



Ruth Rodriguez Meza

MAY 2, 1928 - NOV 9, 2025



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Ruth Rodriguez Meza

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Ruth M. Rodriguez Meza
Born in Brawley CA. on May 2, 1928, to parents Thomas and Mercedes Rodriguez,
and peacefully passed away at the age of 97, on Sunday November 9th, 2025.

Ruth was a graduate of Mountain Empire High School and retired from a 30-year career at Security Pacific Bank, now Bank of America. She married the love of her life Maximiliano "Max" Meza in 1984.

She was the eldest daughter of 11 children and is survived by siblings, Steven Rodriguez of Meza, AZ, Rebecca and Benjamin Rodriguez of San Diego, CA and Naomi Campbell of Glen Spey, NY. She also leaves behind numerous Nieces, Nephews, Great and Great Great Nieces and Nephews, Brother and Sister in Laws and many beloved friends made in her 97 years.

Ruth Was a devout Christian who loved the Lord and attended Faith Chapel in Spring Valley for many years. As the Matriarch of the family, her presence will be greatly missed by us and all who knew and loved her.

A closed casket Service will be held at Greenwood Mortuary in San Diego, on Monday December 8th at 10 am.




Events


Ruth Rodriguez Meza

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Closed Casket Visitation

 **Monday**, December 8, 2025

 10:00 AM - 11:00 AM PT

 **Garden Chapel at Greenwood**
4300 Imperial Ave., San Diego CA 92113





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Allyssa Ager posted:

Written by Allyssa, one of Auntie's great nieces: Growing up I didn't have grandparents on either side but what I did have was Auntie Ruthie and Uncle Max. Auntie would watch me when I was little, we did so much together, they'd take me to the park, to church on Sundays, brunch afterwards, I'd help Uncle Max work in the yard we'd pick the plums, figs and lemons, I'd help Auntie hang the laundry on the line, I couldn't reach so I'd hand her things to hang and help her in the kitchen as much as I could, her kitchen is my favorite place, I would sit on the stool in there and watch her. They always came to grandparents day at my elementary school, even though at the time we lived an hour away. At Christmas time Auntie and I would spend hours setting up her Christmas village in the living room. They were a huge part of my world. Auntie would always cook, her green enchiladas were my favorite, we would go to this tortilla shop and get fresh tortillas and she would always have to get more than she needed because I would eat half of them by the time we got home, they were so good. When I was 15 my parents and I moved to Washington and when I graduated high school in 2006 Auntie Ruthie and Uncle Max flew up for my graduation, I remember Uncle Max brought his suitcase to the middle of the living room and opened it, the whole thing was lined with tortillas. We all laughed he said "my wife had to bring tortillas, she told me put them in here so I did, I asked where will I put my clothes? she said you'll figure it out, and now all my clothes smell like tortillas." In Dec 2016 my husband, our kids and I made our yearly roadtrip down here to spend Christmas. We had 3 kids at the time and my then youngest, McKenzie was 2 months old, I remember being at Uncle Lloyd and Auntie Esther's house, I have a picture of Uncle Max holding Kenzee on the couch, she started crying and he gave her to Auntie, she sat in Uncle Lloyds rocking chair and rocked her patting back her singing loo luki loo luki dun dun dun, which is what she used to sing to me when I was little. I watched her comfort my baby and I knew that was going to be a core memory. Before we headed back up to Washington we came to Auntie's house to spend the day with her and Uncle Max like we always did when we came down. (Auntie made me green enchiladas). I always prioritize time with them. When we were saying our goodbyes Uncle Max hugged me so tight then he held my shoulders and said "Mija, we never know how much time we have left or who is going to go first, me or your Auntie, but know we love you very much and we are so proud of you." Less than 2 months later, Uncle Max passed away. In hindsight I think part of him knew that was the last time we would see each other. The day after he passed I called the house, I can't remember who answered the phone but I heard Auntie ask who is it? They said it's Allyssa. She took the phone, she didn't say anything but I could tell she was on the other end. I said hi Auntie, and she broke down she said Allyssa, my husband, he's gone. I said I know Auntie I am so sorry. And we cried together. We didn't say much, we just sat together on the phone mourning this incredible loss. After that I started looking at time differently. It was no longer years or months, it was visits. And every visit was that much more meaningful because I never knew when it would be the last. Auntie has orchids in her kitchen that Uncle Max would get for her, when he passed I started getting them for her when I would visit. Spaghetti was one of her favorite meals but she said she never makes it anymore cause it's so much food, so this last Dec my family and I were down I went and got all the things we needed and made her spaghetti, I remember I called her from the grocery store to ask her what kind of noodles she preferred, "Auntie do you want regular spaghetti noodles? Or do you like the thinner ones? She said whatever you like, the thinner ones, but whatever you like. Thin



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AA

noodles it is Auntie" that was the one and only time I got to cook for her, I was in her kitchen cooking for her, she sat at the table in the kitchen and my daughter sat in the stool, I will forever cherish that memory. Auntie was my everything, when anything would happen, bad, good or even if I was just feeling overwhelmed with life I would call her. In 2020, 4 months after having my last baby I fell down the stairs and broke my leg, I had to have surgery and was bed ridden for almost 3 months. I got extremely depressed. I would call her, she had just broken her hip 2 years prior and she would talk me through all the things, she'd tell me how to manage the stairs, things she learning from physical therapy but mostly she would tell me "Mija this too shall pass. We have a choice we can let things get us down or we can trust God and get through it. We have to keep moving. And you have to let people help you." I would think to myself if she could find the strength in her 90s I could too. She saved me during that time. She was always my strength. She's the strongest person I know. As time went on things got harder for her, I remember one time she told me, "people say I'm stubborn but I just don't like to have help, I don't want to be a burden." I told her "Auntie, you're never a burden, you've spent your life helping everyone and now they want to help you. You have to let people help you." I understand how hard that was for her. Even though she's gone, she's not gone, neither of them are. I have them everywhere, little memories, pieces of them scattered throughout our house. (candle holders from their wedding in my living room, dish ware in my kitchen, a stuffed bear she gave me on my bed, uncle Max's Chargers sweatshirt under my pillow, his cologne in my bathroom and his picture in my wallet). I've had her Christmas village for a few years now, her and I used to set up together but the last few seasons Chris and I set it up, my kids love it. I always call her to let her know it's up and the lights are all working. (One of the times we drove down I snipped pieces of some of her plants from the backyard and propagated them, I have them all over my house, her giant cactus the one she got so excited about when it finally bloomed last year, part of it is by my back door, it's actually gotten really big the last few years, she would ask how it was doing because of the weather difference in Washington we weren't sure how it would do). Auntie and Uncle always have been and will always be everywhere. I will miss her so much, I will miss them so much, but there's this comfort that I feel knowing that they're together again, I know they are, like Uncle Max would say, oh you better believe it. I know she knows how much I love her and how grateful I am for her. I told her that as often as I could. And I continue to tell her that. Her memory, their memory is eternal. In me and my kids. Their love for me, I feel it always. I'm trying to find the strength I know she's still giving me, but it's a little hard to find right now. I love you Auntie, thank you for everything, give Uncle Max a giant hug for me and I'll see you guys again, oh you better believe it.

December 7 at 7:37 AM

NC

Naomi Campbell December 11 at 1:09 PM

Allyssa, that is so beautiful and I know that it has come from not only your heart but your amazing memories that you had with my Sister Ruth. Forever in your heart and memories. She loved you so much,



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Naomi Campbell posted:

My dearest sister Ruth Rodriguez Meza our beloved sister the Matriarch of our family passed away at the age 97. Our hearts are broken, and we are feeling the loss of losing you. Ruth you and your late husband Max were wonderful Christians who loved the lord, you were always there for anyone that was in need of help. You both had such a wonderful gift of hospitality always welcoming everyone to your home, and you both had a remarkable gift of making everyone feel comfortable in your home. Your love for family and God was such a tribute to what it truly is to be a Christian. You were an amazing cook always putting delicious food on the table along with amazing desserts. I will miss you so much, and I will always remember all the beautiful words of wisdom that you would share with me. My only joy is knowing that you are no longer in pain, and you are now in Heaven with our Lord and Savior singing praise unto our God. Heaven has gained another Angel to rejoice in the Heavenly Choir singing Praises. You did leave us Rebecca, Steve, Benny and me (Naomi). One day we will see you again and we will rejoice with you and all the Heavenly Host that stands before our Lord and Savior. Singing Hosanna to the Highest our Lord. Love you forever until we meet again, watch over each of us including all the nephews, nieces, and grand nephews and nieces. II Corinthians 5: 7-8 For we walk by faith not by sight: We are confident, I say and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.

November 25 at 2:55 PM



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Drew Rodriguez posted:

This memory is written by aunt Ruthie's nephew Andrew Rodriguez. Aunt Ruth was the eldest of nine children born and raised by Reverend Thomas and Mercedes Rodriguez. My grandparents, Thomas and Mercedes Rodriguez, were God-fearing Christian parents and Preachers of the gospel, aunt Ruth, my father, Raymond and all my aunts and uncles. We're very fortunate to be raised by such God-fearing and upstanding Christian parents who loved the Lord and shared his word with all the people that their life would touch, the influence of my grandparents manifested itself in the lives of all my aunts and uncles that they raised and one of the most beautiful stories I've ever heard in my life was told to me by my father, aunt Ruth's younger brother. He told me that when my grandfather auntie Ruthie's father was on his deathbed. After expending his life preaching the gospel and ministering the good news, of the goodness of God with all the people that his life would touch, when he came to the end of his life and he was on his deathbed, he gathered all his children together in his room and while he laid in bed with his tattered well-read Bible on his lap He spoke a blessing over his children. And to this day in my life that was one of the most beautiful blessings I've ever heard in my life. He told his children " I don't have an inheritance to leave you and I don't have any money to leave you, but what I have to leave you is this word of God," He said to them. " Learn it, obey it, live by its principles and your life will be blessed," when I heard that story from my dad. My heart welled up with so much pride. I was so proud of my Grandfather for speaking that blessing into lives of his children. . And when I heard that, I told my dad Dad, you and your brothers and sisters were so blessed. Your father gave you the greatest treasure that a parent can leave his children. And that is the word of God and a love for the word of God. I told my father that is the reason why you and all your brothers and sisters. Have lived for the Lord as long as I've known them. And when I spoke at my dad's memorial service, I looked out into the audience and I seen his brothers and sisters and I knew the reason they all lived for the Lord was because of the influence that their parents had on their lives. Aunt Ruthie, was so fortunate to be raised by such Godly parents, aunt Ruthie has always lived an honorable faith-filled life of integrity and a reverence for God's word. And now myself and all of her family has the reassurance that when she stands before the Lord, she is going to hear the most important twenty-two words that she has ever heard in her entire life. When Jesus looks her in her eyes and says, " Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy that I've prepared for you before the foundations of the world. All of her family has the reassurance of knowing that she is going to be in the presence of God walking on streets of pure gold, where there'll be no more tears, no more suffering and no more pain, she is going to experience joy unspeakable and full of glory, where no eye has seen no ear has heard, and no mind can conceive the things that God has prepared for those that love him. She is going to an experience an eternal life that can't even be described with words. All I can say is what we know about it is that its joy, unspeakable and full of glory. I wanted to share a few memories of my aunt Ruth that I have when I was growing up, when I was very young, my family and I used to go over to aunt Ruthie's house to visit her, uncle Benny and aunt Becky, and when my brother Lee and I would do something that she didn't approve of or misbehave, she would grab us by the ears and twist our ears and pull them to let us know that we needed to straighten up, both Lee and I got the message real quick, and we both loved and respected our aunt very much. As I reflect on that now, I smile knowing that our aunt loved us enough to discipline us. When we needed discipline. And she loved us enough to care that we



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DR

would grow up to be well, mannerd young men, Another great memory I have of aunt Ruth is her great talent for baking and cooking. She would always make delicious meals. And she would bake the best pies that to this day. I've ever tasted in my life. She had an expertise of baking, the best pecan pies and fruit pies that I've ever had in all of my life. She knew how to make the crust just right fresh flaky and soft, her pies by far we're the best i've ever tasted in my life. Besides her talent for baking, she was a great keeper of the home. Always kept her house very neat and clean she even would always rake her green shag carpet. So it would always look nice. and she was very diligent. In her work as a banker, she worked faithfully for many years and was a very good steward of her money, and she was very generous and took care of her family, and did what she could for the well being of her family, some of my latest beautiful memories, or when I stopped by her house a few months ugh, and I spent time with her and uncle, Benny happened to be there. And during that visit, I felt led to share a Bible study with her and uncle, Benny, and I didn't have my Bible with me. So I shared the word of God from my heart, and from memory, and I had been studying The book of philippians and I had memorized most of the book, so I was sharing from my heart. And her and uncle benny sat there listening to me, intently, and when I was done, she looked at me and simply said that was good. Aunt Ruth loved God's word, and I cherish the time that I spent with her and uncle benny, that afternoon, and my last memory was visiting her in the hospital during her last week that she was here with us i sat by her bedside, and I held her by the hand and I asked her if I could pray with her and she said, yes, and I led her through a prayer where she told Jesus how much she loved him and how grateful she was for all the years of life that he's given her. And for the beautiful family that he blessed her with. And as I prayed from my heart, a prayer that would give me the assurance as her nephew even though I knew she was a faith, filled woman of God that lived such an honorable life of loving God and loving his word and loving her family, I just wanted the reassurance that all was well and I led her through The Sinner's prayer where she told Jesus how thankful, she was for her life and much she loved him. And she asked him to forgive her of all her sins and she did, and that was a beautiful moment that I spent with her. And a days after that. Jesus called her home to be with him forever. Aunt Ruthie, your entire family loves you very much. We will miss you very much. But we all know that you are in the presence of God, in a place where there is no more pain, no more sorrow, no more suffering and you are now experiencing what our human finite minds cannot even do describe with words. But it's what we all look forward to someday. And we are all gonna miss you. And thank you for the great example that you left all of us and for the life that you lived. We are so blessed to have had you. As a part of our family, and we will all love you very much. I'm really gonna miss you, your nephew. Andrew.

November 23 at 4:50 PM



Memories only last if you share them

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



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