

Ruth McMullin

AUGUST 3, 1983 - MAY 11, 2021

Ruth was born and spent her younger years in the United Kingdom in a small town in Cheshire.

When she was 9 years old she moved with her family to Canada. Following a couple of years in Calgary the family moved to Cochrane during which time she developed friendships that remain strong until this day and that were always a source of joy and strength to her.

For the last 8 years Ruth worked for an engineering and environmental consulting company. It was here that Ruth found a home-from-home, developing many important friendships that brought her great pleasure. She thrived in a culture that valued both hard work and kindness.

Outside work her passion was her two children Emma and Jordan. She was never happier than when she was with them and revelled in each obstacle they surmounted.

Ruth's whole family is now intent on helping her children achieve the happiness that she always sought for them.



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IN LOVING MEMORY

Ruth McMullin
1983-2021



Celebration of Life

Evan J. Strong Funeral Services
5502 - 2nd Street SW
Calgary, AB T2H 0G9
September 11, 2021 at 11:00 am

On Joy and Sorrow

KAHLIL GIBRAN - 1883-1931

Then a woman said, Speak to us of Joy and Sorrow.

And he answered:

Your joy is your sorrow unmasked.

And the selfsame well from which your laughter rises was oftentimes filled with your tears.

And how else can it be?

The deeper that sorrow carves into your being, the more joy you can contain.

Is not the cup that holds your wine the very cup that was burned in the potter's oven?

And is not the lute that soothes your spirit, the very wood that was hollowed with knives?

When you are joyous, look deep into your heart and you shall find it is only that which has given you sorrow that is giving you joy.

When you are sorrowful look again in your heart, and you shall see that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your delight.

Some of you say, "Joy is greater than sorrow," and others say, "Nay, sorrow is the greater."

But I say unto you, they are inseparable.

Together they come, and when one sits alone with you at your board, remember that the other is asleep upon your bed.

Verily you are suspended like scales between your sorrow and your joy.

Only when you are empty are you at standstill and balanced.

When the treasure-keeper lifts you to weigh his gold and his silver, needs must your joy or your sorrow rise or fall.

