



Jerry Smith

November 26, 1957 - February 3, 2017

Jerry Smith, 59, of Hudson Terrace Apartments died Friday February 3, at his residence. Born November 26, 1957 to the late William and Doris Smith in Brooklyn, NY.

Jerry grew up in Brooklyn, NY with his siblings, where he received his education in the New York City Public School System. Jerry's greatest joys were baseball, playing music, and making new friends. He was an extremely generous, kind hearted man who loved to laugh and share with all he knew and loved. When Jerry was asked to do or give of his time, if he had the ability, the wish was fulfilled.

Jerry leaves to cherish his memory, 5 children, 4 brothers, 5 sisters, and numerous nieces, nephews, cousins, and brothers and sisters in law. He will be truly missed, but always remembered for his smile and laughter.

A memorial service will be held from 11-12pm, Friday February 10, at the Bates & Anderson-Redmond & Keeler Funeral Home. Immediately following the service, repast will be at the Crosswinds Clubhouse, 15 Rogers Lane, Hudson, NY.

Previous Events

Memorial Service

FEB **10**. 11:00 AM - 12:00 PM (ET)

Bates & Anderson - Redmond & Keeler

110 Green Street

Hudson, NY 12534

(518) 828-3371

<http://batesandersonredmondkeeler.com>

Tribute Wall



“ I can remember me and shelly picking jerry up durn lunch to cash his pay check every week on pay day he would say heres a few extra dollars go get lunch girls. you will be greatly missed jerry

Caroline Gandolfo Grey - February 10, 2017 at 04:58 PM

“Wow, where do I start, I have so many fond memories of my big brother Jake, just his name alone Jake, Jerry Smith is his birth name, but Jake is the name I always call him

I remember most of my brother Jake, is when we were living at 532 Liberty Ave, and I was the batboy on his baseball team, the Hendrix Street Sluggers, and boy could he hit, and I can remember when he was playing right field and he made this impossible catch, everyone was cheering, is funny how I can still remember that 43 years ago, wow, I've always been proud of my big brother.

So much he taught me to, how to play baseball, how to fight, how to talk to girls, oh how he was good at that, but most of all he was my protector, when ever the neighborhood bully would mess with me, he was there for me.

I can write a book on how much my brother has meant to me, but I'm going to fast forward to J F W K, my brother and his friends was one of the greatest DJs (JAKE) (Freddy) (Williams) (Kevin).

JFWK. He also taught me how to jam, and I started to play a little music, I guess that's why my hearing is so bad today, lol (to much loud music).

I could never get the hang of it.

We had a big family eight brothers and six sisters, 14 of us, but Jake was next to me, so I always wanted to be like him dress like him, I wonder if he ever knew, when he went to work, I used to wear his clothes to school, boy I was looking sharp lol.

Let me share another fond memory, the big bike race on Liberty Ave, you see the Smith family was the baddest family on Liberty Avenue, and everybody knew this, but one day blind Larry, that's who we call Larry Coward's one of the family's on the block, well anyway, blind Larry said he could beat my brother Jake in a bike race, why he said that I don't know, but that race was bigger than the Olympics, all the other five families was out there that night, I still remember my mother telling Jake don't lose this race, and when mom said win you win, he did win, that was a great night on Liberty Ave, now you can see what a wonderful brother Jake was.

As I'm sitting here remembering all the wonderful memories of my brother Jake, and thinking of all the good times we had together, right now I'm smiling and feeling good, but the other day when I first heard of his passing, it hurt so much felt like a boulder landed on top of me felt so numb, then I ask God to take away this hurt from my heart, then he reminded me of the little poem that I write to people who lost someone dear to them.

The angels are always near to those who are grieving, to whisper to them that their loved ones are safe in the hand of God.”

And all I have to do is be still.

So I'm not going to grieve anymore, just going to be still and listen to the whisper.

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“ I think I was 11 and my brother used to work at the Museum of Natural History and every year around Christmas time we always use to go up there and see Santa Claus and he use to give us free hamburgers because he was a cook in the cafeteria that's just one of the memories of my brother the best part of me

Larry Smith - February 08, 2017 at 06:27 AM