



Ramona Gail McGuire Richards

May 29, 1959 - April 10, 2026

Ramona Gail McGuire Richards departed this earth on Friday, April 10, 2026, leaving behind a space that can never truly be filled. She was born on May 29, 1959, on a cool, mild late-spring day, to the late Kyle McGuire and Glada Reed. She was the middle child of five.

She was preceded in death by her older brother, Benton McGuire; her older sister, Mildred Whitescarver; and, just weeks before her passing, her baby brother, Darrell McGuire. We find comfort in knowing she is no longer without them.

Ramona met the love of her life, Frank “Kenny” Richards, and on November 16, 1979, they began a love story that would span 46 and a half years. The kind of love that didn’t need to be loud to be known—it was steady, loyal, and unshakable. The kind people hope to find, but few ever truly do.

Together, they were blessed with a surprise that would define her greatest role in life—motherhood. What they thought would be one big boy turned into twin girls. First came Christy, and just three minutes later, Jessica. She would always laugh and say, “When they come in two’s, it’s time to stop.”

Ramona didn’t just love her daughters—she lived for them. She was the kind of mother who quietly sacrificed, who went without so her girls would never

have to. The kind of love that never asked for recognition, but was felt in everything she did.

When her daughters had children of their own, she stepped into the role she cherished most—Nana.

Her first grandson, Scott Bittinger, was her heart outside her body. She would find any excuse to pick him up early, just to steal a few extra moments with him. Then came her granddaughter, Jade Riddle—Pawpaw’s girl—followed by Liam Riddle, marking what she lovingly called her “Crazy Nana” era. She often joked she loved her grandchildren more than her own children—and if you knew her, you knew there was truth wrapped in that joke.

Ramona was gentle in a world that often isn’t. She avoided confrontation, not out of weakness, but out of kindness. She would give you the shirt off her back, her last few dollars, or her time—no questions asked—just to make sure you were okay. She didn’t just care about people... she felt them.

Her love showed up in the little things—her “world-famous” potato salad and macaroni salad at every family gathering, recipes that will now live on through her daughters’ hands. It showed up in car rides through the New River Valley and Roanoke with Kenny and their four-legged baby, Sadie. In simple meals from Hank’s or a plate of spaghetti at Hale’s. In the way she made ordinary moments feel like something special.

She never met a stranger—and if she did, they didn’t stay one for long. She had a way of talking to people, not just to pass time, but to make them feel seen, heard, and a little less alone. We’re certain that on her way to heaven, she stopped to talk to at least five or ten people before even making it to the gates.

Now we picture her where pain no longer exists... catching up on her People magazines, sipping on a Dr Pepper or coffee, maybe enjoying one of her favorite frozen lemonades from Chick-fil-A, with a piece of chocolate in hand. And finally, we know she has that bowl of banana pudding she asked for—the real kind, not the banana-flavored kind.

She is survived by her devoted husband, Kenny Richards; her daughters, Christy Bittinger (Adam Hale) and Jessica Riddle (Timothy Riddle); her sister, Joyce Bain; her sisters-in-law, Janet Quesneberry, Colleen Light, Brenda Winkle, Carol Reed, and Bobbie Ogle; and a host of nieces and nephews: Jennifer, Janice, Hollie, Dustin, Brandon, Michael, Melissa, Lee, Brooke, Madison, Jerry, Sarah, Shelia, and Jeff, along with numerous cousins, extended family, and friends.

The family would like to extend a heartfelt thank you to the staff at LewisGale Montgomery Hospital for the compassion and care shown during her final two weeks. A special thank you to her favorite nurse, Marlana Wallace, who stood by her through it all. There are far too many to name, but please know how deeply grateful we are.

We also extend our sincere gratitude to Gentiva Hospice and Good Samaritan Hospice for the comfort and dignity they provided in her final days.

Ramona was never one to say goodbye—because to her, goodbye felt too final. So instead, we'll say it the way she always did:

Toodaloo... until we meet again.

A memorial service will be held at a later date.

We love you. Always. 

Tribute Wall

RS

“ Prayers for all the family during their time of grief. May God comfort them



Rosemary Sheppard - April 24 at 07:22 PM

DK

“ I worked with Ramona and Kenny at DK back in the 80's. I'll always remember her sense of humor and that BIG smile. She was always bragging on her daughters. Prayers to Kenny and the entire family.

Debra Kittinger - April 24 at 01:27 PM