



John Robert Smotherman Jr

September 1, 1936 - May 24, 2026

The engines roar and the tires scream, On a track that glows with a golden gleam. The checkered flag is finally dropped, And the ticking clocks have all been stopped. There are no walls, and the fuel is pure, The racing lines are straight and sure. Through streets of gold and skies of blue, They line the grid for the great debut. So don't you weep as the gears are shifting, Their spirits high and the rpm's lifting. They're racing hard through the starry night, Forever bathed in Heaven's light.