



Margaret R. Kelley

March 10, 1926 - October 18, 2018

Margaret R. Kelley (Margi), 92, of Fort Collins, CO died Thursday, October 18, 2018. Margaret was born March 10, 1926 in Aurora, IL to Henry and Myrrha (Higgins) McKay. Margi married Richard J. Kelley, September 4, 1948 in Aurora, Il. They moved to Fort Collins in 1955. Margaret was a member of St. Joseph's Catholic Church. She also was a member of the Auxiliary DAV. In 1988 she retired from the USDA, Forest Service where she worked in Fiscal for 20 years.

Margi interests were her beloved family. She enjoyed cross-word puzzles, jig-saw puzzles, card games, knitting, crocheting and trivia games.

She is survived by her daughter, Elizabeth A (Beth) Wissing (Robert) of Glenwood Springs, CO; three sons, Michael J Kelley (Sharon); Daniel J Kelley (Joanna) of Fort Collins; Patrick J Kelley (Lou Ann) of Greeley, CO; 10 grandchildren and 12 great grandchildren. She is also survived by her loving sister, Janis Rae Ruddy (James) of Aurora, Il and many nieces and nephews.

She is preceded in death by her husband, Richard in 1994; her parents; three sisters, Kathleen Baltz, Myrrha Thibault, Frances Schonback and brother, Raymond McKay.

Viewing will be on Tuesday, October 23, 2018 from 9:00 AM – 6:00 PM at Bohlender Funeral Chapel, 121 W. Olive St, Fort Collins, CO. A Rosary will follow at 6:00 PM. Mass of Christian Burial will be at 2:00 PM, Wednesday, October 24, 2018 at St. Joseph's Catholic Church. Internment will follow at Resthaven Memorial Gardens Cemetery.

In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be made to: St. Joseph's Catholic Church, 300 W Mountain Ave., Fort Collins CO. 80521; Pathways of Northern CO., 305 Carpenter Road, Fort Collins, CO 80525 or Larimer Humane Society, 5137 S College Ave, Fort Collins, CO 80525.

Cemetery

Resthaven Memory Gardens Cemetery

8426 S. College Ave.

Fort Collins, CO, 80525

Events

OCT **Viewing** 09:00AM - 04:00PM

23

Bohlender Funeral Chapel

121 W. Olive Street, Fort Collins, CO, US,
80524

OCT **Rosary** 06:00PM

23

Bohlender Funeral Chapel

121 W. Olive Street, Fort Collins, CO, US,
80524

OCT **Funeral Mass** 02:00PM

24

St. Joseph Catholic Church

300 W Mountain Ave, Ft. Collins, CO, US,
80521

Comments



“ oh Mrs. Kelley- I will miss you, your forever kind spirit, your positive look on life and your expression of so much love for all of your kids, grandkids and great grands too! I always looked forward to seeing you on Mondays for so many years! I will miss you and our visits. This week I will make your green chili, corn bread recipe in your memory.

To your kids and whole family- I am sorry for your loss--I know I met a few of you from time to time. My condolences.-RIP.-from Christine Volz, MOW volunteer

Christine Volz - October 24, 2018 at 05:33 PM



“ Mom would give good comfort when we needed it. Many times I remember watching TV on our three piece brown sectional and after a hot summer's day, being sunburned and tired, I would snuggle next to her and feel safe and as she would put her arm around me, I would drift off and sleep. I remember a time my brother Pat was laying on that sectional fast asleep. Mom said to me, "Look at your brother and how exhausted he is from all of his play today. He is twitching he is so tired." She walked over to him and she gently lifted Pat and I followed her to our bedroom. He awoke as she was laying him in his bed and expressed how he wanted to go back outside and play. Mom cuddled him to her chest, then laid him down and told him to just lay there for five minutes and then he could go back outside. He did go back outside but, it was the next day. We are so thankful for a wise and loving mother who knew just what to do.

I want to include my dear brother Dan for a touching story because I have told you of my sister and youngest brother along with myself. Dan is an excellent photographer. He does take digital pictures but is more inclined to use analog film for his best work. Back before digital, he would get the settings for the pictures perfect. He did take a few interesting pictures of mom around Christmas time.

For the last umpteen years, Dan has reserved Fridays as a day with Mom. When she was able to walk better, he would take her to a restaurant to have lunch. After that, they would be off to the grocery store where he would help her with the needed supplies for the week. Mom would take the cart and slowly walk up and down a few isles and Dan would take the list, fly through the store and gather an armload of items and deliver it to the cart just a few isles mom had walked. Then he would be off to retrieve the remainder of the goods. Mom really looked forward to Fridays because of his generous heart.

Margaret worked for 20 years in the Fiscal Department for the US Forest Service. This fit very well for her because she was very good with controlling money. She always had a balanced check book!

Margaret devoted her life to Jesus Christ her personal Lord and Savior. She held the

Mother Mary close to her heart and prayed to them both religiously. Margaret was active for years as a member of the Alter and Rose Society at Saint Joseph Church here in town. She was also a member of Saint Theresa's group that supported activities at the Saint Joes.

Having a wonderful life that she made of 92 years, Margaret passed from the physical into everlasting life on Thursday, October 18th at 9:30 in the morning. What a beautiful day with sunshine, blue skies and the sound of the choirs of Angels and Saints greeting her home in Heaven.

Wow, quite a dash, wouldn't you say? This Eulogy is just under 1900 words and it is just a short snippet of a truly wonderful dash.

Our Country's American Native culture say, "Today is a good day to die" meaning it is good to leave with no regrets. We know Margaret left this brilliant life with no regrets and we can say she is dancing the Irish Jig with all our relations and friends.

One more departing thought; the early American Indian Natives looked up and saw the night sky thinking it was a black blanket. The speckles of light twinkling through the blanket are from the light on the other side. As the spirits of their loved ones returned to the Grand Father, they would pierce the blanket. Just for fun some night, when you are looking at a cloudless, moonless sky with little light pollution, pick out a hole in the black blanket that you think Margaret R Kelley made as she returned home. Be sure it is a large one because her spirit was bigger than life with big medicine.

Michael J - October 24, 2018 at 11:18 AM



“ Part 2 Margaret R Kelley

Our family moved to Fort Collins in 1955 and Mom and Dad purchased a house on Taft Hill Road. There are many happy memories for all of us and probably more words to add but, many of these words intermingle together. A person must be strong and patient along with stern to keep up with three young boys that loved to go in three different directions. Sometimes I thought she had four or five arms to be sure to keep us in line. Yes, even Beth could be a handful. That though was only part of the task of being a great Mother. As we were reflecting this past week, Beth remembered one time when Mom had only \$18 to feed us for a week. To the grocery store she went with all of us in tow. She looked over the bargain racks to pull out day old bread and other means to feed such a large family. And she did!

There has been a time or two when the word lucky came up in Margaret's life. As a young girl, a movie company came to Aurora and they spied a young little cutie. The next day there was a picture in the newspaper captioning if anyone knew who this little girl was, please get in touch with the company. It was Mom although it wasn't pursued, that was a lucky star ... so to speak. Margaret won a couple of contests by just entering. One prize was a component stereo. She also entered a contest that

was in town. The Sidewalk Bazar had a contest where merchants put items in their storefront windows with a number on it. When she received her number, with all my siblings walking with her, we came upon her number just one block down the street. The merchant reluctantly said he had just placed the number on a green stepstool. Danny and I were the lucky ones that had to carry it to the car!

Mom loved to go up the mountain to BlackHawk to play the slot machines. Each summer, she and my sister Beth would take a trip there. One particular trip fell on the day of my mom and dad's anniversary. While searching for the perfect machine, Margaret came across one that was called 'Lucky Rich.' "Come on, Richard," she shouted. "Do your stuff!" She put the maximum bet in the machine and pulled the handle. As the reels began to stop, they were all matched in line and the screen began to display yellow floating roses, of course her favorite. It was a jackpot win. Think what you will but ...

So, you may be asking, "How can Margaret be a seatbelt?" During the Sixties, cars did have seatbelts but they were probably like ours which were tucked between the seatback and the bench seat. I remember many times when riding with my mother and there was a close call coming up where she had to depress the brake pedal hard. In tandem, her right arm would swing out to keep me from flying forward into the dash. There were times when my siblings and I might be arguing enough, she would apply the brakes and swing the arm to stop me from flying forward but the hand seemed to cup my mouth! Even stranger was there wasn't even a squirrel crossing in front of the car. The seatbelt is actually an analogy because it just goes to prove she would do anything to keep our family safe and in love.

End of part 2

Michael J - October 24, 2018 at 11:16 AM



“ Hi, Everyone!

I am posting the Eulogy I read last night at the Rosary. Enjoy! (Three segments!)

Michael J.

By: Michael J. Kelley

As a Scoutmaster, I really enjoyed the Scoutmaster Minute where I would give the Scouts a story for them to ponder. One that I really enjoyed was, "How are you living your dash?" Quizzically they would look at me and I would ask if they have ever read a headstone in a cemetery and then tell them it might read such as this:

Margaret R Kelley

1926 – 2018

That's right; there is a dash so let's look at this dash for a few moments. Well, by golly ... there are 92 years between this dash so I better just give some highlights. By the way, there may be a little comical flair in this Eulogy so feel free to be happy and also cry when you feel because it will all be good therapy in the end.

To sprinkle words to help describe Margi might be: Mother, wife, strong, dutiful, loving, lucky, comforting, pilot, seatbelt, stubborn... Wait a minute! Where am I going on those last three? I am sure there are a plethora of words that can be added but let's just start with these.

Margaret R Kelley was born March 10th, 1926 to Henry and Myrrha McKay. They lived in Aurora, Illinois, and Margi was the second of five sisters. She did have a brother that started the siblings but Raymond only lived a few weeks. Margi fell for the love of her life in the mid-forty's and married Richard J. Kelley September 4th 1948. They soon began the family we are now by giving birth to a daughter, my loving sister Beth. I am their first born son, Michael and following me are my compadre brothers, Dan and Pat. There are many nieces and nephews along with 10 grandchildren and 12 great grandkids.

Mom lived in the Depression times and as times became good, she was ever so delighted to have anything of value in her life. There were stories she would tell about life during that time but the one that she passed on to me last year gave me chills. She told me of how she stuffed newspapers in her shoes to fill the holes in the soles to keep her feet dry and warm during the bitter cold of the Illinois winters. Mom didn't tell us too much about those times as we did have a good life going because of her love and caring. She told us that even though times were tough; her family lived a happy life with joy and laughter.

Life continues on and so do times where countries argue and go to war. During World War II, Mom volunteered with many organizations to give support of the troops. As the countries began a new strategy of getting along, the men began to return. So what is the word before ... Pilot? Mom was so proud of being able to fly a plane. She showed me a picture of the plane with her standing next to it. She said she was able to fly it and it is recorded. Going through some of her things this past week, I found this book entitled "Pilot Flight Record and Log Book." Nice thick book and it has ... two entries! The year is 1945 and the duration of each flight was 30 minutes. Mom was really proud of being able to fly!

End of part 1.

Michael J - October 24, 2018 at 11:13 AM



“ Micheal and Sharon I am glad I got to meet her. She was a sweet kind woman. May the many sweet, wonderful memories of her help at this time of grieving. Micheal, you were a wonderful son, I got to see that. Love you guys.

Estela Baca - October 22, 2018 at 06:23 PM



“ I did not know Mrs. Kelley very well, but enjoyed every moment I had to spend with her. She was always cheerful and outgoing. A rose in any environment. I pray for the family on their loss and celebrate her reunion with those already gone ahead.

Nancy Jewby - October 22, 2018 at 06:18 PM



“ Our family will always remember the matriarch of the Kelley family when she shared in the Folmer family reunions over the many years since Michael and Sharon began their union. She was a lovely and gracious woman who was also fortunate to be loved and cared for by her family, especially over these last years as her health declined. We'll remember her in our prayers. Blessings to the entire Kelley family, Bernadette, Cynthia, and Jeffrey

Bernadette Bannister - October 22, 2018 at 05:30 PM



“ A few years ago, I called Margi for her March birthday. We had our usual nice chat and I love you's and hung up. I called her back in a few minutes and said I had a Dennis Day record album and played "A little bit of heaven" and "When Irish eyes are smiling" which we sang along with him. I bet she always remembered that birthday, I know I did. I loved her so, just nothing like a sister! Will miss her, but so relieved she is with her Richard and happy.
Sorry for all her lovely family, Aunt Janis

janis ruddy - October 21, 2018 at 07:50 PM