



David Phillip Smith

June 21, 1934 - May 12, 2021

Augusta, GA- David Phillip Smith, age 86, entered into rest on Wednesday, May 12, 2021 after a short illness. He was a 1952 graduate of Richmond Academy. After graduation he joined the Navy where he trained as a Hospital Corpsman. Assigned to the National Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, Maryland he was proud to have personally cared for U.S.M.C. General Chesty Puller and Fleet Admiral of the Navy Earnest King. After leaving the Navy as a Petty Officer he graduated from Augusta College and later earned Juris Doctor and Master of Law degrees.

Active in Richmond County politics, he served on the Richmond County Board of Education from 1969 to 1972. He owned David Smith Detective Agency, and for 49 years specialized in finding missing persons and serving subpoenas throughout the southeast. A long-time member of Hillcrest Baptist Church, he had served as past president of his Sunday school class and chairman of the grounds committee.

Mr. Smith was preceded in death by his daughter Dianne Smith. He is survived by his wife of 65 years, Peggy Boatright Smith and his sons David Smith, Jr. of Union, SC and Steve Smith of Gallatin, TN. He is also survived by his grandchildren Philip Smith of Augusta, Daniel Smith of Nashville, TN, and Kathryn Smith and Joseph Smith of Union, SC.

A graveside service will be held on Saturday, May 15, 2021 at 1:00 p.m. at Hillcrest Memorial Park with Rev. Steve Pattison officiating.

Thomas Poteet & Son Funeral Directors, 214 Davis Rd., Augusta, GA 30907 (706) 364-8484. Please sign the guestbook at www.thomaspoteet.com

Cemetery

Events

Hillcrest Memorial Park
2700 Deans Bridge Road
Augusta, GA, 30906

MAY	Graveside Service	01:00PM
15	<hr/>	
	Hillcrest Memorial Park	
	2700 Deans Bridge Road, Augusta, GA, US, 30906	

Comments



“ Nancy and I send our sincerest condolences on the passing of Mr Smith. I have fond memories of talking with him about politics and life in general. One particular story that comes to mind is my first speeding ticket which I got on Rosier Road when I was a teenager. I was coming back with my little sister (ie, the Informer) from an errand for my folks to pick up dinner from Wife Saver. I was in a hurry and late for a date with a girl from school but still should not have been speeding. I did not tell my parents (my father served in the Pacific and I had no intention of crossing that bridge) but instead told Mr Smith. He advised me to go to court and take responsibility for my actions. As the judge glared at me from the bench, I was truly terrified. After questioning me for several minutes, he struck his gavel and charged me \$20. I was never so relieved in my life, thinking at the time I would spend the rest of it in prison. It was only later that I found out that Mr Smith had met with judge before hand. It was a valuable life lesson.

God bless you, Mr Smith and rest in peace. You will be missed.

Nancy and Jim Tussey



Jim Tussey - May 14, 2021 at 05:14 PM



“ Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum was purchased for the family of David Phillip Smith.



May 14, 2021 at 01:12 PM



“ May the fond memories comfort you now in this time of grief. Our thoughts are with the Smith family. Mr. Smith lived the kind of life that most of us try to live but fall short. Rest now sir your duty is done. Know that your life is one that truly made a difference in so many.

Roger Martin Sr - May 14, 2021 at 01:01 PM



“ Love to All, Lee and Doris Wortham

Edwin Wortham - May 14, 2021 at 08:47 AM



“ Mr. Smith sitting on Santa's knee and telling him he was good and wanting some goodies for Christmas is one of my favorite memories of him.

Crossing the Bar:

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

greg brooks - May 13, 2021 at 10:07 PM