



## Woodrow Wilson

January 14, 1931 - July 9, 2019

Woodrow "Woodie" Wilson

Jan. 14, 1931 - July 9, 2019

Board President of CIAD &

Advocate for Elderly & Disabled Rights

Longtime Yonkers Resident

Woodie will be missed by his family, friends, colleagues and the many people whose lives he touched in the course of his advocacy for the rights of the aging, disabled and institutionalized in New York and throughout the United States.

# Previous Events

## Graveside Service

JUL 19. 1:00 PM (ET)

Kensico Cemetery  
Valhalla, NY

# Tribute Wall



“ *Beautiful in Blue* was purchased for the family of Woodrow Wilson.



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July 18, 2019 at 01:10 PM



“ *Full Of Love Bouquet* was purchased for the family of Woodrow Wilson.



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July 16, 2019 at 02:56 PM

“ Woodrow was a dear friend to his sister, Terry’s children. We each have our own memories.

*One of my earliest childhood memories is of squealing with delight as Uncle Woodrow chased my older siblings and I through the halls of my grandmother’s house. He’d exaggerate his limp. Stepping slowly, one hand drawn to his chest, the other extended and grasping as he, moaning ominously, pretend to be the mummy or Frankenstein’s monster. I loved him. I called him Uncle Woodley.*

*Our erudite Uncle welcomed his bored, adolescent niece to raid his book shelves, which were a marvel of Zane Grays, old mystery novels, encyclopedias, art books and the travel logs of Jacques Cousteau.*

*I’d I sit across from him as he settled in his favorite chair to watch old TV Westerns. He could quote the lines verbatim. More fascinating to me, however were my Uncle’s series of of contemplative gestures that I loved to emulate: Hands together, all but the upright index fingers interlaced, chin resting on index fingers. Head back, eyes down, one hand stroking chin ,And a favorite: arms across chest, palm grasping palm. We could sit like that for hours.*

*Later, we shared writings. His own his own were wry-humored observations of life as he lived it, in an adult home.*

*Disabled by polio from childhood, and hampered by systemic inequities; I never saw my Uncle angry. Instead he channeled his energies in to joining, and presiding over organizations that advocated for the disabled and aging. More so for others than for himself.*

*In Uncle Woodrow’s final days, he dealt patiently with our attempts to make him comfortable, and with our just trying to cope. Loosing his voice, and the strength in his body, he struggled to leave us with solace.*

*I’ll never know how he managed, for just a few moments, to place*

*his arms across his chest, and hold them there with his hands held together; fingers grasping palm to palm.  
But I saw, Uncle Woodley. I saw*

*Love,  
Dorothy*



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**Dorothy Ambruso** - July 15, 2019 at 11:21 PM

MA

*Beautiful Dorothy and her dear Uncle Woodley!*

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**Mary** - July 16, 2019 at 12:12 PM

AJ

*That was a wonderful memory Dorothy. I will always remember Uncle Woodrow as the family historian I was always so fascinated by how much information I walked away with, knowing more about my mother's family history.*

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**Anese Jackson** - July 23, 2019 at 08:38 AM