



Matthew Ryan Kempa

February 19, 1977 - February 8, 2026

Matthew Ryan Kempa died unexpectedly at his home in Tennessee on February 8, 2026. He was 48 years old. Matthew is survived by his parents, Kathleen and Leonard Kempa; his sister, Lisa Strong; and his dogs, Crispus, Atkicus and Hercules Mulligan.

Matthew was born in Springfield, MA on February 19, 1977. He graduated from Austin High School in 1995, and from the University of Tennessee in 2019.

Matthew was an outdoorsman, he loved to move and be in nature. Matthew enjoyed hiking, skiing, any activity on the water and being outdoors with his dogs. He was an avid reader, loving history and he was interested in economics. He was a great cook and a serious music lover.

Matthew was a private person. He was unfailingly loyal to those he loved. Once you were in Matthew's heart you were there forever. He would show up for any one of his loved ones, if they needed him or asked him to celebrate with them.

Matthew had the ability to tell you uncomfortable things with humor and charm. He was smart and funny. Matthew could make you laugh about the hard things in life. If you spent any time with him, you have at least one story to tell.

In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to Greater Huntsville Humane Society, 2812 Johnson Road, Huntsville, AL 35805 or online at ghhs.org.

Tribute Wall

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“*Matt was my first friend at work. At first he seemed a little grumpy, but it didn't take long to realize he'd become my lunch partner and then a truly close friend. When I moved on and started my own business, he was one of the first people in line to support me. He'd stop by just to check on how things were going, always making sure I was okay, and half-jokingly trying to convince me to come back so we could spend our days chatting on Teams again.*

He was such a kind soul. He checked on my kids, talked football with anyone who would listen, and somehow made time to be a good friend to everyone around him. I'll miss hearing stories about his dogs and laughing at him for refusing to buy a new stove. I'll miss the random late-night calls where we talked about anything and everything. I'll even miss him forcing me to shave his head when I didn't want to—and threatening to shave mine if I didn't.

Matt brought laughter into every room he walked into. He was smart, loving, and deeply kind—someone who pretended to be grumpy but was always thinking of ways to take care of the people around him and make them smile.

I miss him more than words can say. Not a day goes by that I don't think about him.

Rest easy, Matt. I love you, buddy.

-Britt 

Brittany Griffith - February 16 at 04:35 PM