



Dorsie Horsey

May 14, 1923 - August 20, 2010

DORSIE HORSEY, daughter of the late Parker H. Chalmers and Ella Smith, was born on May 14, 1923 in Carthage, North Carolina. She departed this life on August 20, 2010 after a lengthy illness.

She received her education at Chalk Hill Elementary School in Cameron, North Carolina. Her high school education was received at Johnsonville High School, also located in Cameron, North Carolina. Upon finishing high school, her college experience was spent at Fayetteville State University. Her religious experience came from attending Mount Moriah Baptist Church in Cameron, North Carolina.

She married the late John Nelson Horsey and out of this union came six children, Elisha, Parker, Arthura Ulyanov, Alexei and Joanna.

While working at Glen L. Martin during World War II, she had many wholesome experiences. After having children, she moved her employment to City Hospital. Which lasted for twenty-nine years. During her employment, the name of the hospital changed to Bayveiw Medical Center. In course of time, her hospital experience also led to becoming the Secretary of Local #44 under the union Head of AFSCME.

She leaves to mourn: two sons, Elisha Horsey and Parker Horsey; two daughters, Arthura Easter and Joanna Polloc; several sister, Jewell Brewington, Jetti Parraway, Corene and Justine; grandchildren, Michael Horsey, Felicia Pitts, Tiffany Smith and Nicky; and a host of other relatives and friends.

Cemetery Details

Private

Baltimore, MD

Previous Events

Memorial Service

SEP 4. 1:00 PM (ET)

March Funeral Homes - East Baltimore
1101 East North Avenue
Baltimore, MD 21202
(410) 727-3300
info@marchfh.com

Tribute Wall



“ *Dorsie Horsey*

October 13, 2022 at 08:33 AM



“ *Happy Birthday, Momma! 5/14/2020*

Joanna - May 14, 2020 at 01:05 AM



“ *You used to ask me, "what is the epistemology of what you say." You would then ask, "how do you know what you know for sure." Then that little laugh would come up after you said it. At that point, you won the debate. Once this combo came up, it was "all over but the shout." They (the death talkers for "they" are always saying something not good) used to say you were stupid...I know for sure that you weren't. As ever, JP*

Joanna P - March 03, 2019 at 06:55 AM



This question that my mother, Dorsie Lee Chalmers Horsey, used to ask is based on the definition of epistemology that was taught to her by a professor at the college formerly known as the Community College of Baltimore in Baltimore, Maryland.

Make it a great day everyone!

Joanna Pollock - September 06, 2023 at 01:16 AM

“ *Separate, but Sisters*

My mother and her older sister, Etruly, were blessed to be able to attend college in the 1940's. They were so excited. They were always together. The reason they were able to go to college together was because they graduated high school the same year. No, they weren't twins and no one failed. When my Aunt Etruly was young, she was very sickly. My mother was very hardy as a youngster, so my mother was sent to school to watch over her older sister to make sure someone was there in case Aunt Etruly got sick. That's how things were done back then.

Once they got to college, the reality of that era became shockingly real to them. They were not allowed to live in the same dormitory. Because my grandmother was half white and my grandfather was very dark, my mother was very dark and my Aunt Etruly was very light. Their complexions separated them. As it is with most unfortunate circumstances, there was a silver lining. While at college, they heard about a state where they could live together - Pennsylvania. It was arranged by my grandfather. They moved in with a Pastor and his wife. I think the pastors' last name was Louis. They found work there and healing...my Aunt Etruly lived there the rest of her life.

If you read about the life of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., you may find that his treatment in Pennsylvania had a profound effect on his life as well.

"Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry, give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips."

"Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal."

Psalm 17:1-2

JP

Dear Momma,

I want you to know that I ended up going to Fayetteville State University; the place where you met Daddy during WWII. I honored you and Daddy by graduating in 2021. Someone that you told me not to be around has tried to turn my honor into shame. While she and her group have been partially successful in doing this, I haven't lost my faith in GOD. He has held me in his hand.

I love you and will continue to miss you for the rest of my life here on Earth. I hope to see you again someday soon.

Love, as ever, Irvina

J. Irvina Pollock - February 13 at 02:31 PM

JO

“ 1 file added to the album *Ms. Dorsie Lee Chalmers Horsey*



Joanna - September 30, 2016 at 10:15 AM

JO

Happy 101st Momma!

Joanna - May 14, 2024 at 11:07 AM

JP

Mrs. Dorsie Lee Chalmers Horsey was and will always be the loving daughter of the late Parker Holmes Chalmers and Ella Smith Dowdy Chalmers.

Joanna Pollock - September 12, 2024 at 11:20 PM

MH



Michael Horsey - December 26, 2024 at 08:17 PM

 Joanna
Pollock

“ I, Joanna Pollock, must add a caution to anyone who may read my post dated October 31, 2015. This post contains verbiage of a sensitive nature. This post (dated October 31, 2015) may offend anyone who doesn't realize that Ms. Dorsie Horsey's intent was to shock me with the realization that my grandson was no different nor was to be treated differently than he had been treated prior to the diagnosis of Attention Deficit Disorder.

Mrs. Horsey, having worked in a hospital for 29 years and having attained an Associate's Degree in Social Work from the Community College of Baltimore in 1976 was very adept at adjusting her conversation (referencing the post dated October 31, 2015) to meet the need(s) of the audience she may have been addressing. At that time, she said what I needed to hear how I needed to hear it.

I regret any inconvenience this post (dated October 31, 2015) may have caused.

I repent in the name of Jesus if this post was not representative of him.

God Bless You All,
Joanna Pollock
November 3, 2015

Joanna Pollock - November 03, 2015 at 01:39 PM

 Joanna
Pollock

“ *The Dorsie Horsey Test of Young Male Mental Acuity/Adroitness*

As I said previously, my Mom and I had become phone companions. She called to see how things were going. I told her things weren't going too well. I began to explain that my youngest grandson had been diagnosed with ADD (Attention Deficit Disorder) and would probably need to take medication.

*There was a moment of silence from her, then she exclaimed in that shrill tone of hers, "Ain't nothing wrong with him..." I began to ask what she meant when she continued, "He know where his d**k is don't he..." I started to say several things at once, when she concluded, "If he know where is d**k is, ain't nothing wrong with him." At this point, I was howling with laughter. Then she asked, still shrill, "What the h*ll is wrong with you?" Nothing Momma, nothing at all...*

So every now and then, you may see an older woman walking down the street laughing for what appears to be no reason. You would probably be wrong in your assumption. There is a reason for the laughter. Love to you all!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Proverbs 14:13

Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness.

Joanna Pollock - October 31, 2015 at 01:30 PM

JP

“ *In your last days you asked me to call
I was the black sheep
But that didn't appall
you at all
For in your last days, your life realized true
Black sheep need love and give love too*

*Our wars, now over
Only time for love
So the black sheep called
As you were cradled by GOD above
Yet the black sheep's still here
Fighting ghosts that don't say boo
Cause black sheep need a love only GOD can renew*

Romans 12:2

*2 And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the
renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and
acceptable, and perfect, will of God.*

Joanna Pollock - July 02, 2013 at 09:30 PM

JP

“ *Poor Bud*

My mother, for the first eight years of her school life, attended a school that was referred to as a "dog house" school, that is one room, all grades in one building.

My mother was chosen, along with other students to be in a school play. My mother's part was to greet a returning soldier (played by Bud Lofton) with a warm embrace upon seeing him. Rehearsals went well, but the night of the play was a different matter.

My mother ran up to Bud and said, "My Salamander Alexander John Henry Jones.." Then she planted a kiss on him that made everyone laugh. Bud Lofton turned red but managed to continue with his part.

After the play, while on the way home, my grandfather said to my mother, "you weren't supposed to kiss him, were you." She thought she was in trouble, but she made such a hit with her improvisation that she was spared.

God Bless You, March Funeral Home for this service.

Joanna Pollock - August 24, 2012 at 03:00 PM

MH

I wish I could hit the like button for your comments.

Michael Horsey - January 13, 2023 at 10:40 PM



“ *My mother was raised in the church.*

Her father, the late Parker Holmes Chalmers, was a deacon in the church where my mother was raised. I want to say that the name of the church was Mount Moriah. I hope I am remembering correctly.

One Sunday, my grandfather had the opportunity to give the sermon. He chose to speak from the subject, "Why halt ye between two opinions." When their young family returned home from church, my grandfather asked my mother (age 5) what she thought of the sermon. My mother, sat and thought for a while, stated she liked the sermon. She said there was something she could not understand. "Why was the hawk was between two pidgeons?" My grandfather and grandmother (Mrs. Ella Smith Dowdy Chalmers) laughed. My mother and her older sister, Etruly, began to laugh too. It was a good day.

1 Kings 18:21

And Elijah came unto all the people, and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? if the LORD be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word.

Thank you, God, for everything.

Joanna Pollock

Joanna Pollock - August 21, 2012 at 10:51 AM

JP

My grandfather did not preach this sermon. This sermon was preached by another. The man that preached this sermon blessed this family with the wisdom he obtained from GOD.

My grandfather did, in fact, preach a sermon about the wisdom of obtaining an education along with the peril of becoming vain because of the education you may have obtained. I apologize for this mistake and give honor to GOD for the chance to correct this mistake.

Please seek Proverbs 9:9 for instruction

Joanna Pollock - November 03, 2023 at 07:08 PM

JP

“*My mother's father was ever present in her thoughts, as she often spoke of him. She told me that, at the dinner table, no one said, "please pass the...", but used this phraseology: "I thank you for the..." I thought it curious that this type of phrase was used. What if the person spoken to decided not to pass the peas or meat when thanked for the food?*

It dawned on me that my ancestors spoke to each other in the language of faith, for faith, as defined by the bible, is the "substance of things hoped for..." After having thanked GOD for the food, they thanked each other for sharing what GOD had blessed them with. By faith, they knew that the grace that abounded from on high would translate from grace to grace as food was shared by the family and any visitors that would stop by.

Hebrews 11:1

Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

Joanna Pollock - July 23, 2012 at 02:38 PM

“ *What I miss most...*

The conversations, good, bad or indifferent, I miss them. We had become frequent phone companions in the year prior to my mother's passing. We would laugh or argue. Tones of conversations would turn on a dime.

She was so full of the love of her life.

She loved deeply. A gruff exterior hid the inner kindness that allowed her to be such a magnificent provider for her family.

She may have been a genius.

I once asked her what she would have been if she had not pursued her career of working in the hospital. She told me she would have been a Music Teacher.

I remember seeing her sway in the kitchen of her home to "Green Light," a song by John Legend. I was surprised she had heard of him (she was 85 at the time). She said that not only had she heard of him, but she enjoyed his music. I never really paid any attention to the music of John Legend, but I smile at the remembrance of the moment. Seeing her sway and informing me that "she was not yet dead." This, in spite of the fact that she was not allowed to dance when she grew up. Her dad said that dancing was not a Christian expression of oneself.

This moment of swaying also reminds me of why her Great Aunt Jane called her a "devilish child." Her Great Aunt Jane, who had been a slave, watched my mother and her siblings play and when my mother told her siblings exactly what she would and would not do, her Great Aunt gave her the before mentioned moniker. Her Great Aunt was said to have laughed the rest of her stay at the home of the child who was so free as to give expression to her own will.

I was watching a season finale of "The Game" and I heard a song that stuck with me. Melanie and Derwin were getting married. They played a song and the singer kept singing, "This time I want it all." The song stuck with me for a while. I happened to see a repeat of that season finale and looked up the song on You Tube. It was a revelation to me, a chiros moment to find that the performing artist on this song was, indeed, John Legend.

I HEAR YOU MOMMA, i HEAR YOU.

*ALL PRAISE, HONOR AND GLORY BE TO THE LORD GOD
ALMIGHTY!!!*

Joanna Pollock - April 21, 2011 at 10:08 AM



“ A Chance Encounter

One of my mother's last doctor's appointments was at the optometrist's office. She went to the office as she had in the past few years, accompanied by my brother Rusty.

She thought this would be a normal visit as she walked into the waiting room until she heard a lady calling out, "It's you, It's You!" The lady rushed up to her. She did not recall having met the lady before. She asked, "Do I know you?" The lady excitedly stated, "No, but I know you, I would know that walk anywhere."

The lady went on to say she was four years old when she first saw my mother. She thought my mother was the most beautiful woman she had ever seen before.

My mother once lived in downtown Baltimore on the street where the main Social Security Building now stands. She would leave her home every day to go to work, but little did she know there was a little girl that would plant herself by the window each day just to see my mother walk by. My mother was a beauty. She was dark complected with straight long hair. The lady said she had never seen someone so beautiful. The lady said that once my mother moved, she began to pray for my mother each day. She said that she had continued her prayers every day for more than sixty years. Then the lady began to praise god as she lived to see my mother again.

Considering the fact that my mother was shot and survived fifty years after the shooting, considering everything that my mother accomplished, considering that my mother raised six children, I would say that the "effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

James 5:16

Confess [your] faults one to another, and pray one for another, that

ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

All Praise, Honor and Glory be to GOD.

Joanna Pollock - February 19, 2011 at 12:17 PM



“ *A Cool Country*

*Yesterday afternoon, I was watching Oprah. She was interviewing Colin Goddard (a young man who survived the Virginia Tech shootings) when she asked that fate filled question; "How does it feel getting shot?" A flood of emotions waved over me as I remembered a night in December, 1960. My mother had come home from work, breathing hard and not looking herself. I remember asking her what had happened. In a tone that resonates in my memory to this day, she replied, "Your d**n daddy shot me." I remember being very quiet after that as we continued to pick the shotgun pellets out of her leg.*

She ran for her life and ours.

*A few years ago, my mother told me that her co-workers at Baltimore City Hospitals had asked the same question Oprah asked her guest; How does it feel getting shot?" My mother answered them as only she could answer, "It felt like I was taking a hot a** to a cool country."*

I never understood my mother's reply to her co-workers until yesterday. You see, the young man on the Oprah Show went on to describe the feeling of being shot. He stated that he felt a rush of air...

Joanna Pollock - October 26, 2010 at 10:50 AM



“ 23rd Psalm

My mother cared for a dying white lady that thrashed about and seemed to be running and leaving this earth at the same time. After watching her for a few seconds, my mother grabbed her hand and said:

1The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

By the time my mother was finished saying the 23rd Psalm, the lady had left this earth and my mother did not even know it. Suffice it to say all thrashing and running had ceased and the lady passed peacefully..

Because my mother passed alone, it comforts me to think this lady came down from heaven and said the 23rd Psalm to her.

Joanna Pollock - October 09, 2010 at 12:42 PM



“ A couple of years ago, I lived with my mom, Ms. Dorsie Horsey. My daughter, her granddaughter visited bringing two of Mrs. Horsey's great granddaughters; Renee and Precious. Suddenly, my mother waxed poetic, reciting a poem I had never heard her recite in my life, the following:

*Heaven is not reached at a single bound...;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.*

*I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step towards God,—
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.*

After reciting the poem, she said, "Where did that come from?" She then remembered that an elementary school teacher made her class learn the poem.

These are the first two stanzas of Gradatim, by JG Holland. Her great granddaughters loved the poem and whenever she had the occasion to speak to them on the phone after that, she recited Gradatim. She recited it to Renee the first week of August, a few weeks prior to her passing. When Renee gave the phone back to me, my mom said felt as though she had received a treatment.

I appreciated everyone's presence at my mother's memorial service. I apologize to everyone if I did not express my appreciation at the time of the service.

To Mrs. Dorsie Horsey,

Mom, I miss you.

Love,

Joanna

Joanna Pollock - September 29, 2010 at 05:43 PM



“ *The Miraculous*

My brother, Ulyanov, had a friend by the name of Dent. I never knew his whole name. There was Uly, Junebug Baggett and Dent.

Dent was shot in the back in the 1960's and told he would never walk again. Dent was hospitalized at Baltimore City Hospitals.

When my mother heard of Dent's hospitalization, she just could not reconcile that a child she had seen so often in the company of her son would never walk again. She began devoting a portion of her lunchbreak to Dent, massaging his legs daily, whenever she was at work. Months passed. One day, Dent told my mother that he felt sensation coming back to his legs. A doctor came in just after that. Dent told the doctor. The doctor made my mother leave the room.

My mother spoke on any number of subjects, but she seldom touched on this subject. I had to ask her to recant the story in the late 90's. She had come back from the store having seen someone from Dent's family who thanked her profusely for what she had done.

Joanna Pollock - September 25, 2010 at 09:41 AM



“ We the March Family and 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 Funeral Homes - August 27, 2010 at 06:33 PM