

# When I Must Leave You

When I must leave you  
for a little while —  
Please do not grieve  
and shed wild tears  
And hug your sorrow to you  
through the years,  
But start out bravely  
with a gallant smile;  
and for my sake  
and in my name  
Live on and do  
all things the same,

Feed not your loneliness  
on empty days  
But fill each waking hour  
in useful ways,  
Reach out your hand  
in comfort and in cheer  
and I in turn will comfort you  
and hold you near;  
and never, never  
be afraid to die  
For I am waiting for you in the sky.

— Helen Steines Rice

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

It is with sincere gratitude that we thank our many friends for all acts of kindness rendered to us during this time of our great loss. May God bless you and keep you always.



A SERVICE OF DIGNITY

BY

O. E. MANIGAULT & SONS FUNERAL HOME  
Garden and College Streets  
Winnsboro, South Carolina  
803-635-4024

FUNERAL SERVICES

FOR

MR. TOM. A. SMITH



GOD GRANT ME THE SERENITY TO ACCEPT  
THE THINGS I CANNOT CHANGE,  
THE COURAGE TO CHANGE THE THINGS I CAN,  
AND THE WISDOM TO KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.

2:00 P. M.

THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1992

ST. PAUL BAPTIST CHURCH  
WINNSBORO, SOUTH CAROLINA

Rev. Terry O. Corbin, Pastor

O B I T U A R Y

On Friday morning, March 6, 1992, at age 71, Mr. Tom Smith was called to his resting place.

Born in Fairfield County, he was the son of the late Mr. John and Mrs. Eunice Hall Smith. He was a veteran of World War II. Mr. Smith was a retired construction worker.

He is survived by his son, John T. (Elizabeth) Smith of Winnsboro, SC; brothers, Mr. Arthur Smith and Mr. Wyatt Smith, both of Winnsboro, SC and Mr. Eugene Smith of Albany, NY; a sister, Mrs. Edna Chandler of Altamonte, NY; two grandchildren, Constance and John Tillman Smith of Winnsboro; a special friend, Mrs. Rosa Lee Roach of Winnsboro, SC; nieces, nephews and numerous other relatives and friends.



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF DEATH

Death is a gateway  
we all must pass through  
To reach that fair land  
where the soul's born anew,  
For man's born to die  
and his sojourn on earth  
Is a short span of years  
beginning with birth...  
And like pilgrims we wander  
until death takes our hand  
And we start on our journey  
to God's promised land,  
A place where we'll find  
no suffering nor tears,  
Where time is not counted  
by days, months or years...  
And in this fair city  
that God has prepared  
Are unending joys  
to be happily shared  
With all of our loved ones  
who patiently wait  
On death's other side  
to open "the gate!"

ORDER OF SERVICE

Rev. Terry O. Corbin, Officiating

Prelude

Processional

Hymn....."What A Friend We Have in Jesus"

Scripture.....Old Testament/  
New Testament

Prayer

Remarks.....Deacon Edison Jackson

Words of Comfort.....Rev. Terry O. Corbin

Recessional

Postlude

Interment

St. Peter A.M.E. Church Cemetery  
Blair, South Carolina

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Pallbearers

Mr. Willie J. Johnson  
Mr. Clement Moore  
Mr. Emanuel Smith  
Mr. Anderson Kennedy

Flowerbearers

Mrs. Mae Bell McCullough  
Mrs. Jessie Alexander  
Mrs. Pauline Johnson

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"Sleep on and take your Rest,  
We loved you, but God loved you best."