



# Ingrid Gerda Houck

August 7, 1943 - April 16, 2021

Ingrid Houck took flight and joined the angels on April 16. She leaves behind countless vestiges of a life well-lived.

As a child of post-war Wiesbaden Germany, Ingrid Holzinger used to sneak cream out of her family's refrigerator; it was the only thing that tasted good. Ingrid grew to love foods, especially Maine lobsters, Alaskan king crab, and always Apalachicola oysters. One refrigerator was never enough. Publix would become her happy place.

Ingrid found her way to America via the U.S. Consulate's office in Frankfurt, where she met a young Marine, Charles "Chuck" Hatten. The private quickly fell for the beautiful English-speaking secretary; she fell for the uniformed Midwesterner—and access to his unlimited peanut butter stash at Marine HQ. The flag of her adopted country always flew prominently in her front yard.

They married in 1965, began a family and moved to Detroit, then Champlin, MN; the Mississippi River touched their sloping backyard. The family eventually found its way to Tallahassee in 1983, just in time for Hurricane Kate, incomprehensible accents, an introduction to fire ants, and humidity.

With Chuck's passing in 1997, Ingrid re-made herself into an expert bookkeeper, working for several local businesses as well as the state of Florida. Ingrid made close friends wherever she happened to be—whether at a bakery in Berlin or a farmer's market in Sneads.

In 2007 she married Davis Houck, a few years her junior; they met at Pisgah United Methodist. She was the young one in their relationship. Together they traveled the country, discovering favorite spots in Northwest Montana, the Mississippi Delta, and always Bahnhofstrasse in Zurich. Annually she travelled to Maine—for the leaves and lobsters. A talented seamstress, she recently began quilting and her finished quilts became treasured gifts.

She was predeceased by her parents, Irene and Michael Faulkner, first husband Chuck Hatten, and beloved uncle, Horst Duettmann. She is survived by her daughter, Leslie, son RJ (Toyia), husband, Davis, sister Astrid, nieces Susanne and Christina, nephew Jan, and her sweet Tommi who she rescued from the wilds of Grady County.

For bringing the Kingdom to her front door, thanks to Rockie and Susan, Steven and Kathy, Cathy and David, Michelle, Kent, Lilly, Addie and Bethy, the sistas—Goldie, Cynthia, Kathy, Jill, Sandy, and Kay—Laura, Inga and Cameron, Cathy and Darryl, Kiyanna, Pam, Beauvais, Neil and Amy, Kay, Suzanna and Sam, Esther, Elam, Lars and Nic, Pat and Henry, Mona and Shawn, David and Beth, Sarah and Yuichi, Sarah P, Helen and Pete, Kathy and Sully, Mary, Misha and Earl, and Jackie. Thank you to the kind and caring staff at Big Bend Hospice. Living well during one's last days is a gift—and we are grateful.

A memorial remembrance will take place this summer.