

HOME GOING CELEBRATION FOR



SOLOMON AGUSTUS SMITH

March 9, 1934 - February 24, 2022

FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 2022

Viewing: 4:00 pm - 6:00 pm

Service: 6:00 pm

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 2022

Devotion: 10:00 am

ETERNITY FUNERAL SERVICES, LLC

725 East Gun Hill Road • Bronx, NY 10467

Ministers

Bishop Vixton Dixon, Speaker

Rev. Brenda Dixon

Rev. Joy Brown, Liturgist

Interment

Kensico Cemetery

Valhalla, NY

PALLBEARER

Ensbirth Butt (Son-In-Law)

Fitzroy Chatterpaul (Stepson)

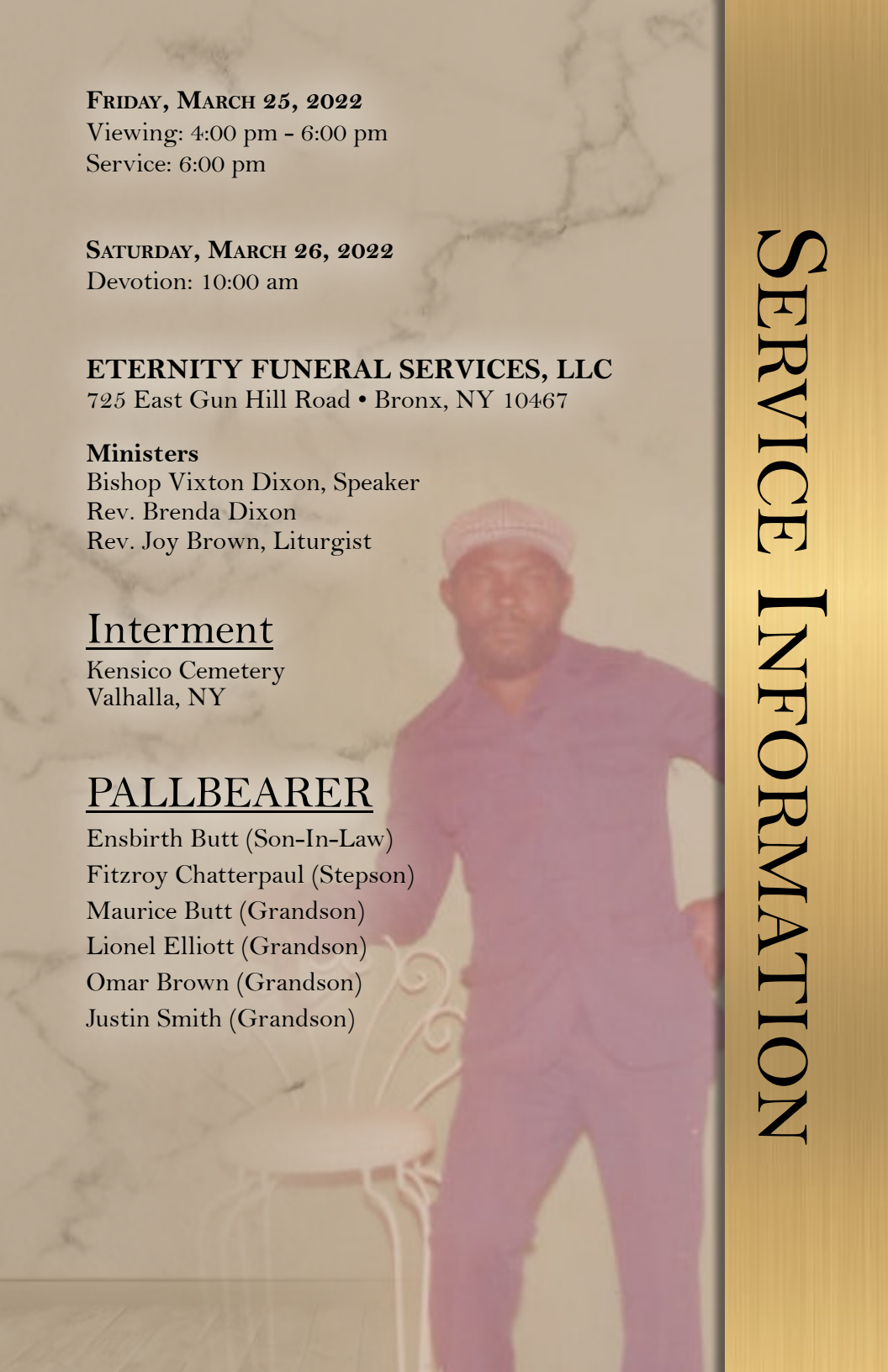
Maurice Butt (Grandson)

Lionel Elliott (Grandson)

Omar Brown (Grandson)

Justin Smith (Grandson)

SERVICE INFORMATION



ORDER OF SERVICE

Organ Prelude

Opening Sentences

Opening Hymn *It Is Well*

Opening Prayer Francine Fabio

1st Lesson

1 Thessalonians 4: 13-17 Shavona Dixon (Granddaughter)

Poem Debbie Walters

Slection Paulette Bulter

2nd Lesson

Revelation 21: 1-8 Tisha Walker (Granddaughter)

Open Tribute 2 Minutes Please

Eulogy Rev. Joy Brown

2nd Hymn *When We All Get To Heaven*

Homily Bishop Vixton Dixon

Prayer of Comfort For Family Rev. Brenda Dixon

Instructions Eternity Funeral Service Directors

Recessional Hymn *Farther Along*

EULOGY

The name Solomon is biblical, it is a name associated with royalty, wisdom, wealth, and prosperity; Solomon was the son of Bathsheba and King David, the successors to the throne of Israel. Therefore, it would seem fitting that David Smith and Ethelyn Smith would name the last child of four sibling together, Solomon. Solomon Augustus Smith was born in Richmond, St. Mary on March 9, 1934; it was in Richmond, he would receive his early childhood education at the Zion Hill Elementary School. It is said that a name define can define a man, and Solomon was a man of many names. He was Mass Sala or Uncle Sala to some, Nip for others, but for most he was affectionately called Paps; maybe because he was a father figure to many of us.

David and Ethelyn would later relocate their family from Richmond and settle in the small district of Palmetto Grove; there Solomon would flourish into a very vibrant, charming, and expressive young man. He was known to be strict, but he was also a very kind, affectionate and a jovial person. He was the kind of man, who would discipline any child that be idling on the street or not showing the proper respect with a whopping. But he was also the kind to reward those children that were respectful and well-mannered. Solomon epitomized the adage “it takes a village to raise a child;” and he treat every child as if they are his own.

Solomon Smith fell in love and wedded the late Joyce Morrison, a charming and beautiful woman on August 26, 1964; their union would produce four beautiful children to add to the children from previous relationship. Solomon lived a very adventurous life; he was quite resourceful and would take on many tasks to provide a living for his growing family. He was one of the early Jamaican, that went on the Farm Work Program; he was also employed at the Banana Boxing Plant, cutting, stocking boxes of banana to be exported and it was there that his skills in handle the curved knife got him the alias Nip. Solomon was also active in the community

and was employed along with some of his peers as Home Guard, whose job entails ensuring order and discipline was enforced in the community; he also worked with the St. Mary Parish Council for 6 years.

To seek a better life, Solomon migrated to the USA on December-1979; where he was employed by Lashelda Maintenance in Westchester from 1979 to 1983. He also worked for Pritchard Service Inc from 1983 to 1985. In all his service, he had proven to be an exemplary and tenacious worker. Over the past few years, Solomon was incapacitated by his health, which has restricted his movement, especially from taking those trips back to his beloved country, Jamaica. Solomon's last place of residence was at the Workman Circle Nursing Home; with his infectious laughter and sanguine personality, he was a staff favorite as he brightens the day of anyone who encountered him.

On the 24th of February at the age of 87, Solomon took his last breath. A son born with the destiny of a King, Solomon has truly lived a fulfilled life, a life that was filled with laughter, sorrow, success, failure, joy and pain, but most of all love; an abundance of it. Today as we celebrate you, let's remember those that continue the legacy that you bestowed upon us, starting with your children Veronica (Sylvia), Jacqueline (Jacky), Janet (Daughter), Novelyn (Sharon) Solomon Jr. and Ainsworth; your stepchildren Paulette (June), Fitzroy (Brother) and Vixton. He also leaves behind 27 grandchildren, 36 great grandchildren and 2 great great grandchildren, nieces, nephews and a host of relatives and friends.

Mass Sala, Nip, Uncle Sala, Paps we celebrated the husband, brother, father, grandfather, uncle, friend that we were blessed to share both space and time with rest well my beloved, until we met again.



It Is Well With My Soul!

When peace like a river attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot Thou hast taught me to say,
"It is well, it is well with my soul!"

Refrain.

It is well with my soul!
It is well, it is well with my soul!

Though Satan should buffet, though trials
should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

[Refrain]



My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin, not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to His Cross, and I bear it no more;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

[Refrain]

For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live;
If dark hours about me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.

[Refrain]



When We All Get to Heaven

Sing the wondrous love of Jesus,
Sing His mercy and His grace;
In the mansions bright and blessed
He'll prepare for us a place.

Refrain.

When we all get to heaven,
what a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all see Jesus,
we'll sing and shout the victory!

While we walk the pilgrim pathway
Clouds will overspread the sky;
But when trav'ling days are over
Not a shadow, not a sigh. [Refrain]

Let us then be true and faithful,
Trusting, serving ev'ry day;
Just one glimpse of Him in glory
Will the toils of life repay. [Refrain]

Onward to the prize before us!
Soon His beauty we'll behold;
Soon the pearly gates will open—
We shall tread the streets of gold. [Refrain]





Acknowledgement

*The family of **Solomon Augustus Smith** acknowledges with great appreciation all acts of kindness, sympathy and love extended to us during this time of bereavement.*



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