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Hello everyone, and thank you for coming in your bright colours, just as Lottie asked.

I’m Charlotte’s twin sister — the other half who shared a room, secrets, and a lifetime of inside jokes in Bristol.
We came into the world together on 22 September 1985, and though she left us on 28 March this year, at just 40, the truth is she’s still everywhere I look.

If you knew Lottie — and I think most of you did — you knew vibrancy.
Not the forced kind.
The kind that turns up, sleeves rolled, and adds bold colour to any room, any wall, any day.

We grew up roaming the streets of Bristol, swapping sketchbooks on the bus and arguing over who’d nicked whose pens.
She studied graphic design at UWE and never stopped designing a bigger circle — for local charities, for start-ups finding their feet, for kids who needed someone to say, “You’ve got this.”
Her little studio was always busy, always messy, and always open.

My favourite memory?
A dawn mural in Stokes Croft — the two of us painting as the city yawned awake.
We sang badly, laughed at the paint dripping down our sleeves, and watched the first bus pass a wall that suddenly looked braver than it had the night before.
That was Lottie.
Make the street brighter.
Make the morning kinder.
Make the work belong to everyone.

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She was fearless in small, everyday ways.
Trail runs on the Downs, returning with muddy calves and a grin.
Sourdough experiments that conquered our kitchen cupboards.
Vinyl hunts at weekend markets, dropping the needle on Britpop and claiming it sounded better “with a bit of crackle.”
Which is why, after we speak, we’ll play her favourite Britpop playlist and let the room hum with her.

Lottie believed in inclusivity, creativity, and saying yes to adventure.
She lifted others up — through after-school mentoring, through pep talks that somehow ended with you actually doing the scary thing, and through the belief that the best ideas are shared, not hoarded.

She was Helen and David’s bright, generous daughter.
Partner to Maya — who loved her fiercely and made plans with her in colour swatches.
Beloved Auntie Lottie to my two kids, who thought she hung the moon and then painted it coral.

What will we miss?
Her pep talks on the doorstep.
Her sudden, “Shall we just go?” and a road trip materialising out of thin air.
Her habit of adding one bold stripe, one unexpected pink, and somehow making the whole picture make sense.

Today is a celebration of a life that refused to be grey.
If you want to honour Lottie, do something brave and generous.
Say yes to the thing that scares you a little.
Give someone else a ladder.

She left too soon, but she didn’t leave us empty.
She leaves colour, courage, and a map for making places — and people — brighter.

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Thank you, Lottie.

My sister, my mirror, my co-conspirator.

I’ll keep painting.

We all will.

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