



*Dolores Eleanor Smith,*

*Sister of Fairlawn Avenue*

*United Church member*

*Rosemary Pryde*



The day before my sister died, we spoke on the phone. We laughed a lot, and her voice was very strong. I didn't realize that this would be the final time I would hear it. The next day, I mentioned to Douglas how blessed I felt that she and I had a conversation just the day before she died. He told me that she would have heard my voice as she left this life. On the evening of her death, her eldest son Eric and I were talking, and he noted that each member of her family was able to have a conversation with her. I mentioned Douglas's words to me and suggested to Eric that she not only had my voice, but a whole chorus to sing her on her way home.

Dody was the eldest in my family, nine years my senior. One of the first memories I have of her is a sort of "show and tell" as she took me to meet her friends at some sort of school event. She was, in all respects, a loving sister, always finding the good in everything and one of my biggest cheerleaders.

Dody died in the late spring of this covid year, somewhat unexpectedly of complications following hip replacement surgery, her husband of almost 64 years at her side.

She was one of the most optimistic persons I have ever known, even telling me on the day before her death that things would get better. My memories are overflowing with gratitude for her life; for her quirky sense of humour that was shared by the Jackman side of the family; for her faith in the goodness of others and in God; and for her kindness to all she met. Her vast array of friends followed her from Windsor, Kingston and Toronto where she grew up, to more than six US states and finally to Florida. She never had trouble making new friends and they were endearing friendships.

She was a stay-at-home mom for her children Eric, Gary and Laine, and found lots of time to do volunteer work. In Maryland, where she and her husband Roland lived for some 20 years, she worked for the hospital auxiliary and held the post as head of the state association – a CEO in all but name. Given her leadership capabilities, she was Chief Organizer of family events. You always knew precisely what your job was when Dody was calling the shots!

She met her husband at the age of 18 when he drove up to Toronto from Syracuse with a classmate during the Easter weekend. There wasn't much to do in the Toronto of the 1950s so they decided to visit Casa Loma. Dody was a newly minted guide and he was on her tour. A particularly fast worker, he managed to find out her phone number, called late that Saturday afternoon and asked if he could take her out. Her father was not at all thrilled. Roland was a student, albeit a Masters Student in business. He was an American and his name was Smith! Dody persevered and the rest was history.

Dody lived a wonderful life, filled with grace. In addition to me, her sister Nancy, brother-in-law Ray, niece and nephew Sandra and Dave, and her beloved husband and children, she leaves her grandchildren Bryan, Heather and Baxter Smith and her great grandson Jack Smith, born on his great-grandparent's 60<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary.

She was my big sister. I am bereft without her in my life, but so grateful for hers.



*Submitted by Rosemary Pryde*

*Fairlawn*   
*Remembers*