



## Herbert Spencer Woods III

March 13, 1949 - October 18, 2025

Herbert Spencer Woods III passed away in Austin, Texas, with his family by his side after a courageous battle with cancer. He walked through that valley with quiet tenacity and a twinkle in his eye, the same way he met every season of life. Those who knew him will remember a man who loved people, believing that every person carried a worthy story, always noticing "the least of these."

Born on March 13, 1949, in Galveston, Texas, Spencer was the son of Dr. H. S. Woods Jr. and Wilma Ruth Nelson Woods. He graduated from Baylor University in 1971, working first as a social worker serving children and their families, where he met his former wife and mother of their children, Susan Woods. The majority of his life he served as a stone mason and small-business owner. He took pride in his work, and taught his children to do the same.

Spencer met his soul-mate and best friend Pam Woods on a caving adventure while surveying Carlsbad Caverns. It was the beginning of a thirty-year marriage marked by adventure, devotion, and a thousand small kindnesses. She faithfully cared for him until the very end with unending loyalty and unmatched patience.

Spencer is survived by his children, Sara Woods of Austin, Texas, and John

Woods and his wife, Lindsay, of Birmingham, Alabama. He delighted in being "Pop Pop," loving his grandchildren, Hudson, Emma, and Mason of Birmingham, Alabama, and Cash and Dutch of Houston, Texas, with a full and joyful heart. Family was the most important thing to him, and because friends were family too, his circle of love was wide.

Spencer is also survived by his twin sister, Sandra Hansen, and his younger sister, Martha Swilling. He was preceded in death by his sister, Virginia "Ginger" McVey. He loved being their brother, and considered them as his first friends.

Those who knew Spencer will remember the way he entered a room as if everyone already belonged. He never encountered a stranger, meeting each person with the gift of unhurried conversation and lasting friendship. He saw value in everything and everyone. He loved music: listening to it, making it, and sharing it. He told stories that made you lean in and laugh out loud. He was funny, always ready with a joke, and generous beyond measure. A dignity-giver, he never thought himself better than anyone; his aim was always to build others up.

He was a disciplined man with an unmatched work ethic who persistently taught his children to finish what they started, to keep their word, and to take the next right step. Words were his treasures. For birthdays he asked for poems and songs, not presents, and he carried lyrics in the same way some people carry photographs.

Spencer's hobbies were vast and ever-expanding. He was a caver, musician, inventor, collector, poet, explorer, river-lover, and risk-taker, eager to peer around the next bend, always curious, always learning.

The family is deeply grateful for the compassionate care shown by the "A-

team" of doctors and nurses, hospice teams, therapists, and the many unseen helpers who swept floors, stocked supplies, adjusted machines, and served with gentleness. Your kindness lifted his load and ours.

A private family gathering will be held at a later time. In the spirit of Spencer's life, if you wish to honor him, offer someone the gift he loved to give: a listening ear, a good story, a song shared, or a word that restores dignity. He would have liked that.