



Woolston Ray Moore

MAR 19, 1929 - DEC 5, 2011



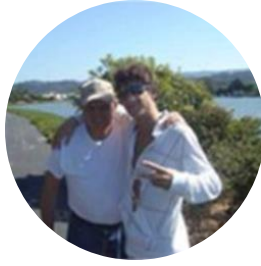
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FUNERAL HOME, MEMORIAL PARK & CREMATORY

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Woolston 'Will' Ray Moore was born on March 19, 1929, in Oak Park, Illinois at West Suburban Hospital. This hospital would play a major role in his life for many years to come. His parents, Ralph Harold Moore and Mary Alice Woolston Moore, were teachers and farmers. Will, as he later liked to be called, spent his early years living in Sycamore, Chicago and Lombard Illinois. His parents taught for nine months and then farmed a 160 acre farm outside of Sycamore for the remaining three months of the year. Will's passions were farming, music, and mechanics. He grew up learning to raise livestock, fix tractors and grow crops. He loved the outdoors and enjoyed swimming, hiking, kayaking and camping. His high school years were probably the best years of his life. It was here he formed life-long friendships with many of his classmates. He enjoyed his church youth group and had many fond memories of skating, banquets, and musical concerts with his band and choir. Will played the baritone horn and sang bass in the choir. Upon graduating from high school, Will attended John Brown University. It was here while attending a Youth for Christ meeting, that he came to know the Lord Jesus Christ as Savior. Dad, as I liked to call him, graduated from John Brown University in 1951 with a B.S. degree in agriculture. After graduating, dad decided to volunteer for a stint in the Army. He served two years and learned the craft that would be his livelihood for over 30 years, that of airline mechanics. He proudly served all over the United States and learned aeronautic mechanics initially on helicopters. While he was still in the Army, he would go home often for visits. His parents lived in Oak Park right behind West Suburban Hospital. On one of those visits, he was introduced to a nursing student who was attending the hospital nursing school. Her name was Mary Jane White. She was raised in St. Joseph, MO. They fell in love and were married one year later on September 24, 1955. For nearly twelve years after their marriage and dad's discharge from full time military service, Will farmed his parents' 160 acre farm and grew corn,



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oats, alfalfa and soy beans. He raised cattle and hogs and had three children along the way, Deborah, Sandra and Gary. When dad realized that farming could not fully pay the bills for his growing family, he was informed of an opening with United Airlines, who at that time was hiring on any mechanic who had at least two years experience with aeronautic mechanics. After a battery of tests, he was able to earn his A&P licenses and worked on United's planes for over 30 years. He moved his family from the farm in 1967 back to Lombard where he could be closer to his work. His life changed completely when he was hit head on during a stormy night in November. His jaw was permanently shattered and it took six months and nearly four operations for him to regain limited use of his jaw and return to work. He healed amazingly well and was able to lead a very normal life for most of the rest of his working years. Shortly after his accident, Will and Mary Jane met Lek Redjibaum, a young college student from Thailand. Lek was attending an international club that the church he attended at that time was hosting. Lek so took to Will and his family that she became an honorary daughter. Will gave her away at her wedding to Mr. Thomas Schrandt. Will was a hard worker and loved to travel. During his life time he visited all 50 of the states in the United States. He enjoyed being on airplanes and said his greatest peace in life came from being up in the skies. He earned his pilot's and glider licenses and for many years owned his own Piper Cub plane. He loved anything mechanical and enjoyed singing in choirs. Dad retired after 35 years of service with United Airlines. By this time his job had taken him to Los Angeles, Hawaii, and finally San Francisco. He retired for nearly 10 years to his home in Foster City, CA. Finally, my dad's injuries from his accident caught up with him and he began to experience a lot of bouts with aspiration pneumonia and sinus problems. He passed away on December 5, 2011, from complications from staph and fungal pneumonia. It's hard to sum up a person's life in such a short essay. One's impact is felt long after he is gone. My dad is remembered by those who loved him most as a hard worker, friend, and the man who along with neighbor, Veny Pirochta, almost single handedly saved Boothbay Avenue Park from becoming a school. Veny became dad's a special son. His passion for life and his adventurous spirit live on in the



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memories of those who knew and loved him best. We'll miss you dad. We'll see you in heaven someday.



Memories only last if you share them

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



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