eulogyai.co.uk

Hello everyone,

thank you for being here, in all your splashes of colour, to celebrate the life of our beloved Priya Sharma—our P.

To Amelia,
to Rakesh and Sunita,
to Arun and little Meera,
to the friends from Leicester, from King’s, from Manchester, from the wards and the community teams—
we’re here because she touched each of us and left something bright that won’t dim.

I stand here as P’s university flatmate turned lifelong friend.
We were each other’s chosen family.
We learned to cook in the same messy kitchen,
nursed the same heartbreaks,
and cheered each other through the kind of grown-up choices that felt far bigger than we were at the time.

Priya was born on 22 November 1990 in Leicester to second-generation British-Indian parents.
She would grin, tilt her head and say, “Leicester gave me spice, London gave me pace, and Manchester gave me purpose.”
She passed away on 28 January this year, at 35—
too soon for us,
and yet she somehow managed to pack more life into those years than most of us would dare attempt.

From the moment she stepped into our flat at King’s College London with a

Create your own personalised speech at eulogyai.co.uk

bright umbrella, a tin of homemade samosas from her mum, and a playlist that swung from Bollywood classics to 90s R&B,
I knew two things:
first, the house would never be quiet again,
and second, I'd lucked out.
She studied nursing with a fierce seriousness that surprised people who only saw the glitter of her laugh.
She said, "If I'm going to be there on someone's worst day, I'm going to be absolutely ready."

And she was.
As an NHS A&E nurse in Manchester, she was the calm in the corridor at three in the morning.
She had that rare gift of lowering the temperature of a room just by entering it.
A hand on a shoulder. A joke at exactly the right moment. A cup of tea smuggled into the right hands.
Later, when she led community health outreach, she didn't swap adrenaline for admin; she translated urgency into impact.
She fought for mental health access to be a door you didn't have to kick down.
And she taught teams, gently and insistently, how culturally sensitive care isn't a box to tick—it's how trust is built, person by person.

It's hard to describe her without falling back on big words—courageous, compassionate, vibrant, witty—
and yet anyone who knew her will recognise her more clearly in the small, ordinary scenes.

Like Thursday nights.
Salsa night.
She'd finish a long shift, tie her hair up, and in she'd walk to the studio as if it were a second triage—just with better music.
Her steps were precise, joy worn lightly.
It wasn't about being the best.
It was about letting the body remember that life moves.

Create your own personalised speech at eulogyai.co.uk

Or Saturday mornings.

Cardamom buns.

The whole street knew when P was baking.

She'd announce it on the group chat—"Door open. Tea on. Bring gossip or laundry."—and somehow the living room became a meeting of the United Nations of Neighbours.

She had this way of sitting you down and feeding you until your shoulders came down from your ears.

If you tried to help with washing up, she'd swat you away with a dishcloth and say, "Let people do things for you, you're not a self-service checkout."

And then there were trains.

Give her a weekend and a cheap ticket and she would make a city bend to hospitality.

She dragged me to rainy museums and tiny markets, to rooftops where the wind tried to steal your scarf, and to cafes where she could talk to a stranger for precisely ninety seconds before discovering a mutual cousin.

She loved rainy walks—always with a ridiculous bright umbrella, the kind that could be spotted from three postcodes away.

"You can't control the weather," she said, "but you can choose your umbrella."

My favourite memory?

Lockdown Diwali.

The world felt small and anxious.

Priya rigged fairy lights from window to window like a zipline of hope, made samosas for the entire block, and turned up the music just loud enough that the grumpiest neighbour cracked a smile at their letterbox.

She stood in the middle of the road—traffic long gone, dusk settling—and called out names until people stepped out, wrapped in coats and curiosity.

No speeches. Just food, songs, and that big laugh spiralling up into the cold air.

By the end of the evening, people who'd never met were swapping recipes and phone numbers.

That was P.

Not glitter for show, but warmth with purpose.
Create your own personalised speech at eulogyai.co.uk
Joyful generosity, engineered.

She brought that same clarity to the hard places.
The women’s refuge where she volunteered knew her as a steady presence.
No saviour complex, no fuss.
She showed up—especially when it was hard.
She folded laundry. She sat in waiting rooms. She became a “call me if” person for more people than I can count.
If you phoned in the night, she answered on the second ring.
If you didn’t phone, she turned up anyway with bananas, paracetamol, and a plan.

To Amelia, her partner,
I want to say what I think we all know:
you were her home as much as any place ever was.
The way you two navigated life—full of colour, yes, but also full of the kind of tenderness that doesn’t need an audience—taught the rest of us something about choosing each other again and again.
Thank you for loving her with a steadiness that matched her spark.

To Rakesh and Sunita,
she carried you with her in everything she did.
Your values—equity, dignity, generosity that laughs—were the spine behind her softness.
She called you after night shifts just to hear your voices.
She bragged about your cooking as if you were running a Michelin-star kitchen from Leicester.

To Arun,
she spoke about you with that big-sister pride that made me feel like I’d known you since playground days, even before I’d met you.
To little Meera, her favourite person to be an auntie for,
there were whole afternoons where your drawings were the news, and your

jokes the headline. Create your own personalised speech at eulogyai.co.uk
She would want you to know that every time you see a sunflower, you are allowed to grin at it as if it were saying hello back.

People say we will miss her hugs.
That is an understatement.
They were bear hugs that seemed to rearrange your molecules.
And that laugh—unstoppable, the laugh that made strangers turn and then start laughing, too—will echo in the daftest places and at the best possible times.
We will also miss the way she made celebrations feel effortless and inclusive.
Not because she hid the work, but because she so obviously delighted in doing it.

But let me say this clearly:
today is a celebration.
We are allowed to feel the weight, of course.
And still—we get to celebrate a life that widened the circle around it.
We get to hold up what she stood for and say, yes, we'll take it from here.

So here is what we carry forward:

- We show up. Especially when it's hard. A text, a doorstep coffee, a lift to an appointment. We become someone's second-ring answer.

- We fight, kindly and persistently, for care that sees the whole person—culture, language, story and all. In our workplaces, in our communities, around our dinner tables.

- We keep Thursday night for dancing.
Even if you've got two left feet, shuffle anyway.
Joy counts.

- We bake the buns. We put on the kettle. We make enough for the neighbour who swore they'd already eaten.

Create your own personalised speech at eulogyai.co.uk

- We keep a bright umbrella by the door.
We cannot stop the rain,
but we can insist on colour.

- We plant sunflowers.
At windows, in small gardens, in scruffy verges that have no idea what's about to happen to them.

- And, because she cared deeply about it, we support mental health.
Today, donations go to Mind—not out of duty, but out of solidarity with the cause she championed.

Her milestones matter.
Leicester girl with the best lunchbox in Year Four.
King's College London student with a stethoscope and a stubborn streak.
A&E nurse with hands that didn't shake and words that didn't rush.
Community lead who made data sit up and listen to people.
Partner, daughter, sister, auntie, neighbour, friend—
and always, always,
a builder of belonging.

Some of you will have moments that are now yours alone:
a night shift where she fought for your patient,
a train journey where she convinced you to try something new,
a small gift that turned out to be exactly the right size for your day.
Hold those close.
Tell them to each other.
That's how memory does its best work—passed along, specific, alive.

P, my friend,
you once told me, after a disaster of a day, "We'll make a plan, we'll make tea, and we'll make it through."
I hear that now.

Create your own personalised speech at eulogyai.co.uk

We will make a plan.
We will make tea.
And we will make it through.

We will dance on Thursdays.
We will bring samosas to the street.
We will put on colour not only today, but on the days when grey feels bossy.
We will look for chances to turn a corridor crisis into a human moment.
We will show up.

And when the rain comes,
as it always does here,
we will open something bright,
step out,
and think of you.

Thank you, P,
for a life that taught us how to move towards each other.
For a love that insisted on equity and dignity, and never forgot to laugh.
For being our chosen family.

We love you.
We carry you forward.
And we'll keep the kettle on.

This speech was created with eulogyai.co.uk.Answer a few questions and generate your own personalised speech now ateulogyai.co.uk

Create your own personalised speech at eulogyai.co.uk