



## Carl Austin Robison

July 9, 1927 - September 6, 2022

It is with great sorrow that the family of Carl Robison announces his passing on September 06, 2022. Carl suffered a hemorrhagic stroke and suddenly passed.

Carl was born July 09, 1927 in Atlanta, Tx to Roy and Lorene Robison. Carl was the fourth of five children. He had one brother and three sisters. All of which preceded him in death. Carl was also preceded in death by one daughter-Donna Huddleston.

Carl spent a short amount of time in the Navy. He began working for Western Union at the age of 17 and worked there until he was fully retired after 40 years. Carl enjoyed being outside: hunting, fishing, gardening, camping, farming, dancing, country music, shuffle board competitions and climbing trees. He loved cutting and trimming trees and climbed his last one at the age of 89.

He met his love Barbara Boland in 1997. The two were inseparable. Between the two they had a loving family with the following children: Sandra Robison of Houston, TX, Victor Robison of Thailand, Cindy Robison of Uvalde, TX, Michael Eaglin and wife Pauline of Brazil, IN, Treena Smith and Husband Robert of Montgomery, TX, Letha Knauss of Brazil, IN, and Butch Eaglin and wife Misty of Montgomery, TX.

In addition to his children, he is survived by numerous grandchildren and great grandchildren.

A memorial service will be held on Saturday, September 17th at 1PM in the Chapel of Sam Houston Memorial Funeral Home, Montgomery, Texas. You may leave written memorials to her family at [www.shmfh.com](http://www.shmfh.com)

# Previous Events

## Memorial Service

SEP 17. 1:00 PM - 2:00 PM (CT)

Sam Houston Memorial Funeral Home - Montgomery  
20850 Eva. St.  
Montgomery, TX 77356

# Tribute Wall



“ *Carl Austin Robison*

November 15, 2022 at 08:33 PM



Michael  
Cruse

“ *Carl was my Father's longest, best friend. I grew up thinking of Carl as an Uncle. Dad and Carl spent a lot of time hunting together in the Sam Houston National Forest, trips to Colorado, fishing, etc. As a child/teen, I was leary of walking in the woods alone. When I was around 12 or 13 years old, Carl asked Dad if I could go hunting with him in the Davey Crocket National Forest. It was uber cold that weekend. The ponds were frozen over thick enough to walk across. We hunted Saturday evening. He waked me in to my spot and then went on to his. If you ever hunted with Carl in those years, it was never a short walk. At dusk, he came and scooped me up and we went back to camp. We woke up very early on Sunday morning and Carl made us a huge breakfast. Eggs, sausage, bacon, biscuits...the works. Carl walked me back to the same spot and then went on to his. It was typical of Carl and my Father to hunt til about 10:30 or 11:00, then they would come get me. 10:30 came, no Carl. 11:00 came, no Carl. 11:30, no Carl. 12:00, no Carl. It became eveident to me that he had purposefully left me to find my way back to camp on my own. It took me a long time. I was scared. I was lost, but eventually I made my way back. Dad will not admit it, but I believe that they conspired on this life lesson. The last time that I saw Carl in person I was 27 years old...that was 1996. He was a good man. He loved the outdoors. I will always remember him! Prayers and condolences to his family. Deepest regards, Michael Cruse*

Michael Cruse - September 17, 2022 at 03:40 PM