



Steven John Haver

July 19, 1960 - November 6, 2024

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Steve Haver has embarked on his next adventure. After 64 years of perpetual motion, Steve passed away in Jacksonville, FL.

Steve was born in Detroit, MI to Harold and Karen (McGowan) Haver, both deceased. He spent his formative years in the midwest where he spent his youth getting into mischief, usually with other guys named Steve. He was raised in Edina, MN and Mason City, IA.

Steve was married to Karen (Meyers) Haver with whom he shared many adventures during their 20-year marriage. He was grateful that she agreed to run away to sea with him and enjoyed the adventures of 5 years in the Caribbean aboard their ketch, SoulShine. SoulShine allowed them to create a home and explore new cultures while fixing the boat in exotic locations. He spent lockdown watching frigate birds in Dominica, had a djembe handmade for him in the Grenadines, played at island music jams, watched whales breaching as the sun set, and made lifelong friends on land and at sea up and down the island chain.

Steve is the proud father of Jeremy Haver, fiance of Dia Zamorano

Washington, DC and Kelsey Haver, wife of Captain Ross Greenhill of Bicester, UK. He considers it to be one of his greatest accomplishments that his children are smarter and better people than he'll ever be.

Steve always considered himself a "Building Guy." He worked construction projects in his youth but aspired to be "One of those guys with a walky-talky backstage at concerts." He worked his way up from production assistant and runner to project manager and general manager of arenas and performing arts centers. During his time in show business, along with wandering with a walky-talky, he played ping pong with Jon Bon Jovi and drove artists like Billy Joel, Joan Jett, and the Everly Brothers. He is one of the few who remember the night that Def Leppard ordered six strippers and a pony to their dressing room at a concert after-party, a story whose details he took to the grave. Paul Anka once sang to him on the phone, and he helped David Brubeck to the stage at one of his final concerts.

He was proud to have moved from leasing buildings one night at a time to leasing and selling commercial real estate and grateful for the opportunities and experience gained there. He was also proud of his work for the City of Reading, PA working in the Community Development office and federal housing programs even though he did not play politics well. Steve continued consulting on these programs for Habitat for Humanity of Berks County until shortly before his death.

Steve served on several boards, committees, and neighborhood associations throughout his life and worked to do his part to improve his community.

Prior to sailing, Steve's hobbies included working on his and Karen's 125-year-old home and gardening. His love of gardening brought him national attention for his million-dollar bail for his experiment in hydroponic gardening of a few small, but wacky, plants.

In addition to his wife and children, Steve is survived by his sister Susie Lye, wife of John, and his former wife, the mother of his children, Kristyne Scheibeler, wife of Mark. He is also survived by an ungrateful cat G.G., one of several he rescued during his lifetime.

Steve received his engineering degree from Iowa State after eleven years in Ames, IA and waited an additional 20 years to get his MBA from Penn State University. He is a lifelong member of Lambda Chi Alpha.

Steve will be cremated per his request. Celebrations of his life will be held at the family's convenience in places that were special to him. Those interested in honoring him should find a glass of Rhum Vieux and toast at sunset. His wife also encourages his healthier friends to, please, donate blood and/or platelets; Steve received over 200 bags of platelets and 70 bags of blood during the course of his leukemia treatment this year.

To paraphrase the great bard of the beach, "Some of it's magic, some of it's tragic, he had a good life all the way."

Tribute Wall

AA

“ When notices for his celebration of life started rolling through my Facebook feed, I had to scratch my head. Steve's name rang a bell, but I couldn't remember why. It had been almost 40 years, after all. We've been Facebook friends for just a year. I don't remember how or why that happened. But as the years go by, old friends get increasingly hard to find.

*After reading of his passing, I remembered. I knew Steve only peripherally. He was *everyone's* friend, after all. We had a mutual friend, whom I knew much better, and who had more involvement with Steve than I ever did.*

My friend Mike was a senior in veterinary medicine at ISU, struggling to make ends meet, with education expenses, child support, and a new wife who insisted that everything be done a certain way. He had just sold the mobile home he'd lived in before he was married. That might have been barely enough money to get him through the rest of the school year and tide him over till he was able to start a "real" vet job after his graduation. The last time I think I talked with him, however, he was lamenting that his money was gone and he wasn't sure what he was going to do. I knew a little about his financial situation, and asked what happened to the trailer money. "Toys," was his wistful and cryptic reply.

I didn't think much more about it until, just a few days later, Mike was found dead from an overdose, then I remember being puzzled when Steve stopped by the trailer once while I was visiting, and exclaiming "I got TOYS!" Hmmmmm.

Around the time of Mike's funeral, the next, and last, time I saw Steve he was proudly showing off his new Bentley and preparing to move out of state to start a cushy new job he'd just landed. Everything I know about his life from that moment forward I learned from his obituary.

Mike never got the job he dreamed of as a veterinarian. He never

raised a family. He never enjoyed a seafaring retirement abroad. The last hit from the last bag he bought with his last dollar left my friend dead with his pants around his ankles in a toilet stall in the men's locker room at the Vet college.

Both of these men were well loved by their friends and family. Both lived the very different lives God in his wisdom intended for them. I bear no ill will. It is what it is.

But all these years later, I'm alone left with the fading and bittersweet memories which make me reflect how our actions and interactions with others can sometimes have profound and far-reaching effects on the world.

I miss Mike.

May Steve RIP.

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