



## Ermadine Smith

January 21, 1912 - April 18, 2011

ERMADINE G. SMITH HAGERSTOWN: Ermadine Grace Smith, 99, of Hagerstown, died at her home on Monday, April 18, 2011. She was born in Hagerstown on January 21, 1912, the daughter of Jesse Paul and Opal (Smith) Lester. Following her

# Tribute Wall

CH

“ I was sorry to hear of Mr. McConnell passing away. I did not know him personally, but I went to high school with his son Jeff. My thoughts and prayers are with all of you in this sad time. Debby ( Wilson ) Strickler,

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Culberson Funeral Home - April 14, 2015 at 12:00 AM

CH

“ We will miss "E.B." -- which stood for "Elder Bill". (his own chosen nickname to me) We attended the same church for several years, and Bill and I sang duets together frequently. We both liked the good old hymns, and enjoyed singing them for the church. He always prefaced our singing with something funny! He had such a great sense of humor that I almost started laughing before I knew what he was going to say next! He was so sharp...so bright...so creative...so talented. And above all, he was a good friend. I would love to hear his comments and see the look on his face now as he no longer "sees through a glass darkly" but is face to face with his Savior, Jesus Christ! I'm glad we're from the "same family" -- the family of God. This is not goodbye, but rather....see you again in just a little while! My love to all the family --- Mary Anne Perdue - (pastor's wife),

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CH

“ I know Bill will be sadly missed by family and friends.....When I first met Bill when he was drafting supervisor the first thing he ask me was, " Are you a believer?" Fortunately I could say yes. Bill was a great testimony to his Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.Later when I worked for him when he was a modelshop supervisor he greatly added to the shops "fun factor". One of his favorite things to do when he needed a volunteer for a task was to go to his office door and cast his imaginary fishing line toward someone "taking a break" and say "ZINGGGGGGG". Everyone would look toward the door to see if they were the one hooked and being reeled in. He surely was a friend.....,

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BD

“ I do not know if I can put into words what Bill and Reba McConnell meant or did for me when I was a child. I guess I can try. They guided me, fed me, inspired me and above all always made me feel like a member of the family. The last time I saw Bill we sat and talked about alot of things. It was with that kind, gentle manner that I instantly recalled as being twelve again. It was maybe only a five minute conversation, it may have been a half-hour, but it was a conversation that I enjoyed more than any I had had in a very long time. I loved Bill McConnell, he has always been there for me when ever I remember. I think he taught me how to be a dad and a coach and a friend. We talked about stove stop stuffing and pepper loaf and baseball and of course Jim. We talked about Reba, and Bill and Jeff and Laura and Beth Ann and the grandkids. Wev talked with smiles on our faces as we both remembered a time ealier in our lives, a simpler maybe better time. But I don't ever remember having a bad time at the McConnells. I'm sure there were, but a good thing is you don't remember them. I feel this loss like all of you do, if i could be one -fourth of the man or the father or the grandfather (did I read great-grandfather)as he, then I have accomplished something. I saw something in a movie once that said, "I never had friends like the ones I had when I was twelve, jesus, does anyone? I had a great friend when I was twelve and I'm glad that I still do. I love you all, brad ,

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brad dale - April 14, 2015 at 12:00 AM

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