



Stephen Wallace

June 28, 1941 - April 11, 2026

Stephen Leslie Wallace passed away at the age of 84 on the vigil of Divine Mercy Sunday, the 11th of April, 2026. He is survived by his wife, Ellen, their three children Brian (Tammy), Bonnie (Kevin) and Chris (Casandra), seven grandchildren, and numerous relatives in California, including his sister, Suzie.

Steve had two successful careers. His first was as an officer in the Air Force, and the second was as a clinical therapist. Through his time in the Air Force, he and his family bounced all over the United States, which imparted an amazing, eye-opening experience for his kids. After he retired from the Air Force, he acquired his license in clinical work to help those suffering from substance addiction and other mental health problems. He successfully treated countless patients in Texas and Colorado.

Steve was a lifelong Catholic, and his faith grew with him as the years rolled by. He and Ellen were early members of Our Lady of the Valley church in Windsor, CO, when it boasted a scant forty families or so. As OLV grew, Steve was involved in the training of lectors at the church, and then he and Ellen assisted in adult formation through RCIA. Through donation of time, instruction and prayer, he was able to help guide many people into full reception in the Church.

Those around him loved him for so many simple qualities. Since he grew up in

a humble household with his mother Mary, Steve always viewed car ownership and maintenance as a point of pride. While his first car was a '63 Alfa Romeo, his baby in later life was the MR2 that he kept humming, in as mint condition as possible. He was an avid bridge player; he stayed up until all hours of the evening playing bridge whenever he was in southern LA with his family, and he passed on his knowledge of the game to his sons. He enjoyed a good crossword as well, even almost up to the moment that his wedding ceremony began. He had a kind word for everyone and a wickedly dry sense of Irish humor. His encyclopedic knowledge helped him lay the groundwork for many a long, long running gag. He satisfied his famous sweet tooth with trips to Dairy Queen and the local doughnut shop, and he was always on the hunt for the freshest Snickers bars he could find. You could count on his tuneless whistling and relatively off-key singing at Mass, but he was happy with both.

Truly, Steve was a man who loved his family and loved God. He spent his life in service to others, and you would be hard pressed to find someone more unselfish and kind. Although we who remain will miss him dearly, his was a life well lived. May the angels lead him unto paradise, and may perpetual light shine upon him.