

Stephen Paul Wenzler is the 11th and the youngest child of the Wenzler family from Toledo Ohio. He was the 7th son of his proud parents, Otto and Josephine.

Steve by virtue of his being the last of the 11, and the last of the boys, always held a special place in all of his family's heart. It was a challenge sometimes to find a special place in this large family, but Steve enjoyed it from the day of his birth, which was special in and of itself...Steve was born on Valentines Day in 1954.

Indeed, he was a special boy.

The charm of life was Steve's, and he carried it well.

Talking to one of his nieces, and a cousin to Ingrid, Scott, and Vivian, she recently said that while it is known that one cannot choose your relatives, if you were able to choose a relative, you would choose one like Steve. Always supportive, always tender, never a negative thing to say about anyone...a dear dear man.

As a young boy and to his last day, Steve was known for his natural care free spirit, and his easygoing style. He would always work to avoid contention and tried always to squeeze every ounce out of life that he could. He lived in different parts of the country,

had a passion for the water and sailing, loved to travel, watch movies, loved music, and most of course he loved his Ohio State football...

In recent days I've heard from many of his life long friends in the Midwest, and they would describe remembering Steve as Happy Go Lucky, Mellow, a Gentle and Kind soul.

His older sisters remember him as a sweet child, who benefitted from all the love and attention and care that being the youngest of this large brood could provide.

This was the man who would eventually meet the love of his life, Michele. They met at a party, and caught each others eye, and the rest is a story known to all of you gathered. This is the man that we have lost and this was the couple that we all knew and loved.

The breadth of Steve's life achievement is on display here, right in front of us. It is in these three remarkable children, and it's in his love, Michele.

During his life Steve enriched his families name, and I believe he was comfortable in knowing that he did the best he could, through his time in this life.

Steve's sense of responsibility made him grow into the husband and father who felt that while perhaps his children and Michele could afford to relax, and at times be careless, he knew he could not. This role, while somewhat out of character for Steve, was the one he assumed with love and devotion to his family.

The commitment he made to Michele and to his family was perhaps best exemplified in his willingness and in his forsaking his own natural proclivity to live the life of the gentle soul that he was.

After several very happy early years together, as a young couple in the Southwest, he willingly agreed, and happily moved to Michele's hometown here in Larchmont, to help her raise their family.

He then pursued a career on Wall Street, a path he felt he needed to take to fulfill what he and Michele felt would be their dream life together. Again it was a path one would never have foreseen for this naturally easygoing brother of mine.

HE WAS, and WE are all proud of what he achieved.

And the good news is that Steve, being the youngest of the 11, is woven in all of his brothers and sisters...you Steve are in us all...and therefore, you Steve are not gone, and never will be.

You are in your children and you will never be forgotten...

Michele, I speak for my Brother Steve and say to you the he never regretted his deep love of you, he never regretted his life with you, he never regretted his commitment to you, and he never regretted that you and he worked so hard and so long to raise these dear children of yours.

I know that Steve would want me to say to you Ingrid, and to you Scott, and to you most of all Vivian, that you start out each day with a broad smile, and for his sake, and in his name, live on and do all things the same.

Sail on my dear brother...sail on, until we meet again!