



James T Wiggins

July 28, 1962 - September 25, 2020

James T Wiggins, 58, passed away peacefully in his home in Evanston, IL on Friday September 25, 2020. He was born July 28, 1962 in Milwaukee Wisconsin, the 4th child of W. Frank and Lois Z. Wiggins. Jimmy was preceded in death by his parents, a brother, Frank Wiggins, and another brother, Geoffrey E Wiggins. He is survived by his sister, Sandra W. Hutchings of Punta Gorda, Florida and his significant other Francesca Stern of Chicago, IL. They were to be married after the COVID pandemic. He is also survived by several nieces and nephews and his beloved cats, Stu and Oscar.

Cemetery Details

Montrose Cemetery

5400 N Pulaski Road
Chicago, IL 60630
(773) 478-5400
<http://www.montrosecemetery.com>

Tribute Wall



“ *James T Wiggins*

October 08, 2023 at 11:31 AM



“ *I am sorry for your loss. I knew Jim in high school and he always kept everyone in stiches.*

Christy Witmer

Christy Witmer - December 02, 2020 at 03:25 PM

KP

I am thinking this is the same Jimmy from Paris, IL where we knew each other from Vance Grade School. It is shocking to see someone pass so young even if this is not the same person.

Kevin Patterson - February 19, 2022 at 01:15 PM

JT

“ *Condolences to Jimmy's family & other friends. I knew him for over 30 years and he was the FIRST person to visit my back porch all this year (safely, responsibly) only a month or so ago. This morning, I found myself spontanenously spouting one of his favorite, signature verbal riffs when I got excited about something: "Giddy UP!" I realize this will be one of the many ways I'm going to keep him in my heart & soul. I think of his humor, his intelligence, his creativity & his insistence on freedom of thought, deed & self. He will always remain w/me. Thank you for this opportunity. --J.J. Tindall, Oak Park IL*

James Tindall - November 01, 2020 at 01:46 PM

CH

“ Jimmy was the sort of person who would come along with his snowblower to save you from having to shovel, the sort of person who would brighten your day with always interesting and often hilarious conversation. In short, he was a good neighbor. But I know he was much more than that to many people, and to you I offer my sincere condolences.

Christine - October 28, 2020 at 11:13 PM

SA

“ Jimmy was my neighbor for the past 16 years here in Evanston.

When I first moved in he helped me rip out a bunch of shrubs that I deemed inappropriate for my yard. He helped chop down and dismantle a “trash tree” that had grown into my neighbor’s shed, as well. He was so very generous with his time in so many other ways. I spent a lot of time outside in the yard, which faced Jimmy’s house. We had some great conversations in the street between our houses as he was coming or going to work at the theaters. He always told me what I was doing wrong in the garden or what I could be doing better, lol.

He approved of my milkweed patch and told me stories of the butterflies and the milkweed on the farm where he grew up. He knew I hated loud things like lawnmowers and weed trimmers; when his mother died a few years back he brought home many things from the farm, one being a manual edger that he gave me with a twinkle in his eye, saying "I know you hate loud things. I figured you'd give this a good home." I love that edger and still use it every year.

I loved hearing his updates about the Uptown and how excited he got when things were finally moving along last year; many years prior he offered a tour to me and my ex. He showed us the lower innards of the buildings with the boilers and AC - I was overwhelmed at the size of the machines and how complicated they looked, he just looked at them with a quiet gaze and said softly, "they're not at all complicated. I get them. Machines... speak to me."

He would pepper his stories with quotes, usually from a Rush or John Prine song (also heard blaring out of his windows, van, and house alike). He hated my motorcycle because he lost a friend in an accident long ago. He gave me shit if I didn't get his philosophical references when we talked. During every conversation came the point where Jimmy would look up at the sky (he loved airplanes, once we spent 20 minutes standing in the street staring at the flight

app on his iPad, watching and naming airplanes and their destinations - he usually knew them before looking them up) and state "I tire of this conversation and am going inside. Goodbye."

I loved walking by his house and seeing this ceramic gnome peering out from his garden, now situated on his porch. I always imagined the gnome watched over the many pets Jimmy buried in his yard, front and back, cats and dogs alike. I always wondered who will watch over them when Jimmy - and the gnome - are gone. Maybe I'll have to find my own gnome to face Jimmy's house to take over the job.

I will miss Jimmy's presence, his smile, his mischievous eyes, his thoughtful words, that awful squeaky door on his white van that told me he was leaving for work each day, the loud diesel engine that announced his return from a block away, and his yelling "HEY LADY!!!" or "HOW-DEEEEE!" when he came home. Sometimes he would yell this out his bathroom skylight window, which would cause us all to look wildly around for him. Every. Time. lol... such a joker...

He was a good soul. Rest in peace, Jimmy Wiggins, and peace to Fran and his family and loved ones.

- Sandy/Evanston, IL

Sandy - October 28, 2020 at 02:14 PM

LP

“ Rest In Peace and know that you provided many laughs in a world that needed them...

LaRinda Penne - October 23, 2020 at 08:20 PM

SH

“ Rest in peace my sweet baby brother.

Sandra Hutchings - October 23, 2020 at 11:00 AM

SA

Hi Sandra, Jimmy's neighbor Sandy here. I am so very sorry for your loss... so much grief in your family over the years... my heart goes out to you. Wishing you and yours peace.

Sandy - October 28, 2020 at 02:26 PM