



Stephan Charles Johnson

February 12, 1966 - September 7, 2023

Stephan Johnson was born on February 12, 1966, to Ron and Sandra Johnson in Evergreen Park, Illinois.

Steve was raised in Iowa and Nebraska, where he graduated from Blair High School in 1984 in Blair,

Nebraska. While in high school, Steve was a three-sport athlete and voted athlete of the year during his

senior year. Following high school, he attended Midland College in Fremont, Nebraska, to obtain his

undergraduate degree in education. Steve played tight end for the Midland Warriors and was able to play

under the watchful eyes of his father Ron, the offensive coordinator. His senior season, he was an

All-Conference, small school All-State, and honorable mention All-American tight end. He cherished his

friendships with his teammates and those he met in high school and college when he wasn't heading west

to ski in Colorado.

In 1989, he returned to his hometown of Blair to teach in the science department and coach. After two

years, he moved to Colorado to start a new life where he would coach and teach at Thompson Valley High

School in Loveland, Colorado, for 24 years. During the early part of this

chapter, he started a family with his first wife and was blessed with four incredible boys: Colin, Colton, Christian, and Cody. It takes an exceptional parent like Steve to teach a classroom full of teenagers while managing four boys who fondly remember spending many days in his back office. From helping their Dad test run dissection labs to surprising their Dad with their backroom experiments, the boys are left with wonderfully positive memories of their Dad's classroom. When life forced him to choose between head coaching Thompson Valley Football or head coaching at home, he chose home and moved forward into new chapters.

After Thompson Valley, Loveland High School would be Steve's next teaching home until he retired after 31 years of teaching. Throughout his career, Steve taught nearly all the classes a science department can offer, crossing from physical to biological sciences and from special needs students to AP students. His talent for teaching was founded in his heart and belief in people.

In 2004, Steve began a new journey that included the four boys and himself building their own home.

With new challenges came new memories. From the closeness that grew out of living in a two-bedroom apartment and many adventures in the woods, the 5 of them would set a precedence for companionship and love that would transcend anything words can convey.

In 2007, Steve married Kari, who unknowingly hopped onto one of the craziest trains of familial bliss possible. Blinded by love, they embarked and soon added a few more passengers. Sydney and Bridger

brought the headcount up to six children, bringing a dimension of love and expansion that endures to this day. Eventually, the older guys decided to move out of the basement and spread the wings they'd grown, leaving Steve and Kari to raise the last two on their own. Not able to handle the responsibility and finding Harry Potter movie marathons and Mario Cart only get you so far, they took to traveling domestically and abroad, dragging the children through one outdoor adventure after another... fishing, cycle touring, camping, anything to get those kids outside. You name it they tried it, but still, they needed those older boys to keep the younger ones in line. Thankfully, with all the bumps along the road and the many challenges faced on very different pathways, familial bliss has endured alongside all of the craziness.

When the pearly gates opened for Steve recently, his family was at peace, knowing he had infused (enforced) enough love in his family that they could handle the significant challenges ahead. They will now be taking on the challenge of carrying their own car keys and other miscellaneous junk, running to the store at night for ice cream a few times a week, fighting mosquitoes without a "human bug zapper" beside them, leaving the house on time without constant prodding, driving on their own without instructions, hanging (and abandoning) their own underwear in trees when necessary, closing the back window on Pepito when vomiting out the front window is probable while driving, deciding what to wear

while selecting from their own clothing assortment, learning to tie their own fishing flies when they burn through all of Steve's fly boxes by snagging them on bushes behind them and each other, and last but not least making Cafe du Monde coffee with his meditative technique. They have been thoroughly trained, and we are confident they will make it through this period of extreme growth. Jake, on the other hand, will have a different experience in store. He was pleased to get the news that there would be more room to spread out at the foot of the bed until it all crashed down when informed that there would actually be three people in the "big bed" for a while. His strategy is to lock us in place and glue us together with lots of love...so that makes four total in the "big bed". To honestly know the people Steve loves is to know Steve. His spirit and snarkiness will be stewarded through the people who are fire-hardened survivors of Steve's ability to bring people together during times of family bonding and craziness. These fire-hardened survivors include his wife Kari, his six children Colin and wife Erica, Colton and his wife Julie, Christian and his wife Liz, Cody and his wife Tylee, Sydney, and Bridger. He is also survived by his parents Sandra and Ron Johnson, his brother Scott and his wife Janelle, as well as their children Jaden, Jarrett, Joshua, and Jacob plus more friends and family than there are hours in a day to list here. His love was vast; his imprint on your life is an example for you to carry forward. Steve, from your caring eyes to your warm embrace, to your steadfast yet

welcoming posture, through
your carefully chosen words and patient listening ability, from the wisdom you
imparted to how you made
us all laugh, your earthly presence will be genuinely missed, but never
forgotten. We promise to proudly
wear the scars of snagging each other while fishing. We will try to be on time
(when we think it is
critically important) and remember that “if you mess with one Johnson, you get
seven, well actually
eleven with all our lovely ladies.” We love you forever and agree that Jack
Johnson is right when he tells
us, “it’s always better together.”

In Lieu of flowers, contributions can be made to the Stephan Johnson
Children's Education Fund (a.k.a.
Squid-Diddle and B-Dog get an edumacation fund) via Bohlander Funeral
Chapel or
Venmo@Steve-Johnson-Ed-Fund. A memorial service will be held 2-4pm on
Saturday, September 16, 2023 at Clearwater Church, 2700 S. Lemay Avenue,
Ft. Collins, CO 80524.

Previous Events

Memorial Service

SEP **16.** 2:00 PM - 4:00 PM (MT)

Clearwater Church
2700 S. Lemay Ave.
Fort Collins, 80525

Tribute Wall

CW

“*Mr. Johnson just started teaching Anatomy at Blair (1989??)and was the best and funniest teacher. We dissected cats, first, in that class. We asked him where all the cats came from and he got this crazy look in his eyes and said “Well, I drug a dead fish around town and they all followed me and then I brought them here (to school).” We also had the opportunity to type our own win blood in that class which would NOT be allowed these days. It was chaos!! Most of the girls were hesitant to use the pipettes...he seemed to enjoy that! RIP Mr. Johnson! Class of 1991 female.*

Carrie (Brenneis) Wrightson - September 25, 2023 at 07:17 PM

CW

Please delete “win”.

Carrie (Brenneis) Wrightson - September 25, 2023 at 07:20 PM