

LOVE IS THE FUNERAL PYRE

By Hafiz (*Julies favorite Sufi poet*)

L
ove is
The funeral pyre
Where I have laid my living body.

All the false notions of myself
That once caused fear, pain,

Have turned to ash
As I neared God.

What has risen
From the tangled web of thought and form

Now shines with jubilation
Through the eyes of angels

And sings from the center of
Infinite existence
Itself.

Love is the funeral pyre
Where the heart must lay
Its body.



*Someday we will see each other again,
I will be waiting in the Gazebo*

JULIE ANNE WICHMAN

1963-2012

Passed into Eternal Life on
August 22, 2012, at the age of 48.

Beloved wife of Joel Scott Herring for 14 years.

Loving daughter of the late John and Laura Lee Wichman.

Daughter in law of Sam and the late Mary Herring.

Sweet sister of John Eric (Vera) Wichman
and William (Melinda) Wichman.

Sister in law of Jeff and Ryan (Katie) Herring.

Awesome aunt of Eric Michael, Sarah, Jonathon, Skyler, Haley,
Landon, Rosemary, Libby, Ashley, Corey, Tiffany, Corbin.

Niece of James (Roxie) Wichman.

Cousin of James (Jessica) Wichman and Michelle (Sean) Wichman.

Before she began her journey on the path to the Great Beyond, she left the following words of comfort for those who would grieve her loss:

*" I can feel your prayers! Always.
I feel myself getting closer and closer to God
every day. As if He is inside all of my cells.
Not healing me but better.
Purging every bit that is not pure spirit.
I feel like every breath I'm able to get is a
whole song. It's hard to describe."*

Julie requested that this photo of her and Joel, shot in the Zilber Hospice gazebo on August 4, 2012, be used today in her celebration.



*A
Celebration
of Julie's
Life*



JOEL'S RELECTIONS ON JULIE'S AMAZING LIFE

A spirit of immense life and laughter and love has left this world. Julie passed peacefully on August 22nd, 2012 at 10 p.m. I wish I had Julie's eloquence so that I could describe to all of you how beautiful she made each day of our lives together. I feel so supremely fortunate that I found true love with her each and every day of our seventeen years together. We have had exciting adventures in far away lands, so many quiet and loving moments together at home and joyous moments with you, our dearest friends and family. Julie was a Muse, Healer and Nurturer. Julie loved all of you with her entire heart and being. You enriched her life beyond compare.

LOVE I first met Julie in the summer of 1996 at Eagle Cave in western Wisconsin. The entire campsite was on a steep hill and several days of torrential downpour turned the entire area into a giant mudslide. We had to huddle in ditches and in caves when tornado warning sirens went off. Many people went home, but some of us stayed. The day I first met Julie was when the sun finally started shining. There was a huge celebration that day. Julie had been singing, dancing and drumming around a large campfire. Her eyes and smile sparkled with such vibrancy that my heart melted that very first moment and never stopped. Julie's favorite song by the Beatles was "Rain." Listen to the lyrics and you'll know why. She continued to dance and sing, laugh and love through her entire life, rain or shine, even to her final breath. Our

wedding vows were for forever and a day, so I know that she will always be with me.

To me Julie was Love personified. She loved everyone just as they are, without judgment. The hundreds and hundreds of friends and family who have paid tribute to her attest that I am not alone in that opinion.

Julie loved good company and conversation. She had a fabulous wit. She could laugh at herself but would never laugh at anyone else's expense. She could have huge crowds rolling in laughter. I can remember so many times that she would roll off joke after joke and then have to wait the several seconds for the rapidly firing neurons in my brain to catch up. Her Toastmasters public speaking group was a perfect outlet for her humor and love of meeting new people.

Julie loved play in all its forms and kept a childlike spirit. That is why she was so beloved by her nieces and nephews and godchildren and her friends' children. Simple days like flying a kite with Bill and Mindy and their kids, watching fireworks at John Eric's, playing in the park at our house with Nene and Tyrese were such a joy to her. Julie loved board games. Our favorite games were some train building games that would allow you to draw tracks across a real or imagined geography like Europe or the moon, using crayons.

Animals loved Julie just as intensely as people did. She had several pets during her life, from her dog Cleo when she was growing up to our cats Max and Tika. Even wild animals tended to instinctively love her. Not always a good thing, of course. She once saw a Jaguarondi in Costa Rica, an extremely rare and shy animal. One of her dreams for retirement was to own a hobby farm full of animals.

SPIRITUALITY Julie inherited her family's deep sense of spirituality. Her grandfather was a minister in Fox Lake and her father took over as pastor for the church when Julie's grandfather died. As she came of age, her father told her that she must find and choose her own religion. Julie took her father's charge seriously. She researched and attended many different religious ceremonies. She remembers her father having lively theological discussions with religious representatives who visited, especially the Mormons and the Jehovah's Witnesses.

Julie was deeply spiritual; her love embraced all faiths. She felt that God is pure Love. Although God is infinite, our understanding of the Divine is not. Each religion is a different facet to the same diamond. The tale of the three blind men who encounter an elephant and each perceive the elephant as being something different comes to mind.

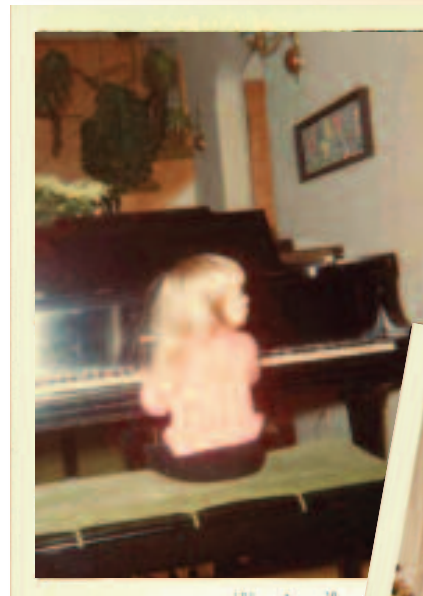
Julie was a scholar of religion and a follower of Carl Gustav Jung. She loved studying and practising ancient religions. As a lover of nature, she was especially drawn by the beauty of Native American and tribal religions.

Julie loved Christianity, particularly in reading the words of Love spoken by Jesus. She felt comforted by Mary's divine grace and carried a token of Saint Anthony wherever she travelled, and felt a personal connection with the Archangel Raphael who represents God's healing love and grace. Julie also followed in the footsteps of one of her grandfathers, a 33rd degree mason. She grew up as a member of Job's Daughters and later joined the Rosicrucians (i.e. the Rose of the Holy Cross).

Julie also embraced the simple truths of Love with non-attachment as taught by the Buddha. She loved to practice meditation and yoga during her quiet moments when she was not celebrating the divine with song and dance during her ecstatic moments. Julie also had many friends in other religions, including Judaism and Islam.



Family photos with mom and dad, John and Bill.



Julies love for reading and music was apparent early on.



She was so supremely centered in her own spirituality that she was not only able to quickly be at peace with her own sudden and imminent passing, she was also able to comfort those of us who loved her so. Her final moments continued to be about taking care of us rather than us taking care of herself. Even after her death, she continued to provide life to others as an organ donor.

SOCIAL ACTIVISM Julie was a woman of great strength whose social activism improved many lives in her community. She embodied the spiritual teachings of Jesus that as we treat the poorest and most unfortunate of us, so we treat the Divine.

Julie became socially active early in her life. She volunteered at Planned Parenthood as a teenager, helping young adults, many of whom came from abusive family situations.

Julie continued her activism during her college years and was especially active with the Latin American Solidarity Committee (LASC) to promote social justice beyond the borders of our own country. She was also an active member of the Peace Action Center and very much believed that world peace was a real goal worth fighting for.

Julie also felt a close affinity for the School Sisters of Saint Francis, who were quartered at the St. Francis Seminary where her father studied theology, and from her LASC days, since the Sisters were very active in promoting social justice in Latin America.

Julie continued to work tirelessly for social justice during her ten years at the Shepherd Express and often took on stories that mainstream newspapers would not touch for fear of losing a key advertiser.

Julie combined her love of learning and social justice when she left the Shepherd Express to work for Milwaukee Area Technical College. Her diligent efforts have helped the college to communicate and continue its mission of educating the skilled workforce so vital to our local and state economy.

Julie was also heavily involved with the local 212 chapter of the American Federation of Teachers while at MATC, and acted as editor for the union during many of those years. In that role, she helped to provide a clear voice to AFTs efforts to further improve educational quality at MATC to new levels of excellence.

LEARNING and WRITING Julie has always had a love of learning which manifested at any early age. This is probably not a complete surprise, as both of her parents were teachers. She was such a gifted student in high school that her parents engaged home tutoring to help her reach her full

potential. Her love of learning was so great that she decided to attend college at the University of Wisconsin Milwaukee on the ten-year plan. She had credits for a large number of majors but officially graduated with a Bachelors in English.

She was an avid reader and continued to gain knowledge on her own throughout her life. She always had a dozen different books that she managed to be reading at the same time. Her favorite fictional book was Jayne Eyre. I encourage you to read the book, as the movie does not do justice to the quiet strength, compassion and intelligence of the main character. Just as my words can't do justice to Julie. The children's book, Giraffes? Giraffes? is an excellent example of Julie's sense of humor. On the serious, scientific side, I bet many of you did not know that giraffes are actually aliens that came to earth from Neptune on giant conveyors. Also, be very wary of mirrors.

Julie has been an accomplished author and editor throughout most of her adult life. Her talent has helped to nurture and broaden all of our horizons. During her early career, she worked at Wisconsin Woman, Single Life and Milwaukee Magazine. She then spent ten years at the Shepherd Express before working for another ten as editor for Milwaukee Area Technical college's print and online media, advertisements and internal publications. She edited the AFT Local 212 newspaper and helped with several student publications. Julie was also a prominent member of the Milwaukee Press club for several years, serving several years on the board and editing its annual magazine, Once A Year, for six years. She has published hundreds of stories and articles of her own.

Julie later attended Coach University, one of two internationally accredited coaching institutions and graduated as both a life coach and a book coach. This allowed her to use her writing and editing skills in a profoundly new way by helping other young authors to be published. Many of those authors are sending silent prayers of thanks to Julie as they read this.

ART and MUSIC Julie loved art in all its forms. She came from an extremely talented musical family on both sides. Her grandmother was a concert pianist and her parents were both music teachers in Grafton. Julie inherited the gift of perfect pitch and the ability to use it. She could play almost any instrument including the piano, flute, base and drums. Drum circles with friends were a special pastime for her. Julie could dance beautifully. Julie also had the voice of an angel – I can only imagine how beautiful she sounds now that she is one.

Her music tastes were diverse and ran from Indian Ragas to Medieval music to 60s psychedelic, but she especially loved The Beatles and the works of Johann Sebastian Bach. We have their complete works – a couple hundred CDs worth.

Julie loved poetry, especially the mystic Christian poets like Hafiz

and Rumi. One of those poems is included with this book. She also loved modern poetry and frequently attended poetry slams. Some of you probably fondly remember her own poetry readings. Julie loved to go to the Milwaukee Art Museum and to visit other art galleries when we travelled.

Julie loved to make art with her own hands. She could make beautiful pieces of jewelry and beadwork. She even began to learn knitting and was so proud of the first scarf that she made.

She also loved to cook and could instinctively put together new recipes on the fly for nearly any type of cuisine, from traditional American or fine French to the exotic spices of Indian, Thai or Arabic food. She saw good company, good food and a glass of wine with dinner outside as making a perfect evening.

Julie also liked to collect stamps from far away places during her travel, a hobby that began when one of her grandfathers gave her her first stamp album with stamps from places he had visited.

NATURE Julie loved the sublime beauty of nature. We have hiked, biked and camped at hundreds of parks across Wisconsin and other states. Julie loved to watch the turn of the seasons, and we would often revisit our favorite paths throughout the year. Julie loved to look at the stars, to see a golden sunrise or a silvery moon. She loved the deep green of forests and the eternal strength of a mountain. Julie loved the vastness and crystal clear beauty of rivers, lakes and oceans. She loved listening to a gentle breeze or the joy of a bird singing. She also loved that serene quiet, occasionally broken by the frantic scurrying of some discovered wild creature.

Julie was adventurous in exploring new frontiers. Some of them could be dangerously exhilarating. I can remember our supposedly simple tubing excursion down the Mopan River in Belize. We were tens of miles into the rain forest, far from any semblance of civilization. The strength of the current was deceptively strong and pulled Julie away and down the river as soon as she got in. It even pulled her wedding ring off her finger. Our return to safety was something of a cross between “Lost” and “Gilligan’s Island.”

I also remember another time that we hiked in the Appalachians in Virginia, heedlessly ignoring a No Trespassing sign. The sleeping bear we startled by almost walking into it probably assumed that we were intelligent enough to read the sign and follow simple directions. After towering over us from about six feet away, he showed the utmost tolerance for us young kids and ambled down the mountain into deeper forest to get some well-deserved rest. Even after being petrified Julie could still crack a good joke. I think I said ‘Holy Cow!’ after the bear left. Julie looked at me with a mischievous smile, wagged her finger at me and said “Joel, that was not a cow. THAT was most definitely a bear.”

Julie also loved to watch nature in our own back yard. She had a green thumb. Our backyard is small but full of red roses and blazing tiger lilies. She loved to watch the bees swarm over the mint plants to harvest pollen from all their tiny flowers.

TRAVEL and CULTURES Julie embraced new cultures and loved to travel and explore. Julie’s travels began at an early age when she travelled to Morelia, Mexico as an exchange student in high school, where she stayed with a wonderful family.

We have climbed mountains together. We have explored ancient Mayan cities. Some of you might not know that Julie was also an avid spelunker during her previous marriage to Jeff Hansen. Being so petite, she was able to crawl into some of the most remote cave systems.

Julie and I travelled to many foreign lands in Latin America including Belize, Costa Rica, Belize, Guatemala, Trinidad and Tobago. We even travelled to more foreign lands like Las Vegas.

One of our favorite U.S. trips was to Custer State Park in the Black Hills of South Dakota. This is a place of majestic beauty. It is a sacred Native American site thought to be the center of the world, as described in beautiful book *Black Elk Speaks*. Julie and I climbed those peaks with the greatest enthusiasm and probably with less common sense, but the view on reaching the top was indescribable. It truly feels if you are at the center of all things on this peak. Julie's Facebook page showing her at the top of the mountain, surveying the world with joy and serenity, was from this trip.

Our wedding even reflected her love of new cultures. In this case, new lands came to us. We originally planned to get married on Machu Pichu in Peru. In 1998, Julie had been volunteering at the time on the board of the first Arabian Festival in North America, to be featured right here in Milwaukee. The festival was to include an authentic Arabic wedding. The bride and groom were to fly over from Morocco and the wedding was to include famous performers and dignitaries from the Arab peninsula to meet and embrace dignitaries from our culture here. The wedding would be televised around the world.

A few days before the wedding, the couple from Morocco broke up. The board knew that Julie and I intended to be married soon, so they asked us if we could get married there on stage at Arabian Fest. This was slightly odd, as neither Julie nor I are either Arabic or Muslim. Julie thought about it for a moment and said "It's really important in a big picture sense to have a good wedding here, isn't it? And it will make everyone very happy." The answer to that was, of course, yes. She smiled and thought for a moment and asked, "Will there be a lot of music and dancing and singing?" The answer was, again, yes. Her smile beamed and she turned to look at me, and we answered in unison that we would gladly accept. There was so

much joy and love at our wedding from the entire community, most of whom had no idea who we even were. The most commonly heard blessing was in Arabic and translates to something like "May you have five sons."





FAMILY and FRIENDS

Julie has always been my protector, and like a best friend. Even though we were six years apart we still did many things together. She always showed me new places in the world and we always laughed at life together. As I got older, I was introduced to her circle of good people. I'm a better person for having her as my sister.

— *Bill Wichman*

"She was funny and told good stories and jokes. She also was good at drawing funny pictures. I liked playing with Julie."

— *Rosemary Herringa*

"Julie is in Heaven now with Nana and her Mom and Dad? She always got us fun presents! She gave me a chocolate cupcake-yum!"

— *Libby Herringa*

Dear Aunt Julie,

A passage from my story. I hope you love the ocean as much as I do.

Isolated Cave

I run until I am about 10 miles to the edge of Nek territory. I hear crashing waves nearby and follow their hypnotizing sound. I love the beach. I love the ocean. It's my sanctuary to get away from it all, to clear my mind. I walk over the hill, through the reeds and on the soft silica sand. The rolling waves overhead call me. As I walk toward them, the hermit crabs part away. The waves push tiny Coquinas ashore; they quickly dig into the sand. The beach is decorated with all types of shells: lion paws, snail shells, spiraled shells; you name it. I open my delicate ray like wings and leap into the air with one flap. I then dive under the oceans calming aqua blanket. It is a different world in the ocean, a better world. I spot a large cave nearby and drift inside. No one lives here so I rest on the

soft sand and stare up at the sunlit ripples slanting in the caves entrance. I sit in the cave waiting, but I'm not exactly sure what I'm waiting for. I want to stay here forever.

— *Haleyrain Wichman*

I describe Julie to people who never got to meet her as "sunshine on legs." Observing her at the 8th Note Coffee House at UW-Milwaukee from across a room weeks before we met in 1991, I liked Julie instantly for two reasons: her strong resemblance to my friend Liz and that she was so obviously a cheery spirit. The easiest way to explain the depth and ease of the relationship that began the moment we met is that we must have worked out all the glitchy pitfalls over several past lives, because it was fathoms deep and joyfully effortless. And I don't know what happens before we're born or after we die, but I can't think of another way to explain one of the most singular friendships of my life.

— *Amy Waldman*

Woman, lover, friend.

Scholar, skeptic, true believer.

Mentor, peer and novice.

Jester, knight and queen.

We shared incredible memories, laughter, loyalty and learning – enough to fill my life's suitcase for the journey forward. We did powerful things, Julie always the center of energy, bearer of the staff, the guide. She taught me, always in ways I could digest; she learned from everyone, ever able to see a thing from all its myriad sides at once. An easy laugh with a grace, intelligence and beauty that overflowed from within... Perhaps it is no surprise that her body couldn't contain her spirit on this Earth. Can't wait, my dear, to meet you again.

An ye harm none, do what ye will.

*What ye send forth comes back to thee,
So ever mind the Rule of Three.*

*Follow this with mind and heart,
And merry ye meet, and merry ye part.*
— *Jon Anne Willow*

I first met Julie when we attended a certification class to become coaches. Right away, her humor, her individuality and her deep empathy became apparent to me. I was so taken with her that we stayed in touch over the years, usually with me calling with a problem or concern or something I had written that needed editing. Each time Julie and I talked, I felt really heard. There was no judgment, no undercurrent, just the clear head of a caring coach, asking those questions that others wouldn't ask or sharing some experience that made perfect sense and related to the experience you were having. She was in a class of her own, humble and wise beyond her years but fun and daring and adventurous. Every time I ever talked to Julie, she mentioned her gorgeous, incredible husband. She was crazy, passionately in love and obviously never let a day go by that she did not declare her love.

Julie was a wise and free spirit – a unique combination of friend, coach, goddess and crone. I am grateful that she was in my life, if only for a little while. I will also always remember the way she died as much as she lived – allowing God to fill her body with wholeness and love, accepting what was to come with grace and perfect peace. We love you Julie – and I know you can still hear us!

— *Liz Plaster*

Julie was a Goddess and she knew it. She was sweet, and she was a self-assured, keen, swift-thinking, tough and





Halloween 2005



Madison, 2011



Biking, hiking, skiing & snow shoeing!



Julie loved wine!
Wine Tasting Party, 2012

smart leader who gave us wisdom. Julie was a vivacious person; always hamming it up with humor and love. I will never forget when she entered the stage as an actress playing the part of “Pink The Muse” in a musical I wrote. It was a staged theatrical reading at The Skylight Opera Theater in 2004. I cast her in this part because I felt like she really was the character. She lit the stage on fire as if her soul had already memorized the words she had never seen before. She embodied the Muse with her effervescent self. She enters the spirit world as the “Queen of The Muses.”

—Katie O’Regan

A decade ago, I started a designer internship the day Julie joined the same marketing team. She personally requested a drawing from my portfolio, asked me to sign it and hung it her office where it resides to this day. She prided herself on having the 1st autographed copy of my work and helped build the confidence of a young and shy designer. Years later, I continued to stay in touch even though my career went in a different direction. Every visit to her office was full of laughs, random ideas, life experiences, spirited discussions and an energy I have no words to describe. Julie Wichman is a beautiful soul and has always been a TRUE friend. I will miss her dearly. I love you Julie, thank you for sharing your light with me.

—Solomon Graham

Julie added a spiritual spark to our Salon discussions: insights that were unique, deep, thoughtful, funny, and sooo Julie. Together we read books, enjoy movies, and share healthful

dinners, all while pondering Life’s great gifts and mysteries. We are a diverse and unique group of women, and Julie will always be our special Salon Sister.

—Becky Alsup, Kathy Brehmer,
Genell Cardona, Kit Collins and
Linda McGuire

Julie was an important part of the Latin America Solidarity Committee for 30 years, whether as a student protesting against the contra War in Nicaragua and genocide against the Maya of Guatemala in the 1980’s; writing about human rights issues or convincing others to do so; helping people travel to Cuba and Central America, or providing a home for guests from Honduras.

Julie was an inspiring person to bounce ideas off of. Her eyes would



light up and she would nearly fly out of her chair as she elaborated at least three different ideas at once. That was very evident these past two years as we worked on projects for Honduras, hosting first Miriam Miranda and then Dr. Luther Castillo. She was talking about returning the visit, but time didn’t allow that. This spring she introduced

me to Jill and others at MATC. At the time she said “In case I can’t be here to do it.” Those words take on added meaning now. She was a great friend; we will miss her very much.

—Babette Grunow

Julie and I were introduced by mutual friends back in 1995. I was struggling to publish a newsletter and Julie offered her editorial expertise. We took conga lessons together and facilitated drum jams at Water Tower Park, and eventually she was adopted as ‘crazy aunt Julie’ by my daughters

Kira and Rae, who still recall fondly our occasional “fon-don’t” fondue parties at Joel and Julie’s house.

It seems like only a few months ago that we were just kids banging out ‘La Fanga’ on our drums and making joyful noise. How can twenty years have slipped by so soon? Julie taught me so much about community, life and love. The memory of her will resonate in our hearts forever.

—Dan Ader

Julie: Always full of sunshine, always spiritual, always loving Mother Earth and, above all, always kind through and through. So many words have been said and written, so many stories told and so many pictures painted. The earth weeps for you, my friend.

Julie, you always have lent me your hand, gave me words of encouragement, courage and wonder. We talked about life, the spirits, nature and about our Gods and Goddesses. You never failed me, mankind or this earth. You invited all into your heart, and that included me. I am extremely blessed to have had you in my life, and will keep you in my heart forever. You saved my spirit, my soul and my heart by your friendship, encouragement and just by your presence of being. You were always there no matter how far apart we have traveled. You gave me so much courage and helped me with conquering 30 years of guilt. Thank you for being that open spirit. I long for the day we will all walk together again.

You will be always in my thoughts and have empowered me to be fearless, as you were. Your union with the universal energy is what holds us all together now.

Thank you, Julie, for my “Moe: Warrior Princess” motto. I will forever hold my bow and shoot in your honor. Blessed Be.

—Maureen (Moe)

To me, Julie stood for passion and enthusiasm. Whether she was talking about an editing problem, Joel, her kitties, or her dream of running a writer's retreat center, she was "all in."

I'm a channel, and while I don't normally channel people who've passed, occasionally a really bright soul will have something to say. I figured I'd give it a try with Julie, and here's what she shared:

"Hi, Johanna! I was hoping you'd try this; I wanted to get the last word. ;-) Tell Joel not to worry, I'm doing great. I'm really sorry to have left him holding the bag. I know we had plans and they won't look the way we thought, but sweetie, don't let go of your dream. (Okay, I know it started as my dream for you, but hang onto it now for me, make me proud.)

You wouldn't believe how amazing it is here, how miraculous, it's crazy! Don't sweat the mistakes, it's all good. Can you believe sometimes we do things just to get them wrong? Lighten up, don't take things so seriously... nobody gets out of this game alive, yet we never cease to exist. It's pretty cool! I'm still processing stuff, so you might not feel me too much for a bit, but you'd better believe I'll be bugging you from here to keep you on your game. Trust me; it WON'T be your imagination.

Peace flies on the wings of angels,
Carry me in your heart, as you are in mine.
Gone but not; our connection but a heartbeat and a breath away.

Oh! If you could feel the immensity of the LOVE;
It truly is "all there is."

Immense, vast, billowing, rolling, enfolding,
Waves of love envelop and encircle you now as I think of you.

Weep not for me; I am as vast as the expanse of stars in the
night sky.

You cannot see them in the sun, but they do not cease to exist.
I remember love, I am held in love, I am love.

—Johanna Lyman



Visiting on a Sunday afternoon with friends and Salon sisters.



Hundreds of well wishes, cards and visitors adorned the Ziebler Hospice



Icecream cake with nieces Libby and Rosemary



Healing ceremony for Julie



A Career in Words

Life demands that we play multiple roles – spouse, friend, sibling and work colleague among them.

Julie worked at Milwaukee Area Technical College for 11 years. She was the editor. Her days were filled with deadlines to meet, 300-page catalogs and schedules to produce, a website to update, typos to fix and copy to create and improve.

Her world at MATC was words. She edited, proofed and transformed hundreds of thousands of them into meaningful, concise and compelling prose. Julie did it with a determined spirit and a genuine affection for and pride in her work. She also had a great affinity for the college that was always evident.

Julie was the unwavering but amiable enforcer of MATC's written style, ensuring what appeared in print and online was as accurate, error-free and as well-written as possible. It was a daunting challenge, but Julie handled it with aplomb, always aware of what the audience (mostly prospective and current students) needed to know. Her red editing pen worked its way through all manner of publications and web pages, bringing clarity and life to copy. It was a special skill; Julie had it in spades.

What Julie did not have was an ego or a need to be authoritative. Not once did I hear her say, "Because I'm the editor, that's why!" She certainly could have. Her approach was congenial and compromising. She quickly gained the respect of colleagues. She made an awful lot of work friends along the way. Although her "boss," I was happy to be one of her many friends, too. I learned pretty early in Julie's tenure that she was one of MATC's best decision makers. Cutting this word or that sentence; adding this phrase or that active verb. MATC and its students benefited.

Colleagues, friends and family are all better for the too short but meaningful experience of knowing Julie.

— Dan Reszel

Nearly every day for the last 11 years, I would get a cup of coffee and plunk down in a chair in Julie's office. Could be morning or afternoon, but it was rare when we didn't get to talk for at least a few

minutes each day. We first started working together at *Single Life Magazine*, both of us our first jobs out of college and both of us single. I was the art director, she was the editor. With only a few months difference in our age, our lives ran parallel to each other in so many ways. Married young, interesting careers, later found our soul mates who were both much younger.

We would talk about our weekends. She would scold me for not going to yoga. She would share her cut carrots while talking about wine and pizza, or about a class she was taking or teaching. Never did we exchange thoughts about TV shows or books. She watched no TV, I read no books. I was the pictures, she was the words.

I don't know how to say goodbye. I have lost my words. Julie would have told me how to say it, and just as important to her, how to spell it.

— Dawn Carrillo

Jules was my friend, my colleague, my mentor, my student. I have never lost someone quite like her before, so the loss is so much more real, heartfelt and painful. It is hard to put into words how I will miss her, how I miss her already - all the little things. Her laugh, her light-heartedness, her dress, her spirituality, her fairness, her politics, her suggestions, her critiques, our lunches, our trash talk, our camaraderie, our sharing of life's big and little traumas. I told her that I would miss her. I thanked her for everything.

Thanks again, Jules. I miss you. See you in due time.

— Tom Pilarzyk

Julie was a kind and gentle spirit, but that gentleness concealed a great strength. Julie was my trusted friend, colleague, and union sister. But she was much more than that — like a spiritual guide, life coach, and travel consultant all rolled into one. I loved her openness, honesty, and utter fearlessness.

Julie approached her last journey as she lived her life — with an attitude of childish wonder.

Julie, my friend, you are still showing me the way.

— Susan Ruggles

Thank You

Our families would like to give thanks to the staff at Aurora VNA Zilber Hospice, the Aurora Home Hospice Program and the Froedert staff for giving Julie the time to say goodbye to so many family and friends; for helping her to be at peace in spirit, to remain happy, active, cognizant and free of pain, free even to the very end and for accommodating many special requests such as gazebo parties.

Thanks to our work families at MATC, AFT Local 212 and ICM Corporation for all their support during such trying times. Thanks to Dawn Carrillo and Jon Anne Willow for putting this memory book together. Our thanks to all of you for setting up or donating to Julie's MATC scholarship fund.

Thanks to the following individuals for their own tributes to Julie: Dave Luhrssen and Louis Fortis, Kathleen Hohl, Michael Rosen, Maureen Gasek, Terry Firkins, Virginia Hirsch, Mitch Haycock, Becky Alsup-Kingery. Thanks to everyone who brought food or ran errands to allow us to spend more time with Julie. Thank all of you our family and friends who have filled Julie's life with love, who sent healing thoughts and prayers and who have made her final days ones to be truly remembered.

MEMORIALS ARE BEING ACCEPTED IN JULIE'S NAME:

Julie Wichman MATC Scholarship

Online at matc.edu

When donating, please indicate your pledge is for the Julie Wichman Fund

10th Sreet Theatre

Aurora VNA Zilber Family Hospice

Peace Action Center

Rails to Trails Conservancy



It has been an honor to compile all these great stories and photos for our courageous friend. Lead the way my friend.

Jon Anne and Dawn

Tomorrow Never Knows *by the Beatles*

A favorite song of Julies

Turn off your mind
Relax and float downstream
It is not dying
It is not dying

Lay down all thoughts
Surrender to the void
It is shining
It is shining

That you may see the
Meaning of within
It is being
It is being

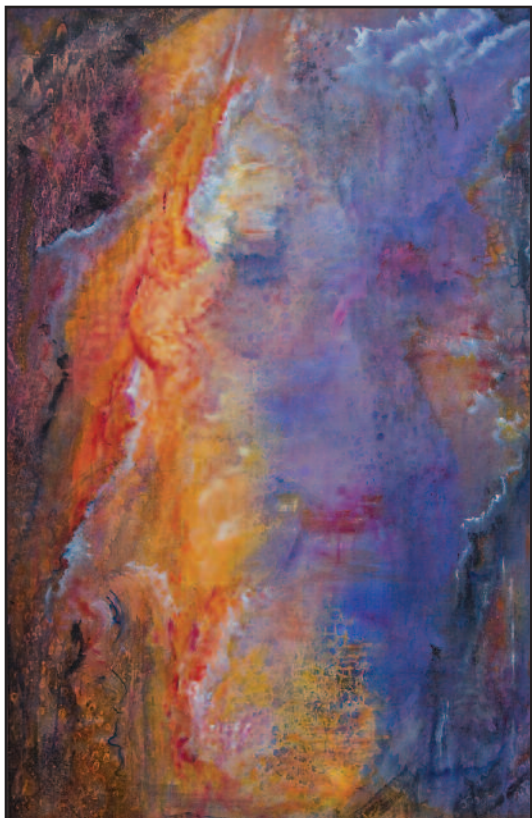
Love is all
Love is everyone
It is knowing
It is knowing

And ignorance and hate
Mourn the dead
It is believing
It is believing

But listen to the color
Of your dreams
It is not leaving
It is not leaving

So play the game
Existence to the end
Of the beginning
Of the beginning

Julie climbing to paradise in
Waimea Canyon in Hawaii in 2009



JULIE ANNE WICHMAN

1963-2012

Do not stand at my grave and weep

I am not there; I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow,

I am the diamond glints on snow,

I am the sun on ripened grain,

I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you awaken in the morning's hush

I am the swift uplifting rush

Of quiet birds in circled flight.

I am the soft stars that shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry,

I am not there; I did not die.

- *Schwarzkopf*

*Julie's image was painted into the piece unknowingly; it was not until
I finished and stepped back she appeared.*

Acrylic on canvas. Created by good friend Maureen Gasek

prayer card