



Ramona Kelleher

May 26, 2010 - April 14, 2024

It seems kind of silly to write a eulogy for a being who, for all intents and purposes, isn't human. However, the more you interact with this being, the fact that they walk on 4 legs, have a tail and fur goes away and that being seems human in their mannerisms. I'm not a mom, and while I'm for sure not a cat, I became a cat mom when I met Ramona when she was 5 months old. Can I still call myself a cat mom without a cat is a question I've asked myself multiple times today and I don't have a right answer. My brother commented today that she was my kid and he's right. To me she wasn't a pet, she was my fur baby.

My sister went to college in Iowa. I would often say that Ramona was the best thing to come from Iowa. Fall 2010, her sophomore year, she lived with 3 other girls in the dorms. They had talked about getting a cat. "You can't have a cat in a dorm" were my mother's words. But, if you know my sister, she was able to get a guinea pig to turn into our Australian Cattle Dog Mix, Carmen, so she wasn't backing down. Lauren and friends were at the local mall and they saw a humane society booth. There was one cat, "Snugs", in a tiny cage, and she was the only animal left. Guess who went home to a dorm that night. Snugs became Ramona (more later on that change), my mother found out via credit card bill so I learned of said cat and was worried what Carmen would think when the cat came home. A decision was made that since I was living in my childhood home in Evergreen Park as my parents tried to sell it, I was

going to get feline companionship, which I was excited about as I had always wanted a cat (and, in “Inside Out” fashion, where Riley had Bing Bong, I had a rainbow cat named Fluffy who lived under my bed as a child and dreamed of one day having a real Fluffy (or Oliver) of my own who wasn’t a figment of my imagination. I didn’t have to worry about Carmen or Ramona as that tiny kitten smacked Carmen so hard and left part of a claw in her nose upon first meeting. They became best buds once Carmen learned who called the shots.

The name Ramona came because she was not a Snugs. She hated snuggles and, despite all of my attempts, never became a cuddly cat. She’d put up with my BS for a bit and then smack or meow a loud “No” to tell me she was done. Lauren named her after a character in the movie *Scott Pilgrim vs the World* and her love for the band *The Ramones*. I pretended it was after Ramona Quimby from the books by Beverly Cleary. Mona was her nickname and it fit as she would voice her opinions quite loudly. We lived in EP for about 1.5 years together. She would hear the front door open and come running to complain about being alone while I was at work. We’d retire to my bed and watch tv and repeat the cycle the next day. We moved into the Orland house full time at the end of October 2012 when my parents sold the EP house. Ramona enjoyed having more people around and having a huge house to explore and of course being able to boss Carmen around was another favorite activity.

Ramona was always curious. One day, my mom was doing laundry. Little did she know that Ramona had slipped into the dryer. After she turned it on and heard a few “Thunks”, my mom opened the dryer to find a shaken up (but very fresh scented) cat staring at her. This was one of the only times she willingly snuggled after getting out of that deadly carnival ride. She enjoyed going out into the yard and just relaxing though she did escape a few times which made me freak out. She never went far, proving she knew where the food and comfy beds were. There are pictures of Ramona scaling the kitchen cabinets. She

loved a high view and that included sitting on the mantle and tv cabinet which she could leap up to effortlessly from the couch and chairs in the living room. Fall 2014 brought new roommates in the form of sister kittens Kacey and Cali. Ramona was not impressed by this duo. She and Kacey were both determined to be the “Alpha” and either ignored or hissed at each other. Cali showed no fear and, much like what Ramona did to Carmen in the early days, would come out of nowhere and hit her to let her know that Cali was the true boss of this house.

Ramona was a great mouser. She left a deceased mouse next to the guest bed after we spent a weekend at the Orland house prior to moving. This was her way of showing me that I was a bad hunter that she clearly needed to provide for. There was the gift of a live mouse to me at the kitchen counter as well at one point. Her proudest achievement however was catching one of our backyard chipmunks and sneaking it into the house. It was alive and thanks to a well timed Amazon box dropping, was caught and returned to the wild. In a rare act of solidarity, Ramona and Kacey worked together to catch a mouse which I had to deal with before work one day (don’t worry, it wasn’t fully dead which made that situation worse).

Carmen passed in 2017 and Cali and Kacey moved out in 2021. Ramona was without animal companionship so she was able to fully take over the humans and make them bow to her every whim. Ramona needed to know what you were eating and you needed to share with her or else she would let you know how annoyed she was with you. Little white bowls of human food became the norm as part of the dinner routine. Ramona also went from being known as “Big Thud” to just Ramona as she stopped eating Cali and Kacey’s food to tick them off, which gave her a lovely “revenge body”. She was now definitely able to slip through the fence in the yard to escape but when you called her, she would come (unless it was me calling...she would ignore and make me stress until my mom used her “teacher voice” which meant business.)

While not affectionate as I wanted her to be, she was affectionate in her own

way. For quite some time she would either spend all or part of the night on my bed near my legs. Some mornings she would be hugging my leg as I woke up. If I was laying on the day bed, it wasn't uncommon for her to jump up and lay near me. If I said the word "kisses" to her, I'd get a lick on my fingers or a nudge with the side of her face. I'm told that when she heard me press the button to lock my car and the car beeped, she knew it was me and would start looking for me to come in. She knew my routine and, in her younger years, would smack my face if I dared sleep in instead of get up to feed her. She would meet me outside the bathroom when she heard me get up and did not like when I would get myself dressed for the day instead of filling her bowl and giving her treats. She tolerated me holding her but would let me know she was done by smacking me or by putting her paw on my face so I couldn't give her kisses. She wasn't the biggest fan of people she didn't know or see a lot (and for sure wasn't a fan of kids), but she mellowed as she got older and took pets from anyone who would give them.

I knew something wasn't right on Saturday, April 13th. I wasn't feeling well myself but knew I had to be there for my girl. When she let me hold her for a good chunk of time in the afternoon and for about 2 hours in the evening, I knew our time was running out but hoped I was wrong. I laid next to her on the floor on one of her favorite blankets and petted her/held her paw as long as I could. When I knew, I just picked her up and rocked her and told her I loved her and it was ok. I held her for at least 2 hours after she passed as I couldn't bear to set her down. We listened to Catholic funeral standards (such as "Eagles Wings") and a few tear jerking Disney songs ("Baby Mine" and "You'll Be In My Heart) and then "Everybody Wants To Be A Cat" because she had the best cat life. My best friend was there so many times for me and I'm thankful that I was able to be with her in

Tribute Wall

EK

“ *RIP Ramona “Snugs” Ann Kelleher
(Aka Mona, Mowgli, Mo-Mo, Big Thud, Rat Catcher, Kitty, Baby,
Baby Girl and the thousands of other names we had for her.)
May 26, 2010-April 14, 2024*

Scroll down to read her obituary-part 1 is under part 2.

Erin Kelleher - April 15, 2024 at 09:05 PM

SU

*You were the best cat mom ever. You and Ramona were made for
each other and she will always be watching over you.*

Sharesa Uher - April 15, 2024 at 09:42 PM

KM

*Dearest Erin, Steve and I are sending love and hugs. Your sweet
Ramona will be missed forever. ! ❤️*

Kathy Miller - April 16, 2024 at 07:22 PM

“ Obituary-Part 2

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Erin Kelleher - April 15, 2024 at 09:04 PM

BK

Rest well in kitty heaven Ramona 🐾❤️🙏🐱💔❤️

Beth Kaciuba - April 15, 2024 at 10:32 PM

“ Obituary-Part 1

It seems kind of silly to write a eulogy for a being who, for all intents and purposes, isn't human. However, the more you interact with this being, the fact that they walk on 4 legs, have a tail and fur goes away and that being seems human in their mannerisms. I'm not a mom, and while I'm for sure not a cat, I became a cat mom when I met Ramona when she was 5 months old. Can I still call myself a cat mom without a cat is a question I've asked myself multiple times today and I don't have a right answer. My brother commented today that she was my kid and he's right. To me she wasn't a pet, she was my fur baby.

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(To be continued)*

Erin Kelleher - April 15, 2024 at 09:03 PM