



## Henry Ferree Woltman

June 9, 1942 - April 5, 2019

Henry Ferree Woltman age 76, of Pawleys Island, SC, formerly of Fort Washington, MD, passed away on April 5, 2019, following a courageous battle with brain cancer. Born on June 9, 1942 in York, PA he was the son of the late Donald and Fairy Woltman.

He received his undergraduate degree at Gettysburg College and master's degree at Bucknell University; he spent 35 years at the U.S. Census Bureau as a mathematical statistician, serving in various planning, research and development capacities. He was an avid golfer and beloved husband, father and grandfather.

He is survived by his wife, Patricia Grady Horak; son, Andy (Amy) Woltman and daughter Becky (Bob) Beveridge; stepchildren, Jennifer (Pete) Danna and Joe (Beth) Horak; ten beautiful grandchildren, and a sister, Mary Ann Mann.

In addition to his parents, he was preceded in death by his first wife, Shelby in 1999; a son, Matthew and a brother, Donald Woltman Jr.

A service will be held Saturday, May 4, 2019 at 1:00 PM at Precious Blood of Christ Catholic Church in Pawleys, Island, SC with a reception to follow.

In lieu of flowers, donations are encouraged to be made in Henry's memory to: Tideland Community Hospice, 2591 N. Fraser St. Georgetown, SC 29440 or The Preston Robert Tisch Brain Tumor Center at Duke, DUMC Box 3624, Durham, NC 27710.

Sign an online guestbook at [www.goldfinchfuneralhome.com](http://www.goldfinchfuneralhome.com)

Goldfinch Funeral Home, Beach Chapel is in charge of the arrangements.

# Comments

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“ Henry and I grew up 3 houses apart on Hillcrest Rd on York. Being 2 years older, he would walk to school with me. We played cowboys and Indians and built neat forts. If I had known he was Living in SC I would have gotten in touch with him. Although I hadn't seen him in decades he was my great childhood friend. RIP.

Bob Kohn - August 12 at 10:09 PM

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“ Divine Peace Bouquet was purchased for the family of Henry Ferree Woltman.



May 02 at 10:46 AM

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“ What can I say about Henry, or Henri' as I sometimes called him? He was one of a kind. I used to tell him, after an adult beverage or two at Tantallon Country Club, that when I grew up I wanted to be like him. But that's misleading because one of the endearing things about Henry is that part of him never grew up - he was a kid in many ways. He told hilarious stories about his antics, and the antics of his friends, back in the day. He tried to improve my putting without much success ("keep your head still, Bob, don't look up"). Shortly after my wife passed away in 2004 Henry called me and asked if I would like to get together and talk. So we met at TCC and talked for an hour or so, about dealing with the loss of a wife. He went through a similar heartbreak not many years earlier, so he knew what I was going through. I will never forget his kindness. I have many memories of Henry, but one that stands out particularly is him carrying a couple of clubs, with dog in tow, playing the holes near his house. People like Henry Woltman do not come along all that often. I cherished his friendship. RIP, Henry.

Robert Berkovsky - April 14 at 09:01 PM

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“ Patty and Family

Carla and I would like to express our sincere condolences to you and your family. Please let us know if we can help in any way.

Henry and I were good friends years ago and I'm sorry I didn't stay in touch. I'd like to say that as long as friendship lives in the heart friends will never part. Henry will live in my heart.

Henry may have gone over some of the things we experienced but I have a number that he may not have mentioned.

1. Sneaking to my parent's neighbor's backyard late at night to putt on their putting green (could have been after a couple of beers).
2. Getting his hair wet in my parents toilet. (more to the story if we ever get together).
3. Arriving at one of our poker games and throwing his wallet on the poker table telling everyone to divide it up. Why waste the time since he would lose it away.
4. York Suburban 1st Golf Team. Picture after coming in 2nd in league championship.
5. Drove the best looking baby blue convertible beetle VW in York. Ask Darryl Rock.
6. Using my fake ID at the Dunes (Somers Point NJ). More than once.
7. Getting picked up for using my fake ID, good news, getting let go. Stan Reberts girlfriend wasn't that lucky.
8. More times than I can remember crashing parties with George Mackison and his records.
9. Henry was at my going away party at Kenny Groves (local hangout) on my last day home before shipping out to Okinawa. August 1965.
10. Best Man at my wedding, picture attached.
11. A wonderful life Henry, I'll miss you chicken hawk --- Doc.

**DAVID F LAUER** - April 12 at 04:35 PM