

Celebrating the Life of
Franklin L. Smith

December 10, 1932 - May 21, 2017



Saturday, May 27, 2017 - 9:00 a.m.

OLIVET GOSPEL CHURCH
3900 Dyre Avenue • Bronx, NY 10466
Rev. Dr. Russell McLeod, Officiating

Obituary

Franklin Lascelles Smith was born on December 10, 1932 on the beautiful island of Jamaica in the charming parish of Manchester, District of Devon. Franklin was born to the late Hubert Smith and Amy Smith. He was the third child of six children.

As a child Franklin attended Devon Elementary School and Saint Lawrence Anglican Church. He was an acolyte, participating in school and church activities. He was an active member of the 4H Club. His favorite sport was cricket. He later attended Holmwood Technical High School in Christiana, where he finished his education. Upon graduating, Franklin went on to work at Alcan Jamaica Bauxite Company. In 1965 he met and fell in love with this beautiful lady Dorothy McKenzie and the two were joined in holy matrimony on April 16th, 1966 and resided at Chudleigh Housing Scheme.

Franklin went on to a new job at Revere Bauxite Company in Muggoty, St. Elizabeth. His last job was at Ministry of Agriculture Bodles in Spanish Town.

In 1987 Franklin embarked on a new journey migrating to the USA. Franklin was dedicated and hard working. He was employed with Revlon Company in Manhattan as a security guard until his retirement.

After a while he fell ill. He had two major back surgeries which left him immobile. He spent some time in rehabilitation and then returned home. In spite of all his adversities he managed to always keep a smile on his face.

On May 8th he was admitted to Montefiore Medical Center. On Sunday, May 21, 2017 a bright light was dimmed, like a candle in the wind Franklin peacefully passed at 5:30 AM.

He leaves to mourn his wife, Dorothy Christine Smith; daughter, son-in-law; one brother; three sisters, grandchildren, great grandchildren, sisters-in-law; brothers-in-law; nieces, nephews and a host of family and friends.

Order of Service

Processional

Hymn “Face to Face”

Prayer Rev. Dr. Russell McLeod

Scripture: Psalm 90 Chasare Allen (granddaughter)

Hymn “I’ll Fly Away”

Scripture: Psalm 121 Ruby Smith (sister-in-law)

Remembrances

Claude Hudson (son-in-law)
Worrel Campbell (son-in-law)

Solo Casel Wallace (cousin)

Poem Damani Whitely (grandnephew)

Obituary Britney Smith (granddaughter)

Praise & Worship

Homily Rev. Dr. Russell McLeod

Prayer of Comfort Rev. Dr. Russell McLeod

Benediction Rev. Dr. Russell McLeod

Recessional

Interment

Rose Hills Memorial Park
101 Mill Street
PutnamValley, New York 10579

Repast

*Immediately following the burial, please join the family for
repast and fellowship in the Church's Hall.*

Face To Face

Face to face with Christ, my Savior,
Face to face—what will it be,
When with rapture I behold Him,
Jesus Christ who died for me?
Face to face I shall behold Him,
Far beyond the starry sky;
Face to face in all His glory,
I shall see Him by and by!

Only faintly now, I see Him,
With the darkling veil between,
But a blessed day is coming,
When His glory shall be seen.

What rejoicing in His presence,
When are banished grief and pain;
When the crooked ways are straightened,
And the dark things shall be plain.

Face to face! O blissful moment!
Face to face—to see and know;
Face to face with my Redeemer,
Jesus Christ who loves me so.

I'll Fly Away

Some glad morning when this life is over
I'll fly away
To a home on Gods celestial shore
I'll fly away

Chorus

*I'll fly away, oh glory
I'll fly away in the morning
When I die hallelujah by and by
I'll fly away*

When the shadows of this life have gone
I'll fly away
Like a bird from prison bars has flown
I'll fly away

Chorus

Just a few more weary days and then
I'll fly away
To a land where joys shall never end
I'll fly away

Chorus

*I'll fly away oh glory
I'll fly away in the morning
When I die hallelujah by and by
I'll fly away
I'll fly away*

Psalm 90

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth. For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled. Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance. For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told. The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away. Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants. O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil. Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

Psalm 121

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

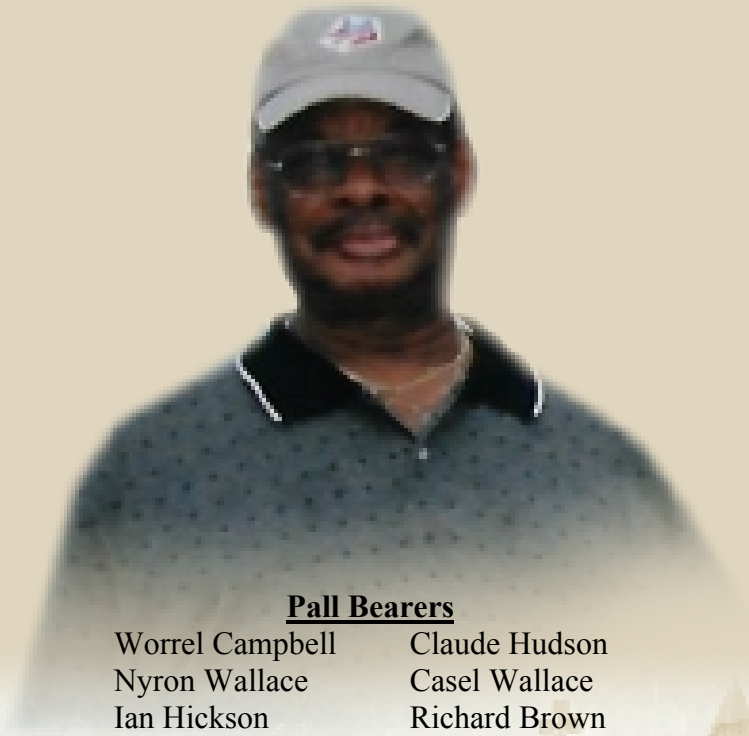
Our lives go on without you
but nothing is the same.
We have to hide our heartache
when someone speaks your name.

Sad are the hearts that love you.
Silent are the tears that fall.
Living without you is the hardest part of all.

You did so many things for us.
Your heart was so kind and true
and when we needed someone
we could always count on you.

The special years will not return
when we are all together,
but with the love in our hearts,
you will walk with us forever.
Sleep in paradise uncle.

A “Golden” heart stopped beating
Hard-working hands at rest.
God broke our hearts to prove to us,
He only take the best.



Pall Bearers

Worrel Campbell	Claude Hudson
Nyron Wallace	Casel Wallace
Ian Hickson	Richard Brown

Acknowledgement

The family of Franklin L. Smith acknowledges with great appreciation all acts of kindness, sympathy and love extended to us during this time of bereavement.

Eternity 
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