



Richard Dennis Powell

November 29, 1911 - February 3, 2004

Richard Dennis “Dick” Powell was born November 29, 1911 to Richard Dennis (Jr.) and Annie Belle Powell in Silver Spring, Maryland. He was baptized and confirmed as a child at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin in Baltimore, Maryland. Early on, Dick shared his father’s love of sports, especially boxing and horseracing. He regularly attended boxing matches with his father and became so keen an observer of the sport that he was hired by boxing officials to serve as a judge while in his teens. The untimely death of his father forced Dick to drop out of school in the eighth grade to help support the family. His work ethic and strong sense of responsibility to his family enabled him to buy a home for his mother in 1931 when he was just 20 years old. Although she lived only a few years to enjoy it, the home at 1102 Etting Street was a great source of joy for her and a great sense of pride for Dick. Knowing he lacked formal education, Dick always sought to improve himself. In addition to the extensive collection of books on baseball, boxing and other sports, his personal library held many encyclopedias, literary classic, thesauruses and many books on English grammar and usage. He also had a rudimentary knowledge of Spanish, French and German. He taught himself to speak well, write well and dress well; he always wore a fresh shirt and tie. The lessons of gentlemanship and generosity passed onto Dick from his father served him well throughout his life. His comportment commanded respect, and he was respectful of others, especially women. When he resided on Etting Street Dick saw to it, that many of the less fortunate children received toys and games at

Christmas and often throughout the year. Perhaps the pinnacle of Dick's professional career was his work in Negro League Baseball. Dick was the General Manager of the Baltimore Elite Giants, a Negro League team that boasted players such as Roy Campanella, Junior Gilliam, and Joe Black. For years he traveled with the Giants around the country as they competed with other Negro League teams. He loved this vocation, and enjoyed the nation's resurgent celebration of the Negro Leagues in the 1990's. He maintained many relationships with former Giants over the years, and was recognized in many national publications for his work with the Elite giants. Dick was married to (the deceased) Ellese Johnson and from this union they had one child, Barbara. He was also married to Henryene Green. Both marriages dissolved. Before his career in Black baseball, Dick was employed at the Pentagon as a courier, and later retired as an administrator from the Social Security Administration. He served his country well in World War II as a Sergeant in the European Theater. Dickie, as many called him, was loved by all of his family members, but perhaps there was no greater love than that shared between him and his five granddaughters. Robin, Rita, Pamela, Brenda and Leigh grew up with Dickie living over them-literally, in duplex apartment above their home. Dickie's love was unconditional, and from infancy to adulthood, each granddaughter holds cherished, indelible memories of Dickie. When he called them (and later his great-great grandchildren) bonehead, bovalopus, snaligaster, and dumbkopf-it was with the most endearing affection! He documented his love for his granddaughters early in their lives, first recording them on his tape recorder, and later with hours and hours of precious footage on his movie camera. Dickie lived on God's beautiful earth for 92 years and left this place not in pain, but with this peace in knowing that he was on the way to be with his Lord, in whom his faith was reaffirmed just hours before his death. Though barely able to speak, he said he was heaven-bound. He leaves to celebrate his memory his loving daughter Barbara (Babs) and her sister Brenda; five granddaughters, Robin, Rita, Pamela, Brenda, and Leigh; four great-grandchildren, Sydney, Paige, Arthur

IV, and Krista; nieces, Janet and Cynthia; two sons-in-law, and many cousins, grandnieces and nephew. "Don't take any wooden nickels...but if you find out where you can use them, let me know!"We love you, Dickie!Love You, my sweet.

Tribute Wall



“ *Richard Dennis Powell*

March 25, 2023 at 10:25 AM



“ *Richard Dennis Powell*

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, Please accept my condolences on the passing of your loved one. Please draw comfort in the scriptures at this time. God promises that he will resurrect our dead loved ones soon. Isaiah 26:19 “Your dead ones will live. A corpse of mine—they will rise up. Awake and cry out joyfully, YOU residents in the dust! For your dew is as the dew of mallows, and the earth itself will let even those impotent in death drop [in birth].##imported-begin##Sophia Briscoe##imported-end##

July 02, 2010 at 02:21 PM