



Verlon Don Robinson

January 9, 1942 - June 4, 2020

Holding the hand of his wife, to whom he was married for 55 years, Verlon Don Robinson passed away peacefully in his sleep on June 4th at the age of 78. Don finally succumbed to cancer, but only after beating it multiple times and bravely battling it all the way to the end.

He is survived by his wife, Shirley (Hyde) Robinson, and their two children - Tracy (Wes) Fletcher and Steven Robinson. He is also survived by six grandchildren - Whitney (Jeff) Payne, Alex Roubidoux, Eric Roubidoux, Nic Roubidoux, Kyle Roubidoux, and Olivia Roubidoux, and by three great-grandchildren - Addie, Reagan, and Beckett.

Don was born in Rector, Arkansas on January 9, 1942, the son of the late Paul Robinson and the late Ruby (Cupp) Robinson. He was preceded in death by brothers Sherrill, Danny, & Mickey Robinson and by a sister, Greta Caldwell . He is survived by brothers Alan & Barry Robinson, by sisters Pauletta Farmer, Sheila Whaley, Chris Smreker, and Vickey Willhelm, and by numerous nieces & nephews.

Don served in the United States Army before spending much of his career as a machinist & Shop Foreman at Omega Tool Company in St. Louis. He & Shirley spent most of their marriage living in Festus, Missouri before relocating to Collierville, Tennessee after retirement.

Don will be remembered by many for his hobby of rebuilding old cars & lawn mowers and for the pride he took in meticulously caring for his house & yard. Those who knew him well will also remember his sense of humor, his love of NASCAR racing, and his willingness to help his friends & neighbors. Those who knew him best will remember how hard he worked to provide for his family, how much he worried about them, how much he gave & how little he asked for in return. They will remember how eagerly he shared his laugh and how hard he fought to shield them from his pain. Mostly, they will remember how much love they received from him, occasionally in his words but more often in his actions. They will remember all of these things...and they will miss him dearly.

The family would like to acknowledge the care Don received from the wonderful people at West Cancer Center in Germantown, TN. The family asks that you consider making a contribution in Don's name to the West Cancer Foundation through the foundation's website: www.westcancerfoundation.org.

Tribute Wall

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“ I’ve dealt with loss before but this one is different. I’ve been fortunate enough to have my close family members around all my life and to lose someone I was so close to really hurts. There is so much I already miss about him but there is also a lot I will never forget. He was a very simple man. He loved his short sleeve button down shirts and his Levi jeans. Die hard Jeff Gordon fan and I don’t think he ever enjoyed the sport as much once Jeff retired. He was the kind of guy that would watch a sporting event just because I was in attendance or we had been talking about it. His favorite hobby was to pick up broken down lawn mowers from around town and fix them back up. He also couldn’t be away from the house for more than 90 minutes (guess he thought it might get stolen or something 🤖👤♂).

Papa will always be a hero of mine. I know he wasn’t perfect but to me he was. In my eyes, he could do no wrong. He showed not only me but all of us grandkids so much love. He had such a great sense of humor. I remember the first time we got him setup with an email account. The next day, I receive an email from him with the subject ‘Check Out This Duck’. Of course, I open it up and it’s this topless girl in front of a lake with a little bitty duck behind her. He introduced me to my first celebrity crush, Jennifer Lopez. He showed up to the house one day all excited and he got me one of those huge posters from Walmart to put in my closet (my mom not exactly pleased at the time). He loved coming over for family dinners on Sunday night, but he rather be kicked than play a board game with everyone.

I knew I had his unconditional support at all times. More recently in life we have had each other’s backs. He was always willing to take me to and from doctors appointments and I would do the same. When I first found out about his cancer diagnosis, I knew I had to be there. Fortunately, work let me go remote for a couple weeks to be there and get him setup with all his doctors and medications. Teaching him how to use a pill organizer shaved years off my life. It killed me to go back to New York City but one thing that did give me some peace was the way American Cancer Society jumped in to

help us all out. They provided rides to and from the clinic each day for his treatments and gave my grandma a resource to call if she ever needed anything. Honestly, I'm not sure if he would have fought it without them. We thought he beat it. Earlier this year, he was in remission to find out it had come back. Not being able to get to see him due to the pandemic has been hard. I know he knows I love him and I'm going to miss him so much.

Alex Roubidoux - June 29, 2020 at 12:07 AM