



## Woody Dwain Fowler

April 24, 1934 - February 22, 2021

### WOODY DWAIN FOWLER

After battling declining health issues for several trying years, Woody Dwain Fowler, age 86, passed peacefully on the morning of February 22, 2021. Known as Great-Grandpa to nine, Grandpa to eight, Dad to four, brother to four, Uncle Woody to others, The Woodman to a few, and friend to all, he will be forever loved and remembered for his powerful and consistent devotion to family.

Born in Healdton, OK, Woody spent his boyhood years attempting to keep his mischievous younger brothers, Don and Steve, out of trouble. He typically failed. Strong Fowler personalities don't tame easily, yet Woody sometimes managed to keep these snappy youth mostly in check. Constantly on the move, the Fowler family chased the dream of oil prosperity, living in what seemed like every single small town in Texas, Oklahoma, and Kansas. When asked how many towns he had lived in as a boy, he would spend about ten thoughtful minutes naming all the forgotten places of the oil rush, finally sitting on "a lot" as his answer. Through these experiences, Woody developed an appreciation for hard work and a gritty attitude. The Fowlers somehow ended up in Rapid City, South Dakota, where he graduated from high school in 1952.

Shortly thereafter, Woody entered the United States Army. With lofty dreams of seeing the world, the Army benevolently sent him to...Kentucky, Fort

Campbell to be exact. But, not all was lost. Somewhere along the way, he married his first wife, Mildred (Millie) Richardson. To Woody's pleasure, the Army eventually transferred them to Germany. They were quickly blessed with twins, Diana and Marie. Recognized for his leadership potential and attention to detail, Woody earned the rank of Sergeant. He graduated from the arduous RANGER training, but was most proud of his paratrooper wings. By his storytelling, there wasn't an airplane in the Army inventory he hadn't jumped out of. Just before departing the Army, he took one last jump, deployed the chute, and landed right back in...Texas, Fort Hood this time.

Upon honorable discharge from the military, Woody moved to Nashville, Tennessee, where Dwain was born. Prospects of job offers in the food industry kept the Fowlers in Tennessee. It was there in Tennessee where he met his second wife, Jane Alexander. A few years later, Woody's fourth child, Ben, was born. For the next 33 years, Woody worked for the H. J. Heinz Company in Tennessee, Texas, California, and Georgia. A consistent theme in his professional and personal life, he was always on the road. Professionally, his beloved Heinz buddies can only be described as the renegades of the food industry. Gallivanting around the world, it remains to be seen if those work-brothers accomplished much for the company and yet somehow, earned promotions. Perhaps this was because Woody was their boss. Food-show antics and comedic pranks were the name of the game. Suffice to say, they built a brotherly bond for a lifetime and Woody always treasured this group of Heinz hooligans.

Eventually, Woody retired from Heinz and turned his compass towards other destinations. Woody and Jane hit the pavement for the next 20 years, spending their golden years with the people they loved. Woody was the self-appointed entrepreneur of the Fowler network, a loose conglomeration of old friends and new, aforementioned Heinz buddies, and family members scattered across the country. He never ceased efforts to keep relationships

thriving and will be forever remembered as the oil that kept all components of the Fowler network running at full capacity.

Woody left us many things to include a garage full of boxes, most of which are likely filled with full Heinz ketchup bottles, mustard packets, and relish that expired in 1982. Most importantly though, this hard-working, storytelling, itinerant family-man taught us all unforgettable lessons in perseverance, positivity, and commitment. He tackled life with fervor, never shook amidst adversity, and cemented his legacy as the family's Rock. While we anguish in the loss of our father, brother, teammate, and friend - we rejoice and celebrate that he now rests at peace with our graceful Creator, fulfilling His promise of eternal life.

In lieu of flowers, please consider donating to The Craddock Center in honor of Woody Fowler, P.O. Box 69 Cherry Log, GA 30522 or online at [www.craddockcenter.org](http://www.craddockcenter.org).

# Previous Events

## Memorial Service

MAR 19. 11:00 AM (CT)

Wooster Funeral Home and Cremation Services (Pauls Valley)  
1601 South Chickasaw  
Pauls Valley, OK

# Tribute Wall



“ *Woody Dwain Fowler*

November 12, 2022 at 02:44 AM



“ *Just yesterday a letter WD wrote me showed up put of nowhere, I read what he wrote, cried, and placed it in my prayer 🙏📖 book that I read every morning. Miss you WD, a true strength and friendship of my life with dearest Jane ❤️. Since Los Angeles. WESTERN AIRLINES. MUCH LOVE ❤️ LOVE, CL*

**constance** - July 17, 2022 at 03:09 PM



“ *Constance Scheurer lit a candle in memory of Woody Dwain Fowler*



**Constance Scheurer** - March 27, 2021 at 08:34 AM

SM

“ We send our deepest condolences to the Fowler family and can truly say, Woody Fowler will certainly be missed in our world.

*Woody started out as a real estate client, but quickly became a family friend. While he would travel to Texas in search of his next home, my daughter Roxy and I would feed his cat, Spooky. In addition, I tried to help him sell his unwanted furniture. One piece in particular I admired, didn't sell. I guess Woody could tell I liked it because he gave it to me. It was a broken wooden table with the most beautiful detached base, featuring lion carved legs and paws. Needing someone to help me load it in a truck, I brought my Dad over to meet Woody and help me out. My Dad was sick with leukemia but not too sick to drive his truck over and give me a boost in packing up the table. Within the year, my Dad lost his battle with cancer, but I always felt blessed he was able to meet my friend Woody and vice versa. (I restored that table, and my family dines on it daily.)*

*Before he moved to Texas, I visited with Woody several times. When his moving trucks arrived, the co-listing agent, Dorinda and I brought Woody a cheeseburger and shared lunch on his staircase, since there was nothing else to sit on. Woody reminisced about his years in the house, and the many wonderful memories he shared with his wife Jane. It was a bitter sweet moment, we sold the house, but selling it meant Woody was leaving.*

*When Woody's house closed in Georgia, he handed me his proceeds check then asked if I would deposit it in his bank account. He was in a hurry to hit the road to Texas. HA! I thought to myself "I don't know if my own family would trust me that much money!!" However, Woody knew he could indeed trust me because he wasn't just a client, he was a friend; likewise, I wasn't just his realtor, I was also his friend.*

*We kept in touch every month or so through the years. He even mentioned he wish he could go to the Master's Tournament as we*

were talking "golf" in spring of 2017. So I said "If you can get to Georgia, you can go with me to the tournament." He said "Are you serious?" I replied "yes". Next thing I knew, in a couple days, Woody had a plan. He was headed to Georgia. We met up in Ellijay, along with my husband, Patrick, and son, Jackson. We drove 4 hours, listening to great stories of Woody bragging about his 4 kids, telling fun stories and giving great advice. Woody walked over 13,000 steps that day. I was seriously afraid he would flake out on me, perhaps those kids he was bragging about might just kill me! However, I was wrong, Woody was a trooper, he hung in there with the best of 'em. Just think about it, this 80-something year old man, drove from Texas to Georgia, rode an additional 4 hours, walked & watched golf all day, then rode back another 4 hours to Ellijay! When that trip was done, I thought to myself, this is a guy who is living life to the fullest. As a matter of fact, just weeks before passing, Woody insisted he would be back in Georgia to visit me soon. The thought of "slowing down" never once crossed Woody Fowler's mind. The night we returned from the Master's was the last time I would ever see my friend in person, although we shared many Face Time calls since. He later introduced me to the Marco Polo App where we loved to chat and catch up with what was going on in each others world.

*My heart hurts because I will miss my dear friend, but I rejoice in knowing Woody is free of pain and dancing on streets of gold. I can further celebrate knowing because of God's promise, I'll see him again.*

---

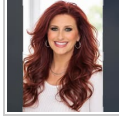
**Susan McVey** - March 15, 2021 at 09:09 AM

DD

*Susan... thank you for sharing the history of your friendship with my dad. You were a good friend to him and now to me. diana*

---

**Diana Lee Dunn** - March 15, 2021 at 11:49 AM



*Thank you Diana.*

Susan McVey - March 16, 2021 at 01:40 PM



*I will always miss and love you, so many memories and many years!  
With love and Grace, "And flights of Angels Sing thee to thy Rest"  
Shakespeare ✨💕💙💕 love CL*

Constance Scheurer - March 27, 2021 at 08:37 AM



*“ Both Christine and I are very sad to hear of Woody's passing. Woody was a kind man, who always spoke proudly of his family. He was full of great humorous stories and Woodism's (always had a clever quote), He was a strong leader, mentor and valued friend. I am proud to say, that I worked directly for one of the best within the Food Service Industry. You will be missed by many. Rest in Peace to my "Foster Beer Drinking" friend. Ralph and Christine Latagliata*

Ralph & Christine Latagliata - March 13, 2021 at 05:43 PM



*“ Woody was always in a great mood and full of life. As a Heinz ketchup lover I appreciated his work stories. Rest In Peace!! Prayers to all the family and friends.*

Glenna Stumblingbear-Riddle - March 11, 2021 at 08:48 PM



*“ Woody was one of the kindest people I have ever known. He was a blessing to me and my children! RIP sweet Woodman! Until we meet again!*

Janet Alexander - March 11, 2021 at 10:14 AM



*Woody: You well be missed ! Frank & Terry*

---

**Frank Casey** - March 12, 2021 at 06:52 PM