

I know that Stephen would have been so moved to see this huge outpouring of love from so many of the people he touched in his life.

I met Stephen 57 years ago, not long after I met Marlene. Marlene and I had become fast friends on the very first day of college and we were inseparable for the next four years. She talked about Stephen a bit during our first year – he was at Harvard Law and the cousin of one of her best friends from high school and he drove her back and forth to New Jersey on the way to his home in Washington. Initially they were “just friends” but by sophomore year, that all changed, and Stephen began to join us for dinner every night at our college cafeteria, along with another law student who later became my husband Dennis. Dennis was there to enjoy the cafeteria’s free chocolate milk machine – but Stephen was there for Marlene. Every Friday night, Marlene and Stephen and I would gather around the TV in his apartment to eat our plebian version of Steak Tartare and to watch what Stephen told us was his required course on courtroom procedure – Judd for the Defense. Even back then, it was so clear that Marlene and Stephen were meant for each other.

They were married in a small civil ceremony on Christmas Eve 1970 at the Annapolis Courthouse with just their immediate families and me in attendance – I invited myself. In a move that symbolized their sense of unity and shared sense of humor, each of them wore the other’s underpants to the

ceremony. And then the lucky couple spent their honeymoon on the 3rd floor – also known as the attic – of my parents' home in Providence feasting on Tab and chocolate frosted angel food cake and sleeping in twin beds. Maybe not the most romantic beginning but for them it was perfect.

Stephen and Marlene were devoted to each other – and with the addition of Matthew and later Emilie – to their growing family. Their household was infused with love, caring and Stephen's never-flagging wry sense of humor. I still remember the occasion of Matthew's first birthday when Marlene, who is a glorious master chef, was making a magnificent professional-looking cake for her boy and Stephen decided to try his hand at baking one from a mix out of a box. Of course, Matthew stuffed his face with Stephen's.

Marlene and Stephen were always a team – Stephen encouraged and helped with the creation of the Pasta Shop – how proud he was of her talent and innovation – and she in turn supported his aspirations as he navigated the legal landscape. And when the great Oakland fire completely destroyed their home and everything in it – including all their photo albums and other repositories of the memories they had built together there, they made the decision not to get mired in the loss, not to let the tragedy define their outlook on life. They started over and never looked back.

Stephen marched to the beat of his own drum, the self-actualized man who was secure in his own skin. He didn't

need or crave the approval of others. He accomplished so much yet never touted his achievements. He could be a tease and a jokester but he didn't have a mean bone in his body. He didn't go to temple but he could recite the Hebrew prayers as well as anyone. He wasn't a drinker but he knew as much about wines as the most cultured connoisseur. He didn't bring home memorabilia from his world travels but the Cowan home was always filled with a myriad of gadgets that he bought without apology from those 1-800 TV ads. He didn't care what other people thought about him but he cared a lot about people. That's because Stephen was kind. Anyone who ever had Stephen as a mentor or a colleague or a friend – or a father or a husband – knows that you could count on Stephen because he was always there for you in your time of need, because he never failed to be kind.

I can't say enough about how profoundly Stephen delighted in Matthew and Emilie. Whenever he came to Boston on business, we would have dinner and so many of our conversations revolved around them and their achievements. And when Erin and then Ethan and Jack were added to the mix, he was over the moon. And I know that all the extraordinary tenderness and love that each of you showed every minute of his final months made all the difference to him.

Let me end by circling back to the beginning – the love story of Stephen and Marlene. In the things they did for each other in Stephen's last year, they showed how deep that love was.

Marlene made sure that his final months were meaningful and full. She encouraged and welcomed colleagues, friends and relatives to visit and kept a book of letters from people around the country so he could see what he had meant to so many. Stephen wanted her to know how much he had always loved her. He showered her with gifts, made plans for a refashioned kitchen worthy of her unique culinary talents, and to the extent he was able, met her every need. When Dennis and I would visit from Boston in that last year, even as he struggled to walk, he managed to pick us up at the airport, to power through his pain at lunches and dinners, to show us a good time. He did it for her. Theirs was something very special. In his own way, in those final days and weeks and months, I think Stephen was saying to the love of his life those words from the Beatles' song:

**"Though I know I'll never lose affection
For people and things that went before...
In my life, I love you more."**

As we celebrate a remarkable life lived to the fullest, we know that Stephen will live in all our hearts forever.