

Dad was a private person. He was open with his family, but it feels odd to share the story of his life *outside* the immediate family. In fast-forward, it sounds a little like the life of a hard-living celebrity. It was a really *interesting* life, full of twists and turns, great joy and great sadness. I wish he'd had more time, but he made the most of his sixty-seven and a half years, and there's a lot to tell. I inherited my father's love of precision and concision in language, but I'd like to take a few minutes to tell you some of his story, and I'll warn you that speaking too long is an occupational hazard for me.

Wayne was born near Washington DC to John Henry Smith and Edna Frances (Foster) Smith. The house they lived in, on Roosevelt Street in Bethesda, was a lively place, inhabited by Dad's big brother Ralph, and in Dad's teen years, Ralph's family. They made regular visits up to the Smith family farm, a dairy farm, in Walkersville, in Frederick County. Granddad John was the oldest of twelve, and the farm overflowed with family. Even today that clan gathers once or twice a year, and Dad continued going to Smith reunions and reconnecting with his relatives.

Wayne graduated from Walter Johnson High School in 1961. In high school, he played the saxophone, wrestled, and took Latin. He worked in the Community Paint and Hardware store, a Bethesda institution. He then started attending the University of Maryland. He wasn't there very long. He's never really told us the details, but we think he had fun.

After leaving the university, he enlisted in the US Navy before receiving his draft notice – this was the era of the Vietnam War. Dad served in the Navy for six years, much of it on the USS *Henry L. Stimson*, a nuclear submarine. Around the same time, his mother was diagnosed with cancer, and she passed away after a difficult struggle, in 1965. This was the first time cancer left a mark on Wayne's life.

In 1966, Dad married Sharon Jones. After finishing his tour in the Navy, he went back to the University of Maryland. He finished his bachelor's degree in nuclear engineering in 1973. Dad was among the first – if not *the* first – from his family to attend college. He began his career at Singer, the company that makes sewing machines, as an engineer. In a few years he started working at Bechtel, where he stayed more than 32 years.

I can't really tell you very much about my Dad's work (just as he couldn't have told you much about mine). I know that he enjoyed it, and he believed in it. He was a nuclear licensing engineer, and he specialized in regulation. His job, essentially, was to make sure nuclear power plants were safe. I know he derived a tremendous amount of satisfaction from working with his colleagues at Bechtel. There were periods where he put in a lot of overtime, and he often served as a mentor to younger people at the company. It was a source of pride for him that he was able to do work that he enjoyed, and this was something he taught us to strive for. I suspect that folks from Bechtel will remember Dad's incredibly high standards for written communication.

Within a few years, Wayne and Sharon had divorced. In 1977 he married Lorie Steinberg, whom he had met at work. This was around the time he bought his first house, I believe, and in 1979 Wayne and Lorie had their first and only child, Noah (me). He gave me his middle name, something I hated him for for many years, but now I am proud to share it with him. I'm not sure, but I think it was at this time that he learned a little bit about how to cook and entertain. He loved entertaining at home, something he did with some regularity until the end. He was already 36 when I was born, and he has

told me that he'd by then thought that he wouldn't have any children. He loved reading to me, and had strong opinions about encouraging me to learn to read, write, and understand math from a very early age.

Earlier than I can remember, Lorie began her battle with breast cancer, which despite aggressive treatment became brain cancer. In 1984, she passed away. This was the second time Wayne suffered a serious loss to cancer.

It's strange to realize that I knew my Dad for less than half of his life. From this point, I am speaking from what I remember.

I have strong memories of those years with my Dad. I don't know how he did it. He was 41, widowed, with a small child. Somehow he managed to take care of himself and take care of me. I know it was hard. We traveled, went camping, and found all kinds of projects to work on together. Dad tried at times to share some of his extensive knowledge of mechanical things with me – how to fix the car, or perform some kind of home maintenance task. He knew everything about electricity and carpentry and cars and a million other things. I was hopeless. To his credit, Dad never got frustrated with me, and he never made me feel bad about this. He would just remind me that I was good at other things.

In 1986, at the daycare center I went to after school, Wayne met Kay Granger. Her son Gene was four, and I was seven. Wayne and Kay began to date, and of course the two of us kids were often along on these dates. They married in 1987. Soon after that, we moved to Lisbon, and that's the house where Dad lived the rest of his life. That was also the time we started attending St. James, where Kay had grown up and her family, the Pipeses, has attended since the 1930s.

In 1992, Wayne and Kay were expecting a child. Due to a congenital disorder, unfortunately, the pregnancy did not last to term, and Wayne and Kay lost a daughter, whom they named Angela.

In 1994, Maria was born. In preparation for her arrival, Dad started a grand project of finishing the basement, so that Gene and I could have bedrooms and a bathroom there, making a space upstairs for Maria. I tried to help with this project, but, as noted earlier, my skills in this department weren't so strong. Dad was patient with me, found ways for me to help, and we spent many hours working together anyway, with many long father-son conversations.

It's impossible to explain the connection between my Dad and Maria. They were peas in a pod. They thought alike, they enjoyed doing the same things, they even ate the same foods. Their connection was just uncanny. They spent a lot of time together, since Kay went back to school a couple of years after Maria was born. At this point, our family was an odd bunch: a fifty-something engineer, a forty-something college student, two teenagers, and a baby girl. Until I started driving, Dad and I shared many hours together in the car when he drove me to band practice and music lessons. He offered me gentle guidance as I thought about what I wanted to do with my life. He helped me see the big picture, pointing out the need to balance the need for self-fulfillment with long-term security. He had a way of methodically talking through the issues and summarizing things in a way that revealed the central questions beneath complicated decisions.

In 1997, I went off to college at the University of Maryland, something Dad was really happy about – both the fact that I was becoming independent and that I was at his alma mater. Even though I was close, I didn't come home often, and Dad let me learn to build an adult life on my own. Every now and then he would rush to help me out of a crisis – one summer, between jobs, I needed a cash advance to buy shoes, and there were a few car-related emergencies over the years. This year I donated a brick at the alumni center with our names on it, recognizing our family's connection to the University, as a gift to Dad.

In 2003, Wayne and Kay divorced. Dad continued to spend as much time as he could with Maria, and she came to his house after school most days. At this point, my Dad and I started to become more close than we had been, I think, because I was now an adult and he was going through the end of a third marriage. It was a difficult time for him. Despite rather extreme differences in politics, religion, and personality, I think it's safe to say that, from this time, he was one of my closest friends. His bond with Maria also remained indescribably strong.

In 2005, after a road trip to New England with Maria, Dad went to an urgent care facility with shortness of breath. When the doctor told me on the phone that he might have lung cancer, I was floored. My Dad never smoked. He was in great health. Wasn't twice enough? As things progressed, it became clear that he had a fairly advanced tumor in his right lung. He began treatment with Dr. Julie Brahmer at Johns Hopkins Hospital, taking the most aggressive treatment options available. Dr. Brahmer, by the way, was wonderful with Dad, as much a friend as a doctor. I am grateful beyond words for everything she did in treating him.

A few months later, I got married to Karen Thickman. Dad was there, and the photos show him smiling, but quite obviously enduring the side effects of chemotherapy. It was incredibly meaningful to me that he was there with us that night. Dad decided that, whatever time he had left, he was going to live fully. This wasn't a change for him. This is what he'd always done. But once he got cancer, he pushed even harder.

In 2006, Karen and I finished our PhDs at Johns Hopkins University, and I started my career as a professor. I want to make it clear that I almost never use "doctor" in front of my name. Academics don't generally like to do it, since it makes us seem self-important. But this week I've been using it, because it was a tremendous source of pride for Dad. It was fascinating to him to hear about Karen's and my work, and also the process of becoming a professional scientist and how the things we do at universities change the world. As my responsibilities at work have grown, Dad was always on hand for a pep talk, and to remind me of the big picture.

Wayne retired officially in 2007. He and Maria traveled every year, covering all fifty states, plus Canada and Mexico. On the most recent trip, Maria did as much of the driving as she could (legally). This week, when Maria and I were driving each other around, we noticed that we share all the same driving habits, acquired at the Wayne Smith school of driving, and guaranteed to drive some passengers crazy. Dad also threw himself into projects around the house and volunteer work here at church. He was the chair of the outreach committee for several years, and was an active member of his Sunday school class.

Dad suffered from his cancer treatments. He took it in stride and didn't let it get him down. Most of what happened to his body resembled aging. He'd always looked much younger than he was, and his body started to catch up with his actual age. This year he decided to start a new kind of treatment, which targets specific mutations in the cancer cells. Dr. Brahmer worked hard to get the trial medication, and he started about a month ago. The day before Thanksgiving, there were some positive signs. Unfortunately, many years of treatment left his immune system somewhat weakened, and he caught something that gave him pneumonia. He was in the hospital less than one week. His passing was not expected to be so soon, but at the same time, given that he was given a diagnosis of advanced lung cancer more five years ago, he wasn't expected to live *this long*, either. And he was spared a long period of suffering at the end.

It is terribly sad to lose him. He was a good man, he taught his children well, and he passed on the values of integrity, hard work, self-improvement by education, and remembering the big picture. He liked to tell us about how his father spent a little time working on a potato field, getting up before dawn to pick potatoes. This was awful work, and my grandfather left. He went down to the city, and – somehow, during the Great Depression – found a job driving a streetcar. Driving became Granddad's career. Dad liked to say that he took a step farther away from the potato field, by going to college and becoming an engineer, and I think we can all agree that he was a successful man in every way. He had even greater ambitions for us. He was immensely proud of what we'd done with our lives so far. We plan to keep making him proud.