



Hiram Floyd Watson II

August 3, 1965 - April 9, 2025

Hiram “Floyd” Watson II —engineer, runner, rock climber, gardener, vinyl aficionado, reluctant conversationalist, Leo through and through, and all-around quietly epic human—took his final lap on April 9, 2025, at the age of 59. He departed this world with the same dignity, dry wit, and quiet tenacity with which he lived—though we suspect he’d prefer we not make a fuss. (Too late, Floyd.)

An introvert with extroverted curiosity, Floyd had a knack for showing up to life’s party just long enough to rearrange the furniture, fix the wiring, and sneak out before the karaoke started. He was the kind of man who could listen to a conversation from the corner of the room, contribute a single sentence, and still somehow be the most interesting person there.

A deeply rooted Watson family value Floyd carried with him every day was the belief that you should do something, create something, or solve something—daily. That ethos lived in his fingertips. Whether it was troubleshooting circuitry, building garden beds, or handcrafting furniture for his home, Floyd was a builder in every sense of the word. He quite literally built the house he lived in, and did so with precision, pride, and an iced coffee in hand. So important was this feat to him, he celebrated the day his house passed inspection every year—quietly, maybe with a smirk and a good record spinning, but with pride all the same.

Floyd's career as an engineer was marked by precision, creativity, and the occasional eye-roll when someone dared call duct tape a solution. But his life? His life was artfully engineered around exploration—whether that meant running with the Gilbert's Gazelles (rain or Texas summer heat), photographing the quiet poetry of a desert sunrise, or climbing literal and metaphorical walls.

Gardening was where Floyd's softer side bloomed. What started as a “small project” quickly turned into a source of community joy (and probably too many tomatoes). He loved the feel of soil under his nails and delighted in sharing home-cooked meals made from what was dubbed the “community garden”—which is to say, his garden, generously shared with everyone who showed up hungry or curious.

His camera was his second pair of eyes. Floyd's landscape photography revealed the soul of places most of us barely notice. Though many of his road trips were solo (as he preferred the company of silence and scenery), he often recounted The Epic Road Trip with his bestie—an adventure so great it became the stuff of legend, or at least of many repeat tellings.

Even as cancer changed his pace, Floyd never fully untied his running shoes. Instead, he pivoted to indoor rock climbing —proving yet again that you're never too old to defy gravity, or to challenge yourself with a new wall.

Floyd had strong opinions about music, politics, and whether anyone should ever talk during a movie. His vinyl collection was vast, lovingly alphabetized, and included many genres that suit any mood. He believed the best music year was 19XX, unless you made a strong case otherwise—and even then, he'd just raise an eyebrow and put on a record.

Despite being more comfortable with schematics than small talk, Floyd showed up for causes he believed in. Each election season, he'd man the phones—not loudly, not dramatically, but with gentle conviction. “Use your voice,” he'd say. “It matters.”

Floyd is survived by those who knew him deeply, which is to say: those who listened closely, lingered long enough to earn his trust, and appreciated the beauty in the quiet corners of life where he loved to dwell. His community includes his Tribe, fellow coworkers turned life-long friends, runners, climbers, gardeners, music debaters, road trip companions, his caring neighbors on Karen Avenue, and one very dedicated group chat arguing over best albums of the '80s or current world and political events.

In lieu of flowers (Floyd would've muttered, “Leave those for the bees”), donations may be made to Habitat for Humanity—an organization close to his heart and perfectly in line with his lifelong habit of building, repairing, and making the world a bit sturdier.

To Floyd: thanks for showing us that quiet doesn't mean small. Being introverted doesn't mean being indifferent. And that even a fly on the wall can leave a mighty legacy. You have impacted many lives and will be missed deeply.

Celebrating Floyd

Details:

Location:

Front lawns and driveways of the Lott family (1305 Karen Ave) & Katie & Ryan (1307 Karen Ave) – parking available in front of Floyd's house & driveway

(1306 Karen Ave)

Date & Time:

Friday, May 9, 2025

6:30–8:30 p.m.

Bring:

A chair or blanket, your preferred beverage, and an appetite for pizza and good stories. (If you're inspired to bring an appetizer or side dish, go for it. Floyd never said no to snacks.)

Expect:

Good tunes, quiet moments, shared laughter, and a low-key community celebration—just like he'd want.

RSVP by May 4 if you're planning to attend and eat, so we can order accordingly.

Reply to Victoria—yes, she's organizing this with a spreadsheet, because that's the Floyd way.)

Email: Victoria.L.Cain@gmail.com

Text: 512-740-8722

Hiram “Floyd” Watson II—may have slipped out the back quietly (classic Floyd), but we're going to gather anyway. Not to fuss (he'd hate that), but to eat, laugh, share a memory or two, and honor the quietly epic life of a man who never needed a spotlight to leave a glow.

All of Floyd's Tribe, good friends, co-workers, neighbors, fellow climbers, runners, and gardeners are invited to a casual get-together in the spirit of those legendary Karen Avenue yard concerts that turned driveways into dance floors and neighbors into family.

There will be music (Floyd-approved), pizza (gluten-free options), and—because he never turned down dessert—his favorite: Haagen-Dazs ice cream. If you'd like to raise a pint, a slice, or a story in his name, we'd be

honored to have you.

Let's honor Floyd by showing up, connecting, and celebrating the life of someone who quietly built the kind of world we all want to live in.

See you there. And bring your best Floyd story.

Tribute Wall

LP

“ I am not sure if anyone will see this post, but Hi. My name is Linda. I grew up with Floyd, in fact, he lived across the street from me for many years. We lost touch after high school, but I have thought of him often throughout the years. My heart was broken when I came across his obituary. As I sorted through some of the memory photos...I saw that there are many things about Floyd that has never changed!

The blackberry pictures for starters! We would often go berry picking to gather. They grew in the wild in our rural neighborhood. I also recall a lazy afternoon, sitting on his front porch...eating red hots. He was acting silly and placed one in each of his nostrils. We both laughed and he accidentally snorted them up into his nose and could not get them out. He was very fair skinned in those days and had black horn-rimmed glasses. The red hots started melting, dripping out of his nose. The striking red contrast is still a vision that brings a smile to my heart today. But it was not very long that the pain began and it was no longer a laughing matter and his poor mother tried everything to get him to sneeze them out. They finally melted enough to free him of his misery.

The last time I remember being in his presence was probably the summer of '83. We listened and made recordings of the Chicago 13 album. We both loved it! He had a beautiful and brilliant mind.

I do not know any of you, but I can tell from the pictures that he was loved and I am grateful for that.

Fairwell my friend.

Linda Peters - February 18 at 02:08 PM

VC

Thank you so much Linda for sharing that story. Adethia has helped me fill in the pieces of who he was as a kid which I appreciate so much. If you have additional stories you'd like to share I'd love to read them.

Victoria Cain - April 09 at 04:58 PM

VC

“ Today would've marked your 60th lap around the sun. And while I always respected your low-key, pre-Victoria approach to birthdays (complete with your signature “let's pretend this isn't happening” vibe), I never fully bought into the idea of not celebrating you. I would do anything for your birthday except let you be alone. We had started tossing around ideas for how to honor this milestone—but true to form, you attempted to dodge the conversation by handing me chocolate and changing the subject.

I told myself we'd revisit the plan after my birthday but life had other ideas.

You may be gone from the room, but you're absolutely not gone from the story. I still see and feel the mark you left on me, on so many, on everything. You were one of a kind. I will be celebrating you today. And as always: much love to the lion. 🦁

Victoria Cain - August 03, 2025 at 09:54 AM

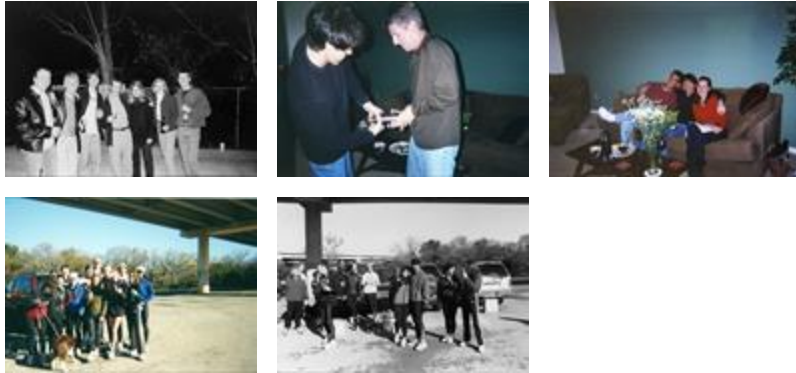
PF

“ Floyd, my dear friend. I don't have the words for how much you and your friendship means to me. I'm privileged to call you my friend. Thanks for all the great memories. I will miss you so much. And as always, I will forever be your Guaranty. Love you dude. Rest peacefully friend.

pam finney - May 09, 2025 at 03:39 PM

PF

“ 7 files added to the album Memories of Watson



Pam Finney - May 08, 2025 at 05:58 PM

SM

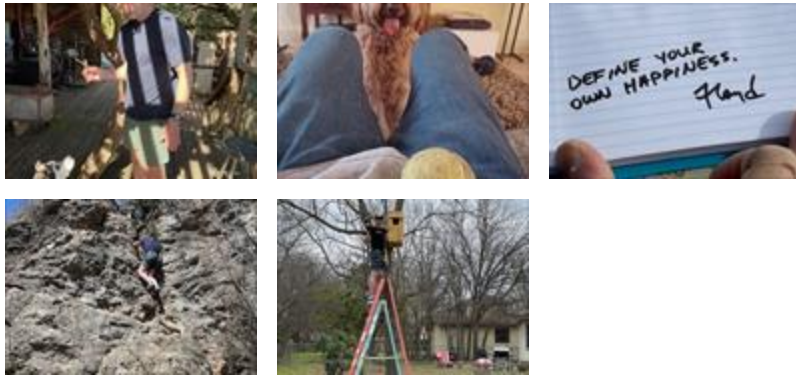
“ All the miles and all the memories. I'll miss you, Floyd. You were a good friend.



Scott McIntyre - May 03, 2025 at 08:22 AM

VC

“ 12 files added to the album Memories of Watson



Victoria Cain - April 25, 2025 at 02:51 PM

VC

“ *Floyd's Personal Photography (mainly from his many road trips) -*
<https://www.flickr.com/photos/floydsworld/>

Victoria Cain - April 25, 2025 at 09:03 AM

VC

“ *3 files added to the album Memories of Watson*



Victoria Cain - April 25, 2025 at 08:57 AM

VC

“ *Floyd's Photography -*

<https://www.flickr.com/photos/floydsworld/with/5583140274>

Victoria Cain - April 24, 2025 at 01:51 PM

VC

“ *1 file added to the album Memories of Watson*



Victoria Cain - April 22, 2025 at 02:01 PM

VC

“ 10 files added to the album *Young Floyd*



Victoria Cain - April 22, 2025 at 01:59 PM

VC

“ 3 files added to the album *Memories of Watson*



Victoria Cain - April 20, 2025 at 10:36 PM

VC

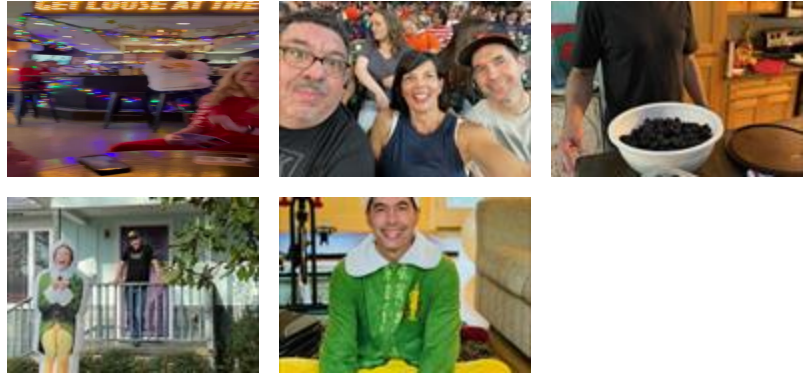
“ 1 file added to the album *Young Floyd*



Victoria Cain - April 20, 2025 at 10:34 PM

VC

“ 7 files added to the album Memories of Watson



Victoria Cain - April 20, 2025 at 09:12 AM

VC

“ 1 file added to the album Memories of Watson



Victoria Cain - April 19, 2025 at 10:29 PM

PF



pam finney - May 09, 2025 at 03:30 PM

LL

“Floyd- Thank you for the countless gardening, home maintenance, and Fitz rescues. Claire, the boys, and I delighted in your company and loved having you as our neighbor. We were honored you considered us friends, trusted us with (very) minor responsibilities when you were away, and let us into your world. We marveled at your ingenuity, and inspired by your grit. You were the kindest, sweetest, most wonderful neighbor anyone could ask for. We will honor your memory by planting seeds, taking pride in our home, and throwing the ball for Fitz every chance we get. Much love.



Lloyd - April 18, 2025 at 04:28 PM

MW

“Floyd - My dear friend. We ran together, biked together, had coffee together. To the very end. I will always appreciate our friendship and talks. You set the bar high in every aspect of life. So glad we saw one another as you approached the rainbow...My God I will miss you forever. We'll get that run in together in that next life...Will always be thinking about you...Like you said, don't be remembered for fighting cancer, "you existed with cancer and lived well."...Take care, Michael Woo



Michael Woo - April 18, 2025 at 04:28 AM

LN

This is how I will always remember Floyd. Thanks for sharing, Michael.

Leah Nyfeler - May 06, 2025 at 05:54 PM

JD

“*Floyd, my friend, you will be missed. It was great knowing you, sharing life with you. You will always be in my thoughts. Jack DiLullo*



Jack D. - April 17, 2025 at 06:05 PM

VC

Some would think that's a simple photo but he took so much pride in building that garage & carport. He told me how you helped him with it. We had a picnic once there while it rained, was perfect.

Victoria Cain - April 25, 2025 at 03:05 PM