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Hi everyone,

I’m here as Priya’s friend, and as one of her many co-conspirators from the first day we stumbled into that scrappy Vancouver startup.
We bonded over debugging and bad coffee, then immediately set out to find better coffee—and a trailhead.

P—she let me call her that—had a way of widening any circle she stepped into.
Raised in Surrey, a UBC Computer Science grad who became a product designer, she didn’t just design screens; she designed rooms where everyone could belong.
She championed accessibility like it was oxygen, mentored like it was second nature, and if you showed up nervous to one of her meetups for women in tech, you left with a job lead, a to-do list, and a playlist.

She was the loving daughter of Anil and Meera, sister to Rohan, and fiancé to Lucas Martin.
She was the adored cousin and niece in a family that knows how to show up—exactly the way she did for all of us.
To her family: thank you for sharing her with so many of us who needed exactly her kind of light.

My favourite memory is a sunrise at Garibaldi.
Everyone was shivering in the blue hour, and P fired up a tiny camp stove like it was a stage light.
She brewed masala chai that tasted like courage, produced still-warm samosas from her pack—no one knows how—and then, with that patient, teacherly calm, showed me how to frame the light just right.
She’d tilt my camera a few degrees and say, “Now let the mountain breathe.”
I still hear that when I’m stuck on anything—design, writing, life—tilt a little,

make space, let it breathe.

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Her passport stamps were many, but she always brought the good parts home: street stories told in photos, a new spice blend for chai, a song for our next hike.
She organized chai pop-ups, hosted Diwali dinners where first-timers and lifelong friends squeezed in elbow to elbow, and somehow remembered everyone’s dietary quirks and career updates.
She tried pottery, curated ridiculous road-trip playlists, and never let a North Shore trail feel intimidating to a newcomer.
If you lagged behind, she doubled back without fuss and matched your pace, like it was the most natural thing in the world.

The values were simple and demanding: inclusion, kindness, lifelong learning, and showing up without being asked.
That’s why her design reviews were gentle and exacting.
That’s why meetups felt safe.
That’s why her street photography always found the person others missed.

We will miss her contagious enthusiasm, those thoughtful pep-texts that arrived right on time, and the way a perfectly chosen song could turn a carful of worry into a small moving dance floor.

Priya Kapoor—born November 19, 1991, and, impossibly, gone from us on January 7, 2026 at thirty-four—didn’t measure life in years anyway.
She measured it in who got included, who got encouraged, and who went home believing they could try again tomorrow.

I love that her family asked us to wear bright colours today.
It fits.
She lived in full colour.
And if you’re looking for a way to honour her work and her heart, donations to Girls Who Code Canada feel exactly right.
She would have smiled at that—and then asked if you could volunteer, too.

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P, thank you for the hikes, the chai, the courage, and the way you taught us to make room for each other.

We’ll keep widening the circle.

We’ll keep letting the mountain breathe.

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