



Ruth Wolk

MAY 12, 1918 - MAY 23, 2016



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Bruce Wolk posted:

Excerpts from The Eulogy of Ruth Wolk
 The lone survivor of a terrible battle came before The Emperor of Japan. The man had fought alongside a Prince that the Emperor deeply admired. "You were with the Prince at the end?" Asked the Emperor. "Yes," said the survivor. "Tell me how he died," spoke the Emperor. "No," said the man. "I will tell you how he lived."*** Ruth Wolk saw the sweep of a nation, from the end of WWI to the Great Depression, Lindbergh's flight, Pearl Harbor, WWII, television, the computer, scientific advances, a moonwalk and a marriage with children, then grandchildren, and great grandchildren. As Ruthie the Riveter, She built fighter planes in WWII, ran a business, extensively traveled, volunteered, taught canasta and filled our homes with an odd collection of her hand-painted ceramics. She collected people including movie actors, authors, musicians, lawyers, accountants, physicians, and airline pilots as well as merchants, clerks, tailors and the humble. Indeed, she loved the humble the most. She grew up listening to Aaron Copeland, George Gershwin, Glenn Miller and The Andrews Sisters. She witnessed Silent films give way to Talkies. She saw Fred Astaire and Ginger Rodgers, Laurel and Hardy, and laughed at the Borscht belt humor of Henny Youngman, Jackie Mason and Buddy Hackett. Yet into her late 90s, she sent me texts from her iPhone, played games on her computer and watched videos on YouTube.*** Ruthie was raised poor. Most of us, cannot relate just how poor. Potato soup for dinner poor. Two dresses through high school poor. One dress a hand-me-down from her sister Isabel. She was mocked by the rich kids. I know this never left her, as she told me only last year. This is why she always loved the less fortunate. She accepted her fate in life, and that fate was sometimes unfair. Hers was a generation that gave much and sacrificed too much. Over 98 years, she saw death; expected and unexpected. She also saw life in all of its glory, majesty, beauty and redemption. She always looked forward to the next thing, the next event, the next card game, the next friend, the next and the next. She may very well be here before going somewhere else. She was not one to look back, and if so, never with regret. **** Her teenaged dream was to be a theoretical mathematician. Did you know that? How can you not understand geometry and intermediate algebra she would ask me? It's so simple! In that particular instance I was absolutely certain I had been adopted. **** She taught me to love gardening. My sister the love of music. I must step out of this eulogy for just a minute. I mentioned my sister's name. I cannot and should not allow us to forget the countless blessings Nancy (and John) bestowed on my mother, especially from her later years in Florida to then spend some of the happiest years of her life in a completely new home in Las Vegas. In front of all the mourners, I beg that the blessings they bestowed on my mother are returned to them a hundred-fold. She taught us about Antiques. Art. Books. Manhattan clam chowder. Ruth Moskowitz Wolk loved anything Buffalo including the Buffalo Bills, with the possible exception of spicy Buffalo chicken wings.**** Ruth never declared herself religious but embraced the truest virtues of Judaism. To love thy neighbor as thyself, to walk humbly with God, to leave a portion to those less fortunate. To give without expectation of reward and never with interest. She loved without the expectation of reciprocation, but more significantly, to love without exception. She brought us together. She taught forgiveness. I realized that although I was her son, she had many, many sons and many daughters and they were all her friends. If family trees were drawn in a Ruth Wolk style, they would be a magnificent grapevine... (Complete eulogy available by request, bruce@brucewolk.com)

August 16 at 11:51 AM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Ruth by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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