

Milton C. “Chuck” Floyd

August 26, 1959 - February 8, 2023



Milton C. Floyd, known to friends and family as “Chuck” (and to certain cousins as “Chucky”) was born on August 26, 1959, in Beaumont, Texas to Charles Lyndon and Vivian Edith Floyd. After a remarkable 63 year-long life, he died after a protracted illness on February 8, 2023.

Chuck grew up primarily in Jasper, Texas, graduating from Jasper High School and soon thereafter finding employment as a “roustabout” in the Gulf of Mexico in the oil and gas industry. Eventually, Chuck worked his way up to production operator for Atlantic Richfield. After operating for several years, he was hired by Northlake Resources as a production superintendent, where he worked for nearly two decades. In the closing of his life, Chuck worked as a dispatcher for Moran Towing in Port Arthur, Texas.

Early on this journey Chuck crossed paths with his loving wife, Lucy (“Belle”), whom he married in 1984. Three years later, Lucy gave birth to their first child, Charles “Adam” Floyd (“Pillman,” “Budger,” “Dude,” and “Buddy,” amongst many others). In 1994, Lucy gave birth to their second child, Katherine “Katie” Elizabeth Floyd (“Bug,” and eventually her permanently assigned term of endearment, “Smo”). In 38 years of marriage, neither Lucy Belle, Pillman, nor Smo ever wanted for anything. Many twenty-one day shifts were pulled so Chuck could make certain that this was the case. And though his family missed him dearly, they knew that at the head was a man whose will to provide would not be broken, and they will always be grateful to him for that, as well as for many other qualities far too numerous to list here (such as his uncanny ability to voice act for animals on cue, which is far too notorious and important to leave out).

After seeing his children through college and making every necessary sacrifice to do so, Chuck was blessed with two sweet grandchildren, Rey Elizabeth Floyd (“Nugget”) and Mia Claire Floyd (“Peanut”). Every Sunday was grandparent’s day, and Chuck (now, “PeePaw”) looked forward to hours of uninterrupted pillow fights with “those babies” and numerous cartoons and “shows” - the names of which he could never really remember, and probably didn’t care to. If one or both of the grandchildren were in his lap, the world was right, no matter how much Blippy or Bluey he had to watch.

His affinity for grandfathering left his children wondering what the hell happened to their father. But, every moment was an absolute pleasure to watch, despite that precisely zero discipline would be administered (that, he said, was the parents' exclusive role – his was to spoil them rotten).

Everyone dies, and they leave behind holes in the hearts of their loved ones when they do. Dad's hole is just a little bit bigger though, because – well, he was bigger. And he, with his unique, self-deprecating charm, would have been the first to say so and laugh about it. To have lived in a world with him in it for so many years and to have to keep going in a world without him feels like a cruel, cosmic joke. On the other hand, to have known someone who could endear others to himself in such a manner has been an honor and a privilege, one that has permanently marked our lives for the better, even now that he is gone.

Rest in peace, Dad. You were loved fiercely and unconditionally by your wife of 38 years, and that love has and will continue to manifest even beyond the grave. I know that yours will be the first name my mother calls after she has followed you into the light, and I have no doubt that you will have been there waiting for her, no matter how long it may take.

Your daughter yearns for just one more conversation, one more “head bonking” session, one more shared laugh, and to write random words on your back with a broom straw so that you can completely botch the interpretation. Your love and provision for her can never be replaced, and you are forever the first man she will have ever loved.

And I, your son, will forever be sitting on your shoulders, reaching as high as I can. Just as I was at the Alamo when you held me up to put my finger in that bullet hole, and that guy that worked there got mad at us. Not a single day will go by that I don't miss you, and not a single day will pass where I don't do something that you taught me how to do. Anything that I have ever been fortunate enough to accomplish, from making breakfast in the morning to loving and providing for my family, I have accomplished because you made me capable. I am only able to endure your absence because you did everything you possibly could to prepare me for it, from the moment I was born until you took your last breath.

May angels lead you in, and may Christ make you into everything we know you always wanted to be. We love you, and we look forward to the day that this family is made whole once again.

Just As I Am

*Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee
Oh, Lamb of God, I come, I come*

*Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt
Fighting and fears within without
Oh, Lamb of God, I come, I come*

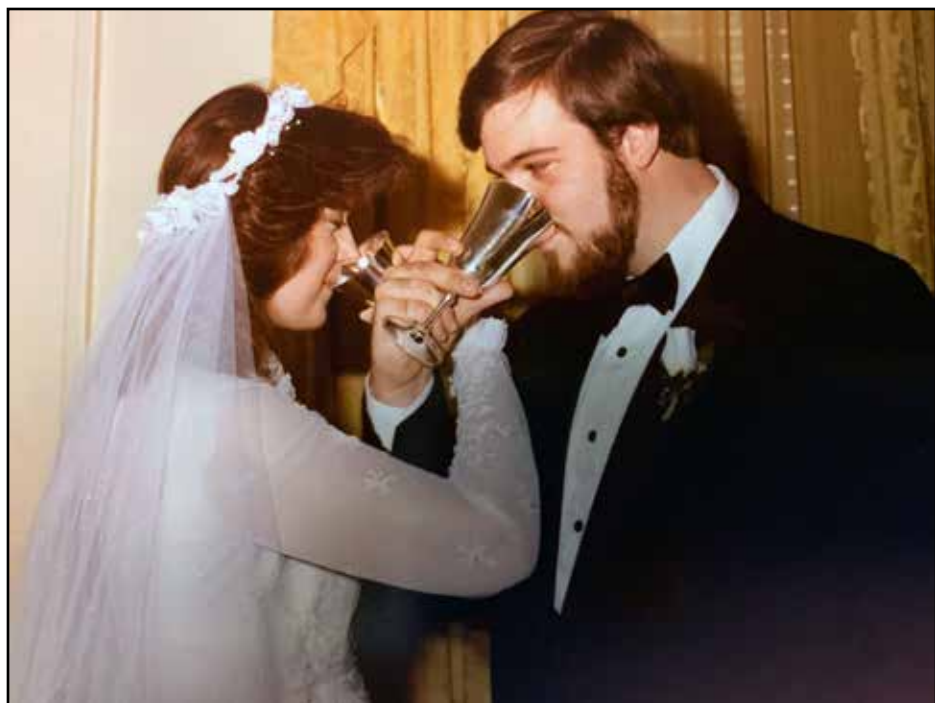
*Ooh, just as I am, ooh, I come
Ooh, just as I am, oh Lamb of God, I come*

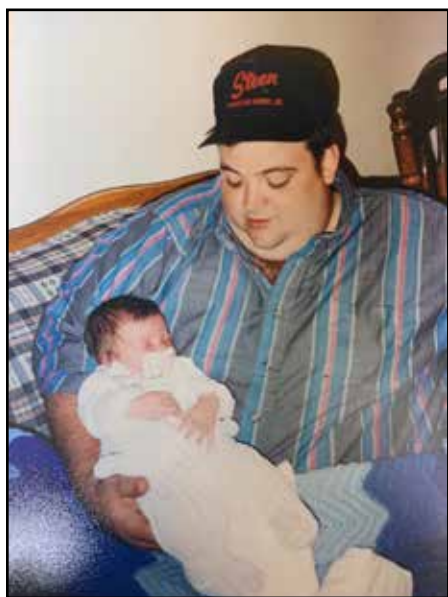
*Just as I am, Thou wilt receive
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve
Because Thy promise I believe
Oh, Lamb of God, I come, I come*

*Ooh, just as I am, ooh, I come
Ooh, just as I am, oh Lamb of God, I come
Oh lamb of God, I come*













If I Could Only Fly

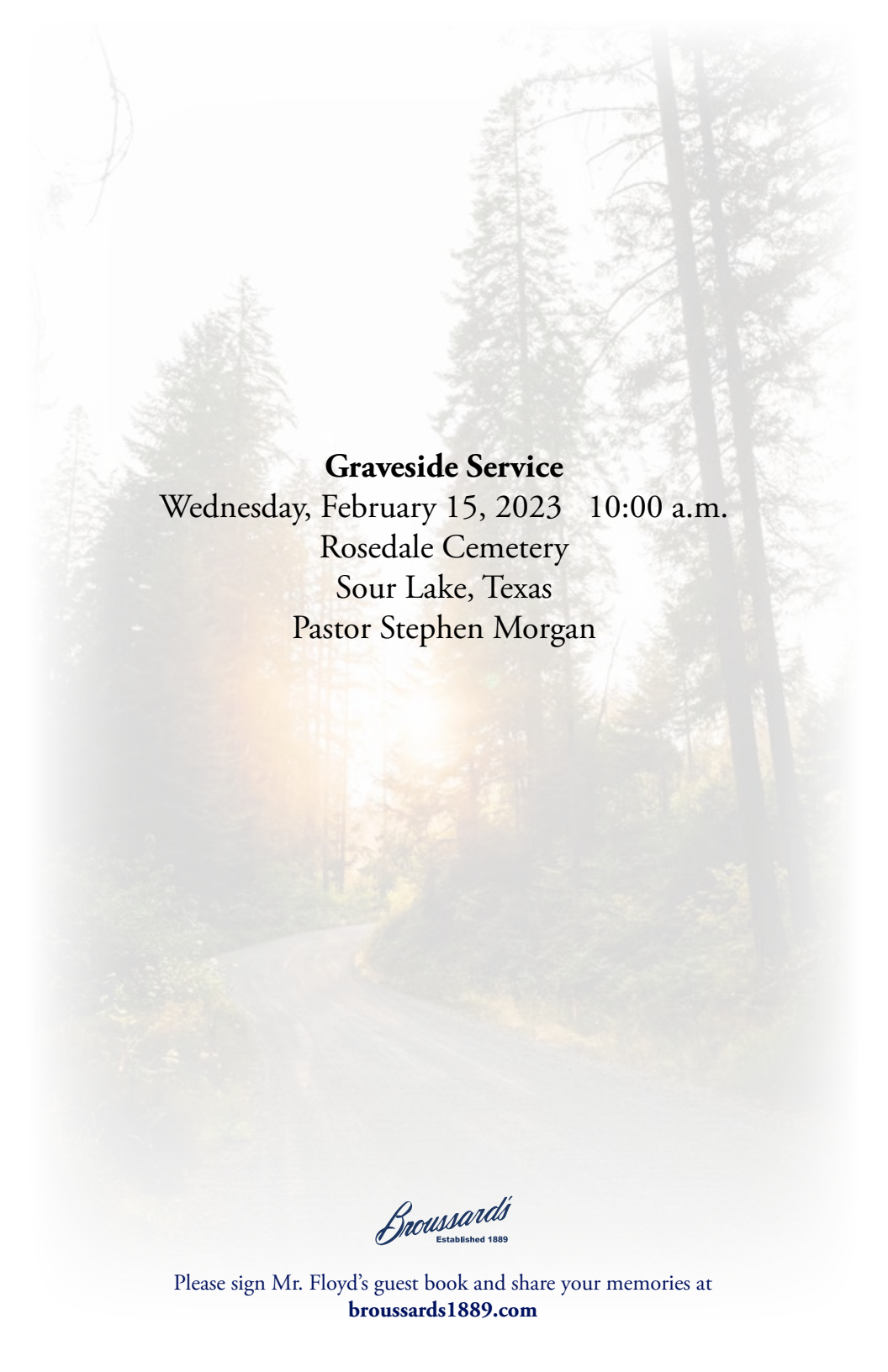
*I almost felt you touching me just now
I wish I knew which way to turn and go
I feel so good, and then then I feel so bad
I wonder what I ought to do*

*If I could only fly, if I could only fly
I'd bid this place goodbye, to come and be with you
But I can hardly stand, and I got nowhere to run
Another sinking sun, and one more lonely night*

*The wind keeps blowing somewhere everyday
Tell me things get better, somewhere, up the way
Just dismal thinking on a dismal day
Sad songs for us to bare*

*If I could only fly, if I could only fly
I'd bid this place goodbye, to come and be with you*

By Merle Haggard



Graveside Service
Wednesday, February 15, 2023 10:00 a.m.
Rosedale Cemetery
Sour Lake, Texas
Pastor Stephen Morgan

Broussard's
Established 1889

Please sign Mr. Floyd's guest book and share your memories at
broussards1889.com