



Martan D. Brooks

July 26, 1969 - March 9, 2003

Martan David Brooks a.k.a. “ David,” was born on July 26, 1969 to the late William Moten and Catherine Elizabeth Brooks. David was a very loving person and was known for keeping the peace, which caused him to depart from us early. David attended Baltimore City public schools. Later he attended All-State Driving School, where he earned his CDL in 1990. David also went to Lincoln Technical Institute for auto mechanics. Up until his death, David was employed at Rent Co., Inc., a waste management company. David will always be remembered as a want-to-be-singer and a great storyteller, which entertained his nephews and nieces. All of his life we viewed him as more than an uncle, but a great friend. David’s mother Catherine Elizabeth, father, William Moten Brooks and three brothers, Gary, Lester Sr. and Andre precede him in death. David leaves to mourn: one daughter, Shapell Elizabeth Brooks; three brothers, Bernard Sr., Melvin Sr. and Aaron; five sisters, Rona Anderson, Marlene Norris, Sharon, Dorothy and Yvonne Brooks; a host of aunts, uncles, nephews, nieces, cousins and friends, including a special love, Carla Kennedy. CHERISH THE MOMENT We had more good times than bad times, More ups than downs, It hurt me to my heart to know you’ll no longer be around. The old saying of what goes around comes around, and God said, “Don’t hate your enemy.” I just hate the fact He took you away from me. The pain I feel keeps me roaming, But it will not change the cherished moments. ***** Brother, brother I call out to you, Just in a blink of an eye, You were taken away from me My heart is so empty right now. It’s like a missing part,

David each moment you're gone you stay in my every thought. You will always be remembered within my heart. With kind and loving thoughts I submit this poem from my heart.

Tribute Wall



“ *Martan D. Brooks*

March 25, 2023 at 10:25 AM



“ *Martan D. Brooks*

October 13, 2022 at 08:33 AM



“ *Healing happens slowly over weeks and months and years and even then, there will be days when memories call fresh tears. A song, a scent, or photograph keeps your heart in touch; with all that you so treasured in the one you miss so much. 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##*

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM



“ *Iknew david because I am a cousin of his daughter, Shapelle. Rest in Peace David. Shapell, just as I told you when you called the other day, lean on God's unchaging hands. You will meet your father again. God and your family will see you through##imported-begin##maurisha##imported-end##*

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM