



Anthony "Crackhead" R. Robinson was born on July 19, 1962 in Seymour, IN to John R. Robinson and Gladys Haynes. He grew up in Tennessee and later lived 17 years in Ohio, and then moved to Rapid City, SD, where he lived until his death on April 4, 2021.

He is survived by his son, Anthony "AJ" Robinson, Jr. and his wife, Mellissa; 5 grandkids, James, Jadon, Mickey, Moriah, and Joy; 2 step-daughters, Erin and Abbie Childress; and several foster children.

Anthony was a huge member of the recovery community and an angel to many. He spent many years working at Wellspring in Rapid City, devoted to helping young adolescents on their journeys and teaching them lessons to prepare for living life on life's terms. He faced many adversities in life but never gave up! No matter how bad the physical pain was, he always had time for the newcomer, sharing his own experience, strength, and hope.

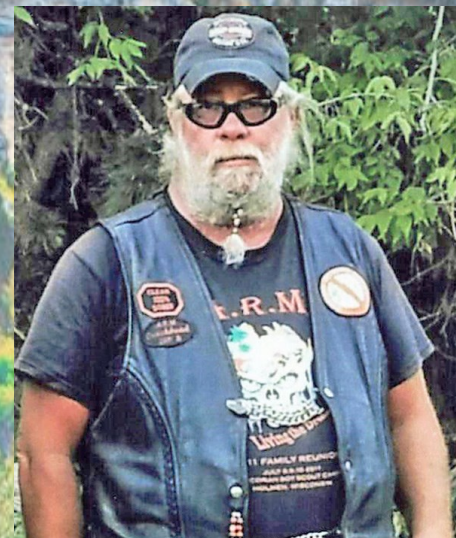
Anthony was a lifelong motorcyclist. He enjoyed many short and long rides through the Black Hills alongside his friends in recovery. He was also a dedicated and honored Brother and officer in his local A.R.M. (Association of Recovering Motorcyclists), where they put 1000s of miles on their motorcycles and made many friends nationwide and across the oceans.

You could always find Anthony at a meeting with knife and apple in hand, sharing slices to all! He created great memories with his friends around the Friday night poker table – a night he always looked forward to!

His infectious laugh and robust spirit will be missed by many!!

His infamous words will always resonate around the recovery tables. . . "If nobody told you they love you today, I do, and there's not a damn thing you can do about it!"

Condolences may be sent to the family at www.kinkadefunerals.com.



In Loving Memory Of

Anthony "Crackhead" R. Robinson

July 19, 1962 ~ April 4, 2021



"We're Gonna Ride Again"

by Brantley Gilbert

That long gray beard hung down to his chest
Ol' long hair was always a mess
And the laugh on that man, I'll never forget
You could hear him from a mile away
Loved his Pabst Blue Ribbon and his cigarettes
He'd burn one down, light 'er up again
I still see that grin and that ol' H.D
He'd roll it like he stole the thing
You know, I talked to him yesterday
I asked him

How's that steel horse ride on the streets of gold?
Does the promised land have any ol' back roads?
Ain't a doubt you've done a burnout on a cloud
Knowin' you, you probably laid her down
Have you revved it up while the angels sang?
Did God get on ya, did He take your wings?
You better have 'em back 'fore I get in
'Cause brother, we're gonna ride again
Alright

They say blood makes you related
But loyalty makes you kin
So when I called that man my brother
Well, I meant what I said
'Cause we were thick as thieves and we were hell on wheels
I can't begin to tell ya how it feels
But I speak for us all, man it hurts like hell
We miss your smilin' face
We'll saddle up again one day
Until then

How's that steel horse ride on the streets of gold?
Does the promised land have any ol' back roads?
Ain't a doubt you've done a burnout on a cloud
Knowin' you, you probably laid her down
Have you revved it up while the angels sang?
Did God get on ya, did He take your wings?
You better have 'em back 'fore I get in
'Cause brother, we're gonna ride again

Man, you're more than a memory, more than a friend
Man, you'll always be family, we'll never forget
Gonna see you again someday
Hell yeah, we're gonna rock that house
When we get through the gates
How's that steel horse ride on the streets of gold?
Does the promised land have any ol' back roads?
Ain't a doubt you've done a burnout on a cloud
Knowin' you, you probably laid her down
Have you revved it up while the angels sang?
Did God get on ya, did He take your wings?
You better get 'em back 'fore I get in
'Cause brother, we're gonna ride again

We're gonna ride again
We miss ya, brother

In Loving Memory

Anthony "Crackhead" R. Robinson

Born

July 19, 1962
Seymour, Indiana

Died

April 4, 2021
Rapid City, South Dakota

Memorial Service

Saturday, April 24, 2021, at 11:00 a.m.
Serenity Club
Sturgis, South Dakota

Officiating

Bob "Joker" Splinter, III

Order of Service

Serenity Prayer

Eulogy

Song - "The Parting Glass" by The High Kings

Reading by AJ Robinson - "When Great Trees Fall"

Song - "Go Rest High On That Mountain" by Vince Gill

Scriptures - 23rd Psalm; 2 Corinthians 13:11; 2 Corinthians 5:1-8

Sharing of Memories by Congregation

Crackhead's Saying - Kaddish Poem

Song - "We're Gonna Ride Again" by Brantley Gilbert

The Lord's Prayer