

In Loving Memory of Ron

Today, we gather to celebrate the life of Ron, a man whose journey began on March 27, 1949, in Snow Lake, Manitoba. He was a trailblazer from the very beginning, the first baby boy ever born in the Snow Lake hospital.

Ron was raised in a small cabin at **Skunk Hollow**, across the lake from Snow Lake, alongside his five sisters and one brother. His father was a trapper, and his mother was a true pioneer, raising her family in the wilderness, often on her own. Their lives were shaped by resilience, courage, and a deep connection to the land.

One family story tells of a forest fire threatening their home. In an act of remarkable bravery, Ron's mother took her children to a large rock in the middle of the river and covered them with wet blankets to protect them from the flames. It was that kind of strength and determination that surrounded Ron from the beginning.

Life as a child was filled with adventure. The children spent their days swimming, canoeing, and exploring the outdoors. One famous family story happened when Ron was almost three years old. He fell off the wharf into the water and disappeared beneath the surface. When one of his sisters jumped in after him, she found him clinging tightly to a piling with both arms and legs wrapped around it. Even then, it seemed Ron knew how to hang on.

The children were first homeschooled, and when they eventually attended school, they walked a mile through the bush to the highway, where the miners' bus would pick them up and take them into town. Later, the family moved into Snow Lake. Ron loved telling stories from those years, especially about the huge hill he and his friends sledded down in winter. In his telling, it was a mountain. In reality, it was about three feet tall. But that was Ron. He knew that the best stories came with a little imagination and a lot of laughter.

When he was about ten years old, his father entrusted him and his friend Lyle with a small trapline of their own. Every weekend, they headed into the wilderness, learning responsibility, independence, and the skills that would stay with him throughout his life.

One of the greatest sorrows of Ron's life came when his father passed away when Ron was only fifteen years old. It was a loss he carried with him forever. Yet even through hardship, Ron found reasons to smile and stories to tell. He often laughed about the time he was drying furs in a small trapping cabin. He built a good fire and went next door to his sister's house for tea. Later, his brother-in-law casually remarked, "I see you're drying your furs really well." Ron looked out the window just in time to see his cabin completely engulfed in flames.

NOTE: The photographed pages provided do not include the middle portion of the eulogy. This large-print copy preserves the visible wording and does not invent the missing section.

And most of all, we think of love.

He was my love, my life, and I miss him with every breath.

And so I leave you with the words of a song that says so much of what is in my heart:

"Without you, what do I do with me?"

Until we meet again, Ron, we will carry you with us. In our stories, in our songs, in our laughter, and in our hearts.

We will remember you with love.