



Eugene Oglesby

February 11, 1917 - September 23, 2002

Eugene Oglesby was born in Gaffney, South Carolina; Cherokee County, on February 11, 1917. He departed this life peacefully at University of Maryland Hospital on September 23, 2002, surrounded and lovingly comforted by his daughters and grandsons. Eugene was raised by his maternal grandparents, Nattie and John Beatty, and received his formal education in the Gaffney public School system where he graduated High School. On May 5, 1940 Eugene married his childhood sweetheart, Lillie Jolly. God blessed this union with one son (Roy, who died in early infancy), and five daughters. Eugene and Lillie moved to Baltimore, Maryland in 1941 to raise their growing family. Employment included such jobs as an enlistee in the Civilian Conservation Corps, a steelworker at Bethlehem Steel, a baker at old Rice's Bakery, and his favorite as a cross country tractor-trailer driver. At this job, Eugene was a primary long distance driver for The Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, and for US Army personnel. Due to his superior and much awarded safety record he was once entrusted to deliver the uranium core for an early US missile launch at Cape Canaveral. He later retired as a city employee from Enoch Pratt Library. Eugene, affectionately called "Diddy" by his daughters, loved singing with them especially at Christmas time. 'Silent Night' was his favorite carol and was sure to bring on a warm smile. He enjoyed all family gatherings, most especially with wife Lillie's great southern style home cooking! He could regularly be found watching The History and Learning Channels, or reading a good book, but he seemed most pleased

surrounded by his six grandsons, and handing out very generous gifts (smile). A strong, yet very quiet and peace loving man, Eugene (or 'Gene' as wife Lillie called him) always welcomed prayers from his daughters as well as others, before departing this life at the end of his recent (and thankfully short) illness, Eugene heartily reconfirmed his acceptance of salvation through our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ! The last words he heard just moments before departing this life were from his daughter Joyce who whispered, "Diddy, I love you very much, but Jesus loves you more." He then took one last soft breath and passed on into eternity. Eugene leaves to cherish his memory: five loving and devoted daughters, Barbara J. (Oglesby) Pratt, JoAnn (Oglesby) Callaman, Joyce A. , Brenda M., and Betty L. Oglesby; brother, Harry Oglesby; sister-in-law, Anna Smith; six grandsons, Melvin A. Callaman III, Brandon L. Jones (Pleasant Hill, California), Neil D. Oglesby, Victor R. Pratt, Brian K. Gillyard, and Sengbi E. Pratt; two granddaughters-in-law, Rita Callaman and Tanya Fermin-Jones; nine great grandchildren; nieces, nephews, and other relatives and friends.

Tribute Wall



“ Eugene Oglesby

October 13, 2022 at 08:33 AM



“ The tears that dampen our eyes in time of mourning are tears of homesickness, tears of longing for our loved ones. But it is we who are away from home, not they! Death has been for them a doorway to an eternal home. They are still with us, lovingly and tenderly waiting for the day when we, too, will enter the doorway of our eternal home. It is such a mistake to see death as separation and nothing more. For us who believe, death is a preparation for eternal union with those we love, in peace and in joy.##imported-begin##The March Family and Staff##imported-end##

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM



“ Dear Oglesby Family: May God's unending peace, love, wisdom, serenity, love, and understanding abide in your hearts during your hour of bereavement and always. We trust that Mr. Oglesby is resting in peace and joy as he joins Miss Lillie, his lovely, beloved wife. Know that he left many former Benjamin Banneker Elementary P.S. #113 students happy when he brought us ice cream to celebrate an occasion at school. May the cherished memories you hold deep in your hearts bring a smile to your faces many times. Mr. Oglesby's spirit will live forever as he has now become a guardian angel.##imported-begin##Lizzie Johnson##imported-end##

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM



“ Dear 'Diddy", I have so very many warm memories of you ... too-too many to share right here. But I will list a few of my favorites from early childhood till now. I remember the special nickname you alone had for me when I was pre-school (Somerset Projects). As you'd leave for work you'd call out, "Come on 'Poopsie'!", and I'd gleefully run and jump into your arms for my good-bye kiss. I remember feeling so special standing on your feet as you let me 'think' I was really dancing; I remember the pride I'd feel when you and Momma (that sweet lady!) would often visit my classrooms at PS #113; I remember rides in a big black car to Forest Park, in that dusty rose Pontiac going to Willow Grove, and much later trips for many summers to Atlantic City with you, Momma, all five of us 'girls' with our sons in tow; I remember the joy you felt in finally getting the six 'sons' (grandsons) you and Momma always wanted. I remember seeing both fear and pride in your eyes for me as I enlisted into 'The Berets'; I remember with laughter the stories you'd tell Joyce and me about how you'd 'chased' Momma for so many years till you 'caught' her back in S. Carolina! Some of my sweetest memories are of recent years when we saw our big-strong-handsome father (who used to chase guys away from us by 'cleaning' his rifle on the steps of Garrett Ave) change into the cutest/sweet little-ole-man there could be! I remember just sitting with you in recent times watching your 'Price Is Right', Discovery Channel, and 'Matlock', or just having nice conversations about 'whatever'; I do remember your love! Too-too many memories to list, but I thank GOD for so many to comfort me now that both you and Momma are gone. We have been Blessed a thousandfold to have had the two of you for parents! Loving and Missing You, Still, Betty (AKA "Poopsie")###imported-begin###Daughter Betty###imported-end###

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM



“ *In the quiet moments, when the hurt is hard to bear. May love become your shelter and may the beauty of precious memories be your comfort.*##imported-begin##Helen Cheeks##imported-end##

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM



“ *For my Dear Friend Betty and family, a poem I thought you might like: ALL THE THINGS I LOVE: AND NOW I AM THE STARS AND THE BIRDS AND ALL THE THINGS I LOVE IF YOU MISS ME YOU CAN SEE ME IN ALL THE THINGS I LOVE MY FRIENDS WILL TELL YOU HOW - AS EACH ONE KNOWS A DIFFERENT PART AND TOGETHER YOU CAN RECONSTRUCT ME BEFORE YOU LET ME GO AND LET ME GO YOU MUST, "ASHES TO ASHES AND DUST TO DUST".....: BUT ALSO REMEMBER YOU ARE AMONG ALL THE THINGS I LOVE. - Ginni Clemmens 1992*##imported-begin##Linda Juister##imported-end##

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM



“ *With all of our love. At this difficult time, hope it helps to know there are people who love you, care about you and are always here for you.*##imported-begin##Charles & Reba##imported-end##

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM



“ ##imported-begin##joyce##imported-end##

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM



“ My Dearest Friend Betty, May you and your family know that I care and am here for you. I know how much you loved your "Diddy" and hope that you will find comfort through your many loving memories, as well as God's promise of "Eternal Life". I hope you enjoy this poem from Helen Steiner Rice. Death Is a Doorway On the "WINGS of DEATH" the "SOUL takes FLIGHT" Into the land where "THERE IS NO NIGHT"_ For those who believe what the Saviour said Will rise in glory though they be dead..... So death comes to us just to "OPEN THE DOOR" To the KINGDOM OF GOD and LIFE EVERMORE. Love you always. Ronnie###imported-begin###VERONICA JURATOVAC###imported-end###

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM