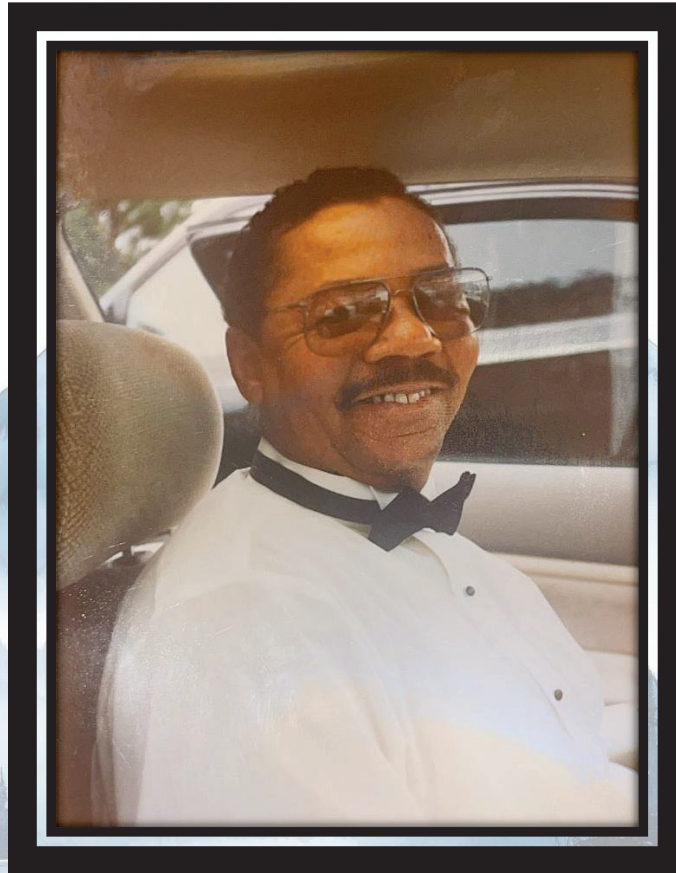


IN LOVING MEMORY

“Forever in Our Hearts”



Forrest Reginald Holt, Sr.

August 15, 1942 – February 10, 2026

CELEBRATION OF LIFE

February 20, 2026

Viewing: 10:00 am to 11:00 am • Service: 11:00 am to Noon

Beall Funeral Home

6512 NW Crain Hwy. (Rte. 3 South)

Bowie, MD 20715

301-805-5544

ORDER OF SERVICE

Processional Amazing Grace

Opening Prayer Pastor Melvyn Warfield, Jr.

Scripture Reading(s)

Old Testament Isaiah 40:31

New Testament Matthew 5:4

Musical Selection His Eye is on the Sparrow

Reading of the Obituary Twilah Robinson

Acknowledgements Monique Jackson

Eulogy Pastor Melvyn Warfield, Jr.

Recessional Going Up Yonder

In Loving Memory of Forrest Reginald Holt, Sr.

Forrest Reginald Holt, Sr. "Scoop" was born August 15, 1942, to the late Irene Holt and James Harrison Holt, Jr. at Freedman's Hospital in Washington, D.C. He was one of six children: Agnes Fletcher (deceased), Geraldine Smith (deceased), Carol Chaney Holt, James Harrison Holt, III, (deceased), and Bruce Holt (deceased).

Forrest graduated from Bates High School, Annapolis, Maryland, at the top of his class. He had a great mind, showing an aptitude for mathematics, mechanics, and engineering. As a young adult he worked for Holt Fuel Oil in Baltimore, Maryland, and his father, J. H. Holt & Sons Landfill. Prior to his retirement, he was Supervisor of the Maintenance Department at Bowie State University.

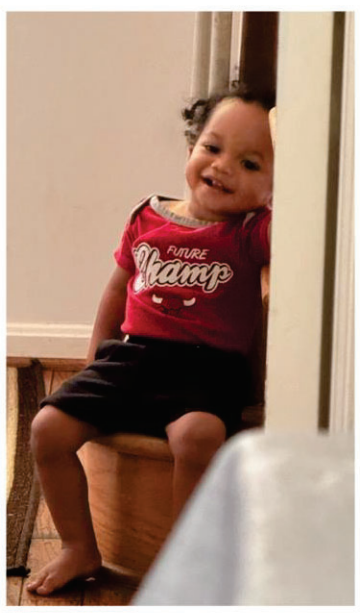
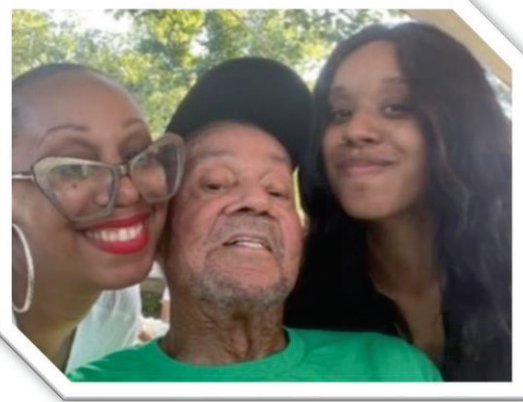
Forrest was extremely knowledgeable and resourceful. This gift allowed him to not only master welding, heavy equipment, and construction, but also be more focused on his love for activities like hunting, fishing, and bowling.

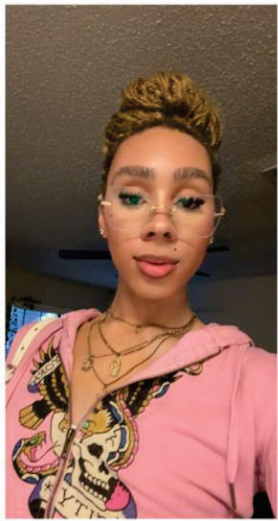
Three children were born from his first union with Mary Holt: Cheryl Denise Ann Holt, Forrest Reginald Holt, Jr., and Twilah Renee Holt (Robinson). Spending time with his wife Shirley was his joy after retirement. You always found them outdoors, gardening, at restaurants, and visiting family. Forrest valued family especially his grandchildren and great-grandchildren. He had a way of making everyone feel special.

On February 10, 2026, Forrest took his final rest. He leaves behind to mourn his wife, Shirley; three children, Cheryl, Forrest (Karen), Twilah (Dan); eight grandchildren, Ambrie, Lexie, Myyah (Rashaud), Nadiah, Oliviah, David, Sarah, Jonathan; eleven great-grandchildren, Miycah "Xena," Khai, Kayden, Avah, Lee, Carter, Ramir, Kevin, Rahiem, Ari, Alijah, his sister Carol Chaney, sister's in-law, Donna, Cornelia (Dave), Barbara, Elizabeth (Richard), and a host of family and friends.

The Family







Tributes and Cherished Memories

There are so many words to describe you – strong, funny, tenacious, resilient – but my favorite is unapologetic. You lived boldly and loved fiercely. You always protected me and made me feel safe, even throughout my rebellious years. I am forever grateful for the memories we shared and the love you gave so freely. Saying goodbye feels unreal, I truly believed you would live forever. Yet I find peace knowing you are now at rest and free from pain. As the first grandchild, I promise to carry on our family traditions and honor your legacy. Life won't be the same without you, but your spirit will live on – in every story told, every lesson learned, and every tradition continued. – ***Ambrie Marie Jones***

My Pop Pop was a wonderful person. I would say kind, but we all know how Forrest Holt was with his words...nonetheless, he was wonderful. He filled every room with laughter, sarcasm, a lot of curse words, and pure joy. Every memory I have with my Pop Pop involves a movie he probably shouldn't have let me watch – but he did; food my mom definitely told him, “Don't order” – but he and my Grandma Shirley got it for me anyway; or some random lecture about deer hunting, fishing, or anything related to an old Western. But at the root of every one of those memories was love, and that's how he should be remembered. Although he isn't with us anymore, please carry those memories with you even if they are small. And anytime you feel like crying, let it out – but just remember that my Pop Pop would tell you something I can't repeat in church, followed by, “Stop crying. You can't control everything that happens.” –

Sarah Robinson

Pop Pop is my “Dog”. Our relationship is not one that can be put into words because he made me feel accepted and appreciated and heard without having to say anything or do too much. Even when I went to go see him earlier this month, I walked into his room, and it was a burst of love and recognition, and it just made me feel so good! It's been a long time; I took advantage of time which I regret. But I am not sad, Pop Pop would not want me to be sad or anyone to be sad because he was happy. We had some great memories together. There was never a “UGH” moment with Pop Pop where I just wanted to go home, and I do that a lot. Except for the time when he asked me to pull the weeds off the shed, he had me upset that day. I did it because I love him. I was mad while I did it and called him every word in the book that day. NOT to him, I said it to the wall, “I am sorry Pop Pop”. Even though we don't have a lot of memories together, the ones we do have impacted my life in some way shape or form. Like when he drove me from Woodbridge, Virginia to Montgomery, Alabama, which is 16 plus hours in a manual vehicle, in his condition 3-years ago, October 2023. It was a lot and the trip was hard, but we still had fun. He had a smile on his face the whole time. What makes me feel great is he chose to come for me and didn't have too. He would not want us to be sad...we should laugh... and never forget our memories with him -- ***Miycah “Xena” Pindle***

To my Pop Pop—I miss you more than I can explain. Last week, looking over all the pictures of you with our family was an inspiration and a reminder of just how loving of a man you were. You were always there for everyone whether we needed our grass cut while my dad was fixing our lawnmower for the 15th time, or we just wanted to walk down to your house. You always opened the door and never locked us out. I enjoyed riding the horses and helping you with the animals after you hunted. I even remember the goat you had, she was so mean and I can already hear the words Pop Pop would've used to describe her. I think everyone here knows he used special words to describe things. I also want to thank my grandma Shirley, because coming into a family with so many people and grandchildren is not an easy thing to do and support my grandfather in everything he did with or for us. She was such a big part of our childhood and continues to be a big part of our children's lives as well. Shoot, they even liked my husband, Rashaud. Love you Pop Pop! – ***Myyah, Rashaud, Avah, Ramir and Rahiem***

Pallbearers

Martin Brooks
Stephen Fletcher
Kevin Glascoe

Paul Glascoe
Perry Glascoe
Reginald Holt

Wayne Holt
Kevin Logan
Arrington Matthews

Honorary Pallbearers

Charles Blandford

Joseph Brown

Edward Owens

Acknowledgements

The family acknowledges with heartfelt appreciation and gratitude the comforting expressions of love, and acts of kindness extended during our bereavement. Thank you for your support in honoring his life and legacy.

The Holt Family

Special thanks to Fresenius Kidney Care in Bowie, Maryland and Dr. Gerald Hayward and his team of The Wound Care and Hyperbaric Medicine Center in Laurel, Maryland.

Professional Services Rendered By

Beall Funeral Home
6512 NW Crain Hwy. (Rte. 3 South)
Bowie, MD 20715

Internment

Friday, February 20, 2026
Adams United Methodist Church
937 Bayard Road
Lothian, MD 20711

There are so many cards, tributes and memories that only a few could be added to the program. Forrest touched so many lives, and he will never be forgotten.