

Kevin November 7<sup>th</sup> 2021

The man I knew,

For many years Kevin and I were never far apart during our police careers. Kevin was always a detective for as long as I was a police officer.

As a Constable, I first meet Kevin when I was a Vice squad officer inspecting drinking spots in the West Island. Of course, these spots were not problem establishments as police presence always reduce crime.

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Later, as a patrol sergeant, he would process the customers arrested by members of my team.

Eventually I got to be a sergeant detective and worked with him on many interesting cases, some as far away as Pointe St-Charles.

When en route to meet a victim or suspect, Kevin would always be ready to take notes, especially the numbers on the rear doors of a tractor trailer that he would later in the day use on a lottery ticket. I must admit he did win a few times that's for sure.

Fast forward a few years and I am back at station 13 but now I am Kevin's boss. Times were changing and I pointed out that a shot of scotch at the office was no longer the way to go. The small office fridge would have to go just in case management would pay us a visit and notice it held more than office coffee cream. Of course Kevin had a solution, place a lock on that fridge door and put it in the garage ten feet away, No harm done.

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Kevin was a man who always had a joy of life but let me tell you one day he was first detective on a call that took the smile from his face. Kevin and his partner had walked into an office in Lachine coming face to face with a cowboy from Ontario wishing to blow up the offices and the management of a company that had cheated him out of a lot of money. Now you all know Kevin well enough to know how he was able to talk to anyone on their level, eye to eye, within a short time that cowboy had let go of a trigger device he was holding in one hand and the release of the shot gun he had in the other. They walked out of the building the suspect still wearing a few pounds of explosives around his chest. Waiting outside was a small army of SWAT team members, a command post and high-ranking officers still planning on what to do. Was it by the book, certainly not, did the employees and management go home safe, yes they did.

Kevin always took care of those who were alone in life, making sure a few of us would go with him when a veteran was laid to rest at “the last post”, it was always an honour to be there.

The biggest change for all the detectives was the closing of our local offices and relocation into a huge one room investigation center. The higher ups would tell us we were all one big team from now on. That was fine on paper but one night directly behind Kevin desk a three inch blue line was taped on the floor. Fellow detectives were then instructed to respect that line and stay out unless invited. This did not go well with management and until this day no one has ever found out how that line got there. I think there was even talk of a reward to locate the person who would dare do such a thing. At times, years afterwards, I would address the subject with Kevin, when he would look me in the eye and say “I just do not know Wayne, really”.

All the years I worked with Kevin I never experienced him being absent from the job nor arrive late. I would however, judge his mood by the reddish complexion of Kevin face. I guess it had to do with the weather.

Kevin certainly left his mark on me and so many others who have had the pleasure just having known this man.

Wayne Houlzet