

Freddie Smith made an invaluable contribution to nation building

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FORMER president of Jamaica Amateur Bodybuilding & Fitness Association (JABBFA) Frederick Smith was last Friday remembered for his invaluable contribution towards nation building.

A thanksgiving service to celebrate the life of the man who represented and served Jamaica's Bodybuilding Sport for some 40 years was held at the Power of Faith Ministries, Portmore.



Sophia Smith comforts her mother, wife of late Frederick Smith, former president of JABBFA during Thanksgiving Service to celebrate his life last Friday.



Close friends and family give praise during Thanksgiving Service for Frederick Smith, former president of JABBFA

Smith, also called "Smithie" or "Freddie", died at the University Hospital on Thursday, June 10 at 11:00 pm after a three-year battle with multiple myeloma, a cancer of the blood. He was 67.

"He was a quiet yet determined and loving person. He was a father figure to all", said Carol Taylor, former vice-president of the JABBFA.

According to Taylor it was because of Smith's contribution to bodybuilding why the sport has grown and will continue to grow.

Meanwhile Christopher "Johnny" Daley, family friend, encouraged all those who knew Smith to remain strong.

Suggestions from Daley were further supported by the minister, Petora Davis, who encouraged the congregation to take heed that death was sure for all, as a result they should set their lives in order.

But it was perhaps a tribute by Sophia, daughter of Smith that rang home for many.

"I remember daddy in a happy way, he meant everything and was everything to me", she said.

Judith Wilson, family friend, read from Corinthians 15:50 and spoke about her belief that persons like Smith, who lived their lives in an exemplary fashion would be redeemed in Christ.



Christopher "Johnny" Daley, makes an address at the Thanksgiving Service for Frederick Smith

"What I am saying, brothers and sisters, is this: flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, nor does the perishable inherit the imperishable. Listen, I will tell you a mystery! We will not all die, but we



Members of the Jamaica Amateur Bodybuilding & Fitness Association (JABBFA) carry Frederick Smith's body, during Thanksgiving Service.

will all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet. For the trumpet will sound, and the dead will be raised imperishable, and we will be changed". A section of the scripture read.

Smith served the sport for some 40 years, as a competitive bodybuilder in the 1970s & 1980s, building the Grecian ideal of the human physique, and as national coach & president of JABBFA.

He has been unofficial national coach since he stopped competing in 1987 and first became president from 1983 to 1985; and again for the past four years.



Sophia and Kendrick, children of Frederick Smith, during the Thanksgiving Service last Friday to celebrate the life of the man who represented & served Jamaica's Bodybuilding Sport for some 40 years. The service was held at the Power of Faith Ministries, Portmore. (Photos: Bryan Cummings)

To the Family of Frederick Smith

In Memoriam

Words cannot express the sadness I felt when hearing of the passing of a very good friend, Fred Smith. I met Fred many years ago during one of our CAC Championships; we became friends right away. I admired his very calm attitude and he always had a warm smile.



I did not have the pleasure of knowing Fred during his competing years but I could see by his physical structure that he was a good competitor. We often talked about his accomplishments as a competitor and the changes he would like to see in the CACBBFF.



To the family of a very good friend and colleague I convey my deepest sympathy and well wishes on behalf of my family, the Bermuda Body Building Federation and the Antilles Region.

Our loss is Heaven's gain. God said in HIS word, He will never leave us nor forsake us.

God bless you and keep you is my prayer,

Dennis A. Wainwright, MBE

Bermuda Body Building Federation President
CACBBFF Vice-President

The Gentle Man

In Memoriam

To CACBBFF National Federations

Back in the 1970's, almost every competitor who did not win a title would come to me in the traditional "angry with the world" demeanor to initiate ritual confrontational episodes on the unfairness and bias of the judging panel. These were rough times for judges and administrators, where the lack of "after-contest" sportsmanship was chronic. It was in one of these competitions that I met Freddie for the first time.

I still remember a young and symmetric Jamaican competitor approaching me with a VERY SERIOUS appearance, which prompted me to mentally embrace the usual insulting posture.

"Mr. Pollock", he said in a soft-spoken tone; "could you kindly allow me to see the judges' votes"? As I was explaining the confidentiality protocols of judging scores, my subconscious was in a defensive mode, expecting the manifestation of frustration with a swing and cursing at any moment. He was, however, very attentive and respectful during my brief explanation; which was followed by a second question: What should I do to improve my physique? He was, again, very focused and reverential of my opinion and recommendations. The conversation ended with a "thank you Mr. Pollock, thank you"; he shook my hand and left.

It was a rare moment; given that it took place during a series of lively arguments within a small group of disgruntle athletes. It was difficult for me to comprehend, at that time, how someone could be so somber and, simultaneously, so.... gentle.

Through the 70's and 80's, **FREDERICK SMITH** made it a habit to ask for the judges results and he was the only competitor who solicited in a dignified, honorable and respectful style. I deduce that, as a coach and leader later in life, he was very successful in passing-on those values to his athletes; considering Jamaican delegations behavior in international competitions.

Even when I felt comfortable enough to address him as "Freddie", inviting him to call me Javier numerous times, he never reciprocated the informal salutation.... it was always "Mr. Pollock" for him.

I also remember one of my last conversations with Freddie in Kingston during the 2006 CAC Championships. After briefly pondering on each other's accomplishments, I commented: "Your parents did a very good job raising you". He smiled..., not a big laugh; just a gentle smile.

To Freddie

Thoughts about life and its purpose always arise when "big C" news are delivered. Being a cancer survivor, I can clearly relate to all the meditation involved and its effects around love ones. And although the disease can remove your physical presence, it always fails to relocate memories into the abyss of oblivion.

Freddie, you are a "class act"; very difficult for anyone to follow. What a spirit.... what a legacy....

Until we meet again.

Your friend,
"Mr. Pollock"

