



Joseph G. "Joe G." Wick III

October 21, 1944 - July 12, 2018

Joseph George "Joe G" Wick III, only child of Joseph George Wick Sr and Mary Irene Wick, née Ficsor, was born on October 21st 1944 in St. Louis, MO and died July 12th 2018 in Rosemead, CA.

He spent his formative years in Ladue and St. Louis, MO with summer sojourns at his grandparents' farm in Highland, IL and European tours with his mother. Joe found castles in Europe to ignite his imagination (at Warwick castle he expressed disappointment War might have been taken off his surname and daydreamed about owning the castle) and would always think travel a useful object, but still missed his home. He was proud that as a young man he met the Pope twice.

Joe attended Community School, then John Burroughs, and Chaminade College Preparatory. Onward and on a full ride academic scholarship, he went to both Washington University in St Louis where he majored in Chemical Engineering and University of Missouri where he graduated with a BS in Economics. He served as a Sergeant in the United States Marine Reserves, and then joined another reserve, this time the Federal Reserve. He worked there as an analyst, finished his undergraduate, and went on to receive his MBA from the University of Missouri.

After refusing to take over the family business, he bummed around for a spell

in Europe, but it held little romance for him in the long term. He returned to the United States and worked as an assistant to the President of Continental Telephone Company. Sensing opportunity in Los Angeles, he moved to the coast and worked his way up the corporate ladder in Mergers and Acquisitions at Lear Siegler, getting a Juris Doctorate from Southwestern University along the way.

In the 1990s, he held a private law practice focusing on corporate and business law. He sharpened his wits, and the wits of others, with a brief professorship at Pepperdine University, then settled down within his private practice and work as a pro bono defense attorney for the Los Angeles Children's Court.

After a stint as a pro-temp Judge in Los Angeles, Joe retired. Whether practicing his Chinese over a game of pai gow, studying his life-long love of mathematics, or panning for gold in the Sierra Nevadas, Joe kept busy. Anybody who knew him recognized both his formidable intellect and his deep respect for knowledge. Joe especially enjoyed spinning stories and conversing on a wide range of varying topics; he could talk until his voice was gone - no mean feat, for it was a powerful voice. Many thought he had a silver tongue. He made friends easily.

Raised Catholic, his interest in theology was a steady influence in his life, and he found his faith transformed by the common good in Christendom. At various times he was a vestryman for St. Nicholas Episcopal Church, a treasurer for First Congregational Church, and attended services regularly at both Presbyterian and Quaker churches.

Joe valued the Arts and was extremely supportive of those who sought to live their life under the auspice of Artistic Pursuit. An autodidact, he spent his last years learning languages (such as Chinese, Korean, Spanish, Hungarian, and

Russian to name a few), and teaching himself to write music. He played many instruments --- notably the flute, violin, mandolin, guitar, keyboard, and saxophone -- and took delight in learning to play still more. He was usually in the middle of at least three books, a love of reading he came by honestly from his mother.

He spent his remaining years traveling throughout Los Angeles specifically and the Western continental United States generally, with brief forays back to the St. Louis locales of his youth. His friends will miss his undeniable presence and his fascinating conversation, but he will be happy to rest in Highland, IL with family.

He is survived by his former wife Karen Cain in California (married 1975) in , and children, Jessica Paige Wick in Rhode Island, Jeremy Wick in California, and Damon Gregory Meyer in Maine.

Private Interment will be at Saint Joseph Catholic Cemetery, Highland, IL.

Tribute Wall

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“ Joe was always ready to fly away from it all (*Come the Revolution, Brother*). So he conned me into spending a weekend in the Mojave Desert. We visited Brian's Airport and U-Pick Ranch (viz.: <http://www.brianranch.com/>) and if you go there you could see Joe up-in-the-air, somewhere. He loved the desert.

Mark Preston - August 15, 2018 at 06:06 PM

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Mark Preston - August 15, 2018 at 05:59 PM