

Dr. John Terry Smith

November 25, 1925 - May 29, 2020

Celebrating the Life of
Dr. John Terry Smith

Friday, June 12, 2020 11:00 a.m.

Magnolia Cemetery

Woodville, Texas

Dr. James Fuller



Military Honors
Active United States Navy

Opening Sentences

A Life Remembered

Prayer

Eulogy

Family, Faith, Friends

Message

First, Do No Harm

Let us not grow weary in doing good

Prayer

John Terry Smith, M.D., 94, a long-time resident of Beaumont, Texas, died Friday, May 29, 2020, in Frisco, Texas. He was born on Thanksgiving Day, November 25, 1925 in Milam, Texas to Obediah Hillis Smith and Elsa Hofmann Smith in his grandparents' farm house.

From early childhood, he always wanted to be a doctor, inspired by seeing his "uncle" Giles Smith, make house calls in his Model T. He loved reading, English literature, math, and physics, and had great admiration for the many teachers who inspired his love of learning. In 1941, his family moved to Beaumont where he graduated from South Park High School and attended Lamar Junior College. In 1944, he enlisted in the United States Navy and participated in the landings in the Philippines and the invasion of Okinawa. In May 1946, he had a one-way train ticket to Beaumont, and was glad to be home again. It was upon return from service that he completed his college education in Pre-Med at North Texas University in 1947. Having come from a family of poor East Texas cotton farmers, the likelihood of attending medical school was rather remote. With encouragement from his mother, teachers, and a GI Bill, he fulfilled his childhood dream upon acceptance to Baylor University College of Medicine in Houston. This is where he met and married the love of his life, Ormand Jane Sykes.

After graduation and a rotating internship at Jefferson Davis (charity) Hospital in Houston, his medical practice began in Beaumont in the summer of 1952. At that time, the community was in the midst of a severe Polio epidemic. Many Saturday and Sunday afternoons were spent making house calls to see sick children with high fever, always the possibility of meningitis or polio. His thriving practice in Family Medicine lasted 23 years. He became skilled in almost all aspects of general practice—General Surgery, Urology, Orthopedics, Gynecology and Obstetrics, and Emergency Medicine—there were no emergency room physicians in those days. He felt he had the opportunity to practice during the "Golden Age of Medicine," believing that the real gold had to do with the patient- physician relationship; the trust between patient and physician. Beyond his regular practice, he also served as the South Park School District doctor, attending school games and handling any emergencies that occurred. In addition, he was Lamar University's Student Health

Center physician. During those two decades as a family doctor and witnessing many of his patients suffering with allergy-related illnesses, he made the decision to specialize in Allergy. In 1975 and upon board certification and recognition as a specialist in Allergy and Immunology, he opened the Beaumont Allergy Clinic. He was later elected to fellowship in The American Academy of Allergy and continued this medical practice until retirement in 1993. There were countless, warm memories of his patients, nurses, and staff. During his medical career, he was also active in the Rotary Club and various medical and hospital organizations. His proudest moments were: a house call or emergency call to someone or family who needed care, but could not afford it, yet were truly grateful with gifts of big bags of vegetables, sacks of satsumas, and Christmas coconut lamb cakes.

Some of his most treasured family memories were with family and friends at “the Farm” in Warren, Texas. In 1964, a fifty-acre tract of land was purchased (from the Texas Veterans’ Land Program) near the edge of the Big Thicket National Preserve. A local carpenter was hired and a country cabin was constructed. The first project was “the horse enterprise,” with the purchase of two gentle horses, Freckles and Patches, for his children. Later, a catfish pond was built, pastures were developed, and a cattle venture began. After deciding that growing pine trees was less demanding than the cattle business, neighboring land was purchased and converted into a longleaf pine plantation. The farm was his sanctuary, spending every week-end there. He loved the beauty of nature: gardening, planting trees, raising long leaf pines, and tending his roses and flowerbeds. To him, the most perfect day was a beautiful Blue Sky Day—Spring or Fall—on the Farm.

Membership at Calder Baptist Church was a major part of his fifty-nine years of life in Beaumont. He served as a deacon for most of those years. He participated in outreach programs, various church committees, including Chair of the Missions Ministries Team, and church landscape projects. He had a keen interest in participating in foreign mission, and was, in fact, bound for a trip to China with fellow members, when his son, Terry, died unexpectedly following surgery in 2002. When friends and relatives asked where to send a memorial donation, the idea to establish a fund at the church for International Mission Trips emerged. Several years afterwards,

Buckner' s International Orphan Care Ministry afforded him and other church members a great opportunity to visit the orphanages in St. Petersburg. Sharing love and concern for these deprived children was one of the highlights of his life.

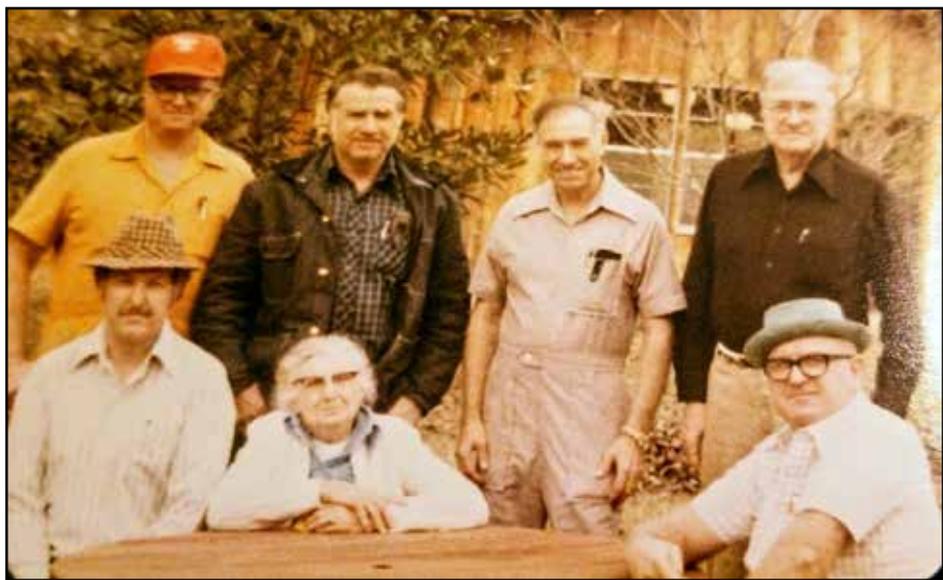
In his retirement, he loved being with his grandchildren and seeing them grow up, and especially spending time with them at his beloved farm in Warren, Texas and taking trips to visit his daughter, son-in-law, and granddaughter who lived in Santa Fe. During this time, he was able to take the Master Gardeners course where he concluded that gardeners, farmers, foresters, and lovers of the land are some of the greatest people. He also enjoyed traveling with his grandsons to Europe, visiting with his mother's family and cousins in San Diego, California, as well as reunion trips with his WWII shipmates and spouses. After moving to the Dallas area to be closer to his daughters and grandchildren, he had the opportunity in 2013 to take the WWII Veterans Honor Flight to Washington D.C. and visit the war memorials and Arlington Cemetery. He often said this was one of the most satisfying trips ever made.

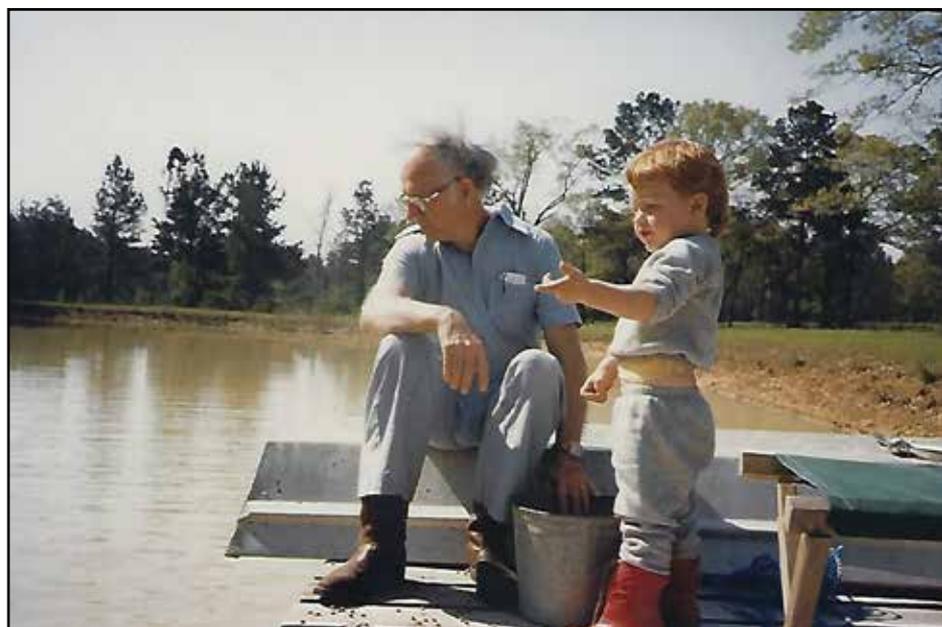
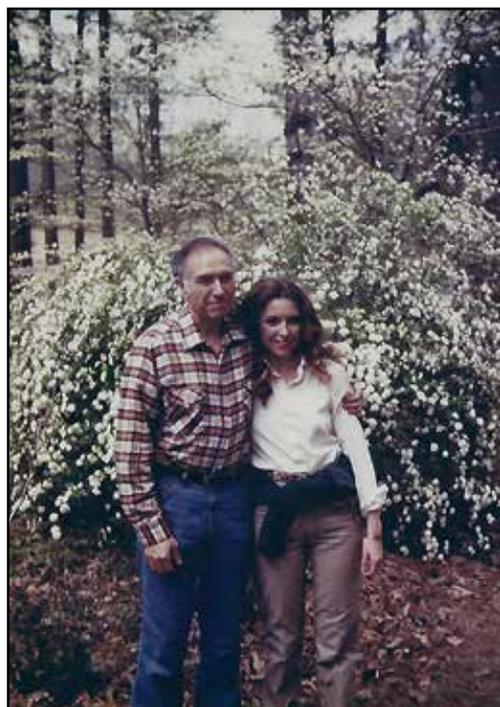
He is survived by his devoted daughters, Cynthia Smith Gonzales (Mrs. Tomas Gonzales) of Frisco, Texas and Andrea Smith Glass (Mrs. Cecil R. Glass, III) of Plano, Texas; three grandchildren, Zachary Robertson Glass, Alexander Morgan Glass, and Miranda Rachel Gonzales (Mrs. Matthew Roberts), all of the Dallas/Ft. Worth area; a great granddaughter, Charlotte Reese Glass and great grandson, Ben Alexander Glass; and his brother, Truett Smith of Milam, Texas.

He is preceded in death by his wife of sixty-eight years and a son, Terry Earl Smith.

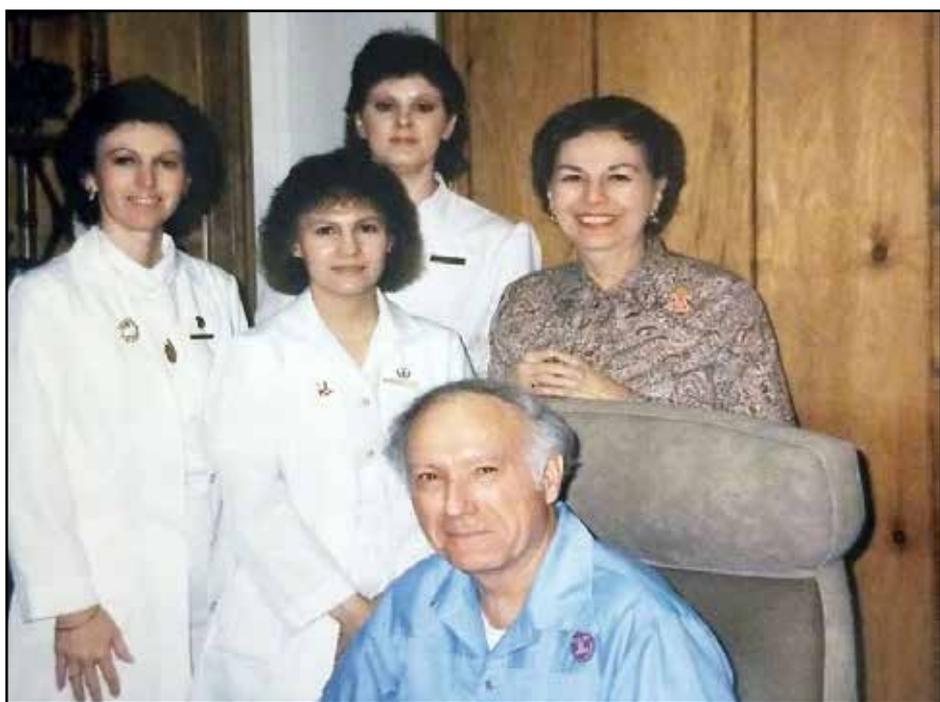
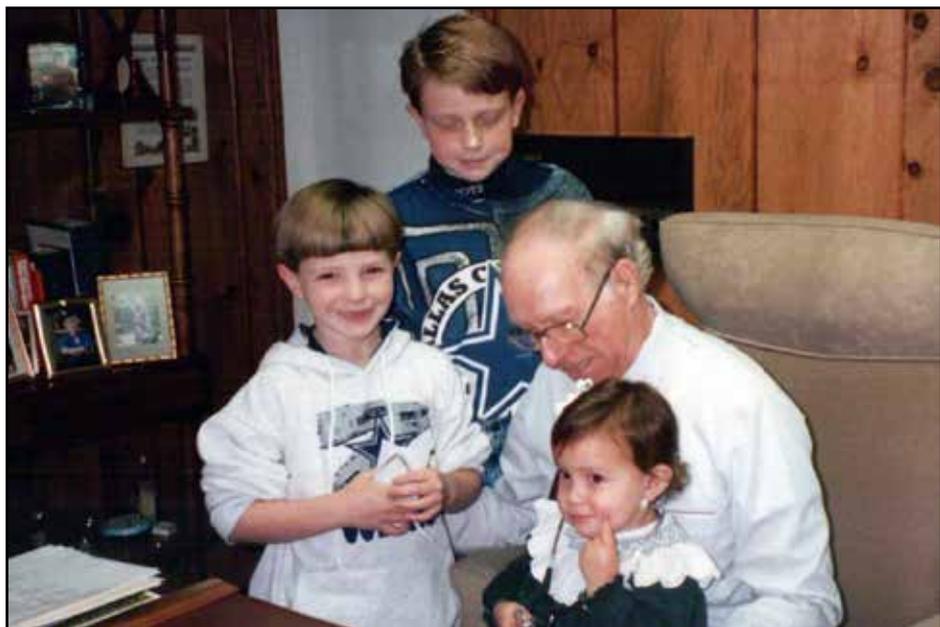
The family extends heartfelt gratitude to his loving caregivers, Margaret Kanyua and Beatrice Miricho, who carefully watched over him during his last 4 years, after a stroke left him partially paralyzed. This challenging last chapter was faced head-on with dignity, acceptance and fortitude.

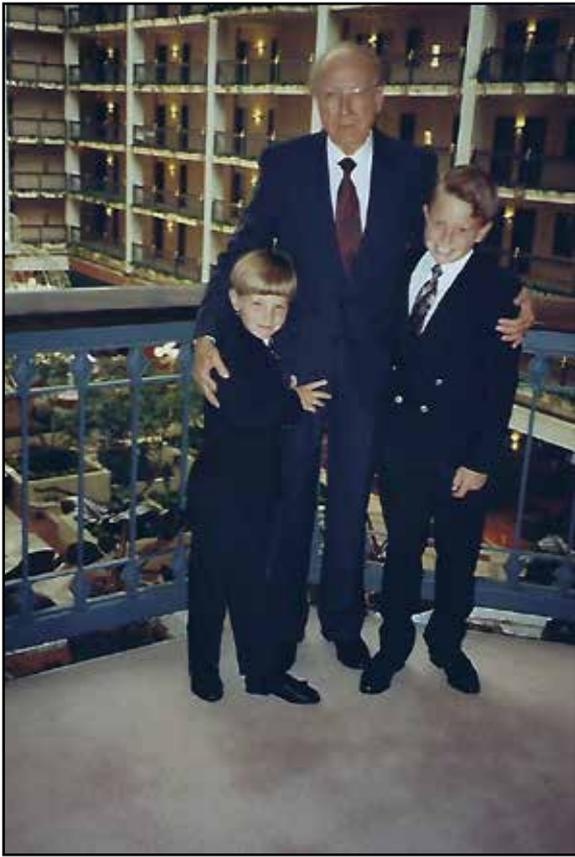






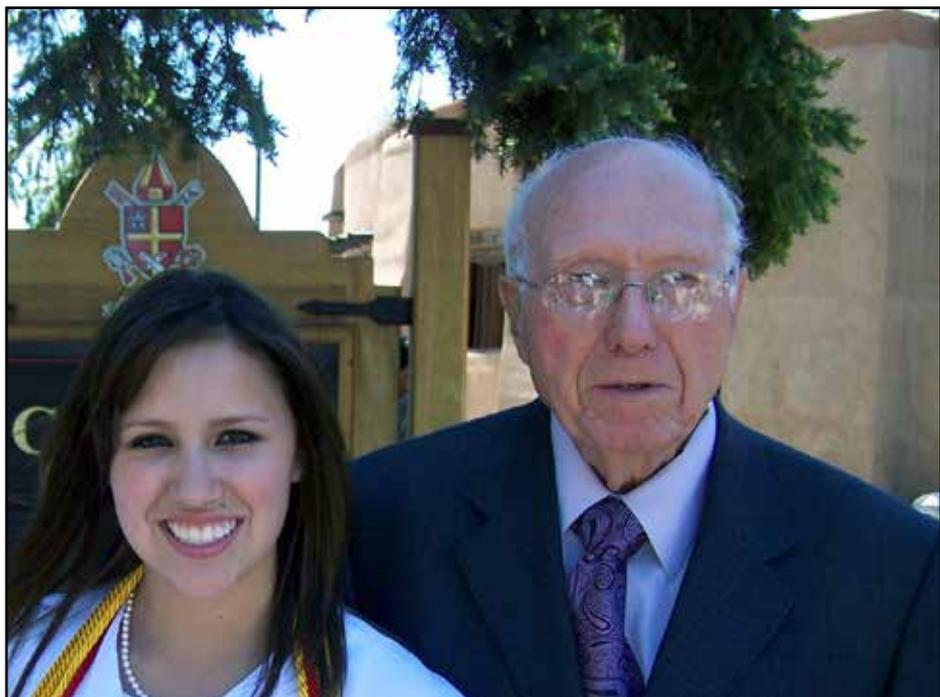














Excerpt from “The Farm” by Wendell Berry

Go by the narrow road
Along the creek, a burrow
Under shadowy trees
Such as a mouse makes through
Tall grass, so that you may
Forget the wide road you
Have left behind, and all
That it has led to. Or,
Best, walk up through the woods,
Around the valley rim,
And down to where the trees
Give way to cleared hillside,
So that you reach the place
Out of the trees’ remembrance
Of their kind; seasonal
And timeless, they stand in
Uncounted time, and you
Have passed among them, small
As a mouse at a feast,
Unnoticed at the feet
Of all those mighty guests.
Come on a clear June morning
As the fog lifts, trees drip,
And birds make everywhere
Uninterrupted song.

However you may come,
You’ll see it suddenly
Lie open to the light
Amid the woods: a farm
Little enough to see
Or call across—cornfield,
Hayfield, and pasture, clear
As if remembered, dreamed
And yearned for long ago,
Neat as a blossom now
With all the pastures mowed
And the dew fresh upon it,
Bird music all around.
That is the vision, seen
As on a Sabbath walk:
The possibility
Of human life whose terms
Are Heaven’s and this earth’s.

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www.broussards1889.com