



Honoring the Life of

Vickie Lee Presley-Smith

Sunrise: April 26, 1949 - Glory Bound: May 12, 2026

Order of Celebration

Friday, June 12, 2026

10:00 am

Holy Mount Calvary Baptist Church

11102 South Main Street, Los Angeles, CA 90061

Reverend Fran White, Officiating Minister

Processional "Going Up Yonder"

Scripture Readings Clergy

Old Testament: Psalms 23, Proverbs 3: 1-6

New Testament: John 14: 1- 4, 1 Thessalonians 4: 13-17

Prayer Clergy

Solo Pastor Fran White

Acknowledgements/Resolutions Sister Elaine Echols

Music Selection Choir

Reflections of Life - Vickie Lee Presley Smith Traco Rachal

Poem "Aunties" Natasha Ashley-Plump

Remarks Please limit to two minutes Mother Gloria House, Elder Mary Winn

Family Remarks Clair Smith, Chaz Cruz, Cheryl Davis

Video Tribute "His Eye is on the Sparrow"

Words of Comfort Reverend Fran White

Parting Viewing and Recessional "Let the Church Say Amen"



Reflections of Life ~ Vickie Lee Presley Smith

Vickie Lee Presley Smith was heaven sent on April 26, 1949 in Shreveport, Louisiana, to the late Mattie Mary Ashley and Clair Presley at LSU Health (formerly known as Confederate Memorial Hospital). Although she was the second eldest of five, she was a leader and glue to the family. Vickie's childhood was nurtured with the love and care of her maternal and paternal grandmothers - mama Ella and Ma'Bessie.

Her love of cooking, family unity, and God was formed in Louisiana. She accepted the teachings of Christ at an early age at Evergreen Baptist Church in Shreveport, Louisiana. In the mid-1960s, during the final years of the Great Migration from the South to other regions of the United States, Vickie moved to Los Angeles, California, with her mother, stepfather, and siblings. Although Southern at heart, California became the place where she planted new roots. She first joined Laurel Street Baptist Church and later Holy Mount Calvary Baptist Church, which became the Ashley family's home church in the 1970s. Vickie became an official member of Holy Mount Calvary in the early 1990s, where she faithfully served as a member of the Mother's Board.

Vickie was a lover of knowledge and graduated from Jordan High School with honors. During this time in history, Black people and women of all backgrounds were denied rights and protections. Despite these disadvantages, Vickie excelled and even received an academic scholarship to Wilberforce University, an historically Black university in Ohio. Professionally, Vickie excelled for over 30 years working in medical records at some of the most prestigious and populous organizations including Harbor-UCLA Medical Center, Kaiser, and Centinela Hospital.

In 1980 Vickie met Roosevelt Smith and in 1982 they married. From this union came three children. At age 7 Veronica Presley was adopted into the family; then in 1983 Vickie gave birth to a miracle baby - Precious Smith; in 1985 came their baby boy - Clair Smith. Vickie mothered more than her children, she also raised her grandchildren - Esca, Tiffany, Raydel, and Melvin.

Vickie was an adventurer and world traveler who explored all over the U.S., Mexico, Canada, and Europe. She enjoyed roadtrips, cruises, and family vacations. She was a woman of principle and family unity. She was a pillar in the lives of so many.

Vickie was a small woman with a big heart and even bigger spirit. She survived cancer twice. She lived with diabetes for many years, never letting that slow her down. And in 2022 she was diagnosed with kidney failure. Vickie was an independent and strongwilled woman. Kidney failure and ongoing dialysis was difficult, but, to know Vickie is to know that she did her very best for as long as she could.

On May 12, 2026, Vickie Lee Presley Smith gained her heavenly wings and transitioned into eternal peace.

She was a backbone of the family. She helped family and friends in need. She was smart, compassionate, reliable, and most of all loving. She's preceded in death by her mother Mattie Ashley, father Clair Presley, and eldest sister Barbara Ashley. She leaves to mourn her loss and cherish her memories, her husband Roosevelt Smith, her children Precious, Clair, and Veronica; three siblings Martha Ann, Linda Joyce, and Dexter Glenn; four grandchildren, Esca, Tiffany, Melvin, Raydel; one granddog Bear; and host of nieces, nephews, cousins, friends and loved ones.

Vickie lived a life well lived. She was a treasure, full of wisdom and stories. She will be forever missed and forever cherished.



Expressions of Love

Dear Mama,

My heart has been broken since the day you had to go. And the memories I treasure so dearly will always remain like a vivid photograph. I miss our conversations, your warm hugs, and the way you always knew exactly what to say to make everything feel okay. What I would give to hear your voice one more time, hear you laugh one more time or hug you tight one more time mama. Tears fall freely from my eyes, like a river filled with grief. God knows I miss you so much my best friend. Thank you for being a wonderful mother, loving mother, my anchor, my guide, and my biggest cheerleader. Every good thing I am is because of the love and strength you poured into me. But you rest now in The Lord's loving arms. Know that you raised me very well. If God is for us, who can be against us, lady? With God's unwavering love, support, protection and strength I will protect our family. I love you mama to infinity and beyond.

~ Love Precious, Clair, and Raydel

Aunties

Aunties are special, they are like a sister, a friend and a bonus mom, whatever title they hold auntie's never fold. Auntie's are like the sun; they are bright and hot which means they will check you right on the spot. Auntie's are like a glass of water poured to quench your thirst, especially if you're the niece that was born first. Auntie's are special, they leave you with memories you will never forget. They were given to you from the lord above to actually show you genuine love. Aunties are the stars of the show so it really made me sad when you had to go. So I say my goodbye to you today knowing you were the auntie who loved me every day.

Love your niece, Natasha Ashley-Plump

Sis, we can't believe you are not still here with us. As your brother, I am so glad I got to see you able to talk and all. I could not be there as you know, for the final day, I would not have made it through seeing you go. But always my love, and you will be in my heart and I will always think of you. Thank you for all you've done for me.

Love your brother, Dexter

Vickie, this is really hard for me. Sister, I wasn't ready for you to go; one minute we're laughing, talking, and now I have to say goodbye. My heart is broken. Losing a sibling is like losing a piece of you. You grew up with this person, you laugh, you cried, you talked, hung out, now all I have are memories. Sister, I will always keep them and you in my heart !! Now get your rest sister. I know mama and Barbara will be waiting for you with open arms. You will forever be in my heart.

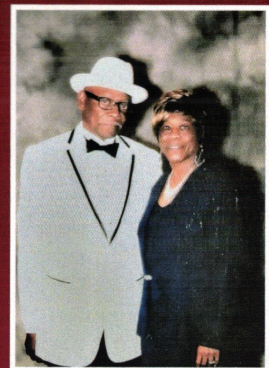
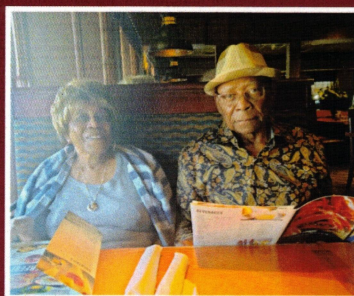
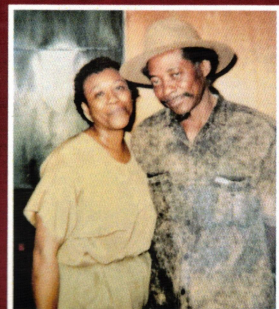
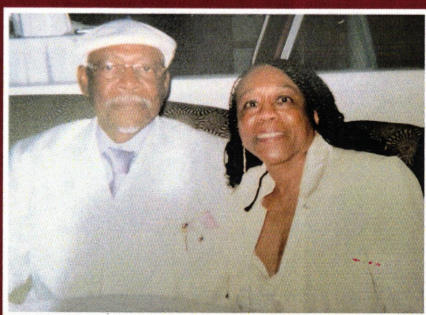
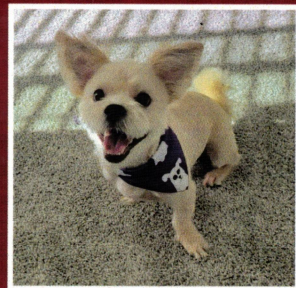
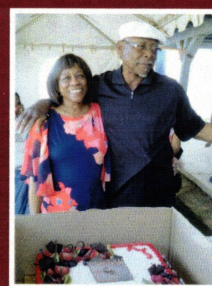
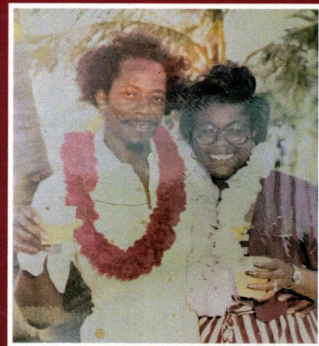
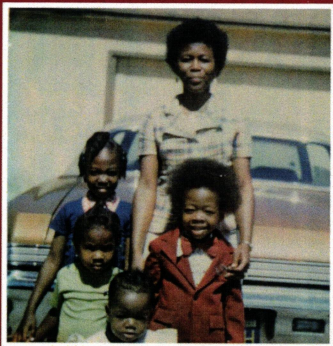
~ LOVE YOU FOREVER, your baby sister, Linda

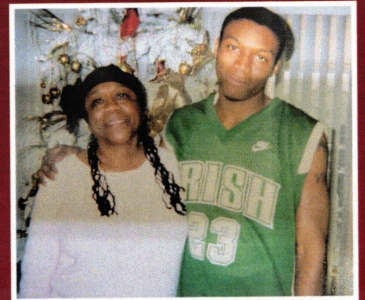
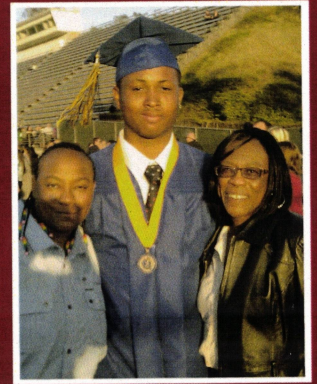
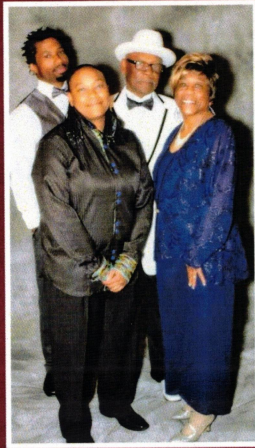
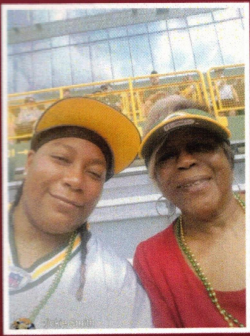
To My Sister Vickie (Vick),

It is not a day that goes by you are not thought of, you're missed so dearly. I loved how we were raised up as loving sisters, four girls, by our loving mother. We learned the value of life as sisters, mom made sure we stayed together. There may have been trying times, throughout our lives, but the bond didn't break, the devil had no choice but to flee, no matter what or who, we locked eyes, hands, and hearts, forever as sisters. As four young girls, we were blessed to have each other. We played together with our coke bottle dolls, because we treasured them more than the real dolls. We didn't see any dolls representing us, so we made up our own, with rope hair, and paper doll clothes. We were the voices for those coke bottle dolls, and named them after the four of us. I remember how you took up time to teach me math, it was a fear of mines, all those numbers, but you taught me not only how to do math but to conquer my fear and it worked on all and everything in my life to stay brave and confidence, and believing in myself even tackling that scary math. Thanks to you, I overcame my fears, you stuck at it, like a big sister teacher, walking me through. The greatest of times were you and I always ready for church events for us youths. We may have had a long walk to church, but you reassured me that you would not let anything happen to me. We talked the whole way, as you made it so much fun. So we went on our merry way to Evergreen Baptist Church to be a part of the church youth events. We sang in the choir, wore our choir robes, got to be ushers in usher uniforms and did our Easter speeches ready to dress up in our beautiful dresses mommy got us, with our hair done by the hairdresser across the street from our house.

After receiving our Easter speeches that were given to us, we practiced and learned them, the first day, on the way to the house. You were very thrilled about it all, and surely, did you convince me to be just as thrilled as you. One thing more exciting to me, was being with you, seeing that glow in you that penetrated from inside to out. You shared much with me, even moving in with me, when Mama Tavia passed on to Glory. I was a young woman even with my three babies. I was devastated. But you knew I needed you, and so you stepped up, Vick, and said, "I will come to stay with you until you get strong enough to live by yourself again with the children". Your support guided me through and you just being there, gave me strength to go on. What a great thing to keep at heart what Mommy taught us about sisterhood, love, and care for one another. We always ended a conversation with love spoken to each other. You were very smart, had great educational skills, that took you to Ohio for college life. You were mommy's first to head off to college. You came back with such educational wisdom, though you were always brilliant in what you did. We had babies, I was so happy for you as you called to say you were going to have your first baby. I remember I said, "boy or girl, Vickie, you know that's going to be my baby", we laughed, and you said, "I know sis, you will be there to help me, I am sure." I believed you had confidence in me, because I had the most children at the time," but oh how it came to be my baby Precious, and to this day, she'll always be my baby. Vick, I am so proud of her, as I know Heaven provided to you a seat allowing you to see the great work she is doing for you, her mother, making you so proud of her, too. It was great how you would call to tell me something about her great experiences, and accomplishments, you always said, sis I got good news about your baby. We talked, you call me or I called you, then we called Linda, always checking on one another. In your time of sickness and pain, you would try to minimize your illness telling me not to worry Mart, that "your Heavenly Father has you." You would always say, "I'm doing pretty good," I knew you tried to take the worry and fear away, like you did as we were young girls, but even in your illnesses, you called to ask about your nephew Teddy, is he back, how he was doing. You thought of him when you were in your own sickness. A true soldier of God, thinking of others, always leaving a word of confidence and prayer for him, believing he will be alright. I don't know how many knew you wanted my first born son, Timothy. It began when you left Ohio to fly to Louisiana as Barb was coming from Los Angeles so you two could help me with Mama Tavia, my babies Renae, Tim, and Teddy riding the bus to Los Angeles. Not one word of not wanting to do it was spoken, you both made the time so sisterly pleasant. When you saw Tim, you took to him like he was yours. It was so funny when Clair came, I told you, now Vick, you have your own boy, we laughed hard afterwards, I said, girl, you can't have my baby, you now have your own lil prince. You were so proud of your babies, you were so happy to become a mother, too, and I was so happy for you. I remember the day I joined church, sitting in the middle row with Barb, after the many times Pastor White tried to get me to join, I got up to join. Barb asked, "Martha, what you doing," I said, "going to join church. The day is the day, The Lord has made, time to rejoice and give Him thanks." I didn't know it was the anniversary of our mother's passing. Vick, you said, "Mart girl, do you know what this day is?" Vick had to tell me, because all I knew, it was going to be the day to join church. But you, Vick so proudly reminded me, as you shouted for joy! It was the day of our mother's passing as she went to be with The Lord. One thing to hold to is how Mommy, Aunt Ruthie, Aunt Marie, had a sisterly bond, and lived as sisters, showing us the family bond created even before them, to pass on to us. They gave us something to treasure, tho' time became demanding causing us fewer time to be together, and plan like mommy and her sister did with the guided way. We made the best of time raising our children, but never allowing time to separate us as sisters. I remember how we spoke these last words, that will forever stay in my heart, as you began, the same words came from my heart and lips to speak in unison with you, eyes locked together, as we said, "we are sisters, for always, loving one another." I planned to come and take care of you when you were released from the hospital, hoping and praying I got the opportunity. You smiled and said to me, "Okay, sis." Tho it didn't come to pass, I asked our God to give you rest my dear sister, the one who taught me math, and not to fear anything, not even math nor anyone. Tho, it hurts to say goodbye, I want you to receive all that peace and joy of Heaven, that God will so have for you. Baby, you fought a long and good battle, but I know, God's mercy and Grace has given you the victory, at last. God's love called you Home, no more pain or sickness, nor worries of this world, He took you into His arms, guided you into His Light, now with Him, Mommy, sister, and all the family members, your greeting, I know, was something awesome to see. Smiles, from you, Vick, on how you made it over. Your greetings spoken by your Heavenly Father, you wore the dressings of readiness when He came to take your hand. And you said to me, in the hospital when He come for you, you'll be ready. But I was not ready for you to go, sis. I love you, Vick, nothing nor anyone can ever take our love away. We shared more than others knew, and it was times of joy, pure joy, as we laughed loud and much, you would say, "girl, you so crazy," as laughter took over us both. Look down on us, Vick, from time to time, sweet Angel of Heaven, you will always be the one that held my hand and taught me to not fear as you are with me now, with your children, your husband, sister Linda and brother Dexter, and this I know sis, you got us. The same loving spirit that touched this earth is now ready to embrace us from Heaven. I hold to our sisterly love forever, just as you held my hand as a young sister, and even in our adulthood. Love, peace, and rest with God's joy given abundantly to you, Vick, my sister. Amen

~ Love Martha (Mart)





Active Pallbearers

Timothy Presley | Latario Rachal | Lawrence Delgado | Chaz L. Cruz
Dejon D. Walker | Darius Glover

Honorary Pallbearers

Clair Smith | Raydel Kelley | Dexter Nicholas | Mario Vernon
Teddy Presley | Willie Shavers Jr.

Interment

Inglewood Park Cemetery
720 East Florence Avenue, Inglewood, CA 90301

Expressions of Gratitude

The family of Vickie Lee Presley-Smith
would like to thank you for all the love and support
that you've shown us during such a difficult time.

From a simple card, a bouquet of flowers
or a kind word of sympathy,
please know that it will always be remembered.

May God's Love and Blessings
forever follow you and give you peace.

WE ENTRUSTED OUR LOVED ONE TO:

Green Family Cremation and Burial
13819 East Foothill Boulevard Ste D
Fontana, CA 92335

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