Sherry Wozny Eulogy

So those are the “facts” of Sherry’s life 1952 dash 2026. But what did Sherry do with her “dash”?

Sherry entered life on Earth a month premature in an ambulance near Wiesbaden, Germany where her father was stationed in the United States Air Force, necessitating an extended hospital stay. It is interesting to note that Sherry kept in contact with the neonatal nurse who delivered and cared for her until her nurse passed several years ago

For most all that knew and loved Sherry, she would be described as calm soul (still water runs deep, you know), caring, reserved, tranquil, composed and patient --- except when someone tried to cut her off pulling into her parking space at Awards and Engraving in Columbus.

Sherry was a daughter, sister, wife, mother, aunt and grandmother. She took pride in her nearly fifty-four year marriage to Paul. They built a life together in Schuyler and she became a co-owner of Wozny Construction as Secretary/Treasurer dealing with the myriad of tasks of running a business --- taking phone calls, scheduling, contacting subcontractors, attending to recordkeeping, building permits, banking and generally reminding Paul of important dates. Sherry willingly and literally kept the home fires burning (they do have a wood-burning furnace, you know) when Paul’s projects required out-of-town stays at remote construction sites.

In the midst of helping to run a family construction business, for over 40 years, Sherry was also employed by and plied her artistic talents at Awards and Engraving in Columbus, Nebraska, where her talents were lauded and appreciated with complements from countless customers. She continued to learn and improve her skills by attending special training in Las Vegas and other locations. Of course, Paul had to go with her to Vegas. Using her talents, she often made special plaques and mementos for relatives and friends to recognize their graduations, life milestones and special achievements.

Sherry accomplished anything she tried. Many did not know that Sherry was very proficient with firearms. At their first Christmas, she gifted Paul a Winchester rifle with the proviso that she also learn how to use it. She then became a very qualified operator and marksperson, prompting Paul to say, “I’d better not provoke, irritate or aggravate her”.

In her leisure time, Sherry was an avid Stephen King reader, loved softball, volleyball, league bowling and outdoor activities. She was a fixture in the dugout at Paul's games keeping book (as opposed to “making book”) and she earned the nickname “Mama Woz”.

Sherry spent many seasons playing softball with the ladies Husker Bar team. In addition to scoreboard victories, that team could really drink beer and has the distinctive honor of annually winning the Husker Bar pitcher contest. (With help from husbands, of course).

The Last 25 years was a shift from organized sports to Camping with friends at a variety of locations from Indian Cave State Park to Custer Park in South Dakota. She and Paul would reserve recreational vehicle parking spots years in advance and put the dates on the calendar. As often as possible they would be joined by family members. On the last all-terrain vehicle adventure at Halsey National Forest, to Paul's dismay she rolled the ATV and went tumbling down the trail ankles over elbows. She got up dusted herself off and all she said was "lost my hat". More recently, camping meant boat rides, drinks by the camper, enjoying time under the stars, most evenings a campfire and walking Shadow or now Cooper. I am told that the beer that they took along was NOT used to put out the campfires. Sherry and Paul made lifelong friends with their “neighbor” campers that continue to stay in touch.

Sherry fell in love with cruising the Caribbean when celebrating their 25th wedding anniversary. That trip introduced her to Larimar, a gemstone unique to the islands. It was rare to see her without a necklace or earrings featuring the stone. Sherry and Paul were often joined on subsequent cruises by their great circle of friends, wherein many memories and stories were created and often recounted. I’m not sure I personally believe the tale about having to helicopter into the ship in a new supply of beer and Jack Daniels, purportedly because the Schuyler crowd depleted the on-board stock.

Sherry created a priority of spending time with her daughter Carrie and granddaughters Peyton and Lahonna. She attended school activities, music performances, band exhibitions and created times to be together. Sherry also dearly loved her fur babies, Baron, Pooter, Lessa, Shadow and Cooper.

Sherry was diagnosed with melanoma three years ago this month, undergoing infusions, surgery, radiation and chemotherapy during countless trips to Omaha. Mary and I were able to meet Sherry and Paul for lunch after treatments a couple of times. When asked if she had any reactions, she said no, just a little tired.
Sherry fought the good fight.

Paul said Sherry was always positive and didn't complain, but in the end she said it was time to unhitch the wagon and let them ponies run.