



Sunrise: April 2, 1930

Sunset: May 17, 2025

*Celebration
Life
For Our
Beloved*



Inez
SMITH

Memorial Service
Saturday, June 7, 2025

Family Hour: 10:30 a.m. - Service: 11:00 a.m.

Zion International Ministries
20883 Reimanville Ave. - Ferndale, Michigan 48220

Officiating
Pastor James Buford Sr.

Honorary Pallbearers

Martez Jones Reginald Smith
Frederick Smith James Buford Jr.

Final Arrangements Entrusted To

James H. Cole Home For Funerals
2624 W. Grand Blvd. 16100 Schaefer Hwy.
Detroit, Michigan 48208 Detroit, Michigan 48235
(313) 873-0771 (313) 835-3997
www.jameshcole.com

Forever In Our Hearts

Acknowledgment And Appreciation

In this time of celebration, the family of Inez Smith would like to acknowledge the overwhelming out pour of love, support and condolences. You have made us know that we do not have to experience this time of sorrow alone.

On behalf of Inez Family, we would like to thank each of you for coming out today, especially those of you have traveled from afar, we are praying for traveling mercies until you reach your home destination. May God bless each of you, as your presence has blessed us. A more personal acknowledgment will be made at a later date.

The Obituary

Inez Smith was born on April 2nd 1930 to Ethel Mae Madison and Sanford Jones in Bessemer, AL She was educated in Bessemer, AL and the Detroit Public Schools System.

Inez was joined in holy matrimony with Frederick Smith she was also the mother of 4 children. She was preceded in death by her parents, her husband, her daughter Valerie, her sister's Henrietta, Frances, Ruth and Juanita, her brother's Nathaniel and Adolphus.

Inez loved the Lord and gave her life to him at a young age she was a faithful member of Zion International Ministry for over 40 years detail her failing health.

She was employed by Ford Motor Company for over 27 years.

She loved sewing, cooking and sharing her recipes.

She was affectionately known as "Ms. Smooth" a true fashionista.

She leaves to cherish her memory her sons Frederick and Reginald (Ana), daughter Monica, grandchildren: Regina, Tiffany, Regenia and Martez; great-grands: Chloe, Remedy, one brother: Sanford Jones And a host of nieces, nephews cousins and friends.



Dear mama I never wanted to see you go, and I still don't know why? God had a better place for you and so I must not question why. With all your love and support you've shown me through the years, I must hold onto that, and just when times seem rough,
I can always look back on memories.

Love Your Daughter Monica

Mom I miss you so much every day is a test when God needed an angel he sent you - The Best. I really hate to say it But I really need to try to let you go and get some rest I need to say Goodbye until that day when I'm on my way back into your warm embrace. To see you in your glory the smile upon your face, I'll just say I love you mom, May your soul be at rest. When God needed an angel he surely got the best.

I Love You Mom Frederick

My First Home, My Forever Heart

In loving memory of my great-grandmother

Before I could crawl, before I could cry, She was there arms wide, spirit high. Mama went to work, but I stayed near, Laid in Grandma's bed no safer place here.

She raised me with prayers, gentle and true, My chocolate drop her world, her view. We baked through the seasons, lemon cake days, Laughs in the kitchen, love in the haze.

Her fingers worked magic with needle and thread, "Comfort and love," was always what she said. Each stitch a prayer, each robe a hug, Made with her hands, her heart, and her love.

Sunday mornings, we'd dress with care, She'd sway in the pew, full of heavenly air. Hands lifted high, soul shining bright, A woman of faith, a guiding light.

She didn't judge, she always forgave, Opened her arms and knew how to save. She prayed for the hurting, welcomed the lost, Loved without limits, no matter the cost.

One quiet day, I asked her how To face the world she showed me now: "You talk to Jesus, you give Him your fight, And He'll walk beside you each hard night."

Now the bed feels cold, the house more still, But her warmth moves through me it always will. In robes, in songs, in the love I show, She lives in my heart and I'll always know.

From, Chloe Shorter

GRANDMOTHER

She gave the things that cannot be bought which are life's richest treasures, She gave just the little "heart gifts" the money cannot measure. she gave a cheerful smile, a friendly word, a sympathetic nod; These are priceless little treasures from the store house of God... She gave the things that cannot be bought with silver or with gold. Thoughtfulness and kindness and love are never sold... She gave these priceless things in life for which no one can pay. She found rich rewards and giving them away.

*Love, Reginea, Regina,
Tiffany and Martez*



Order Of Service



Organ Prelude.....	Kenneth Calhoun
Processional.....	Family & Friends
Master of Ceremony.....	Exec Pastor Joe Henry III
Scripture.....	Arshawn Parker
Prayer.....	James Buford Jr.
Song.....	Pamela Higgins
Acknowledgements of Cards, Condolences.....	Deborah Taul
Obituary.....	Deborah Taul
Poem.....	Chloe Shorter
Remarks..... Two Minutes Please.....	Family & Friends
Song.....	Pamela Higgins
Eulogy.....	Pastor James Buford Sr.
Recessional.....	
Organ Postlude.....	Kenneth Calhoun

I'm Free

Don't grieve for me for now I'm free, I'm following the path God laid for me. I took His hand when I heard Him call: I turned my back and left it all. I could not stay another day To laugh, to love, to work or play. Tasks left undone must stay that way; I found my place at the close of day. If my parting has left a void Then fill it with remembered joys. A friendship shared, a laugh, a kiss, Ah yes, these things I too shall miss. Be not burdened with times of sorrow: I wish you the sunshine of tomorrow. My life's been full, I savoured much; Good friends, good times, a loved ones touch. Perhaps my life seemed all too brief: Don't lengthen it now with undue grief. Lift up your heart and share with me; God wanted me now, He set me free.



I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.
St. John 11:25-26