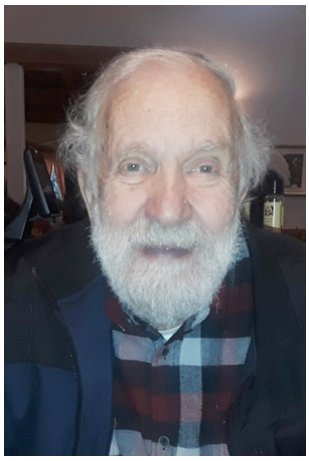


Steven Edgar Mathiesen

May 12, 1944 ~ April 27, 2025

Dear K C and family , many condolences over Steve’s passing. I spent about half my childhood years growing up with Steve in the sugarhouse area . There were four of us that were especially close (myself , Tom Day, Bruce Baird and Steve . I hope he shared memories of these years with you and your family , they were amazing times . Especially, the epic basketball games in his backyard on the court we fondly called “Mathiesen square garden“ . There were so many memories, some of which cannot be shared in this forum. Steve was easy going to a fault and not one to lose his temper. And I can say he was tested to the limit many times , especially when he discovered that I had taken a joy ride in his car one evening while he was asleep in bed . Since many folks knew that it was almost impossible for Steve to be become mean or angry , he was often kidded and sometimes even taken advantage of. But his kindness and love for his friends and family always remained no matter the situation . Those who knew him were blessed . Wishing you all well in your time of grief and I hope all goes well at Steve’s graveside celebration . Sincerely , Tom Smith

- Tom Smith

I’m sorry to learn of Uncle Steve’s early departure from this world. I would love to see his reunion with his parents and brother Paul. I pray the Father’s comforting spirit to be with our family.

- Lori Field

Dear Karen & family— My love and prayers are with you in this tender time of loss and reflection. I hope you feel the comfort and peace of our Savior’s love lifting you up and the assurance of eternal reunification.

- Jennifer Kirkham

Dear Karen & family— My love and prayers are with you in this tender time of loss and reflection. I hope you feel the comfort and peace of our Savior’s love lifting you up and the assurance of eternal reunification.

- Jennifer Kirkham

Always admired Uncle Steve, He just Always seemed to be one of those good guys who was kind of heart .and willing to help. Love ya. Steve. Mark

- Mark Shook

He stood at six foot six, As skinny as a rail. He was a gentle giant, A friend without fail. In high school his dad converted, Their back yard into a basketball court. Neighborhood kids gathered there, For pick up games as their sport. In honor of the gentle giant, We gave it the name. Of Mathiesen Square Garden, And played many a fine game. We'd also shoot some pool, Or play baseball over- the- line. We'd cruise in Steve's low ride Oldsmobile, As it rumbled around so fine. We'd borrow Ron's old pink Ford, Late at night with no fear. Go driving around the valley, Minus the first gear. Once we stole a case of coke, From a Coke truck for a lark. It was parked behind a convenience store, Turned out we weren't too smart. We'd just played baseball over-the-line, At the Edgehill Ward b-ball gully, It was hot and we were all thirsty, As well as sweaty and smelly. A close by neighbor watched our caper, Called the cops with our license plate number. To our surprise a few minutes later, We were arrested for our blunder. I remember Steve's miracle golf shot on a par three, It sailed over the green onto the street behind, Then somehow bounced back over the fence, Landed on the green and blew our mind! Steve was a genius at any card game, At poker it was seldom he didn't win. He was a friend ,a buddy, a pal forever, We'll miss Math but never forget him.

- Tom Day