



Paul Smith

January 2, 1941 - July 21, 2020

On July 21, 2020, Paul Phillip Smith closed his eyes for one last time and went to be with his Lord and Savior. Born on January 2, 1941, to Pearl Louise Dixon and William Anthony Smith, he was raised in the Catholic faith and learned at an early age to accept the Lord as his Redeemer. The third child of Pearl and William exhibited a big and unique personality, curious nature and penchant for being a jokester from an early age, which often got him in hot water with his parents and earned him good natured ribbing from his siblings. His sense of humor was unparalleled. He was a notably snappy dresser, often joking that “He was so smooth looking, the dust wouldn’t even settle on him”. He loved music, and could be heard listening and singing to it while at home or in his car, especially Motown. Because of the combination of his snappy dressing and love of singing Temptations songs, his daughter, Sherrie would jokingly call him the “forgotten temptation”. He was a hard worker and NEVER one to back down from a challenge, which would prove paramount in his valiant fight with cancer. In 1957, he began working as an assistant in the x-ray department at Franklin Square Hospital, where his sister, Anita helped him get job. That job would prove to be important in Paul’s life, as it reunited him with a child hood acquaintance, Betty Hargrove (Green), whom he met while he attended the historic Baltimore City College High School and she attended Eastern High School. Betty and Paul struck up a friendship while riding the bus to school. During that time, he was a very good student and competitive baseball player. He played for the City College baseball team, class of 1959.

His he left school in 1957, to begin working to help the family out financially. Betty and Paul would lose touch for a few years until Betty would go on to attend nursing school at Franklin Square Hospital where, coincidentally, Paul worked and fellow nursing student Lucy Lee (Smith) also studied. Betty and Paul would continue a friendship that would span over 50 years. She would even become the godparent, along with her husband, Alexander, to his first-born daughter, Sherrie. Paul began dating Betty's nursing school classmate Lucy Lee and on December 4, 1964, he married her at St. Bernadine's Catholic Church. During that union they had two children, Sherrie and Dawn. Dawn, was born on 10-20-1965 and preceded Paul in death three days after she was born. Sherrie, was born on 9-23-1970. From the time she could walk, wherever you found Paul, you would also find Sherrie. That relationship lasted until he departed this life. Lucy and Paul's life together lasted until August 1993, but they remained friends and enjoyed being grandparents to their granddaughter, Kennedy "Peepa's Baby" and their bonus granddaughter, Mikayla.

Always a competitive person, Paul became an avid bowler, He worked hard to be the best bowler in his league. He even bowled several perfect games in his bowling career. While bowling, in a league at Kings Point Bowling Alley, he met Patricia Samuels. From that relationship his daughter, Paula was born on 7-11-1994. Paula, "his twin" shared his feisty spirit and he gained much joy from watching her grow up. Although an older parent, he loved Paula with all his heart and hated when she moved to Las Vegas, but he understood she needed to spread her wings. He was happy she happened to be in town during the final days of his life and he got to be with her before leaving.

After working at Franklin Square Hospital, Paul briefly drove a delivery truck before becoming employed at Bethlehem Steel Corporation, in 1966. Always determined, Paul began his career there sweeping floors. Realizing he wanted more for his growing family, he sought to advance his career via education so

he attended CCB college. By the time he retired, in 2003, he had advanced to managing foreman of the Wire Mill.

In 2004, while attending a funeral for the mother of a mutual friend, Paul met Angela Scott and began a relationship that would last until his passing. They discovered they grew up in the same neighborhood and shared many childhood memories, even though they did not meet until later. These things in common helped to grow a deep relationship. She became his significant other and shared a rich life with Paul, in Milford, Delaware, until he took his last breath. Angela cared for Paul with love and respect during the good times and during his illness. Her daughter, Micah Scott and Micah's precious daughter Camille, became his extended family and came to mean a great deal to him in his life." Camille even adopted him as her "Peepa", a moniker Kennedy gave him when she could not pronounce grandpa. Paul enjoyed receiving hugs and phone calls from her. Angela was a devoted partner, who stayed by his side during all of the challenges of his illness and helped to make those challenges bearable with laughter, care, respect and love.

Paul was preceded in death by his parents, Pearl and William; brother, Melvin; sister, Regina; niece, Patricia and daughter, Dawn.

Paul leaves to mourn, his devoted daughter, Sherrie "Daddy's Babe"; his beautiful daughter, Paula; loving granddaughter, Kennedy "Peepa's Baby"; bonus granddaughter, Mikayla; faithful siblings, Anita Thompson, Muriel Richardson, William "Billy" Smith, Nathaniel "Nat" Smith (Iris), Darlene Smith and Gregory "Greg" Smith (Regina); ex-wife, Lucy Smith; loving nieces and nephews; in-laws; beloved friends, Alexander and Betty Green; devoted life mate, Angela Scott; Angela's family and extended family; and a host of friends.

Do not stand at my grave and weep
I am not there; I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow,
I am the sun on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circled flight.
I am the soft stars that shine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry,
I am not there; I did not die.

Daughters Sherrie and Paula submit:

GOOD NIGHT DAD GOD BLESS BY FIONA TUNILLA

You used to spoil me rotten
With all your love and care
But now each time I look for you
You suddenly aren't there

I knew that it was coming
And that we'd have to say goodbye
But Dad, I wasn't ready
And the sad day has arrived

I'll no longer feel your arms around me tightly when I cry
Or be able to kiss you softly or wave to you goodbye

Because you are no longer here physically anyway
For God's special angels have been sent to carry you away

I hope you're watching over me the way you used to do
It really is the only way I think I might get through

Our tears and hurt consume us
As we lose you in our lives
But we have such happy memories behind these bloodshot eyes

I'll always miss you, Daddy, and I'll always love you too
There'll never be another daddy quite as loved as you

Goodnight, God bless

Tribute Wall

VS

“ *Our thoughts and prayers are with you.*

Velda Smith - July 27, 2020 at 12:43 PM

VS

“ *I will always remember you so sharply dress at the family reunion in your blue blazer and white pants. I knew where my dad Melvin got it from by looking at you. So smooth and so warm, you hug me and told me to come visit you anytime. Thank you for the love Uncle Paul. PS- my Mom sends her condolences as well to the entire family. Velda Smith*

Velda Smith - July 27, 2020 at 12:37 PM

ER

“ *From the time I met Uncle Paul, his presence was so big. When I asked him his name, his response was "Big Daddy." From that point, I referred to him as Big Daddy. He was always talking about the family, which he really loved and was proud of. I will truly miss his funny wit and all around loving and warm personality. God bless and keep each family member.*

Eunice Richardson - July 27, 2020 at 12:49 AM

SG

“ Submitted by Sherrie and Paula: *Daughters Sherrie and Paula submit: GOOD NIGHT DAD GOD BLESS BY FIONA TUNILLA You used to spoil me rotten With all your love and care But now each time I look for you You suddenly aren't there I knew that it was coming And that we'd have to say goodbye But Dad, I wasn't ready And the sad day has arrived I'll no longer feel your arms around me tightly when I cry Or be able to kiss you softly or wave to you goodbye Because you are no longer here physically anyway For God's special angels have been sent to carry you away I hope you're watching over me the way you used to do I really is the only way I think I might get through Our tears and hurt consume us As we lose you in our lives But we have such happy memories behind these bloodshot eyes I'll always miss you, Daddy, and I'll always love you too There'll never be another daddy quite as loved as you Goodnight, God bless*

Sherrie Greene - July 26, 2020 at 11:58 PM

SG

“ Submitted by the family: *Do Not Stand at My Grave and Weep By Mary Elizabeth Frye Do not stand at my grave and weep I am not there; I do not sleep. I am a thousand winds that blow, I am the diamond glints on snow, I am the sun on ripened grain, I am the gentle autumn rain. When you awaken in the morning I am the swift uplifting rush Of quiet birds in circled flight. I am the soft stars that shine at night. Do not stand at my grave and cry, I am not there; I did not die.*

Sherrie Greene - July 26, 2020 at 11:57 PM

MT

“ *Thinking of you during this time. Prayers for You and your family*

Marquette, Misha, Morgan and Mikaela Turner - July 26, 2020 at 02:21 PM

BG

“ *This tree reminds me of some trees we saw at ABC Park when we were young boys. I will always think of Big Brother whenever I see them.*

Billiy and the Girls - July 25, 2020 at 02:39 PM