



Forrest Melton

August 28, 1940 - November 15, 2001

Forrest Melton, Jr., son of Bessie Keene and the late Forrest Melton, was born on August 28, 1940 in Baltimore, Maryland. He was called home to be with his father God in Heaven on November 15, 2001. Forrest, Known to everyone as “Brother”, received his education at Booker T. Washington High School in Baltimore, At an early age, he started working in a grocery store to help his mother take care of home. During his lifetime, Brother worked hard and became successful at many occupations. He was a foreman with Aarid Van Lines; a chef with Haussner’s Restaurant; 30 years as a cement mason and manager of the Carlisle House Nursing Home. He loved listening to Gospel Music, and even though he was not an active member of any church, he loved the Lord. A Living Saint, he was always there for those who could not help themselves. Brother made numerous friends and was known by everyone everywhere. He was an outdoorsman and was a member of the Buck and Bass Hunting and Fishing Club. He enjoyed outings with the family, he loved horses, cooking and entertaining large groups of people. Friends and Family always called on him to prepare his special dishes. He loved his children unconditionally and he kept the neighborhood clean and always looked out for his neighbors. He is survived by his wife of 21 years, Delores Melton, mother, Bessie Keene; seven sons, Forrest III, Tyrone, Leroy, Johnny, Tommy, Spencer and Steven; three daughters, Carolyn, Anita and Kirsten; four brothers, Walter David Melton, Edward Keene, Jay Cee Keene and Stephen Keene; seven sisters, Charlotte Hamilton, Lorraine Hamilton, Lois Bailey, Ava

Sparrow, Bernadette Keene, Helen Myles and Angela Adams and a host of other relatives and friends.

Tribute Wall



“ *Forrest Melton*

October 13, 2022 at 08:33 AM



“ *BROTHER WE LOVE YOU BUT GOD LOVE YOU BEST, REST ON IN THE LORD PEACE.##imported-begin##ANN & ANDRE' PRYOR##imported-end##*

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM



“ *The richness of the human experience is in what is handed down from one life to the next –not simple things of mortar and stone, but memories of what one said or felt or did. Live with your good memories, as they will add to your comfort, which comes from knowing that your grief is shared and understood.##imported-begin##The March Family and Staff##imported-end##*

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