



Stephen James Obrecht

May 15, 1949 - November 6, 2021

"Stephen James Obrecht was born May 15, 1949 to Evan Earl and May Erna Obrecht. He was the 4th child out of 5- Walter, Maureen, Mary Louise, Stephen and John. They soon moved from "the bottoms" (now under Cherry Creek Dam) to "up on the hill" in rural Arapahoe Co. The farm was an idyllic place to grow up and helped instill in Steve the value of hard work. He participated in 4-H where he was always proud to have won grand champion steer one year. He later graduated from Cherry Creek High School where he enjoyed football & basketball. Steve attended Rockmont College -mostly to play basketball. As far as he knew, he even still held a few sports records there. While at Rockmont, he worked at Sears in Cherry Creek, where he met Deborah Leichliter. About 3 ½ years later, they married on November 11, 1972 at Montview Evangelical Free Church. After a lot of prayer, Kyle Stephen was born. Soon after, they moved to Kearney, Nebraska where he earned his teaching degree and when Kami Layne was born. They returned to Colorado where he taught P.E. & computers for 30 years, mostly at Franktown Elementary School and a few years at Timber Trail Elementary School. Mr. O LOVED working with kids.

He genuinely cared for people and you'd know it by his teasing. After many foster kids, Kenton James was born. Steve wanted his family to experience more of what God was doing in the world, so he moved them to Honduras for a year. There he taught at Mazapan School and loved the whole adventure. Steve was very proud that both he and Kyle obtained Masters Degrees! His

whole life he was very active in church including:

McCarrol Bible Church, Montview Evangelical Free Church, Creekside Bible Church and Majestic Baptist Church.

Steve and Debbie moved to Pueblo after both retired in 2007. He substituted at Douglas County Schools and Pueblo County High until 2021.

Steve enjoyed water aerobics at the YMCA, gardening, fiddling with autos, and small jobs around the church. Steve adored his family and loved his 3 children. Kyle and wife Kathleen of Elizabeth, Kami of Pueblo, and Kenton of Woodland Park. Steve EXCELLED at being Gramps and was devoted to his grandkids: Leila is 17, Maverick is 17, Mercy is 15, Cliona is 12, Martial is 12, Moxy is 8, and Mazy is 2. He loved passing his knowledge to them and we were all together often.

Steve graduated to heaven to be with Jesus November 6, 2021 after a long stay in the hospital with covid- missing his 49th anniversary by five days! He will be missed by so many.

May God be praised for Steve's life!

Thank you all for celebrating Steve/Mr. O/Dad/Gramps/Coach's life with us.

He was a well loved and important person to so many. Our hearts are hurting, but we are rejoicing that we know he is with Jesus.

(Probably teasing Him and playing basketball!)

Please share stories: steveomemories@gmail.com Please send any memorial gifts to: Lifebridge (www.lifebridgeco.org, P.O. Box 312, Bailey, CO 80421)

We are having 2 celebration of life services:

Creekside Bible Church in Castle Rock Sat Nov 27 at 9:30 AM, and Majestic Baptist Church in Pueblo West Sun Nov 28 at 2:30 PM.

Plus his ashes will be buried in Clayton, Kansas Sat May 28 2022."

Previous Events

Celebration of Life

NOV 27. 9:30 AM - 10:30 AM (MT)

Creekside Bible Church
Castle Rock, CO

Celebration of Life

NOV 28. 2:30 PM - 3:30 PM (MT)

Majestic Baptist Church
Pueblo West, CO

Tribute Wall

MG

“ I loved Mr. o dearly. He was a great PE teacher. I had him K-6th at Franktown. I still think of him often since running became a lifelong hobby for me. Thanks for those Friday Miles and Field Days. ❤️ He also went to the same church as my Grandparents for a while who have both passed on. Sad to hear of his passing. He was a great man and funny.

Meagan Gaetke - December 27, 2023 at 01:04 AM

“Well, Troy,” he’d say, after I would brick a basketball off the back of the hoop. “You’re no ‘Jock’ Cousteau...”

You always knew Mr. O liked you if he teased you. He teased hardest the ones he liked the most. And he liked a lot of his students. Ask any kid who went to Franktown Elementary in the 80’s and they all had a Mr. O story. The way he’d snap his fingers and point when he assigned you an exercise position. The way he cranked up the American Graffiti soundtrack during lunch. The way that he absolutely relished picking out square dance partners and playing matchmaker for groups of kids who were concerned about touching hands, let alone having to dance with someone else. How he’d bark orders when unrolling or rolling up the floor mats for “tumbling” (with an inflection on tumbling that is only reproduceable by Mr. O himself). How he loved to hold court during operettas and sock hops and all of the functions outside of school hours that he did out of the kindness of his heart. How he’d yell his own special brand of encouragement at you when you were out running the weeds of his “mile.” The way he snapped to the beat and sang along to “16 Candles” by The Crests. Or during one of the infamous parent/kid root beer basketball games the way he camped out under the rim to stuff a basketball in your face, then Hail Mary passed the ball to an opposing dad down court. Blaming his knee, of course, that he didn’t want to carry the ball himself.

Beneath all of the teasing was sage advice and wisdom that, even a decade after leaving Franktown Elementary and beyond, I always returned for. He’d see when you were having a tough day and do what he could to either brighten it, or distract you from it. Whenever I’d come home - even if just for a quick trip home during a holiday, I usually enjoyed at least one visit with Mr. O. He genuinely took an interest in where you were, what you were doing, and would dish out a little bit of advice with a little more teasing.

Mr. O was “just the P.E.” teacher, but realized the impact that computers would have on all our lives and insisted that each kid in

elementary school had access to newer equipment than the ancient Apple II machines we'd been playing Number Munchers on for decades. He also saw an opportunity to give students who were interested in technology and computers the chance to learn and grow, and saw a nerdy kid like me was fascinated by audio and video and computer equipment and took me under his wing. So bold was he, that he took a handful of us and insisted that we attend computer trainings... intended for the adult staff members in the school district. The twang in his voice and his love for oldies betrayed that he was a forward thinker. He could see ten steps ahead of everyone else.

Mr. O was one in a million. He was far beyond a P.E. teacher. Despite the teasing, he had a way of somehow seeing in each and every one of his kids what they needed to grow. Sometimes those were tough pills to swallow (see: being told I'd never be a jock). Sometimes it caused tears, and hurt feelings. But he was always quick to see when it had struck the wrong nerve and attempted to rectify it. He knew that life was hard and had his own way of starting to toughen us up.

After he moved and we all started to get older and have kids of our own, I lost touch with him and haven't had any of that sage wisdom, or good-natured ribbing, in far too long. But not a day goes by that I can't hear his voice in the back of my head, and usually it's magnified by that microphone PA system that he loved to use after he insisted on its installation in the gym. We'll miss you, Mr. O. You still owe me a six pack of root beer. And I'm talking the good IBC stuff, not that Safeway brand.

Troy Benjamin - December 05, 2021 at 05:37 PM

MD

“ Oh, big Steve. What a great human being! Even as a young child he was a leader. He quietly watched over all the other kids in his group. Sure, sometimes he tried to antagonize someone, but only to help them grow. He was a good leader and teacher even from an early age. Odd that even to the end of his life he was still more of a giver than a taker. How can you not love a person like that? I wonder if Jesus likes to play basketball, too?

Mike Dolan - November 24, 2021 at 11:06 AM

RL

“ Rene, Chuck, Mary Lou, Doug, John, Lindy purchased the Peaceful White Lilies Basket for the family of Stephen James Obrecht.



Rene, Chuck, Mary Lou, Doug, John, Lindy - November 22, 2021 at 08:13 AM

JT

“ Jeanie, Bill, Melissa, Todd purchased the Peaceful White Lilies Basket for the family of Stephen James Obrecht.



Jeanie, Bill, Melissa, Todd - November 17, 2021 at 01:48 PM



“ Medium Dish Garden was purchased for the family of Stephen James Obrecht.



November 16, 2021 at 06:55 PM



“ *Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum was purchased for the family of Stephen James Obrecht.*



November 16, 2021 at 06:52 PM



“ *Steve and Deb are our train trip buddies. The four of us went on day outings and yearly train adventures which were full of laughter and good memories.*

Steve would not hesitate to give a helping hand when needed, He rescued us while camping when our truck had a flat tire. Steve crawled under the truck to help Mark set the tire jack. It was cold, slushy, and snowing!

I was so grateful to have Steve substitute in my class and would laugh as the kids told silly stories the next day about Mr. O. They loved him!

Seeing Steve always brought a smile to so many faces. We know he loved his family. He told great stories about his kids and grandkids (and occasionally a funny story about our Deb O.)!

We are so blessed for the chance to know such a wonderful soul. He was full of kindness, laughter, joy, and the love of Our Lord. We will miss Steve very much. Love to Deb and all the family. Mark and Denise Winkler

Denise Winkler - November 16, 2021 at 03:21 PM