



## Daniel Woodhouse

March 20, 1916 - February 18, 2012

Daniel George Woodhouse, age 95, of Bonita Springs, Florida and a long time resident of Milford, Connecticut, died on Saturday, February 18th at Gulf Coast Medical Center in Fort Myers, Florida.

Born in Dartmouth, England on March 20th, 1916, the son of Daniel Joseph Woodhouse and Mary Elsie Craddock, he attended Shebbear College, a boarding school in North Devonshire, graduating at age 16.

He had an intuitive understanding of all things mechanical and served in the British Royal Air Force from 1935 till 1945 as a lead flight mechanic with the Fleet Air Arm. He served on the famous aircraft carrier, HMS Ark Royal, in the Mediterranean theatre and on HMS Courageous in the North Atlantic during the Battle of Britain. His last overseas posting was in Trinidad.

After the war, he, his wife, Joan (Eouzan) and two young children, Janet and Colin, emigrated to the United States, settling in Milford, Connecticut where he and Joan gave birth to two other children, Susan and David. In 1957, he became an American citizen.

Dan Woodhouse worked for nearly 30 years as an aeronautical engineer with Lycoming Engineering, a Division of Avco, (now Textron). While at Avco, he worked on aircraft gas turbine engines till his retirement in 1981.

He considered himself truly lucky to have survived the war, to have had the engineering skills attractive to a burgeoning aeronautical industry, and to have had a long and comfortable retirement where being a grandfather and great grandfather gave him much joy.

He had a quick, loud laugh and enjoyed having lengthy talks with his grandchildren where no topic was out of bounds. An engineer at heart, he often expressed frustration as to why we humans didn't simply "get on with it and fix" the things that didn't work. One could rarely solve a math problem before he could nor could one beat him at cards. He loved to learn and when he could no longer read due to failing eyesight, he would listen to books on tape every day. He never failed to express his gratitude for the simple acts of kindness and consideration afforded him by others and would shake his head and exclaim, "that was darn nice of them to do that!"

Daniel G. Woodhouse has been predeceased by his wife Joan (Eouzan) and is survived by brother, Michael and (Jennifer) Woodhouse, his children Janet and (Louis) Rodero, Colin and (Latifa) Woodhouse, Susan Woodhouse and David Woodhouse. He is also survived by 10 grandchildren and 3 great grandchildren.

A celebration of his life will be held at 5:00 PM on Saturday, March 24th at the Milford / Ansantawae Masonic Lodge, 59 Broad Street, Milford, where Daniel G. Woodhouse was a Master Mason. All are welcome. Please call 203-874-8365 for details.

Funeral arrangements under the direction of Gendron Funeral & Cremation Services Inc., 4224 Cleveland Ave, Suite 1, Fort Myers, Florida 33901 239-274-0088. Online condolences may be made at [www.gendronfuneralhome.com](http://www.gendronfuneralhome.com).



# Previous Events

## celebration Of Life

MAR **24**. 5:00 PM - 8:00 PM (ET)

Ansantawae Masonic Lodge  
59 Broad Street  
Milford, Ct

# Tribute Wall



“ *Daniel Woodhouse*

October 09, 2023 at 02:01 AM



“ *Daniel Woodhouse*

January 28, 2023 at 12:09 PM



“ *So sorry for your loss, thoughts and prayers are with you.*

**Deb Kaufmann** - March 08, 2012 at 12:00 AM



“ *Dave,  
The kids and I are so very sorry for your loss, your dad was a great guy and I know how much he meant to you. I had alot of fun with your dad, talking and joking around about everything. My favorite phrase of his was "thats alot of hooley". He was definately a unique and inspiring man. Our sympathies are with you, Dan and the rest of your family.*

**Mary Jane Smith** - March 07, 2012 at 12:00 AM



“ *Dear Dave,  
Many prayers and love being sent your way. I wish for you to have peace in your heart. Your Dad is in his home away from home, smiling down on you. Everyday he will forever walk by your side. You will notice every now and then 2 shadows by you. That is him with you. God Bless you and your family at this difficult time.*

**Jennifer Molloy** - February 21, 2012 at 12:00 AM

MB

“ Dave, I'm so very sorry- I could see it coming but, **THAT MAKES THIS NO EASIER!!!**  
*I wish you the best, Buddy- PLEASE let me know what I can do to make things any easier...*  
*Bro. Malcom*

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**Malcom Boxwell** - February 21, 2012 at 12:00 AM

CF

“ *A good friend has passed from my life. I feel blessed to have found him two years ago! He brought so many times of joy and he had a very giving spirit. He was put in my life for a reason and I learned much from his wisdom. After reading all the other entries, all I can say is yes, that was Daniel. He touched so many life's, he was not one to sit back on the sidelines and be still. If he had a opinion he would tell you. My heart goes out to his family of which I know he played a important role. Thank you for sharing him with me. He will not be forgotten!*

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**Connie Flagg** - February 20, 2012 at 12:00 AM

DS

“ *Daniel Woodhouse*

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**dan smith** - February 20, 2012 at 12:00 AM

TT

“ *Sorry to hear about your dad. I know how special he was too you, you had a special bond with him.*

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**Theresa Weber Tiesler** - February 20, 2012 at 12:00 AM

DH

“ *Thinking of your family during this hard time. Your dad was a really nice man.*

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**Dawnmarie and Dennis Hunter** - February 19, 2012 at 12:00 AM

“ My deepest condolences to the Woodhouse family. I may not have known him well, but I do know he was an incredible man, and awesome Father.

*My Dad*

© Desiree Kimbrue

*Do you know how it feels to lose someone?*

*How you go through grief and pain?*

*I know how that feels,*

*and how it feels to always live in rain.*

*I remember it like it was yesterday,*

*how I stood by my dad's side.*

*And how I couldn't bare to look at him,*

*but all I did was cry.*

*I knew I couldn't help him,*

*I couldn't fix his pain.*

*I couldn't stop myself from crying,*

*I couldn't help him in anyway.*

*I wanted to help my dad,*

*but they said it was to late.*

*How could it have come to this,*

*to this horrible fate.*

*My dad was loving,*

*he was a caring guy.*

*Maybe he wasn't perfect,*

*but he didn't cheat, steal or lie.*

*I loved my dad,*

*I loved him with all my heart.*

*But there was nothing I could do,*

*It was too late from the start.*

*They said they caught it too late,*

*there was nothing they could do.*

*But just let him pass on,*

*it was hard but it was true.*

*It's been almost a year,*

*It doesn't feel like it's been that long.*

*And it still hurts,  
but he's now where he belongs.  
No matter what happens,  
he'll always be loved.  
Until the day I die,  
and I join him up above.  
He's up there somewhere with God,  
He's in his rightful place.  
And even though I want him back,  
It's a tragedy I have to face.  
Sometimes at night,  
I cry myself to sleep.  
But through the year of darkness,  
the depression I'll have to defeat.  
His love,  
is what keeps me hanging on.  
Love is a strong word,  
Because it's kept me alive this long.  
But there is one more thing,  
that I have to say.  
My dad's love will go on and on,  
and he's in my heart to stay.*

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**Carissa Gardino** - February 19, 2012 at 12:00 AM

MG

“ *I'm so sorry to hear that Dave, he will be missed, he's attending lodge in heaven right now*

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**Michael Gondor** - February 19, 2012 at 12:00 AM

LN

“ *Dave - I was so sorry to hear of your loss. My thoughts and prayers are with you & your family in your time of grief. May your memories bring you comfort. Please let me know if there is anything I can do to help at this time.*

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**Laurie Naiden** - February 19, 2012 at 12:00 AM

JW

“ What is there to say about a man who managed to transfix the lives of so many? To bless them with his laughter, his antics and his presence. When grandpa was in the room, his presence was felt. His side comments were noticed and his laughter was contagious. I loved him dearly, as did many.

I'm forever affected by his meticulous ways. By the way he made sure his car had an oil change exactly on the date suggested, by the way he made sure and count out *one Mississippi* behind each passing vehicle so as not to cause an accident and by the way he folded all four sides of the cheese of our burgers on the grill. His engineering background left all of us questioning whether this was borderline OCD or whether he was really that regimented?

He was regimented indeed. He taught me to play kings in the corner and we would play for hours, each trying to outwit the other. But I was no match. He could shuffle, he could count cards and he predicted my every move. What I wouldn't give for one last play.

His hug was a strong one, - his grip even stronger but his will to survive and keep on living will endure forever. In his 90's when he no longer could see, he kept reading. (thank the lord for books on tape), when he could no longer walk without a wheelchair he refused to remain seated and locked his arm in mine instead, and when Florida beckoned at 95 years of age he answered, for there were friends there he adored.

Grandpa was never afraid to speak his mind, sometimes chancing the rift of others and others did protest. He laugh and I'd just echo his laughter. Laughter was his cure. His cure for feeling sadness, offensive and emotional in general. He just laughed. That hearty laugh can still be heard among the waves of laurel beach and I will continue to laugh along with him. He will live in the very fabric of my being forever.

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Jessica Woodhouse - February 19, 2012 at 12:00 AM