



Mary Jean Smith

July 14, 1935 - October 5, 2011

Mrs. Mary Jean Ayers Smith, age 76, of Grant, passed away at Huntsville Hospital on Wednesday, October 5, 2011. Funeral services will be Saturday, October 8, 2:00 p.m. at Grant Memorial Chapel with interment following in Free Home Cemetery. Bro. Anthony Barnes and Bro. Steve Stanfield officiating.

Pallbearers are Bentley Ayers, Brian Pegues, James Ledbetter, Ed Wright, Mark Wright, Joe Wright and Andy Veach. The family will receive friends Friday, October 7, 6:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m. at the Chapel.

Mary Jean is survived by her husband, Charles Donald Smith of Grant; daughter, Karen Smith Robinson (Brian) of Grant; son, Casey Smith (Natalie) of Guntersville, AL; four grandchildren, Kristi Hunter, Kelsey Sutton, Landen Smith, and Allie Smith; and a brother, David Ayers (Peggy) of Grant.

She is preceded in death by her parents, Emmett and Mary Case Ayers; brother, Edward Ayers; sisters, Ola Wright, Bernice Ledbetter, Ruby Burrell, and Aline Schutz.

Tribute Wall

NA

“ I wrote this as a tribute to just a few of the memories I have of Aunt Mary Jean, Donald and all the family and friends, our prayers and thoughts are with you. Nancy Garry, Aline Schutz's daughter

Dear Aunt Mary Jean, I'll always love you.

by Nancy Garry on Thursday, October 6, 2011 at 5:47pm

The death of my dear Aunt Mary Jean, is fresh on my memory but fresher still are the living memories of her imprinted forever in my mind. The week I spent with my Aunt and my Uncle Donald just after my practical parents had told me that if anything happened to me, my sister and I were to live with these two people. Well, I played all week long. Swam until I could only float, went catching fish and eating them, ran barefoot in their yard, and played with their child - a very small dog in their house - totally unthought of in my flesh and blood parents, went to the county fair and ate fair food until I was stuff and then rode the roller coaster where I emerged, very pale, and wobbly and promptly lost all my food and declared I was ready to ride again. Played with firecrackers and had cookouts, Laid on the grass and counted the stars....ran to catch butterflies in the day and fireflies at night. When my mother called and asked how I was I just said, "You don't have to pick me up ever, I'm fine here forever"....

My aunt was so bright, she could teach and motivate the most uninterested student, take care of the sick and discouraged with the other hand and heart, raise a family and love and be loved by an entire community....She was the child of farmers and married to a farmer who also worked a full time job. She could cook sweets better than a baker. She would can all night and day and still not miss a day of school.

Quick to laugh and smile and soo soo slow to anger.

She never wanted praise, was always glad just to help. When she became disabled by the disease which must have been parkinson's, she never changed her demeanor. It must have been hard to be on the receiving end of help for the woman who had reached thousands. Her eyes were always grateful and kind. I know right now she is in heaven and probably having a chat with my Mother about me and the farm and Granny sitting there too. My Dad would give a sigh and say, "so she finally got her farm, I'm so glad and she got a good mate, finally." I truly don't know how angels will communicate with other angels, but I'm certain that my Dear Aunt is with them now.

I was the flower child in her wedding (the goofy looking one with freckles on her face and her hair in Shirley Temple curls" and will remember thinking she and Uncle Donald were the most beautiful, happy people I have ever seen. I know Granny loved her youngest daughter, because for Mary Jean, she wore a girdle that she struggled to get into that faithful day. It took 4 grown women and a whole lot of avon powders. I remember that all the attendants took turns trying to smooth the "powder dust" Off Granny's store bought dark blue dress and that she struggled into storebought hoses and new shoes that would never work in the garden and most of all, cut off her beloved long hair to wear a new permanent in that fancy beauty place in the "city".

Mary Jean you were a natural born listener and laughed at all the stories and politely watched my Dad's long slide shows of the 52 bridges we visited that summer - maybe even more.....

I don't know how the mountain will go on without you. It won't because those children you taught have grandchildren of their own and maybe great grans. I never really want to think of you except in my memories so happy and so wonderful. God only makes a few women like you and I'm so glad I was loved by you and pray that you knew how beloved you were....

I gain my comfort in knowing that you are released from the shell of the body and that that wonderful mind and spirit you had is made whole as you are now a wondrous angel. I shall love you forever

nancy garry - December 17, 2012 at 08:20 AM

JA

“*Dear Mr. Donald, Casey, Karen and Family,
I am so sorry to hear of Mrs. Smith's death. I know you loved her very much and will miss her dearly. May God wrap his loving arms around you during this difficult time.*

Jane Tanner - December 17, 2012 at 08:20 AM