

**The following recollections of Steve Kennedy '62  
are offered by his classmate, Frank Kehl '62**

**Stephen Campbell Kennedy**  
(May 6, 1940--April 3, 2004)  
**Dartmouth Class of 1962**

**Recollected and Appreciated**



If you die doing what you love in life, is that a good death?

Steve Kennedy died bicycling with his son Andrew on a spring day in Acadia National Park.

In the Roman Catholic tradition – of which Steve was somewhat suspicious, he being the son of an Episcopal pastor – there is a story about a parish priest who was asked what he would do if he knew for certain that he would die in an hour. This story is told of 19<sup>th</sup> century John Vianney, the Curé of Ars, a small French village in the region of Lyons. According to the story, Vianney was supposed to have been engaged at the time in a game of pool in the rectory with one of the other parish priests. Vianney is supposed to have replied, “I’d keep on playing pool.”

Now the story is probably apocryphal. Vianney was an ascetic who slept and ate little and, his spiritual advice being in such demand, sometimes dispensed that advice 16 hours a day in the confessional. The pleasures of a game of pool, indeed anything that smacked of pleasure, would be foreign to the austere saint. And the parallel is otherwise inexact. From what we know of Steve’s death, it was almost instantaneous.

According to Andrew, the only witness, the scene was like this. The day was misty, drizzly. There was a light fog along the coast. They were on a rocky cliff pedaling on a road that had some gravel. It was a road closed to cars but open to cyclists and hikers. Down a slope there was an unseen 3” thick brown metal bar with a support bar. The bar was waist high. On the opposite side of the bar was a “Stop” sign to deflect vehicular traffic in the off season, and there were some bits of red tape on the bar. Neither Andrew nor Steve had ridden on that loop road before. Steve was coasting downhill at about 20

mph on the inside of a bend in the road. He was behind Andrew holding the lower handle bars. He passed him about 25-30 feet from the bar. He looked up. Andrew saw that he had begun to brake. No words were exchanged. As Andrew describes it, it was “so fast, so slow. Surreal, like on a TV screen.”

Steve was on a straight line to the gate. Although braking, he did not swerve. When he was five or six feet from the bar, he stopped. It was like he had hit an invisible wall. His body went spinning over the handle bars, straight over. His head was about an inch from the ground. It was his lower back that hit the barrier gate first. His neck snapped in whiplash.

When Andrew reached him he was on his side tangled with the bike, whose momentum had continued after the abrupt stop-then-release. His eyes were not focused. He had no breath but his mouth was moving. Perhaps 15 seconds had elapsed from the moment of the invisible wall.

Andrew screamed for help at the top of his lungs. (He would be hoarse for three days.) Passersby eventually heard and put in a call for an ambulance. Andrew took his helmet off, covered his father with his jacket, and waited for the ambulance. He began to think: what if they revive him? What would his life be like after this? After 15 minutes the ambulance came. Then there was the race to the hospital. The EMTs did not – could not – revive him.

At the hospital, Steve’s daughter Abigail came with the four Bar Harbor grandchildren. They were brought in to say goodbye to “Doopapa,” whose body seemed to be sleeping.

So, we can assume that Steve knew not of his end and did not even have the option of thinking about alternatives in his last moments. But the initial question remains, and in Steve’s case, it has a special meaning, because if anything characterized Steve’s Way -- whatever church, or no church, he was affiliated with at different stages of his life, Episcopal, nothing, Catholic, Presbyterian -- Steve’s Way was *joie de vivre*. He seemed to live every moment to the full, to enjoy so many aspects of life, to enjoy so many people, to wear a perpetual, natural, optimism.

\*\*\*

I first met Steve in spring of sophomore year when we were a part of a small group of would-be French majors who were driven down to Putney, VT, to the Experiment in International Living for an orientation to the home stay we were to begin that fall in Caen, Normandie. I think we were only the second group to depart on what was to become Dartmouth’s national pace-setting study abroad programs and I can recall only four of us “pioneers” in that French orientation. (There were more in the program to Spain.) The Experiment was to handle the obligatory home stays and the French Department in the person of Prof. Laurence Harvey, later the college’s Provost, was to arrange the courses in affiliation with but separate from l’Université de Caen.

Part of the logic of choosing Caen instead of Paris or some other city was that we would have less temptation to hang out with other Americans. We could blend in more easily. That was fine with us. We *wanted* to be fully immersed in French life, to become fluent, to learn things like how, at the end of a meal, to make the last of the bread, the last of the cheese, the last of the wine climax together.

As a consequence, aside from our classes at the university, we did not see much of each other. Our lives centered on our home stay families and on whatever friends each of us made in our daily rounds. There was however a very memorable exception.

Prof. Garapon, a Gauloise chain smoker with yellow fingers and teeth who was Harvey's counterpart, and himself a substantial critic of 20<sup>th</sup> century French literature, arranged for us to make a trip to Mont St. Michel.

I think Steve must have read Henry Adams' Mont St. Michel and Chartres, that unsurpassed evocation of the Middle Ages through architecture published at the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Or perhaps his Episcopal minister father had primed him. His own gothic revival Church of the Ascension on Fifth Avenue and 10<sup>th</sup> Street in Greenwich Village boasted remodeled architecture by McKim, Mead & White, stained glass by John LaFarge, and altar relief by Augustus St. Gaudens – all of them Adams' contemporaries.

In any event, from the moment we descended from the minibus, mounted the ramp over the tidal flats, ascended the spiral way of the village surrounding the hilltop monastery and entered its chapel at the pinnacle, Steve was pointing out this historical fact or that architectural feature, non-stop. His usual enthusiasm approached boil-over. I was amazed, educated, intimidated all at once. Perhaps it was then that I learned a lesson about Steve that stayed with me the rest of my days.

When Steve shared his knowledge with you, he did it spontaneously, generously with no thought of impressing you. He was sharing, not showing off. Yes, there were times when one felt he was a bit too confident of what he was asserting, but you realized his confidence was innocent, not overbearing.

Later on our way back to Caen, our little American entourage visited Bayeux to see the 11<sup>th</sup> century Tapisserie de la Reine Mathilde. This is the horizontal scroll of a tapestry that fills the perimeter of a sizable room and depicts with cartoon simplicity and naïve artistry the 1066 exploits of William the Conqueror, the Norman who changed the course of British history. Here, my recollection is that we were both awed by the work of art and the story it so vividly told. We were both simply learners before it.

Curiously, when we returned to Hanover that January of our junior year, we did not see too much of each other in our French classes. Yes, there were some obligatory courses for all majors, but the other offerings were rich enough so that Steve with his theatrical inclinations and I with my philosophic interests found courses enough to occupy us without encountering the other until senior seminar. (In that seminar I believe Steve did

his paper on Andre Malraux's "Le Musée Imaginaire," the aesthetic tour de force of world art history from prehistoric times to the present.)

In the meantime, however, Steve was increasingly involved in the Cercle Francais, the faculty-guided, student-run French club. In senior year he became President and decided to mount a play by the Romanian-born French Absurdist playwright, Eugène Ionescu. Here I'm slightly confused as to whether it was "Rhinoceros" (1959) or "Les Chaises" (1952), or "La Leçon" (1951). The latter two were one-acters, therefore either one more fitting for a small, student-mounted soiree. But somehow my memory says it was "Rhinoceros" – where one after the other, the characters turn into rhinoceroses. Possibly that's because I remember Steve trying unsuccessfully to persuade me to act in the play and using as bait the more recent absurdist fame (in our French circles) of that critique of conformity.

Recourse to the *Aegis* yearbook text of senior year gives no clue. We're both there in the Cercle Français picture alright, both smiling, but Steve's smile, as always is mega watts brighter than anyone else's. Consulting that *Aegis* reminds of an irony: because of the spellings of our last names, our photos are side-by-side in the final, senior section. So far as I know, we were the only 62s to major in French, and we were both from New York City, though from different worlds.

After graduation we inevitably went our separate ways, Steve to the Bordeaux region of southwestern France, me to Hong Kong on Dartmouth Project Asia, both of us to teach English. I studied Chinese. Steve perfected his French and his palate for French wine.

When I returned to New York two years later, Steve attended my wedding along with a half-dozen Dartmouth classmates.

(Just recently while talking about it these 40 years later, my wife, who has the better memory for such things, recalled that one of my cousins had her eye on him at the reception. It must have been his smile, or maybe his recently polished French savoir-faire. As we were talking there at the dinner table, something clicked. I picked up the handsome wood salt and pepper mill that has been on our dining table for four decades. It had become part of the furniture, totally taken for granted. I asked her if it wasn't Steve's wedding gift. She said yes.)

Two summers later, Steve married his first wife, Charlotte, at his father's Church of the Ascension. I couldn't attend because I was in Laos. (In our post-French-major lives, he got to use his French in Senegal, I mine in Indochina.) Although our different careers were taking us further apart, there was a period when we were both in the New York area at the same time, I was a grad student, then college teacher, he was raising a family and interning at Nassau County Medical Center where he would do two stints before and after his tour with the Army's 50<sup>th</sup> Medical Corps in Fulda, Germany. We had the occasional dinner at each other's home. Then we lost touch but for Christmas cards.

It was not until the Class of 62's 25<sup>th</sup> reunion in Hanover in 1987 that we really reconnected. It was then that I learned of his divorce, heard about his cosmetic surgery practice in Vancouver, Washington, and learned that he had married a woman, Theresa, who was terminally ill with cancer. (He knew her to have cancer before they married.)

I questioned him closely. The answer always came back to the same thing: they loved each other. However long they had to be with each other was that long. They each wanted to be with the other. Then why not?

He had made a commitment to her willingly. And he needed her. (His stepdaughter says that Theresa had been a patient of Steve's after breast cancer. He had done the reconstruction. His son comments that when he believed something, he did it. Steve was one to follow his heart. His daughter says that Steve was a "love person": he gave his wife everything possible in the time remaining.)

I believe she lived no more than that summer.

\*\*\*

Sometime around 1991, Steve brought Jan, his third wife, on her first trip to New York.

They had met slightly more than a month after each's spouse had died. (Improbably, Jan's husband had died in a bicycling accident.) It was at a party for a couple of dozen neighbors hosted by a dentist whose practice was in the same building as Steve's. Steve was the only one at the party whom Jan did not know. Some months later he called to invite her to go out ... to the theater.

I never asked Steve what had attracted him to Jan. For Jan, there's was no ambiguity: "I like real. And he was. No game playing. No politics. I liked his heart. It just popped out."

That each had lost a beloved spouse made for a common bond that became part of each's separate healing process. A result was that over the course of their marriage they did not hesitate to talk about death. It was not a taboo subject.

During their stay in New York I got to chauffeur them a bit, showing off the parts of the city that I knew best. (That probably included Chinatown, but I can't remember exactly. As I darted in and out of heavy traffic down Fifth Avenue, Janice commented that I drove like a New York cab driver. She was gracious. She made it sound like a genuine compliment.) One of our destinations was the Church of the Ascension on 10<sup>th</sup> Street.

Steve gave Janice and me the grand tour, as if he were still the pastor's son, including even the sacristy and columbarium. I flashed back to our visit to Mont St. Michel. But now Steve was talking first hand of a place and a history that he knew intimately.

One of his last enthusiasms as we parted that day was that he and Janice had discovered a great little Italian restaurant that had just opened on Bleeker Street in the Village. It had reasonable prices, was worth checking out. (It subsequently added three versions in uptown Manhattan neighborhoods, perhaps a testament to Steve's culinary judgment.)

Back in Vancouver, Steve's work routine included adjuncting at Oregon Health and Science University in Portland where he would do Grand Rounds every Tuesday morning – and afterwards drop off a bouquet of flowers for Jan on his way into his practice – and where on Fridays he would do plastic surgery at the VA hospital.

At some point in the 90s, eyeing a family property with a cabin in the woods on the Washougal River, they concluded, "Why not let's build a home and live here?"

They bought out the other family members, Steve got an architect friend to make some plans, and they set about realizing their dream. Inevitably things moved more slowly than the plan and they lived in the cabin for two years. (Steve never got to live in the dream home. "It's a little blessing," reflects Jan. "There are no memories of him. It's still difficult for me to go to the cabin.")

The place was their playground and retreat. It was 50 feet from the fast-moving river that flowed into the great Columbia two miles down. They swam and canoed and kayaked. They gloried in the wildlife that included coyotes, but they especially enjoyed the birds: herons, downy woodpeckers, barn owls, kingfishers. (Birding was another of Steve's enthusiasms.)

A bemused Jan reflects, "Thanks to him, I discovered there were more than robins in the world!"

\*\*\*

The last time I saw Steve was at our 40<sup>th</sup> reunion at Moosilauke and Hanover.

On the morning of the second day at Moosilauke Lodge, Jan and I accompanied Steve and a half-dozen of the more fit and ambitious classmates to the beginning of the vertical trail up Mount Moosilauke. We said goodbye to them, and returned to the lodge. We talked about M.J. Murdock Charitable Trust, the West Coast foundation for whom Jan works. (It supports medical education and community projects.) We talked about nature writers like Barry Lopez, and other topics that flowed easily in the piney White Mountain air.

When Steve returned from the vertical hike, he and I had a chance to talk one-on-one about his work. The latest twist in his plastic surgery practice was that he was regularly on a Portland, Oregon, radio show.

The show was set up to answer callers' questions on the range of cosmetic surgery procedures. "Dr. Steve," as he called himself, responded to all questions seriously

whether the issue was a nose job, breast augmentation, or burn disfigurement. (He had done a residency at a burn center in Maumee, Ohio, near Toledo.) His advice was medical, aesthetic and ethical. I think that the “ethical” meant that he would query the caller on motive, and in some cases discourage them from proceeding further.

His son Andrew reports that his father had a passion for artistic things and that for him plastic surgery was about two things: one, design and art; and two, enabling people to feel better about themselves. However it had been a hard haul establishing his practice.

He chose to mainly practice solo, not wanting to be a cog in a wheel of a larger operation. As for the radio, he was comfortable with the DJs whose show it was, and comfortable in making the public service announcements. At one point, the station offered a prize: free breast enlargement. Steve demystified the process and a series of tasteful pictures and explanations were posted on the station’s website. They raised good questions and were full of good information. It was also good for business.

His stepdaughter Marissa, reports that she was proud of him professionally. He spent a lot of time at his office, and had a lot of integrity: he would turn some potential patients away, only take those who were mentally and emotionally ready for a procedure. He had “heart for his patients.” One patient painted a huge heart that he hung on his office wall.

\*\*\*

Why Steve went into medicine I don’t know. Once in medicine, however, it was all but inevitable that he become a cosmetic and reconstructive surgeon. It was his artistic soul wanting out.

Throughout his life he sang, he acted, and with his surgery of course, he sculpted.

He sang in the choirs of churches too numerous to mention, from his father’s Church of the Ascension to Columbia Presbyterian in Vancouver, Washington. Daughter Abigail says that singing was one of his big connections with the church. While at Dartmouth, he sang with the Handel Society. He sang in musicals and community theater throughout his life. With his daughter Abigail he sang in “Brigadoon” in the Peanut Gallery Theater in Vancouver. With son Andrew he sang in “Annie Get Your Gun.” Also in Vancouver he played and sang the lead in “The Fantasticks.” For Andrew when he sang the words “Try to remember a kind of September...” out there on the stage, he inhabited the character; it was his Dad at his best.

In the eyes of Andrew, he was not just a “head” person, precise in surgery. There was a duality about him. He had a tremendous amount of feeling. Music could move him to tears; and, he could sing and make *you* cry. In singing, he let go. He was freer than a lot of men and fathers. Daughter Abigail says that he always expressed his emotions – rare in man.

When Steve was in the Army medical corps stationed in Fulda, Germany, for several years, he would take the young family on trips in a VW bus as often as he could get leave. They would go to St. Jean de Luz in the extreme southwest of France on the Atlantic between Biarritz and the Spanish border. It was Basque country, not too far from Bordeaux where he had taught English. He also had a “girlfriend” there, Maionita. She was Basque and they had known each other from when he had been a teacher. She was by then married and had her own family but they maintained their friendship over the years, even to the point that she and her husband visited at Steve and Jan’s house in Vancouver after a hiatus of 20 years.

About his singing and acting, Andrew wondered whether he would have been happier in a career on the stage. But he catches himself and guesses that, had that happened, life for his dad and his young family would have been even more precarious.

\*\*\*

Marissa was 15 and her older sister Alexa was in college when Steve came into Jan’s life and her home. Their particular bond was cooking and at home they would cook together. Apparently Steve’s refrain was a carefree “Let’s throw it in the wok!” As with others who knew Steve, Marissa remarks on his joie de vivre, his zest for life, recalls a fun Montana rafting trip, and adds that “he encouraged us to find our passion and pursue it.” (She went to culinary school at 18.)

She remembers Steve as gentle and caring. He offered himself as a “father-like friend.” A religious person, Marissa recalls the beginning of the apostle Paul’s first letter to the Corinthians, verse 13: “Love is ....” And emphasizes “That was him! There was not a mean bone in his body.” (One section of 1 Corinthians 13 was read at Steve’s funeral.)

She has thought, when comparing people’s fathers, that Steve never shirked from apologizing if he had done something wrong. He was not perfect, but he tried; he was very passionate. She feels blessed to have lived in his house.

She also adds that he was “tough on my boyfriends” -- not in the sense that he was critical of whom she brought home but in the sense that she judged them by the standards he had exemplified.

Steve’s daughter Abigail’s fondest memory of her Dad was also being at home cooking with him. Each time they did it there was lots of preparation; every such meal a feast. She adds that he was also a wonderful grandfather: he found what a grandchild liked and supported it. Her son sings in the Children’s Choir of Mt. Desert Island and Steve would make regular pilgrimages from the West Coast to hear Audyn perform.

\*\*\*

Another aspect of Steve was that he was what some might call a fitness freak and health nut. (Abigail amends: not a health nut, a bike nut.) He was a promoter of alternative medicine, including chelation therapy that focuses on detoxification by removing heavy metals from the body. He was ever alert to the toxics in everything from tooth fillings to hair dyes. He emphasized the role of vitamins and minerals in tissue healing after surgery. He was always in great shape, from biking and other exercise. He was passionate about that; it was a BIG thing with him: he would attend conferences about wellness and took many dietary supplements. (In talking about these therapies at Moosilauke, one wondered if Steve's typical enthusiasm overflowed.)

\*\*\*

Steve was a religious person, but not in any straightforward way. As a pastor's son, he was steeped in the doctrine and ritual of the Episcopal Church. As a pastor's son, whose first marriage was to a minister's daughter, he followed the path of other ministers' kids: he drifted away from formal religion at a certain point in his life.

Yet he went to different churches in the Vancouver area. His second wife was a devout Catholic and Steve joined her church. After she died and Steve remarried, he became involved in Jan's Columbia Presbyterian Church. He was an active member of that church for 15 years, joining both its choir and its men's group. (It was there that he was married and there that his funeral service was held.)

It was through that Church's programs that he went on several trips to Senegal to help assess the church's development work there. He spent a couple of weeks in Kazakhstan with Northwest Medical Teams International. That involved some simple surgery with a doctor in training for "lumps and bumps" – in a tent, with no electric sterilizer. He had a "Sure, I'll try it" attitude about eating and doing anything that local people did. Both experiences were thrilling to him – adventures -- and in Africa he got a chance as well to limber up his French language skills. But they also fit his ethic that the good life implied service to others.

Part of his religious complexity was that his "French" side was extremely liberal and loose. It was something that Jan and stepdaughter Marissa, who now works for Multnomah Bible College & Seminary, had to come to terms with. Jan regards this aspect of Steve as one of his greatest gifts to her: his religious viewpoints were fresh, honest, innocent, genuine. He was authentic.

His children recognize he had shortcomings and failures – they don't detail them – but they note that Steve needed religion to give structure to his life and that it made him a better person, more content, and that it was important to his 15-year marriage with Jan. She was an influence in his struggling with his faith which they report deepened as he related to God and Jesus -- ideas, figures, persons -- that were real to him.

His stepdaughter acknowledges that he may not have been your ideal Presbyterian, but she had no doubts that he was certainly right with his God: "He was not an ardent

Presbyterian; he was definitely an ardent follower of the Lord.” And Jan adds that the description of love in the passage from the apostle Paul was “quintessential Steve.”

\*\*\*

Very high among Steve’s enthusiasms was biking.

Judith Adamski, mother of Catlin, Andrew’s wife, biked with him and Janice one summer when they went from Vancouver, Washington to her home in Corvallis, Oregon. Steve would do links of 40 to 80 miles. They would ride as a group and Steve would first ride with one then another. He was always cheerful and supportive, full of helpful suggestions. Once he and Jan, Andrew and Catlin did a link with the grandchildren in carriers behind the bikes.

Steve kept all his bikes. These included a Peugeot racing bike and a 1957 Raleigh bought for a princely \$150.

Biking was both a physical thing and a connection with Europe. Every week he would buy the French language “Vélo News” in Portland, Oregon. It was a way to keep up his French, reconnect with his younger self and, of course, with the sport he loved.

As Judith Adamski noted, biking was also social. It was something he especially shared with son Andrew.

Andrew acknowledges that but for their random placements on the bend in that road in Acadia, the person who hit the barrier could have been him. That did not make him hesitate when the opportunity to participate in a bike competition came up recently.

“I am off in a couple of days to do the Mt. Washington Hillclimb Race in New Hampshire. It will be 7.6 miles of pure climbing. The record time up is 49 minutes. The average grade is twelve percent with some sections at twenty-two percent slope. I will be wearing my father's bicycling jerseys for the climb.

“It makes you feel good to struggle and suffer and get to the top of the hill. You go for it. You’re going at him. Then you’re at the top. You’ve done something together. Biking gives me the same joy as it gave him. And ‘joy’ was a big word for him.”

Steve had gotten a classic Gitane child’s bike for Andrew that he rode till he was 12. About two years ago they began “cleaning it up” for Audyn, his 9-year old grandson. But the front fork had a problem. It is not easy to find a fork for an antique bike, but Steve managed to turn up a used fork that worked. So Audyn began cycling on “grandpa’s” bike – regularly riding 20-30 miles -- and after him, Andrew’s son, 7-year old Owen, will ride it, and after him ....

\*\*\*

If you live life thoroughly -- with imperfections, missteps -- but following your bliss, loving fully, is that a good life?

###

Frank Kehl '62  
October 25, 2004

(My appreciation to Janice Newby Kennedy, Marissa Newby, Andrew Tyte Kennedy, Abigail Kennedy Curless and Judith Adamski for information and insight about Steve. They are not responsible for errors of fact or interpretation. Those are my own.)

###

Among the readings at Steve's celebration of life service, April 15, 2004, were the following:

Paul, 1 Corinthians 13: 4-7, read by Pastor Heidi Husted

Love is patient and kind; it is not jealous or conceited or proud; love is not ill-mannered or selfish or irritable; love does not keep a record of wrongs; love is not happy with evil, but is happy with the truth. Love never gives up; and its faith, hope and patience never fail.

\*\*\*

Wendell Berry, sections five and six of "Rising," originally published in The Wheel (1982), also found in Collected Poems 1957-1982 (1985), read by Andrew Tyte Kennedy.

5.

Any man's death could end the story:  
his mourners, having accompanied him  
to the grave through all he knew,  
turn back, leaving him complete.

But this is not the story of a life.  
It is the story of lives, knit together,  
overlapping in succession, rising  
again from grave after grave.

For those who depart from it, bearing it  
in their minds, the grave is a beginning.  
It has weighted the earth with sudden

new gravity, the enrichment of pain.

There is a grave, too, in each  
survivor. By it, the dead one lives.  
He enters us, a broken blade,  
sharp, clear as a lens or a mirror.

And he comes into us helpless, tender  
as the newborn enter the world. Great  
is the burden of our care. We must be true  
to ourselves. How else will he know us?

Like a wound, grief receives him.  
Like graves, we heal over, and yet keep  
as part of ourselves the severe gift.  
By grief, more inward than darkness,

the dead become the intelligence of life.  
Where the tree falls the forest rises.  
There is nowhere to stand but in absence,  
no life but in the fateful light.

6.  
Ended, a story is history;  
it is time, with time  
lost. But if a man's life  
continue in another man,  
then the flesh will rhyme  
its part in immortal song.  
By absence, he comes again.

There is a kinship in the fields  
that gives to the living the breath  
of the dead. The earth  
opened in the spring, opens  
in all springs. Nameless,  
ancient, many-lived, we reach  
through ages with the seed.

--Wendell Berry

(Berry is a Kentucky poet. Andrew Tyte Kennedy was born in Kentucky while Steve  
was attending University of Kentucky Medical School.)

Janice Newby Kennedy

Andrew Tyte Kennedy

1911 SE Washougal River Rd  
Washougal, WA 98671-9257  
360.335.1193  
[jkennedy07@netzero.com](mailto:jkennedy07@netzero.com)

Marissa Newby  
[mnewby@multnomah.edu](mailto:mnewby@multnomah.edu)

PO Box 167  
Mt. Desert, ME 04660  
207.244.9289  
[acofk@downeast.net](mailto:acofk@downeast.net)

Abigail Kennedy Curless  
[curless@prexar.com](mailto:curless@prexar.com)

In addition to the relations noted above, Steve leaves a son, Matthew of California, a stepdaughter, Alexa of Washington, grandchildren Audyn, Opal, Owen and Fionna of Maine, stepgrandchildren Micah and Isaiah of Washington, his mother, Frances of Florida, his sister Jane Kennedy Strand of Michigan, his first wife Charlotte of Maine.

###