



Ruth Mary Kraft

June 3, 1922 - December 13, 2017

Ruth Mary Kraft, 95, of Bremerton, passed away on December 13, 2017.

She was born in Sheridan Lake, CO on June 3, 1922 to Jean and Robert Lantz. The family moved to Kearney, Nebraska when Ruth was a toddler. When Ruth was 8 years old, her family moved again, this time from Nebraska to Hoquiam WA, due to the Dust Bowl. That is where she, and her siblings, spent the remainder of their childhood.

In 1943, two years after the United States entered WWII, Ruth married her first husband (Walt) and permanently relocated to Bremerton WA. While her husband was away at war, she worked as a tool room attendant in the shipyard. After the war, she and Walt had three daughters together.

In 1972, Ruth married Emmitt Kraft. The two loved to travel and frequently went on long road trips together in their RV. Together they visited 49 of the 50 states. Emmitt preceded Ruth in death in 1999.

Ruth was quick to laugh and was known for her spunk and wry sense of humor. Creative at heart, she enjoyed needlepoint, crochet, knitting and painting.

She will be dearly missed by her children, Mary Swoboda (Lee), Maureen Farndon (Fred), Vicky Backus (Mike) Kathy Poland and Emmitt Joe Kraft (Ashley); eight grandchildren; and three great grandchildren.

A private service will be held at a later date. Memorial donations can be made to Multi-Care Hospice, PO Box 5200, Tacoma WA 98409.

Comments



“ MOM'S FINAL JOURNEY

By Mary Swoboda

January 12, 2018

Those last few months with mom were very stressful. Looking back, I see that now, but at the time I just did what needed to be done day to day.

I suspect mom's decline started in September with a urinary tract infection (UTI) and dehydration that caused her to end up in the hospital for 5 days. After a course of antibiotics and intravenous fluids, mom was released to a rehab facility for 3 weeks to get her strength back.

In the meantime, with her blessing, we decided to move her from Canterbury (independent living) to Claremont (assisted living). After her rehab she went right to Claremont.

Mom perked up in October around the time her daughter Maureen visited. Physical therapy was helping strengthen her muscles and retrain her on basic functions that would make it easier to do things herself. She was slowly improving, but reached a plateau in November.

Then mom started declining again. I'm convinced it was due to a chronic urinary infection, which made her seem like she had dementia. She also fell...a lot. I was getting frequent calls saying she'd fallen. Most of the time she would slide off her bed or recliner, landing on her butt, hurting her pride but not her body.

During this time mom figured out what "assisted" really meant ... a nurse or aide "assisted" her with getting dressed, taking showers, getting in and out of bed, walking her to and from the dining room and, worst of all, helping her with toileting.

Mom valued her privacy and resisted giving up her independence. Being in an assisted living facility, she had to operate on THEIR schedule, not her own, even though she continued to try. She would often tell me that in her mind she KNEW she could do something, but then reality would show her she could not.

One of the physical therapists told me mom's stubbornness and independence had been a strength while she was slowly improving, but now that same stubbornness and independence was getting in the way of letting other people help her.

Mom knew I and the staff at Claremont had her best interests in mind, but she could never fully relinquish control. Finally, after a particularly embarrassing incident in her doctor's bathroom on December 8, then the very next day falling and hitting her head, requiring seven staples, I think she just gave up the will to live. Three days later she was gone.

Mom kept her spunkiness and wry sense of humor nearly to the end. After she'd gotten the staples in the back of her head the ER doctor wrapped a large cloth bandage around her head. It reminded us of the "Flying Nun," and we laughed about that. Laying in bed the next morning, mom had fidgeted with the cloth and pulled it

down over her eyes. One of the aides, Thelma, happened to come into her room about that time and went over to readjust it for mom. As soon as Thelma lifted the cloth from mom's eyes, she looked right at Thelma and said, "Peek a Boo!" Thelma and mom laughed. And later, when Thelma told me about it, she laughed again, with tears in her eyes.

The Claremont staff loved mom and cared about her. She was easy going and kidded with them, knew most of their names, and was as compliant as she could be under the circumstances, at least when they were around.

Mom lived life on her own terms. She did not relish being taken care of. If there was a contest of wills in this end-of-life saga, then I would have to say mom won, master of her own life, victorious to the end.

Mom chose to be cremated and her wishes were for her ashes to be spread over the same spot in the bay in front of their Illahee home as her husband Emmitt. The family plans to fulfill her wishes on her birthday in June.

Mary Swoboda - January 18, 2018 at 09:09 PM



“ Sending sympathy to all of you - Mary (Turk) Nelson

Mary Nelson - December 18, 2017 at 09:37 AM



“ We are sending our condolences from half way around the world and hope everyone can find peace and happiness this holiday season.

Love,

Ryan and Jana

eric - December 17, 2017 at 02:13 PM



“ 2 files added to the album New Album Name



Mary Swoboda - December 17, 2017 at 08:13 AM



“ Ruth had a great wit about her, and said some funny stuff from time to time. The one that made me laugh the hardest was "I can remember that when a man said he was gay he meant he was HAPPY" She was a wonderful lady I will miss her.
Fred

Fred Farndon - December 16, 2017 at 12:09 PM