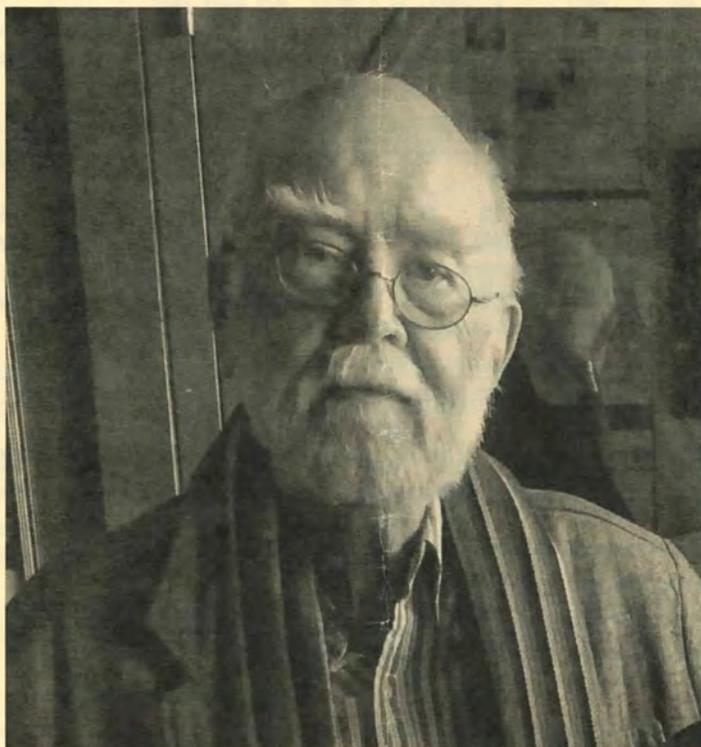


*THE FUNERAL SERVICE FOR
WILLIAM (TED) SMITH
SERVANT OF JESUS CHRIST*

NOVEMBER 4, 1932 – APRIL 16, 2014



PRELUDE

City of New Orleans

Echoes of Spring

by Steve Goodman

Willie "The Lion" Smith

WELCOME

LAMENT OF THE SOUL FACING TROUBLE, DESTRUCTION AND DEATH

A reading from Lamentations 3

Leader: There is none like the God of Jeshurun*
Who rides on the heavens to help you

People: And on the clouds in his majesty.

Leader: The eternal God is your refuge,

People: And underneath are the everlasting arms.

Leader: He will drive out your enemy before you,
saying, "Destroy him!"

—Deuteronomy 33:26-27

SING: *Leaning on the everlasting arms*

What a fellowship, what a joy divine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

Refrain: Leaning, leaning, safe and secure from all alarms;
Leaning, leaning, leaning on the everlasting arms.

Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
Leaning on the everlasting arms. *Refrain*

What have I to dread, what have I to fear,
Leaning on the everlasting arms?
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near,
Leaning on the everlasting arms. *Refrain*

—Hoffman/Showalter

* Jeshurun in Hebrew means something like "Beloved by God and sent out"

EVERYTHING IS GROANING Romans 8:18-23

Pastor Thurman Williams

WORDS FROM ONE OF TED'S CHILDREN

THE SERMON Psalm 116 Kurt Lutjens, Pastor of Grace & Peace Fellowship

OUR RISEN LORD INSTRUCTING HIS OWN Luke 24:13-32 Dick Watt

SING: *My hope is built on nothing less*



1 My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and
2 When dark - ness veils his love - ly face, I rest on his un -
3 His oath, his cov - e - nant, his blood Sus - tain me in the
4 When he shall come with trum - pet sound, Oh, may I then in



righ - teous - ness; No mer - it of my own I claim But
chang - ing grace; In ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale My
rag - ing flood; When all sup - ports are washed a - way, He
him be found, Clothed in his righ - teous - ness a - lone, Re -



Refrain

whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.
an - chor holds with - in the veil. On Christ, the sol - id
then is all my hope and stay.
deemed to stand be - fore the throne!



rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

MUSIC*When he returns*

The iron hand it ain't no match for the iron rod
The strongest wall will crumble and fall to a mighty God
For all those who have eyes and all those who have ears
It is only He who can reduce me to tears
Don't you cry and don't you die and don't you burn
For like a thief in the night, He'll replace wrong with right
When He returns

Truth is an arrow and the gate is narrow that it passes through
He unleashed His power at an unknown hour that no one knew
How long can I listen to the lies of prejudice?
How long can I stay drunk on fear out in the wilderness?
Can I cast it aside, all this loyalty and this pride?
Will I ever learn that there'll be no peace, that the war won't cease
Until He returns?

Surrender your crown on this blood-stained ground, take off your mask
He sees your deeds, He knows your needs even before you ask
How long can you falsify and deny what is real?
How long can you hate yourself for the weakness you conceal?
Of every earthly plan that be known to man, He is unconcerned
He's got plans of His own to set up His throne
When He returns.

—Bob Dylan

THE PROMISE WHOSE

FULFILLMENT WE ACHE FOR Revelation 21:1-5

Nancy Hughes

MUSIC*Beulah Land*

—Squire Parsons, arr. by Sacred Harp singers of Antioch, Al.
“Beulah” cf. Isaiah 62:1-5

A Dialogue Anthem
George Herbert (1593-1633)

*Christian: Alas, poor Death, where is thy glory?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting?*

*Death: Alas poor Mortal, void of story,
Go spell and read, how I have killed the King.*

*Christian: Poor Death! And who was hurt thereby?
Thy curse being laid in him, makes thee accursed.*

*Death: Let losers talk; yet thou shall die.
These arms shall crush thee.*

*Christian: Spare not, do thy worst.
I shall be one day better than before;
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.*

**Directions to Bellefontaine Cemetery,
4947 W. Florissant
St. Louis, MO 63115**

**From Grace & Peace, go east on Delmar Blvd. to Kingshighway.
Turn left (go north) and take Kingshighway all the way to
W. Florissant. Turn right on W. Florissant and the driveway for the
cemetery will be on your left.**

**The people of Grace & Peace Fellowship invite you all to a
meal downstairs after the burial. There will be open mike time
so that more stories can be told!**

In Memoriam—William Telfair “Ted” Smith

William Telfair “Ted” Smith died at the age of 81 on Wednesday, April 16, 2014, at his home in University City, Missouri, the home that he and his wife Gladys made for their five children and the church born there — Grace and Peace Fellowship.

Ted was an unlikely church planter. A visual artist specializing in graphic design, he was not a stirring orator or a take-charge organizer. However, he and Gladys, a fellow artist, had a contagious vision for a church as beautiful as the Savior they believed in. Beautiful worship. Beautiful community. Beautiful service. It all started in their living room.

Ted was born in St. Louis on November 4, 1932, to John Alfred and Nina Pauline Smith. His father was a dry cleaner who also made explosives during World War II. The Smiths belonged to a fundamentalist church that forbade dancing and watching movies, although Ted eventually acquired a taste for Ingmar Bergman and the Coen brothers. Literature wasn't banned in the Smith household, however. Ted's mother read to him and his siblings everything from *Uncle Tom's Cabin* to *Bambi*, instilling in him a life-long love for fiction and poetry, which he freely shared with others.

As a child, Ted drew pictures constantly. At Affton High School, he produced cartoons for the yearbook and student newspaper. Ted's artistic temperament, however, was most evidenced by stray moments of wonder that he often recounted — feeling the texture of dust on his bare feet or staring at a perfect blue sky while lying in the grass. “There was not a cloud in the sky and I couldn't see any peripheral stuff,” he said in a talk several years ago. “I thought, ‘What if (gravity) would let loose and I would plummet up into that endless space?’ It was so scary, but I think it also helped me develop a sense of awe.”

Hooked

In 1951, Ted entered Bob Jones University in Greenville, South Carolina, one of the most conservative Christian institutions of higher learning in the nation. “I didn't go with the intention of studying art,” he recalled. “I wanted to be a park superintendent.”

Then he encountered an art teacher named Ed Adams. One day, Ted watched Adams compose a university advertisement by hand, positioning photographs and bits of text with an X-Acto knife. “I realized what he was doing, taking disparate elements and unifying them,” Ted said. “By the time he got it together, I was hooked. I said, ‘This is what I want to do.’”

The Bob Jones art scene held other attractions. He spied a fellow art student named Gladys Zane hanging pictures at an exhibit, and he was hooked again. Soon he was walking her back ever so slowly after dinner to her dorm on what students called the “snail trail.” The university prohibited hand-holding, “but there was snuggling under umbrellas on rainy days,” Ted told author Bruce Ray Smith in a 2011 interview.

No sooner were Ted and Gladys married in 1953 than Ted was drafted into the army for two years. He was posted to the signage department of a military police unit at Fort Gordon in Augusta, Georgia.

In 1955, Ted and Gladys and three children by now moved to Ballwin in far west St. Louis County. Concordia Publishing hired Ted as a graphic designer. In his 12 years there, he mastered the art of book design. The American Institute of Graphic Arts named a prayer book that Ted assembled as one of the 50 best designed books of the year. He also illustrated children's books published by Concordia.

Rich Earth

By the late 1960s, the Smiths' five-room house in Ballwin was bursting at the seams, not only with five children, but also with fellow members of a Presbyterian congregation in nearby Ellisville who came over after Sunday worship for impassioned conversations about revitalizing the Christian church. Covenant Seminary students such as Jerram Barrs, along with his wife Vicki, and young professionals such as medical student Brad Binnington wrestled with how the church should engage — as opposed to sidestep — a society struggling to overcome racial prejudice and poverty as well as reset its moral compass during the revolutions of the time, sexual and otherwise. Moreover, they imagined a church in which all of its members — not just the minister — contributed their varied gifts to serving Christ, whether

it was playing the guitar, writing worship songs, or exercising hospitality, as Gladys did with great food and great warmth.

This small discussion and study group, which included Egon Middelmann, the first pastor of Grace and Peace Fellowship, found inspiration in the writings of evangelical theologian and pastor Francis Schaeffer, who with wife Edith founded L'Abri Fellowship in Switzerland. "He communicated the truth of historic Biblical Christianity in a way that combined intellectual integrity, artistic sensitivity and a practical loving care," according to the foundation established in his name. Many of the young Christians gathering at the Smiths' had studied at L'Abri, and now they were eager to live out what they had learned.

Amid all this foment, "Ted and Gladys were catalysts as opposed to commanding leaders," noted Brad Binnington, a retired physician and now a personal trainer. "They provided the rich earth in which rich things could grow."

The Smiths contemplated buying a more spacious home in the suburbs to accommodate their family and serve as a retreat center. However, they eventually bought a three-story brick house at 6325 Washington Ave. in University City in 1969, fulfilling their desire for integrated schools for their children and proximity to the inner-city and its needs. "God wanted us to be where the action is," said Gladys.

With the blessing of their pastor in Ellisville, the Smiths and the discussion group established a church of their own in the summer of 1969. They initially met at the Smiths', but once the number of worshippers approached 100, they bought a storefront a few blocks away at the corner of Kingsbury and Des Peres avenues the next year in one of the most crime-ridden neighborhoods of St. Louis at the time.

The new Grace and Peace Fellowship epitomized diversity. Barefoot hippies in long, colorful clothes sat next to coat-and-tie seminary professors. Congregational singing alternated between Bach chorales and black gospel. When members weren't tutoring local grade-schoolers or rehabbing apartments for a low-income housing ministry, they attended art exhibitions in the church's Green Room.

Ted the graphic designer knew what was happening. His God, with X-Acto knife finesse, was taking disparate elements and unifying them into something beautiful.

Heroes

Ted served and led Grace and Peace Fellowship in numerous ways over the years. As a member of its session, or governing body, he dealt with the congregation's pastoral needs — divorces, lost jobs, lost faith — and pored over budget numbers. He helped launch a series of church art festivals, which featured poetry, plays, and live music in addition to the visual arts. He designed liturgical banners that informed and guided Sunday worship. And Ted and Gladys continued to open up their home to the congregation, whether it was hosting church events or giving someone temporary lodging.

His artistic career took a new direction in 1972. Then the art director of McGraw-Hill, he declined to move to New York when the St. Louis operation relocated there. Instead, Ted joined the faculty of the art department at Washington University, where he taught graphic design for 26 years. Ted said he loved working with creative students and giving them both a technical foundation for their calling and a license to innovate. He also freelanced as a book designer.

Many visual artists who attended Grace and Peace Fellowship over the years found Ted to be a generous and encouraging mentor. "He would analyze your work anytime you asked," said alternative photographer and collage artist Kathleen Wyllie. "He always gave me good feedback." She praised Ted as an outstanding role model who evinced humility "and a wonderful, childlike sense of discovery."

As an artist, Ted never stopped growing. In the 1980s, he earned a master's degree in art at Fontbonne University, foraying more into painting and drawing. During this time, he produced a series of charcoal drawings of personal heroes that demonstrated the breadth of his faith. One hero was the theologian and World War II martyr Dietrich Bonhoeffer. Another was Walker Percy, author of the vision-quest novel *The Moviegoer*. Yet another hero was Gladys.

A failing heart and other medical conditions put Ted in the hospital numerous times in recent years. When it came to serving the church and making art, however, he remained lion-hearted to the end. Grace and Peace hung Ted's last liturgical banner in March. Created for the Lenten season of repentance, it is a random catalogue of human sins topped by a stylized image of a blood-red crown of thorns. Its creator knew himself to be a sinner saved by grace, at peace with God.

In addition to his wife Gladys, Ted is survived by his brother Gene, sister Mary Duba, daughter Rebecca Wachsmuth (Dan), son Richard Zane (Carol), son Philip, son Dan (San San), 20 grandchildren, and 13 great-grandchildren. His daughter Catherine Watt (Dick), Rebecca's twin, died in 1988.