



Christopher Lee Cobler

February 9, 1974 - March 12, 2022

Christopher Lee Cobler, “COB” to many, went to be with his Lord the morning of March 12, 2022, after a year-long battle with Metastatic Esophageal Cancer.

Cob was born in Sacramento, CA February 9, 1974 and moved to Pilot Point, Texas with his mom and sister in January 1981. He was a “mighty Bearcat” and graduated from Selz High School in 1992. He stayed in Pilot Point for a while after graduating, working both at Lone Star Gas and then at Buchanan’s Restaurant where his lifelong career in food service began.

He moved to Austin and fell in love with the eclectic lifestyle there; where he began a legacy of restaurant/bar/venue management that has touched many over the years. He never met a stranger and loved the life he created for himself and his family.

He enjoyed fishing, camping, and spending time with friends and family at the river. His zest and joy for life was contagious and he enjoyed most sports and was an avid 49er & Longhorn fan!

He is survived by his wife, Dawn; daughters, Isabel Cobler, Rylie and Zoe Flores all of Austin; mother, Micky Nortman of Pilot Point; sister, Candis and husband David Eldridge and their daughters, Taylor Campbell, Hannah & Heather Sneed all of Roswell, New Mexico; and numerous aunts, uncles, cousins, nieces, and nephews.

He was preceded in death by his stepfather, Dennis Nortman, Sr. and all his grandparents.

An Austin Celebration of Life will be held at 10:30AM, Thursday, March 24, 2022 at Pecan Springs Ranch, 10601 B Derecho Drive, Austin, TX 78737. The Pilot Point Celebration of Life will be held at 11:00AM, Saturday, March 26, 2022 at St. Thomas Aquinas Parish Center, 925 N. Charcut Street, Pilot Point, TX 76258. On-line condolences may be shared at www.slaymemorialfuneralhome.com

Arrangements are under the direction of Charlotte Chism Waldrum and Slay Memorial Funeral Center.

Previous Events

Celebration of Life

MAR **24.** 10:30 AM (CT)

Pecan Springs Ranch
10601 B Derecho Drive
Austin, TX 78737

Celebration of Life

MAR **26.** 11:00 AM (CT)

St. Thomas Aquinas Parish Center
925 N. Charcut Street
Pilot Point, TX 76258

Tribute Wall

JF

“ When I reflect on my early childhood all the way up to becoming an early adult, Cobb always has and will be the first person I think of. He was my first real friend, my first best friend. We played hard together as young kids, walking the streets of Pilot Point at night hiding from cars for no good reason. We called it “ditching”. One of us would show up at each others house around dusk and say ready for some “ditching”? And off we would go. But then we got a little more creative and a bit more brave and came up with the “purse trick” . I’m not sure how many of our moms and sisters purses we took to make this game happen but anyways we would get a purse, fill that sucker up with rocks, tie some fishing string to it and set it right in the center of our favorite intersection then wait for a car to come and as soon as we seen headlights coming our way we would jump behind some bushes and hope the driver would open his car door and grab the purse but of course we wouldn’t allow that as one of us would begin yanking on the end of the fishing line and tease the person with it till we got to scared and hauled ass through the woods somewhere! We grew up fast together completely and totally inseparable. A few weeks just before we were to graduate high school, I got word from my mom that we were going to be moving to Away to Tyler Texas the day after graduation and I broke down and told my mom I couldn’t leave my best friend Cobb. She did all she could to convince me I could come visit occasionally, but When I would think of being away from my best friend I would get scared and wondered how I was going to make it without him and my mind was made up, I wasn’t going to make it. So long story short , some how someway, momma Cobb let me move in with the Cobb family which I did just hours after we graduated! I had been saved! I was going to be with my best friend forever as we turned the garage into our bedroom!! Mickey even sent us to Cancun for a graduation gift. I was having the time of my life with my best friend! Then life started moving fast, I didn’t want to grow up but Cobb, he was becoming a man much faster than I was learning what responsibilities meant as I just wanted to keep our fun spirited childhood going. The last time I seen Cobb was in 1994 on a Wednesday afternoon. I was about to become a father and was terrified. I had no way of phoning Chris or anyone to locate him as I had moved to Dallas and lost all contact. All I wanted was to go see him and tell him about becoming a dad and how scared I was hoping he could make me feel better and lift me up and tell me everything was going to be ok. I drove to Pilot Point cruising around everywhere hoping to find him when I finally got lucky and ran into someone who told me where he could be, I can’t remember the name of the place , but it was like a little bar he was working at . I parked and ran inside and there he was , I’ll never forget that hug he gave me as it had been almost 2 years since we were together. Now 27 years has passed and my best friend has gone to heaven and I will find him again . Rest In Peace my friend. Love Jack.

jack foster - March 24 at 12:54 AM