

We grew up in Winnipeg, where winter teaches you patience and good humour.
Liv had both.
My favourite memory is us skating at The Forks until our toes went numb, then thawing out with hot chocolate and the kind of belly laughs that make you hold your sides.
That laugh could start a chain reaction.
Even the serious people in line would give in.

She took that spark to the University of Manitoba, earned her Fine Arts degree, and later moved to Vancouver, where she built not just a vibrant design career, but a community.
Liv was a graphic designer and muralist who didn’t wait for permission to make beauty public.
If you’ve walked by a wall splashed with colour and kindness, there’s a good chance Liv had a brush in it — or a friend whose brush she lifted up.
She championed local artists, and she led free community art workshops for youth, always making space for the shy kid in the back and the loud kid up front.
Everyone got a turn with Liv.

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She was the daughter of Sharon and Peter Campbell — whose steady love shaped her courage.
Partner to Aisha Reynolds — the person who matched her stride for stride on hikes, in life, and in every spontaneous “let’s make something” Saturday.
And a devoted dog-mom to Moose, who believes he’s people because Liv told him so.

What defined her?
Creative, absolutely.
But also generous in ways that were practical: the handmade cards that showed up on your doorstep right when you needed them; the perfectly curated playlists that understood your mood before you did; the goofy sense of humour that could disarm a hard day in a single line; the brave way she tried new trails, new murals, new ideas — and invited the rest of us to try, too.

She loved painting and street photography, North Shore hikes that left your calves on fire, and thrift-store treasure hunts where she could see potential in what others overlooked.
That was her way in everything: see the good, grow it.
Her values were simple and serious — authenticity, community care, sustainability, and celebrating other people’s wins like they were her own.
With Liv, generosity never sounded like a speech.
It sounded like, “Want to make something?”

What will we miss?
Her giant bear hugs that reset your nervous system.
Those playlists that made dinners last longer.
And the way she could turn an ordinary afternoon into a workshop, a picnic, a memory.

If you want to honour Liv, wear bright colours, yes — keep doing that.
And consider donating to a local arts charity she loved, the kind that gives kids paint and a place to belong.
If you’d like details or want to share a story we can pass on, you can reach us at

cto@kuchventures.com
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Liv, you taught us that art isn’t just what hangs on a wall — it’s how we show up for each other.
We’ll keep making things.
We’ll keep cheering loudly when someone else gets their moment.
We’ll keep taking the long way home if the light is good.

Thank you for the colour, the courage, and the love.
We’ll carry you in every splash of paint and every good song that finds us at the right time.

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