



Cathy Sue Caridi

March 23, 1956 - May 26, 2025

Cathy Sue Caridi, born in Bennettsville, South Carolina to Neil McEachern Bundy and Mary Sue Dudley, fell asleep peacefully and simply didn't wake up — a quiet exit for a woman who lived anything but a quiet life. She was 69.

She leaves behind her four children, Cheryl, Raina, Gary, and Kaitlyn — her “greatest story,” as she often said — her lifelong partner and dear friend Francisco Leon, her brother Neil McEachern Bundy Jr., her former husband Douglas Caridi, and her two beloved cats (allergies be damned).

Cathy was a force. A Southern girl with big personality, and big opinions. She was tough, witty, tender, sarcastic, spiritual, a bit stubborn, and always curious about the world — especially how it worked, where it went wrong, and how it might be fixed.

She raised four children with grit, love, and a strong arm for discipline (and dance parties). Once they were all school-aged, she hit the workforce in full swing, juggling odd jobs before climbing the ranks at US Airways, where she quickly landed in management — a role she handled with the same flair she brought to everything else. She was Cathy with a “C”.

Cathy loved music — the louder and more live, the better. As a young woman, she once traveled with a band as a stagehand, a time she recalled fondly and

often. If there was music nearby, she'd be dancing, humming, or dragging you to dance with her. Her love of live performances was matched only by her love of a good deal — Dollar General, beware. She could fill a cart without a list and justify every purchase with, “ it's only money. You can't take it with you, so spend it while you got it.”

She was a dreamer, a seeker, and a believer — in people, in God, and in the possibility that everything has a meaning. She spent many years pioneering and preaching, searching for spiritual truth and connection. She was a historian at heart, a reader by nature, and a philosopher when the night got quiet.

She spoiled her kids (unapologetically), never missed a school play, spring concert, a doctors appointment, or graduation. She taught them how to dance, and never hesitated to offer a shoulder, a meal, or a strong opinion. She had a soft spot for misfits and outsiders, often making those who felt invisible feel like the center of the universe. She once brought a homeless man home to feed him and get him cleaned up — not her safest decision, but absolutely on-brand for someone whose kindness knew no bounds. The neighborhood cats, kids, and strangers all knew her name.

She had a gift for making a home feel like a refuge — even if that meant force-feeding you leftovers and giving you chores. Cathy couldn't walk into a party without helping clean up before dessert. She adored hydrangeas, dahlias, and the beach (especially with a questionable amount of tanning oil). Monster Energy and Budweiser could've sponsored her retirement, and she firmly believed SPF was optional.

In her final years, Cathy slowed down. She reflected. She carried her regrets quietly and her love loudly. Losing her mother in 2021 carved a space in her heart that never quite filled. She stayed funny, thoughtful, and full of opinions

until the very end.

Her favorite songs were Free by Zac Brown Band and Into the Mystic by Van Morrison. And now, she is. Free. Into the mystic, at last.

She is gone from our sight, but not from our stories, our songs, and our dances in the kitchen and around the car. We will carry you with us — in every laugh, every road trip, every time we see a flower too bright to ignore.

We love you endlessly. We miss you always. And we will make you proud.

Tribute Wall

SW

“ *My memory of Cathy was that she could light up a room. Beautiful lady. I am a friend of her brother Macky and when those two got together there was a party going on. We had some good times. The world is a sadder place with her gone. My condolences to her family. R.I.P. Cathy*



steve whitacre - June 06, 2025 at 11:16 AM

RC

“ *It is with broken hearts that we say goodbye to our incredible mother. Her passing feels surreal—like the world has shifted but forgotten to tell us how to carry on. And yet, we do, because she taught us how.*

She gave us everything she had, always. Whether it was the bedazzled jewelery she dorned me in for my 6th grade princess jazmin play, the sharp wit in her sarcasm that made us laugh or hide in the chaos, or the tireless love she poured into every moment of her motherhood—she gave us the very best she could.

She was a master of the impossible: working hard, raising four kids, and somehow making it all look effortless. I am hopeful your spirit will keep us all together and be the glue and power in the understanding that life is short. We will love hard, be honest and true to ourselves, give ourselves grace and forgiveness, even when it feels wrong to do so, and be accountable in all the decisions we make!

We will miss you every single day. Your strength will live in the way we move, the way we speak, and the way we love. Your legacy is stitched into who we are.

Thank you, Mom, for everything. We carry you with us always.



Raina Caridi-Valentin - June 04, 2025 at 08:51 AM

CW

“Gone way to soon. RIP cuzzo. You're now healed. Love you ❤️
Thoughts and prayers continue for family and friends.

Cindy Wright - June 02, 2025 at 04:50 PM

RG

“I remember meeting her for the 1st time and She was Smiling, Her strength and smile brought a smile to everyone who met her. My heart goes out to everyone who Loved Her.

RAELYNNE GARREN - June 02, 2025 at 10:37 AM

JR

“She was my supervisor at USAirways and did the job of 2 women, but still maintained the best humor and attitude! XO

JD Reid - June 01, 2025 at 04:55 PM

EB

“Cathy was, to say the least, an incredible woman. Fairly sure she was my last goodbye before I left for college, and one of my first Hellos when I came back to town to visit. Many memories will be cherished.



Evalynn Barbare - May 31, 2025 at 11:02 AM