



## Thomas Richard Wickman

June 27, 1941 - June 29, 2015

Thomas Richard Wickman, 74, of Manassas, Virginia passed away Monday, June 29, 2015 at Inova Fair Oaks Hospital.

He was born on June 27, 1941 in Brooklyn, New York the son of the late Thomas E. and Clara (Hutchings) Wickman. He was a teacher at Frostburg State in Frostburg, MD and retired as an Employee Development Specialist with the Department of the Army. He was the past Master of the Henry Masonic Lodge #57, Fairfax, Virginia and the Manasseh Masonic Lodge #182, Manassas, Virginia

Survivors include his loving wife, Susan Wickman; three step-daughters, Francine Desiato and husband Mark, Wendy DiBartolo and husband Jeff, Laurie Kagan; five Step-grandchildren, Brittany Desiato, Patricia Desiato, Jonathan DiBartolo, Brian DiBartolo, Amanda DiBartolo; one sister, Laura Mullins and husband Samuel "Jim"; two nieces, Kelly Coughlan, Carrie Jo Chinn and husband Christopher; one nephew, Timothy James Mullins and wife Christie; four great nephews, Jakob Seth Coughlan, Caden James Mullins, Chase Alexander Mullins, Connor Timothy Mullins; one Great niece, Claire Howell Mullins.

The family will receive friends 7:00-9:00 PM Friday, July 10, 2015 at Pierce Funeral Home, 9609 Center Street, Manassas, Virginia.



# Previous Events

## Visitation

JUL **10**. 7:00 PM - 9:00 PM (ET)

Pierce Funeral Home  
9609 Center St.  
Manassas, VA 20110  
(703) 257-6028  
pfh@piercefh.com  
<https://www.piercefh.com>

# Tribute Wall



“ 1 file added to the album *New Album Name*



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**Samuel Mullins** - July 11, 2015 at 11:42 AM

SM

“ Born 27 Jun 1941 in Brooklyn, New York to Thomas Edward Wickman and Clara Alice Hutchings Wickman.  
Christened: 1941 in Grace Lutheran Church, Malverne, New York.  
Education: 1953 Corona Avenue Grammar School, Valley Stream, New York.  
Confirmation: 1956 Grace Lutheran Church, Malverne, New York  
Graduation: 1959 Central High School, Valley Stream, New York  
Residence: Between 1959-1965 Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana.  
Degree: 1963 Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana, AB - Political Science  
Degree: 1965 Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana, MA - History  
Education: Between 1965-1967 Vanderbilt, University, Other Graduate Work  
Occupation: Between 1968-1972 Frostburg State College, Frostburg, MD History Professor  
Occupation: Between 1972-1974 US Army Security Agency, Vint Hill Farms Station, Warrington, VA  
Residence: Between 1972-2015 Manassas, Virginia, United States  
Occupation: Between 1974-1996 US Army Security Agency HQ, Arlington Hall Station, Arlington, VA  
Free Masonary: 1977 Master Mason, Henry Lodge #57, Fairfax, VA  
Free Masonary: Master Mason Massasseth Lodge, Manassas, VA  
Retirement: 1996 from US Army Security Agency HQ, Arlington Hill Station, Arlington, VA  
Marriage: 29 Jan 2006 to Susan Farbstein, Manassas, VA  
Death: 29 Jun 2015 Fairfax, Fairfax County, VA  
Masonic Service: 02 Jun 2015 Massasseth Lodge, Manassas, VA  
God Parent To Kelly Jean Mullins and Timothy James Mullins  
Sister to Laura Jean Wickman Mullins

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Samuel Mullins - July 11, 2015 at 10:58 AM

LM

“ *The loss of my only brother, Tom, leaves a feeling of emptiness in my heart. I find myself remembering all of our happy times growing up. We were so fortunate to have lived in a home surrounded by love and wonderful parents. Tom and I squabbled like all brothers and sisters do but always had the feeling of closeness. I remember when he went off to college, I had such a feeling of loneliness and I was always excited when he returned home for vacations. After I got married in 1967, he spent all major holidays with my husband and me and later with our children. He was such a devoted uncle. My children always loved his visits and he was so good to them. Our three children have been calling us and sharing all their happy, fun-filled times with Tom, as they remember their childhood. Good memories are a wonderful thing and will last forever.*

*We lived in Virginia and near Tom from 1972 to 1986. When our Mom would visit from Florida for the summer (after my Dad died), she would spend Monday through Friday with us and Tom would pick Mom up for the weekends. We used to joke that we had "shared custody" of Mom. He was a very good son and loved our mother dearly. It gives me a peaceful feeling to know he is now with her.*

*We moved to NJ in 1986 and to NC in 1999 so the distance kept us from seeing one another as often, The telephone became our "friend". When Tom married Susan nine and a half years ago, we were all so happy knowing he was no longer alone and this was such a wonderful feeling. We are thankful to Susan for making him so happy. Tommy is so very missed.*

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**Laura Mullins** - July 10, 2015 at 05:37 PM

MM

*Your story brought warm thoughts to my heart. I met Tom/Susan a few times; my husband Jeff knew Tom through the Lodge. Jeff had the utmost respect for Tom and enjoyed his friendship over the years. Our thoughts and prayers and with you, your family and Susan. Melinda Middlebrooks*

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**Melinda Middlebrooks** - July 11, 2015 at 02:25 PM

DD

*Hi Laura,*

*This is Debbie Dermeter Selders. I just recently found out about the loss of Tommy. I am so sorry. I would love to hear from you and I have been trying to reach you for a long time as I now live in Nor selders. I just recently found out about the loss of Tommy. I am so sorry. I would love to hear from you and I have been trying to reach you for a long time as I now live in South Carolina five minutes from the border of North Carolina. My phone number is 864-689-1250. I have tried to send you information at the Arapaho address to no avail. I also got a phone number from information but could never get through on the phone line so I think it has been disconnected. I would love to speak with you again... It is been such a long time. I remember sitting next to you in the sound of Music when I was a A child. I hope you get this message and will contact me. Thanks*

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**debbie demeter** - September 01, 2018 at 01:19 PM

CC

*“ I have many good memories as a little kid with my uncle. When we all lived in VA he would take one of us kids to his house and let us watch our favorite movie (mine was the Velveteen Rabbit), eat junk food and spend the night. When our family moved to N.J. he would spend Christmas and Thanksgiving with us. He really spoiled us on Christmas. I didn't get the chance in see him much the past decade but I am glad I got to talk to him before I got married in Feb. He was so happy for me and that means a ton. I know he adored his wife Susan and I think he spent his happiest years with her.*

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**Carrie Chinn** - July 08, 2015 at 01:51 PM

“ I grew up with my Uncle living 10 minutes away. He was a constant in our family dynamic when in Virginia.

*\*My earliest memories are going to his apartment. I loved the dark entry-way leading into the building; the echo of footsteps as you'd walk down the hall sounded eerily like slow tap dancing with the occasional crunch from a stone that was hijacked inside. Once in his unit, I'd curl up on his lap in the recliner listening to the Briar Rabbit story on his record player.....he'd always imitate the characters during conversations with me afterwards for hours. I was always fascinated by the metal mailboxes hanging inside along the building's entry-way wall. He'd take me with the key back to that echoing hall to retrieve the mail-- as a little girl of not more than 3 or 4 years old, it was always a thrill!!!*

*-The Manassas Fair was an annual event, where days prior, the excitement would build to the point of almost self-combustion. The planned date would go by at an excruciatingly snail's pace waiting to be picked-up in the evening. The potato-sack, yellow slides were always the highlight; he'd wait patiently below as I'd go up and down multiple times. It was this fair that I was introduced to pink cotton candy which became part of our routine.*

*-Whenever he'd babysit, playing 'Old Maid', sitting indian-style on the floor, was customary. He'd always pretend that the card I was going to pick was the evil Maid, making faces with hoots and hollers before I'd finally commit to an exchange-- nine times out of ten, the card I picked was safe....it was all about the giggles and anticipation that he provided.*

*\*My greatest recollections are at his Rolling Road house. He had an old fashioned telephone in his kitchen, the kind that you'd have to speak into the wall while holding a separate piece to your ear. He also had swinging doors that led in and out of the room. We'd play restaurant for hours. He'd sit in the living room with a tray table as the customer, and I'd run back and forth from the kitchen after taking his order to serve 'pretend' entrees, drinks, and desserts. The telephone was an integral part of our enterprise.....he'd assume multiple roles as various customers wanting take-out, vendors, etc. etc.*

*-It was in this house that he was proudest of the roses growing in the backyard that he mentored with dedication, and the stereo, surround-sound system he installed inside. He always walked the yard to show me the latest buds, to point out the burdensome, fattening squirrel that raided the birdfeeder frequently, and to insist on taking pictures there. I had graduated from listening to Briar Rabbit on a record player, to orchestra music on his stereo equipment. I have many memories of laying on the living room floor with eyes closed as he'd narrate a battle scene in rhythm with the music-- It was a new concept to me that was amazing!!*

*-The Christmas Holiday was extra special; although he only lived 10 minutes away, he always spent the night at our house on December 24th. My brother and I always awoke at the crack of dawn on Christmas Day.....being told by our parents the previous evening that we had to wait until "at least" 7 a.m. before gathering the family to see what Santa brought. When we couldn't stand it much longer, we'd run into our Uncle's room around 6 a.m. to belly flop on top of him as he slept to wake him up-- he never got mad despite the gasp of air escaping his lungs in a rush from being startled and pummeled by us. He'd entertain us until the 7 o'clock hour was near.*

*-There is so much remembered, but such little space.....I can still smell the sweet scent from furniture polish that he used in the 1980s and the crisp, cool, filtered central air when entering his home on a sweltering summer afternoon. My Uncle was the one who we couldn't wait to see as children; it wasn't a visit, it was an EVENT-- he was such fun!!!!*

*\*\*\*\*\*I Love You, Uncle Tommy!!!-- God Bless!!!!*

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**KELLY COUGHLAN** - July 07, 2015 at 12:14 PM

SM

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**Samuel Mullins** - July 06, 2015 at 06:45 PM