

James Tucker Smith

1939 – July 29, 2019



JAMES TUCKER SMITH, 80, of Charleston, passed away suddenly at his residence Monday, July 29, 2019.

Jim loved to travel and made over 39 trips to Hawaii. He was an adventurous man and enjoyed traveling all over the world. He was a member of St. Matthews Episcopal Church, Charleston.

He attended Dartmouth College and received B.S and his degree in medicine from Kansas University. He worked for several years as a radiologist with CAMC Memorial Hospital. Jim served his country as a major with the United State Air Force.

He was a kind and loving man, with a passion for life, and always placed the needs of others before his own and showed his love and concern for others by donating to several charities. He shall be greatly missed by his family, as well as his many co-workers and friends.



JAMES TUCKER SMITH

He was preceded in death by his daughter, Cynthia Brodell, and son, David Bradley Smith.

He is survived by his wife, Patricia C. Smith of Charleston; his sister-in-law, Linda Linn, and brother-in-law, Thomas Wright of Lenexa, Kansas; son-in-law, Anthony Brodell; grandchildren, Alexander and Ethan Brodell of Northbrook, Illinois.

Memorial Service were held at 2 p.m. Saturday, August 3, at St. Matthews Episcopal Church, 36 Norwood Road, Charleston, with the Rev. Alan Kim Webster officiating. Burial will be held at a later date in Kansas City, Missouri

The family will receive family and friends one hour prior to the service at the church. In lieu of flowers, the family request donations made to [Alzheimer's Association](#), 1601 2nd Ave., Charleston, WV 25387.

You may send condolences to the family at www.barlowbonsall.com.

Barlow Bonsall Funeral Home has been entrusted to handle the arrangements.

To Plant Memorial Trees in memory, please visit our [Sympathy Store](#).

Published in Charleston Gazette-Mail from Aug. 2 to Aug. 4, 2019.

In our 50th Reunion Book, Jim had an extensive entry. He noted that his favorite memories included Green Key and Road trips. "I left Dartmouth at the end of the first semester of my junior year for reasons that seemed good at the time but less so now.....In 1966, it was off to North Carolina for Radiology Residency and a Fellowship in Neuro-radiology at Duke, where our daughter, Cynthia, was born. Duke was followed by two years in the Air Force at Wright-Patterson AFB where our son David was born. In 1972, I joined a practice in Charleston, WV at a teaching hospital affiliated with the WV University School of Medicine and spent the next 36 years on the job.

While in practice, I was quite active in the American College of Radiology, holding at some time every office in the WV State Radiologic Society, as well as six years as Councilor for the State to the College, and I was elected to Fellowship in the ACR in 1982. During my time in practice, I was privileged to see the advent of dramatic innovations in diagnostic imaging. Prior to CT, and later MRI we had really never seen the brain or spinal cord on an image, only making diagnoses by observing mass effect or abnormal blood vessels by putting air in the ventricles and cisterns (a very punitive procedure) or dye in the arteries and veins. These modalities revolutionized diagnostic radiology.

Pat and I have always shared a love of travel, and we did our best to see to it that our kids could experience this joy with us. I believe that David was about two years old when we took them on the first of around 15 or so trips to Hawaii. We have also traveled extensively in Southeast Asia and Europe and have enjoyed every bit of it. Much more fun than the 25-hour marathon road trips between Dartmouth and Kansas City at Christmas and spring break. The memories of the trips with the whole family are especially precious, as about four years ago we lost Cindy to breast cancer, a disease Pat has survived now for 20-plus years. That was the worst day of my life. Theoden, in the movie version of Tolkien's The Two Towers, said it best: "No man should have to bury his child."

However, life goes on. For a well-educated and reasonably intelligent individual, I have chosen rather inauspicious times to electively reduce my income. I went from full- to part-time at the beginning of 2000, just when the dot-corn bubble burst, and completely retired at the end of 2008, only to watch the onset of the current financial fiasco. It's so much fun to sit and watch your 401 K at least temporarily morph into a 200-1/2 K. Retirement hasn't been quite what I envisioned, as Pat now suffers from early to moderate Alzheimer's, and I have been doing more cooking and laundry than golf, but it's not all gloom and doom.

Thankfully, we can still travel, at least for now, and are taking full advantage of the opportunity. Indeed, as I write this, we are off next week for three weeks in Hawaii and have a 16-day cruise around Cape Horn coming up this winter. After all, I have spent 48-plus years married to this lady, during which time she has given me one hell of a lot of "Better." I can deal with a little "Worse" and intend to enjoy the rest of our lives together to the greatest extent possible."