



## Edward W. Rice

September 1, 1935 - February 27, 2005

Edward William Rice(Billy) received the call from his Master on Sunday, February 27, 2005, to take flight and move on up a little higher. His faithfulness was finally rewarded. Little did anyone know that this special child, born on Sunday, September 1, 1935, in Baltimore, Maryland would be a guardian angel assigned the universal responsibility of touching the lives of anyone needing a help hand. The eldest of two boys, he and his brother Charles, who preceded him in death, were the pride and joy of his parents, the late Inez Redd Rice and Edward William Rice, Sr. Billy's humble beginnings were spent in the Douglas Homes in East Baltimore, where he and his brother, Charles (Charlie), uniquely different, but the same spirit in different tones, were raised where most of their experiences about life were unquestionably learned in the projects. There was not a neighbor in the vicinity that did not know the Rice Family, as spirits were always high at 1403 Mulligan Ct. Billy, the more vocal of the two boys, earned the reputation of being the carefree, but matter of fact person that he was today. His philosophy was "you call a spade a spade -- Black was black and white was white." Not always taking the easy road, he was constantly under the watchful eye of his mother, Inez, the wisdom of grandparents, John and Viola Redd, and the late Pastor Smith, shepherd of St. Phillips Lutheran Church. Always an "eager beaver," Billy and his brother, Charlie, while yet young boys became Boy Scouts where they gathered at St. Phillips Lutheran Church to learn basic survival skills. Pastor Smith guided and mentored both boys, where they came

to respect and revere Pastor Smith. Billy enjoyed the camaraderie and life skills taught by the Scouts and this love led Billy and Charlie to commit a lifetime of fellowshiping and worshipping at St. Phillips. It was from that tender young age that he accepted Christ as his personal Savior, confirmed on May 22, 1949 and continued to serve his Church and God until his assignment ended on Sunday, February 27. He attended Dunbar High School and Carver High where his interest at that time was shoemaking. After graduating from high school and into manhood, Billy, being multi-talented, enlisted in the U. S. Air Force (AF). It was during that time that he became a husband and father of two children, Edwin Renard and Pamela. During his four years in the AF, he was stationed at Oscoda, Michigan, Izmir, Turkey as well as other exotic lands. However, youth and inexperience took a toll on the marriage that ended in divorce; but as time went on, Billy gradually matured and found new and innovative ways to cope with the trials and tribulations of life. For years he worked for the Progressive Life Insurance Co., and became the top debit collector for the company. If the need be, he could squeeze a penny out of his clients or even out of "Mr. Scrooge" by his quick wit and compassion. It was while he was employed at Progressive that he remarried and became the father of Melanie Diane and until Sunday, Feb. 27, had a special bond with her. He worked there until the company ceased to carry on business. Quick in his thinking and the ability to communicate, he was blessed to work at the National Gypsum Company where he worked as a mill operator for 35 years until his retirement 8 years ago. As with anything, he was faithful to this company and took pride in his work and commitment to this company. Always attentive to his mother, Inez and grandparents, some of the responsibilities that he took upon himself to make them comfortable exemplified his caring nature. Family members recall how he loved to wash his mother's feet, or doing odd jobs for his grandmother, "Mama" or to "hang out" with his grandfather, whom he affectionately called "Daddy." His unyielding faithfulness and attentiveness to his aging Aunts Carolyn, Marcella and Catherine, Mabel and Cousin Irvin are to be commended. It was evident

that Billy was a family man who loved to love. He was dedicated to his family and served as President of the Redd Family Charity Club. Although some may consider it debatable as to his angelic nature, as he could be a little rough around the edges, but as he progressed into manhood, he truly knew how to walk the walk and talk the talk of a caring person. For instance, his walk was detected as far as a person could possibly see and could figure out who it was before he actually got closer - his unmistakable walk had that extra dip and bounce in the step with the hand behind the back lean to the side, crowned with the "Big Apple Cap. Always impeccably dressed in the cap, there was also a repertoire of Panama Jack hats he wore especially in the spring and summer. Yes sir - that's Billy Rice!! He had this special gift all his own in the way he introduced himself. With his throaty laugh and the hale and hearty tidal wave of a handshake echoing "How do ya do, my name is Billy Rice" (said 3 times as rapidly as one could say that in perhaps 2 seconds). Saying it three times was his signature. Those with arthritis or shoulder problems may not have appreciated the physical part of the greeting, but the children would stand in line just to receive that special handshake. He would take command as soon as he walked into a room, where he would take his hat off (or not) and make the whole room laugh. Billy, a jazz enthusiast, made it his business to attend the weekly jazz show at Lafayette Market, where there was fun and folly, and the love of fishing self proclaimed him, "the fish man" that everyone learned to respect. If you didn't it was not his fault! He enjoyed life and no one could stop him!! Seemingly, there was not a serious bone in his body, as he was always the life of the party. Ironically, whatever he did, he did it in all earnest and he was committed to his promises. One could not detect what his favorite hobbies were because all his favorite things to do kept him enjoying life. In his home, his basement was surrounded by family member's pictures, jazz albums and tapes, refreshments, fishing trophies, snacks - and the simple pleasures of life that made him happy. His commitment to his third wife of 27 years, Loretta, who he affectionately called "Shorty" was the love his life

- as he had a nickname for everybody ("Pretty Girl" for his Aunt Becky who is 9 years younger, or "Unc" for Uncle Elson, or "Shorty Brown" for his Aunt Audrey to name a few). If he didn't rename someone, it is because there were none to be found and that would be something to worry about. However, he never renamed his beloved Church, St. Phillips, for he loved God, his church and church family. It is at St. Phillips that nothing was too difficult for him because he did all things in decency and in order. He served as the sexton, The Usher Board, Bereavement Committee, Lutheran Men in Mission, Chancel Choir, Men's Chorus, Custodial Services and Landscaping, Property Committee Member and Chairperson, Church Council, Security, and Boy Scout leader to name a few and he also had time to serve faithfully with the Meals on Wheels Program. Billy met any challenge with conviction and courage, but always with love and faithfulness. Billy leaves to mourn: his devoted wife of 27 years, Loretta Geraldine Hill Rice; son, Edwin Renard; step-son, Craig Murray; daughters, Dr. Pamela Rice and Melanie Diane Rice Spears; grandchildren, Edwin Renard, Jr., Tory Rice, Alexis Rice, and Mia Berry; great grandchildren; aunts, Mable Smith, Catherine Thomas, Marcella Dent, Carolyn Madison, Audrey Exum (Henry) and Blanche Dawson (Becky) (Elson); sister-in-law, Barbara Hill; three brothers-in-law, Ronald, Stuart and Brent Hill; nieces, Jacqueline Rice Diggs (Maurice) Joyce Rice, Inetta Hudson (Ernest), and Victoria; a host of other relatives and friends.

# Tribute Wall



“ *Edward W. Rice*

October 13, 2022 at 08:33 AM



“ *My deepest sympathy during your time of sorrow but know 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 Jesus Christ have been given the authority to bring all those in the memorial tombs back to life. John 5:28-29 Just think there will come a time not only will death be no more but Jehovah promises that no one will have to say I'm sick according to Isaiah 33:24. I feel the need to express these words of hope because so many of us today treasure the gift of life and we do all we can to maintain it to hold on to it. That is why it hurts so badly when our loved ones die. With so many of us desiring life today no matter how good or bad it is we still want life here on earth. No one looks forward to that time of death. That is why I am under obligation by the spirit and love of God to share that hope that is in our near future that the righteous shall inherit the earth and reside upon it forever according to Psalms 37: 29 along with the above stated promises on a paradise and peaceful earth. We all can hold true to this everlasting promise because Isaiah states all the words Jehovah have spoken WILL NOT RETURN WITHOUT RESULTS. What a wonderful prospect for our future especially enlight of the fact that Hebrews 6:18 States of God, it is IMPOSSIBLE for him to lie.##imported-begin##Carter##imported-end##*

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM



“ Dear Family, I am so sorry to hear of the passing of your loved one. The Bible holds out promises that we can put our complete faith and trust in. One such promise is found at 1 Corinthians 15:26 where we are told that the last enemy, death is to be brought to nothing. May you put faith and trust in this promise because that is a wonderful hope to look forward to. Again, please accept my condolences on the passing of your loved one.##imported-begin##Sophia Briscoe##imported-end##

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