



Ruth Davis

December 3, 1915 - December 14, 2015

Ruth Davis lived and loved for 100 years. She was born during a winter storm at the family farm in Laurel, the youngest of five siblings and daughter of Annie and Lyman Beeman. As a young child, Ruth survived the Spanish Flu pandemic of 1918 and persisted to live an adventurous life in an adventurous century.

That was Ruth, in fact, persistent, constant, no-nonsense, and wise. Ruth watched as the world of her science fiction novels became reality, and keenly embraced the new: sprinting home from school to see the kitchen's first electric lightbulb, listening attentively to wireless reports of Lindbergh's flight, being intrigued by a newfangled television in a street-front window ("that's as close as you're ever likely to get to one of those," noted her husband Howard), and witnessing the miracle of penicillin first-hand.

From microwave ovens to moon landings, and automobiles to I-Pads, Ruth was always enticed by the ground-breaking, the innovative, and the promising.

Ruth cared deeply for others and loved with the same unwavering will that sustained her for a lifetime. She survived two husbands, a world war, and the loss of her dear son. She has two loving daughters, Anne and Mary, six grandchildren, eight great-grandchildren, and an assortment of others with

the truly good fortune to marry into her self-proclaimed family “bramble.”

Ruth was the cribbage instructor and crossword sage. She saw beauty in science and nature, and savored her years of beach walks and moonrises on Lummi Island. She was a nurse, and world traveler, and avid reader.

She was a mother and a matriarch, the blue-willow storyteller and agate seeker. She persisted. Ruth sat in her chair and asked me what I thought about “it all”. She said that she thought that the “whole thing” was pretty good; she had done a lot of things. She had been a lot of places. She had loved a lot of people, and been loved by many more.

“And remember”, she always instructed, “whatever else, love is the most important thing.” In this lesson, and in our hearts, she will always persist.

A graveside service will be conducted on Tuesday, December 22, 2015 at 10am at Woodlawn Cemetery. A memorial service will follow at Greenacres Memorial Park at 11am, with a reception to follow.

Tribute Wall



“ *I am so sorry to hear the Ruth passed away. She is such a wonderful person and will be greatly missed.* ”

Julie Ann Butterworth (Smith) - December 14, 2015 at 12:00 AM