



Bonnie Lee Smith

May 28, 1951 - August 25, 2020

Bonnie was a writer. She used her words to tell stories, solve problems, soothe fears, and spread love. She celebrated intelligence, seeking a good debate or thoughtful conversation over the pleasantries of the day. Writing gave her peace.

Bonnie was married to Doug, and her broken heart never mended. She refused to use the word widow, and now she doesn't need to.

Her early years were hard, filled with tragedy and death. She often felt like her favorite author, Frank McCourt, knew the secrets of her childhood. But Bonnie was a fighter. She knew she deserved better, and her tenacity ensured she received it.

Being a mother was her greatest passion. Bonnie would often say "When I grow up, I want to be like Rebecca", her daughter made her immensely proud. Understood by few, they had an unbreakable bond, and even when thousands of miles kept them apart, Rebecca always was by her side. Wade, her second born, was the one she could laugh, cry and let her guard down with. They shared a love for antique cars and funny movies. She cherished her four grandchildren, any visitor to her home would compliment her walls covered in the letters and artwork of Annie, Maggie, Jack and Kate. When their mother made them share milkshakes, it was one quick call to their "Neena", and she instantly fixed their injustice.

Over the years, she had many a best friend in the form of a dog. Constant companions that loved her just as much as she loved them. She loved music, from early morning to late at night, she was always playing music. She loved a good argument but hated liars. She loved a good burger and chips with gravy but hated butter. She loved telling stories of yesteryear, even if they made her cry. She was the smartest in the room, yet she had this gift of making you feel like you were on her level. Bonnie had a way of making everyone feel special and valued, and she's someone who will have an imprint on your life whether you were a dear relative or simply a passerby.

Bonnie's wishes were for a private funeral.

Comments



“ I had the honor of getting to know Ms. Smith the last six months of her life. Everyday we spent time together, I wasn't big on movies and TV until now. Our deal was she would think of a good movie before I arrived so we had something to watch, I would ask questions about parts of the movie and she wouldn't tell me a thing! She would always laugh and say "I'm not telling you" she made sure Wade had the snacks ready for our movies. She welcomed me everyday with her rosy red cheeks and a smile. I admired her strength and doing what she wanted when she wanted. She made me feel like I've known her my entire life, she shared her life with me through stories from her childhood to being married to Doug. We had a connection and I will be forever grateful. I will truly miss my friend and every time I watch one of our movies I will think of her with a smile. To Rebecca and Wade Thank You for sharing your mom with me. You have my deepest condolences. Katrina

Katrina Rhodes - August 29, 2020 at 09:43 AM