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Hi everyone, and thank you for being here to celebrate the life of Olivia Grace Mitchell—our Liv.

We grew up together in Denver, two kids who shared lockers, secrets, and the kind of loyalty that makes “best friend” feel too small. Liv was my chosen sister. We learned how to lace up for life side by side.

She was born on July 14, 1982, and she left us at 43, surrounded by family—Elaine and Thomas, her parents; Ethan, her brother; and her favorite titles of all: Aunt to Mia and Lucas.

If you ever walked into Liv’s Corner Bakery, you know what she built. Yes, the croissants were flaky and the coffee strong, but what made that place a landmark was her welcome. She somehow remembered your name, your dog’s name, and your favorite treat, and then she’d slip you something extra “just to make the morning easier.” Hospitality wasn’t her degree—it was her instinct. Studying hospitality management gave her the tools. Her heart did the rest.

Liv had a gift for making newcomers feel like regulars by the time they finished a first cup. She was big-hearted and entrepreneurial, magnetic without trying. If you looked even a little lost, she’d appear with warmth and a plate of cookies, and suddenly you belonged.

My favorite memory lives in the quiet hour before sunrise. We’d meet in the half-light for a run—her pace steady, her laugh brighter than the streetlamps—and finish at the bakery’s back door. Flour on her cheek, she’d hand me a still-warm experiment: lemon-thyme scones, a too-tall brioche, a daring chili-chocolate tart. We’d taste, adjust, argue about salt, and make a plan for the day. That rhythm—sweat, laughter, small risks—was how she moved through everything.

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Liv was culturally Jewish in the way that shows up at the table—Shabbat dinners, candles, challah, the habit of gratitude, and this stubborn belief in repair. If something cracked—a recipe, a plan, a heart—she didn't toss it. She worked at it. She turned "How can I help?" into action.

When she wasn't baking, she was running long distances, hosting potlucks where every chair in the house became a seat, and mentoring young women who were just brave enough to start a business. She had a way of turning "I don't know if I can" into "Text me when you do."

What we'll miss most is her contagious optimism, the open-door kitchen, and the way she remembered what made each of us light up—cinnamon for some, lemon for others, time and attention for all.

Today, we're sharing recipe cards for her famous lemon bars—a piece of Liv you can take home and pass along. And if you feel moved, donations to the community food pantry she supported will keep her daily kindness moving through this city she loved.

Liv, you taught us that community is not an idea—it's a practice. It's a plate offered, a name remembered, a second try after a flop. It's showing up early, tying your shoes, and starting again.

We'll keep running your route. We'll keep setting the table. We'll keep repairing what we can.

Thank you, Liv, for every morning you made brighter. We love you. And we'll carry you with us—warm as fresh bread, steady as sunrise.

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