

Julia Reeve Herrick

Julia Reeve Herrick (Julie) died In Newport, Rhode Island, on July 31, 2025, after a long illness.

Julie was born to Walter D. Herrick Jr. and Julia R. Herrick on March 1, 1943, in Oak Park, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago. She spent her early years in Oak Park and later a neighboring suburb, River Forest. Since both parents had been long-time summer residents of the Crystal Lake area of Benzie County, Michigan, she spent many of her summers there as well. She is survived by her brother Walter D. Herrick III (Wally) of Benzie County, Michigan, and numerous cousins scattered about the United States.



Her secondary school was Oak Park — River Forest High School where she graduated at the top of her class and was one of the speakers at her graduation. She graduated college from Mount Holyoke in South Hadley, Massachusetts, and received her Master's Degree in Hospital Administration from Columbia University in New York City. A sailor from her early days at Crystal Lake, she lived for a substantial portion of her life on her 40-foot ketch, Panacea, which was docked mostly in Stamford, Connecticut. She sailed it frequently on Long Island Sound and hosted an annual sail for her college friends for many years. For a time, she also lived on a trawler on Puget Sound in Washington. After her retirement she moved to Newport, Rhode Island, where she spent the rest of her life. There she became a very active member of the Channing Unitarian Church. Julie was married twice, first to Thomas Pyle who passed while they were living on Puget Sound and then to David Adams who is also deceased.

Julie had a keen mind which was evidenced by her successful career as hospital administrator in the New York City area. Most of those years were spent as a head administrator at Montefiore Hospital in the Bronx and her later years at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine.

Julie will be remembered for her passion for sailing as well as her generosity, kindness, and sense of humor.

A Memorial Service was held at Channing Memorial Church in Newport, Rhode Island, on September 13, 2025. Her ashes were interred at Crystal Lake Township Cemetery, North. A Memorial Service was expected to be held there during the 2026 summer season.

Source: Obituary published online by the *Newport Daily News*, September 06, 2025.

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Further Information about “Jules”

The following get-together photos were shared by Mary Howe Grant and Melissa Wanamaker.



Mt. Holyoke Mafia 1965: Back row: L to R: **Julie Herrick, Melissa Wanamaker, Rookh Grimes.** Front row: L to R. **Pat Owens Chartock, Bobbie Green Puschel, Mary Howe Grant.** Banner made by Bobbie. 1998 – Sanibel Island.

Bobbie Puschel shared: “Julie hosted a group of us for a wonderful day of sailing on Long Island Sound every summer for many years... The Mount Holyoke Mafia became our moniker and that lasts today! A number of other classmates often joined if they were in the NY area at the time. Many, many laughs and tears and wine! Julie lived on her sail boat in Stamford Harbor for many happy years. We miss her...”

Melissa Wanamaker adds: “Julie was open, generous, funny and warm. Sailing outings were out of Stamford, Connecticut along with

other get-togethers in Newport, Sanibel Island and Tucson.”

Julia Reeve Herrick! Julie! Jules!

“We were friends for over 60 years, having met at Holyoke in the early 1960s. After graduation, we lived together in NY for several years with various Holyoke friends. Then as our lives and careers progressed, we stayed in touch and got together several times each year. Julie was an experienced sailor and some of my happiest memories are of times spent together on her various sailboats. I will miss her bright personality and warm spirit until the end of my days.” **Rookh Grimes.**

Mary Howe Grant adds: “Julie was a true friend. She was a good listener, as each of us tried to be for one another. However, she was particularly insightful and observant. Moreover, she did not hesitate to say privately that which she observed. Our friendship started freshman year in Prospect, reignited senior year in her Stafford H-P Group, continued in New York City as young

women professionals with other '65'ers, and then solidified through Mt. Holyoke Mafia '65 summer get-togethers sailing and visiting each other where we lived."

The following get-together photos were shared by Mary Howe Grant and Melissa Wanamaker.



**Tucson Get-Together 2014:
Julie Herrick, Pat Owens
Chartock, Mary Howe Grant,
Connie Simpson Adkins, Jinny
Blenkinsop White, Elsie Piper
Hathaway, Melissa
Wanamaker; kneeling in front:
Jan Schnell Daley. Photo by
Lalla “Rookh” Grimes.**



**Julie Herrick and Jan Schnell Daley,
Tucson 2014.**

Eulogy for Julie Herrick; Friends for 60 Years

Connie Adkins, September 2025

Julie was a force! Bold, outspoken, independent, managerial, adventurous, and very competent. A really remarkable woman!

We met in college. Her character was evident then, but it really blossomed when she was free of the confines of a small women's college in a small town and out on her own. Not long after graduation, she enrolled in the Sailaway School in the Caribbean where she learned to sail large sailing boats. This was followed by a trip to Greece where she crewed for a large touring sailboat, getting the experience on the water she sought.

These two back-to-back ventures took several months – she was a young single woman at the time alone in foreign countries far from home, friends and family. This was 60 years ago! Imagine! Women didn't do such things then. At least not most women!

Not long after she returned to the states, to New York, she purchased her first boat, Cara, which she later upgraded to her beloved 43-foot Panacea. By then she was with her first husband, Tom. They lived together on the boat for several years, year-round. Have you ever seen a 43 ft sailboat shrink wrapped for the winter?

Needless to say, she was a passionate, masterful sailor. God how she loved it! John and I spent many wonderful long weekends in the summer sailing in the Sound with her. It was glorious! And it was amazing to see her at work. She knew absolutely every inch of her boat. She told me once that she was able to identify the sounds of nine different motors on the boat and could tell by the sound if any were malfunctioning.

She was a careful sailor, keeping a close eye on the weather and always bringing us into safe Harbor if there was any question about conditions. On one occasion, though, we were caught in an unexpected squall. It was intense – strong winds, huge waves, and heavy rain. It was scary – and also thrilling. Julie got us rain gear and lifejackets and told us to stay put. She attached herself to a lifeline and went to work. She was absolutely focused, constantly assessing and responding to the changing conditions. And was she ever in her element!! She loved the challenge – and loved the opportunity to use her skills. Not for one moment did I feel unsafe.

Professionally she followed a similarly bold, uncharted course for women. She got her Master's degree in hospital administration at Columbia University and after a couple of jobs at Bellevue and Roosevelt Hospitals, she settled in to a lengthy stay at Montefiore Hospital, a large teaching hospital, rising to top administrative positions.

When the union 1099 went out on strike, the admin staff were in charge of keeping the hospital functioning and the patients safe. A huge job. I saw her briefly during this time and saw the same focus, the same ability to keep many moving parts in mind at the same time, and her love of the challenge. At the helm there as well!

There was a lot more to Julie than her managerial competence. She was a good friend, lots of fun, and kind.

For over 60 years she was a loyal, reliable, steady friend. Though we were very different, and our lives went in very different directions, we always seamlessly picked up where we had left off and we always trusted, always knew, we would be there for each other. And we were. Julie had some tough times in her life.

Tom's health failed after they had retired to Anaconda, WA. Julie was left to deal with all its complications in a new community with little support or friends – a very difficult time. A few years later, her second husband, Dave, the love of her life, died prematurely three months after they married. Resilient and determined, she came back from that loss and embraced her new life in Npt.

Julie could be a lot of fun! Whenever we got together with our college buddies, in addition to the serious catch-up talks, we would all let loose! Raucous, fun, hilarity! She was in the middle of it all.

She could be very sassy, fresh, and a real tease. We loved to banter with each other. She especially loved catching me in a mistake – boy would she pounce! From her it was always fun – it was full of good humor and affection. One example. At my last visit with her in the memory unit at The Seasons she caught me forgetting someone's name. She looked at me with a sly grin on her face and said “and so Con, how is your memory?” Even in the hospital in her last month when she was struggling to stay present, her doctor entered the room and asked “so how are we doing today Miss?.” She struggled unsuccessfully to place this woman...and finally boldly replied “yes, miss, so how ARE we doing today?” I cracked up and told the doctor she was a sassy one. Yes, she answered with a grin, I've already discovered that. True to herself to the end.

Above all, Julie expressed her caring by her generosity. Not only to charitable organizations, but also by gifts to family, friends, acquaintances. If she spotted a need, or a financial worry, or thought she could give someone a needed financial boost, she stepped in. Schooling, medication, lawyers, vacations, whatever. She overpaid people who worked for her when she knew they were facing financial trouble. All this she did quietly, matter-of-factly, with absolutely no strings attached. I learned of many of these gifts incidentally or from the recipients. I'm sure I know only the tip of the iceberg...

You had a good run, Jules. You had a rich and interesting life – you lived it very much on your own terms – with grit and sass, and kindness. Good for you, old friend, good for you.

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Posted: July 2026.