

*~A Fallen Limb~*

*A limb has fallen from the family tree. I keep hearing a voice that says "Grieve Not For Me". Remember the best times, the laughter, and the song. The good life I lived while I was strong. Continue my heritage, I'm counting on you. Keep smiling and surely the sun will shine through. My mind is at ease, my soul is at rest. Remembering all, how I truly was blessed. Continue traditions, no matter how small. Go on with your life, don't worry about falls. I miss you all dearly, so keep up your chin. Until the day comes when we're together again.*



*Acknowledgement*

Our sincere thanks to our many family members and friends for every act of kindness, support, sympathy, and your prayers during our time of bereavement. Your thoughtfulness has meant so much to us. May God bless each of you! A Special Thank You to Lashuna Clark for the excellent care, concern, and friendship shown to our patriarch. We are forever grateful.

*~ The Smith Family ~*

*Arrangements in Care of:*



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# *A Celebration of Life*



## *William Speakman Smith*

February 16, 1940 - July 26, 2020

*Graveside Service*

10:30 AM, Friday, August 7, 2020

Jacksonville National Cemetery

4083 Lannie Road

Jacksonville, FL 32218

Reverend Teresa Ryan Seagle, Officiating



Obituary

**William Speakman Smith** took his first breath around 6AM at the segregated Brewster Hospital in Jacksonville, Florida on Friday, February 16, 1940. He was the elder son of a business man and teacher, William J. and Pauline W. Smith. He grew up on the Eastside of Jacksonville, walking to Oakland Elementary and finishing Matthew Gilbert Junior-Senior High in 1957.

Sitting first chair playing flute in the band, becoming a Life Scout and member of the elite scouting, “Order of the Arrow”, and working in all areas of his father’s drug stores and Adolph’s Beauty Products distributorship, gave him a full and satisfying childhood. A seminal moment was the band director’s request that he help teach an elegant, classy teenager, Iva Elizabeth Baker, how to play flute. She would sit second chair playing flute next to William and share his seat in marriage (beginning Dec. 27, 1963) for the next 51 years.

He graduated with a Bachelor of Science in Business Administration from Florida Agricultural & Mechanical University in 1962. Being pursued by the Army draft board, he volunteered to join the United States Air Force immediately after college and served for almost four years at bases in Texas (Lakeland, Perrin) and Johnston Island (a secret base that his sense of duty would never fully reveal!) in the Pacific. Iva and William lived in Dallas and El Paso while in the service. For a short while after his time in the service, William worked for Dun and Bradstreet as a credit reporter and the Red Cross as an Assistant Field Director. During this time their son, William John Smith, was born while in Dallas in 1968.

Because of the illness of his parents, William and Iva returned to Jacksonville in 1969 to live and to be available to help his parents. William became one of the first African-Americans to have a sales job in the deep South with a major pharmaceutical company, Winthrop Labs. His job required him to visit physicians and hospitals in a large geographic area around Jacksonville including many small towns in rural southern Georgia. His demeanor and winning, pleasant personality, customer service, and product knowledge made him among the top salesman in his company, often in the President’s Club.

With a winning personality that did not always beat inequalities with fists during the era of civil rights, William would continue to “Stay the course!” While experiencing racism, sometimes minor or indirect, William was able to spend the rest of his career in pharmaceutical sales while continuing to smile and display kindness that overcame the inequities that faced him often. His work was important and he was a trailblazer in his field, but Iva, family, and church were always his biggest and most important jobs in life. His love and dedication to the care of his seriously ill parents and Iva, who suffered major illness for much of their married life, was a true reflection of Christ living in him and through him every day.

He was a long time active and faithful member of the St. Philips Episcopal Church where he served in many capacities over the years including leading the Eucharistic Ministry. His unwavering love and commitment to God and His church was rewarded with an extraordinary legacy of goodness, high purpose, and great faith that is reflected in his honor by his son and his family.

**William Speakman Smith** is survived by his loving and devoted son and daughter-in-law, William John and Christine Smith; beloved grandsons, William Speakman Smith II and Julian Brooks Smith; his brother, Paul Wellington Smith and his wife, Dr. Gaurdia Banister; cherished aunt, Faye Waters (Donald deceased); nieces, Robyn Nichole Smith and Alice Utley Smith; nephew, Darren Paul Smith; brother-in-law and his wife, Wilson and Geraldine Baker; and a host of cousins and dear friends. He was predeceased by his wife of 51 years, Iva Baker Smith, and his parents, William and Pauline Smith, numerous aunts, uncles, and cousins.

**William** took his last breath on Sunday, July 26, 2020. The angels rejoiced and sang with excitement and welcomed him home.

Order of Service  
Reverend Teresa Ryan Seagle, Officiating

You wept at the grave of Lazarus, your friend; comfort us in our sorrow.  
*Hear us, Lord.*

You raised the dead to life; give to our brother eternal life.  
*Hear us, Lord.*

You promised paradise to the thief who repented; bring our brother to the joys of heaven.  
*Hear us, Lord.*

Our brother was washed in Baptism and anointed with the Holy Spirit; give him fellowship with all your saints.  
*Hear us, Lord.*

He was nourished with your Body and Blood; grant *him* a place at the table in your heavenly kingdom.  
*Hear us, Lord.*

Comfort us in our sorrows at the death of our brother; let our faith be our consolation, and eternal life our hope.

**The Celebrant concludes saying**  
Lord Jesus Christ, we commend to you our brother, Bill, who was reborn by water and the Spirit in Holy Baptism. Grant that his death may recall to us your victory over death, and be an occasion for us to renew our trust in your Father’s love. Give us, we pray, the faith to follow where you have led the way; and where you live and reign with the Father and the Holy Spirit, to the ages of ages. *Amen.*

**The Commendation**  
*The Celebrant and other ministers take their places at the body.*  
Give rest, O Christ, to your servant with your saints,

*where sorrow and pain are no more,  
neither sighing, but life everlasting.*

You only are immortal, the creator and maker of mankind; and we are mortal, formed of the earth, and to earth shall we return. For so did you ordain when you created me, saying, “You are dust, and to dust you shall return.” All of us go down to the dust; yet even at the grave we make our song: Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

*Give rest, O Christ, to your servant with your saints,  
where sorrow and pain are no more,  
neither sighing, but life everlasting.*

**The Celebrant, facing the body, says**  
Into your hands, O merciful Savior, we commend your Servant, Bill. Acknowledge, we humbly beseech you, a sheep of your own fold, a lamb of your own flock, a sinner of your own redeeming. Receive him into the arms of your mercy, into the blessed rest of everlasting peace, and into the glorious company of the saints in light. *Amen.*

**The Committal**  
Everyone the Father gives to me will come to me; I will never turn away anyone who believes in me.

He who raised Jesus Christ from the dead will also give new life to our mortal bodies through his indwelling Spirit.

My heart, therefore, is glad, and my spirit rejoices; my body also shall rest in hope.

You will show me the path of life; in your presence there is fullness of joy, and in your right hand are pleasures for evermore.

In sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ, we commend to Almighty God our brother Bill, and we commit his body to the ground;\* earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. The Lord bless him and keep him, the Lord make his face to shine upon him and be gracious to him, the Lord lift up his countenance upon him and give him peace. *Amen.*

**People** The Lord be with you.  
**Celebrant** And also with you.  
Let us pray.

**Celebrant and People**  
Our Father, who art in heaven,  
hallowed be thy Name,  
thy kingdom come,  
thy will be done,  
on earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our trespasses,  
as we forgive those  
who trespass against us.  
And lead us not into temptation,  
but deliver us from evil.  
For thine is the kingdom,  
and the power, and the glory,  
for ever and ever. *Amen.*

Rest eternal grant to him, O Lord;  
*And let light perpetual shine upon him.*

May his soul, and the souls of all the departed,  
through the mercy of God, rest in peace. *Amen.*

*The Celebrant dismisses the people with these words*  
Alleluia. Christ is risen.  
**People** The Lord is risen indeed. Alleluia.  
**Celebrant** Let us go forth in the name of Christ.  
**People** Thanks be to God.

**Remarks** Paul Wellington Smith, Brother

*Order of Service*  
*Reverend Teresa Ryan Seagle, Officiating*

*All Stand*  
I am Resurrection and I am Life, says the Lord.  
Whoever has faith in me shall have life,  
even though he die.  
And everyone who has life,  
and has committed himself to me in faith,  
shall not die for ever.

As for me, I know that my Redeemer lives  
and that at the last he will stand upon the earth.  
After my awaking, he will raise me up;  
and in my body I shall see God.  
I myself shall see, and my eyes behold him  
who is my friend and not a stranger.

For none of us has life in himself,  
and none becomes his own master when he dies.  
For if we have life, we are alive in the Lord,  
and if we die, we die in the Lord.  
So, then, whether we live or die,  
we are the Lord’s possession.

Happy from now on  
are those who die in the Lord!  
So it is, says the Spirit,  
for they rest from their labors.

*The Celebrant addresses the congregation.*  
*The Celebrant then says*

*People* The Lord be with you  
*Celebrant* And also with you.  
Let us pray.

O God of grace and glory, we remember before you this day  
our brother, Bill. We thank you for giving him to us, his  
family and friends, to know and to love as a companion on  
our earthly pilgrimage. In your boundless compassion,  
console us who mourn. Give us faith to see in death the gate  
of eternal life, so that in quiet confidence we may continue  
our course on earth, until, by your call, we are reunited with  
those who have gone before; through Jesus Christ our Lord.  
*Amen.*

**A Reading from the book of Psalms (Psalm 121)** by Sean Way

I lift up my eyes to the hills—  
from where will my help come?  
My help comes from the LORD,  
who made heaven and earth.

He will not let your foot be moved;  
he who keeps you will not slumber.  
He who keeps Israel  
will neither slumber nor sleep.

The LORD is your keeper;  
the LORD is your shade at your right hand.  
The sun shall not strike you by day,  
nor the moon by night.

The LORD will keep you from all evil;  
he will keep your life.  
The LORD will keep  
your going out and your coming in  
from this time on and for evermore.

*All stand*

**The Gospel** The Holy Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ according to  
John.  
*People* Glory to you, Lord Christ.

Very truly, I tell you, anyone who hears my word and believes him  
who sent me has eternal life, and does not come under judgement,  
but has passed from death to life.

‘Very truly, I tell you, the hour is coming, and is now here, when  
the dead will hear the voice of the Son of God, and those who hear  
will live. For just as the Father has life in himself, so he has granted  
the Son also to have life in himself; and he has given him authority  
to execute judgement, because he is the Son of Man.  
The Gospel of the Lord.

*People* Praise to you, Lord Christ.

**Homily** The Reverend Teresa Ryan Seagle

*All Stand*

*The Celebrant says*  
In the assurance of eternal life given at Baptism, let us  
proclaim our faith and say,

*Celebrant and People*

I believe in God, the Father almighty,  
creator of heaven and earth.  
I believe in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord.  
He was conceived by the power of the Holy Spirit  
and born of the Virgin Mary.  
He suffered under Pontius Pilate,  
was crucified, died, and was buried.  
He descended to the dead.  
On the third day he rose again.  
He ascended into heaven,  
and is seated at the right hand of the Father.  
He will come again to judge the living and the dead.  
I believe in the Holy Spirit,  
the holy catholic Church,  
the communion of saints,  
the forgiveness of sins,  
the resurrection of the body,  
and the life everlasting. *Amen.*

**Prayers**

For our brother Bill, let us pray to our Lord Jesus  
Christ who said, “I am Resurrection and I am Life.”  
Lord, you consoled Martha and Mary in their distress; draw  
near to us who mourn for Bill, and dry the tears of those who  
weep.  
*Hear us, Lord.*

*What will matter*

*Ready or not, some day it will all come to an end.*

*There will be no more sunrises, no minutes, hours, or days.*

*All the things you collected, whether treasured or forgotten, will pass to someone else.*

*Your wealth, fame, and temporal power will shrivel to irrelevance.*

*It will not matter what you owned or what you were owed.*

*Your grudges, resentments, frustrations, and jealousies will finally disappear.*

*So, too, your hopes, ambitions, plans, and to-do lists will expire.*

*The wins and losses that once seemed so important will fade away.*

*It won’t matter where you came from or what side of the tracks you lived On at the end.*

*It won’t matter whether you were beautiful or brilliant.*

*Even your gender and skin color will be irrelevant.*

*So what will matter? How will the value of your days be measured?*

*What will matter is not what you bought but what you built; not what you got but  
what you gave.*

*What will matter is not your success but your significance.*

*What will matter is not what you learned but what you taught.*

*What will matter is every act of integrity, compassion, courage,  
or sacrifice that enriched, empowered, or encouraged others to emulate your example.*

*What will matter is not your competence but your character.*

*What will matter is not how many people you knew but how many will feel a lasting  
loss when you’re gone.*

*What will matter is not your memories but the memories of those who loved you.*

*What will matter is how long you will be remembered, by whom, and for what.*

*Living a life that matters doesn’t happen by accident.*

*It’s not a matter of circumstance but of choice.*

*Choose to live a life that matters.*



