



## Trooper Donald K. "Kevin" Floyd

Badge #394  
EOW ... September 22, 2005

I met Kevin just prior to him joining the Highway Patrol. After the Academy, he was assigned to the same zone I was in. We had the same interests and quickly became friends.

In the time I've had the opportunity to be a friend of Kevin's I've noticed many things about him. Kevin loved to talk to people. His demeanor made people comfortable, and they would talk with him about most anything, even when they had just met him. When he met someone he was always trying to learn something from them. It didn't matter if it was about hunting, fishing, business, or family life. He tried to take something from every conversation. Kevin would take the information he gained and would pass it along to his friends.

Kevin cared deeply for his friends and spent many hours checking on them when he felt they needed a little extra attention. He had a way of recognizing this need. I know many times over the years I've had moments when everything seemed to be going wrong, then the telephone would ring. It would be Kevin. You never had a short conversation with Kevin. We would talk for hours. Before I finished talking with him my troubles didn't seem that bad and I would be laughing.

Kevin was noted for being late the majority of the time. This was because he would

either find someone to talk with or have to go check on a friend before he came to meet you.

Kevin was the kind of guy who would invite you to go fishing and to have a fish fry. He would supply the boat, the gas, and the vehicle. He would supply all the cooking supplies. He'd catch or gig the fish, clean the fish, cook the fish, and clean up after you were finished. He would grumble a little if you didn't help as much as he thought you should, but he would invite you back again and again, and do the same thing. He would be certain to let everyone know if he should happen to catch more fish than you.

Kevin and I would often go fishing in a small river johnboat he had. I had a pair of hip waders when we went fishing, but seemed to always leave them in the truck. Kevin would get out of the boat and drag me over the shoals in the river. He complained, but pulled me time after time.

You never wanted Kevin Floyd to know about some silly mistake you made. If he found out, he would always manage to embellish it a lot and repeat it to any audience that would listen. Kevin loved to tell stories and hear people laugh.

He was the kind of guy that even if you had a disastrous time at whatever event you did on a given day, it seemed you would end the day laughing. You'd always looked forward to going with Kevin again because you just enjoyed spending time with him.

You always knew where Kevin stood on about any issue, because he was very plain about that. Kevin would vocally stand up for the people he believed in, even when every-



*Kevin and Cheryl Floyd on their wedding day.*

one else stayed away or kept quiet. When everyone else abandoned you, Kevin would always be there. Even if it wasn't in his best interest. You could trust him to always tell you the truth, even when it hurt him to do so. Kevin didn't seem to be afraid to take on any task presented to him, whether it be in family life or work. He was able to think it through and make a decision. If the decision he made happened to be wrong, he'd admit it and live with the outcome.

Kevin dearly loved his family and was always bragging on them. We discussed our families and how we should handle situations. Either he was giving me advice or I was giving him some. If he had a question he would call and say, "Jones tell me what you think about this."

Kevin, the world is a better place since you were here. I thank God for giving me the opportunity to have been friends with such a good man.

*(This article by Tpr. Al L. Jones, Troop G, first appeared in the November/December 2005 issue of the Patrol News. Tpr. Jones retired in 2009.)*

A person should live everyday to the fullest, and I truly believe Kevin did just that. He enjoyed his family, fishing, and hunting. Kevin was at his best when he was telling stories. It was really good when they were Al Jones stories. Kevin was a good person. If you needed help with anything, all you had to do was pick up the phone and call. Kevin was the type of person that you could count on. He wasn't always on time, but he would be there for you.

We have had a lot of good times together. We traveled from Canada to Louisiana fishing. The memories will last forever. I know that Kevin and Arlie Toll are sitting in a boat. Kevin is catching fish and Arlie's line is hung up in the trees. Or, they are sitting at a card table together. Kevin will have the winning hand—some of us know what kind of a card player Arlie was.

Kevin could gig suckers with the best of them and he could also cook suckers with the best of them. I'm sure if Kevin were here today he would be telling stories, smiling, and laughing. Kevin was a real good fisherman, he would even tell you that. I'm not sure how many times I've heard him tell Al Jones just exactly that.

Kevin was respected and liked wherever he worked. He wasn't the type of person to go around tootin' his own horn about what he'd done at work.

If I tried to sit here and tell you how perfect Kevin was, I would be blowing smoke. We are all human and we do things sometimes that are not politically correct. Kevin



*The Floyd family: Jacob, Cheryl, Kevin, and Telena.*

was no different than any of the rest of us.

I'm sure there were times in Kevin's career with the Patrol he felt like his world was crumbling around him. He always worked through it. I believe Kevin was true blue.

Kevin was also a good husband and father, he put his family before anything else. Cheryl, Jake, Telena, I once heard these words about one of Kevin's friends, and one can say the same thing about Kevin: He was a man among men.

Kevin will always be remembered. He will always have a special place in our hearts. I know though we can't see Kevin, he will always be with us. One of these days we will all be fishing again.

*(This article by ACTE Keith Womack, Troop G, first appeared in the Summer 2005 issue of the Missouri State Trooper magazine. ACTE Womack retired 2008.)*

*Trooper Donald K. "Kevin" Floyd (394), 45, was struck by a vehicle on September 22, 2005, while working speed enforcement on*

*U.S. Highway 60 in Texas County, approximately one mile east of Route MM. He was airlifted by helicopter to St. Johns Hospital in Springfield, MO, where he succumbed to his injuries. Tpr. Floyd had stopped an eastbound vehicle for a traffic violation. He had made contact with the driver of the vehicle and had turned to walk back to his Patrol vehicle when he was struck by a pickup truck. Tpr. Floyd was survived by his wife, Cheryl; his 19-year-old son, Jacob; and his 16-year-old daughter, Talena. On November 16, 2006, a portion of U.S. Highway 60 in Texas County from the intersection of Missouri Route MM to the intersection of Missouri Highway 181 was dedicated as the "Trooper D. Kevin Floyd Memorial Highway." Readers might be interested in knowing Tpr. Floyd's daughter married a member of the Patrol. Trooper Jacob R. Sellers is assigned to Troop G. He was the 27th member of the Patrol to make the Ultimate Sacrifice.*