

## As We Look Back

As we look back over time  
 We find ourselves wondering  
 Did we remember to thank you enough  
 For all you have done for us?  
 For all the times you were by our sides  
 To help and support us  
 To celebrate our successes  
 To understand our problems  
 And accept our defeats?  
 Or for teaching us by your example,  
 The value of hard work, good judgement,  
 Courage and integrity?  
 We wonder if we ever thanked you  
 For the sacrifices you made.  
 To let us have the very best?  
 And for the simple things  
 Like laughter, smiles and times we shared?  
 If we have forgotten to show our  
 Gratitude enough for all the things you did,  
 We're thanking you now.  
 And we are hoping you knew all along,  
 How much you meant to us.

-Claire Jones

## Pallbearers

Grandsons & Friends

## Floral Bearers

Granddaughters & Friends



*Welcome Home*

## Acknowledgement

The family of Carlson D. Austin wishes to extend a heartfelt thank you with gratitude and love for the kindness extended to them during their bereavement. May God Continue to guide and bless each of you.

*-The Family*

### *Arrangements Entrusted to:*

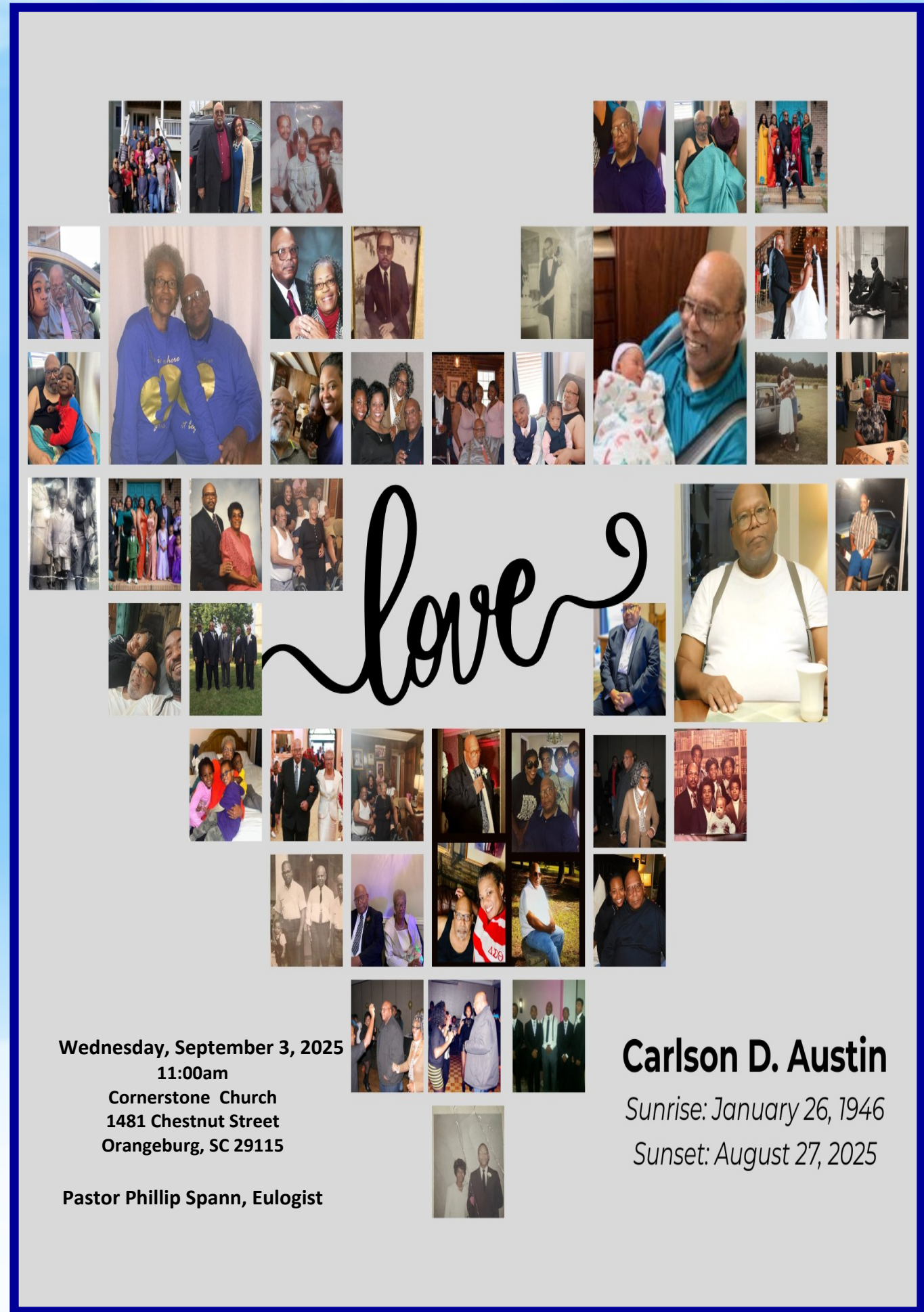
**Simmons Funeral Home and Crematory of Orangeburg**  
**Simmons Funeral Home of Santee**

*Paul A. Simmons, Founder and President*

2868 Columbia Road, Orangeburg, SC 29118  
 (803) 534-2646

8824 Old #6 Highway, Santee, SC 29142  
 (803) 854-2044

[www.simmonsfuneralhome.com](http://www.simmonsfuneralhome.com)



Wednesday, September 3, 2025  
 11:00am  
 Cornerstone Church  
 1481 Chestnut Street  
 Orangeburg, SC 29115

**Pastor Phillip Spann, Eulogist**

**Carlson D. Austin**  
 Sunrise: January 26, 1946  
 Sunset: August 27, 2025

## ORDER OF CELEBRATION

Processional/Viewing ..... Maurice Middleton  
Presiding Official ..... Elder Geoffrey Henderson  
Scripture Reading ..... Old Testament  
New Testament  
Prayer of Comfort ..... Pastor David Mitchell  
Music Tribute ..... Whatina Mack  
Family Reflections of Love..... The Austin Family  
Obituary ..... (read silently)  
Music Tribute ..... Whatina Mack  
Eulogy ..... Pastor Phillip Spann

Recessional / Musical Postlude

INTERMENT

BELLEVILLE MEMORIAL GARDEN

2900 BELLEVILLE ROAD

ORANGEBURG, SC 29115

COMMITAL, PRAYER & BENEDICTION



Precious Memories

Papa welcomed me into the fold with open arms and was always a voice of reason. His snarky and witty comments always kept us laughing -ARAE

Papa, you were one of the best men I've ever known. You taught me about love, family, and what it means to be strong. Thank you for always making me feel safe and cared for. Your lessons, love and corny but funny jokes will always be with me forever. I will miss you but I know you will always be with me. LOVE YOU BIG MAN - The Baddest-JESSICA

You were the first man that I wanted to be like. I hope I made you proud!! Your laugh, wisdom and jokes will forever be missed. Rest Well Big C -KJ

My Papa was one of the strongest men I've ever known - strength that showed not only in his presence but in the way he carried himself through life. He had a natural humor about him, never needing to try to make people laugh, and yet when he spoke with seriousness, his words carried weight and wisdom. More than anything, he was a loving man whose warmth touched everyone around him.

Some of my favorite memories will always be the simple moments we shared together. I'll never forget riding in his old beat-up truck, where he'd always say "If it ain't broke and the wheels still ride, why do I need a new one?" Or going with him to the store, where I was supposed to help but ended up hiding in the appliances instead. Lastly, I'll always cherish sitting with him in his office at SCSU, proud just to be by his side. Papa will truly be missed and forever loved. Your forever K'daya Janai your secret spy -K'DAYA

Pop, the impact you've had on me and our family is something I'll carry forever. You taught us about life through your words and your experiences, sharing wisdom so we didn't have to go through the same struggles you did. You were always teaching, whether it was physical lessons like how to change car oil, do maintenance on a house, or how to be there for a family. Spreading knowledge everywhere you went from the classroom as a professor, to the community you served through The Store. You showed us that teaching isn't only about books when we sat in your class while you taught financial management, but about real life and real experiences and what the true cost would be.

The lighter moments, the curated jokes you'd share from shows like Big Bang Theory or Two and a Half Men, the music you put me on, or even showing me how to "eat like a king" with SPAM and muffins. Your stories from your high school HLS days, and breaking up the fights between Orrie and I. Every bit of it shaped me. You were always teaching, always guiding, always giving pieces of yourself to us. You showed not only me but all of us that no matter the situation, hard work and perseverance matters most.

Tell Aunt Shari "hey" for me and give her the biggest hug too. This isn't goodbye Papa, it's a see you later. Satchel the Watchel -Satchel

## Obituary

**Mr. Carlson Delano Austin**, born January 26, 1946 departed this life August 27, 2025. He was born to the late Nevin R. and Viola G. Austin in Anderson, SC. During his early days in Anderson, he was raised alongside Sandye Brown Spann who was more a sister than cousin. Carlson and his parents moved to Orangeburg, SC, where he was educated in the Orangeburg County School System. At Wilkinson High School, he met his beautiful wife of 60 years, the former Mrs. Gussie L. Hayward after she asked to borrow a quarter for lunch. After the high school sweethearts graduated in 1963, Carlson chose to attend Boston University (BS in Business Administration), not because of the prestigiousness of the University but because his future wife moved to New York and he wanted to be close to her. While at Boston University, Carlson and Gussie married and started their family. From this union, **Nevin Randolph II** was born. With his degree in hand, he entered graduate school at Harvard University (Master of Business Administration). During his next two years of study, Carlson and Gussie family grew with the addition of the twins, **Yvonne Denise and Yvette Denise**. The happy couple returned to Orangeburg where Carlson was employed by South Carolina State College (now South Carolina State University) for 40 years. Professor Austin as he was affectionately known, touched hundreds of lives and communicated more than book learning. He imparted life skills and a resolve to better oneself, the community and world at large. Outside of teaching, Carlson worked alongside his father who established Wholesale Radio and Electric Supply Company. Throughout the business existence, both men hired other men who were both skilled and unskilled and provided them with a foundation to improve their lives and that of others. Both Randy and second born son **Charles Anthony Lloyd** were privy to the daily wisdom and work ethic of father, teacher and friend. Life moved along in a predictable manner until the birth of **Shari Rose**. She brought a new zeal to his life. The drive to be a family man and a provider intensified; doubling down on his desire to ensure the wellbeing of those he loved and those who loved him.

Throughout his lifespan, Carlson Austin was involved in many professional growth and learning opportunities such as becoming an adjunct professor at Claflin University and Voorhees College, volunteering as a mentor for Junior Achievement as well as the Adult Education program, traveling to Sierra Leon to help develop a business program and receiving 30+ years of instructional enhancement certificates including Integrating Finance and Marketing Program from the University of Pennsylvania, Wharton School of Business in 1995. Carlson retired from South Carolina State University in May, 2008 but returned for an additional 10 years before finally retiring in 2018.

Outside of his poised personality, Carlson had an adventurous side that few saw. He rode a Kawasaki motorcycle and learned to fly a plane. He would often fly above the family home to signify that his family was always with him no matter where he was.

During the latter part of his life, he was baptized in 2016. He immersed himself in the teachings of Jesus Christ with the same vigor and conviction of a learned man. He attended Cornerstone Church faithfully where he affiliated himself with SALT, facilitated a men's group, joined several bible study groups and participated in Celebrate Recovery. He was a faithful attendee until COVID. This however did not deter him from expounding on His love for him and his desire to make it into heaven on that fateful day.

Besides his parents, he was preceded in death by his daughter, Shari Rose Austin.

Carlson leaves not only to mourn his passing, but to celebrate his life and cherished memories: his wife, Gussie L. H. Austin, two sons Nevin (Crystal) Austin, Orangeburg, SC and Charles (Yukishia) Austin, Louisville, KY, three daughters, Dr. Yvonne (Alfonso) Cornish, Louisville, KY Yvette Jeffries, Orangeburg, SC and Melissa (David) Musgrave, Alexander, VA, thirteen grandchildren, Kenneth (Arae) Austin, McDonough, GA, Victorea (Brian) Sampson, Garner, NC, Timpest, Myia, Jessica, Christopher and Isleigh Austin, Orangeburg, SC, Satchel Jeffries and Cameryn Austin, Nashville, TN, Orrie Jeffries, Chapel Hill, NC, Charles (Holly) Austin, Lexington, KY, K'daya Austin, Louisville, KY, Aden Jones, Columbia, SC, nine great-grandchildren Kennedy, Kingsley, Karter, and Kia Austin, Rockwell and Remington Sampson, Devin Bradley, and Ivery and Ravi Dyer. Carlson also leaves behind his devoted and dedicated protector the great 13lbs dog Sir C. "Sniffer". He also leaves behind to mourn his loss four sisters in law one brother-in-law, special cousins, Sandy, Spann and Reverend Phillip Spann, extended family and long-term friends.

## Children's children are the crown of old men; and the glory of children are their fathers.

-Proverbs 17:6 KJV

I always knew that I was special because Papa and I shared the same middle name. He was there when I took my first breath; our bond unique. He looked at me and joked "He looks mischievous", which wasn't entirely a lie. As I grew older, our relationship only deepened, especially through the late-night talks over beer and chicken, or the times he caught me sneaking in and out, trying to be slick. He never judged me, only gave advice, reminding me often that "you dribble before you shoot." Unlike some, I took the words to heart.

Papa wasn't always the kind to say I love you, but in our conversations, I always felt it. I remember laying across his bed, him telling me "You actually are smart, you play to much" and he was right-that was just me. When I graduated with my master's, he told me how proud I made him, and that moment will stay with me forever.

We shared laughter, secrets and even playful fights to keep him sharp, though I knew he didn't need it. He opened his doors to us, looked out for us and stood as the kind of man who always had our backs. Whether it was handing me the old "death trap" car with no AC, signing for my school loans so I could follow in his footsteps, or just reminding me to push forward, he was always there.

Papa, thank you for everything-for your lessons, your humor, your wisdom, and your love. I'll carry it with me always - ORRIE

To know Papa is to love Papa. He was a man of many words if you ever sat down to listen. Papa was more than just my grandfather, he was father figure at times, professor at SCSU, daycare director when all kids took refuge at the store after school to learn lessons we didn't know we would later need, smack talker, listening ear and spoiler of me, the first grand girl. I will forever cherish our memories and the values you have instilled in us as a family. I love you Papa!! Continue to watch over me and I will continue to make you proud...You really messed me up with this one!! - TIMPEST

This is in response to "I'm Tired".... "If you are ever feeling like you're on E, you might have to get out the car and push". - CJ

Hey Papa! It's me...your favorite granddaughter! (it's in print so its official.) I just want to say I love you and I already miss you so much. Thank you for all the life lessons you've given me over my 34 years of life. Thank you for helping me get through my business classes. You pushed me to be the best version of myself.

I'll never forget the times I spent with you at the store. Even though you didn't like me running around in there, those moments were so precious because I got to see how a business was run and what you loved to do. I also remember you sitting in front of the TV watching old westerns, I'd always ask "Why are you watching this?" and you'd reply, "Now this is some good TV, not that nonsense you like to watch." That always made me laugh. And I'll never forget visiting you during the summer and school breaks, asking you to come outside and run with me. Running wasn't your thing, but when I came back in, you'd say "Yep, I was right here running in my mind." That's one of my favorite memories -classic Papa. But if I'm honest, my favorite memory of all is you playing with the kids in the kitchen. That's the story I'll carry with me forever. I won't embarrass you by writing it here, but just know Papa, the house is still shaking. It's shaking with laughter. It's shaking with tears. It's shaking with the memories that were made before me and after me. It's shaking with the stories we're gathering to share about you now. And most of all it's shaking with love. The kind you gave so freely and the kind that will never leave us. Playing all the games you failed during PE!! -VICTOREA

Papa, you will forever be in my heart. Thank you for the love, lessons, the stories and the wisdom you shared with me. I will miss you indeed!! -ADEN

Papa, you were the first Black man I ever met who went to Harvard. You're a true legend. More than that, you believed in me, supported my dreams and treated me like family. I'll always cherish our talks. I promise to protect our family, just like you did, Thank you for everything. You may be gone, but legends live forever. -BRIAN

To us he was known as Papa. To me this was my heart, my love, my partner in crime, my listening ear, my encouragement through tough times. I can honestly say you messed up the family with this one. I'm going to miss you my Courageous, Amazing, Reliable, Loving, Strong, Outstanding and Noble man. Your legacy will continue each and every day and I will cherish every moment we had and keep our promise until we meet again, I love you 4eva -MYIA

To me Papa was an over achieving person. He always wanted the best out of us. Hey was the type of granddad that would let you learn from your mistakes before correcting them. And I'm am very appreciative of that. Pops was my second Pops in a sense. When there were things I didn't understand from my dad, I'd go to him. The one thing I loved about my Pops was the fact that he was an open book and there wasn't anything you couldn't ask of him. His presence alone was what made him who he was. Even though I know he isn't coming back, I can only say "Love you Pop and see you again" -CHRISTOPHER

Papa was one of greatest people I've ever had the pleasure of being related to. That man has taken many secrets from me, held them with an iron grip, even after death, never to be released for others to hear. I grew up knowing him as my Daddy and I would never give that title to anyone. I know others have had many experiences with him that I will never get to have but I am grateful for the personal experiences with him. He will always have a special place in my heart even if I cannot fully express it with words. -ISLEIGH

My Papa, my butterscotch, my grandfather; one of the most prominent and influential men in my life. He will forever be acknowledged and loved. Papa taught many people and I am blessed to have been one to be graced by his wisdom, his comedy and in-depth conversations. Papa has always been a staple in my faith, in my pride for intelligence, in my ability to use what I have for innovation and even in my thought process. When everyone and everything moved around me, I knew I could always find my Papa amidst the chaos; observing and thinking...he would always invite me to join him, never asking me to leave...but when I did, I left his presence better than I came; having learned something. Although we joked a lot, Papa also met me below the surface, he accepted me at my core, affirmed me, spoke life into me before I even realized what was happening. Papa always had a joke for me. His wittiness is a trait that never goes unnoticed. His smile felt so warm, his character unique and humble. Thank you for letting me be your "little girl" and reminding me what a grandfather really means. -CAMERYN