



Alyce Julie Holt

August 24, 1947 - February 19, 2020

Alyce Julie Holt passed away at her home in St. Augustine, Florida suddenly at the young age of 72. She was born in Raleigh, North Carolina to Charles Hoyle Holt and Rachel Carawan Holt who preceded her in death. Julie was an inquisitive sensitive child and avid student. Early on in her studies and career she became a radiologic technician treating children and adults in the oncology ward. Her empathy for those less fortunate and suffering would be evident throughout her life. Her greatest joy was the birth of her son Greg a few years after her marriage to Steve Parham in 1968. Greg inherited his father's good looks, natural charm and his athletic ability. Greg has grown to be a remarkable young man with his moms caring nature and is a golf professional who resides in Jacksonville, Florida with his wife Tracey and their two sons Logan and Hayden. Julie graduated Phi Beta Kappa from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill in 1981 with a Bachelors of Arts in Education. She had a lifelong aversion to cooking and a lifelong affinity for music with a special love for Stevie Nicks. Julie married David Bianchi in Beaufort, North Carolina in 1982 and they moved to Los Angeles where she graduated with honors from UCLA with a Masters in Social Work. David taught Greg how to cook. Julie would use her professional degree in working with victims of domestic violence, adults struggling with substance abuse and individuals and couples in private practice. She had a gift to see beyond the visible world to lay her hands on the spirit and the soul.

Julie was cremated at St. Johns Family Funeral home in St. Augustine and

per her request there will be no service. Her ashes were scattered along a favorite timeless stretch of beach where the waters circle the globe before coming to rest on shore. In addition to her parents she was preceded in death by her husband Steve. She is survived by her son Greg and his family, her brother John Holt, special friends Bob and Susan McClanahan and her husband David. Contributions can be made to Autism Speaks or a charity of your choice in her memory.

Tribute Wall

PB

“ *I remember Julie as a warm, funny, and incredibly kind woman who was a genuine friend to my mom and dad, and to all of our family. As a social worker, I know she was a critical support to many people who were struggling. Her compassion and kindness are an inspiration to me, and I'm sure to all who knew her.*

Thank you, Julie, for sharing your life with us!

- Paige McClanahan Brown

Paige McClanahan Brown - March 02, 2020 at 10:16 AM

“ There's MORE from Susan and Bob:

*Fortunately, this was the first time that our daughters had experienced the death of a loved one. Together, we read the picture book called *The Tenth Good Thing About Barney* by Judith Viorst. It is the story of a family whose pet cat, Barney, dies. In the story, the Mom told her son that it was okay to be sad and that he should try to remember ten good things about Barney so that he could tell them at Barney's funeral the next day. Mom wrapped Barney in cloth. Dad dug the hole in their garden. The family stood over the grave while the boy described nine good things about Barney: "Barney was brave, I said. And smart and funny and clean. Also cuddly and handsome, and he only once ate a bird." Dad helped him to think of the tenth good thing: Since Barney had been buried, he "will change until he's part of the ground in the garden. He'll help grow the flowers, and he'll help grow that tree and some grass. You know, he said, that's a pretty nice job for a cat."*

So, the next day, our family had a funeral for our China Cat. We buried her in our garden near the sweet-smelling hyacinths that were blooming. We buried a list of her ten good qualities along with her. And we placed a stone there so we would remember her spot.

From the back of the book: "Barney was a cat, and he was dead. What did you do about it? You cried, and then you made a grave in the yard and had a funeral. But most important you thought about him — and that was what helped most."

Robert D. McClanahan - March 01, 2020 at 01:50 PM

“ It was March 1991. Kelly was almost twelve, and in middle school at Culbreth. Paige was nine, and in third grade at Ephesus Elementary. We lived in our house at 1106 Willow Drive. I sat in our kitchen on a sunny, cold day in the early afternoon. Ordinarily, I would have been out volunteering at Ephesus School or for the local child mental health program called KidSCOPE. But today was different. Our ancient gray and white mottled cat had been feeling lethargic for days. It seemed like today might be our last day with China Cat. I placed her limp body on a pillow that was covered with a soft towel, and I sat with her on my lap in the kitchen. Julie called and came over to visit. We sat together in the kitchen, talking quietly, hovering over China as I gently caressed one ear. China had been a stray that my boss had found wandering around the UNC campus when I worked as a secretary in their Romance Languages Department. I volunteered to take her home with me. It must have been 1975, long before our daughters were born in 1979 and 1982. Bob and I had named her China Cat after the Grateful Dead song entitled "China Cat Sunflower." China was a sweet and delicate looking creature, with a white line of fur outlining each of her eyes. She had moved to Village Green with us right before Kelly was born in 1979, and then to Willow Drive in 1984 when Paige was two. Our girls had grown up with sweet China who had never even disagreed with their sometimes rough and tumble play. Her tail was always an attraction. She was the reason that our girls had learned the word, "gentle.”

Julie had moved back to the Triangle after the Santa Cruz earthquake that had occurred during the October 1989 world series baseball game in Oakland, CA. We were watching that game on television when the screen went blank. Oh my god! David and Alyce are there! Are they okay? We called until we heard that they were safe. David had been working in his office in Santa Cruz. He normally sat at his desk by a window on the second floor. But the phone rang on the other side of the room, and he crossed the room to answer it. While speaking on the phone, the earth rocked, and the wall in front of his desk crumbled into the street. Whew! David, Julie and Greg were all safe. They had camped out after the

earthquake. David's strategy to get Julie back up the stairs into their apartment? He placed chocolate on each of the steps to tempt her back inside. That worked temporarily, but the fact that the earth there could move so drastically was much too unsettling for Julie. She headed back east to live.

Julie was always good company. Our time passed quickly. I needed to pick Paige up from school. Julie sat with China while I went to get Paige. Kelly rode the bus home from Culbreth. When both girls were at home, the four of us sat together with China in the kitchen. Julie loved to pretend that we were having a very proper tea party with the girls. In her most high-fallutin' high-pitched voice, she would declare in a British accent that she was "Mrs. Jones," and that you had better extend your pinky properly when you held your cup of tea. Kelly and Paige loved her act. We spent the afternoon together, and China passed that evening. Julie was a gift to us. She had been an integral part of China's passing.

Susan B. McClanahan - March 01, 2020 at 01:47 PM

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“ I have really fond memories of you, Julie...your smile, your laugh, the way you brightened the lives of the people around you. I will always remember you with love and joy. My sincere condolences to your family and friends. We love you. -Kelly McClanahan Kennedy



Kelly - February 29, 2020 at 09:23 PM



“ Fruit Abounds was purchased for the family of Alyce Julie Holt.



February 29, 2020 at 02:17 PM