

Back Wood's Man

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A lost letter found... from April Burns Razouky December 1999

A Happy Birthday

- *Danny Woodman*
 - June 2
 - Jim Little
 - June 6
- *Zoe Ann Clark*
 - June 6
 - Ben Bish
 - June 16
- *Elizabeth Guy*
 - June 17
 - Lois Guy
 - July 7
- *Lisa Little*
 - July 9
- *Edward Martin*
 - July 12
- *Frank Woodman Jr*
 - July 13
- *Shawn Taylor*
 - July 21
 - Larry Hull
 - July 21
- *Sharon Patchett*
 - July 22
- *Brandon Brooks*
 - July 25
- *Christine Patchett*
 - July 29
- *Mark Patchett*
 - July 29

I wanted to take the time to write on behalf of my brothers, sisters and I. We're proud to say we're Irma's kids and Rose' grandkids.

Throughout the last several years, we have thought of you all often. But we are absolutely the worst in telling you so. In fact, Gail and I were just talking, during her recent visit, about how sorry we are that we haven't kept in better touch with Sharon and Bud Patchett. They have always been so kind—they sent letters when Sa'ad and I first moved away and frequently send Christmas cards to Gail and family.

I don't know why we're generally not very sentimental. I guess it's the grit that Mom doled out in healthy doses in her successful efforts to make us strong and independent. But speaking personally, I do know you each have added to the tapestry of my life and enhance it daily.

For example, when I read about

Uncle Jim's trailer being blown away, I immediately recalled how, when I was a little girl, he'd have me recite the Pledge of Allegiance. I was barely able to talk but I would stand there like a good soldier and pay homage to my country. He'd also pay me a quarter each time too!

Now my husband and I offer training products and services to the Federal government, and have successfully ran our company for the last six years here in beautiful Northern Virginia.

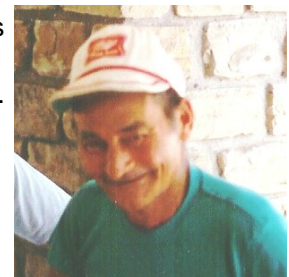
I wonder how much his positive reinforcement played a part in the career choices I made. I want to provide the same gentle guidance to my nieces and nephews, nine in all, as I see their natural talents come out in play. I have high hopes for the next generation of Hull's, Haines', Burns', etc. because of the sacrifices several of you made to help form happy childhood memories. Cont. pg.2

YOU ARE NOT FORGOTTEN...



God has blessed us with wonderful memories of our late family members and I would like to hear some of them before the stories are forgotten.

I hope I am not alone in wanting to hear them. If you have a funny story or an informative story to tell about the family, please share it before it's too late. Pictured is Virginia & Tom Woodman—Reunion 1989



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Another kind example is the attention and care that Gail, Jay, Deanna and I always received when we visited Aunt Dee (Rose's sister) and Uncle John. There we got a glimpse of how the other half lived and that it was possible to succeed and still care about others. We were so spoiled during these visits. I remember lounging in their bed, (all of us at once), and watching television, eating candy and having their huge dogs frolic around. And their daughters also were so sweet to open their home and share their parents with us on these retreats. What great memories I have of Haysville Kansas and that red ranch-style home. My husband and I have raised two beautiful doggies ourselves over the last 15 years of our 18-year marriage. If we don't have real kids soon, we are very open to adoption because it turned out so well for the Trouts.

Speaking of great fun, remember the long summer days at Clarence's and Aunt Betty's? I can still picture that boat on the lake and huge basement filled with toys and a real juke box and family get-togethers that only my Mom could top. Thank you for those times. Sa'ad and I try to host big family gatherings with Mom, Darrel, Ben and whoever else can join us here once a year. I hope those memories are just as sweet.

How about our cousins? I still love to picture the faces of Mitchell and Kevin, Sheila, Kelly and Shannon, Lonna and the rest of the huge brood as we came together for endless days of play at Grandma's house. I was a chubby, awkward little girl but that

didn't seem to matter to my cousins. I always had fun with you guys around. I think I have an ability now to work well with others, compromise (a frequently needed skill to have here in DC) and strategize win-win solutions for my clients. Thank you for teaching me about acceptance and teamwork.

Speaking of picturing people's faces, you won't believe how my nieces and nephews represent our extended family in some way. That's been a delight to us all, since it reminds us of you and we are, after all, beautiful people. (Jay says that this is especially true of him!) Deanna's little girl Mollie is the splitting image of her Mom, (but with blonde hair) and Deanna

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were always told, is the splitting image of the young Delores Jean. All the boys in our family have that famous Hull (square and dare I say "perky") hind ends. Gail's son Matthew is identical to that beautiful picture of Grandma's son Ben before his early death.

I think it was the open-minded, crossbreeding of our ancestors that really enhanced our genetic pool! We are probably some of the strongest and healthiest people around and that's been one of the greatest gifts of all. (That we're Heinz 57 and proud of it.) That tradition continues as Gail married Phil who is half Japanese/half Finnish, my husband is from Baghdad, Jay's wife is from a British family,

Deanna's husband from an Irish family! Ben isn't married yet but we left him plenty of geographic options to choose from.

We wish to you a beautiful millennium and many fond memories with your families...

Love April, Gail, Jay, Deanna and Ben

The Woodman Family Crest



Does anyone know what the Woodman Family Crest looks like?

I've been wondering about that lately. It would be nice to know, just for the fun of it.

If no one knows, what if we had a contest and "adopt" a crest? A crest that would really reflect the WOOMAN SPIRIT...

Think about it.