



Mrs. Ethel L. Smith

September 5, 1922 - October 23, 2018

On October 23, 2018, God called Ethel Luvenia Hayes Smith from labor to reward. She was born to the late Noah and Mayme Hayes on September 5, 1922 in Logantown, Kentucky.

She was preceded in death by a brother Isaac Hayes and her husband of 60 years, Rev Horace R. Smith, Sr. She leaves to cherish her memory one son Horace R. Smith, Jr. (Jennifer), two grandsons, Thomas H. Smith, IV and Chandler J. Smith; sisters-in-law Kathryn Smith Stephens and Virginia Smith, brother-in-law Rev. Charles H. Smith, a special friend Joanne Bell Smith, and numerous nieces, nephews, cousins and friends.

Mrs. Smith was educated in the public schools of Fayette County and graduated from Dunbar High School. She went on to attend Kentucky State University and graduated with honors in History and English.

After college, she taught briefly at Mather Academy, an African American boarding school in Camden, South Carolina before returning to central Kentucky to accept a position as a dental assistant and office manager for Dr. J.C. Lee, a job she held for nearly 40 years.

She was united in marriage to Rev. Horace R. Smith on May 13, 1950 and faithfully served by his side during his 60 years as pastor of the Pilgrim Baptist Church and 50 years as pastor of the Watkinsville Baptist Church. At Pilgrim, she was a member of the choir, a Sunday School teacher and a founding member of the Progressive Club.

For years she was an active member of the Lexington Alumnae Chapter of Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, Inc.

Everyone who knew Ethel Smith knew that she absolutely loved flowers. She found solace in gardening and took great pride in the beautiful array of flowering plants that adorned the containers and gardens at 471 Erie Road. On October 23, 2018, God saw in Ethel Smith a beautiful flower that was ready to be transplanted from this low ground of sorrow to His glorious garden on high.

Cemetery

Lexington Cemetery

KY,

Comments



“ To the family of Mrs. Ethel Smith, I am so very sorry for your loss. The gift of life as it was passed on through a breath of air into the nostrils meant life. The beauty of life never grows old and is never an uneventful occasion, there is always enough joy for all, hugs and kisses abound. In the resurrection we will have more joy to go around, because we will regain those we love. Rev21:4

Teresa - October 27, 2018 at 07:48 PM