

From the Obituary of Ruth Mary Smith, 1922-2022, in the June 4th Globe and Mail...

"In her long life, she played in Pacific Ocean waves, took ballet and fencing lessons, saw London aflame during the Blitz, taught Sunday School while waiting to be called for national service, ran from door to door to shelter during bombings, stepping over fire hoses on her way to work, and was in the crowd in front of Buckingham Palace on VE Day. She rode a camel at Giza, dined at Maxims in Cairo, and flew in the belly of a bomber to Yemen during demobilization. She found herself in the Soviet Embassy in London the night Stalin died. In Canada, she walked on the Athabaska Glacier, stood outside storefronts selling daffodils for cancer research, went door to door asking for donations to the United Way, taught teens at the "Y", and caned chairs and made lampshades, made hats and sewed house dresses, took in other people's pets, made quilts for charity, cultivated a widely-admired garden, and kept one house "Mi casa es so casa" for 64 years, in which she raised two sons, Graham and Brian, gave shelter to three women, and was caregiver for her mother. She made friends of all ages throughout her long life. She showed us how to mambo at 90. This, and much, much more."