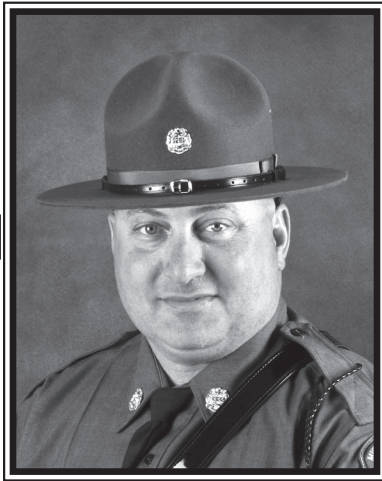


Trooper Frederick F. Guthrie Jr.

Badge #1322
EOW ... August 1, 2011



Trooper Frederick F. Guthrie Jr. grew up in Knob Noster, MO, the youngest of three children. In high school, he was voted “best looking” by his classmates. His wife, Teresa, admits that she and her best friend used to go to basketball games to watch Fred and his friend. When Teresa was a senior in high school, Fred asked her out on a date. Her parents wouldn’t allow her to say yes to the college guy until after she graduated.

“The summer after I graduated from high school Fred and I started dating,” said Teresa. “I coached a youth softball team that summer and he came to the games to watch. The kids called us Fred and Wilma.”

Fred, who was four years older, was studying biology and criminal justice at the time. They would date for two and a half years before being married. Originally, he wanted to be a conservation agent, an extension of his love of fishing and hunting. But, when the Missouri State Water Patrol visited Warrensburg, he decided to apply.

Teresa described Fred as a big kid. “I had four kids,” she laughed. “Fred was a kid at heart. He was always playing with the kids, always doing things. In the summer his days off were during the week, and he and those kids were doing something together—diving for golf balls ... fishing.” Fred loved his children and enjoyed them. “He’d frog splash the kids to wake them up.”

Daughter Amber explained, “He crouched down on the floor, then jumped up on the bed. Sometimes, Cody would come sleep in my room when he got scared. One morning,

I heard Dad coming down the stairs making frog noises and I woke up Cody ... Then, Dad was just there on the corner of the bed.”

The Guthrie family took this picture at Senior Night for Amber’s volleyball team in 2010.

They are (l to r) Tpr. Guthrie, Cody, Amber, Dylan, and Teresa.





Tpr. Fred Guthrie and K-9 Reed patrol the river together.

Amber was a daddy's girl, and treasured the relationship she had with Fred. "From the time I was in first or second grade, my dad had an 'Application To Date My Daughter' on the refrigerator. He helped develop my love of sports. He'd take me to school to shoot baskets. One day, I was shooting baskets, and he disappeared," said Amber with a smile. "I found out later that he was in the weight room lifting lots of weight to show the boys."

"He called himself Baby Shack or White Chocolate," said son Cody.

"He would do that with the high school boys when he played basketball with them. He was big stuff until he hurt his back," said Amber.

"Fred knew those kids and had nicknames for them," said Teresa. The kids kept the nicknames over the years. "One is a senior this year Fred called Pookie. He is still called that. I don't know how many nicknames are floating around the school that Fred gave."

Fred was an avid sports fan. He coached

his daughter's basketball team for several years; coached his sons in basketball, football, and baseball. He and Teresa even coached their sons' soccer team one year when they were in grade school. Fred attended every basketball game and sat in the same spot center court. That was his spot, and everyone knew it.

"He drew a circle in the driveway and I had to make baskets from the circle until I made so many before I could go play with friends," said Amber. "I hated that at the time, but appreciated it in high school."

Teresa said Fred would rebound for his kids when they shot baskets. "I can't imagine what the people who bought our house thought. There were a lot of spray painted circles on the driveway."

"We all have a love of being healthy and working out," said Amber. "It came from him. I started basketball in junior high. My 16th birthday surprise party my dad took me



K-9 Reed



Tpr. Fred Guthrie is seen with K-9 Reed before the merger.

to the gym to get all hot and sweaty. Then, he brings me home and all my friends were there for the party.”

Amber said his love of basketball transferred to all three of his children. “I was a freshman in high school, a big fan of Connecticut. Dad found out they were coming to town for NCAA tournament in KC. Just me and him went and watched them play.” Amber has played basketball since third grade. “Mom was coaching me, but he claimed to teach me everything I knew. Dad and I watched every game on the weekend. It’s not the same. We don’t watch basketball anymore,” said Amber. “We shared the love of basketball and coaching.”

“Everyone had their NCAA bracket,” said Teresa. “We don’t do that anymore.”

During March Madness, each member of the family created their bracket for college basketball’s biggest tournament. It was a friendly competition, but it was a competition.

“He was very competitive,” said Teresa, “sports, board games, everything.”

“Nine times out of 10, he’d have no experience with it and he’d still beat you,” said Cody. “You had to win, he wouldn’t let you.”

“I miss his excitement about what the kids did,” said Teresa. “All he talked about was seeing what his kids were doing; Amber coaching volleyball and the boys playing football.”

His family says Fred was the loudest person on the team.

“My seventh grade baseball team was the first year I didn’t play for my dad,” said Cody. “We hadn’t won a game. The coach couldn’t make it, and they asked parents if anyone would coach. Dad stepped up. We were tied and I got up to bat and hit a home run. As I rounded first base I saw him going to home plate. When I got there, he threw me up in the air. I had never been thrown that high. He was more excited than I was. We were playing the other Weston team, which was undefeated.”

“Dylan was Fred’s pride and joy on the football field,” said Teresa. “Dylan’s favorite memory would probably be after the Trenton game. The other team’s announcers were talking about Dylan, a sophomore at the time, and how talented he was.”

“Pops found that online and listened to it over and over,” said Cody, and explained that both Dylan and he began calling their dad, “Pops” in junior high school.

Fred loved the outdoors, and was an avid fisherman and hunter. Teresa said he was always outside doing something.

“Any time we went fishing he said he was going to catch the biggest fish and he did,” said Cody. “One time he pointed to a bad fishing spot for himself and put us at the good one. He was reeling them in and we didn’t catch anything.”

“His last bow kill was in May of my eighth grade year, he called me to bring the four-wheeler to him,” said Cody. “I’m thinking he killed a deer. I drive down to where we park and call him. He didn’t even say hello. He screamed. I hung up and drove to him, because I heard the [actual] scream over the phone scream. It was a 10-point buck.”

His family laughed about how Fred tried to sneak meat from game he hunted into dinners, and claimed they could always tell. Fred was good at grilling and loved veggies. He was always trying a new way to grill something.

Fred was also good with people and never met a stranger. He was a talker—Teresa said he texted her all the time. (He figured out he could text when he was hunting, so he did.) He would go to boat shows, and after walking around and talking to everyone, he’d come back home with cards and pamphlets. Sometimes, he brought home animals, such as ducks and geese.

“Fred loved snakes,” said Teresa. “Once, he sent a picture of himself with a black snake as tall as him. He’d found it in the shed. I was at work. I asked him what he did with it, and he said he put it back. That came back to hurt us later ... it ate our chicken eggs.”

Fred was larger than life, but he was also human.

His family says he laughed like a little girl, and

Tpr. Fred Guthrie spent spare time hunting and fishing. This catfish never had a chance.



he was fearful of lightning. And, Fred didn’t always have the best of luck.

“We’d just got a grill and he was trying to get it to start,” said Cody. “He dropped a match and it went ‘Pfoom!’ He turned around with black on his face and I said, ‘You have no eyebrows.’”

“One day, when Fred was driving, he looked over into a field and saw deer. Because he was looking at the deer, he drove off the road and ended up with a flat tire. When he was changing it the car fell off the jack,” said Teresa. “He got gas that day and forgot to take the pump out. When he went to the ATM, it was windy, and the cash blew away. All of this happened the same day. He didn’t have good luck, especially that day.”

“You know if he didn’t get mad he’d done it before,” said Cody. “When I got the four-wheeler stuck in the ice he came, hopped on, and got it right out. So, I knew he’d done it before.”

Fred was also a big Kenny Chesney fan, though he never got to a concert. Every time Chesney came to town Fred was working. That first year after Fred was gone, the family went to a Kenny Chesney concert together.

Tpr. Fred Guthrie Jr. was a hunter, a sportsman, a hero. He was a man all about his family ... and they still feel the same way about him.

(This tribute was written in February 2016 by Public Information Specialist III Cheryl D. Cobb, Q/PIED. Thank you to Teresa, Amber,

and Cody Guthrie for taking time to help create it. Teresa continues to work at DeLaval. Amber is in her third year teaching first grade in Weston, MO, where she also serves as an assistant basketball coach. Dylan is a junior at the University of Central Missouri studying athletic training. He plans to study chiropractic. Cody is a freshman in college majoring in corporate fitness.)



Mr. Harry Draper (Teresa's dad) joins the Guthries: Amber, Teresa, Cody, and Dylan, in this recent photo.

Over the years, Fred became a great friend to me; just as he was to everyone he worked with. We all have great memories of him. One of my favorite memories of Fred is his laugh and his loud boisterous talk. I have heard many people say he was a manly man with a "girlie" laugh, and that is so true. How can you not smile and laugh when you think of his "hee, hee, hee" laugh?

Fred lived for all of his family, but especially for his wife, Teresa, and children, Amber, Dylan, and Cody. We never worked together that he did not talk about them, and he gave me a lot of good parenting advice. He loved to watch his children play sports and was very proud of them. He didn't care what shift he had to work as long as he could make it to their game.

Fred was also a man of passion. He had passion for his job, his beliefs, and his hobbies. It was always entertaining to listen to Fred lecture someone he had just arrested for possession of drugs. He was never afraid to let someone know how he felt, and the lecture usually started with, "Now, listen."

Fred absolutely loved to spend his spare time hunting, fishing, or working out. He would always send you a picture of the deer he shot or tell you some great fishing story.

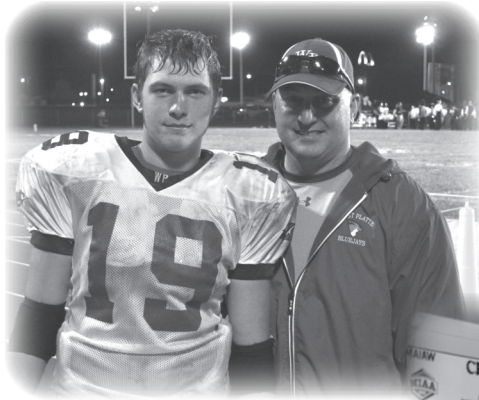
One of the things I admired most about Fred was that he was not afraid to tell you

his fears or weaknesses. There were times he was nervous with situations at work, but that never kept him from doing his job and he was never too macho to call for back-up. Fred knew my fears and weaknesses, but he never made me feel any less of an officer for them. He would always help me when I asked; offered encouragement or advice when needed.

Sergeant Bryan G. Parrott, Troop A, told me Fred was his hero because he confronted his fears. Sgt. Parrott said at SWAT school Fred had to rappel, but he was not happy about doing it. Fred did not like heights. But, because of who he was, Fred went over the edge with the rest of his team repeatedly.

Sgt. Parrott also talked about when Fred received several awards for saving a lady's life during a storm with 60 mph winds and lightning. Fred confronted his fear of lightning and put a civilian's life ahead of his.

Fred was excited to become a K-9 handler when he got Reed. He loved having a partner to work with every day. I was always entertained when I worked the Sports Show with Fred and Reed. Reed was very friendly, and there would always be a dog lover in our booth that would not stop petting him.



Tpr. Fred Guthrie and his son, Cody, snapped this shot after a football game.



Tpr. Fred Guthrie and his son, Dylan, are seen after a football game.



Tpr. Fred Guthrie and his daughter, Amber, are shown after a volleyball game.

In our line of work, your co-workers are like family. I can truly say Fred was like a brother to me. He will be greatly missed by all who knew him. I was told recently, "There is no mold for Fred Guthrie." Fred, you truly are the "ultimate river warrior," and I know you still have our backs!

(This excerpt from an article by Tpr. Kimberly Davis, Troop A, first appeared in the September/October 2011 issue of the Patrol News.)

Trooper Frederick F. Guthrie Jr. was survived by his wife, Teresa, and children, Amber, Dylan, and Cody. On August 1, 2011, Trooper Frederick F. "Fred" Guthrie Jr., (#1322), 46, of Platte City, MO, and his Patrol K-9 Reed, were assigned to Missouri River flood duty. They were working in the area of Big Lake on Missouri Highway 118 at Missouri Highway 111 in Holt County, MO, when they were apparently swept away by swift-moving floodwaters. Tpr. Guthrie joined the then-Missouri State Water Patrol on January 2, 1994, and transitioned to trooper with the merger to the Highway Patrol January 1, 2011. He was assigned to the Water

Patrol Division and worked in the Troop A area.

On Tuesday August 2, 2011, K-9 Reed's body was located in swift moving flood water approximately 100 yards from where Tpr. Guthrie's Patrol truck and boat were located. Tpr. Guthrie's K-9, Reed, was a five-year veteran with the Patrol.

On September 28, 2011, Colonel Ron Replogle, superintendent of the Missouri State Highway Patrol, regretfully announced the official death of Tpr. Frederick "Fred" F. Guthrie Jr. This announcement followed the issuance of Letters of Independent Administration by Platte County Associate Circuit Judge James Van Amburg to Tpr. Guthrie's spouse, Mrs. Teresa Guthrie. Judge Van Amburg issued the letters after hearing evidence and declaring that Tpr. Guthrie was killed in the line of duty on August 1, 2011. On December 14, 2011, a Patrol memorial service was held. On January 12, 2012, Tpr. Guthrie's body was found south of where K-9 Reed was recovered.

Tpr. Guthrie was the 30th member of the Patrol to make the Ultimate Sacrifice.