



Ramona Kay Jenkins

August 30, 1947 - October 11, 2018

“Teachers affect eternity; no one can tell where their influence stops.” -Henry B.Adams

Ramona Kay Jenkins, born August 30, 1947, in Toledo, Ohio, the youngest child of Donald and Beatrice Ford, died on October 11, 2018.

A graduate of the University of Toledo, and a former Rockette, Mona began her teaching career in Florida in 1970, where she met and married Roger Jenkins. The family, now including two daughters, moved back to Toledo in 1975. Mona then joined the faculty of All Saints Catholic School (formerly Alter) in Rossford, Ohio, where she worked for over thirty years as a junior high teacher. In 1979, a third daughter was born, to complete their family. Mona earned her Masters Degree in Education in 1985.

As a Social Studies and Language Arts teacher, Ms. J. impacted the lives of hundreds of students. Believing every student was special and deserved the opportunity to become the best student they could be, Mona went above and beyond to make her belief a reality. From cross country coach, master fundraiser, quiz bowl moderator, speech competition coach, spelling bee coordinator, track coach, DC class trip event planner, to school theatre production director, Mona was the living embodiment of “servant leader”. She devoted her life to teaching, always striving for each of her students to know self-worth, self-confidence, and love because of her presence in their lives. Mona loved her friends, including her Bunco and All Sts. Retiree groups, travel, casinos, running, good food, and Broadway musicals. Her love of

family was a constant in her life, but her love of her grandchildren could be compared to no other. Each and every grandchild was 'her person', and her passion for them was an extraordinary thing to witness. She enjoyed watching them play basketball, soccer, fishing, perform in plays, get dressed up for school dances, homecoming/prom, draw and create their numerous Picasso artworks, and build their Legos and Minecraft cities. She shared in creating special memories at Great Wolf Lodge and Disney trips, and supported them with their science fair projects and educational endeavors.

Waiting to meet her in heaven along with her parents were her sister-in-law, Susie and niece, Julie Ford. Waiting here on earth to one day see her again are her husband, C. Rogers Jenkins Jr.; daughters Kami (Chris) Nolte, Krisa (Andy) Rhodes, and Katie; grandchildren Mikayla, Zain, and Ashtin Rhodes, Hannah and Chris Nolte and Autumn and Tucker Nichols; brother Ronald (Elizabeth) Ford; nephew Scott (Katie); sister-in-law Camelia Fouraker; niece Alden; and brother-in-law Frank (Kathy) Jenkins.

The family requests that expressions of sympathy take form of contributions to the following: National Autism Association of Southeast Ohio (NAASEO) at 10 West Overlook Drive Zanesville, Ohio 43701 in Ramona's name.

The family is deeply grateful for the outpouring of love, prayers, and support in many heart-felt forms from too many people to name individually, yet including FRAS, Bunko tribe, Ramona's medical team for their wisdom and compassion throughout her journey, and family and friends – either through their prayer and/or visits, and even random acts of kindness through total "strangers". A special thank you to Dr. Adam Walters' and his staff at his practice and the Flower Hickman Cancer Center, the caregivers at Ebied Hospice Residence, Grogan Towne family and Marc Ray, Patti Irons, Terri Mills, Jim and Mary Cox, Sister Iraneaus, Fr. Joesph Steinbauer, Sister Jordan Schaefer.

Family, friends, former students, and others whose lives Ramona touched are invited November 11, 2018, the immediate family will be hosting Visiting Hours (2:00 PM-4:00 PM) to reminisce, support each other, of course just chat followed by a Celebration of Life Ceremony (4:00 PM to 5:00PM) at the

Maumee River Yacht Club, 2735 Broadway St., Toledo, Ohio, 43609. The family requests that you bring a copy of a picture (make sure you sign it) or a story to share.

Previous Events

Visitation

NOV 11. 2:00 PM - 4:00 PM (CT)

Maumee River Yacht Club

Sharing of Memories

NOV 11. 4:00 PM - 5:00 PM (CT)

Maumee River Yacht Club

Tribute Wall



“ I just found out about Ramona passing. She was such a sweet lady. She will truly be missed. I feel very lucky to have called her my friend.

Terri Thompson

Terri Thompson - November 15, 2018 at 04:34 PM



“ My dear sweet friend; I will miss your smile, your kindness, the way you would listen without ever judging but most of all, I will miss your laugh. Your stories about the Washington trips made me double over with laughter. There's very few people that would give you the shirt off their back, but you were someone who would do that and never ask why. Our early days when we all played Bunco, when our husbands would leave because our laughter was SO loud, I will carry the memories with me forever. I am so grateful that we had that last Wednesday to talk before you passed. Rest In Peace and know I am thinking of you.

Teri Pinkston-bunco buddy - November 11, 2018 at 01:19 PM



“ Peaceful White Lilies Basket was purchased for the family of Ramona Kay Jenkins.



November 10, 2018 at 10:23 AM

CV

“ 1 file added to the album VIDEO TRIBUTE



COYLE FUNERAL HOME VIDEOS - November 09, 2018 at 02:27 PM

RF

“ 1 file added to the album Mona Pics



Ronald Ford - November 08, 2018 at 09:36 PM

RF

“ 1 file added to the album VIDEO TRIBUTE



Ronald Ford - November 08, 2018 at 09:31 PM

CV

“ 1 file added to the album VIDEO TRIBUTE



COYLE FUNERAL HOME VIDEOS - November 08, 2018 at 12:44 PM

JR

“ Kami and Family, I am so sorry to hear about your Mom's death. Mrs. Jenkins was my 7th and 8th grade teacher at Alter Elementary (class of 1986). I remember Mrs. "J" for her rigor and for helping me to realize my full potential as a student and human. Through Mrs. Jenkins, I discovered a love of learning and still hold this close to my soul. Three graduate degrees later, I live a life of service to others and Mrs. J was a foundation to this learning. I am very thankful and blessed to have learned from Mrs. J. Not only did I learn to push myself, but I am able to encourage my own daughters to take leaps in courage and learning. My middle school years were filled with support, encouragement and fun, because of Mrs. J. Love, Julie Gumban Roberts, Savannah, GA

Julie Gumban Roberts - November 06, 2018 at 01:50 PM

BH

“ Prayers to the family, and Friends. I was lucky enough to have her as a teacher my 8th grade year. She was amazing helping me pick a high school and amazing for taking a group of crazy kids to Washington D.C. the many memories, of our fine "Senior" week and how she made each and every one of us feel loved and special. She was what had got me interested in Education and becoming a teacher. Can not thank her enough.
- Brianna Ault-Halm

brianna halm - November 06, 2018 at 01:30 PM

RF

“ Sis continued...

The Morris kid next door got his drivers license. He was going to drive to high school and on the way drop off his younger sister at the sane school you attended. An offer was made, you could go along as well.

Too bad...your word of the day had as it's definition, "an unmarried woman", and armed with this knowledge, you requested permission at the dinner table to ride to school with the Morris kids. The resounding NO from both parents was heard all the way back to East Toledo. With tears in your eyes, you stomped from the table, turned around, and said, "do you want me to be a virgin my whole life?" Knowledge without understanding is not a good thing. You stayed on Bus 22.

Six years later you were in the wedding party as I began my journey with Susan. Fast-forward another 50 years and you became the BIG part in our relationship. Without asking, you rang my Florida doorbell in 2015, and stayed by my side, as Susie passed on, having lost her battle with cancer. Little did we know that your own battle would begin in 2016.

Yes, I have known you longer than anyone alive today. You and I shared these memories and many others, just 11 short weeks ago. It was your "farewell", tour...your last stand before saying "ENOUGH". From the nest under the radio, to the last goodbye in Ooltewah, you have made this reluctant big brother very proud.

Your loving brother, Ron

Ron Ford - November 05, 2018 at 01:23 PM

“ Hi Sis,

I knew you longer than anyone alive today. My first memory of you was when you crawled under that big console radio, laying on the floor next to me, gazing up at the orange glow of those cathode tubes. And suddenly, my space became our space. I was now your big brother, with all the incumbent responsibility, a reluctant mantle indeed. No TV...just that big radio and, the two of us sharing God's little space, as if we were baby robins in a warm secure nest.

Growing up on East Broadway was interesting. You wouldn't remember, but mom saw to our spiritual needs by taking us to a Pentecostal Church close to the East Toledo branch library. Had to drive past the school everyone else in the neighborhood attended, Sacred Heart. The Mittendorfs, the Noticeses, the Komiveses, all Catholic, as was our dad.

A reluctant Catholic he was, showing his faith twice a year. He took us to midnight mass on Christmas Eve, at St. Francis de Sales on Cherry Street. And then that yearly trip to the festival at St. Mary's out in Assumption Ohio. The church building may have burned down, with all the records lost, but the cemetery is still there, as is much of our heritage. That was Ford territory and I have no doubt you have shown those grave markers to my nieces, and your grandkids.

East Toledo was our home in your early years, both of us attending Garfield elementary. In 1952 we we were uprooted and moved "west" to a growing subdivision in Washington Township. And Big Brother got you on Bus 22 everyday, and saw that you got off safely at Horace Mann elementary. You boarded that same school bus, with the same driver, as you attended Washington Junior High, and then finally Whitmer High School. Bus 22. More of that later.

The new neighborhood was a shock to the two of us. Ours was the only house on the block with a Christmas tree. The Morrisises, the

Steins, the Bowman's, the Roders...all had Menorahs in their windows. Same on the next block. Except for your friend Judy. Her house had a tree, and she became your best friend. And that leads me to the "recipe", a Christmas and New Years concoction of Dad's.

The "recipe" was a staple of every party our parents held...its contents unknown to me even on this day. Roger's first exposure would have been Christmas 1975. You had just moved to Toledo, had two young girls, and my son Scott was a toddler. Mom and Dad had moved to their new home on Bishopsgate and the steps to the basement were open with no railing. Mom insisted that this be remedied, even though it was the day before Christmas, and a blizzard was blowing. That project would not have been completed without the "recipe", but the men had a serious problem most of the next day. A Christmas to be remembered, hangovers notwithstanding.

That was not your first exposure to the "recipe"...no, no, no. That would have been 1954. Yes, you were just 6 years old. It was News Years Eve, and your friend Judy from the next block stayed over. Mom and Dad were still asleep, as was I, when the two of you got up to the new year. You munched on Kuhlman stale potato chips, wolfed-down the marinated meat balls, and downed a glass or two of orange juice. Whoops...it was not juice at all but the "recipe". Sure looked like orange juice. I found the two of you giggling on the floor, and helped you both as you lost your cookies. Big brother indeed!

Back to Bus 22. You were always a scholar, even at age 12. You had this new thing...The Word of the Day. You prided yourself with the knowledge and power that an increased vocabulary could give you. Oh my. And you tried to use it to your advantage at every turn, even at the Sunday dinner table.

to be continued...

HB

“*Mrs. Jenkins was by far one of the best teachers I ever had. She was a special kind of person that I believe was put on this earth to be a teacher. The compassion that she had for teaching and caring for her students could be seen in everything that she did. I am 30 years old and still tell stories of my eighth grade year with “Mrs.J”. She was just the perfect mix of sweet, fun, and strict. She will always be considered a treasure at All Saints and I will never forget all of the things I learned while in her class. Prayers for her family during this time, and god speed to you Mrs.J, you will shine bright in heaven as you did on earth!*”

Heather Becker - November 03, 2018 at 09:25 PM

LR

“*What a beautiful person, inside and out! When I think of how a teacher should be, she always came to mind. Selfless, loving, kind, giving of herself always! What a privilege to have know her. Heartfelt sympathy to her family. Lori and Tim Roach All Saints Parrish*”

lorraine roach - November 03, 2018 at 04:41 PM



“*Full Of Love Bouquet was purchased for the family of Ramona Kay Jenkins.*”



November 03, 2018 at 12:41 PM

AS

“ Mrs Jenkins was my favorite teacher growing up. While I didn't have her as a teacher as long as the kids that went through All Saints before I did, the time that I did have with her was something that I cherish near and dear to my heart. She was always so compassionate and always wanting everyone to succeed. I struggled a lot in grade school, and she never gave up on me. Had she never been my teacher and never been so supportive of me, my grade school experience would've been entirely different. I got to see her maybe once a year after I graduated from All Saints in '08 and every time I saw her she would remember me and it be as if there wasn't any time that had gone by when we talked about things. I am going to miss being able to having another conversation with her.

My thoughts and prayers are with her family and friends. She was truly one of the greatest human beings to have walked this earth. It was an honor learning from her and knowing her. Now she is watching over all of us and is free of her pain and suffering. May she rest in peace.

Alyssandra Schwind - November 03, 2018 at 11:44 AM

MS

My children had Mrs. Jenkins at All Saints Many years ago. They both loved her as a teacher and compassionate human being. RIP Mrs.Jenkins.

Mrs. Joyce Santibanez - November 04, 2018 at 04:13 PM