

IN LOVING MEMORY OF  
**RUTH GWILLIAM**

SEPTEMBER 9, 1928 — JUNE 16, 2024



*Funeral Service*

2:00 p.m. on Friday, June 21, 2024  
Kelvington United Church  
Kelvington, SK

*Officiating*  
Cindy Goodman

*Eulogist*  
Joyce Gwilliam

*Scripture Reading*  
Cheney Creamer

*Ushers*  
Gerald Minor & Wade Prouse  
*Memorial Book Attendants*  
Polly Schindel & Linda Monea

*Pallbearers*  
Ted Cawkwell, Cheney Creamer, Brodie Gwilliam,  
Bailey Gwilliam, Belinda Mehmal, Joshua Lockie,  
Brittany Lockie & Nina Lockie

*Interment*  
Kelvingrove Cemetery  
Kelvington, SK

**ANNOUNCEMENT**

Please join the family for a time of fellowship and refreshments at the Kelvington Senior Activity Centre following the burial.

Ruth Olive Florence (Prouse) Gwilliam was born on September 12<sup>th</sup>, 1928, and died at the age of 95 this past Sunday, June 16<sup>th</sup>. She was the fourth of twelve children born to Ruth (Erickson) and Oliver Prouse. She started her life at a farm on the Alberta/Saskatchewan border, but when the dust of the early thirties was too much, the family moved to the Kelvington area where they eventually settled on the same quarter section as the Hill Peak School. This was important since Ruth's Mom and Dad believed in an education for their 10 girls and 2 boys.

Ruth's dedication to education took her into teacher training (called 'Normal School'), first in Moose Jaw and then in Saskatoon. She taught at Nut Grove, Farmingdale, and Batestown. While boarding at Clarice and George Derbyshire's, Georges' cousin Ernie Gwilliam would stop by when he was custom snow plowing. One day he came dressed up and declared that he was there to take Ruthie on a date. They got married on the Remembrance Day weekend, 1951. In Ruth's own words, "I became a farmer's wife, mother, bookkeeper and gopher girl. I raised a garden and four children and tried to be community minded. I never regretted any of it."

Being a farm wife and mother was well suited to Ruth's resourcefulness where she could just as easily double clutch a grain truck down the ravine, change a washing machine motor, make pies and can fruit, take porcupine quills out of the dog's mouth, design and sew a wardrobe, or correct her children's homework. She was undaunted by any task.

When Ruth and Ernie retired to town, she continued to be involved in the Friendship Club. She loved making quilts, many of which still wrap family, friends and neighbors in comfort. As an ongoing learner, she attended many art classes, particularly with her daughter Judi. She enjoyed beautifying everything from stones to cream cans. She never lost her love of being 'thrifty', which took her to garage sales or secondhand stores for her own things, while she graciously wrote generous cheques for others.

Ruth was able to stay in her home until the summer of 2023, when she moved into the Lodge. You could usually find her at the jigsaw puzzle table or in her room doing her daily crossword.

Ruth is survived by her children Joyce (Ken Blosser), Sam (Colleen), David (Eileen), Judi (Brian) Lockie, her grandchildren Ted Cawkwell (Tusia Black), Cheney Creamer (Duncan), Brodie Gwilliam (Britney Binkley), Bailey Gwilliam (Sam Parkin), Belinda Mehmal (Chase), Joshua Lockie, Brittany Lockie (Tyndall Johnston), Nina Lockie, and great grandchildren David and Harrison Mehmal. She is also survived by her much-loved sisters, Violet Robinson, Dorothy Minor, Edna Wagner, Isabelle (Morris) McClement, Nadine (Dale) Swindells, and sisters-in-law Connie Prouse, Lorraine Prouse, and Hazel Gwilliam.

She was predeceased by her parents Ruth and Oliver Prouse; her husband Ernie; her siblings Beatrice Keyes, Gladys Hendren, Myrtle Wagner, Oliver Prouse, Russel Prouse, and Connie Gustus; grandson Byron; and many in-laws.



### **Death Is Nothing At All**

I have slipped away into the next room.  
I am I and you are you. Whatever we were to  
Each other, that we still are.

Call me by my own familiar name,  
Speak of me in the easy way we always used.  
Put no difference in your tone;

Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.  
Laugh as we always laughed at the little jokes  
We enjoyed together.

Pray, smile, think of me, pray for me.  
Let my name be the household word it always was,  
Let it be spoken without effort, without the  
Ghost of a shadow in it.

Life means all that it has ever meant.

It is the same as it ever was,  
There is absolutely unbroken continuity.  
Why should I be out of your mind because I am  
Out of your sight?

I am but waiting for you, for an interval  
Somewhere very near, just around the corner.  
All is well, nothing is past, nothing is lost.  
One brief moment and all will be as it was before.

### **Acknowledgement**

Thank you all for your love & kindness during this sad time. Your  
thoughtfulness is appreciated and will always be remembered ♥

ARRANGEMENTS ENTRUSTED TO

**Tompkins**  
FUNERAL HOME  
& CREMATORIUM



*In loving memory of*

*Ruth Gwilliam*

September 9, 1928 - June 16, 2024