

Angela (Schallau) Hronco's Eulogy for Wendy Schallau, April 5, 2010

I am Angela, and I am Wendy's younger sister.

As a little girl, I just wanted to be like Wendy, my big sister Wendy. Growing up, Wendy loved ice skating. She was really good at it. She competed in a lot of ice skating competitions and always placed very well. I remember watching her compete and thinking how great she was, that she could skate so well in front of all those people. She was very proud of her ability to do an axel jump.

I tried ice skating because that's what Wendy did. I found out after two lessons that it is really hard. She took up ice skating again for a period of time as an adult. Her goal was to try an axel jump again. It was great to see that fire in her eyes.

Growing up, Wendy also played the flute and she was good at that too. Of course I wanted to play the flute as well because that's what Wendy did. She tried very patiently to teach me how to make a basic sound on her flute for three days. I just could not do it right and I got really frustrated and mad at myself. But Wendy was so nice and so kind. She said to me, "I think this is going to be very difficult for you until your two front teeth come in." Of course that made me feel a lot better.

Wendy always had an incredible sense for fashion in clothes, hair and makeup. She could pull off outfits like no other and she always looked amazing. It was always really exciting when she outgrew her clothes and passed them down to me.

She taught me a lot of things that young women want to know. She taught me a lot about how to put outfits together; how to put on makeup; what colors look good on me; and what colors do not look good on me. It was always a lot of fun to go to Wendy for fashion advice. We loved showing each other any time we brought home new clothes or after putting together a new outfit.

Around the time that Wendy was in high school, she liked punk rock and dressed that way too. It was obvious that Wendy had no interest in being just like everybody else, and that was Wendy. She was truly an individual.

As a result, I grew up knowing that I could be myself; and it was okay to be different than everybody else; and that has made a huge impact on my life to this day.

One day many years ago when we were both living at our parents' house, Wendy said that she really felt like having a bean burrito from a little place she knew of in San Francisco. I told her that I'd love to go up there with her if she wanted to go.

Our dad called his brother Jim who lives in San Jose and finally we had a place to stay. So we set off for San Francisco the next day. Wendy insisted

that we take her car and she wanted to drive the whole way.

She showed me some of the places she liked to go to when she was up there. We went shopping on Haight-Ashbury which I'd never even heard of before. I didn't have the heart to tell her until we got to the little restaurant that I'd rather get a sandwich from the place next door because I don't really like bean burritos. And she didn't say that I had to eat one.

She talked about how she wanted to make it worth it to me for going all the way up there with her. I told her that it was already worth it because we got to spend all that time talking on the drive up there and it was great to see San Francisco. We got to see our Uncle Jim and I was glad to see her get her bean burrito that she wanted. It was just a wonderful trip.

Wendy also had a love for animals, especially kitty cats. She spent a lot of time with her cats. We had a lot of great conversations about something funny the animals had done and she was always interested in talking about animals.

Three weeks ago, Wendy told me about some of her plans for the future. Some of them involved things she wanted to do to get ready for her niece's arrival. She was really excited about being an aunt. She was really proud of her decisions and once again she was not thinking about herself. She was thinking about someone else.

She spoke many times about how wonderful it was that our parents always welcomed the children to live in their house with them, even though we were all adults. Wendy loved spending time with everyone there. Her closest friends were her family. She loved all of us. Wendy knew that we loved her too and we will miss her very much. But we can always cherish all the great times we shared together.

I love you Wendy. I love you so much.