

***Celebration of Life for
John F. Smith***



***Sunrise:
May 23, 1923***

***Sunset:
April 26, 2018***

***Friday, May 4, 2018
11:00 a.m.***

***Friendship Baptist Church
17145 Bastanchury Road
Yorba Linda, Ca 92886***

***Pastor Kenneth C. Curry, Jr., Senior Pastor
Officiant***

Celebration of Life

John Frank Smith passed away peacefully at his home in Placentia, California on Thursday, April 26, 2018.

He was born on May 24, 1923 to parents John Albert Smith and Margaret Bailey Smith in Nashville Tennessee. At the age of eight years old, John moved to Louisville, Kentucky with his family, and adapted quite quickly.

He was a very active teen, and was extremely athletic. He participated in all types of sports to include boxing, baseball, and football. Everyone always wanted John on their team, as he greatly increased their odds towards obtaining a victory. He was a relentless competitor, however; he always showed mercy and compassion to his little brother, who at often times ended up on the opposite team.

He was also known to be an excellent swimmer. He didn't have access to public swimming pools during that time, so he often swam in rivers or canals. He competed with his brother and friends to see who could swim the fastest from one side to the other, and John always won.

As athletic and as active as he was, he was equally mischievous during his teens. He was the founder of his own local club called "Skull and Bones". John wasn't the oldest or the biggest, but he was known to be the toughest and the meanest. His club had their own set of rules and criteria and you couldn't join unless you had a brother. He held the leadership until he volunteered and enlisted in the United States Marine Corps in 1943. Becoming a Marine has never been an easy task, and it especially wasn't easy back then, as the Marine Corps held their recruits to a higher standard through their written test and physical evaluations. John always said, "The Marines are ready, willing, and quite able, anytime, anyplace, and everywhere".

Just a few months prior to John enlisting, the Marine Corps had become de-segregated, however; John was still placed into a segregated battalion. Racial tension ran high in America and it extended throughout the military as well. Although the Marine Corps was de-segregated, fair non-discriminatory practices didn't really take affect until approximately 1950. Regardless, John rapidly excelled in rank due to his high level of intellect and gift of physical fitness. He was quickly selected for a new military experimental program, and sent to Camp Montfort Point. These Marines selected were comprised of elite African American Marine recruits. These Marines were later known as the Montfort Point Marines. The Montfort Point Marines, played a major role in the development of what is now known to be Force Recon, which is regarded as the Special Forces Unit of the Marines. Within the Armed Forces Branch in our nation, the Marines are known as the Nations 911 Military Expeditionary Force, always ready in any clime, any place, or any climate.

John ultimately served his country as a Master Gunnery Sergeant, and was drafted overseas into combat missions approximately 17 times throughout World War II and the Korean War. During his enlistment, his superior performance and excellence also merited him top-secret clearance from the United States government. He was so handsome, polished, and as he put it, "Sharp as a Tack", he earned the nickname as a soldier, "Pretty Smittie".

The accolades John achieved during his service were unheard of for most service men, and especially for an African American soldier at that time. John was a Platoon Leader, and the first African-American member of the United States Marine Corps baseball team. He also met two United States presidents during his service within the military and he also met President Clinton decades later as a guest for the Presidents 50th birthday celebration, hosted by Whoopi Goldberg.

His main duty while he was in the military was as a drill instructor. Drill instructors, a.k.a. "DI's" were, and are still regarded as the elite of the elite within the military training structure. Within the eyes of the military every D.I. exemplifies the military's overall curriculum of pure excellence.

John also performed duties as a specialized training chief, court reporter, legal chief, physical fitness instructor, and counselor. He received a degree from the United States Naval legal division before returning home and being honorably discharged in 1968 from Camp Pendleton Marine Corps base in San Diego County, California.

Decades later he was recognized by Washington, DC and awarded the Congressional Gold Medal of Honor for his service to our country.

John became quite active within his surrounding communities, as he prepared for civilian life. However, prior to retiring from the military, John landed the prestigious position of Superior Court Official within the civilian sector in March 1965, and served in the Superior Courts until 1991 where he retired from the County of Orange, in California. Simultaneously, in approximately October 1965, John attended and graduated from the Orange County Sheriffs Department's Sheriffs Academy. John became employed by the City of Placentia's Police Department, as one of the first, if not the first, African-American active Police Reserve Officers and served at that capacity until December 1969.

Years later, John continued his education and obtained another degree in Business Administration.

John married the love of his life Jacqueline Angela Smith in 1959. John and Jacqueline moved to Orange County and resided there, and during that time they had a daughter Francina and a son, John II. From a previous marriage, John had four lovely daughters Frankie, Francesca, Terry, and Ciana.

John and Jacqueline were charter members of Friendship Baptist Church where John served at the capacity of a Deacon and later as a faithful Usher. He was also a Masonic Mason and soared to the ranks of a 33rd^o Mason garnering him the title of "The Illustrious" John F. Smith.

John is survived by his wife, Jacqueline, his brother, William, his sister, Amanda, and 6 Children, 4 Nieces, 4 Nephews, 6 Grandchildren, and 10 Great Grandchildren.

Over the years, John supported and donated to the Disabled Veterans and Families of Fallen Police Officers.

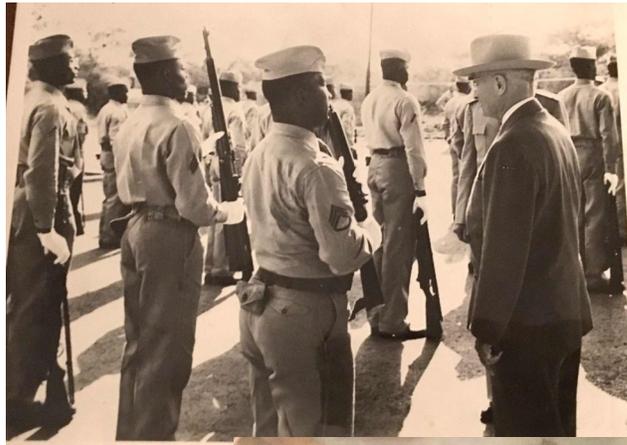
John was strong proud man, and a survivor. He never gave up or quit. He was often times seen rattling off quotes of wisdom and knowledge to men near and far, where he garnished nicknames like Pops, and Sarge.

John was a devoted husband, father, son, brother and dear friend to many. He affected and touch the lives of everyone he came across. He was loving, generous, and wise, and always gave advice. He shared catchy slogans like "Make your good be better till your better is best" or, "A bumble bee can't whoop an elephant, but he can sting him". Or he would say, "People will accept you, or reject you, but what's important, is that they never forget you.

John worked hard his entire life to be successful, so he could not only provide for his family, but also, so he could set the precedent for the success of all of his children to obtain their goals, dreams, and desires.

John may your soul rest in peace with friends, loved ones, and service members who have gone before you, and may you await us and others, to come after you to be with the Lord and Savior throughout eternity.

The family acknowledges and appreciates your expressions of sympathy, peace, comfort and love throughout these difficult times in our lives. We thank you and pray god's abundant blessings upon you.



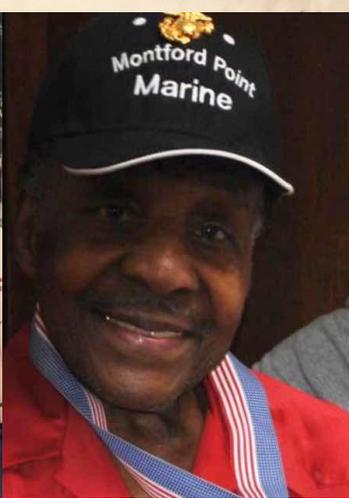
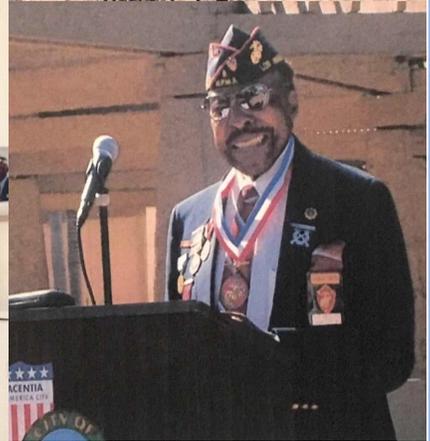
**MONTFORD POINT MARINE ASSOCIATION
LOS ANGELES CHAPTER**



SITTING LEFT TO RIGHT: Robert Hammond, Charlie G. Matthew, Tom W. Brown, Dale Gayles, Donald Cornish, Willie C. Bassett, Sherry M. Porter, Robert D. Reid, Nathaniel R. Hoese, Freddie Melvin, John A. Chavis, Herman A. Nathaniel.

STANDING LEFT TO RIGHT: Wilmer White, Albert L. Kindred, Mitchell T. Key, Earnest Jackson, Malcolm Mumford, John S. Pickney, Lewis Brown, Willie Hunt, Paul J. Madson, David Brown, Pusey H. Bridges, L. E. (Mike) Johnson, Eugene D. Gillis, Herbert Laffoon, Jr., Mary Buckner, Leon T. Williams, Eddie Q. Hicks, Willie House, Willie E. Kelly, John W. Lee, Johnny Shelton, Jr., David Calmer, Andrew Stallworth, Claude Lee, Arthur L. Snyers, Louis Massengale, Richard E. Holland, Willie L. Collins, John F. Smith, Kenneth W. Reed.

U.S. MARINE CORPS
1946-1947-1948-1949-1950-1951-1952-1953-1954-1955-1956-1957-1958-1959-1960-1961-1962-1963-1964-1965-1966-1967-1968-1969-1970-1971-1972-1973-1974-1975-1976-1977-1978-1979-1980-1981-1982-1983-1984-1985-1986-1987-1988-1989-1990-1991-1992-1993-1994-1995-1996-1997-1998-1999-2000-2001-2002-2003-2004-2005-2006-2007-2008-2009-2010-2011-2012-2013-2014-2015-2016-2017-2018-2019-2020-2021-2022-2023-2024-2025



Order of Celebration

Family Processional.....*Ministers and Family*

Musical Selection.....*Precious Lord*.....*Rev. Fredia Travis*

Scripture Readings

Old Testament.....*Psalms 23*.....

New Testament.....*Revelation 2:14*.....

Prayer.....

Musical Selection.....*Take Me to the King*.....*Rev. Fredia Travis*

Resolution & Acknowledgements.....

Remarks and Family Words of Expressions.....*Family and Friends*
(limit 2 minutes each)

Usher Presentation

Musical Selection.....*Steal Away*.....*Terry Roseborough*

Obituary.....*Lt. Colonel Douglas T. Steele*
Retired U.S.M.C.

Video Presentation

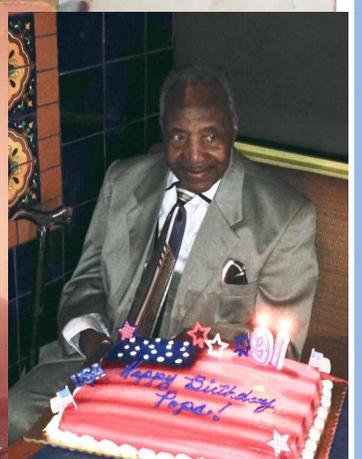
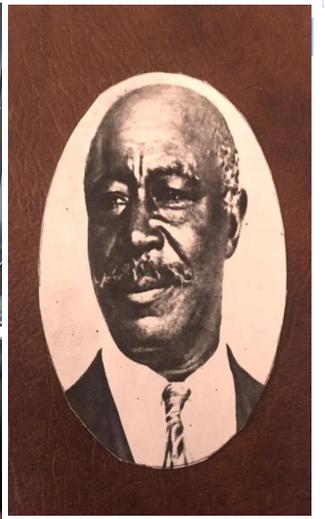
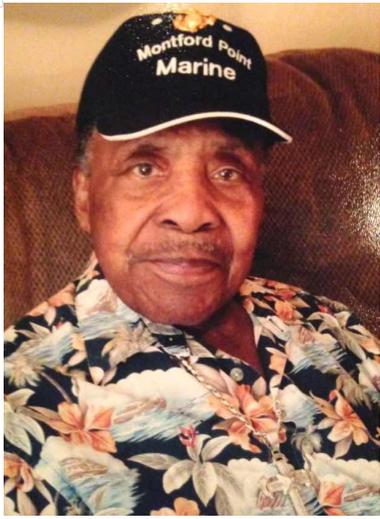
Musical Selection.....*The Lord's Prayer*.....*BJ Smith*

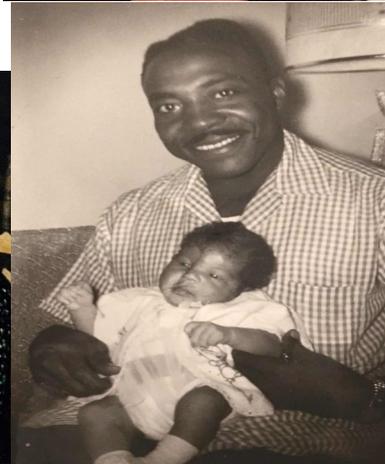
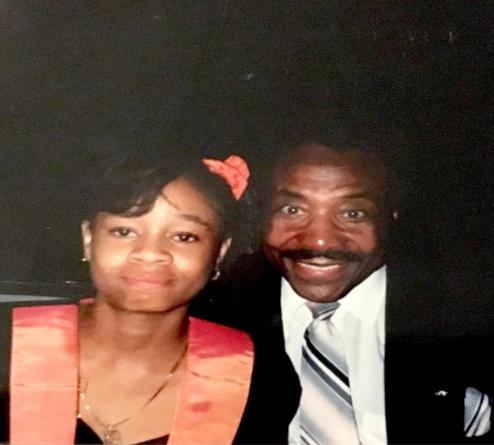
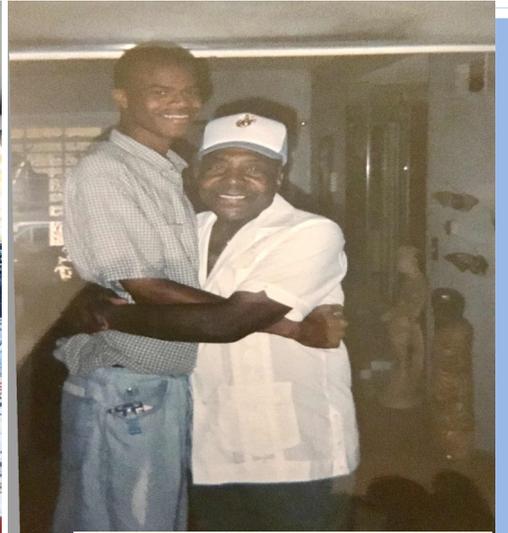
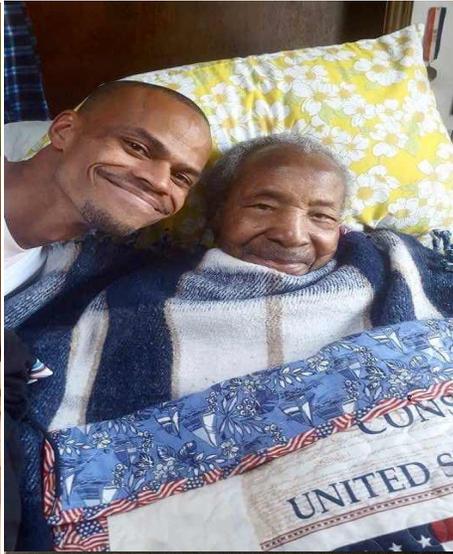
Words of Comfort.....*Pastor Kenneth C. Curry, Jr.*

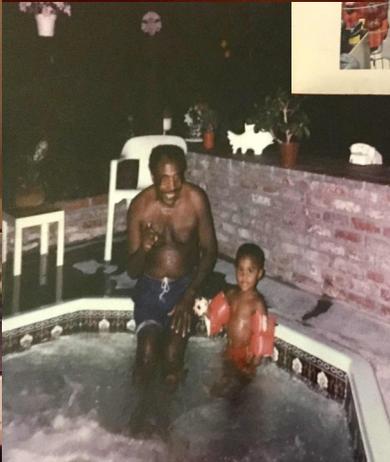
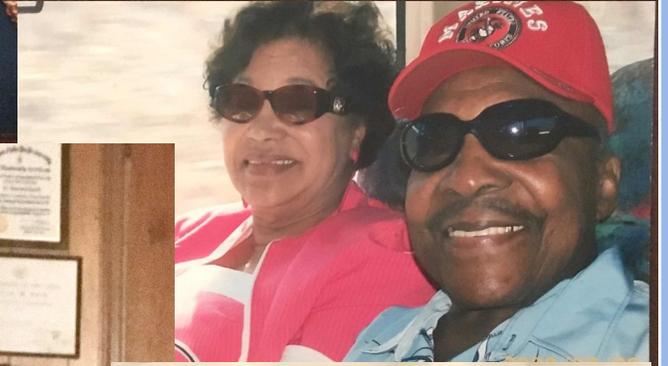
Parting View

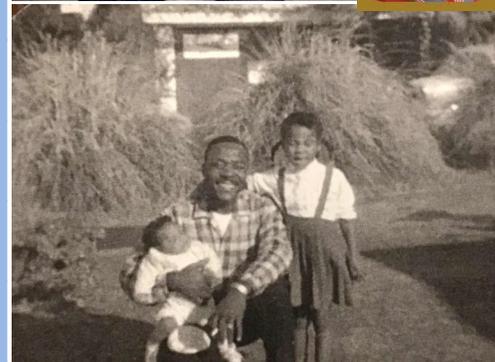
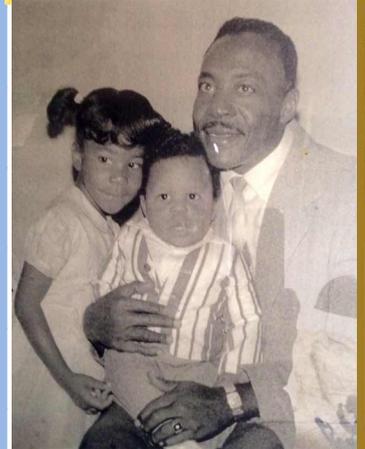
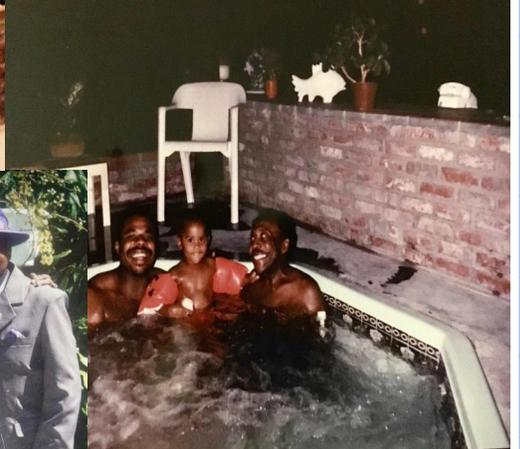
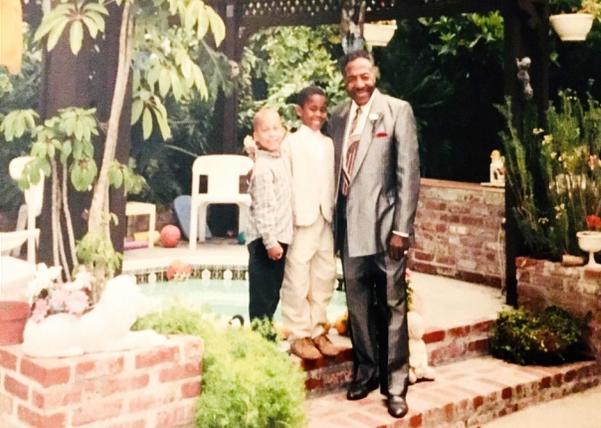
Military Salute

Recessional.....*Going Up Yonder*.....*Rev. Fredia Travis*











Tributes to Dad

A Phenomenal Man

My dad, John Frank Smith, was a phenomenal man. He fought a good fight and he kept the faith. When people told him that he could not make it or it couldn't be done, my dad grabbed on to faith and he never gave up; when his journey got dark rough and rugged, he kept fighting but he never gave up. My dad kept fighting until God said come unto me and I will give you rest; eternal life. Well done thy good and faithful servant.

Respectfully submitted by his oldest loving daughter.

Dr Frankie Swoope-Bynum

Message to my father:

Dad you never cease to amaze me with your continued strength and resilience! As you look down upon me from the heavens above, rejoice in the fact that you gave me the tools to carry out your legacy, and be the man that you raised me to be. I love you!

As a child, you always seemed a bit strange to me, being that you were always older than most, if not all of my friends Grandparents when I was just a young buck in elementary school.

I thought you were a bit strange when we would go to the grocery store, or many different places, and you would bet people that they couldn't guess your age.

I thought it was a bit strange when I would look at some of the pictures of you in the Marines and I would ask you what happened, and you would look at me with a distant blank stare.

I thought you were a bit strange when my mother told me that you were a prisoner of war and survived many encounters in combat and still came back alive in one piece. I would wonder, "why would anybody want to be a Marine and do that for 30 years"?

I thought you were a bit strange when I saw you mumbling Curse words under your breath while we looked out of the window of our big house in Placentia and saw eggs splattered, and trash, on our front yard.

I thought you were strange, when I thought I saw a tear drop from your eye because someone had broken out the windows of our house or spray-painted the N-Word on your Cadillac, or your Mercedes.

I thought you were a bit strange when I asked you why do "white people" do bad things like that, and you said "it's not about being white, black, or brown. Bad people come in all shapes, sizes, and colors.

I thought you were a bit strange when you came to my elementary school in the first grade and the door flew open, and you had the principal in a headlock, because my teacher had my desk facing the wall refusing to teach me, while she taught all the other students in the class and he knew about it, but did nothing. And he was twice your size!

I thought you were a bit strange when my friends would come over and if they ate food, you made them bless the food, and you talked to my friends and lectured us about life, you made us look you in the eye, and you had all kinds of wild crazy sayings, and talked to us, and even said many inappropriate things that my friends laughed at, and I was highly embarrassed over, because the thought of censorship had no place or meaning in your vocabulary!

I thought you were a bit strange when you made me do housework, yardwork, schoolwork, and any other work, you could think of, and if I missed one little thing you made me do it all over again, and quitting was never an option.

And I thought you were totally insane when you would tell me "nothing in the world, would kill me faster than you would, if I ever even thought about disrespecting you", and I totally believed you!

And then one day I really thought it was strange that none of my friends fathers acted like you!

I thought it was strange that my friends fathers didn't tell them that they loved them in front of me, like you always told me in front of them.

I thought it was strange, that some of my friends didn't have a father that was around present in their life.

I thought it was strange that barely any of my friends fathers even talked to me, or them. And as I got older, through high school and college I thought it was strange that I saw so many of my friends give up and quit so many things in life, but yet I never thought about quitting anything that I set out to do or accomplish.

I thought it was strange that I wasn't afraid of anything.

I thought it was strange that all the things you told me about good people and bad people was true. And all the things you told me about girls and women.....how did you know?

And then one day I realized. I realized, that you weren't just an ordinary man, I realized you were an extraordinary man! I realized that you were wiser than King Solomon, more poetic than "Robert Frost", beyond your time, stronger than Sampson or Hercules, and smarter than Einstein or Divinci.

I realized that you had been preparing me since birth, and all the sacrifices you made for myself, my sisters, your community, and your country were for the betterment of all of us.

I realized the unconditional love that you gave to me, our family, and even to my friends.

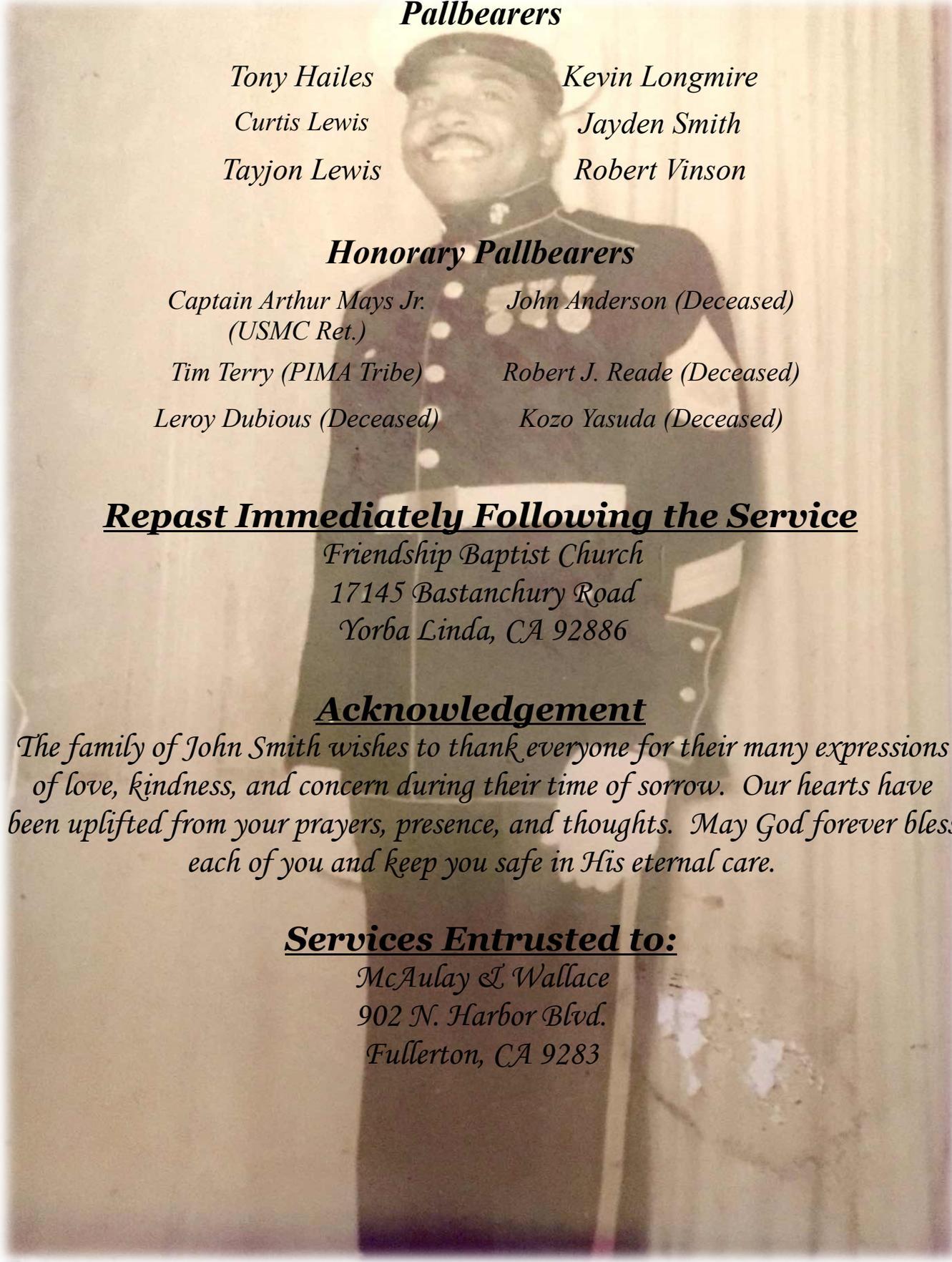
I realized that there was only one of you, as uniquely individual as a fingerprint. And the most important thing I realized, was, that I was blessed to be your son and for you to be my Dad!

I am honored to be your son and I'm glad to have shared you with so many of my friends.

It's not at all strange now, as I've been amazed by your continued strength, personality, resilience, and perseverance, and guidance that you have displayed and shown me throughout my whole entire life, and I wouldn't be 1/10 of the man I am without you! I hope one day, that I eventually become 1/4 of a father to my children, that you were to me, and I embraced and enjoyed most every moment with you.

I thought it a bit strange, that I wake up today and embark on another opportunity at life, I realize, you're not here with me anymore!

Your Son,
John F. Smith II



Pallbearers

Tony Hailes

Kevin Longmire

Curtis Lewis

Jayden Smith

Tayjon Lewis

Robert Vinson

Honorary Pallbearers

*Captain Arthur Mays Jr.
(USMC Ret.)*

John Anderson (Deceased)

Tim Terry (PIMA Tribe)

Robert J. Reade (Deceased)

Leroy Dubious (Deceased)

Kozo Yasuda (Deceased)

Repast Immediately Following the Service

Friendship Baptist Church

17145 Bastanchury Road

Yorba Linda, CA 92886

Acknowledgement

The family of John Smith wishes to thank everyone for their many expressions of love, kindness, and concern during their time of sorrow. Our hearts have been uplifted from your prayers, presence, and thoughts. May God forever bless each of you and keep you safe in His eternal care.

Services Entrusted to:

McAulay & Wallace

902 N. Harbor Blvd.

Fullerton, CA 9283