Pall Beavers

Miles Zanders – Nephew Blake Zanders – Nephew Terry Alexander – Uncle Harold (Jody) Watson – Cousin Keith Watson – Cousin Artis McKinney – Friend

Honorary Pall Bearer

Brent Smith - Brother

Flower Bearers

Friends

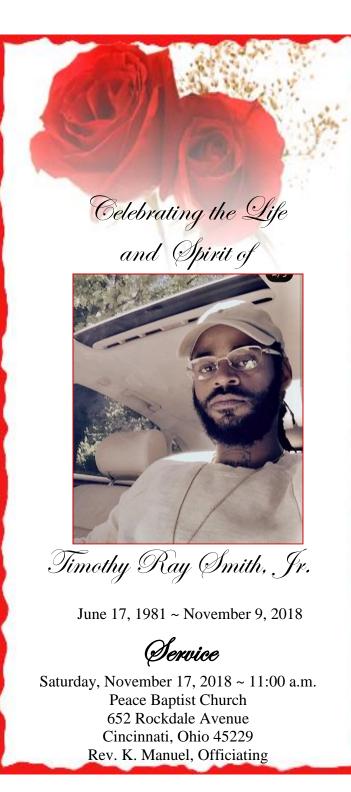
Heknowledgements:

The family wishes to acknowledge with deep appreciation the many expressions of love, concern, and kindness shown to them during this time of bereavement. The Smith Family, especially his mother, would like for all to know that she thanks each and every one of you who loved him as much as she did. She felt the love from each and every one of you and wishes she could call you all out by name individually. Your love and kindness will never be forgotten. May God Bless and Keep You!

~ The Smith Family



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Timothy Ray Smith, Jr.





Order of Service

Organ Prelude Church Organist	
Parting View The Immediate Family	
PrayerRev. R. L. Hardy, Sr.	
Scripture Barbara Alexander - Aunt	
Selection	
Acknowledgements,	
Cards & Condolences Church Clerk	
RemarksFamily and Friends (2 Minutes Please)	
Obituary	
Poem	
Selection	
Eulogy	
Benediction	
RecessionalClergy, Pallbearers, Family, Friends	
Take Me To The KingTamela Mann	

Interment

Vine Street Hill Cemetery

Repast Luncheon

Immediately Following the Interment Peace Baptist Church

Memories...



Obituary

Timothy Ray Smith, Jr. was born on June 17th, 1981, to the loving parents, Timothy Sr. and Brenda Smith. He sadly departed this life on, November 9th, 2018.

In his early years, Timothy grew up in the Walnut Hills, Evanston, and Avondale communities, where he was well known and loved by family and friends. Also, in his early years, he gave his life to Christ and was baptized under the leadership of Reverend R. L. Hardy, Sr. at Second Corinthian Baptist Church, where the family attended. When Timothy was young, he was called Boy-Boy and Timmy Rimmy, but from high school (Woodward High School) on, he was only referred to as Timmy.

Timmy loved his family and especially adored the children who would often run to him with hugs and kisses; sometimes by-passing their own parents. He was always smiling and was very generous with a giving heart to help anyone in need. Even at times when he did not have it to give.

Timmy worked at Aluminum Extruded Shapes and Zwanburg Butchering Company, however, his passion was Art and Clothing Design and he was always well dressed with many of his own creations. He was also very knowledgeable and could converse with anyone on all educational levels. Timmy was wise and had very strong opinions and would often share with you his views (like it or not). He would not hesitate to offer you a different approach or a better idea. You couldn't help but love him for that honest and straight-forward personality...and we did love it because Timmy was Real!

Obituary (Continued)

Timmy leaves behind to cherish him his loving mother and father: Brenda and Timothy, Sr.; three children: Timple, Tiaj (Tia), and Timothy Ray Smith, III (Jasmine). He also has an unborn child with his girlfriend, La Quona "Doggie", unfortunately, which he will not see. Three devoted sisters: Angel Blakes, LaToya Smith, and Tenisha Smith; one devoted brother: Brent Smith; one great aunt and uncle: Francis and Frank Alexander; six aunts: Angenita Wilks, Barbara Alexander, Samenner Israel, Karren Smith, Brenda Lester, and Gloris Ann Lester; three uncles: Terry Alexander, Gary Lester, and Randy Smith; and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, and friends.

Timmy was preceded in death by two grandmothers: Samaria Alexander and Jeannie Smith; two grandfathers: James Alexander and George Lester; one uncle: Allen Lester; and one aunt: Mary Ann Smith.

We truly love you, Timmy, and will truly miss you. You will always remain in all our hearts, especially your mother and father.

Best Friends

Keyiona Boston Landy Phillips Leondre Heights LeKendale Heights Ramoine Thomas Ronald Williams

Favorite Cousins

Anita Alexander Ebony Shea Dotson Nikita Taper Terrance Watson

After Glow

I'd like the memory of me, To be a happy one, I'd like to leave an afterglow Of smiles, when life is done.

I'd like to leave an echo
Whispering softly down the ways,
Of happy times and laughing times
& bright and sunny days.

I'd like the tears of those who grieve,
To dry before the sun
Of happy memories that I leave behind
When life is done.

