



# Barbara Ann Robinson

MAR 11, 1941 - MAY 22, 2021



Scan to Visit



# Table of Contents

<b>Obituary</b> .....	Page 3
<b>Events</b> .....	Page 5
<b>Tribute Wall</b> .....	Page 6
<b>Media</b> .....	Page 12



# Barbara Ann Robinson

MAR 11, 1941 - MAY 22, 2021

**B**arbara Ann Robinson was born in Alhambra, California on March 11, 1941 to proud parents Reverend Earl J. Autry and Lula Mae Murphy (both deceased). She passed away peacefully at her residence in San Diego, California on May 22, 2021 at the age of 80. She is preceded by her five children.

Barbara retired from the Naval Training Center Exchange after 20 years of service as a Retail Supervisor. Her colleagues knew her as a kind soul and strict disciplinarian. Her second retirement spanned 10 years as a San Diego County School Bus Driver. Barbara selflessness also contributed to the care and welfare of 10 foster children.

Determination was her focus and dictated her path. She was dedicated and devoted to wherever her emotions led. She was honest enough to tell you what you didn't want to hear; yet patient only when your point was expressed clearly and sensibly. Barbara was versatile when producing a quick meal, or creating at a gourmet chef level. As a creative gardener, her flowers and plants surrounded her with beauty she desired. Not only were these attributes mastered as a skill. These were her strengths. The most profound was that Barbara instilled these in her five Daughters. These Ladies were empowered to be strong, stay focused with a tenacity to achieve whatever goal they sought. To be pioneers and lead, not follow. To stand up for their convictions and be self-reliant. Above all, be proud! That was Barbara's expectation for her girls – and she required nothing less.

She was very critical of herself and others, which made reaching out and asking for assistance difficult. Barbara was a woman who prided herself on solving her own problems – quietly and secretly. Her love for life never wavered.

Barbara leaves to cherish her memory her children: Latresa Wilkerson, Tresala Wilkerson,



## Obituary

**Barbara Ann Robinson**

MAR 11, 1941 - MAY 22, 2021

---

Roxanne Nwoye, Rosalyn Casas, Kristi Melson; 10 grandchildren (2 deceased); 7 great-grandchildren.

### A Special Thank You

To Greenwood Memorial Park J. Francisco Pinedo, thank you for your support, attentiveness, comfort and prayers during this difficult time.

### Acknowledgements

It is with the deepest love and appreciation that we thank you for your support during this sad time in our lives. Your many telephone calls, texts, visits and prayers are helping us through this most difficult transition. We ask that you continue to lift our family up in prayer.

### Interment

JUNE 18, 2021 at 2:15 PM





# Events


**Barbara Ann Robinson**

MAR 11, 1941 - MAY 22, 2021

## Visitation


 **Friday**, June 18, 2021

 12:00 PM - 1:00 PM PT


 **Greenwood Memorial Park - Salli Lynn Chapel**  
4300 Imperial Ave., San Diego CA 92113

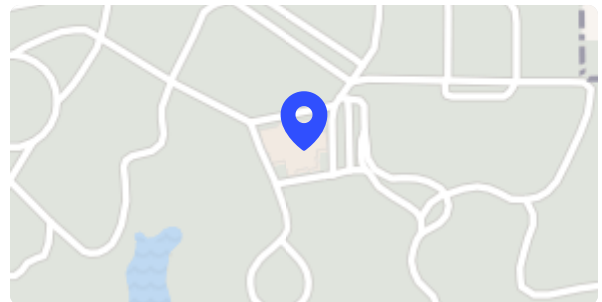


## FUNERAL SERVICE

 **Friday**, June 18, 2021

 1:00 PM - 2:00 PM PT


 **Greenwood Memorial Park - Salli Lynn Chapel**  
4300 Imperial Ave., San Diego CA 92113

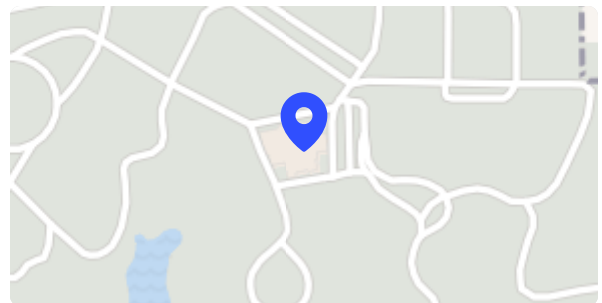


## Interment


 **Friday**, June 18, 2021


 2:15 PM - 3:15 PM PT

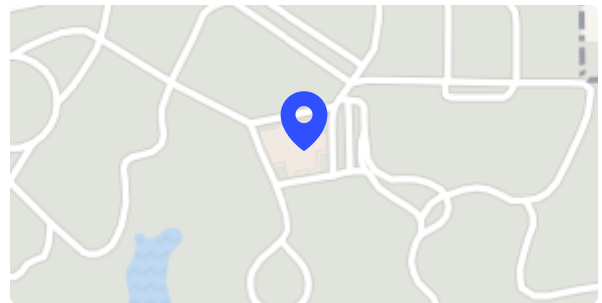
 **Greenwood Memorial Park**  
4300 Imperial Avenue, San Diego CA 92113



## Cemetery Details

 **Greenwood Memorial Park**  
4300 Imperial Avenue, San Diego CA 92113

 **(619) 450-1479**





## Tribute Wall

**Barbara Ann Robinson**

MAR 11, 1941 - MAY 22, 2021



**Burnadette Jackson** posted:

Mama Barbara cared so much, yet she can only see her version of the relationships she had with her family. She cared so much about being in control. Yet, she couldn't control the outcome of any of the happiness, the sadness, the anger, the frustration and confusion, or the emotional side of her children. Barbara cared so much that no excuses were made when she decided to reach out and offer monetary gifts or toys to family members. If you called to thank her or ask why, she'd tell you, "don't worry about it, either you want the money or you don't". If she loaned you money, the repay needed to be in the same denominations she gave you. She cared so much that quite often she distanced herself from the ones that she needed the most. No matter the life experiences, deep down inside, mama Barbara never stopped loving. If she did not love, she would not have consistently complained about love. That was where her compassion shined through. No matter what happened throughout her lifetime with family and friends, she was our Mother. The one thing that cannot be taken away is that no matter how painful or sorrowful life had been at times, she remained silent to most people. Like they say in the store, some purchases are "as is". That was mama Barbara, You had to take her at face value. You may not have liked what she said at times, she may have angered you, she may have even hurt you so profoundly, it seemed as if it was to the core, but she was our Mom. Mama Barbara collected ceramic and clay frogs. Those that knew her, realized that these frogs were all over the place, in the yard, in each room in the house and in her jewelry. Anything she saw in the store that had a frog insignia was purchasable. Probably about 25 years ago, I asked why there were so many frogs. She stated, "if I kiss enough frogs, I may find my Prince". I'm now in possession of a few of those frogs. I'm taking mama Barbara at her word. Maybe my Prince Charming has yet to arrive. With all of our frailties and vulnerabilities, we still strive to be better people each day. Our life lesson is that it is never too late. I'll always love you and think about you Mama. With Sadness, Gail Jackson

Life Is Forever, Death Is A Dream  
 If we did not go to sleep at night  
 We'd never awaken to see the light  
 And the joy of watching a new day break  
 Or meeting the dawn by some quiet lake,  
 Would never be ours unless we slept  
 While God and all His angels kept  
 A vigil through this "little death"  
 That's over with the morning's breath.  
 And death to, is a time of sleeping  
 For those who died are in God's keeping  
 And there's a sunrise for each soul,  
 For life, not death is God's promised goal.  
 So trust God's promise and doubt Him never,  
 For only through death can we live forever!

June 19 at 11:49 AM



**Gayle Dean** posted:

To the Barbara Ann Robinson family her daughter's it was just a humble pleasure for me be part of your family and get to know your mama is like a mom I'm in loss words that mother of yours you couldn't even describe her she was in her own world she did her own thing she didn't care what nobody thought and I liked her for that and I want to be like that when I grow up to she would be forever in my heart love and kisses to the family

June 19 at 2:19 AM



## Tribute Wall

**Barbara Ann Robinson**

MAR 11, 1941 - MAY 22, 2021



**Burnadette Jackson** shared an album called **The Best of Times**.



June 18 at 3:23 AM



**Burnadette Jackson** June 18 at 3:26 AM

This is one of many of the Best of Times with Mama Barbara and Mama Flo. Best friends sharing a moment in the front of Caesars' Palace & Casino



TW

**Tresela Wilkerson** posted:

Throughout the course of my career, I've resided in many cities, states and one country. No matter the distance, I've traveled annually to Las Vegas on Mother's Day for over two decades. My Mother Florelle was in a bowling league, so me and my other mother Barbara had a chance to visit. Like clockwork, the Ladies could depend on me presenting them both with a card (money included) and a box of See's candies (nuts and chews). Mother Flo enjoyed her gambling. She considered it a craft. The craft was something that took all of Flo's time, with no interruptions. Mother Flo was always somewhere else, lost in her world of thinking this was the year she would break the Vegas bank. It was always Mother Barbara who had religiously met me at the front door of the hotel when I arrived. We considered the Las Vegas weekend a time to catch up and just enjoy our time together. Both of my mothers were lucky on the slots. On the other hand, I was not. I remember I was assigned to getting drink orders, getting food orders, or just sitting and guarding their one-arm bandits until they returned from the restroom. I have fond memories of Mother Barbara and I checking our watches so that at precisely 8:45 we would head up to the hotel room. We never missed a Friday night of Walker, Texas Ranger which aired at 9 PM. Each of you would think that any type of food was available at any time in Vegas. My mom and Barbara were avid cooks and would bring four different coolers with them on the bus stocked with deli meats, cheeses, pork chops, chicken, potato salad, varieties of bread, all the condiments, lettuce, tomatoes, and anything you can think of or what you may want in a sandwich or for a meal. There was another cooler with the liquors, consisting of vodka, tequila, rum, wine coolers, beer, sodas, and water. Then one cooler contained a variety of chips, jars or hot sausage, hot okra, pickled pig's feet and deviled eggs. For me personally, I never admitted to either of them, but I thought that this was the best part of the weekend. I would sit there and place my order for a sandwich on rye and whether it was roast beef or ham or chicken with red onions - it was whatever I wanted. This was truly quite a spread. Saturday morning would be the excursion to Downtown Las Vegas. After breakfast, Mama Flo would walk across the street to the 4 Queens. The slots were calling her name. Mama Barbara and I would walk through Woolworths, touching souvenirs, but finally purchasing lotions, soap, or oils. Mama Flo found this behavior to be odd. She'd always tell us we waste our money, then ask, "Why do you two travel to another State to buy trinkets and stuff you can buy in California"? Mama Barbara would reply, "Don't worry about how we spend our money, just focus on your own!". Mama Barbara was there for me when my mom passed away in 2000. She called and checked on me, she spoke kind words, she reminded me of the crazier times shared as the three Musketeers in Las Vegas. But don't be fooled, she also complained. She complained about the weather, family, children, and money. Any and everything there is to complain about. I knew so much about her life as she knew about mine. I knew about her family. I knew about her children. I knew about what made her sad, what would make her happy, what made her angry and why she was frustrated. After all these revelations, I knew she deeply loved. Mama Barbara was one of those that was very passionate, that's the word I'll use. She cared so much, yet she can only see her version of the relationships she had with her family. She cared so much about being in control. Yet, she couldn't control the outcome of any of the happiness, the sadness, the anger, the frustration and confusion, or the emotional side of her children. Barbara cared so much that no excuses were made when she decided to reach out and offer monetary gifts or toys to family members. If you called to thank her or ask why, she'd tell you, "don't wor



# Tribute Wall

**Barbara Ann Robinson**

MAR 11, 1941 - MAY 22, 2021



June 15 at 1:17 PM



**Anonymous** sent a Beautiful in Blue to the Robinson family.



June 16 at 1:34 AM



**Latresa Wilkerson** posted:

Throughout the course of my career, I've resided in many cities, states and one country. No matter the distance, I've traveled annually to Las Vegas on Mother's Day for over two decades. My Mother Florelle was in a bowling league, so me and my other mother Barbara had a chance to visit. Like clockwork, the Ladies could depend on me presenting them both with a card (money included) and a box of See's candies (nuts and chews). Mother Flo enjoyed her gambling. She considered it a craft. The craft was something that took all of Flo's time, with no interruptions. Mother Flo was always somewhere else, lost in her world of thinking this was the year she would break the Vegas bank. It was always mother Barbara who had religiously met me at the front door of the hotel when I arrived. We considered the Las Vegas weekend a time to catch up and just enjoy our time together. Both of my mothers were lucky on the slots. On the other hand, I was not. I remember I was assigned to getting drink orders, getting food orders or just sitting and guarding their one arm bandits until they returned from the restroom. I have fond memories of Mother Barbara and I checking our watches so that at precisely 8:45 we would head up to the hotel room. We never missed a Friday night of Walker, Texas Ranger which aired at 9 PM. Each of you would think that any type of food was available at any time in Vegas. Would you wouldn't of knowis that my mom and Barbara were avid cooks and would bring four different coolers with them on the bus stocked with deli meats, cheeses, pork chops, chicken, potato salad, varieties of bread, all the condiments, lettuce, tomatoes and anything you can think of or what you may want in a sandwich or for a meal. There were another cooler with the liquors, consisting of vodka, tequila, rum, wine coolers, beer, sodas, and water. Then one cooler contained a variety of chips, jars or hotsausage, hot okra, pickled pigs feet and deviled eggs. For me personally, I never admitted to either of them, but I thought that this was the best part of the weekend. I would sit there and place my order for a sandwich on rye and whether it was roast beef or ham or chicken with red onions - it was whatever I wanted. This was truly quite a spread. Saturday morning would be the excursion to Downtown Las Vegas. After breakfast, Mama Flo would walk across the street to the 4 Queens. The slots were calling her name. Mama Barbara and I would walk through Woolworths, touching souvenirs, but finally purchasing lotions, soap or oils. Mama Flo found this behavior to be odd. She'd always tell us we waste our money, then ask, "Why do you two travel to another State to buy trinkets and stuff you can buy in California"? Mama Barbara would reply, "Don't worry about how we spend our money, just focus on your own!". Mama Barbara was there for me when my mom passed away in 2000. She called and checked on me, she spoke kind words, she reminded me of the crazier times shared as the three Musketeers in Las Vegas. But don't be fooled, she also complained. She complained about the weather, family, children and money. Any and everything there is to complain about. I knew so much about her life as she knew about mine. I knew about her family. I knew about her children . I knew about what made her sad, what would make her happy, what made her angry and why she was frustrated. After all these revelations, I knew she deeply loved. Mama Barbara was one of those that was very passionate, that's the word I'll use. She cared so much, yet she can only see her version of the relationships she had with her family. She cared so much about being in control. Yet, she couldn't control the outcome of any of the happiness, the sadness, the anger, the frustration and confusion, or the emotional side of her children. Barbara cared so much that no excuses were made when she decided to reach out and offer monetary gifts or toys to family members. If you cal



## Tribute Wall

**Barbara Ann Robinson**

MAR 11, 1941 - MAY 22, 2021

---

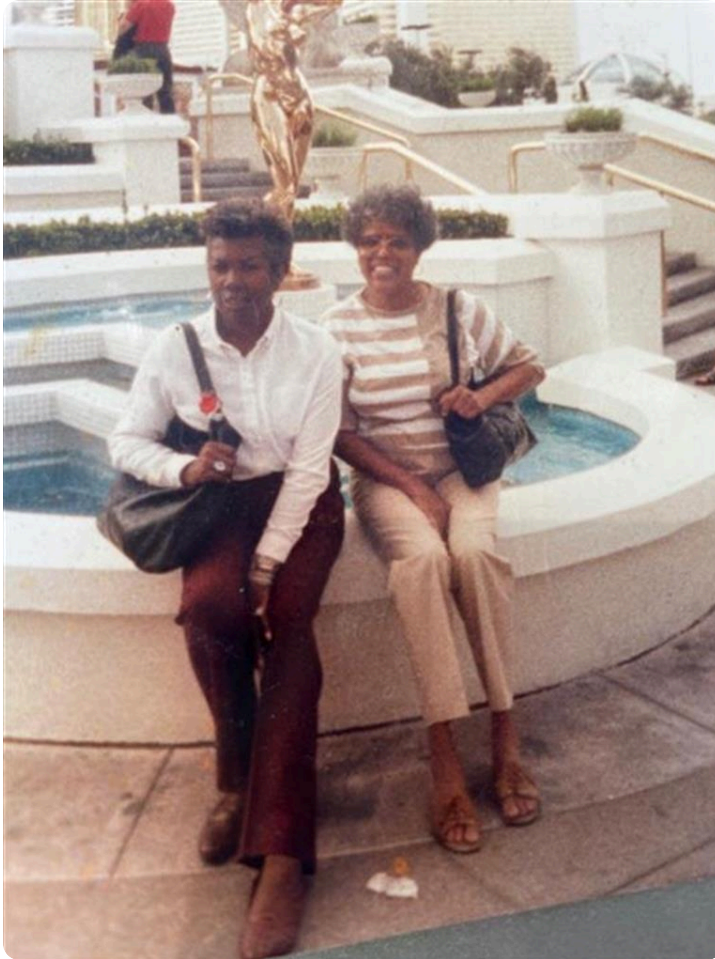


June 15 at 1:17 PM



**Burnadette Jackson** shared a photo to the **The Best of Times** album.

June 18 at 3:23 AM



**Barbara & Flo in Las Vegas**



# Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Barbara by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



Scan to Visit

