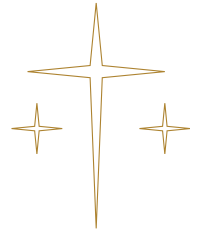
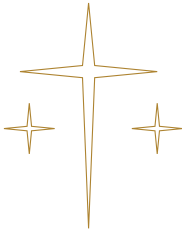




IN LOVING MEMORY



ANTHONY S. ROBERTSON

February 15, 1961 - December 9, 2024



Obituary

Anthony Steven “Tony” Robertson
February 15, 1961 – December 9, 2024

Anthony Steven “Tony” Robertson, beloved father, grandfather, and community servant, passed away at the age of 63. Born on February 15, 1961, at St. Mary’s Hospital in Port Arthur, Texas, Tony’s life was a testament to faith, family, and service.



Tony graduated from Forest Brook High School in Houston, Texas, and participated in the ROTC (Reserve Officers’ Training Corps), which ignited his passion for service and leadership. He later attended the police academy in Oklahoma, where he would go on to make history as Claremore’s first Black police officer in 1985. His 20-year career in law enforcement was marked by dedication, professionalism, and a deep commitment to serving his community.

Tony was a devoted father to his sons and a proud grandfather, cherishing every moment with his grandchildren. He was also a loving brother to Charlotte, Reginald, Latessa, and Elijah, and a cherished uncle to his nieces and nephews. Tony is survived by his loving mother, Barbara Charles. He was preceded in death by his fathers, Presley and Sydney, and his son, Joshua Robertson. Tony leaves behind a family deeply grateful for his love and legacy.

Known for his love of baseball, Tony was fondly remembered for his signature phrase, “Shake a leg,” during games. His commitment to his community extended to organizing Toys for Tots drives and participating in local town parades.

Tony was deeply dedicated to his church family at Charity Tabernacle, where he faithfully served for over 40 years. Over the decades, Tony held various roles within the church, including deacon, usher, song leader, and minister. His heartfelt prayers, powerful words of encouragement, and unwavering faith made him a pillar of the congregation, inspiring countless lives with his service and leadership.

Tony will be remembered for his humor, his love for family, and his tireless service to others. His legacy of faith, compassion, and dedication will forever live on in the hearts of those he touched.





Order Of Service

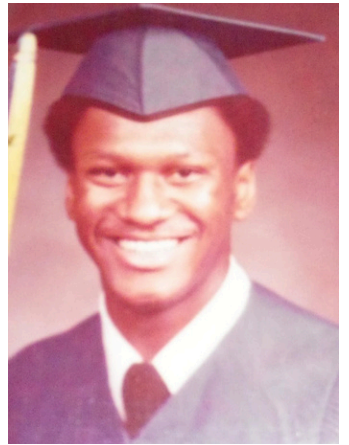
Greetings and Opening Prayer	Pastor Nathaniel Goyco
Scripture Reading: Psalm 23:1-6	Pastor Nathaniel Goyco
Prayer	Pastor Nathaniel Goyco
Songs of Worship	Ely Ayertey
Reading of the Obituary	Elijah Charles
In Memoriam	Video Presentation
Songs of Worship	Ely Ayertey
Special Expressions	Gabriel Robertson Reginald Robertson Pastor Nathaniel Goyco

Special Tribute from Charity Tabernacle

Transition (Back to Pennsylvania)

Songs of Worship.....	Ely Ayertey
Closing Prayer.....	David Puma







Letters From US



There are no words to express the loss I feel for my brother—a strong warrior and a soldier of faith. Your strength, fortitude, and devotion to your family were truly overwhelming. You showed me a strength that helped me grow into a better Christian and parent. You stood tall, like a pillar, in every trial—a time-tested memorial of unwavering faith. I'm so grateful to have spent my life knowing you as my double brother.

Your laughter was contagious, and your quick-witted jokes, often made up on the spot, brought us so much joy and laughter. Your faith was solid and steadfast. Seeing you in pain over the last year was heartbreaking, but knowing you are now at peace, free from pain, brings me comfort, my sweet brother. You are finally at your true home, surrounded by the loved ones who have gone before, waiting for the day we will be reunited.

This statement from John Wesley perfectly captures your spirit—it was special to you, and I feel it reflects you so beautifully:

"I have thought I am a creature of a day, passing through life as an arrow through the air. I am a spirit come from God and returning to God; just hovering over the great gulf, till a few moments hence I am no more seen. I drop into an unchangeable eternity! I want to know one thing, the way to heaven—how to land safe on that happy shore. God himself has condescended to teach the way: for this very end he came from heaven. He hath written it down in a book. O give me that book! At any price, give me the Book of God! I have it. Here is knowledge enough for me." — John Wesley

With all my love,
Your Sissy,
Charlotte

Your Family

When I think about Tony, I think about what he stood for. He stood firm in his beliefs and never wavered. He faced adversities like racism on both sides, being the first Black cop in a small town, all while being a single dad to three boys. Despite everything, he also became a father figure to me. Being much older, he stepped in when my dad was away or working second shifts, helping me with sports or working on my car. I loved hearing his cop stories. I'd mention someone from Claremore, and he'd say, "I had to fight him one time," or joke, "He can't bust a grape." I'd also tease him about not eating Raisin Bran. He told me it was because, as a kid, he once left a bowl in the refrigerator after eating part of it, and a week later, my dad made him finish it.

Mark, David, and I used to laugh so much about the cheap "bag" cereal he bought. I'll never forget one called "King Vitamin" — we always joked about that.

When he worked as police security at my high school, I always felt safe seeing him there.

As I got older, he'd visit Oklahoma and stay at my house. I'll miss the talks we had during those visits. I'd offer him an extra bed, but he'd always insist on sleeping on the air mattress he brought. That always made me smile.

Your loving Brother — **Elijah**



Letters From US



Your Family

Some of my most vivid memories of Tony go back to my childhood in Houston. I remember one day, out of the blue, he decided it was time for me to learn to ride a bike without training wheels. No warning—just, “Let’s go!” He took me to a nearby park and patiently taught me how to ride. I must have been around seven years old, and I’ll never forget that day.

Another memory that always makes me laugh is when Tony and Reggie took me crabbing when I was about nine. I couldn’t swim, and at some point, I slipped while checking the bait. I panicked, flailing around like I was drowning, while they stood there laughing hysterically. They knew I was being dramatic and would never actually let me drown, but they couldn’t stop laughing about it all the way home. I was mad at the time, but over the years, it became one of those stories we’d laugh about again and again.

Tony loved his family deeply and never missed an opportunity to show it. He’d often send me pictures of Mark, Joshua, Roman, David, and Miles, and even shared sonograms of one of his grandsons. “Found out today it’s a boy!” he wrote—he was so proud to be a grandpa. He used to say, “My buttons are popping!” He’d keep me updated with photos whenever he could. During the pandemic, he sent me spiritual quotes and worship songs to keep us both uplifted, always thinking of ways to spread love and encouragement.

Tony had a playful side, too. He loved teasing me and my husband, Darryn. Despite the years I’d been married, he still called me “Tessa Charles” (my maiden name) and nicknamed Darryn “Tyrone.” “Tell Tyrone I said hi!” he’d joke, and it always made me laugh. That was Tony’s way of showing love—through his unique humor and wit.

I’ll never forget our last conversation on Sunday, December 8. It was short but unforgettable. Tony said, “I love you, sis, and I’ll see you in Glory!” I’m so grateful I had the chance to say, “I love you, too, and I’ll see you there.”

Your loving Sister - **Latessa**

We miss you so much, and we think about you every day. You were always there for us, like a steady stream of love that never stopped flowing. When we think about your life, we imagine the path you walked, each step showing your strength, kindness, and love for everyone around you.

Mommy and Daddy told us that God walked with you every step of the way. In the happiest moments, you and God walked side by side. But during the hardest times, there was only one set of footprints because God was carrying you. That makes us feel better, knowing you were never alone, even when life was tough.

Your love and wisdom still guide us. Even though we can’t see you anymore, we feel you in everything we do. When we’re kind to others, when we try our best, and when we stick together as a family, it’s like you’re right here with us, cheering us on.

Thank you, Papa, for all the love you gave us and the memories we’ll keep forever. You showed us how to live with courage and care, and we’ll do our best to follow in your footsteps. Your legacy is something we will carry in our hearts forever.

We love you, Papa - **Miles, Luca, and Roman**



Letters From US



What can I say about my brother, a mighty man of valor, who taught me so much about respect and treating others the way you want to be treated? One of the most profound influences he had on my life happened when I was 13. We had just returned from spending time with our grandparents in Port Arthur, Texas, and I had started playing football at school. During practice, the players and coaches kept saying that to succeed, we had to be mean and aggressive.

One day after practice, I decided to put those qualities to the test—on Tony. We started playing basketball, and, as usual, he beat me. Being the oldest, I couldn't handle losing, so I told him I was going to "fix him." Tony, being Tony, took off running, jumped into the car, and locked the doors. I was outside screaming at the top of my lungs, using every choice word I could think of, pounding on the car, and circling it like a madman for 15 minutes. Finally, I stopped, exhausted.

Tony rolled the window down just a crack, looked at me calmly, and said, "Are you finished?" His calmness caught me off guard. I just stared at him, speechless but still determined. "I'm still gonna fix you," I muttered. He then opened the car door, but before I could react, he said, "I'm gonna tell Mom and Press what you said," and pulled out a tape recorder. To my horror, he had recorded every word I'd yelled—all the anger, cursing, and hatred.

As he headed toward the house, I panicked. If Mom heard that tape, I was done for. I yelled after him, "Tony! I'm delivered!" He stopped, looked back at me, and laughed. From that day forward, the memory of that recorder stayed with me. It became a turning point in our relationship—we weren't just brothers anymore, but the best of friends. That moment changed everything, and our bond blossomed.

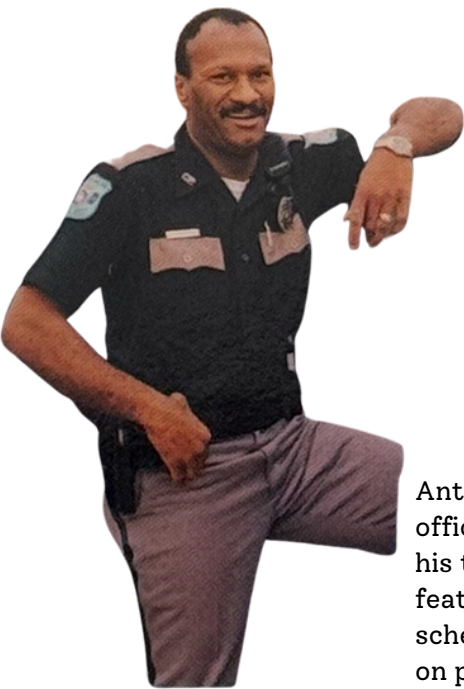
Tony had a unique way of turning bad situations into life lessons. He communicated with such humility and sincerity, qualities that followed him throughout his life. As a policeman, he solved conflicts with families by speaking to them with love and compassion. And when he ministered to his church family, he conveyed God's love and goodness in everything he did. God bless you, my brother, for the impact you had on my life. I will always cherish the lessons, the laughter, and the love you shared with me and everyone around you.

Your loving Brother - **Reggie**

Dad raised us with an unshakable foundation of values, teaching us what it means to be leaders. He demonstrated the meaning of service over self—working tirelessly, often holding three jobs, to provide us with a chance at a better life. Despite life's challenges, he never gave up. He stood firm in his beliefs and instilled in us the importance of doing the same, often reminding us to hold ourselves to a higher standard and asking, "Are you a liability or an asset to society?" His unwavering commitment to God, family, and faith made him a true hero in our lives. In a world that often prioritizes self-interest, Dad chose to sacrifice for something greater—his children and his faith. He lived by the principle of putting God first, family second, and himself last. Dad was the anchor of our family, and while we will forever miss him, his values and lessons will live on through us as we honor his name with our actions and the life lessons he so generously gave us.

We Love you, Dad - **Mark, David and Josh**

Your Family



BEHIND THE BADGE

A Spotlight on Anthony "Tony" Robertson

Anthony "Tony" Robertson, now retired, is remembered not only as an exceptional officer but also as a man defined by far more than the badge and brass he wore during his tenure. Tony stood out as an incredible father, raising three boys on his own—a feat that speaks volumes about his character and resilience. Balancing the demanding schedule of law enforcement, with its rigorous three-month rotations, Tony also took on part-time jobs to ensure his children were well provided for, exemplifying selfless dedication.

For those who had the privilege of working alongside him, Tony left a lasting impression—a legacy that resonates long after the moments were shared. One dispatcher fondly recalls him as a "Man of Miracles," a title earned through the weekly displays of favor and grace that seemed to follow him. Tony's deep faith in God was apparent in his actions and words. Never ashamed to speak openly about his beliefs, he often quoted scripture and carried himself with integrity. His language was always respectful, and his demeanor consistently professional, even in the high-pressure environment of the police department.

One of the most remarkable aspects of Tony's life was his unwavering commitment to his faith, even amid his many responsibilities. Despite a packed schedule that included police work and additional part-time jobs—primarily at a bank—Tony never missed church on Sundays. He managed this feat with grace, bringing his three young sons, all impeccably dressed in suits, to the police department on their way to worship.

Tony's sons, polite and well-mannered, would visit the dispatcher's desk, often inspiring smiles as they admired the drawings she created for them, usually of baseball themes. Dressed in their Sunday best, the boys reflected the values their father instilled in them: respect, faith, and the importance of presenting oneself with pride. Tony himself was equally well-dressed, often sporting a Panama hat and leather woven dress shoes that perfectly complemented his pressed slacks and neat shirts. His pride in his sons was evident, and his dedication to teaching them to prioritize faith was nothing short of inspiring.

The dispatcher recalls how Tony's presence left a profound impact. He was not just badge number 73 or a voice on the radio; he was a devoted father, tireless worker, faithful believer, and cherished friend. His ability to juggle so many roles while maintaining his commitment to God was, in itself, a miracle—a testament to his unwavering faith and resilience.

The memories of Tony are filled with laughter and respect. Whether it was his playful remark, "Eeewh, girl, you crazy!" or the time a report he submitted was thoroughly marked up in red pen before being retyped and submitted on his behalf, Tony's humor and camaraderie were unmatched. He brought warmth and joy to those he worked with, making every interaction memorable.

Tony Robertson exemplified what it means to be devoted to family, faith, and service. His legacy is one of hard work, deep belief, and a commitment to excellence in all areas of his life. For those who knew him, he remains an enduring example of grace under pressure and steadfast devotion.

Thank you, Tony, for the memories, the laughter, and the lessons. You will always be remembered as a man who lived by his values and inspired others to do the same.