



Kathy B Munson

April 7, 1939 - August 17, 2022

She was a lover of all creatures—especially the four-legged furry kind. She loved two-legged creatures, too—like birds. She loved people, but not bigots or idiots; but there were only a few of those in her band of hedonists, artists, Paiutes, goddesses, tree-huggers, and lost souls.

She loved the dirt—especially Southern Utah red dirt after a rain shower or when it gave birth to green beans and tomatoes, or sacred sage and earthy mesquite.

She sat at the head of our Thanksgiving Table and was the Grand Marshall of our Easter Parades. She was known throughout the town for her St. Paddy's Day bashes and vats of corned beef and cabbage. She didn't care much for the other holidays—obligatory events were never her thing; but celebrating for the sake of celebrating was. Gatherings at her home in Ivins, Utah were epic and legendary.

She told tales too farfetched to be believed, although most of them were true (e.g., voodoo hexes and running from the long arm of the law). Her childhood aspiration was to become a train-hopping bum. Music made her weep, raunchy jokes made her double over, and she found great peace in smoke after smoke after smoke.

In a nutshell: Kathy was born on the kitchen table to Harry and Dorothy Bishop in Salt Lake City. She graduated (not a minute too soon) from West High, then married and had three boys. She worked a few odd jobs far below her caliber. She was a bowling champ, PTA Lady, and Little League Mom. She married Frank Munson in 1968. They loved, they fought, they loved, and fought some more. Never was there a love so deep, yet hell-bent on failure but it lasted 42 years until Frank died and was buried at sea. After a decade of settling into her age and wisdom—along came cancer ... and that's all she wrote.

She is survived by her sons Mark, Scott, and Dave (Jaymie) Perry. Frank's kids Gail (Dennis) Pailing, Mimi (Gilbert Romero) Tantillo, and Raymond (Susan) Munson. Also survived by her sisters Elaine and Sandi, in-laws, grandkids, nephews, nieces, bar flies, cell mates, and the neighbors she cursed until the bitter end. Soul-crushed to lose her is her best friend and prettiest girl, Frida.

Preceded in death by Frank, her parents, and sister Ruth. Also, Beanie, Yogi, Muffy, Scamp, Clancy, Koko and a whole lotta chickens.

Is there any doubt there will be a celebration? It will be held September 24 from 3-7p.m. at her home.

As for flowers, Mom would rather have them bursting from the ground rather than cut and delivered, so please, if you feel compelled to send something tangible, a donation to RSQ Dogs would make Mom happy. (rsqutah.org). Otherwise, be kind to a stranger, raise a glass, or wave hello as she passes by in every meteor shower you will ever live to see.

"I never thought it would end this way ... I always thought I'd get shot in some dive bar by a jealous housewife." —Kathy Munson, August 2022

Tribute Wall

MF

“ I will never forget Kathy’s open arms and open heart. Meeting her soon after she lost Frank, and watching her transition into a **GODESS!** She inspired us all by her **LOVE** of life and it showed by all of the creativity flowing out of her at all times. Her open door, her laughter, her sarcasm and her smoke. I am so grateful to have been touched by Kathy. She will forever be on her land, in my heart. Deepest condolences to all of her offspring, blood or otherwise.
❤️❤️❤️❤️❤️ Mame

Mame Fitzpatrick - September 07, 2022 at 01:31 PM

MK

*Rest easy Kathy, I will always love you for who you were. Say hi to all the special ones that left before.
Love you always, Mick.*

Mick koester - September 07, 2022 at 09:12 PM

KK

I loved being around you... I miss you. Luvs kath

kathy koester - September 08, 2022 at 12:39 AM