



Stephen (OW-EEE OW-EEE OW-EEE)

How do you write a poem
About a little guy like Steve
He was so spunky and full of life
Oh why did he have to leave.

Unlike his sister Sara
Hugs and kisses he didn't like
The boy was so independent
And such a stubborn little tyke.

He was spoiled and had his way
In almost everything he did
Once to keep from taking a bath
He ran behind a tree and hid.

You couldn't make him eat his dinner
Or give up his favorite show on TV
In almost everything you could imagine
He was the boss of his mom and me.

My buddy didn't like losing
Or being told what to do
Sometimes we'd get so disgusted
We couldn't control him, this we knew.

Now please don't misunderstand me
Steve had lost of good qualities too
The kids all looked up to him
And he was a friend to all he know.

He loved his family, day care and school
Cartoons and presents, games and toys
Country music, dinosaurs, turtles and sonic
But most of all the girls and boys.

He loved swimming and fishing
Tennis we'd just started to play
He was such a neat kid
And helped me with everything along the way.

But the day came when his toes turned blue
And the pain wouldn't go away

We took him to the hospital
That's when it started – that very day.

The doctors said he had a blood clot
But they couldn't understand
Why this would happen to one so young
Five times they cut on him with knife in hand.

Now Steve was born with cystic fibrosis
Like his sister Sara, who died two years ago
He'd done so well and we just knew
There'd be a cure in a year or so.

But now they told us he had leukemia
A rare form wouldn't you know
He'd have to undergo chemo
The odds weren't good – they told us so.

You wouldn't believe what they did to him
For a chance for him to be cured
The pain, the swelling, the blood he had
It was the hardest thing I've ever endured.

He fought them with everything he had
To the end he had to be free
And in doing so he won their hearts
I love him so much, ow-eee, ow-eee, ow-eee.

He finally said he wanted to be with Sara
Then we knew that the end was near
He hugged us, we said "I love you"
Then he went to heaven and left us here.

We'll always love you Steve
We'll miss your shining light
Just wait for us, we'll be there
Until then dear God
Help heal our Achey Breaky Hearts.

By Larry Carney/In loving memory of Stephen
Matthew Carney
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