



Stephen "Steve" Ray Smith

June 28, 1950 - November 17, 2020

Stephen Ray Smith of Dallas, Texas, passed away on November 17th, 2020 of heart failure after a long battle with carcinoid cancer. He was 70 years old.

Born in 1950 to Clarence and Jane Smith, Steve (or "Smitty") grew up in Pasadena, Texas with his older (but not bigger) brothers Jim and Phil. He was an athletic standout at Pasadena High School, where he earned All-District honors in football, and was a state finalist in the shot put. He attended SMU on a football scholarship, where he was a two-time letterman and a member of the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity. At SMU, he met his loving wife, Kathy, whom he married after graduation in 1973.

The couple eventually settled in Richardson, where they raised two exceptional, intelligent, and good-looking children: Dan and Natalie. Steve proudly followed his children's milestones and accomplishments, always encouraging them to stop and take a minute to reflect on big moments in life. Sometimes strict, but never overbearing, he always let his children find their own ways (even when those ways became more circuitous than he might have liked). In later years, he enjoyed doting on his two grandchildren, Connor and Stella, who both already miss "Grandpa." Steve also loved animals, and as Stella recently pointed out, "on the bright side, now Grandpa gets to be with Copper."

Steve truly never met a stranger. He treated everyone with kindness and respect, which meant he was never short of friends and touched many lives. The family would like to thank the many friends and neighbors who have been so kind during this difficult time. We appreciate your compassion and support.

He is survived by his wife of 46 years, Kathy; son Dan Smith and wife Katie, and grandchildren Connor and Stella, of Richardson, Texas; daughter Natalie Smith of Lewisville, Texas; brother Jim Smith and wife Cathy of La Porte, Texas; brother Phil Smith and wife Sally of Riverside, California; nieces Jennifer, Courtney, and Ellen; and nephew Shawn. He was preceded in death by his parents, Clarence and Jane Smith of Pasadena,

Texas.

We love you, Dad.

A livestream memorial service for Steve will be held Friday, November 27 at 2pm. Use this link to join the service: <http://webcast.funeralvue.com/events/viewer/41338>

In lieu of flowers, the family requests donations to the American Cancer Society.

Events

NOV **Celebration of Life** 02:00PM

27

The Wildwood Chapel at Restland Funeral Home

13005 Greenville Avenue at Restland Road, Dallas, TX, US, 75243

Comments



“ A webcast video has been added.



Restland Funeral Home and Cemetery - November 24, 2020 at 11:20 AM



“ Steve,
Thanksgiving this year is that you were one of the great guys to come into our lives. We've been brothers for over 50 years now. Get with Delbo, Lizard, Pancho, Parish, Edwin and the other Brothers and save us some good seats in the Mustang Section. We'll meet you there.
Rayzor

Rayzor Dent - November 30, 2020 at 05:22 PM



“ To Smitty,

Good teammate

Better brother

Even better friend

Thank you for our friendship

Your buddy,

Ralph Blount

Ralph Blount - November 27, 2020 at 09:31 PM



“ Steve so enjoyed the "pledge meetings" and to catch up with everyone. Thank you for being such a good friend for many years.

Kathy Smith - November 28, 2020 at 07:56 PM



“ There are so many memories of the times and events Steve and I shared. But I have to mention another occasion that was, as they say, serendipitous. My son, Matt was playing football in Plano when his team made the playoffs at the end of the regular season his senior year.

The state and health of the oil industry in which I'd made my career had become grim and difficult. I'd decided to change the course of my life, seek a more stable future for us, and moved my family from West Texas to Plano. I would return to SMU for a law degree. In the noise and fury of life's changes, I'd not yet reconnected with Smitty.

But on the night of my son's first playoff game, during an official time-out near the end of the first half, one of the referees walked up behind my son. He placed his hands on Matt's shoulder pads and was clearly examining the back of his football jersey. The players had all received new jerseys for the playoffs, and they had the player's last names printed above their number on the back of the jerseys. The official spoke with Matt for a minute, Matt nodded his head and made a gesture toward the stands, the whistle blew and the game resumed. I was mildly puzzled, and when the game ended, he caught Matt again, spoke briefly to him, then made a beeline, jogging toward the bleachers in the general direction of where I was sitting.. As he got closer, imagine my surprise when I recognized Steve (in spite of his striped referee's outfit) and I stood up as he approached, with a big smile. "That's your boy, huh?" he yelled.

"Yeah, and look at you" I reply. "You've turned into a Zebra!"

We visited for a while after the game and caught up on the events in our lives, our kids, parents, and siblings; as well as all the things we knew about other old friends and fraternity brothers, and where life had taken them. Many years have passed, so I'm not certain, but I think I recall Steve and Kathy's son Dan had attended the game and Smitty brought him over to introduce him. As we talked that night, then said our goodbyes, it was almost as though the years and miles of our respective journeys in between college and our meeting at a high school football game had simply melted away. Happily, we were two old friends and fraternity brothers whose paths in life had crossed once again.

"By the way," says Smitty, in parting, "you did good my friend! Your son's bigger, faster, and a better athlete than you! Oh, and he's also better looking, too, HA!" (and, Steve WAS right, you know). He walked away shaking his head and saying, "Man I can't believe I was officiating a game my old roomie's kid was playing in . . . "

Believe what you will. As for me, I'm quite sure God, in spite of his busy schedule, arranged a little reunion especially for mine and Smitty's benefit and pleasure. In that brief time together, He illustrated for us how strong a bond that friendship and shared memories can represent. The meeting that Autumn night (which Smitty and I have often revisited) is something neither of us ever forgot. Be skeptical if you wish, but the way the miles and years between us simply vanished seemed almost magical. I've always remembered that night as clearly as though it was yesterday. Godspeed, Smitty.

Michael Scates - November 27, 2020 at 06:35 PM



“ That is a beautiful story. Steve so enjoyed reconnecting with you. He talked about you often and so valued your friendship. He felt very close to you.

Kathy Smith - November 28, 2020 at 07:59 PM



“ When I think of my friend, Smitty, the common thread that runs through every memory is his kindness and big heart. About 45 years ago, Smitty and I went with a group of buddies to a dirt track to ride three-wheel motorcycles. I crashed into a guy who had fallen ahead of me, and it was Smitty who was there in a flash beside me. He calmed me down, got me to the emergency room and stayed with me the whole time, and then got me home. Over our five decades of friendship, Smitty's kindness flowed naturally and abundantly. Every time we spoke, he expressed his interest and concern for my well-being, even though he was battling with the most serious health issues for so many years. Smitty's favorite subjects to talk about were Kathy, Natalie and Dan, and his wonderful grandchildren, Connor and Stella. I treasured Smitty's friendship. He left the world a better, kinder place.

Oren Dreeben

Oren Dreeben - November 26, 2020 at 05:42 PM



“ I so enjoyed our phone conversation this evening, Oren. Thank you for telling some stories I did not know. One thing that is consistent, Steve had such empathy and kindness which is what attracted me to him many years ago.

Kathy Smith - November 28, 2020 at 08:01 PM



“ Phil, Sally, Shawn and Ellen Smith purchased the Peaceful White Lilies Basket for the family of Stephen "Steve" Ray Smith.



Phil, Sally, Shawn and Ellen Smith - November 25, 2020 at 03:47 PM



“ Treasured Lilies Spray was purchased for the family of Stephen "Steve" Ray Smith.



November 25, 2020 at 10:09 AM



“ Deepest condolences to Kathy, the kids and grandkids, as well as to Phil and Jjm, and all the family members and friends who will miss Steve, and will always remember his presence in, and impact upon our lives. I'm glad the trials of his life are no more, but his passing is still a very hard one for me to accept.

I've known Steve about 51 years. Back at SMU during our freshman year we lived on the same dormitory floor in Cockrell Hall, and became fast friends. We shared many common interests, experiences and ideas, so when our respective 1st semester roommates both expressed an interest in changing roomies (which surely had nothing to do with me or Steve being difficult to tolerate!!), Steve and I happily moved in as roommates and, as they say, the adventures began and they were many.

We were fierce competitors at handball at the courts under (then) Ownby stadium's west bleachers. There were trips together, to fish and ski on Lake Amistad, to sail on Clear Lake, to Nacodoches to meet his brother, Phil; to Steve's home in Pasadena to meet his family and friends; to Odessa (back where I came from) to do the same. My football team had gone all the way to the state finals my senior year, and I remember how amazed Steve was when I introduced him to our Coach, Gene Mayfield. Steve was stunned and extraordinarily flattered when Coach Mayfield remembered that Steve had appeared in Texas Football Magazine's "Friday Night Heroes" section the prior year, and visited with him at length about Texas high school football and the SMU program.

I took Steve over to meet my folks' next door neighbor, George, who was working on some project in his garage. After a friendly greeting and brief introductions, I asked George if he might introduce Steve and me to one of his new pets. George, who was a bit of a character and numbered "Rattlesnake Roundups" among his hobbies, strolled over to a barrel in the corner of his garage, reached in with a "snake stick" and lifted out a Western Diamondback rattler about four or five feet long, then set him down on the floor several feet in front of where Steve and I were standing. Naturally, on the way over to George's house, I'd given Steve no advance notice concerning what he would shortly experience.

The weather was very cool, so the rattlesnake was very sluggish on the cold concrete floor. Friends, Steve did not care. Sticking around to enjoy the company of his new "friend" (who had begun buzzing his rattles and giving us a mean-eyed glare (as rattlesnakes are prone to do), was NOT among the options Steve considered as what action to take. I knew Steve was fast (although he was an offensive guard, he could run a 40 yard dash as fast as most college halfbacks) but this particular day, and in this particular situation, Steve wasn't just "fast" -- he was FAST!!!! He made it from inside the garage to the edge of the street about 30 yards away in less than the blink of an eye, I promise you. I felt kinda bad not giving him any warning of what he was about to see (ok, maybe not THAT bad). I kidded him mercilessly a couple of days later on the way back to Dallas, telling him I wished I had a film of his performance to show Coach Hayden Fry who, upon seeing it, would surely move Steve to the position of first-string Tailback for the Mustangs.

I suppose I should admit to a couple of things here: Truth be told, for the first and

only time I was damn close to being as fast as Steve (he only beat me to the street by about 1/100th of a second -- heck, I never thought George would dump a live rattler on the floor right in front of us!!); and second, yes, we had many more times and adventures together as friends and fraternity brothers, and Steve did later pay me back big-time for my little "surprise", but those are other stories for another time. I love you, Steve, and I'll miss you. Rest in Peace my friend and I'll see you on the other side.

Michael Scates - November 25, 2020 at 12:27 AM



“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Kathy Smith - November 24, 2020 at 12:45 PM



“ 2 files added to the album Memories of Steve



Kathy M Smith - November 24, 2020 at 12:41 PM



“ Steve was my best friend and car buddy for 50 years. We spent a lot of Saturdays together, and there will be a huge void in my life from his passing. He was the kindest person I knew, and never said a bad word about anyone. He fought the good fight for over 14 years against cancer, and left us quietly, after having a good day talking to brothers and nieces on the phone, and watching the SMU game. We would have talked the next day.

Save me a spot in Heaven my Friend.

Philip Cullum - November 24, 2020 at 12:34 PM



“ From the Cullum Construction Family purchased the Bright and Beautiful Spray for the family of Stephen "Steve" Ray Smith.



From the Cullum Construction Family - November 24, 2020 at 12:26 PM