



Celebrating
THE LIFE OF
Hilton John Smith

Sunrise
March 28, 1943

Sunset
December 9, 2023

Service
Tuesday, December 19, 2023 • 11:00 a.m.

ROY L. GILMORE'S FUNERAL HOME, INC.
191-02 Linden Blvd. • St. Albans, New York 11412
Dr. Frankco Harris, Organist

Order of Service

Processional

Hymn of Comfort..... “Blessed Assurance”

Prayer of Comfort

Scripture Reading..... Pastor Taylor

Old Testament

New Testament

Selection..... “His Eye Is On The Sparrow”

Reflections

Reading of Obituary..... Sharon Humphrey

Acknowledgements..... Family

Selection..... “Battle is Not Yours”

Eulogy

The Benediction

Recessional “Dance with My Father”

Interment

Rockville Cemetery
Lynbrook, New York

Repast

Emanuel Baptist Church
1880 Pelham Street
Elmont, New York 11003

Obituary

Hilton John Smith, age 80, passed away peacefully on December 9, 2023 at home in Laurelton, NY alongside his loving wife of 55 years. He was born on March 28, 1943 in the city of Port of Spain, Trinidad to the late Eva Smith and Allan Ryan.

Hilton completed his education at the St. Patrick's Boys Catholic School in Port of Spain, Trinidad. After graduating, he worked at Barclay's Bank until he migrated to Brooklyn, NY in 1966. There he met Carolyn Humphrey through a mutual friend and they married in 1968. Through this union they had two beautiful children Ricardo and Bridgette.

When Hilton first arrived in New York, he worked various jobs around the city until he secured employment with Con Edison where he served in several capacities, until he retired after 30 years of service.

Hilton was a loving, God fearing family man who enjoyed fishing, photography, working on cars and working on home improvement projects. Hilton always enjoyed spending time with his grandchildren. He also enjoyed dancing (especially to calypso music), watching basketball, horse racing and Off-Track-Betting ("The OTB") for horse racing. Hilton enjoyed the culture and food of his native land and often shared stories with family and friends of his childhood escapades and growing up in Trinidad. He loved the yearly trips that his wife and children would make to North Carolina, spending time and socializing with family not seen often enough, his in-laws.

Some of Ricardo's favorite memories with his Dad included working on cars, going fishing, and having occasional heart to heart life conversations.

A fond memory that Bridgette had with her Dad was watching science fiction and horror flicks, which she admits she was too young to be watching at the tender age of five or six, spawning her enjoyment of science fiction and horror films to this day. Bridgette also have fond memories of discussing finances and anything money-related with her Dad. Bridgette not only favored her Dad in appearance, they thought alike and have the same caring spirit.

Carolyn's fondest memories included going out dancing with Hilton in her twenties and thirties, as they both shared a love for music and dancing, as well as traveling with her husband and children while either visiting family in North Carolina or enjoying other vacation destinations.

Hilton was preceded in death by his parents and three of his siblings, Allan Ryan Jr., Elma Ryan, and Keith Ryan. He leaves to cherish his memory his caring wife Carolyn Smith; his son Ricardo Smith, who he affectionately called "Cardo" of Jamaica, NY; his daughter Bridgette Smith-Hurd (Will) of Fredericksburg, VA; two grandsons, Brandon Smith and Will S. Hurd V; two sisters Gloria Martin of Upstate NY, and Patricia Cummings of Brooklyn, NY; one brother Anthony Smith of Brooklyn, NY; a host of in-laws, nieces, nephews, and friends.

Lovingly Submitted, The Family



God Looked Around His Garden

*God looked around his garden, And found an empty place,
He then looked down upon the earth, And saw your tired face.*

He put his arms around you, And lifted you to rest.

God's garden must be beautiful, He always takes the best.

He knew that you were suffering, He knew you were in pain.

He knew that you would never, Get well on earth again.

He saw the road was getting rough, And the hills were hard to climb.

So he closed your weary eyelids, And whispered, 'Peace be Thine'.

It broke our hearts to lose you, But you didn't go alone,

For part of us went with you, The day God called you home.

Acknowledgements

Perhaps you sent a lovely card, or sat quietly in a chair.

Perhaps you sent a flower piece, if so, we saw it there.

Perhaps you said the kindest words, that any friend could say.

Perhaps you were not there at all, just thought of us that day.

Whatever you did to console our hearts,

We thank you so much - whatever the part.

Professional Services Provided By:

Roy L. Gilmore's Funeral Home, Inc.



Angela Gilmore-Manning, *President*

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