



## Joe Wilhm

January 24, 1967 - December 3, 2010

Joe Wilhm age 43, of Kansas city, Kansas, passed away December 3rd, 2010. Joe grew up in the Argentine ,metropolitan area. He leaves behind two daughters in Arkansas, Shelby and Anna Wilhm that he loved very much. He had two brothers, Lindal Kirkland of Kansas city, Kansas and Mark Wilhm of Arkansas. Joe had many friends in the Wyandotte county area and in Arkansas. Joe Wilhm also belonged to the Corp and Brown family of the Argentine Kansas area. Bill Brown, Brandie Brown, Jackie Corp, Tammy Dulaney, Kim and Juan Pacheco, Phyllis Corp, Jill Easter, Mike Johnson and Danelle Erisman. Joe will be missed and never forgotten.

# Previous Events

## Visitation

FEB 17. 6:00 PM - 8:00 PM (CT)

Maple Hill Funeral Home  
3300 Shawnee Dr  
Kansas City, KS 66106  
(913) 831-3345  
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<https://maplehillfuneralhome.com>

# Tribute Wall



“ *Maple Hill Funeral Home and Cemetery created a Tribute Video in memory of Joe Wilhm*



Maple Hill Funeral Home and Cemetery - December 03, 2010 at 12:00 AM



“ *Joe Wilhm*

October 08, 2023 at 10:59 AM

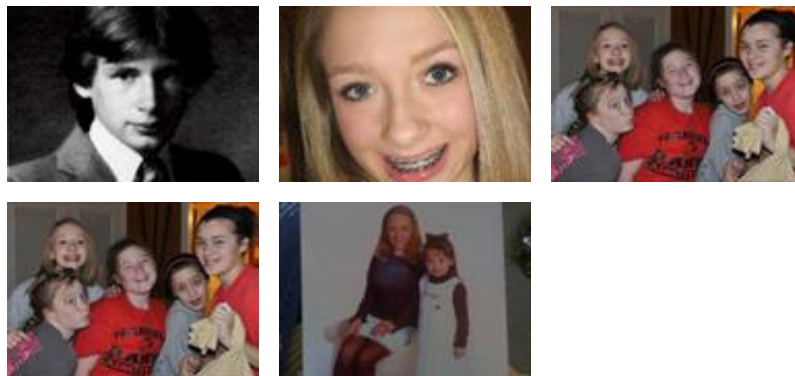


“ *Joe Wilhm*

September 17, 2022 at 08:24 PM



“ *15 files added to the album Video Pictures*



Daniel Matney - February 16, 2011 at 07:46 PM

BR

“ there is sooo much i could say about u joe.....i dont even know where to begin u were there pretty much all my life..... one of our last conversations you told me that u wanted me to know that u were soooo proud of the woman i have become, and that i would always be known as ur first daughter....u meant and always will mean the world to me....so many memories,the good,the bad, seen it all but never always loved u the same....u and anita were part of my daily life, and shelby..my sister....my lil angel...i cant talk about her, it hurts too much...anyways when everything started falling apart it was like watching my own parents seperate, i was so confused and heartbroken.....i was sooo mad at both of u, and as things got worse for u through the years i felt so horrible for blaming and having so much hate for the ones that hurt u.....i knew u werent happy and i knew things were hard but i never thought i would have my mom standing on my boyfriends front porch at 3`o clock the morning of my birthday(of all days) telling me that it was too much for u to handle and u took it into ur own hands.....i cant even explain in words how it felt....i never thought u really meant it when u said u wished u could just end it all...i never took it so literal...and i regret that more than anything....we talked EVERYTIME u were upset, regardless of who or what u were mad at and it felt soo good to be the one that made u laugh again....it was hard enough that u had moved and i couldnt see u all the time, and now ur gone completely....call me crazy all u want, but sometimes its almost like i can feel ur presence....ive went through so many emotions...sad,mad,hate,happy etc. but no matter how i try to look at it, i just cant let u go....u were there just like another dad and taught me so many things...gave me my first knife, taught me EVERYTHING about them, and gave me my first ride on a motorcycle....all those late night trips to get ice cream, just some of the littlest things are some of my most memorable moments with u....i was there when joe and annie passed and u went CRAAAZZZY...but thankfully, u didnt leave us then....im still just in shock, i cant look at a picture,hear ur name, or think about u without tearing up and losing it.....everytime i see or hear anitas name it makes me think about how much u missed her and how bad

*she hurt u and it fills me with unbelievable amounts of anger....then i remember that it went both ways, she means just as much to me as u joe i will always love u both.....dont worry about the gurls, shelby will be with us in just a few short years, back here where she wants to be and thats gonna be when i can let u go....knowing that she is safe here is when i will know that u are happy up there....i love u JA1, its time for u to be free and happy again, i just wish that i could be with u to see that smile and hear that goofy laugh of urs....dont worry about us, we are all gonna be just fine....enjoy it up there with ur mom and dad, tell them i said hi.....i love and miss u sooooo much more than words can say, and u will forever have a VERY special piece of my heart.....*

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**brittany** - February 15, 2011 at 10:22 PM



“ *Anyone who may have pictures of Joe, please email them to [info@maplehillfuneralhome.com](mailto:info@maplehillfuneralhome.com) by noon on Thursday as we are trying to get enough pictures to do a tribute for Joe.*

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**Daniel Matney** - February 14, 2011 at 05:42 PM



“ *I found this in joes belongings ! So here we go.  
SHELBY'S SONG BY JOE WILHM Shelby Lynn Wilhm at 5510 , I was there when her life began, she was a miracle from up above GOD gave her to us for us to love, she had long blonde hair and big blue eyes and her smile was like an early sunrise, She brought lots of happiness and lots of joy, I couldn't resist buying her Bratz toys, she was my girl my little sweet heart cause she is the one closest to my HEART!*

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**Brandie Corp-brown** - February 11, 2011 at 11:27 PM



“ WE MISS JOE ALOT. ESPECIALLY ME BUT I KNOW HE KNOWS IM WRITING THIS AND HE ISNT SUPPRISED, iM VERY MAD AT YOU ! nO ONE TO WATCH CHARLIE BROWN FOR ME AND HE MISSES YOU ALSO ! iVE HAD TO DEAL WITH A MORGUE, FUNERALHOME DETECTIVES, INITA AND WEIRDOS, CORONORES, SOCIAL SECURITY, THE BANK AND BEING FILLED WITH SORROW AND HURT IM GOING TO KICK YOUR BUTT WE I SEE YOU UP THERE IN YOUR FREEDOM LAND!

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**Brandie Corp-brown** - January 23, 2011 at 07:14 PM



“ I first met Joe about the 4th grade. I attended Stanley and Joe lived right across the street. I remember one day being up there (Stanley) I was hitting my tennis ball up against the building and Joe was there kicking a ball. He asked if I would like to kick the ball with him. I said sure. I could kick a ball. After that we'd meet at the school to kick the ball back and forth. We'd even go home for dinner and meet back there afterwards. We became friends. He was kicked out of catholic schools and ended up at Argentine Middle School. He did so much stuff. I believe he was a class clown. I think he just tried to get a rise out of them. Basically Joe has been around ever since I can remember. I have one picture of Joe. He's on my moms porch with his finger up his nose. That is posted on my facebook. Joe was finally getting his life back. It's to bad that Wyandotte county Jail denied him medication. We love you Joe you can finally be free. Hope you're at peace now. We miss you so much. R.I.P. SEE YOU ON THE OTHER SIDE BRO.

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**Jackie Corp** - January 06, 2011 at 01:23 AM

SB

“ Joe Wilhm was and still is my brother yet not by blood he had earned his place in our family long ago. Joe grew up in Argentine and had many friends . I own the house that his mother and father owned for 20 or so years and his Grand Parents 30 years before that, after belonging to the Wilhm family for over 50 years they sold it to me and my husband and now we have owned it for over 20. One of many memories that i can recall is 1989 Sandstone concert "DEF LEPPARD" when he held me on his shoulders most of the concert and kept me from falling when i was standing in my seat as i always do. I remember the fit he threw when i refused to stand in the girls line to the restroom that had 50 girls in line, then snuck into the boys room and finished before him, beat him to the beer line and all ready had our beers. On the way back to our seats Joe spilt his beer all over him and i laughed all the way back to the beer line. We went to many concerts together along with other friends and family over the years. Last 4th of july on my moms porch on strong ave I remember the fun and laughter even with the rain he was still that silly dumb Ass that we have always enjoyed yet never realized how much we would miss him if he was not present. Joe loved his Coca Cola fix every day, rolled his own ciggarettes. He always had a silly joke to tell or comment that made you laugh. He had a heart and soul that forever sought his two children that he thought of every day and waited for the day he could be reunited with them. He took over the job of sharpening my knives for me after my dad died. He was the only one that was trustworthy enough to watch my son when i needed him, he attended every family function and he made my mom laugh again after my dad died . The 1st motor cycle i ever rode was his dirt bike that he and my husband rode on the trails up off of 32nd street between the dead end street of 36th through the woods that ran all the way to the side street by the police station at 32nd & woodland, where the underground lake "query" is that i try to visit every summer. I said hell yes I want to ride your bike except he didnt tell me that the throddle stuck sometimes and i forgot to ask where the brakes were, " I knocked over 3 trash cans , hit the neighbors car and as i jumped off the bike it continued to spin in circles as he , my husband and all the neighbors watched and

*laughed as i was knocking down trash cans and hitting cars cause he was a dumb ass for not showing me the brakes. This was the summer of 1988.*

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**sbbfamily** - January 06, 2011 at 12:34 AM