

Oh how I miss my Uncle Steve,

Two days old and you couldn't wait to see me. You hugged and held me close with a big smile on your face. I was so tiny and fragile then, but you loved me so much. I remember you were on your bike that day you came to see me. You were so happy and proud holding me in your arms. I only wish that it wasn't only time I got to see you and your great big grin. On your bike you left for heaven, leaving behind that one lone memory of our time together. Uncle Steve has cycled home.

When Grandma and Grandpa came over on that Tuesday, I could feel something wasn't quite right. Sadness seemed to be everywhere. Later, Grandma's house was not the normal joyful place, but a place of sorrow and pain. I could feel the heartache, but could not cry out and express in words, and so I just cried for my Uncle Steve.

Uncle Steve, you would have been the greatest: taking me cycling, mountain scrambling, on weird road trips, to CB's Drive-In for fries, skiing ... Oh the adventures we could have had!! You would not have been afraid to be wild and crazy with me, and do it with all that joy you had. Most of all though you could have taught me passion: passion for life, passion for God, and passion for the souls of others to meet God. I wish so much that this was all possible. God's love and your desire to serve Christ Jesus shone bright to all. But I'll grow up only seeing your pictures and hearing stories of you. One day, may I shine as bright as my Uncle Steve.

But I am glad that you held me before you left for your last time to Africa. Your heart and soul belonged to Africa. You promised me one day you would take me there to show me all the people and places that you loved. Now when I go, I go to visit a lonely curve of road. This life isn't fair without you here with me, but I hope you'll see me when I visit the place of your heart Uncle Steve.

Up in Heaven, please look down on me in-between your rides on the streets of gold. Know that you are in my heart Uncle Steve. Enjoy God's hugs and love, as I once enjoyed yours, being so fresh from God's knitting hands. I will think of you when traveling my rocky, potholed roads and climbing the steep hills in my life. You hungered for God's love here on earth; feast now on it, Uncle Steve.

Oh how I miss Uncle Steve. If I could grow up to be like you, my Father up in Heaven would be happy. I wish I could have grown up known you in person, Uncle Steve. You died in the midst of fulfilling your dream of riding across Africa, and have gone to your true home in heaven. Now I can only talk to you in my dreams until the day I am welcomed by Lord Jesus. The day I also get to meet my Uncle Steve again. What an incredible day that will be. Oh how I miss Uncle Steve. You have cycled home. Oh how I miss my Uncle Steve. I love you – Cai Rowan