



Emily R. Smith

February 21, 1925 - January 19, 2015

Emily R. Smith was born in Hinton, Oklahoma February 21, 1925 and “walked on” January 19, 2015 in Tulsa, Oklahoma while visiting with her grandson, Omar. Emily was the daughter of original Citizen Band Pottawatomie Allottee Louis Melott and Nellie Rudetha Melott. Emily was the last surviving sibling and is preceded in death by her mother and father, sisters LuBelle, Cordila, Viola, Katie, Thelma, and Mary Ruth and brothers Ben, Little Lee Haskell, and Joseph. She is survived by her husband, Carlton W. Smith and daughter Dr. Sandra K. Rana and her husband Mahboob Rana. Emily’s three grandchildren Inyat, Sarah, and Omar will greatly miss their Grandmother/ Nanuk and will hold memories of her in their hearts forever. Emily had a rich and full life. She was always dedicated to her family and her Nation. Emily was a part of the war effort in WWII working in a munitions plant in Parsons, Ks. and Mare Island Naval Yard in California. Emily proudly served as a Navy Wave during the Korean War. She later served as a Charter Member of the National Women’s War Memorial committee and a member of the Whitney Point, New York American Legion. Emily traveled extensively in the United States, Europe and the Middle East with her husband and daughter and later with her beloved grandchildren. Emily retired from the State of New York’s Department of Transportation with 35 years service. She was the first female Appraiser and Property Agent for Region 9, was honored 2 times as the Employee of the Year for the State Department of Transportation, and continued to maintain her membership in the International Right of Way Association. Emily was a member of the Owasso Chapter 511 of the Eastern Star. Emily always encouraged her daughter and grandchildren to pursue an education. She encouraged and supported their dreams and always took an active role in their lives. Emily, Sister, Aunt, Mother, and Grandmother... You will be missed, but you will always be in Our Hearts.

Comments



“ Aunt Emily had the most infectious laugh! I appreciated her warm, loving kindness. I can only imagine the reunion going on now as my grandmother, Mahun, the eldest of the Melott children, greets her with a kiss and hug! My thoughts and prayers to Cousin Sandy and loved ones.

Terri Courtney-Miller - January 25, 2015 at 09:35 AM



“ TimeTime It has a purpose It has a role It brings the sweet rain That cleanses the soul And washes away the painOne of Emily's favorite poems

Edward Ferri, Jr. (Tinker to Emp) - January 23, 2015 at 10:06 PM



“ Thank you Aunt Carolyn...this is a beautiful tribute

Inyat Rana - January 23, 2015 at 07:19 PM



“ Emily R. Smith, nieces and nephews–Vinita, Oklahoma, Jan, 1944

Joyce N. Courtney - January 22, 2015 at 08:18 PM



“ Emily R. [Melott] Smith was first and foremost a daughter brought forth by the environs and culture of the old Pottawatomie Indian Reserve, a land—chosen as a refuge—bought and paid for by her Potawatomi ancestors. Places with exotic names like Asher, Wanette, Shawnee, and Maud still have meaning for me. She was 10 years old when I, her second-eldest niece, was born. Thus, I am able to recall her first as a playmate. An early memory was my 5th Christmas. I received a toy kitchen set with a sifter, rolling pin, and egg beater, child-size, but quite sturdy for real use. Together, in front of the huge open blazing fireplace of the kitchen, we sifted the flour and rolled out the dough for biscuits and beat eggs to scramble. The most vivid of my childhood memories was a few years later when she traveled by Greyhound bus from Parson, Kansas, where she worked in a WWII ordinance plant, to Vinita, for my 8th birthday on a sunny, but cold day in January. She would have been one month away from her own 18th birthday. I can still see her sauntering slowly down Victor Street, having walked several blocks from the bus station on Main Street [aka Route66] to our house. She seemed in no great hurry so I took my time to size her up as she continued down Victor. I was fascinated by her turban hat and an elegant wool tweed-weave coat. It was an all-day Saturday event. She supervised making popcorn balls. The only gift I remember was hers—a garnet birthstone ring. It went on my finger so smoothly. Years later I realized the fineness of the gold; she did not pick it up in Woolsworth. The next morning—a Sunday—she and my mother packed up brown bag lunches, picked up another sister and her kids [Grandma Nellie came along] for a winter picnic. We ended up on the expansive grounds of Vinita's Depression-Era swimming pool. She posed for family pictures in front and around the pool's WPA rock building. The most memorable is one that I would not trade for a Picasso or a Goya. However, to honor the memory of Emily, I have the pleasure and privilege of sharing it here. My brothers, Jerry and Ola Ray, agree with me that nothing in the way of word or discussion could surpass this picture in conveying the wonderful, inner quality she had already attained and kept lifelong. No doubt countless persons exist—ones impossible to be induced or provoked into an unkind word or act. I only know that the only such impeccably kind person I have ever had the good fortune to be kin to and to have known up close—for 75 years—is my Aunt Emp. I admired and loved her and will always treasure our times together. This tribute is offered as my heartfelt condolences to her precious daughter, Sandee, her son by marriage, Mahboob, and granddaughters, Inyat, Sarah; and grandson, Omar. for their profound loss—Cousin J.

Joyce N. Courtney - January 22, 2015 at 07:48 PM



“ Jack and our children have so many fond memories of Emily since she entered our lives when my Brother Carlton (Carl) introduced her as his new bride. I had never had a sister-in-law before. How Exciting! We lived in North Syracuse, New York at the time, and we quickly welcomed Emily and Carl when they moved to East Syracuse for Carl’s new job with General Electric. Emily, having come from a large family, fell in love with our two little sons, John and his baby brother David, often taking them home with her. I remember one time she insisted it would be okay to keep David overnight. How wrong she was! David was attached to a little pink blanket which Emily forgot to take. You guessed it, no pink washcloth or towel was a satisfactory substitute – so back they came around 2AM with a very unhappy baby. Perhaps this prepared her for her soon-to-arrive daughter. I was there when Sandy arrived at the hospital. Emily and Sandy stayed with us when Carl was off to Newfoundland. We didn’t always agree on child rearing. Our boys weren’t allowed dessert unless they ate their dinner. Emily’s opinion was to let her have dessert; at least she’s eating something. Times were hard for us financially then, and I remember one Christmas when the four of us adults went off to buy a tree. We thought small. Carl kept steering us to large ones. He finally said, “I’ll take this one”, meaning the largest one in the lot. They paid for it. Emily, Carl, Jack and I have continued to remain close all these years, visiting back and forth. We’ve especially enjoyed our frequent breakfasts together in Oneonta and have missed Emily these past few years. She did love their pancakes! Emily was one of the most generous people I ever knew. Nothing pleased her more than giving gifts to others, not just presents, but her time and talent. She was so good to my parents throughout their last days. She loved them dearly and was always there to lend a hand. Emily was a faithful, patriotic person – and so proud of her heritage. As She has walked on into that better world, I’m sure she has been welcomed with open arms and is proudly wearing her well deserved crown. Carolyn Harrison

Carolyn Harrison - January 22, 2015 at 02:27 PM



“ Emily and I shared many old fun stories through the years. This is one she loved. Aunt Emily and Uncle Carl had raised me for about 1 year in 1954/55 when my mother Katie, her older sister, was recovering from a serious traffic accident. In 1996, after I spoke at my mother's funeral, in which I had noted Emily had raised me for a while and that in fact she had taught me how to count up to 10, Emily rushed up to me immediately afterwards and said "I taught you to count up to one 100 not just 10!", which was true. We always had a laugh at that memory. The actual story that she loved was that she taught me how to count to 100 using a 10 line by 10 column matrix. This still clear in my mind. At school in the 1st grade at that time we were being taught how to count. As a drill/test the teacher asked us to count as high as we could, then the teacher would say OK do better tomorrow and then she let us go to recess and play in the sand box, etc. The teacher then would quiz the next student until we all went to recess. So I, being no dummy, knew that I would be there forever if I actually counted to 100 and that would be cutting into my serious sandbox fun play time, so I would count only to 9, 10 or 11 tops. Well Emily knew the teacher and found out that I wasn't impressing the teacher with my ability to count to 100 as Emily had expected. I was quickly "in trouble" for not counting as high as I could. I asked Emily how did she know that I wasn't counting to 100 as she had taught me and she told me "a little bird had told her". Well for a barely 5 year old, I figured birds were tattle tails and every time one got near the kitchen window when Emily was washing dishes, I would listen real hard but I couldn't hear a thing but at the same time I knew that bird was reporting on me and I might be in trouble for something. Emily and I would laugh at this story through the years. I would say remember how that "little birdie" told you I wasn't counting to 100... and why I never trusted birds... and she would laugh. Great fun and memories of my wonderful Aunt Emily... now tears. She was an amazing woman, born, raised and tempered during the depression in Oklahoma. She told me about how the grit from the dust bowl got into everything they ate and how she picked cotton for \$1.00/100 pounds from 6 yrs old until she left home at 16. She ended up a right of way agent for the State of New York when she retired. She was quietly tougher than nails and had a big, big heart of solid gold. Everyone would be so lucky to have an Aunt Emily as I did. I was so very lucky to have had her influence, advice and guiding light throughout my life. Keep Your Powder Dry was a favorite way Emily would end our conversations. So for the very last time I say to Aunt Emily with tears in my eyes, Keep Your Powder Dry. Love Tinker (her nick name for me, Edward Ferri, Jr.)

Edward Ferri, Jr. - January 22, 2015 at 01:47 PM



“ thank you so much for this amazing memory. She loved you so much

sarah emily rana - January 22, 2015 at 11:29 AM



“ thank you so much for sharing these beautiful pictures

sarah emily rana - January 22, 2015 at 11:28 AM



“ 3 files added to the tribute wall

Edward Ferri, Jr. - January 21, 2015 at 11:47 PM