

Funeral Services of
Don Carl Smellie
Saturday, October 26, 2024

Congregational Hymn – Hymn #29

Linda Smith, accompanist

Courtney Duersch, granddaughter, chorister

“A Poor, Wayfaring Man of Grief”

*A poor, wayfaring Man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer nay.
I had not pow'r to ask his name,
Whereto he went, or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love; I knew not why.*

*Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered; not a word he spake,
Just perishing for want of bread.
I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
And ate,,but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.*

*Then in a moment to my view
The stranger started from disguise.
The tokens in his hands I knew;
The Savior stood before mine eyes.
He spake, and my poor name he named,
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed.
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."*

Invocation – Danielle Allen, granddaughter

Our dear Father in Heaven, we're grateful to thee for this morning that we have to be together as family and friends and to remember Grandpa Smellie and the impact he had on each of us and the example he set for us. We're grateful for his love and for his legacy.

We're grateful for our Savior, Jesus Christ, for his Atonement, and for the Plan of Salvation, which gives us comfort in knowing that we will see Grandpa again and that he is actively engaged in good work.

We're grateful, Father, for all that we are blessed with. We pray thy comfort to be with each of us, especially with Grandma Smellie. We pray that thy spirit may be here. We say these things in the name of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, amen.

Memories of Grandpa – Read by Heather Staley, granddaughter

I get to share some amazing memories of a man that we all love so much. All of us grandkids took some time and tried to just share one. He was an amazing man.

Layla - She's our youngest. "I remember Grandpa helping me build a miniature wooden skate park out of scraps in his wood shop, and he always ate his cereal with orange juice instead of milk, weird."

Dean - "Grandpa loves cookies and ice cream. He always had his dessert before dinner, and the same with Grandma."

Lauren - "My favorite memory with Grandpa was making ice cream with him at the cabin."

Austin - "One of my favorite memories of Grandpa is how he would mark all of our heights on the wood post at the cabin."

Taylor and Luke both loved making their first Pinewood Derby cars with Grandpa.

Taylor - "I was impressed with how Grandpa knew how to do everything and was so skilled."

Luke - "I have loved watching Grandpa work magic in his workshop." Both of them had the fastest cars and won the Derby.

Nate - "My favorite memory with Grandpa was making a wooden airplane in his shop with him, his attention to detail and making sure it was perfect."

Melissa - “I asked Grandpa to be my escort for my high school drill team end-of-year review. He happily accepted. He complimented me the whole time and made me feel so special.”

Sarah - “One of my favorite memories of Grandpa was when he would invite me to go with him to an Aggie basketball game when I was young. I don't remember big details, but I do remember him always bringing treats for us to share and having a good time. Aggie basketball, apple pie, and green extra-gum will always remind me of Grandpa.”

Scott - “Trips with Grandpa to Beaver Mountain were a mix between a NASCAR event and a snowboarding training session. I drove through Logan Canyon just last week, and I can confirm that some of the creative passing lanes are for sure double yellow lines.

Snowboarding was the cool thing to do as a kid, and Grandpa even got to snowboard to help me learn. Even though he was a skier at heart, he never complained about helping me with my bindings or giving me a boost in the flat areas. Some of my favorite memories were going night skiing super late, even on a school night.

Grandpa and Grandma were always the last ones to leave the resort. One night, on the way home, a car flipped over in the canyon. We were the first cars to the scene, and Grandpa jumped into action using his medic skills. He sent someone back to Beaver to place a call for help, and he stayed there until the ambulance arrived. Grandpa was a great example of doing the right thing whenever he was called upon.”

Courtney - “One of my favorite memories of Grandpa was one year we were doing our secret Santa tradition. Grandpa and Lindsey were putting all the presents on the doorstep. The owners opened the door, and we all started running. Grandpa said he was glad that he and Lindsey were delivering the presents because they were short and looked like Santa's elves.”

Niki – “I wanted to make a Mother's Day gift for my mom. Grandpa let me come to his house and work in his workshop. He spent the entire day being so patient and teaching me instead of stepping in and doing something that I'm sure he could have finished in no time. It will always be a treasured memory.”

Dani - “When I was four years old, McDonald's gave me a three-inch tall pine tree seedling and a Dixie cup as a prize in a Happy Meal. I couldn't wait to give it to my Grandpa Smellie to plant at the cabin. My sweet Grandpa not only did just that, but he also then proceeded to water, nurture, and tend to that tree and its safety for the next thirty years. That tree stands well over twenty feet tall today, a testament to his love, care, and devotion to me and each of his grandchildren.”

Brittney - “One of my favorite memories with Grandpa was how he made me feel every time I came to visit. He met me at the door with a pep in his step, a twinkle in his eye, and the tightest hug that made me feel so loved. He had an ability to make every grandchild feel so special, especially as he was twirling us around on the dance floor. He was always up for a dance.”

Landon - "I bought Grandpa's truck from him when I was sixteen. This truck meant the world to me because it was his. Every time I got in it, I could smell him. I had many great memories with him in it. He was a very loving and genuine human. He showed me how to be a gentleman. I learned how to work with my hands and how to be handy from him."

Heather - My memory, thinking of all the wonderful, sweet memories I had of my grandpa, the one that I chose that meant so much to me came during my freshman year of college at Utah State.

I would stop by his office on campus. He would always make time in his busy schedule for me and brag to his coworkers that his oldest grandchild was now a freshman and that it was time to retire. He was a very respected man with many people, but to me, he was my Gramps. He always made me feel so loved.

Each of us grandkids had special experiences with Grandpa because Grandpa made sure to make special experiences with each one of us. Grandpa was one of the best examples to all of us, a true disciple of Christ. He valued his family, cherished his wife, loved to learn, and lived a life never sitting down.

Grandpa, words can't express the love your grandkids have for you. I say these things in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

Speaker – Debbie Thompson, daughter

Good morning, everyone. I am the oldest and the shortest, but I'm not usually this short. And every niece, nephew, all the way down to my grandkids can't wait until the day that they're taller than Grandma. Most of them have made it. Thank you for being here today. I feel so blessed to share a few memories of my dad and reflect on the joy and love that he brought into my life.

Some of my favorite memories with him come from my childhood, especially our time on Grandma and Grandpa Smellie's farm. One moment that stands out happened when my grandma and grandpa asked my dad to take the derrick down. Now, all I knew, it looked like a telephone pole with something on the end. No clue what it was for. Dad put me on a big, tall haystack, and then he went around the barn, got on the tractor, from my perspective, as that derrick was going down, I thought it landed on him. I go racing into the house, and I tell my grandma and my mom that derrick fell on Dad. My grandma was a good, nice lady. I'd never seen her run so fast. She was about to go over the fence, and here came Dad, going around the barn, whistling. I knew I was in a little bit of trouble.

Another story that Dad loved to tell involved his older brother, Dell. They were pretty close in age, and from what I gathered, they were pretty competitive. Well, Dell was on a leave from the Navy, and my dad being my dad, Dell was walking around with this Navy hat. He was so proud of it. My dad took some rotten eggs and went up on top of the barn and he threw them at Dell's hat, and they landed in the rim of the hat. Dad said, I never had to run so fast in my life. I thought Dell was going to be really, truly killing.

When we were on the farm, I would go with Dad. They had a big area in the back where they burnt their garbage and things like that, and Dad would set up tin cans and would shoot at them. I watched him for a while, and I said, Dad, "Can I try that?" He said, "Sure." So, I thought I was cool with, I don't know what kind of gun, the rifle, whatever it was. Of course, I thought I was going to be able to hit the cans. But when I pulled the trigger, the backfire or whatever that is hurt my shoulder so bad that I screamed. Well, my dad thought the bullet had ricocheted off of something and hit me. So, he's looking, and yeah, that was not fun, too. As you can see, I was getting in trouble a lot.

These memories remind me of the kind of person my dad was, funny, kind, a little mischievous, and always loving. I just have so many memories, it's hard to keep them straight.

When I was in college, the Aggiettes were asked to go back to Bloomington, Indiana. There was a basketball tournament, and we had been asked to go and dance there. My dad, knowing he had a trip, it wasn't in Indiana, I think it was in Illinois, but he made arrangements to come over to Bloomington, and he had asked my advisor ahead of time if I could have a day off and go with my dad. That was one of the best surprises ever. We went around because we lived in Bloomington for about six years, and I had a lot of memories, not as much as Tami, because she remembers everything. I don't. But he took me to everything that I remembered. Of course, everything looked a lot smaller and not as scary. But he was so patient. We went to lunch and dessert. That day, there were so many memories made.

He was the kind of Dad who made life feel like an adventure. I will carry his love and spirit with me always. Thank you for being here today to honor us with him. I know he's watching over us. He probably has a twinkle in his eye and a little grin on his face. I love you, Dad. Till we meet again, I say this in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

Speaker – Dave Smellie, son

I'm Dave. I'm the youngest. I just was asked to share memories as well.

I guess my favorite memories of my dad were working alongside him. Every time I use a tool or mow the lawn, I think about my dad, and I always ask myself, how would my dad do this? He was the hardest-working person that I think I've ever known.

Growing up on a farm probably created that work ethic for him. He always had projects going on. He hardly ever sat down to relax if he wasn't working on something or helping someone else or having fun. He was extremely motivated, and he had the mind of a designer.

He built our family cabin. He started that when I was about eight. So, I was too young to be left at home alone, so my parents took me with them up to the cabin every weekend. I helped him as much as I could, grabbing tools, pulling nails out of boards. He'd have me straighten nails and put them in a bucket, stack the wood. We might use that piece of wood. There's some value in that.

My main job was to stay within earshot in case he needed something. That allowed me to learn from my dad to understand how he solved problems and his ingenuity. He was economical with materials and his time. He was nicknamed the fix it faster man. I don't know who gave him that nickname. He may have given it to himself. I don't know, but he was always improving his own process. He was always trying to do it better than he did before. He took pride in everything he did, whether it was work or family or the ski patrol or his church. He always said, if there's something worth doing, it's worth doing right.

My wife and I built a house several years ago, and my dad was probably eighty-one. He said that he wanted to help. I had a big project. It took me five weeks to do this project, and he showed up every day. I don't know how he drove the car to my house or found it, but he would show up and just put in the work. There was some days where we had good conversation and other days where it was really quiet, and I enjoyed both of those.

He spent his life serving others. He did so much for my mom, and he loved her so much. He would really drop anything he was doing to talk to you. I'm sure everyone here knows what I'm talking about. People always came first.

He was very supportive and trusting. I feel like he allowed me to be my own person, exercise my own agency. He always said, "You can accomplish anything you want in life. You just have to work hard at it and give it your all."

When I first started college, we were on the trimesters. I had finished fall trimester, and winter trimester was starting up. It was hard. I wasn't really into it. My friends up in Jackson Hole were saying, "Hey, it's really storming hard. There's a lot of new powder. What are you doing at school?" I knocked on my dad's office just randomly. Of course, he said, "Come on in. What's up?" I just told him that school's hard, and it's snowing. He said, "Well, what are you doing?" He said, "Drop your classes. Go snowboard." I said, "Really?" He said, "Yeah, don't get bad grades and waste your money if your head's not in it. Go do your thing." I appreciated that level of support and trust.

I eventually ended up coming back to school. I always told him, it's not a matter of if I'll come back, but when, and he seemed to be fine with that. Now we share the same profession, and I appreciate him so much.

The world is a better place because of Don Smellie. I love him, and I'll always be grateful for everything that I've learned from him. He'll always be my main role model. I'm lucky to call him Dad.

**Musical Number – Troy Hobbs, family friend
Tyler Castleton, family friend, accompanist**

“Joseph Smith’s First Prayer”

*Oh, how lovely was the morning!
Radiant beamed the sun above.
Bees were humming, sweet birds singing,
Music ringing thru the grove,
When within the shady woodland
Joseph sought the God of love,
When within the shady woodland
Joseph sought the God of love.*

*Humbly kneeling, sweet appealing—
’Twas the boy’s first uttered prayer—
When the pow’rs of sin assailing
Filled his soul with deep despair;
But undaunted, still he trusted
In his Heav’nly Father’s care,
But undaunted, still he trusted
In his Heav’nly Father’s care.*

*Suddenly a light descended,
Brighter far than noonday sun,
And a shining, glorious pillar
O’er him fell, around him shone,
While appeared two heav’nly beings,
God the Father and the Son,
While appeared two heav’nly beings,
God the Father and the Son.*

*“Joseph, this is my Beloved;
Hear him!” Oh, how sweet the word!
Joseph’s humble prayer was answered,
And he listened to the Lord.
Oh, what rapture filled his bosom,
For he saw the living God,
Oh, what rapture filled his bosom,
For he saw the living God.*

God be with you till we meet again.

Speaker – Sandy Mecham, daughter

That was beautiful. Thank you, Troy. I had a really special bond with my dad because he delivered me in the back seat of a car. Because of this, I kind of think I'm his favorite, I heard Debbie say wrong, but I know because of how my dad is, he made all of his kids feel like he was their favorite. That was one of his gifts.

Service and love. Two words or attributes that so perfectly describe my dad. I want to share with you two experiences of service first. The first example was during a very challenging time of my life. I was a single working mom when a dear friend called, and she said that she was ripping up her flooring and she wanted to know if I wanted her in perfect condition oak floors. I said, of course. However, she said, "This is going to be tricky." She said, "Because the workers are going to want to just get there and just rip it up and not be careful. They'll want to do it really hastily." So, I thought, well, who can help me? And then, of course, my dad, my dad, the fix-it faster man.

So, Dave, I was the one, when I was young, I would watch and observe my dad being so fast and fixing everything. So, I came up with that term, the fix-it faster man. I met my dad there. We met early in the morning at my friend's house. In my dad's nice, people person, very upbeat way, he worked right alongside, soon made friends with the workers, so they were not grumbling so much that they had to be careful ripping up that wood floor. My dad and I hauled load after load to the back of his truck until I had to leave my dad and go to work.

Later, my mom told me, rather than carry all of the wood downstairs to his shop, and there was a lot of it, my industrious Dad rigged up a system in the garage. Dave kind of touched on how he is. My dad tediously removed every single nail, and they had to be removed one by one. He did that from the hundreds of oak strips of wood.

Just like my dad removed each nail one by one, he served people one by one. My mom said that it took him weeks to do this. I didn't know that. My dad didn't tell me that, but it did. But my dad knew because I was in a hard time in my life that that would bring me some happiness. And it did.

The second service story, it's Labor Day, probably about fifteen years ago. I had just started working full-time as a second-grade teacher at North Park Elementary. I was standing at my kitchen sink, and I turned around because I heard something, a strange noise. I see my dad lugging in a new recliner. He was frugal. It was Labor Day. He was at the sale. My mom was with him. He proceeded to take me over because you know my dad, he's fast. You know when my dad is there. He grabbed me from the sink, pulled me over, sat me down in the chair, went down, pulled up the lever so that my feet could go up and, he said, "There you deserve to relax a bit when you come home from work every day." My dad was happiest serving and making others happy.

Now to my dad's second attribute, love. When my dad hugged you, you felt his love. Even in the last years with Alzheimer's, he communicated love with a big smile that lit up his face and he would just kind of shake his body. You could feel that. He would just shake his body and communicate that love.

I had a really tender mercy about two months ago. This is how I choose to remember my dad. We were standing kind of by the bathroom in his room. He had his walker. He was getting ready to go in with the CNA to do nightly duties. He had a big smile on his face, and he reached over, and he tweaked my nose and just kind of shook and just like this. You guys know that feeling. So, he was able to communicate that love by tweaking my nose.

It was easier for me to see my dad because we live in North Logan. Allen and I live in North Logan and so Legacy, I pass it all the time. Sometimes I would stop. Mom, I don't want you to get mad at me. But I would go in and just see my dad because my sweet mom would say, "Can you clean out my closet?" I was on my way home from work, so I was hungry and tired. Not every time, but I would bend over as I was leaving and I'd just, I'd kiss him. I'd kiss him a bunch of kisses on his neck and he'd kind of go like this. Then I would whisper in his ear and say, "I love you, Dad." Not every time, but once in a while, slowly and softly he'd, "I love you."

About a week and a half ago, I got this text. I quote, "Hi Sandy, this is Addie from Legacy House. I wanted to reach out and send my deepest condolences. I truly loved your father. He was so kind and funny and so loving. I know he wasn't the most verbal for the last while, but he was so clear about his feelings. Anytime you or your siblings' names were said, his face would light up. His walker was also full of notes you all had written to him and his favorite pastime was reading them over and over. He was the sweetest man, and he will be so missed."

Two last experiences, quite a few years ago, my dad told me this and I'll never forget it. If you know my dad, it wasn't in a boastful or braggy way at all, he said, "If I knew that I was dying tomorrow, I wouldn't have to hurry and get rid of things or hide things. There wouldn't be a trail. I wouldn't have to erase anything." This brought my dad so much peace because this is how he conducted and lived his life.

I will also remember my dad telling me, this was probably about fifteen years ago, that when he meets his Maker, he longed more than anything to hear these words. *"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."* I'm pretty certain he's heard those words. My dad had an unwavering testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ, loved his Savior and his Heavenly Father and we knew it. He didn't preach to us all the time, but we knew it by how he lived his life.

In conclusion, I bear testimony that because of the Atonement and the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, we can never truly be separated. I love you, Dad. Until we meet again, and you can reach over and tweak my nose. I say these things in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

Speaker – Tami Griffiths, daughter

Blessed, blessed is what I most often think of when I say, and when I look back on the memories I have from growing up, what a gift it is to absolutely know you are loved. My dad gave that to each of us.

In his profession, he was an incredible teacher. He also brought that talent home. I rarely remember him demanding a certain behavior from me, but he would help me to lay out the possibilities to whatever question or whatever decision I had to make in my life and then he let me choose. Sometimes my choices had good outcomes, sometimes not so good, but no matter what, he supported me, no matter what.

Somehow, he had a way of making me feel like I was exceptional at many things. Now later as I grew up, I figured out I was really pretty average. But what a gift he had given me. He completely and utterly made me feel like I could do anything, almost anything if I put my mind to it. So many people have benefited from my dad's belief in them and their ability to succeed. His students and faculty over the years became cherished friends. Each of us were loved greatly.

My dad's smile and his laughter have always been a favorite. I can still picture it no matter what. He smiles with his whole body, and he loved to joke around, and he loved to have fun. Now we had a bit of a tradition in the past in our family and it's called the Lindsay birthday dance or sometimes it was the New Year's Eve dance or sometimes it was the Just Because dance. But man, that dance would bring smiles and laughter that were just priceless. And honestly perhaps if you're really lucky someday you might get to see the dance. It's the best.

Sunday evening walks when I grew up were such a favorite. They brought a good time for us to talk and be together and then when we got back to the house the ice cream was pretty terrific too. Sometimes it was pink popcorn too. I have a funny story about the ice cream. I will tell you that later if you hit me up.

Skiing at Beaver Mountain and patrolling with my dad, my mom, and my husband Kyle was a truly great experience. He loved that time at the mountain and the service he was able to provide to the community and the Seeholzer family. He loved his fellow patrollers and the many friends he made there.

My dad drew up the plans for the patrol building at Beaver Mountain and then he helped fundraise and build that great facility. Our children practically grew up at the Beave and they loved spending that time with their grandma and grandpa.

I loved working by my dad's side as a child. You see it took a few years for Dave and Ron to come along so for a little while I was kind of his boy. I loved being with him as he was making something or fixing something. I would hand him the tools he needed, and I knew what the tools were. He could tell me which one and I knew. I watched, I learned, and mostly I just had one-on-one time. But I did learn a few things. I'm pretty handy. He always made me feel like my help was necessary and very appreciated.

My dad loved his parents and his brothers and sisters. His stories of growing up on the farm, working together, were some of my favorites growing up. As a young child I loved going to my grandma and grandpa Smellie's farm. One of my favorite times was the pheasant hunt. All of us cousins would play together while my dad, his brothers, and brothers-in-law, and Grandpa Smellie would go out hunting. The pheasant dinner after that, wow. Grandma and all the aunts would be inside putting together a grand feast. And it was a grand feast. I love pheasant to this day. My grandma and my aunts were a loving part of the family, and it was magical and fun-filled and a wonderful family time. I loved that time with my cousins.

Whether it was camping, yearly trips to Banbury Hot Springs as a family, traveling across the country to live in Maine, going to USU sporting events, being at the cabin, skiing at the Beaver, supporting each of us in our activities. He did it with gusto and he did it with our mom right by his side. He truly showed all of us how to be a loving, supporting spouse, father, grandfather, brother, uncle, son, and friend.

Shortly after my dad passed, Kyle said to me basically this, "I only wish I could have been there to see him enthusiastically step into that heavenly presence and say, I'm here. What would you have me do? Give me a job." That's my dad.

Don Smellie is a doer, a hard-working man of great integrity. His word was as good as gold. You could always count on him. He was ready and willing. He loved his ancestors, their history, their stories, and each member of his posterity. He loved and cherished his best friend, our mom.

I'm so happy that families are forever. I can only imagine the reunions that he is having right now. You are missed. I love you, Dad. Dad led with faith, and he taught by example. He loves God and Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior, in His Holy name, amen.

Musical Number – Great-Grandchildren **Tyler Castleton, accompanist**

"Gethsemane"

*Jesus climbed the hill to the garden still.
His steps were heavy and slow.
Love and a prayer took Him there
To the place only He could go.
Gethsemane. Jesus loves me,
So, He went willingly to Gethsemane.*

*He felt all that was sad, wicked, or bad,
All the pain we would ever know.
While His friends were asleep, He fought to keep
His promise made long ago.
Gethsemane. Jesus loves me,
So, He went willingly to Gethsemane.*

*The hardest thing that ever was done,
The greatest pain that ever was known,
The biggest battle that ever was won—
This was done by Jesus!
The fight was won by Jesus!*

*Gethsemane. Jesus loves me,
So He gave His gift to me in Gethsemane.*

*Gethsemane. Jesus loves me,
So He gives His gift to me from Gethsemane.*

Speaker – Ron Smellie, son

Most of you know I'm a funeral director. I was a funeral director through this whole process until last night when I got the viewing set up and then I went into "son mode" and my sister started bringing pictures in. I kind of lost it. But it was okay because we think we're tough as funeral directors, but we're really not. We get sad too.

I want to thank everybody who's been here today. I look through this audience and I see people that I love, all of you. Thank you for being here. Your friendship means a lot to us, all of you. And this is what life is about what we have right here today. There are some that couldn't come that would be here if they could be. We love them the same. We're thankful for that.

My dad actually helped me on some funerals. After he retired, he would help me. I just have to tell one story. I had to go do a burial on Friday Harbor Island off the coast of the Puget Sound, off of Seattle. My dad was always up for an adventure. So, he said, "Yeah, I'll go." So, we drove up there. We stayed in Anacortes, Washington. Left the casket at a local mortuary and then the next day there was only one ferry out to the island and only one back. So, we pretty much had to be on that ferry. My dad, being nervous how he was, he said, "Ron, we need to be there two hours early when the ferry leaves." I said, "Dad, don't you think an hour's early enough?" "No, we got to be there two hours early." I said, "Okay."

So, we got there, and we were waiting. We had the casket there in the van. We weren't in the hearse. We were in the van. We're sitting there waiting. We turned the van off because we were so early. We were waiting there, and we were waiting. Cars were kind of lining up. Well, then it got time to load the ferry, and I went to turn the car on, and the battery was dead.

Talk about faster, man. We ran out, found someone with jumper cables. I don't know how we did it. In a matter of, like, 30 seconds, we had the van going. We got back on there and made it out to the island and had a burial and then the trip got even more fun.

Another time, on another trip, we were coming back from California on a burial. We had had the funeral in California. We were coming back. We were in the white van right about the time the sniper was kind of going on in the country and we got pulled over just outside of Reno. My dad said, "Were you speeding?" I said, "No." "Why did you get pulled over?" "I don't know."

This cop comes up and he's talking to me. He looks in the back and said, "Is that a casket?" "Yeah." My dad is just sitting there. He's just dying. He said, "Well, why do you have a casket?" told him everything and I got it all solved. Then he proceeds to tell us the story about vacation when Chevy Chase had the grandma on the top of it and everything. My dad and I were just like, please let us go, just let us go. We had fun memories doing that. I appreciated his help.

It has been said that my dad was the ultimate teacher. Not only was it his profession, it was his life and he taught us all, as you've heard today. Some of the highlights that my dad taught me- empathy. My dad always used to talk about empathy, trying to think how other people feel. I don't know if he knew I was going to be a funeral director, but that's blessed me, trying to envision what other people are feeling. I appreciate that about my dad.

When I was a little boy, we were at the Smithfield Implement. I'll never forget this. I was probably six or seven and we had bought something. When we were walking out, he realized they gave him too much change. My dad turned around. He said, "They gave me too much change." He walked back, went to the cashier, showed him the receipt, and showed him how much money. He gave him, I think it was like 39 cents or something. But I never forgot that. My dad taught me honesty and integrity and I love that about him.

My dad loved serving in the church. He served as bishop. He served on a committee writing *Teaching, No Greater Call*, with Elder Dallin H. Oaks, a calling that he truly loved, and he instilled in me a love of service. He and my mom served two missions, one to Cove Fort and one to the Sacred Grove. And we're grateful for that example, Mom and Dad, what examples of service. We're thankful for that.

My dad instilled in us a love for the gospel. Back when my mom and dad were living in Indiana, my dad was in the bishopric and that was when they would have building funds and you would get an assessment and things were tight. My dad had got a stipend or an assistantship for like \$1,500. Back then, it was really a lot of money and the building fund amount that they had to give was \$1,500. And there was a new car that they wanted and there were things like that. But my mom and dad decided to pay the building fund. And I believe that decision has changed their posterity. The decision to be obedient, to serve the Lord, has blessed all of us. Thank you for that, Mom and Dad.

My dad instilled in me a testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ. As a young boy, I'll never forget. He took me and Brooks Potter, who had just lost his dad, to a fireside where Dr. Charles Hyde was speaking, and he talked about the Atonement of Jesus Christ. That was the first time I felt in my heart what Jesus Christ did for me. And I will never forget that. I'm grateful for that experience.

As has been mentioned, my dad loves his family. I will tell you that every single one of his posterity is in this room right now. It doesn't happen at funerals very often. Every single one of his posterity is here. You that are young, you might have very faded memories of this day.

But you that are older, Tag and Paxton, you guys are a little older, Oaklee, I want you to remember your grandpa. I want you to remember this day and how much he loved you. I want you to remember that. The best way to honor and remember Grandpa Smellie, is to remember the things he taught us and his example, and pass that along to our children and grandchildren. I know that is what he would want us to do.

Now, it's been mentioned, my dad had Alzheimer's. I'm sure most of you here have dealt with that in some way. It's a terrible disease. It really is. And over the years, we would come and visit my dad. I always thought that people had these debilitating disabilities and situations so that we would learn how to help them and serve them. And I believe that's true. But through this, I learned that it's for the person too. Heavenly Father taught me that these things are for the individual as well. And I know that there's things that my dad learned during all those years. It's been made known to me. And I feel very strongly that someday when I say to my dad, "Dad, how was it having Alzheimer's?" He'll say, "It's just what I needed."

Because you see, a loving Heavenly Father knows what we need. Sometimes it isn't the thing that we think. But Heavenly Father knows all. And even though we think "why did he have to go through that?" A loving Father knows why. Elder Maxwell said it took getting cancer for him to come closer to his Savior.

So, I have a testimony and a strong faith in Heavenly Father and His knowledge for us and what we need to go through. He knew that we needed to come down to Earth, get a body, have experiences, go through sin, repent, change, make a difference, learn and grow. And through that, we would become more like Him. I testify that that's true.

Mom, you're our hero. She's never complained one time about anything with my dad and his situation and her being with him, not one time. Mom, thank you for that. Thank you for your testimony and your love. We all love you eternally and are grateful for the wonderful example you and dad set for all of us.

I testify to everybody here today, that on September 18, 1956, in the Salt Lake Temple, when Don Carl, Smellie and Deanna Young Archibald were married and sealed for time and all eternity, that that is real. Those covenants are real. And he is yours forever and you are his forever mom. I testify that this is true. We're grateful for that. We're thankful for those covenants that we can make. And it's all because of our Savior, Jesus Christ. Because of Jesus Christ and His Infinite Atonement, we have the surety that we will all be resurrected and see each other again. I testify that He is our Savior and that He is the Redeemer of the world. He lives, He loves us, He is real. I testify of these things in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

Remarks – Bishop Jared Jensen

As someone who knew the Smellie's a little bit, but not great, I just want to share my testimony of the spirit that exists because of you and Don and Deanna's great posterity. When I came in the chapel today, President Smith joined me and said, "Will the family take up that many rows, three quarters of the chapel?" I said, "Yes, I think so."

Everything I prepared to talk about, I sort of set aside and I thought of a question I was asked as a young missionary that really changed my life. A gentleman asked me, "What is the definition of truth?" And today that's maybe more relevant than ever. What is the definition of truth?

I quickly gave the Sunday school answer and said, "Truth is knowledge." That put me on a path to really study what is the definition of truth? Jesus and the scriptures teach us that truth is not only knowledge, but it's the knowledge of things as they were. Truth is the knowledge of things as they are, as they were, and as they are to come. I read that scripture most of my life just thinking of it as a scripture, but to look at it in the perspective of how someone lives their life. The Savior also teaches us that *"Truth cleaveth to truth; light cleaveth to light; intelligence cleaveth unto intelligence; wisdom receiveth wisdom; virtue loveth virtue."*

The Savior also teaches us that *"Because of my voice is spirit, my spirit is truth. Truth abideth and hath no end. And if it be in you, it shall abound."* I have no doubt that Brother Don Smellie was full of light. That light is here. It's undeniable.

As someone who knew him, it's obvious the way he lived his life, the way Deanna lived her life, has lived her life. The Savior promises us, *"If your eye be single to my glory, your whole body shall be filled with light, and there shall be no darkness in you; and that body which is filled with light comprehendeth all things."* I have a testimony that that is true, that Brother Smellie maybe didn't comprehend all things, but comprehended a whole lot. And what a great tribute to him and this great family.

I invite you all to follow that promise. The Savior promises that if *"We will do His will,"* John 7: 17, my favorite scripture, if any man will do His will, he will know. We are promised that knowledge. We will know of the doctrine. I want to share that testimony in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

Congregational Hymn – Hymn #152

"God We With You Till We Meet Again"

*God be with you till we meet again;
By his counsels guide, uphold you;
With his sheep securely fold you.
God be with you till we meet again.*

*Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.*

*God be with you till we meet again;
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put his arms unfailing round you.
God be with you till we meet again.*

*Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.*

*God be with you till we meet again;
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you.
God be with you till we meet again.*

*Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.*

Benediction – Melissa Bradshaw, granddaughter

Our Father in Heaven, we're so grateful that we could be together with family and friends and be here to be able to help celebrate our grandpa, Don Smellie, and the life he lived. Help us as we go forward that we can live like Grandpa and love like him and be good examples to one another.

We're so grateful for the atonement and to know that families are forever and that we will be with him again. Help us to enjoy each other today and all the love and that when the time comes that we can all travel back safely. We're so grateful for our Savior Jesus Christ and all that He has done for us. We love thee so very much. We say these things in the name of thy Son Jesus Christ, amen.