

back up. Later, he was searching for dinosaur bones in archaeological dig kits. There were Kleenex's to hide and find between couch cushions. There were fossils to excavate in the dirt driveway. Then, there were plastic jewels to place and then "discover" within balls of sticky Play-Doh. He's on a seemingly endless quest. It's entertaining to watch.

Smiling in amusement as my son drew, a realization dawned on me. This toddler had already figured out the first critical step to acquiring something we desire: have a roadmap. It's a basic, yet essential, reality. And it happens to be a fact I took for granted for way too long.

However, this chapter is not about my shortcomings. That's for later. Rather, this chapter is about a person who, like my son, knew the importance of a good map. It's quite amazing that this man gets fairly few mentions in magazines, movies, and history books. Other more charismatic individuals grabbed that spotlight. Still, this person came up with a masterful game plan. He put together a roadmap that provided the direction for the company he led. And his execution of that plan laid the foundation of what is, at the time I write this, the most valuable company in the history of the world.

Let's rewind to the summer of 1975. Life in America was certainly simpler than today. Home phones were rotary and screwed into kitchen walls. Milkmen still left morning deliveries of bottles at people's front doors. Instead of smart phones, people enjoyed reading comics in their daily newspapers, while having a morning coffee. A bit of calm had just arrived with the end of the Vietnam War just a few months before. At the movies, everyone was headed to see some newfangled action movie called *Jaws*, by a budding director named Steven Spielberg.

Had you ventured around in 1975, and asked an average person what they knew about computers, they might have had to stop and think for a moment. If they gave you an answer at all, they might have described men in white lab coats: stoic scientists standing in front of tall machines adorned with round knobs and blinking lights. Perhaps, they'd mention how these men talked to each other in hushed tones inside of secret laboratories. It's a funny scene, but looking back, not many of us could fathom the technological developments that were headed our way. Not many could imagine how computer technology would reshape our world in just a few short decades. But a handful of people, mostly living around the San Francisco Bay area, had an inkling.

In 1971, two such Californians were in their early twenties. Both men shared the name Steve. One sunny afternoon, the younger Steve was strolling around the neighborhood with his friend, Bill Fernandez. As they walked and talked, Bill happened to notice his other friend Steve outside in the yard washing his car. Bill went over and introduced his two buddies. Bill thought the two Steves might hit it off, since both were tech nerds. He was spot on. That day a historic friendship was born.

The younger Steve was tall and slender with unkept hair. He had brash opinions that he delivered with supreme confidence. He loved to wax philosophical on numerous topics, and he fancied himself an artist. His last