



Steve Stibbens

JUL 12, 1936 - SEP 19, 2020



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On September 19, 2020, the World's Most Interesting Man left me sitting all alone while he took off for the party of the ages. I was not invited. My Daddy, Cecil Clay Stibbens, aka Steve, came into this world on July 12, 1936, via Dallas, Texas, the only son of Bettie and Henry Stibbens. He had an impressive career from the beginning. At the age of 5, he rode a horse-drawn cart and kept the Watermelon Man company. At 17, he joined the Marines, who put him through journalism school. He was a "writer who carried a camera" in Vietnam for Leatherneck and Pacific Stars & Stripes, then with the Associated Press. His photographs won the President's Choice award more than once, and some of his photos ended up in the Ken Burns documentary, "Vietnam." He was awarded the Bronze Star with a V device while chasing down some of those photos. When he returned stateside, he stalked Lyndon Johnson all over the Texas Hill Country for the AP. Those notes and photos he shared with Robert Caro, the renowned biographer. He worked at LTV covering the Paris Air Show, ran his own commercial photography studio, worked in advertising, and technology. He wrote the book "Knights Over the Delta," about the first combat helicopter unit in Vietnam. and ended as Director of Worldwide Photography for Texas Instruments. You know what he told me and my Mom about his career? He told us about his friendships. He, like Will Rogers, never met a stranger. Generous to a fault, he was always there to help others, and delighted with other's success. He counted himself among the luckiest of men. Outside of work (and the Marines) he loved three things. He loved my Mom, Lou Ford Stibbens, the love of his life. He loved the hundreds of dogs, cats, raccoons, possums, lizards, and other critters that were part of our lives. And he loved me. My Dad was preceded in death by damn near everyone but me, his sister, Maxine, and thousands of nieces, nephews, grand-nieces/nephews, and cousins, all loved.



Obituary

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Enjoy the party, Daddy! You've earned it, and all the best people are there. Mama, thank you for letting me keep him so long, I know you've missed him!

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there. I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow.
I am the diamond glints on snow.
I am the sunlight on ripened grain.
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry;
I am not there. I did not die.

by Mary Elizabeth Frye



Events


Steve Stibbens

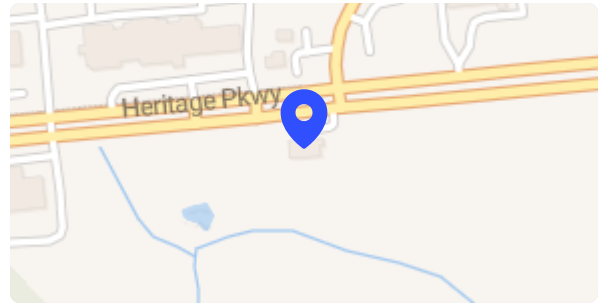
JUL 12, 1936 - SEP 19, 2020

Public Viewing

 **Saturday**, October 3, 2020


 11:00 AM - 1:00 PM CT


 **Mansfield Funeral Home**
1556 Heritage Parkway, Mansfield TX 76063

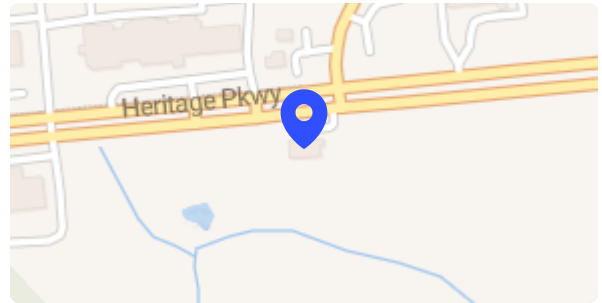


Celebration of Life

 **Saturday**, October 3, 2020

 1:00 PM - 3:00 PM CT

 **Mansfield Funeral Home**
1556 Heritage Parkway, Mansfield TX 76063





Tribute Wall

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Sharon Dollar posted:

I just wanted to let you know how much I enjoyed talking with your dad while I was your mail carrier. He always had a lot to share. Sharon Dollar

October 11 at 3:02 PM



Nancy Stibbens October 14 at 8:46 AM

Thank you, Sharon! We miss you!



Vanessa Perets posted:

Steve was a great neighbor to our family. He loved our kids and our dog. He was always friendly to talk to, and he enjoyed my baking=) He will be missed.

October 4 at 5:42 AM



Nancy Stibbens October 14 at 8:48 AM

I miss you guys so much! Thank you for being a part of my Dad's life!



Dianne Andor, Marie Biggs And Michaelle Ray sent a Truly Beloved Bouquet to the Stibbens family.



October 2 at 12:22 PM



Tribute Wall

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NS

Nancy Suzanne Stibbens posted:

I always told my Dad that he was the luckiest man I'd ever met. Going through my dad's papers, I'm reminded what a charmed life he led. He always loved traveling, and he seems to have circled the globe at least three times. I found travel vouchers for the Philippines, Tahiti, Reykjavik, most of Germany, and of course, Southeast Asia, and that was just for the Marines. I found menus from fancy restaurants, odd, questionable, souvenirs from the lavish parties at the Paris Air Shows, and ash trays from everywhere. I found his notification of being first in his journalism class, every certificate he had ever been awarded in the Marines, including one for his Bronze Star (which he always attributed more to a stellar recommendation than to his own merits). I also found every letter exchanged between him and my mom while he was overseas, and a slew of my childish drawings. I found every Christmas card anyone ever sent him. Mostly, I found pictures. Pictures of my mom, the love of his life. Pictures of me, playing dress up, first in my mom's clothes, later in my own. Pictures of all the many critters we have had in our lives. Finally, pictures of him with his friends, some famous, many not, but all all of whom were deeply cherished. I have pictures too, of him, grinning from ear to ear, always excited just to see what each new day would bring, delighted just to be in good company. Those I keep in my heart. I love you, Daddy!

September 30 at 7:30 AM

FS

Forest Spear October 4 at 2:48 PM

He invited me to go with to South America (maybe Ecuador) to film a tribe of head hunters. I finally declined. The weather got rough down there and no matter how he tried he was never able to Find the tribe for Nat'l Geo just the story of what he went thru to find them was too scary for my style .It seemed like just another day at the office to him. After that I respected more than ever NatGeo. Their shooterslike Steve will go a long way to supply the rest of us with knowledge of the world. Just think what the experienced getting great pictures. thanks, Steve.



Tribute Wall

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Nancy Suzanne Stibbens posted:

I am looking back over 56 years to the 23 year old kid UPI reporter who pitched up at the Marine Press Center in Danang in April 1965. One of the first smiling faces to greet me was that of Gy.Sgt. Steve Stibbens and he immediately lent a helping hand to the newcomer. We went out on nearly every Marine operation in I Corps that spring and summer and fall, along with Henri Huet and Eddie Adams and George Esper and Steve Northup and Dickey Chappelle. Steve knew the Marines better than anyone else: He WAS a Marine! He was also a damned fine photographer who was fearless in combat situations. A lot of us went to school on Steve Stibbens and we learned from the best. Steve was great company in a foxhole or a watering hole, then and later, in Vietnam and elsewhere. He was a good loyal friend from that first day to his final day last week when his great heart simply gave out. I will miss him all the remaining days of my life, and I am certain when I land wherever I am going one of the first smiling faces I will see will be that of Gy. Sgt. Steve Stibbens, waving me over to the bar of some Marine Club!!!--Joe Galloway UPI Vietnam 1965-66; 1971; 1973; 1975.

September 30 at 7:24 AM



Anonymous sent a Beautiful in Blue to the Stibbens family.



September 29 at 1:52 PM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Steve by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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