



Steven John Mallas

June 19, 1969 - June 24, 2011

No obituary found for this tribute.

Tribute Wall

TW

“ Also, I want to share that he shared the same first and middle names of my best friend, Steven John Raschick who tragically died in an avalanche on August 3, 1986, at age 19. It strikes some particular strong emotions in me that Steve Mallas, too, died too young. God bless his memory.

Tom Waller - May 23, 2013 at 07:17 PM

TW

“ I only met Steve on a couple occasions while I worked at the WSDOT. I could tell he was a special, gifted man. I actually learned alot from him through his writings, particularly through his documents to protect fish and wildlife under the Endangered Species Act. Mark Cornwall, also now deceased was very fond of him as a person and biologist. I am quite sad to hear just today that he passed. Thank you all who shared stories about memories with him to commemorate his talented life and work. It is somberly sublime to have at least met the man, and know of his positive influence on others, and the natural creatures we all seek to protect, study, and preserve for future generations.

Tom Waller - May 23, 2013 at 07:12 PM

KR

“ Steve, we had our 25 year HS reunion tonight and I was shocked and saddened to see your name on the memorial board....I am sad I never got to see you again after school. I sure have some great memories of you and I, we shared some great times friend and I have thought of you often over the years. It looks as though you had a happy hardworking life doing something you loved....I am sorry it ended too soon. Peace and blessings. xoxoxo Kyra Ripley

Kyra Ripley - September 09, 2012 at 05:56 AM

JM

“ Steve was a neighbor friend, one of about 7 or 8 of us. The last time I saw Steve was probably 25 years ago, when I believe he went into the Air Force. Steve was a couple years older than most of us, 5 years older than me, as I was the youngest. Steve was definitely the leader amongst our group of neighborhood friends. To me, Steve was super cool. Looking at the pictures I still see his face. His smile. So many memories race through my head of my childhood. We use to play street football all the time. We would bring the neighbors speakers outside and rock out while we played (Journey's Wheel in the Sky playing in the background). I remember watching MTV and turning down the volume when they played new wave music. We were rockers. I remember talking to Steve the morning after he went to the Ozzy concert (Bark at the Moon). Steve had his Ozzy t-shirt on. We were all mesmerized as he told us the details of the show. Before I knew how to ride a bike without training wheels (I was a late learner) Steve would ride me around on the back of his bike. He could always keep up with the other kids even with me on the back. Then Steve got his first car, a black Toyota Celica with mag wheels. Wow, that was the coolest car ever. So many memories. Me, my brother Tony, and brothers Jim, Jason and Jon still see each other on occasion. Whenever we talk about childhood memories Steve is always a part of the conversation. We hope you are at peace.

To Steve's love ones. Steve was a great person. I know all of us neighborhood kids (Jesse (myself) Tony, Jim, Jason, and Jon) are saddened knowing that Steve is gone. We are all truly sorry for your loss.

Jesse Maciel

Jesse Maciel - July 16, 2012 at 04:51 PM

HC

“ Dear Steve,
we miss you at the job and we only just wish we could get you back and then we would be so grateful. We really did love you. We were working to find a way to have you work with us permanently. What you taught me now is to never again hold back if you like some one, but make sure they know in no uncertain terms how wonderful they are. By the way, yesterday I found one of the thermographs you put in for me in the Green River. It was hidden really well, I had to go in the water to find it. Fishermen or yay-hoos had cut alot of the brush around it so you did a great job hiding it. Remember how you pulled my dog out of the river when she slid off the bank. Steve, we all love you still

Holly

Holly Coccoli - July 20, 2011 at 04:28 PM

YS

“ *Never Ending Rain*



*You had to go and that is understood.
Things just weren't right here for you.
The feeling you have given me
Has left me alone, standing alone.
I'm almost certain that you can see.*

*During your absence it has given me time
To think of ways I can escape this.
To run away from the pain.
Nothing ever seems to work
It's almost like a never ending rain.*

*With you there and me here standing alone
I worry for the day to come
The day when we are further apart
You won't be there in the coming year,
To help me through things, but you'll be in my heart.*

*There is also a fear of being detached,
Of being separate for so long.
We have progressed through the years.
The times we have shared merely brightened my day
And now all I can do is shed the tears.*

*The hurt that I am feeling right now,
I know that you can feel it inside.
But I want you to remember that once it's through,
You'll always be my brother,
Someone whom I will forever look up to.*

***Poem by Kristi Maxim*

Your big sis - July 18, 2011 at 01:18 PM

BE

“ Steve is my light. Always.



Becky - July 17, 2011 at 11:09 PM

SC

“ If I have one regret about knowing Steve, it is that I did not know him better. Always kind, quiet, and unassuming he had a mischievous way about him, too. He always struck me as the type of person who could mix quite well with "polite" company but just as easily (and, no doubt, more enjoyably) sneak off--encouraging you to do the same--for a little trouble and a lot of fun, whatever that may entail. In recent memory, I recall stopping by Steve's house to pick him up before Leif and Danielle's wedding. We had a beer, together, before we headed out. It tasted particularly good that day. With no disrespect meant to the wedding couple, it would have been so easy to kick back on the couch for the day! Instead, we settled for a beer before the ceremony, during the ceremony...and, well, it was a good afternoon, and I was the designated driver! I loved Steve because he loved Becky. I knew Steve because she brought him into my life. I considered Steve a friend because he had all the qualities one could hope for in a friend. I am very, very sorry that he is gone, that there is forever a void, that I did not know him better. I miss you, Steve, but I am grateful for the times we shared. May you now have the peace you sought. May all who knew you find comfort in your peace. Love, always, Sara Rae

Sara Cornell - July 07, 2011 at 12:03 AM

MN

“ Steve and I worked together as fish biologists at the Mid Columbia River Fishery Resource Office in Leavenworth, mostly during 2002 and 2003. We were temporary hires, which meant we got to work in the field and on a lot of cool projects like bull trout snorkel surveys and radiotelemetry studies, spawning ground surveys for steelhead, chinook salmon and bull trout. Mallas was fearless in the water and the nimblest and strongest guy I ever worked with, kind of a cross between an otter, a mountain goat, and I don't know, a bull buffalo or something. But man did I witness some spectacular wipeouts, mostly because I always lagged behind him or was stopping to catch my breath. I'd see him hopping from boulder to boulder like a mountain goat and suddenly he'd be down and down hard and I think he'd busted something. But he'd hop right back up and continue like nothing happened. I saw him land on rocks, in the water, on rocks in the water, on ice and he was invincible. I remember mountain biking down the Mad River trail to snorkel and radiotrack bull trout and hearing Steve curse and then seeing him flipping off the trail doing a 180, still clipped into his bike, landing on his backpack padded full of snorkeling suits and jumping up with not even a scratch on him. Twice. He was hard on equipment and something or other like his wading boot or dry suit was always being held together by duct tape. When I saw him in his dry suit jump of the top of the Salmon La Sac bridge and plunge into the Cle Elum River I realized why. Steve was a great guy to work with who always had the right attitude for the situation which made it alot easier to get through some of those long and brutal days in the field. It doesn't seem possible that he is gone. He was a good man and I will miss him.

Mark Nelson - July 01, 2011 at 07:47 PM

MJ

“ We are saddened by your loss and offer our condolences. We will always remember Steve. He was a good man.



Mark and Julie - July 01, 2011 at 07:42 PM

BF

“ I worked with Steve conducting salmon research. We spent many hours in the field together collecting data. For some time that is what we did. He would show up with his hard hat on and get to work. I can recall many days where the only communication between us involved the task at hand. Then one day as we were rowing down the river chasing salmon around Steve inadvertently bumped a log and spun the raft in a direction he had not intended. This was a rare occurrence for Steve and I could tell he was somewhat irritated by it - so I, at some risk because I did not know him that well, took the opportunity to razz him about his rowing mishap. He looked at me blankly at first, then a big smile came across his face and he said to me laughing, "I've forgotten more about rowing than you'll ever know"! It was then that I knew I had a friend. His proximity to Seattle kept us from spending any time together when not at work, but I was hoping this would change with his move to Ballard in Seattle, the same neighborhood I live in. We were going to climb Mt. Adams together this summer. I think this picture says it all - I never heard Steve say an unkind word about anyone. If I can go the rest of my days and achieve that level of enlightenment I will have Steve to thank for it.

Brian Footen - July 01, 2011 at 05:29 PM

DS

“ I spent many nights with Steve in a rental house on the Methow R. in 2008. Many nights were spent watching TV with beers in hand. I was amazed at his determination to work out all the time. He would get up early and go work out before rafting miles down the river. I remember always wanting to be in the raft with him, he sure could row that boat down the river. On occasions we played racquetball together. He was so relentless in getting to that ball. What a great person, a friend to all who new him. I remember one time while investigating a cave on the Columbia R. Steve said "Beaver" we looked around and sure enough a beaver was in the cave with us.
Denny Snyder

Denny Snyder - July 01, 2011 at 03:07 PM

HM

“ Dear Family and Friends of Steve,
We are so sorry for your loss. He was a sweet guy, a good guy.
May you find support and peace.
Sincerely, Heather & Pat (friends from the USFS)

Heather M - July 01, 2011 at 01:45 AM

EW

“ I count myself very lucky to have hired Steve to help with an adult sockeye salmon tagging study in 2006. He reprised his role for a Chinook tagging study in 2010 and we were just starting on the 2011 fieldwork. Steve was very nearly the perfect field biologist. He could dock any boat with a swish where I would be happy not to make too big of a dent in either the boat or the dock. When he was asked if he could survey, say, seven miles of stream, he would ask what he should do then after lunch. Point him in the right direction and he would come back with whatever data you needed. You might not know exactly what form you needed the data in or how best to get it, but Steve would have it all figured out before you were finished speculating how to start. If he was confined to the office (which seemed to require at least a typhoon) he was a much more than adequate data analyst and technical writer. Steve was incredibly patient teaching people how to do the things that seemed to come so easily to him. He had this amazing ability to get along well with people from all walks of life under all kinds of adverse conditions. He made so many people feel so good about themselves. I miss him so much.

Eric Warner - June 30, 2011 at 10:22 PM

DC

“ In this photo Steve is holding my dog Archie. Archie loved Steve more than he loved anyone else, every time he would see Steve he would run to him and jump on his lap and sit with his head held high and silly dog grin on his face. Equally Steve loved Archie (along with all animals), he was kind and gentle with Archie and would let him sit on his lap while visiting with the family.

I was blessed to know Steve and have him be part of my family. We shared many happy events together and there will always be an empty space at the Christopherson household. One less Stocking hanging by the fireplace at Christmas, One less Easter basket to give out, One more slice of pumpkin pie not eaten, One less sarcastic remark, One less person to play boardgames, One less laugh, One less goodbye.

I think everyone that knew Steve wishes now that they would have known him better. To me that was Steve, A man of mystery. Someone that would blow you away when you talked to him because of his extensive knowledge, his determination, and his kind voice. Steve treated those around him with so much kindness and truly listened to what they had to say, yet had few words to say himself.

I will miss you so much Steve...

Love Danielle

Danielle Christopherson - June 28, 2011 at 02:50 PM