

**Melissa Carson**  
*Trinity Church Friend*

Several years ago I was moving from an apartment into a house. Strong, helpful, *sarcastic* Steve was recruited to help by his lovely wife Julie. I go to church at Trinity. I am a single mother with no support of family. My friends are my only family. So the word got out about me needing some help with the move.

Usually, most friends scatter in the springtime when the "M" word is said. Anyway, I love books, all kinds of books, hard back or paperback. Any subject will do. I have quite a collection from my years of begging for friend's rejects, yard sales and classes. Steve hauled box after heavy box up the flight of stairs into the truck. Each box was heavier and heavier with each trip. He started muttering to himself and finally can't believe we're handing him yet another box of books to lug up the steps. He bit his tongue long enough, he could stand it no more, and he finally says, "have you read all these books? You don't seem smart enough to have read all these books." Julie, being the peacemaker, let out an uncomfortable laugh – not sure how I would take this kind of comment. I said, "Steve, you're not going to make me so mad that we get into an argument so you can leave." He just looked blank for a second and said, "shucks" as he lifted another box of those darn books!

Steve was a good person, son, husband, father, friend, motivator, pilot, historian, brother, storyteller, and teacher. I was blessed to have known him. It was pure luck that I got to call him my friend. I saw how he did all these things 100% and I wanted to do better because of him.