

## Cousin Joan Estepp

I can't just say there is a *favorite* story about Steve. All the memories I have of Steve are treasures. When we were kids and when we were in college, Steve was a "first-time guy". What I mean by that is – the first time I ever flew in a plane, first time out all night, first time plastered, first time to cut classes, first cigarette, first "white-lightening", first person to save my life (when I was two) and first pizza, so you see what I mean.

When we were in college I would get so upset with him because he would sit and play his guitar while Jim or I read the assignment out loud. I was lucky to make a "C" but Steve would always get an "A". Jim would get an "A" too. Not only would he ace the exam but could quote the page where the answer to the question was. I don't mean quote the page number, I mean quote the whole page.

The first time he took me flying I was scared out of my mind. He knew it too. All was well for about the first five minutes, then he turned the plane upside down and handed me the stick. I don't remember much after that!

I was grounded for a month once because I stayed out all night with Jim and Steve. Of course they thought it was pretty funny. I thought I'd be OK because I was with them – boy was I wrong!

Steve was the only person who could keep expectation in a story and know exactly what he was doing while he was doing it. One time when I worked for him shortly after I moved back home, he told me a story. First of all, about all we did while I "worked" for him was genealogy. This story concerned our family ancestors and their migration from country to country. How and why they moved and most importantly, who was included in their trips. There was family, and extended family. The extended family included the Hensley, Estepp, Hair, Norton, etc. At the end of this story which lasted for about two hours, Steve said, "Do you know what this means?" I said that I didn't. "What this means is, if your father and my mother were not brothers and sisters, you and I would still be cousins."

There are just too many stories to write.