



John W. Floro

August 19, 1945 - August 8, 2020

John W. Floro, age 74, passed from this life on Saturday, August 8, 2020. John was born on August 19, 1945 in Curtis, Nebraska to his parents Harold and Mildred (Davenport) Floro.

John joined the United States Army and proudly served his country, achieving the rank of 1st Lieutenant, and received the National Defense Service Medal as well as the Viet Nam Campaign Medal.

John retired as Director of Marketing from Cabela's in Sydnay, Nebraska where he had worked for many years. He married Connie Durnal in 1991 in Flagstaff, Arizona. They made their home in Chouteau, Oklahoma for 20 years before moving to the Grand Lake area in 2018.

John enjoyed fishing on all over the world, hunting and playing golf. True to his Nebraska roots, he was a huge Cornhusker fan! His children were his pride and joy and he took great pleasure in his grandchildren and great grandchildren.

John was preceded in death by his parents and two brothers.

Left to cherish his memory, his wife Connie and three children; Jeff Floro of Dodge City, Kansas, Nicole Bayne (Wade), of Wittman, Arizona and Candice Walters (Ray) of Sand Springs, Oklahoma; 7 grandchildren and 10 great grandchildren; and sister Lori Elswick of Columbus, Ohio.

Military Honors and burial will take place at 1:30pm Friday, August 14, 2020 at Ft. Gibson National Cemetery.

Arrangements entrusted to Nichols-Stephens Funeral & Cremation Services, Grove, Oklahoma.

Previous Events

Graveside

AUG **14**. 1:30 PM (CT)

Fort Gibson National Cemetery

1423 Cemetery Rd

Fort Gibson, OK 74434

Tribute Wall

LC

“ I remember the first time I met John. My husband & I were on a motorcycle trip out west and headed right down the highway in front of Cabela's in Sidney, NB. We decided to stop to see if I could catch my cousin Connie at work. She wasn't there that day, but John came out to greet us. He was so friendly and engaging that we instantly felt like old friends. We were able to "shoot the breeze" for quite some time! Nice guy.

A terrible loss of friend and husband for my cousin. Best wishes, Linda (Durnal) Connor

Linda Connor - August 14, 2020 at 10:25 AM



“ Simply Lily was purchased for the family of John W. Floro.



August 12, 2020 at 07:08 PM



“ Tony Caligiuri purchased the Floor Plant for Sympathy for the family of John W. Floro.



Tony Caligiuri - August 11, 2020 at 11:35 PM



“ Healing Tears - Blue and White was purchased for the family of John W. Floro.



August 11, 2020 at 05:44 PM

FR

“ Frank Ross purchased the Floor Plant for Sympathy for the family of John W. Floro.



Frank Ross - August 10, 2020 at 04:02 PM

FR

“ John and I traveled thousands of miles together producing and attending Cabela's Sportsman's Quest events all over the nation. It is very sad to learn he is at the end of a road well traveled.

On one of those trips we were driving back from an archery tournament in Missouri and he wanted to be home with Connie. He liked to drive fast, and as it worked out, we fell in behind a semi-truck loaded with steel that passed us like we were pulled over. That trucker was holding it steady at 90. We got home in record time.

I learned a lot from John about the outdoor industry. He always had interesting stories to tell.

John was a great fisherman who loved to play golf but he had some bad habits at the tee and all I had to do to get his goat was say, damn John, you normally hit the ball farther than that. The next shot he would try and rip the cover off the ball. After that he was pretty rattled and the game was mine.

I was pleased to learn that he had taken lessons after he retired and turned his game around. He loved to hit that little white ball. Rest well my old friend.

Frank Ross - August 10, 2020 at 03:49 PM

CF

Thank you Frank. He talked about you and your travels together often.

connie floro - August 10, 2020 at 08:31 PM

LE

Words cant explain my feelings of sadness in losing "my little baby brother" as I called him in High school in Curtis, Nebraska. He was just a year and three months younger than me and I was not his "big fat sister" like he loved calling me either. We were almost inseparable for the 18 years growing up and I was almost cut in half emotionally when we went our separate ways into the world. Miles kept us from being physically close from that time on, but in my heart, John remained an inseparable part of me. He will hold that place for the duration of my life. In the last year's, I have just been "Sis." So Christ's love be with you, Bro! I will see you in Heaven.

Laura "Lori" Floro Elswick - August 11, 2020 at 08:19 AM



The world will be a much less humorous place without John Floro. Personally, I owe him a lot. When he was the sporting goods manager at Woolco in Des Moines and not too far out of the Army, and I was still in high school, I would pester the heck out of him about hunting and fishing. He would oblige me with a smile as only John could do and when I started college and could skip class at will, since he worked Saturdays and Sundays and could normally not find an otherwise adult hunting and fishing partner, we would hunt on his two days off every single week of the season and sometimes fish as well. He had two Brittney Spaniels, Max and Missy, that were as fine as bird dogs that ever hunted and he was and is the only person that I have ever seen shoot five wild quail on a covey rise with five separate shots. The day he did it, he acted like it was something he did every week but we both knew better, he just wouldn't ever admit it! In the early 1980's he helped me get my start in the outdoor industry and we traveled together all over the country working tournaments, sports shows and various outdoor events. He made all us younger guys laugh, he mentored us and he made work fun, and when things got tough, he was always the peacemaker who unruffled the feathers. He probably gave more people their start in the fishing business than any other one individual.

Two times, he almost killed me, both times in a boat. Once he took off while I was still on the back deck and fortunately I grabbed onto the motor and literally hung straight out like a flag in the wind as he flew 70 miles an hour down the lake. When he finally heard me screaming above the roar of the motor and looked back, he turned white as a ghost. It really shook him up but then he laughed about it for days at my expense. Once in some obscure town in Michigan we went to the movie theater and watched "Flashdance" together while wearing matching white polo shirts with our names embroidered on them tucked into Kakhi pants and two beers each in our pockets, I'm sure the kid at the ticket counter wondered what was going on but that was a pretty normal night for us back in those days!

Another time while pheasant hunting in Iowa, we got out to use the "rest room" on the side of the road and he got back in his old El Camino and just drove off before I could get back in, it was below zero and snowing and I had taken my boots off because they were wet, and my coat was in the car as well. This was in the 70's before cell phones or I would have called 911. Finally about 15 minutes later, he came driving back, he thought that was just funny as could be. There are a thousand other funny stories, like the time he caught his yard on fire and about burned his neighbor's house down and others better left to memory and not to print!

He was one of the best and will be sorely missed and I have shed more than a few tears remembering our times together.

Tony Caligiuri

Tony Caligiuri - August 11, 2020 at 11:31 PM

JE

So sad at the loss of my Uncle John. Ive always loved and admired him and talked to him more in the last couple of years than we had in many preceding that. Thought Saturday morning I needed to check how he was doing because it had been a couple of weeks and my Mom called to let me know. Shocked and saddened. I miss him being here greatly and I'm just his nephew, so I can't imagine how hard it is for Connie and my cousins.

We were blessed to live close enough to visit regularly for a number of years when Tom and I were young and have some of my favorite memories of times visiting Uncle John and his family. I still get a bit excited when I see a Brittany Spaniel or German Shirt Hair like those he had and loved. He took me hunting for the first time in my life. Absolutely loved it, remember it like yesterday and especially his reaction when the GSH pup he'd just gotten back from training fetched one of the quail and stopped half way back with it, laid down and started pulling feathers out. Makes me chuckle still to think of it. We had a great feast of quail and pheasant that night with the family. That's just one of many memories I cherish with this family.

He served like my Mom and Dad and he made his living out of what he loved. I am and always have been so proud he is my Uncle. Love to all of you and prayers for your peace at this horrible loss. We all love you too very much.

Jim Elswick - August 12, 2020 at 07:19 PM

CW

I am John's baby girl (& fishing buddy) . I haven't had, and probably won't get the strength to post. I just want to thank those that have. It brings me joy to know he had an impact on your lives, as he did mine! RIP Daddy. I love you more!! Miss you so much! How's the fishing in Heaven?

Candice Walters - September 06, 2020 at 06:59 PM