

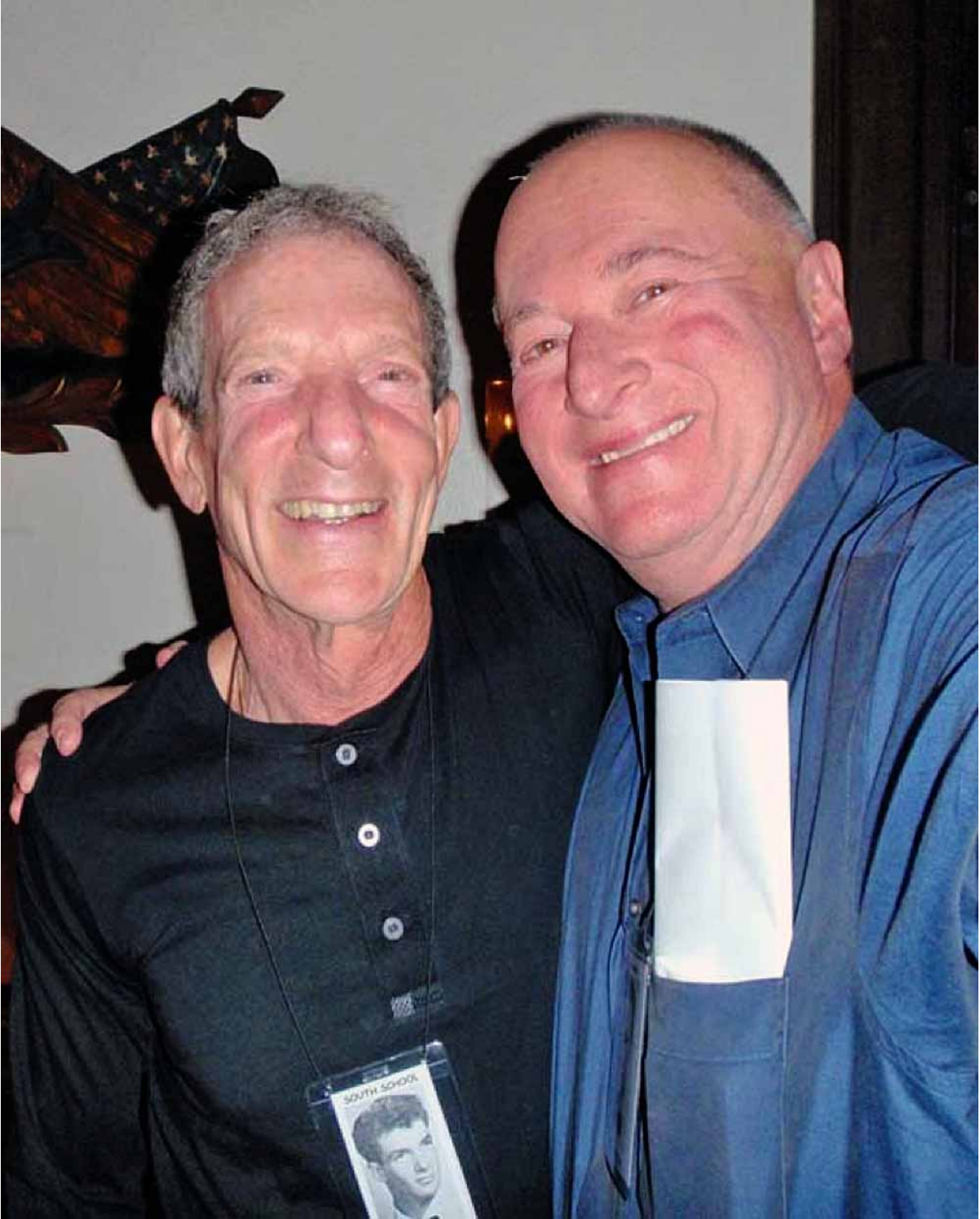
First, a little bit of history. I was born in Brooklyn, New York in 1941. When I was about 4-1/2 years old, my family moved to Great Neck, New York. In Great Neck, there were, to the best of my memory, three elementary schools that fed into the Great Neck Junior High School, and that is where we met, as pre-adolescents, and became close friends.

Steve Oliphant was one of such friends. As kids, we often joked with each other by assigning funny names. One day, I called him “Elephant” and he called me “Arlow” — which stuck, and now, even today, everyone calls me “Arlow” — so at the memorial, there was always a cry out for me, “Hay, Arlow.”

Steve Oliphant was a good friend, very smart, and an excellent athlete. We would run track together in gym. One day, Steve came to a track race late — after it started; to everyone’s amazement, with tremendous effort, Steve finished first, then ran off to the side of the track and threw up. I will never forget that race — and the total effort that he made. That image is still stuck in my mind’s eye!

Through the years we stayed close friends. Steve kept running, received a PhD in mathematics, spoke fluent French, and developed a career in real estate. In every sense of the word, he was a true [Renaissance Man](#).





Some of Steve's close high school friends included Brook Hart, Jimmy Blume, Bill Blumenschein, Ed Golden, and myself.



Throughout high school, and beyond, we stayed friends and in close touch. Jeff Spanier was my childhood next-door neighbor; one day, he shot me in the back of my right leg with an arrow — what can I say, we were kids, and I forgave him for that stupid act. Jeff died in Long Island,

New York, from pancreatic cancer; Brook Hart flew in from Hawaii and gave a fantastic and very colorful eulogy at Jeff Spanier's funeral — the arrow shot to the back of my right leg was prominently mentioned by Brook Hart in that eulogy; David Tucker sat to my left at the funeral. Susan Nelkn lived up the street from Jeff and me. Brook Hart and I shared the pulpit at our dual Bar Mitzvahs.

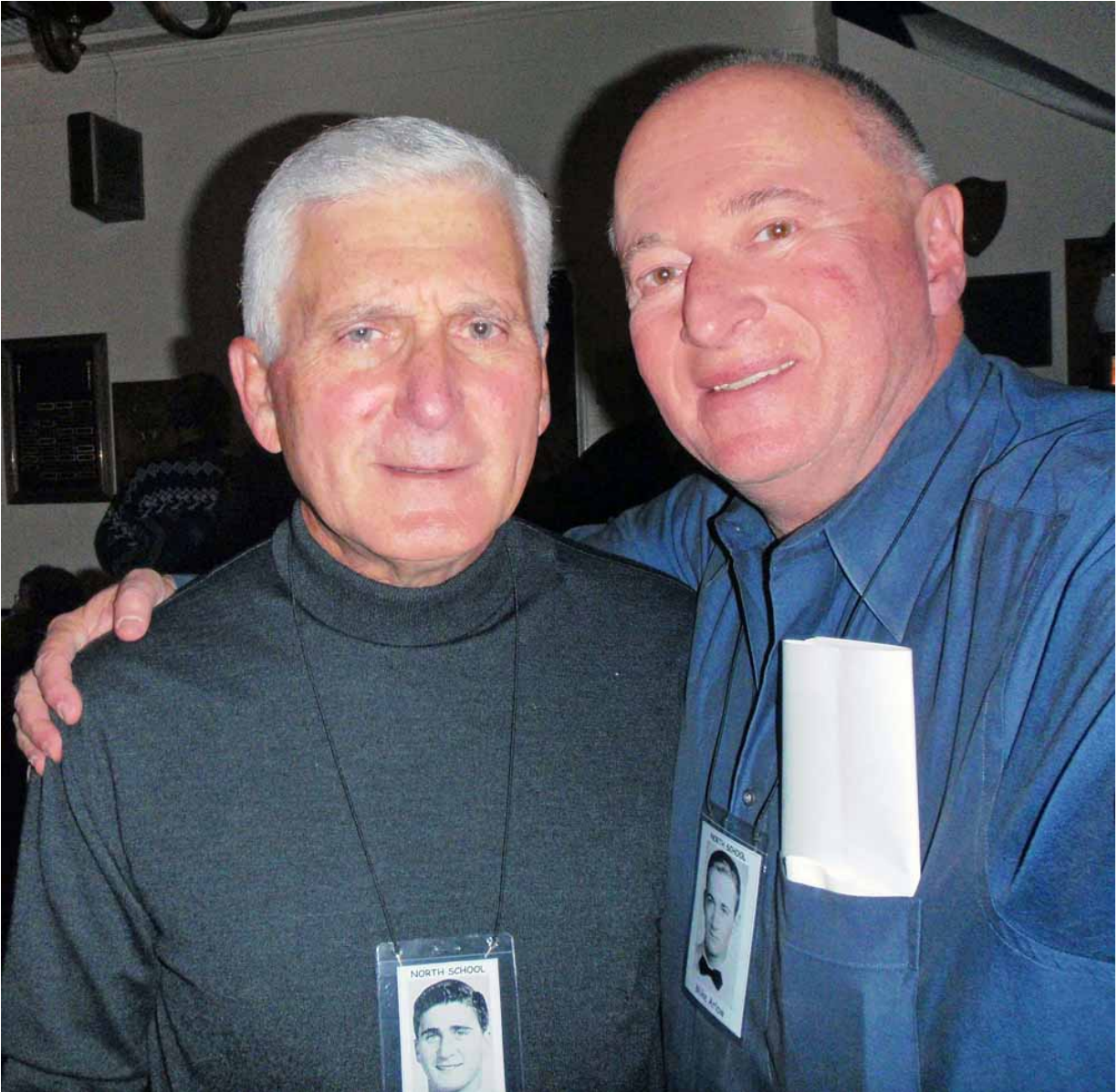




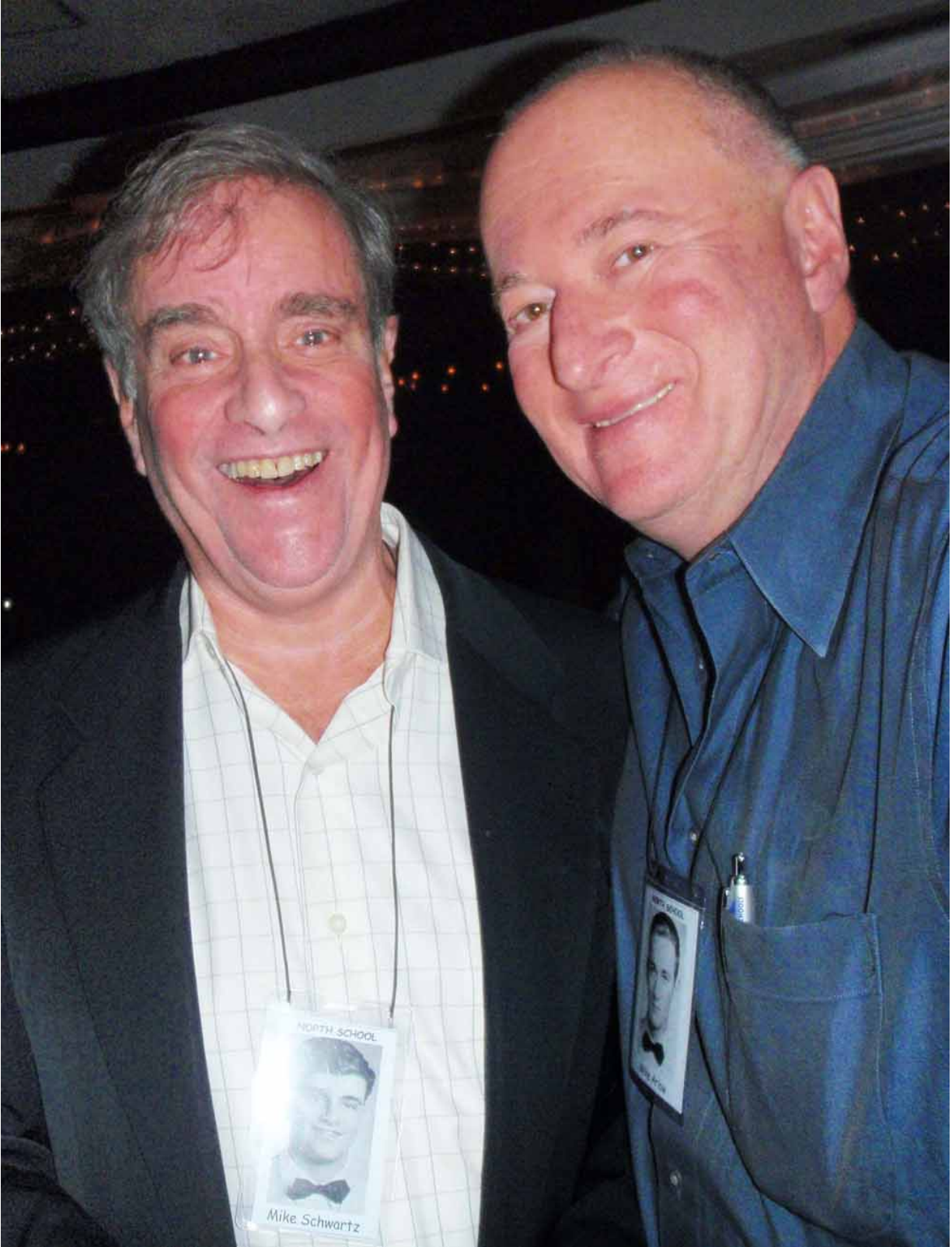




Previously mentioned, David Tucker, son of the famous American opera singer, [Richard Tucker](#), was also one of our friends . . .



. . . as was Michael Schwartz, a really brilliant fellow who was way ahead of his time . . .



. . . and Ed Goldin, whom I flew my airplane to see (enlarge computer screen window to view panoramic photo) . . .



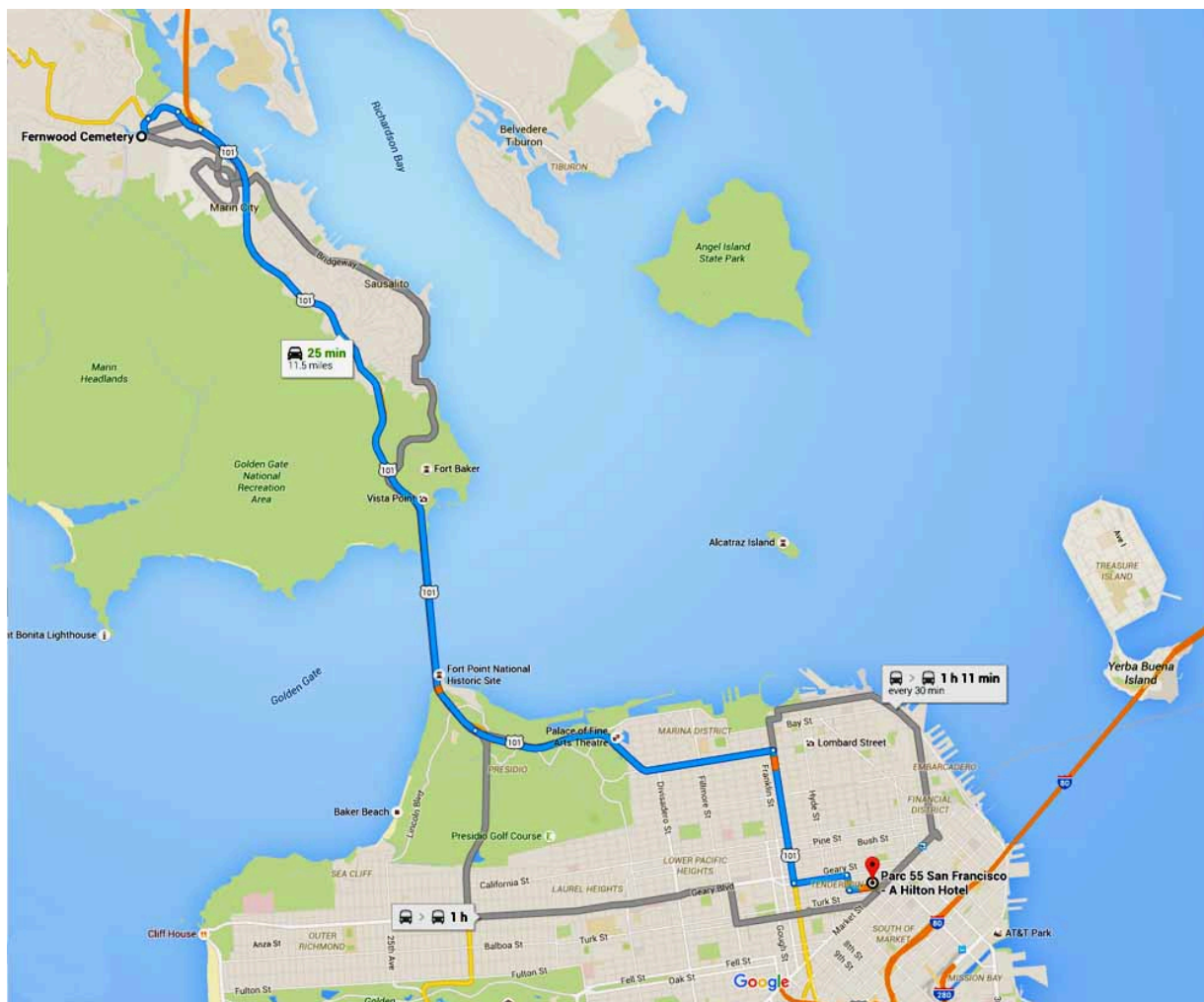
. . . landing in Denver, Colorado at the [Centennial Airport](#) — located well over one mile above mean sea level. Unknown to me at the time, the above photo was taken of my landing and posted on the Internet. The below photo of Ed Goldin and me was taken at the home of my aunt, Alice Abrams, during a visit on the evening of Monday, June 20, 2008.



Late in life, Steve Oliphant developed a skin cancer that penetrated into his jawbone. He received excellent medical care at the [University of Texas MD Anderson Cancer Center](#) and, after a ferocious and heroic battle with cancer, appeared to be cured. Subsequently, some spots in his lungs were observed during diagnostic testing. Steve, always taking prompt care of any health concerns, agreed to a lung biopsy to determine the nature of the preliminary findings. During this procedure, one of the surgeons accidentally nicked an artery in one of Steve's lungs; he uncontrollably bled out — something that nobody ever expected. Steve died on Sunday, January 17, 2016. Because of an inquest into his death and distance that his friends had to travel, Steve's memorial service was

postponed for about one month until Saturday, February 20, 2016.

Saturday, February 20, 2016, 10:30 AM: Abdullah Kharufeh, our driver, picked us up at the in San Francisco and drove us to the [Fernwood Funeral Home](#) in [Mill Valley, CA](#). See map below.



En route, I photographed the [Transamerica Pyramid](#) . . .



. . . homeless dumpster divers on the streets of San Francisco . . .



. . . the [Golden Gate Bridge](#) (enlarge your computer screen window to view panoramic photo) . . .



... the [Waldo Grade](#) ...



... [Alcatraz Island](#) ...



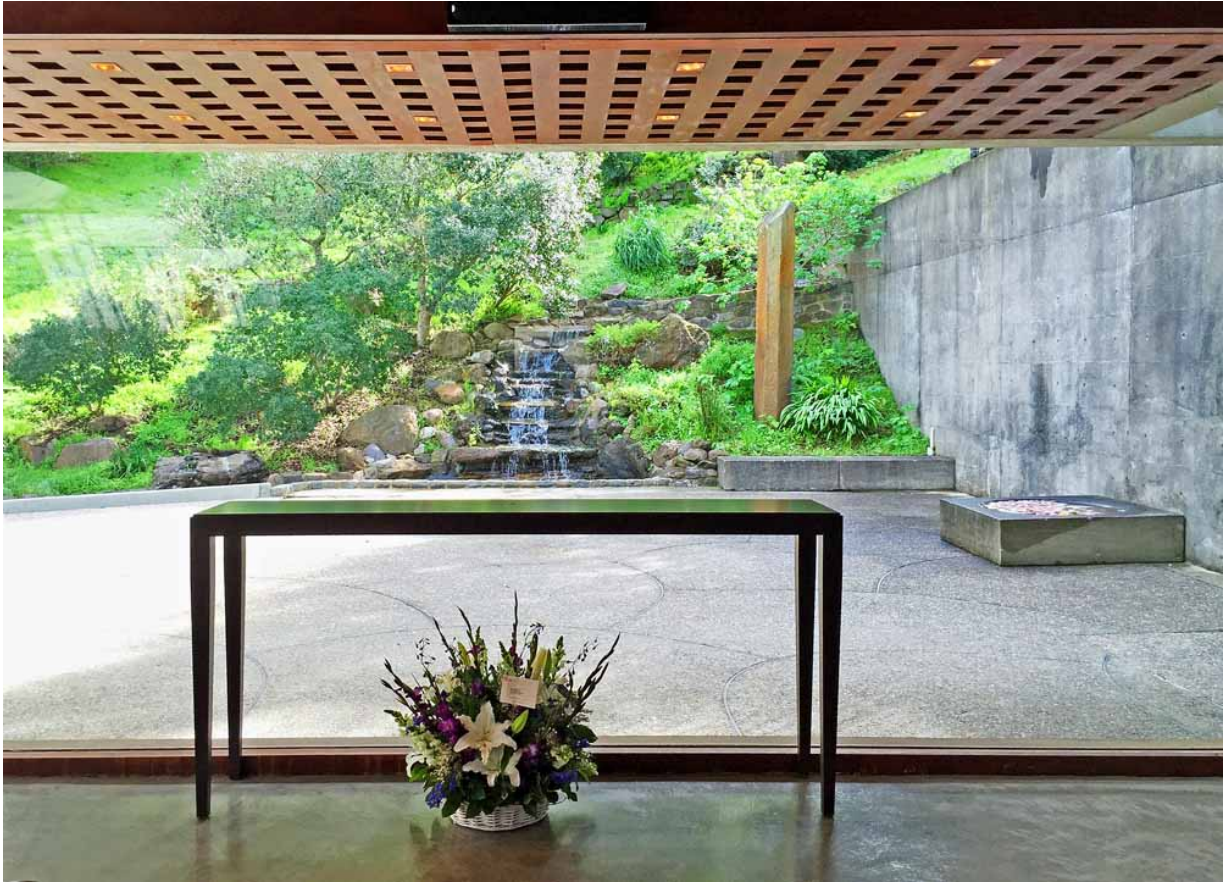
... the entrance to the [Robin Williams Tunnel](#) ...



. . . and the [Kappas Yacht Harbor](#) . . .



. . . en route to the sanctuary of the Fernwood Funeral Home . . .



. . . that is located in incredibly beautiful and peaceful natural surroundings.



Julia and I arrived early . . .



. . . to explore the environs . . .



. . . as did my Bar Mitzvah buddy, Brook Hart.





On a table at the head of the sanctuary, poignantly displayed, was the artistic inners of a running shoe; Steve stayed in shape by regularly distance running.



In the photo below, Steve appears in the television screen next to his standing wife, Sharon Anderson. It was difficult to look at Steve, so lifelike on the screen, knowing that he is deceased . . .



. . . so I took a momentary brake . . .



. . . before returning to the sanctuary . . .

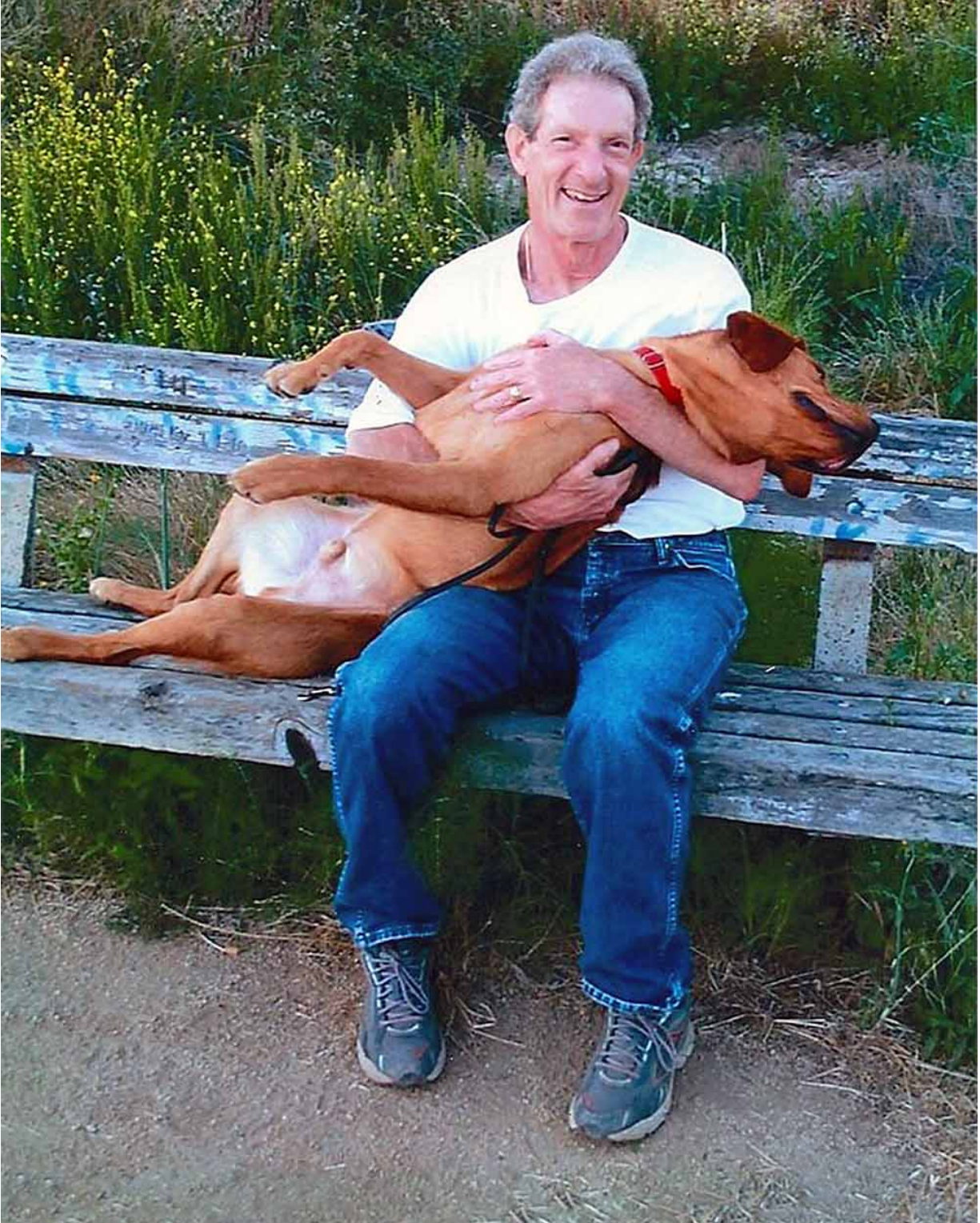


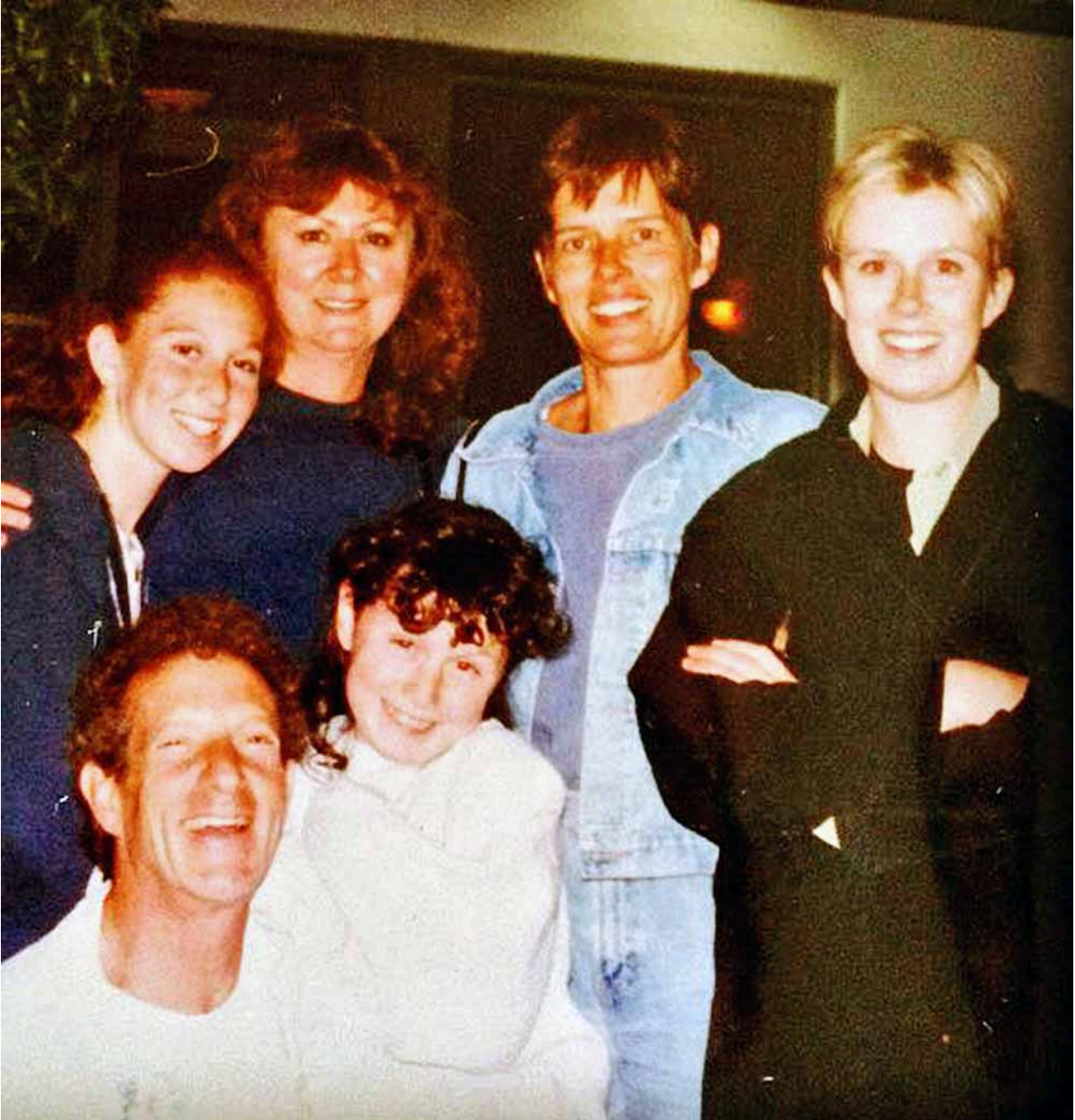
. . . with Brook Hart . . .



. . . and helped Brook set up the audio equipment for Brook's eulogy for our friend, Steve Oliphant. Some family pictures of Steve's adult life follow. From the photos, you can see that Steve was clearly a loving, good natured, and highly intelligent family man.

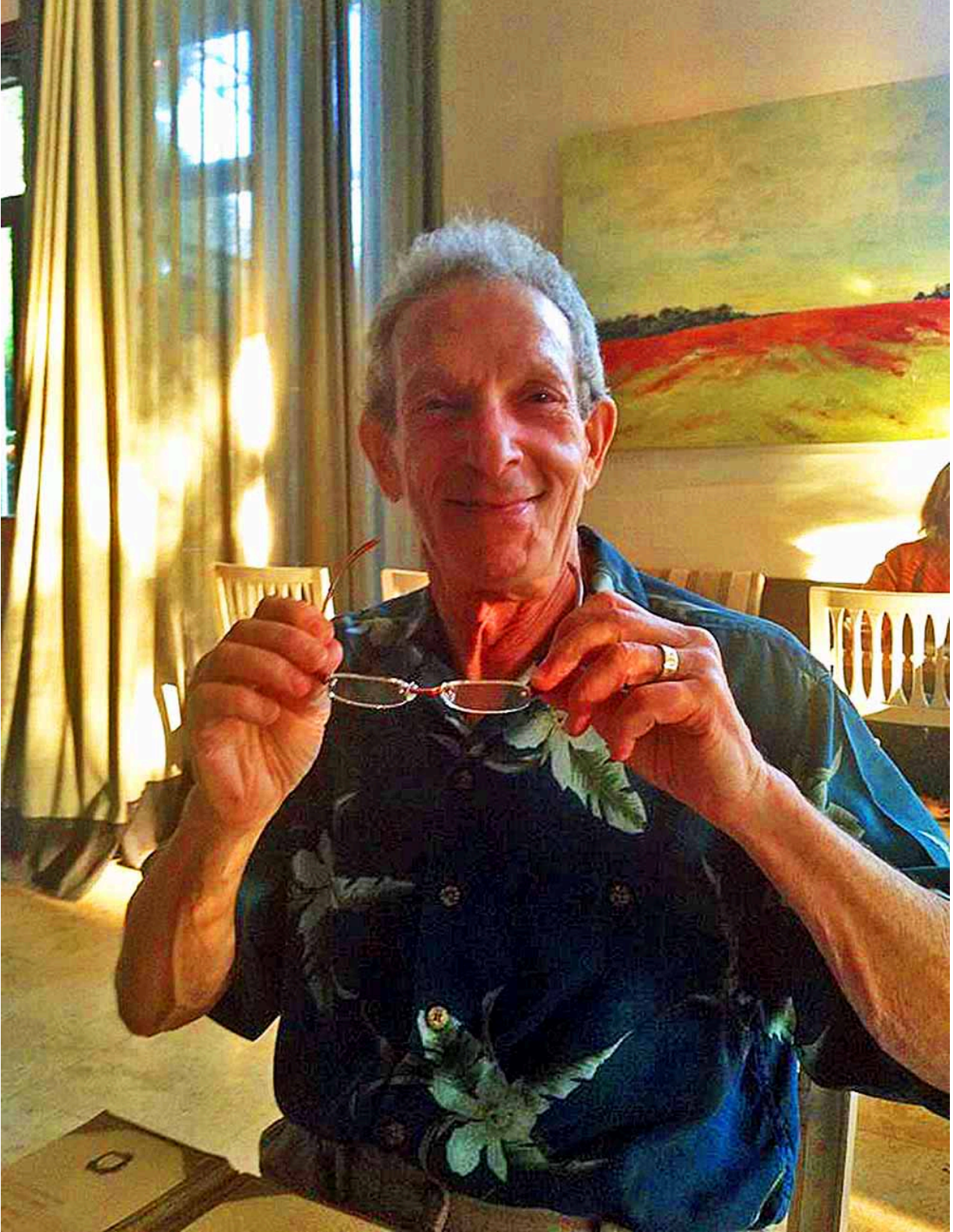










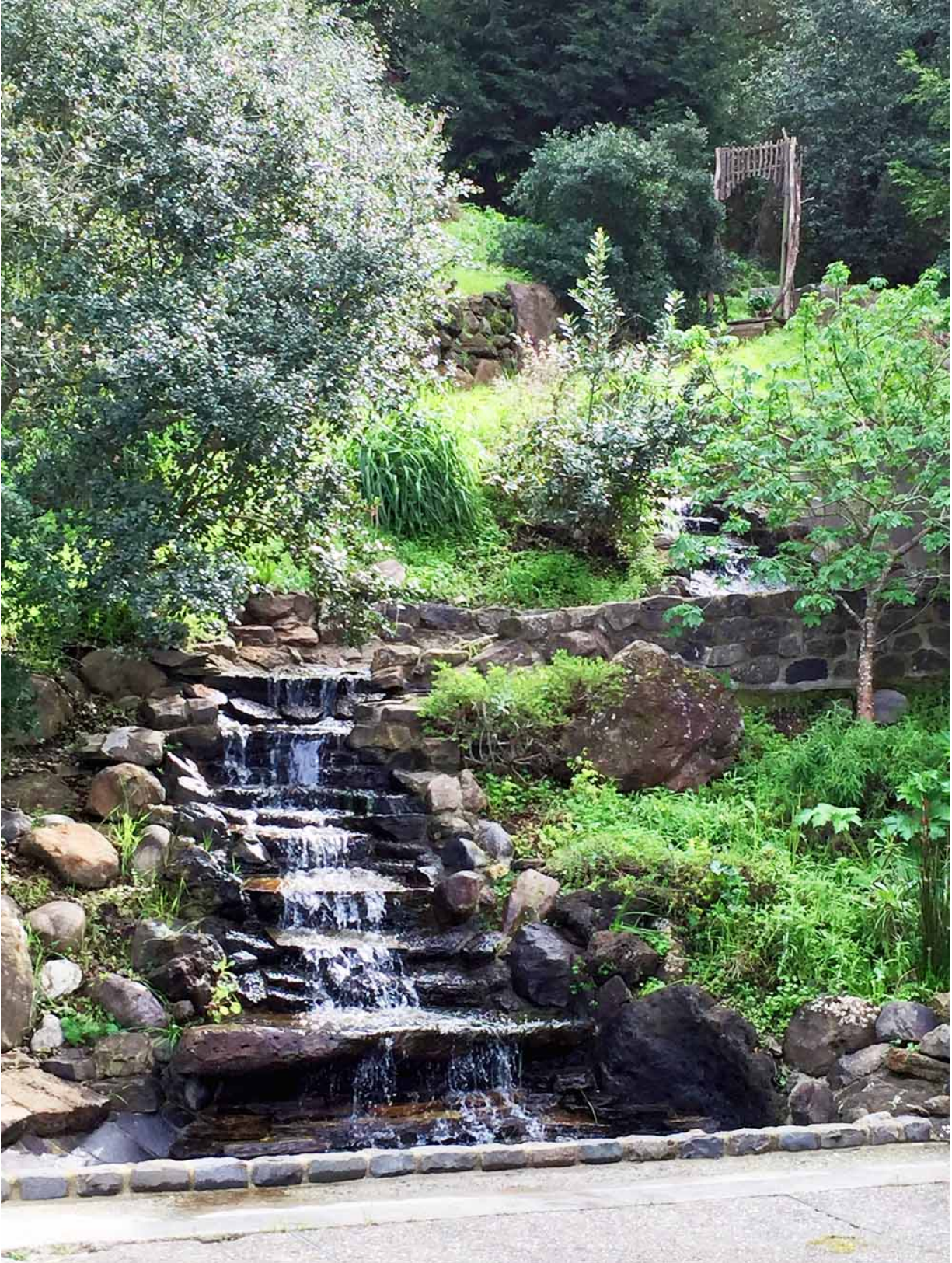






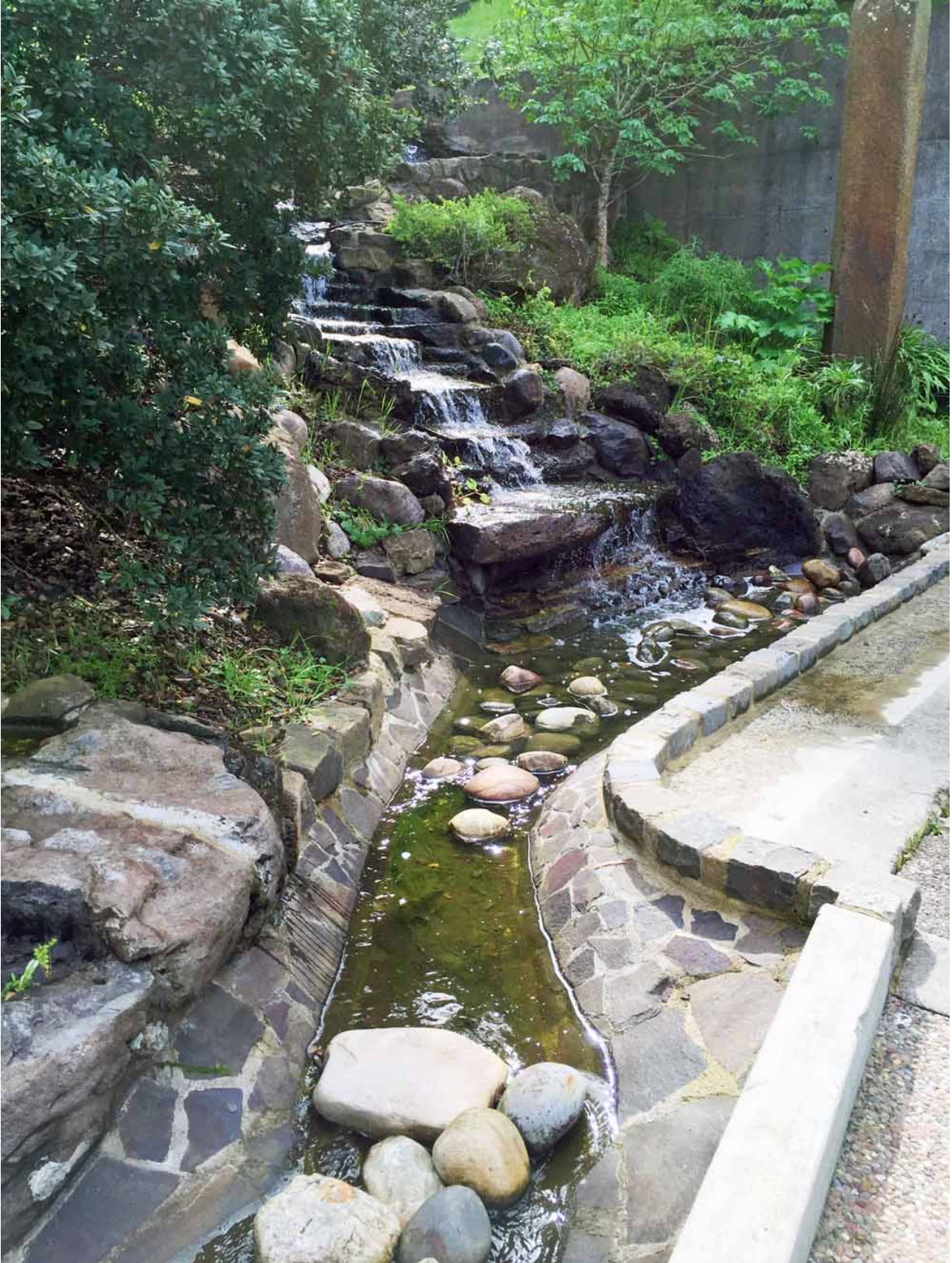


We all really miss you, Steve. You were truly one of a kind. May you rest in peace.



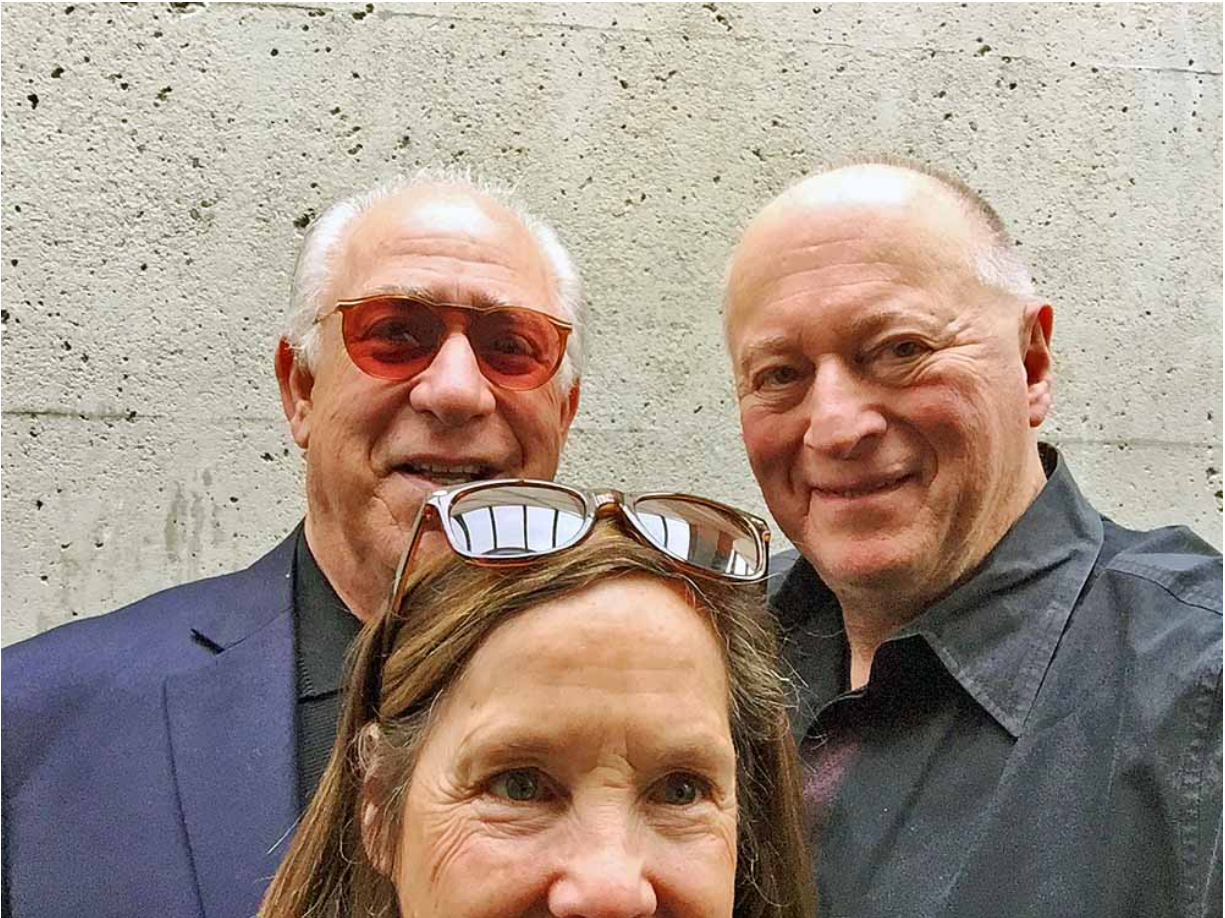
After the memorial service, Julia and I looked down at the environs below the Fernwood Funeral Home . . .







. . . and said our goodbyes to Ed and Lizzy Goldin.



Julia and I walked down to the street to meet our driver, Abdullah Kharufeh, where he drove us . . .



. . . back to the Hilton Parc 55 Hotel to meet with my brother, Allan, who had just flown in from Portland, Oregon, to visit with us.

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