OBITUARIES

Oliver Jennings Smith Jr.

December 28, 1934 - November 3, 2020

liver Jennings Smith Jr. (aka O.J., Junior, Shorty) age 86, died of pneumonia on Nov. 3, 2020, in Mobile. He is survived by his wife, Rose Marie Williams Smith; and his son Oliver Jennings Smith III (aka Skipper, Skip).

He is preceded in death by his mother, Mattie Eva Fillingim Smith; his father, Oliver Jennings Smith Sr.; his stepmother, Ollie Mae Smith; his brother, Charles Austen Smith (aka Billy); his sisters, Josephine Smith, Ollie Kilpatrick and Helen Jones.

He was born on Dec. 28, 1934, in Prichard, to parents Oliver Sr. and Mattie. He attended Vigor High School. He served in the Army National Guard. In his younger days, he was a popular lead guitarist and even in his final days he liked to strum on his banjo. He accumulated a considerable collection of racing trophies for his efforts as both a driver and owner of a boat raced in local events. He was highly sought as a house painting contractor and he was an avid fisherman in the Mobile Delta and Bay and on the Gulf of Mexico.

He enjoyed watching western movies, The Waltons, and live sporting events. He also enjoyed using his riding mower to care for not only his own yard but also those of his



Smith

neighbors. He spent considerable time in his garage maintaining his collection of power equipment and yard tools. His family and friends will always remember him as kind-hearted, caring, fun-loving and de-

He was a member of Wilson Avenue Baptist Church for over 50 years. Among the last words he spoke before leaving home for the last time were "I'll be with Jesus."

A visitation was held Sunday, Nov. 8, 2020, from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. at Radney Funeral Home in Saraland. There was a second visitation at Wilson Avenue Baptist Church in Saraland from 10 a.m. to 11 a.m. on Monday, Nov. 9, 2020, followed by a funeral service at 11 a.m. Reverend George Williams officiated. The internment took place at Gulf Crest Cemetery in Chunchula immediately following the funeral service.

Nell Robinson Richardson

March 2, 1936 ~ November 15, 2020

A memorial service was held Nov. 21 at the St. John A.M.E. Kushla. Interment will follow at a later date in the Mt. Olive Cemetery, Mauvilla.

Elizabeth Richards Nelson

August 29, 1932 ~ November 12, 2020

Elizabeth Nelson, 88, passed away Nov. 12, 2020. A funeral service was held Nov. 21, 2020, at Reese Funeral Home. Interment followed at the Gethsemane Cemetery, Eight Mile.

RELIGION

He saved you, now trust Him not to drop you!

ach week we sing hymns in church, but there are some people who sing them all the time. They seem to be able to keep a hymn on their heart every minute of the day.

One of the best things about hymns is that they have multiple verses that deliver one message. Carrying a heavenly song with you as you go about your day keeps a wave of spiritual encouragement in your heart all the time. It builds your faith and takes it to higher levels. The stronger our faith is in God the more able we are to defend ourselves against the attacks of the ungodly. So keeping a song of praise on your heart and mind helps us in more ways than one.

The dictionary definition of the word "faith" is a good beginning today: "To believe that someone or something can be trusted.'

Therefore when we are called to have faith in God, we are called to fully trust him.

Consider the message from Proverbs, 3:5-10: "Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding. In all your ways submit to him, and he will make your paths straight. Do not be wise in your own eyes; fear the Lord and shun evil. This will bring health to your body and nourishment to your bones. Honor the Lord with your wealth, with the first fruits of all your crops, then your barns will be filled to overflowing, and your vats will brim over with new wine."

In this scripture, Solomon is again talking to his sons. But the beauty of this situation is the fact that Solomon wrote it down, so God led him to deliver a message to his sons that carried over to generation after generation. His words are like a second verse of a song; they continue to be sung.

There are many times when we might hear a song and the tune or words get stuck in our head and that is the only song you can think of. If this were a song, this would be one we would likely want to be stuck in our mind and hold on to: "Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding."

That verse is so strong and yet so challenging.

You see, we can say that we put our trust and faith in God, but we some-



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own understanding.

Faced with a tough situation, I have called on God to lead me through it. But then when he gets started, I sometimes complain: You want me to do *what*? Such a reaction doesn't make sense. That is leaning on your own understanding.

Remember, having faith is to be fully trusting.

As Christians, we believe God is in place, as Solomon said. We do put our trust in God to catch us when we have fallen and his words in the scripture in the Psalms say He delivers us from evil, BUT, BUT ... when we have been pulled from the snares of evil and harm, we tend to drift back to our own understanding.

It's like He hears our cries for help and reaches down and picks us up, and when he gets us halfway out of the fire, we say: OK, I think I got it from here.

What I am calling you to do is the same thing that I drive into my mind: Fully trust in the Lord. The only understanding that we should have is the understanding that our minds cannot comprehend what God's plan is.

When I was a kid I dreamed of becoming a super hero at one time or another, and I think all little boys may have this dream. It was Superman who caught most of the attention.

I remember getting one of Mama's towels off the clothes line and one of her clothes pins, to make a heroiclooking cape for myself. Running times find it hard not to hold on to our through the yard (flying, in my mind), ray@thecallnews.com.)

for a brief time I was a super hero. The boyhood fantasy would last only a few minutes, then Mama took the towel and clothes pin back.

But Superman himself could not be slowed by his Mama. As the stories go, he would be Clark Kent typing away on a story, and he would hear someone call for help on the other side of town. Jump into the phone booth and change clothes and he was gone.

He flew through the air to wherever the cries came from. Sometimes it was a person in a sinking boat. Sometimes it was a person being attacked, and several times it would be someone in a burning building.

In more than one episode, Superman would swoop down and pick up the lady in distress and get her out of danger. When she was in trouble she would holler: Superman, help me! When he got there, she was so excited to see him, hugging and thanking him. Then he picked her up and took

They would fly higher and higher into the air. She was relieved after being saved from the burning building, but now that Superman is way up in the air with her she is having doubts. She cries out: Superman, please don't drop me!

Superman then says: I just went into a burning building to save you from being consumed by fire, and I will never drop you. You have to trust me.

Isn't that the way we are with God? When we are facing the pits of Hell and we call on the name of Jesus, He fights through the flames and the forces of evil, swoops us up and saves

start doubting his power, we doubt his strength and we say: Please don't drop If we trust in him to rescue us, also

Then when we are comfortable, we

trust him not to drop you. Lean not on your own understanding.

As you move forward this week, no matter what challenges you might be facing. I encourage you to put your trust and faith in God. Remember, when He delivers you from the fire, He is not going to drop you.

(Willie Gray is the Call News publisher and he is also the pastor at Gulfcrest Baptist Church. Email comments, questions to willieg-

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