



Linwood Jerome Foster Jr.

April 9, 1945 - August 27, 2024

It was a smokey April Monday morning in Baltimore when Linwood Jerome Foster, Jr. made his entrance into the growing family of Linwood and Mamie Foster. Unlike large families of that era the Fosters had few heirs to carry the family lineage. Linwood Sr.'s paternal uncle Linwood had no children, so Linwood Sr. was ecstatic to know he had become the father of a healthy bouncing baby boy.

His "Big Sis", Loretta, was in the same hospital as he was being born, fighting for her young life. Lin's birth could not be fully enjoyed. They were not only preparing for him to come home but praying for a miracle for the survival of their daughter. It was God's grace that made it possible for the family to come together in their home on Dallas Court, within eye view of the hospital that had given Linwood and Mamie two beautiful children. Mamie often tells the story of how excited Loretta was to see her little brother until he opened his mouth and began to cry. She immediately said, "Take him back!" From that day there were many days of fun and fights between the two. But he always knew his "Big Sis" would look out for him. Even though he was always bigger than her whenever he got into a neighborhood squabble, he would come to get "Trish" to bail him out. To his final days he never changed his stance that "Big Sis" would look out for him. Whatever she got he wanted too. Loretta had a key at ten years old so on his tenth birthday he came down the steps and requested his key. Mamie gave him her key and with his lunch and little box camera his

journey of independence began. If you talked with him, he would tell you about the journeys he learned from Mamie and Linwood, from Sunday drives for ice cream, weekends to Catonsville to play with other children as Father played ball, and car or train rides to Chester, Pennsylvania to see his great-uncle Uncle Linwood and Aunt Dora, Uncle June and Aunt McCoy. and the rest of the Foster Clan.

From an early age Lin loved exploring with his bag lunch, allowance and neighborhood friends. Druid Hill Park, Clifton Park and Mother's Garden on upper Harford Road were some of his favorite places to explore. This personality trait remained with him for the rest of his life.

He was christened, baptized and married in Wayland Baptist Church by his pastor and childhood neighbor Reverend William W. Payne. Many of his friends were boys and girls from church.

His school days were during the period when children of color were unable to attend the neighborhood schools with his white playmates, so he and Loretta walked down Broadway to School #135 for colored children on McDonough Street PS#135 just happened to be a few doors from his maternal grandparents Johnnie and Julia Farmer's home. Just one block around the corner on Rutland Avenue was the home of his paternal Grandmother Charlotte Foster Hudson. It was at their homes he got to be with the aunts, uncles and cousins from the Farmer and Foster clans.

Linwood later attended Clifton Park Jr. High School and his beloved Dunbar High School. He loved being a Dunbar Poet and member of the Football team. He was a member of the wrestling team, where he received many awards and honors. He loved to share his fond memories, and stories concerning the accomplishments of Dunbar's athletes. He maintained his love of sports throughout his lifetime. After graduating from Dunbar High School in February

1963, Linwood continued his education at Maryland State College, Eastern Shore. He later finished his education at the University of Maryland: College Park, with a degree in Business.

1971, Linwood married Virgie Ingram, who he met at Wayland Baptist Church, where both were members of the Youth Choir. This union was blessed with two children, Linwood 3rd and Melissa.

Linwood was known for his happy, jovial, and pleasant nature. He was often thought of as not taking life seriously. However, being an excellent father was his major goal that he took seriously. During their childhood, he lavished them with unconditional love and attention. He wanted his children to have the best education, so he sacrificed his own career goals so that they could have private education when needed. Tucking them in, reading books to them, taking them on trips all over the United States, and occasionally pranking them in the weirdest ways. His elaborate pranks included the time he declared one Saturday night as fish night, getting Lake Trout for dinner, then sitting them down to watch Jaws immediately afterwards. Saying, "You got to eat fish, now the fish get to eat you."

Linwood had an enduring love of history and drama. He made it his mission to teach his children about the things that weren't being taught in the various school systems they went to. From teaching an accurate history of World War 2 through books written by the soldiers and leaders, to teaching a wider breadth of Black History through both books and movies about people and events that were glossed over elsewhere. His children received college level history lessons while they were still in elementary school. He was also a fan of classic literature. Either reading to us from, or having us read, poems and works from Tennyson, Mallory, Shakespeare, Dumas, and assorted other classical writers.

Working for Amtrak afforded him the opportunity to take his family all over the country. Such trips included taking the Autotrain to Florida, and trips to Chicago, New York, Boston, Canada, New Orleans, Atlanta, Washington DC, Colorado, Philadelphia, Texas, and various other places. On Sunday afternoons, he would take the family on road trips to Antietam, Annapolis, Harpers Ferry, Gettysburg, and many other historical sites. Even after his retirement, Linwood was quick to take trips with his children. His last trip was to visit Pittsburgh with his son.

To Linwood, being with and taking care of family was the most important thing in life. After his divorce in the late 1990s, the apartment house he owned on Homewood Avenue became known as "The Village", because of the string of nieces, nephews, and cousins who ended up living there, including his son. He continued doing that when he moved to Carriage Court. They were able to use that time and place to figure out their course in life and make their own way.

Despite his long string of illnesses and surgeries, Linwood never lost his zest for life. One of his outstanding personality traits was his friendliness and ability to engage anyone in conversation. He was quick to show up to family events and help friends and family to the best of his ability. He was a strong independent thinker who always did things "His Way."

Linwood Jerome Foster, Jr leaves to cherish fond memories two devoted children: his son, Linwood Foster 3rd his daughter, Melissa Foster-Pumphrey, and his son-in-law Brandon Pumphrey. His mother, Mamie L. Foster. His sister, Loretta P Daniel, brothers-in-law Eugene Daniel and Ronald Ingram, and sister-in-law Audrey In-gram. His nieces and nephews: Orlando, Cory (Brandi), Michelle (Curtis), Marty (Pamela), and Nicholas. Several great nieces and nephews. His goddaughters, Andrea Johnson and Jaymey Nutter,

along with a host of cousins, other relatives, and friends

Cemetery Details

King Memorial Park Cemetery- Grand Heritage Chapel & Mausoleum

8710 Dogwood Rd.
Baltimore, MD 21244
(410) 944-8300
info@kingmemorialpark.com
<https://www.KingMemorialPark.com>

Previous Events

Viewing

SEP 3. 4:00 PM - 7:00 PM (ET)

March Life Tribute Center - Randallstown
5616 Old Court Rd
Windsor Mill, MD 21244
(410) 655-0110

Tribute Wall

EN

“ We the Nutter family of Hebron, MD send our deepest condolences to Linwood's Mother and family. Our hearts and prayers are with you as you say "so long for now" to him. We shall always remember an outgoing man with a heart of gold who would give his all to please. We shall not forget the trips he made across the bridge to Hebron to see us. In a poem we have, it reads; "I have tried to live my life, that is pleasing to God. I know that I have stumbled, on this road of life I trod. None of us are perfect, though we may strive to be, one can only try to be who we should be. We are but a canvas, life is the paintbrush, each stroke it takes is what makes us, us. God is the artist, He only paints the best. Just provide the canvas, He will do the rest".

Jaymey his God daughter and
Mom Mom Nutter



Ethel Nutter - August 31, 2024 at 01:42 PM

M(

“ We the March Family and Marshall-March Staff wish to extend our deepest and heartfelt sympathy in the passing of your loved one. Our prayers go out to you and your family in your time of loss. We know and understand that you have received many expressions of love and we will continue to lift you up in prayer. May the memories you cherish of brighter and happier days help to ease your sorrow and comfort you always.

March Life Tribute Center (Randallstown) - August 30, 2024 at 05:05 PM