



Stephen Monroe Reynolds

June 29, 1949 - July 10, 2019

Stephen Monroe Reynolds, 70, of Travelers Rest, South Carolina, passed away Wednesday, July 10, 2019, at his home.

Born in Fort Lauderdale, FL, he was a son of the late Ralph Monroe and Velma Blow Reynolds. He worked for Fluor Daniel and Jacobs for over thirty years and was of the Baptist Faith.

He is survived by his wife of 34 years: Darlene Pruitt Reynolds; four daughters: Olivia Reynolds, Beth Stevens (Brock), Rhiannon Scott (Richey), Lorrie Solomons (Gibson); two sons: Phillip Reynolds (Courtney) Andrew Reynolds (Shannon); a sister: Sandra Freeman (Jim); a brother: Roger Reynolds (Judy); nine grandchildren, and many cousins, nieces, and nephews.

Steve was an avid history, car and gun enthusiast, a member of the NRA, and a loyal Clemson football fan. He adored his wife, unconditionally loved his children and cherished every minute he got to spend with his grandgirls (his term of endearment), Gentry and Greyleigh. At home, his Doberman, Buck, never left his side.

He was never seen without a smile and had an infectious laugh that lit up the room. He never met a stranger and could make anyone laugh. His kindness

and generous spirit were manifested in his everyday interactions with everyone he encountered. Steve is profoundly missed by his family and friends and will always hold a place in their hearts until they are one day together again.

Memorial service will be held in The Howze Mortuary Chapel on Saturday, July 20, 2019 at 3:00 p.m.

Family will receive friends after the service.

Online condolences may be expressed to the family at www.thehowzemortuary.com

The Howze Mortuary, Travelers Rest, is in charge of the arrangements. (864) 834-8051

Cemetery Details

Private

Previous Events

Service

JUL **20**. 3:00 PM (ET)

The Howze Mortuary Chapel
6714 State Park Rd./P.O. Box 369
Travelers Rest, SC

Tribute Wall

GD

“ Steve, my friend of many years ago, in Fort Lauderdale, I will miss you and the good times we had playing our guitars together. Rest In Peace my friend.

Gary Donaho, Ocala Florida

Gary Donaho - January 19, 2021 at 09:40 AM



“ 104 files added to the album LifeTributes



The Howze Mortuary - July 19, 2019 at 04:48 PM

AH

“ Our memories are to many to list but I will say we loved this man and his great sense of humor..our hearts are broken and our lives are forever changed..life will go on but it will never be the same..Steve was one of a kind and will leave a big hole in our family..Prayers for Darlene and all the children.

Ann Hannon - July 19, 2019 at 01:03 PM

DW

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Don Walls - July 18, 2019 at 01:30 PM

“ Reflections on My Life with Steve Reynolds, part 1

Although I don't recall the exact moment, Steve and I first met in Plantation, Florida, when we were five years old. I don't know how our mothers became acquainted, but they decided to enroll their sons in kindergarten. And so it was that we got our first taste of formal education together at Croissant Park Kindergarten (that's pronounced croy'-sant, not the more elegant croi-sahn') in Ft. Lauderdale. Between that moment and high school graduation, I think I spent more time with Steve than with any other friend.

After enduring the rigors of kindergarten, we were assigned to different schools for first grade. Even though we lived only seven blocks apart, a school boundary line fell somewhere between us. Steve went to Edgewood Elementary, and I went to Sunset Elementary. Oddly enough, I had to go past Steve's house to get to my school, and he had to go even farther away to get to his. (Public education has always had its flaws.)

The following year a new elementary school opened that took in students from our entire neighborhood. From second grade onward we attended the same schools—Pine Ridge Elementary (2-6), Parkway Junior High (7-9), and Plantation High School (10-12). When Plantation High School opened, it only had a tenth grade. A grade was added each of the next two years, which afforded us the distinction of being in the school's first graduating class.

Early on, one of our favorite pastimes was playing “army men” (similar to these), which included all sorts of infantry figures, military vehicles, and artillery. We both had sizable collections, and we played in the dirt, on the floor, or wherever we happened to be. Probably our favorite venue was the driveway at my house. It was gravel on a packed base so we could clear away stones to make roads, build mountains, and anything else we could think of. I have no idea how many hours we spent maneuvering our two-inch-tall forces, but it must have been in the hundreds.

We also enjoyed assembling plastic models of planes, ships, and cars. Even as a youngster Steve was exceptionally skilled and took great pride in his many masterpieces. Later on, his ability as a draftsman stood out. It's not surprising that he ended up in the field of engineering.

There are too many events and moments to try to relate—not that I can begin to remember them all— but one that stands out is when Steve and I witnessed our first full lunar eclipse. We were sitting on the front steps of his house and watched in amazement as the moon turned dark red. I remember that moment as if it had happened yesterday.

Another anecdote concerns something particular to south Florida. Back in the day there were lots of shops selling Florida souvenirs of all types—including live baby “alligators.” Of course, the Florida alligator was protected, so these were actually little caimans imported from who knows where. We were always fascinated by the little gators, and at some point Steve got one. I remember it being in a large dishpan in his back yard. I don't recall exactly, but it seems like it got to be at least two feet long before it got moved to a new home. Steve is the only person I've ever known who owned a real gator. □

As we got older, other pursuits included boating (both of our families had boats), swimming, water skiing, bowling, fishing, shooting, and cars. We spent untold hours doing all of them. Regarding cars and teenage boys, speed was, of course, the primary consideration. Fortunately, however, neither of us had access to a car powerful enough to get out of its own way. No doubt that saved us—and our parents—lots of headaches, or worse.

To be continued . . .

Reflections, part 2

One boating episode is worth mentioning. I had an old Johnson 5 horsepower outboard motor that had belonged to my grandfather. One time Steve and I rented a small wooden rowboat from a concession on the Intracoastal Waterway in Dania, a little south of Port Everglades. My parents dropped us off, and we clamped on the old outboard and headed out for a day on the water. When we reached the port we headed out to the ocean, cruised around a little and started back in. The entrance to the port was lined on each side by rock jetties. At certain times the changing tide created large swells between the jetties. On the way back into the port we had a blast in our rowboat as we “surfed” down one big swell after another. What never occurred to us at the time was that if our severely underpowered craft ever turned even a little sideways between the swells, we would have capsized, possibly with tragic results. Maybe our guardian angels were on special alert that day.

But that’s not the end of the story. With a full can of fuel and a whole afternoon at our disposal, we decided to follow the route that the local sightseeing boats used to take. That began near the port and followed New River through the city and further west to the Dania Cutoff Canal, which led back to the Intracoastal Waterway near where we rented the boat. The tour went well; we had no trouble. The problem was that we only had a 5 HP motor and before we knew it, it was getting late and we still had a long way to go. Long story short is that we made it back okay, but our parents were worried sick not knowing where we were or what may have happened. The things children put their parents through!

The years passed quickly, and in 1967, not long after high school graduation, Steve and I went our separate ways and had no contact for more than 30 years. I don’t recall the exact timing, but sometime in the late 1990s, thanks to help from Steve’s sister, Sandra, we got back in touch—and we picked up right where we left off all those years before. The first time we talked on the phone, one of the first questions Steve asked was, “Do you have any hair?” I still had a little more than he, but neither of us looked like a teenager anymore—some hair turns gray and some turns loose.

After being in contact by phone and email for a few years, Steve was on an extended work assignment in southern Louisiana (Lafayette, I think, or maybe Baton Rouge). During that stint we made arrangements to meet in Alexandria, approximately halfway between us (Carol and I live in east Texas). The original plan was to have lunch at the Outback restaurant, but when we arrived, it was closed. So we went across the street to Logan’s Roadhouse—it was better anyway

because we could throw our peanut shells on the floor. That was the first time we had laid eyes on each other in about 36 years! What a feeling!

We ate and talked, and talked and ate until we couldn't eat anymore. Then we kept on talking for another couple of hours until the waitresses were miffed at us for just hanging around without ordering anything or paying our bill. After we felt that we'd sufficiently overstayed our welcome at Logan's we posed for a photo and said goodbye. It had been a great day!

We continued to keep in touch through email and occasional phone calls. In about 2012 or 2013 Carol and I took my father to North Carolina to visit his brother. On that trip we visited Steve and had the extra blessing of meeting Darlene, Olivia, and Buck. For Darlene and Carol it was a chance to spend a little time with their husbands' lifelong friends they had heard so much about. We had a delightful visit!

These are just a handful of the countless memories of sharing time with Steve over the years. It's worth mentioning that of all we did and all the myriad things we experienced together, I don't remember having as much as a single argument with Steve. I'm sure we disagreed from time to time, but he was such a pleasant person that it was impossible to be angry at him.

Of course, no one who knew Steve could forget his wit and down-home humor. He had a seemingly endless repertoire of quips and expressions and was always ready with a joke. And even if a particular joke wasn't all that funny, one couldn't help but laugh because Steve got such a kick out of telling it. You couldn't be around Steve very long without breaking into a laugh and a smile.

My last contact with Steve came just three days before his death. We didn't call each other very often, but on Sunday, July 7, he texted and said he wanted to talk to me. I didn't see the message until the evening, so I immediately replied and within seconds got a call. We talked for about half an hour, catching up on each other's family, life, and health. He was as chipper and cheerful as ever, and we had some good laughs and shared some kind words. Little did we know that would be our last conversation. Since then, the news of his passing and the flood of memories have stirred deep emotions.

To Darlene and all of Steve's family and loved ones, please accept my heartfelt condolences. If it has been hard for me to deal with the loss, I can only imagine how difficult it has been for all of you. May our loving Father bless and comfort you all.

My life was enriched when Steve entered, and now that he's gone it is

*diminished. He will always be in my heart. Thanks for the good times—
and thanks for the memories!*

Don Walls - July 18, 2019 at 08:42 PM

LW

“ *I first met Steve when he came to RS Noonan '73. We also worked together at Lockwood Greene and CRS Serrine, and most recently at Jacobs in 2011. I always enjoyed having him as a co-worker. Always cutting up and joking around and he always made the work day a lot more pleasant. The world is a brighter place because he was here.*

Lloyd Wright - July 16, 2019 at 06:01 PM

SF

“ Following someone’s death, it’s supposed to be a serious time but as I reminisce, not sure there was a serious bone in Steve’s body. I had just turned 9 a couple of weeks before Steve was born and I really wanted a sister and not another brother but he was so cute, I loved him to death.

Since I was old enough to help with his care, I remember I wasn’t a very good big sister...many of times when I got home from school he was just waking up from his nap and time for his bottle. Most of my friends were already outside playing and he drank really slow. I would open up the bottle and drink part of it myself and he enjoyed his next bottle even more! However, he did grow up big and strong. I tried to be a better sister as we both got older.

I lived with my parents the year my husband Jim was in Vietnam. Steve was still in high school and was learning to play the guitar. Our daughter, Debbie was born during this time and he didn’t like for her to cry..he would prop her up on the sofa with their two year old Doug at his feet as he played for them. They didn’t even mind if he made a mistake and it was so obvious they loved his music and was much appreciated by me also.

Such a wonderful brother he was, I loved him lots and will miss him sorely.

Sandra Freeman - July 16, 2019 at 05:27 PM



“ Olivia, Rhiannon, and I have been collecting a few of what we call "Steve-isms".....some of the zany things he said time after time. One is "Does it hurt when you do that? Then don't do that!". I know we've heard him say that a million times. There is a brand of sweet rolls from the grocery store that Steve liked called Entenmann's Cake. We could never remember that brand name, so Steve just called them "Enema Cakes". They were forever branded with that name. My grocery list would usually include "enema cake".

There was one painting I did of a tractor sitting out in a hayfield, with round bales of hay. Steve, who I relied on to give an honest opinion of my work, pointed out that my hay bales were too skinny. After that, every time we passed a field with hay bales, one of us (or both of us in unison) would exclaim "Look at those fat hay bales." EVERY TIME. And he was right....my hay bales are too skinny. I know I'll forever think of him and smile every time I pass a field of round hay bales.

Every time we ate out, the conversation would go like this.....Server: "How are you?" Steve: "If I was any better I couldn't stand it." Server: "I'm Jane and I'll be your server today." Steve: "We are Steve and Darlene and we will be your customers today." Then later....Server: "Anything else I can get you?" Steve: "I could use ten dollars."

And MY GOODNESS, could that man talk.....to anyone! And if they weren't willing to talk, he'd make them. They had no choice in the matter. I'm referring to total strangers. We could be in Walmart or a convenience store, and Steve would strike up a conversation with someone standing in line, or with the cashier, and talk like he had known them forever. I would sometimes be standing there glancing every few seconds at my watch, wondering how long we would be engaging that poor, defenseless stranger!

I recall once, we were all packed in Debbie's van (Debbie is Sandy's daughter), and Steve had Debbie's son, Drew, on his lap. After riding for a while, Drew, who was around 4 or 5 years old, said: "Uncle Steve doesn't have any hair". Then later he said, "Why does Uncle Steve laugh all the time?" I knew we had another "Steve" on our hands.

Oh, how I will miss all this. But I know I'll treasure the memories. If you ever spot Entenmann's Cakes in your grocers' bread and cake section or pass a field of round hay bales (fat ones) I know you'll think of Steve and chuckle....."enema cakes".

Darlene Reynolds - July 16, 2019 at 04:41 AM

DR

Here is two more for you. His conversation starter "How is every little thing?" and "Wait a minute, what now!"

David Rivenbark - July 21, 2019 at 07:36 AM

JB

“ I worked on a few projects with Steve in the Jacobs Greenville Office and remember his infectious smile and laugh. He had a talent of being someone who could brighten your day. I remember a story that Steve during a start up put out a small fire and got reprimanded for not letting the fire department do it. To Steve's family, please know that he touched my life and I am grateful God put him in my path! I will pray that your family heals during this very sad time.

Jason Buda - July 15, 2019 at 04:45 PM

AS

*“ I have known Steve for years from working together in our industry. He was as fine a man that have had the pleasure of knowing. We shared many laughs over lunch. My deep condolences to the family.
Andy Small
PTS*

Andy Small - July 15, 2019 at 04:38 PM

LW

“ Phillip Reynolds and Family - So sorry to hear of your father's passing. Just know that your "work family" here at VolCorp CU are with you all in thoughts and prayers. Our deepest sympathies to you all - God bless! --Lisa Wright



Lisa Wright - July 15, 2019 at 09:33 AM

LF

“ Loretta & David Fowler sent a virtual gift in memory of Stephen Monroe Reynolds



Loretta & David Fowler - July 14, 2019 at 03:18 PM

LF

I am so sorry, Darlene, for your loss, I did not know until a few minutes ago.. Steve called to tell me... Our Prayers go out to you and your family during this difficult time.. Our Love, Loretta & David

Loretta & David Fowler - July 14, 2019 at 03:26 PM

CB

“ Darlene and family
Over many years at Jacobs, I worked with Steve on several different projects and I can't think of anyone I enjoyed working with more than Steve. His stories about local and Southern history were always entertaining and interesting. It was always very obvious how much he loved you, his children and his dog. God bless and comfort all of you as you mourn his loss.
Chuck Babb

Chuck Babb - July 14, 2019 at 12:16 PM

RP

“ There are not enough words to express how much we will miss this wonderful man. Steve was a great brother in-law, husband, father and friend. We love you Steve Reynolds and we have peace knowing that you are with our heavenly father. Love Robert and Kathy

Robert and Kathy Prstt - July 14, 2019 at 11:18 AM

VM

“ Darlene, I am so sorry. U and the family are in my thoughts and prayers. My condolences. Elizabeth McCall.

Virginia S McCall - July 14, 2019 at 08:17 AM



“ My darling Steve, love of my life, the sunshine of my day, my heart aches for you. I know I told you every day, sometimes several times a day, that I love you. I hope the words never seemed mundane or automatic because I think you know how much truth they held, just as I knew their genuineness when I heard them from you. I know you wouldn't want us to be sad, but I hope you'll forgive me because I cannot help it. I often wonder when the tears will stop because right now I feel like they will flow until we meet again. I wander around our home and feel you near me. I still talk to you and feel your loving arms around me. I know that all I can do is pray that God will give me the strength to get through this. Just know that you live, still, in my heart and your memory will never fade.
Your loving wife

Darlene Reynolds - July 14, 2019 at 04:16 AM

CT

Darlene, my heart breaks for you. I love you. Carol

Carol Thomason - July 14, 2019 at 10:14 AM


Carolyn
VanZorg

so beautifully said, darlene.

Carolyn VanZorge - July 14, 2019 at 02:00 PM



“ 24 files added to the album *My heart...*



Darlene Reynolds - July 14, 2019 at 02:26 AM

SF

“ *Darlene - We were so saddened to hear of Stephen's passing... May the Lord be with you through this unfortunate time and your Family...*

*May God Be With You & Bless You,
Steve, Debra & A.J. Mullinax*



Steve Mullinax Family - July 14, 2019 at 02:11 AM

SF

“ Steve Mullinax Family sent a virtual gift in memory of Stephen Monroe Reynolds



Steve Mullinax Family - July 14, 2019 at 02:00 AM

SM

“ Darlene, I am so sorry for your loss. Prayers for you and your family have been sent, and will continue.
Susan Fair Mullinax

Susan Mullinax - July 14, 2019 at 01:48 AM



“ 24 files added to the album Memories Album



Darlene Reynolds - July 14, 2019 at 01:40 AM

OR

“ One of my favorite photos of my dad is the blurry one I took of him in a Halloween store in 2010. I put a Mad Hatter hat/wig combo on him and we laughed so hard. This was before I had a smart phone and the camera quality wasn't quite “there” yet his smile still beams through. I love you, Dad.



Olivia Reynolds - July 13, 2019 at 07:55 PM

CT

Beautiful ❤️

Carol Thomason - July 14, 2019 at 01:31 PM

JK

“ Janice Knighton lit a candle in memory of Stephen Monroe Reynolds



Janice Knighton - July 13, 2019 at 05:44 PM

JW

“ Steve and I worked together at Jacobs. He was so very smart and a fun person to work with. Never got angry or out of sorts. He and Darlene were so wonderful together and what a great friendship they had with each other. Loved their company. He will truly be missed.
Prayers for their family and for our friend Darlene. Sending love.

Jackie and Brady Waldrop - July 13, 2019 at 04:53 PM



“ *Enchanted Cottage was purchased for the family of Stephen Monroe Reynolds.* ”



July 13, 2019 at 04:02 PM