



Robert James Woolley

March 3, 2015

Robert passed at home on Tues. March 3, 2015. He is the beloved husband of the late Adelaide (nee Smith), and loving father of Robert, Mary, Robin and Wyatt Bobb, and devoted grandfather and great grandfather of many grandchildren.

Robert is an Air Force Veteran.

In lieu of flowers, donations in Robert's memory may be sent to the American Cancer Society.

Previous Events

Viewing

MAR 7. 10:00 AM - 12:00 PM (ET)

Foley Funeral Home
1132 Cottman Ave.
Philadelphia, PA 19111
(215) 342-7380

Service

MAR 7. 11:30 AM - 12:00 PM (ET)

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1132 Cottman Ave.
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Tribute Wall

PF

“ *What can a person say who was best friend to an icon with a heart so big as that of this one Robert Woolley...Pops...Wooll...Uncle Will...Highway Star! I love you, Man. Good night, sweet dreams. May the company of Angels keep you until we meet again. You were the leader of the dance! XO*

Peg Carry Fredlund - March 09, 2015 at 09:46 PM



“ *THANKS POP! For being the man you are. You never gave up on me. You always challenged me or said I couldn't handle a task. Once said task was completed you wouldn't have your next one planned. I grew up living next door to you but was always with you and whoever else joined the party at the kitchen table. Man so many awesome memories. I could be here all day. I always saw your love for your family shine through in good times and the bad. You truly were the best thing since sliced bread. Mr. Highway Star I salute you. You talked the talk and walked the walk. I'm going to miss you buddy. BOBBY PASCO*

Rob Pasco - March 09, 2015 at 07:24 PM

RF

“ *Robin Fahy lit a candle in memory of Robert James Woolley*



robin Fahy - March 09, 2015 at 07:16 PM

NA

“ *Camping will never be the same ,,Richie will miss him when they went fishing behind Dietz and Watsons, just sitting and shooting the brezze ,,love ya*

Nancy - March 09, 2015 at 06:16 PM



“ *10 files added to the album Partners in Crime*



Joe Pedrick - March 09, 2015 at 05:24 PM



“ *19 files added to the album Over the years*



Joe Pedrick - March 09, 2015 at 05:20 PM

“ A reading for the legend, Highway Star. My grandfather, my friend.

We are all here to say to goodbye to my grandfather, Robert J. Woolley. Whether you knew him by that name, or Yankstion Cogsworth, Wool, Highway Star, Highway, Bob or just plain old Pop, like I did, you all knew the same funny, charismatic, quick-witted man that I knew. And while he was my grandfather, he was not some crusty old man that I went to visit on the holidays. He didn't spend his days whittling sticks in a rocking chair. He was a thrill-seeker, an explorer, full of life and a thirst for adventure. Always ready for a road trip, a motorcycle ride, a hike into the woods, whatever new journey lay ahead. Always with a smile on his face, he never let anything get him down. As a child I would spend many nights at my grandmother's house sitting with him in the kitchen, listening to him talk on his c.b. radio. As I grew older, those nights were filled more with conversations between the two of us. And while most of those nights were full of laughing and jokes, it was later, once I grew into a man myself, that I realized how much my grandfather had taught me. Everything I know about being a man I learned from him. To this day he is the most selfless, loyal, honorable man I have ever met. And even toward his end, there are things I still have to learn from him, as I watched him in his last days so eager to forgive those that had done wrong by him with a willingness I am still trying to grasp. He was the best man I've known. When I was a child he was Pop-Pop, our role model with his infinite patience, our hero. He taught us to fish, he took us camping, he taught us to build kites, he taught us to be bold. The survival skills he taught us during those camping trips that we thought were a fun game, later served me well in my time in the army. That was the thing about him. He taught us in a way that we did not even realize was happening. Throughout that time of my life I only saw him angry one time, and though brief, Larry, Michael and myself all felt pretty bad we blew up that remote controlled car. Shortly after that, he taught us what we did wrong and how to handle that situation in the future. He was that kind of person. As I got a little older, he was shortened from Pop-Pop to Pop. A man I could go to

for fatherly advice, or help, or anything I might need. I learned many important things from him. He always put his family first. There wasn't anything he wouldn't do for any of us. He always looked for the bright side, he always looked for the solution to the latest dilemma while everyone else was complaining or panicking about it. He rolled up his sleeves and got things done. As I got older still he was still Pop, but that was a name now, more than a title. He was my grandfather by technicality only, in reality, he was one of my best friends. My burger buddy, my drinking pal, my partner in crime. I'll never forget our veteran's day tradition of meeting up for dinner and drinks or the times we were just hanging out for no reason. Those were the best times. Any time I needed him he was there. Whether it was asking for help fixing my friend's plumbing or taking a 2 day road trip all he needed was time to pack up his backpack. I always knew when things in my life were at their most grim that I could go to him for help if all else failed. I only hope that he felt the same way about me. I feel incredibly sorry for those people that have taken him for granted over the years. As time now passes, they will be overcome with the immense impact that his loss has created. As for myself, a part of me is laid to rest with him. Arguably the best part, because the good in me I learned from him. I hope that he can finally rest now, as his last days were not spent the way we planned them. If there is a better place after this, he will surely be waiting for us there.

Ride hard my friend. Heroes may be remembered, but legends never die.

Joe Pedrick - March 09, 2015 at 05:10 PM

JP

“ 5 files added to the tribute wall



Joe Pedrick - March 09, 2015 at 05:03 PM



“ Our sincerest condolences to the Wooley family. Highway, you're da man!!!

Lady Harley & Ironman



Theresa Breton - March 06, 2015 at 03:56 AM