



Earl V. Byrd

August 1, 1941 - August 3, 2004

Earl Vincent Byrd was born August 1, 1941. Sometime on August 3, 2004, he took his leave of us, deserting the earthbound, trading his laptop and camera for whatever heavenly tools are now at his disposal so he can continue to tell those stories fit for divine ears. Earl had three loves: music, women and writing, Mistresses all, who battled for his time and attention. When he was 15, he played saxophone in area nightclubs, always the love of jazz. But Earl was born to write, and found his niche-features on jazz and columns on women. He used writing to enthrone his other loves. A very private person, he put his thoughts and feelings into the piles of notebooks that fill his home and rival his CD collection in sheer numbers. The AFRO was blessed to carry some of those thoughts during his first tenure in 1984 and upon his return in 2001. Of his grandmother who raised him: "She was breathtakingly beautiful. She is the chief deity of all the God and ancestors in my religious world." Of women: "In the twilight of my life, I am as enamored of the Black woman as I ever was in by buck stage." Of justice: "That's why the cold-hearted bitch called justice wears a blindfold. She can't see, and many Blacks in the criminal justice system spell her name, 'Just-Us.' Of his time in jail: "The view from this cell would drive me crazy before my time ran out. I could imagine the lovers getting married, having babies baptized in the church and then watching their kids grow up and go off to school." He took his (AFRO) readership with him as he journeyed, with his dear mother, Elsie Vadis Dorsey, through her last illness and death. He was so close to her, taking care of her

every need for as long as he possibly could. Recognized by the Maryland-Delaware-DC Press Association and the National Newspaper Publishers Association for his work, Earl thought every word he wrote was pure gold. That's because writing was his passion. Earl just loved life. He always said he wanted to live to be 100. And he wanted to help young people escape some of the traps to which he'd succumbed in his early days. So he mentored young artists and writers, determined to give them a fighting chance at their destiny. His destiny always included his wife. Earl loved Renthea. When he talked about her, his last words always were, "That's my baby." Those who cherished his memory most are his wife of thirty-seven years, Renthea Byrd; two nephews, Daryl Reed and Dwayne Taylor; and a host of friends and relatives.

Tribute Wall



“ Earl was one cool cat, my condolences and respects. They was giving us a hard time at the art school up there and he helped us get some press with a few articles in the early 2000s. I was looking for the article and remembered he wrote it. He was still revolutionary!
100 🙏🏿

ArtWork Kirk - March 02 at 03:25 AM



“ Earl V. Byrd

March 25, 2023 at 10:25 AM



“ Earl V. Byrd

October 13, 2022 at 08:33 AM



“ To the family of Earl Byrd, I offer my condolences at this time. Please find comfort in the scriptures at Isaiah 25:8,9 where Almighty God says that he is going to swallow up death forever. Also at John 5:28,29 he says that by means of a resurrection we will be able to see our dead loved ones again. Another scripture to keep in mind is Revelation 21:3,4 where He says he will wipe the tears from our eyes and death will be no more. So please take the time to read these scriptures in their entirety and gain comfort from them.###imported-begin##Sophia Briscoe###imported-end##

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM



“ To the family of Bro. Byrd: I was present at the services of Bro. Byrd, but did not get the opportunity to speak with any of his loved ones. It was my intention to visit the offices of the Afro and express to Bro. Byrd the inspiration I had gained through reading his weekly columns. The reason his columns meant so much was the fact that I was a younger version of what he had expressed about his life: addicted, imprisoned and lost. Like Byrd, at a certain point I decided that my God-given talents were being wasted while canvassing the streets serving as a pariah to my community, tarnishing the legacies of the strong freedom fighters who had strove so ardently. Partly based on his columns, I enrolled in Morgan State University and will be graduating this upcoming May. Thanks Mr. Byrd for inspiring me.##imported-begin##Reggie Briggs##imported-end##

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM



“ To family of Mr. Byrd. I would like to express my deepest sympathy to your family for the loss of your dear loved one. I would like to share a scripture with your family, that has brought me some comfort when I lost my mother in death. Acts 24:15 tells us in part that there is going to be a resurrection of both the righteous and the unrighteous. Just remember that the Bible is full of words of comfort.##imported-begin##Maryjane Stokes##imported-end##

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM



“ My deepest sympathy during your time of sorrow but knows that the God of comfort is with you all during this time of tribulation. (2Corinthian 1:3-4) Due to the many unforeseen occurrences that brings tragedy to our lives Jehovah God promises one day soon Death will be no more (Rev 21:3-4) and his son have been given the authority to bring all those in the memorial tombs back to life. John 5:28-29 What a wonderful prospect for our future.##imported-begin##Carter##imported-end##

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM



“ I am very sorry for your loss. May the scriptures give you comfort. See Rev:21:4,5 and Matt:9:35##imported-begin##Mrs. Nunnally##imported-end##

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM