

JULIA ANN HARRISON
1981–2001

We had her in our lives for almost twenty years. She was blossoming into a beautiful young woman with limitless compassion and concern for others. She was open and available and a friend to so many.

Julia was well-read for a nineteen-year-old. She had started a personal library. She read widely and developed a moral compass and compassion for others at an early age. She was beginning to know her own truth.

Julia's high school English teacher told us that she had given her students an assignment to describe themselves in a way that no one would ever forget. She reported that nobody in the room would ever forget Julia. Her presentation was creative, eloquent, witty, sincere, and meticulous. She used John Lennon's song "Julia" as the backdrop. The teacher described Julia as a free-spirited child of the 60's stranded in the more rigid, more boring 90's.

As a family, we loved to laugh and sing and dance--Julia even more than the rest of us. She had flair and a quirky sense of fashion. Bell bottoms, bowling shirts, 1950's party dresses. She began her own vintage dress collection. As she said, "It's kind of like antique collecting but with clothes."

Julia was artistic and loved music. Her musical interests were eclectic-- from classical music and Philip Glass, to music of the 60's and 70's. From heavy metal to Lucinda Williams and Ani d'Franco. While in high school, she worked as an intern for Merge Records, a Durham record company and, later, for WTUL, the student run radio station at Tulane University. Julia adored dance and was always moving. She loved being a member of the modern dance group at Tulane as much as she loved to dance to the sound of Zydeco in downtown New Orleans.

But mostly Julia was kind, especially to her peers. A fellow Tulane student who traveled to Cuba with her stated, "Julia has charm that is undeniable. I think that by the time we left Cuba, every person--male and female-- had fallen in love with her. She's just one of those people you can't help adoring".

On her last Valentine's Day in 2001 at Tulane, she was seen walking across campus with a basket of red paper hearts that she gave to students on her way to class.

Julia's Spanish instructor at Tulane wrote a beautiful poem about her a day after her death, which closed with the following:

*Early October, we met to talk in earnest, to share
Stories and pictures of a faded summer; soon she's
More interested in the now, saying she's learning
That it matters, to look for beauty, it's a question
Of how and where, now that her heart's in bloom.*

Suzanne Corley