

By L. A. MARTIN

IN MEMORIAM

R. BRUCE SMITH

"The West About" 1966

I liked Bruce Smith. His buoyant spirit and his exhilarating disposition had a way of rubbing off on you and lending an atmosphere of cheerfulness and good will. One felt good in his presence and when you walked away you carried with you a message of cheer for the day.

Then, another thing I liked about him was his kinship with humanity, and his love for people. He found pleasure in going about doing good. His life was filled with many kind deeds, and many were the times when he went to the rescue of other people in their time of need, to friends and strangers alike when he saw the need. Little did the world know of his little acts of kindness and his composure toward others, for in his desire to render aid to other people he took no thought of losing his left hand, knowing what his right hand was doing. He only knew he wanted to do it, and he did it without fanfare or the blowing of trumpets. His life was blended with the ingredients of love and kindness, and generosity and good will, and undergirded by a warm, compassionate and companionable heart.

Whatever else may be said about Bruce Smith, he never intentionally left any man, and wherever he went he carried a big bundle of sunshine in his heart, and always spared his generous amount of it along his pathway to the delight of his friends and to the world about him. His friends, and the community at large, will miss him. Indeed, his passing will make a "material difference" in a very real sense.



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