



Steven Gilmer Foster Sr

March 26, 2008

Steven Gilmer Foster, Sr. of Balm, Florida formerly of Edgewater, MD died suddenly on March 26, 2008 in Florida. He was 72.

Born on April 9, 1935 in Maryland the son of Gilmer Foster and Gertrude Fleming. He grew up in Bladensburg, MD and graduated from Bladensburg High School. Mr. Foster served in the Army during the Korean War and after being honorably discharged he returned to Maryland. He would spend his career in Edgewater, MD as a self employed transmission mechanic primarily in Anne Arundel and Prince George Counties. He would retire in 2005 and move to Florida. He had a passion for automobiles both fixing and racing them throughout his life. He enjoyed NASCAR, hunting, boating, and spending time with his family.

He is survived by his parents Gilmer and Gertrude Foster of Stevensville, MD his companion Nancy Morgan; his sons; Steve Jr.; Jimmy; Al; Jimbo; Darin; Kevin and Skeeter and his daughters Kathy; Stephanie; Linda; Sharon; and Tammy and brothers Donnie; Gene and Billy and sisters; Sissy; Diane and Bonnie. 24 grandchildren and 8 great grandchildren.

A funeral service will be held on Wednesday April 2, 2008 at the Fellows, Helfenbein and Newnam Funeral Home, P. A. in Chester, MD at 11AM interment will follow in Stevensville Cemetery in Stevensville, MD. Family and

friends may call on Tuesday April 1, 2008 from 6PM to 8PM at the funeral home.

Tribute Wall



“ *Steven Gilmer Foster Sr*

October 26, 2023 at 06:42 PM



“ *Steven Gilmer Foster Sr*

January 28, 2023 at 12:44 PM



“ *Steven Gilmer Foster Sr*

January 28, 2023 at 08:03 AM



“ I am so sorry that I missed you when you came by my house in mid-March. Leah told me you were there but I was taking a shower and by the time I finished, you were gone. I am so glad that I did get to spend time with you when I took the kids to Florida to see JP. Growing-up you were like my father. I will never forget what you told me the first time I met you (when I was 12 years old) and called you, "Mr. Foster." You gave me that closed-eyed look you would get from time-to-time (you know which one I mean) and said, "Who are you talking to? My name's Steve - my father lives up in Seabrook." So, from that day on, I called you Steve (among other things - just kiddin') and you called me Teense. That was 38 years ago - and you were the toughest man I had ever met. I watched you lift transmissions with your bare hands - even before the lift was put in the garage. I watched you out-drink, out-drive, out-boat, out-shoot and out-do just about everybody who came around. I have so many good memories - funny how we tend to remember the "good" times and kind of forget the "bad" times. You were a good man who would help anyone in any way you could. You certainly helped me many, many times - when Buddy didn't go to work, you would throw me the keys to your Olds and say, "Here, take the Olds." I was scared to death driving that thing to DC (I was only 18 at that time) - I was running red lights and everything else - but I always brought it back safe and sound. On the weekends, we would go out in the boat, to the (Foster's)Point, get crabs and a keg of beer - everybody would come down and play horseshoes, etc. I remember one Fourth of July in particular when Dougie Ambrose brought a certain person down the Point (I know they wished they'd never done that) Anyway, I miss you and I will see you one day and please watch over Mom and Dad for me :)
Love Always,
Teense##imported-begin##Tina (Foster) Dennison##imported-end##

April 29, 2008 at 03:31 PM



“ Steve & Al:

So sorry to hear about your dad. Our thoughts are with you.

Vic & Susan##imported-begin##Victor & Susan Dunbar##imported-end##

April 07, 2008 at 02:42 PM



“ *Steve, Al, Jimmy, Kathy/and all we were so sorry to hear of your dad's passing...I remember the Foster Yard always full of family friends hard work and party fun along with that smile Mr. Foster wore and yea he was always up to something. Thank you...for the great stories and the fun memories that bring a smile to our face....may we hold them forever and may they help take the family thru this sad time Peace to all...Your Edgewater Friends##imported-begin##Danny and Jean Mullen and family##imported-end##*

April 06, 2008 at 11:58 AM



“ My gosh, I just can't believe it. Steve you were such a great guy. I remember your fun loving and good heartedness. Diane and I were more like best friends growing up. Diane and I would go out to the Mighty Mo. She would get any car she could get from her dad or one of her brothers so we could go hang out, I never knew what car she'd pick me up in when I'd go to spend the night. I know she loved you dearly. I guess you are up there with my two brothers and your brothers talking about old times. I bet the race track there is paved in GOLD!! I know how you loved racing and souped up cars. HA! Love , your cousin Nancy! Sister Catherine my sister was so sad when she heard. She remembers how you, Sissy and she used to play together. Love you.##imported-begin##Nancy Beall##imported-end##

April 05, 2008 at 04:39 PM



“ Where do you start when you were one of nine children and you had a big brother who was like John Wayne, and Elvis. I would like to know who taught him to be the man he was. I know when I was a teenager and missed the school bus he came to pick me up. Ha! I never knew what car he would have. One day it was 50/50. Oh my gosh (now day's- Oh my god!) Ha! Picture standing in front of your high school with your friends and that car pulling up. That was music to my ears Ha! My girl friends were just waiting to see him. How cool. I missed the bus a lot. Ha! I hated the school bus. Another great time for me was when I was in need of a car to pick up my cousin Nancy up in Bladensburg. We needed to go somewhere important. Like the local hangout. Ha! I was at the gas station complaining I didn't have a car to go and get her for the weekend. Guess what! Steve gave me his car it was what they called a sleeper. Ha! The Hot, Hot chevy with this kick butt engine. I had not a clue how to drive it but being 16 no problem. Ha! I been driving everything I could get my hands on so I would take on anything. This car had a corvette engine, and who knows what else in it. Floor shift, whatever else Steve could think to put in it. I guess that was the day I decided I was a car girl and needed a Vette. This car looked like crap on the outside but boy did it go. Steve would have been proud of me if I told him who I beat that day. Ha! So we all have wonderful stories but I was the lucky one to call him my brother and he called me MS Anne. I still go by that. Love you Steve. God Bless you! God needed a guy like you to even things out. I know their are hot cars in heaven. Tell Craig and Dusty hello. Love Ya.Diane###imported-begin##Diane###imported-end##

April 02, 2008 at 09:15 PM



“ To My One and Only Poppop Steve,
You walked into our family 7 years ago not knowing what you were getting yourself into when you ment us.. I know Granny (Nancy) tried to warn you that i was the Crazy one, but you didnt mind, in fact you always added to the smart or funny comment i made.. You were there when i needed you the most. I always looked forward to seeing you when i came back home to Granny's (Nancy's) or you were taking a break from florida.. You were the light in her eye, And the cheese to our macoroni.. I will miss the beer and pizza at Georgetown pizza. And the famous comment every morning when i was getting ready for work "dont look ethel here comes the streak". I loved you dearly and you will always be in my heart and in Granny's (Nancy's)..
Love you Always and Forever,
Brandy Benton##imported-begin##Brandy Benton##imported-end##

April 02, 2008 at 08:52 PM