



In loving memory
Alice Faye Bley
May 16, 1935- December 31, 2025

Alice Faye Bley was authentically herself, resilient, strong-willed, sometimes stubborn, and some would even say a “pistol” until the end. She touched many lives with her sweet smile and attitude – especially in her final days. Faye never knew a stranger and was blessed with the gift of gab. She could strike up a conversation with just about anyone. She had plenty to say wherever she went, mainly about those she loved most: her family and pets (mostly dogs).



Faye's journey began on May 16, 1935, born to James and Cora (Crosthwaite) Ramsey in Sadieville, Kentucky in a log cabin. Faye was raised as the fourth of ten siblings: Sonia, Jim (Jr.), Gloria, Faye, Judy, Warner, Larry, Gwen, Cynthia, Debbie. She attended school in a one-room schoolhouse where she had to share books and much later in life complained she never got to take the book home. As part of a large family, she took on many responsibilities at home, helping with household chores and caring for her younger siblings.





At the age of 23, she married Francis Bley on June 28, 1958, at St. Augustine Church in Covington. Spending nearly 60 years together, through sickness and in health, they were life partners. She grew her own family with a son, Daniel Bley, grandson Brandon Phillips, and daughter Mary (Steve) Bridewell and grandchildren Cory, Allyson and Christopher.



Faye was the kind of mother who was involved, often volunteering and baking for every school activity she was able to do. She was always willing to try new things, even if they were a little unconventional. During the "Uncle Al" era of local television, she enrolled her kids in accordion lessons and decided to take lessons right alongside them.



She worked hard all her life whether she was paid for it or not. She ultimately ended up employed at the IRS for 17 years until she retired at the age of 70. If there is one word that describes Faye, it is “Maker.” Her hands were rarely still. When she picked up a hobby, she didn’t just dabble, she mastered it. She shared her creations with everyone and made sure no one left empty handed. She learned to crochet at a young age. She crocheted a blanket for almost every relative, often making extras “just in case” a new baby or spouse joined the family. Later, her passion was painting ceramics. Her shelves, and the shelves of nearly every family member, were adorned with her creations, including an entire eight-inch-tall ceramic Christmas manger set and countless ceramic Christmas trees.



She found joy in the simple rhythm of her days: sitting on the back porch swing (with a dog always claiming the spot next to her), watching the birds at her feeder, and chatting with her neighbor Dave. She loved the holidays, especially the annual visits to the Krohn Conservatory holiday display and driving around to see the Christmas lights—a tradition she was thankful to enjoy one last time this past December.



Faye passed away on Wednesday, December 31, 2025. She left us exactly as she lived: on her own terms, having fought to stay active and connected until the very end. Her life was defined by the simple, essential joys: good food, warm sunshine, and the faithful company of her dogs. She leaves behind a legacy of warmth that will stay with us always.



She enjoyed trips to the library, sometimes coming home with up to 15 different books to read. She eagerly read every one as long as it didn't have bad words or anything "questionable." A devoted crossword lover, her iPad was worn thin from constant play. On Wordsearch, she ended on level 23,757—no one could catch up to her!



Faye loved coconut cream and apple pie, sitting on the back deck in the summertime, and enjoying strawberry wine, but "just a little." She enjoyed Happy Hour and even the occasional sip of apple pie moonshine. Faye was never one to sit still and could often be found doing her daily exercises, maintaining her strength and motivation. At 85, she was still using her exercise bike and step machine. She would walk laps inside the house, often stopping at the couch to do her "bounces" to keep her legs strong.



She was just as prolific in the garden. Faye loved her flowers, especially her knockout rose bush that bloomed in three different colors. She was known to dig up plants and share them with her family in 5-gallon buckets. She would drop them off, admit she didn't know exactly what it was, and leave her family to figure it out in a "test bed". (This generosity is the reason her daughter's house is now covered in Ostrich ferns and a sedum border plant the family affectionately calls "whirly-gig"). But there were plants she didn't like: she fought with the invasive morning glories on her fence and the Rose of Sharon plant that hung over her front porch and she could talk your ear off about her ongoing battle.



Faye loved her family greatly but she also loved to show them how to win. She loved card games like Rummy and Uno, but she really shined on the Scrabble board. She was notorious for keeping a dictionary right next to her to "cheat" with, a trick she playfully passed down to the younger generations. She also loved playing Yahtzee and Right Left Center. Her youngest grandson tried to teach her ping pong but it was best to just let her toss bean bags into a basket!



Her cooking was the glue of many family events. Her fried chicken was the gold standard in the family, and her peach cobbler was a staple at the yearly family reunions in Crittenden, Big Bone Lick and Villa Madonna. She also cherished her weekly "Family Dinners" with her siblings and extended family at various local restaurants. Her signature green beans were a requirement at every event, and her granddaughter Allyson and grandson Christopher would practically fight over her banana nut bread.



Her home was also a sanctuary for animals. Faye never met a stray dog she didn't claim and then spoil! At one point, a local police officer overheard her talking about her four dogs, despite the city limit of three. He reportedly looked at Faye, and let it slide, saying he knew she took good care of them.



Cynthia, her sister, lived with her for a couple years before she spent her final 5+ years in the "mother-in-law" suite with her daughter, Mary, and son-in-law, Steve. She loved watching the birds and the neighbors from her window. She would give a full report on how many squirrels she yelled at, which kids were outside, the dogs she saw, and if the "old man" who is much younger than her was out in his yard.

