

Christopher Chad Taylor



Christopher Chad Taylor had a few simple guideposts that helped him navigate through life—family, food, football and fun—as he wove through a freewheeling lifestyle that combined being an extravert with quiet introspection.

Chris once traveled the world on the contractor's dime refurbishing hotel resort air conditioning units but later found a special comfort that only the rarefied, if not humid, air that his family in Walker, La. could provide. He passed away on Monday, April 21. He was 50.

Chris also worked in the hospitality industry in Baton Rouge and Fort Lauderdale where he bartended in several fine dining restaurants. It was during that time that he developed his culinary skills, doctoring up the mundane meals provided to employees to make them better than what was served to the customers.

"Got the TV set up outside, starting a fire in the fire pit, the fish are cleaned and ready to be fried, the beverages are iced down, the cigars are ready. I think it's time for some LSU football," he wrote in one social media post, describing the epitome of his perfect day.

Football was his mainstay, especially the fate of the alphabet soup of LSU and the rest of the SEC. "Geaux Tigres" was his mantra and his viewing was not to be interrupted. His interest in LSU football was so consuming, his sister, Moira, was the only person who had his permission to call or text him during their games.

But his passion for football was no match to that he held for his family, particularly his grandmother Dolores, who everyone knew as "Dodie." From 2014 until her death in 2022, he served as her caregiver, giving her weekly "Driving Miss Dodie" rides to the hairdresser, taking her shopping at the grocery store and performing a variety of chores for her. At home, they were constant companions.

Dodie would flit about from room to room, humming unknown songs providing a sign of her contentedness. Of course, Chris couldn't stand her humming. At one point, he asked her if she would give up humming for Lent. Another time, he found Dodie listening to hip hop music while she balanced her checkbook. The music was to keep her from humming so she could concentrate. After she passed away, the house was quiet. The humming was gone. Chris missed it.

He had a fierce love for his sister and her two children. At home, he had recently taken over meal planning and grocery shopping. He once called his mother, Eileen, at least three times while he was in the store to tell her about the groceries he found on special.

During the August 2016 flooding in the area, which produced more than 25 inches of rain during a three-day period, Chris proved to be essential in recovery work at home. He slept on a blow up mattress and moved it from room to room as work progressed. He ordered a snow shovel to scoop up wet insulation and drywall.

Chris found his own space in his bedroom, where he was an avid video gamer, wearing his headset and talking into its microphone to competitors across the globe. All the while, his two dogs, Deucie and Jeux-Jeux would lie on his bed-Jeux-Jeux napping while Deucie followed his gaming progress.

Chris would often entertain friends and family with his random thoughts. "It's truly a sad day when you notice a sponsored ad for the AARP on your fb home page," he once mused on Facebook. Another time, he asked the age old question, "Why does everything itch when peeling Crawfish?"

Chris was born Feb. 2, 1975, at Loretta Hospital in Berwyn, Ill. He was a 1993 graduate of DeRidder High School in Louisiana.

He was preceded in death by his paternal grandparents Kelley and Marguerite Taylor and his maternal grandparents Dolores and Eugene Turowski.

He is survived by his mother, Eileen Turowski Taylor, sister Moira (Joffrey) Easley, niece Audrey and nephew Tyler, and aunt Diana Turowski and multiple cousins.