



Mary Vonne Davis
December 4, 1934 - December 28, 2018

Celebrating the Life of
Mary Vonne Davis
Saturday, January 5, 2019 2:00 p.m.
Parkway Life Church
Lumberton, Texas



Welcome
Greg Davis

“Everybody Will Be Happy Over There”
Congregational Song

Obituary/Memories/Prayer
Reverend Nathan Keating
Pastor, Parkway Life Church

“I Will Serve Thee”
by Dan Davis, Doug Davis, Vickie Davis, Annabeth Barnett,
Anne Murry Marcus, and Greg Davis

Reflections
Anne Murry Marcus

Reflections
Reverend D.D. Davis, Sr.
Bethel United Pentecostal Church, Old Westbury, New York

Recorded Music

Reflections
Reverend Jim Davis, Grace Christian Center, Oceanside, California

Reflections
Reverend Doug Davis
Bethel United Pentecostal Church, Old Westbury, New York

“Eastern Gate”
by Annabeth Barnett, Vickie Davis, and Anne Murry Marcus

Reflections/Closing Prayer
Reverend Dan Davis
Pastor, First Pentecostal Church, Baton Rouge, Louisiana

"I Will Serve Thee"

I will serve thee
Because I love thee
You have given life to me.
I was nothing before you found me
You have given life to me.

Heartaches, broken pieces,
Ruined lives is why you died on Calvary.
Your touch was what I longed for
You have given life to me.





Mary Wonne Davis,

84, of Lumberton, passed from this life, December 28, 2018. She was born on December 4, 1934, in Lamartine, Arkansas, to Herbert and Gertha Morris.

Mary taught seventh grade for many years at Silsbee Junior High School. During her tenure there, she influenced many young lives to aim for and achieve academic success.

Mary found great joy as the wife of a minister. She and her husband, Cecil, were married April 19, 1953. For over 60 years, she served and worked in the ministry beside her husband.

Survivors include her son, Greg Davis and his wife, Gwen, of Lumberton; niece, Anne Murry Marcus, whom she always introduced as her daughter, of Baytown; grandchildren, Grant Davis and his wife, Sarah; Kayleigh Davis and her fiancé, Leigh Wilson, all of Lumberton; and great-grandchildren, Ava Davis and Lucy Wilson; and numerous nieces and nephews.

Mary is preceded in death by her parents; husband, Reverend Cecil Davis; and sister, Myrlene Morris Murry.



Sis. Mary Davis' Divinity Candy

5 Cups Sugar
1 Cup White Karo Syrup
1 Cup Water
4 Egg Whites

Beat egg whites until stiff. Mix other ingredients and cook until it forms a thread. Pour 1/2 over the egg whites and beat. Put other syrup on stove and cook to hard crack stage, and add to egg white mixture and beat. Add nuts.

















A Collection of Memories of Mrs. Davis

Sister Davis - A Life of Sharing

I think the most notable theme of Sis Davis' life was she lived a life of sharing.

She shared her life with the husband she loved in service of the ministry.

She shared her talent of music.

She shared her home as a gracious hostess to friends and family.

She shared her testimony wherever she went.

She shared her faith that God intervenes and heals.

She generously shared her time to visit the sick.

and more importantly.....

Sister Davis shared her life to be a blessing to others.

Dan Cornwell



Mary Vonne Morris arrived Dec. 4, 1934. She was a cute fluffy little “tot”, who actually learned to walk by toddling around her mother’s sick bed. Thus her nickname “Tots” was affectionately given.

As a child she discovered her singing voice. She would sing and older sister, Myrlene, my mother, would play the guitar and later the piano. They sang and played mostly in church and for family. Musical talent seemed to be a gift, with which they were born.

Then the cute little “tot”, grew into a lovely young woman in much demand for her singing, especially for revivals.

Flash forward.....My Aunt is now nearly 18. Graduated Salutatorian. Working.....

A handsome evangelist came to preach a revival for Bro. Tom Barnes, Minden, Louisiana....Rev. Cecil Davis was introduced to Mary Vonne Morris by Sis Barnes. When Mary Vonne sang, some might say cupid, but I think God whispered, “she’s the one”. It wasn’t long until they were married on April 19, 1953.

Some have wondered why I loved my aunt so much, and why she would nearly always introduce me as her daughter. Here is the answer. On April 26, I was born. My mother, was very ill and had to remain hospitalized for several days. My grandmother and dad were busy at the hospital, so my Aunt Tots came directly back from her honeymoon and took care of me, Psychologically, I bonded with my aunt as an infant, and she with me.

She was my “go to” person when I wanted to talk about anything. We enjoyed a lot of the same things: pretty dishes, shoes, cooking, decorating, traveling, In fact she and Uncle Cecil opened up the world to me. They would include me in their family trips and I remember going to Arkansas Youth Camp, earlier than I should have, because they were apart of the District Staff and I was their niece. My aunt always made me feel special, and included.

After I graduated from college, my uncle and aunt invited me to come and live with them. They felt I should start my teaching career in Texas. For many years my aunt taught, 7th grade writing and reading at Silsbee Junior High. Later, when I too, taught 7th grade, writing and reading, and my students were being, well 7th graders.....I would often think “What would my aunt do?”

The three years I lived with Aunt Tots and Uncle Cecil were happy and busy ones. By observing their life, up close and personal, I learned countless lessons and how to deal with circumstances beyond my control. I learned patience, kindness, and how to respect one another, even if you don't agree.

I cannot close my trip down memory lane, without mentioning my Aunt and Uncle's relationship. At home they were affectionate, holding hands, hugs; lots of words of affirmation, she calling Uncle, “Honey” or complimenting him, coming home from church and Uncle calling her, “Doll”, or “Bright eyes”; They enjoyed each other's company and one rarely saw one without the other; Surprise gifts....Uncle would randomly bring home flowers, roses, being my Aunt's favorite, and she would cook his favorite dessert; being kind to each other, planning ways to make each other's dreams come true....yes, Before Hallmark Channel or Gary Chapman's book “The 5 Love Languages,” there was Aunt Tots and Uncle Cecil, who demonstrated and lived out these principles.

I am eternally thankful for the 60 plus years I had with my Aunt Tots. The many prayers I heard her pray at home and in the prayer room. The people she touched and the lives that were changed because of her hours of counseling. Her legacy of generosity, prayer, service to others, and most importantly, her unwavering faith in God, will live on forever.

Anne Murry Marcus



In talking to others about Mary Davis (my Mamaw) there is always a universal theme that sticks out in their stories. “She was a very classy lady who enjoyed the finer things.” When I look at my own vast shoe collection, I can see the influence she had on me. I have every heel size, fabric and color you can imagine... from neon blue to the bright gold ones, I hope to be wearing today.

One of her favorite stories to tell is the day she thought she lost me, and she never let me forget it either. I was a small child, around three years old, spending the day at Mamaw's house. She turned her back on me for just a minute and by the time she turned back around I was gone. Mamaw searched all over the house with no luck. Then she sent Cecil Davis (Papaw) outside to circle the house. She was just about to call the police, when she finally found me, in the back of her walk-in closet. I was sitting on the floor, trying on every pair of shoes that I could reach.

I guess you can say she kick started my love for shoes from a very young age. Mamaw always told this story with a huge smile on her face, so I know it was one of her favorites, and she would not have it any other way!

With love to my Mamaw,
Kayleigh



Sister Davis, whom I called my Aunt Tots, was actually my mother's first cousin; my first cousin once removed. Once and removed are not words I would use in any description Aunt Tots-- Sister Davis.

When I was a younger, not ONCE but often, she reached out to me to make sure I was included in events my parents did not have the time or resources to provide for me. Arkansas Youth Camp, Texas Youth Camp, she made sure I had the transportation and housing so I might attend. She celebrated my achievements and did not hesitate to let me know when my behavior was not up to her standards. She was NOT removed.

There are so many times Aunt Tots stepped into my life to offer counsel and support but one in particular stands out.

I was seventeen, had just graduated high school, and Aunt Tots invited me to go to New York with their family, including Ann. This small town boy from Haynesville, Louisiana, had never been north of Little Rock, Arkansas, or east of the Mississippi. This trip opened my eyes to a world beyond my experience. There was the incredible beauty of the mountains in Tennessee and the amazing buildings of New York. There were new foods, and accents. There was opportunity to worship with, and minister to, people very different from me in culture but so familiar in the bonds of Christian fellowship. Intertwined with every memory of this trip is the presence of Aunt Tots as she showed me the world is so much bigger, so much more beautiful, and needs God so much more, than I had, in my limited experience, ever suspected.

That trip was fifty years ago. The inspirational gift Sister Davis, my cousin, my Aunt Tots, gave me is not "once or removed", it is- -"Once and Future".

Andy Valentine

As I begin to think about all of the memories I have of Aunt Tots, my mind kept going back to the years growing up and being around her at family gatherings. She was always full of life and fun to be around. She treated us like her own. Not once did I ever dread traveling to Arkansas to be with her and other family members during holidays or any other family get together.

As we got older and had families of our own, our visits were less frequent but when we got together we just took up where we left off. That was my Aunt Tots! Always a smile and a hug and “I love you” !

I remember going to a gospel concert at the Silsbee, Texas, high school, where I believe she taught. As I was walking up the sidewalk I noticed Aunt Tots and Uncle Cecil ahead of me. I hurried up, got right behind them and I said, “You’d think the old folks would move over and let the young people get by.” Uncle Cecil moved left on the grass. Aunt Tots moved to the right edge of the walk. I quickly moved up, put my arms around them and said “I love you guys.” When they realized who it was, we all laughed and yes, we begin to catch up on how everyone was and took up where we left off the last time we were together.

On a more serious note, I want to say how much I appreciate my family and the Christian heritage that has been passed on to us. Aunt Tots was, in my opinion, the consummate pastor’s wife and and Christian lady. She has left us “big shoes” to fill. Because of ladies like her, and Aunt Myrlene, her sister, and my mom, all our grandchildren are seventh generation spirit filled Christians. What a wonderful legacy!!

In closing, I would like to say to Greg, Annette, and all the rest of the family, God bless you and may that peace and comfort that the Spirit of God gives, be yours today and in the days to come. Seems like the tug to “ go home” is getting stronger and stronger! I love you with all my heart !!

Steve Valentine



My dear friend, Mary Davis -

The many years we served together on the Texas Ladies Ministries Committee helped forge a treasured friendship. We enjoyed delicious lunches at Mar Tres Tea Room, endless Lufkin shopping adventures, and loads of laughter. I always found you to be:

F un and forever young
R espectful of others opinions
I nspirational and innovative
E nergetic and educated
N eat and nice (always)
D ependable and diligent

Our beautiful memories are a priceless part of my life.

Donna Myre



Mary Davis was one classy lady! I was always proud to call her my Presbyterian's Wife but honored to call her my Friend.

There never was a hair out of place wherever you saw her. She taught school many years but never did her secular job interfere with any of her church or sectional duties.

I remember the many Section 2 Christmas banquets she organized at the Hilton Hotel. She saw to it that every table was decorated elegantly and each place setting had a special candy treat. She greeted each of us as if we were her closest friend and made us feel loved and special.

After she lost the love of her life, she shared the pain of loneliness with me that she experienced. Never was it a pity party but rather it simply was her way of letting me know just how great Cecil Davis was, and how much he had added to her life. I can only imagine the smile on her face when she finally was reunited with him.

I am a better person because of her leadership and friendship. I give honor to my friend who now has heard Him say "Well done my good and faithful servant".

Sandra Myer.

Aunt Mary Vonne Davis was the loving wife of Rev. Cecil Davis, my mother-in-law's oldest brother. For many years our RV space was very near theirs at our Davis family reunion. What a lovely neighbor she was! She would often bring her lawn chair over and sit with us. We engaged in many lively conversations. I have a memory of her input one night, as we were having such a great time with a rather large group of friends right outside on the patio of our motor home, She said to her husband, "Honey, I have only one regret this evening, and that is, that we were born thirty years too early".

Sister Davis never claimed to be a preacher, however, she was very inspirational and instructive in her conversation.

About 20 years ago she said, "Dan, I want you to think about this: "The First Sounds of the Morning". She went on to say, "From birds singing, to squirrels scurrying through the leaves, it seems like God is expressing Himself." The conversation ended with a verbal nudge when she said, "I'll never preach it but I think it's a sermon."

On December 28, 2018, Sis Davis heard "The First Sounds of the Morning" from the other side. She will know first hand the vivid sound of His new mercies.

Rest Well, Aunt Mary Vonne.

Daniel Gilbert



I met Brother and Sister Davis in 1958 when I was 10 years old in Arkadelphia, Arkansas, when they became our pastors. They planned many activities for the youth with hot dog roasting, hay rides and other fun events to keep us engaged. I remember Sister Davis made homemade candies and cookies each year and invited the church members to come visit their home which was decorated for Christmas. Her son Greg, was born in 1963, the same weekend that my grandfather passed away. Brother Davis had to split his time between his new born baby and conducting my grandfather's funeral service. Greg and I have enjoyed a long time relationship.

Sister Davis enrolled in college while she was assisting Pastor Davis in the Arkadelphia church and became a teacher. We actually were attending the same college together and often shared study information. She also gave me piano lessons but I don't think I was a good student!!

Brother and Sister Davis and I began singing together as a trio while I was in high school and sang at churches and rallies. We shared many memories during those times.

When they moved to Lumberton, I visited their church there and made a decision to move there. We spent the next several years working together in the church. I purchased land right next door to the Davis' home and built a home there. Living as neighbors, we crossed paths often.

One song that we sang together and that I will always remember was “It’s Not the First Mile that You Will Be Judged By”.

“It’s not the first mile that you will be judged by,
For you may stumble along the way.
But you’ll go stronger in faith and courage.
As Jesus walks with you from day to day.

There may be times when you have a burden
That grows too heavy along the road;
If you will let Him, the blessed Savior
Will be so glad to bear your heavy load.

It’s not the first mile that’s so important
It’s the last mile when day is done.
Then you’ll see Jesus in all His splendor,
And He will have for you the crown you’ve won.

The words of this song, could summarize her life on earth and brings her to this last mile. Sister Davis was an encourager, positive and a source of strength and inspiration to me.

Prayers and Condolences to the family.
Frank Adcock



Memories of Sis. Davis
by Sis Pauline Williams from Arkadelphia UPC age 83

I was in my 40’s and Sis. Davis wasn’t too far behind me. I picked her up to go to school. We both attended Henderson State University, and dreamed of teaching school someday. Running late...not good....I stopped at a red light, looked both ways.....No traffic! Breezed through and then my rear view mirror was seeing red.

Sis Davis said, “Let me deal with this!”
She was reading my mind.....“Thank you!”

The officer asked, “Where are you ladies going in such a hurry? I see you stopped and ran the light.”

Sis Davis said, “ Officer, its all my fault. We are students at Henderson State and late for class. I obviously distracted my friend by quizzing her for a test. My husband pastors the Pentecostal Church on Main Street and we were also discussing how to help a family needing food without making them feel bad. We would love to have you visit our church and help us with some of these problems. Your input would be invaluable. “

The officer shook his head and said, “Thank you and drive careful out there.”
We drove off.

I have known Sister Davis since I moved to Lumberton in 1973. I was blessed to have her as my Pastor's wife and honored to consider her one of my close friends.

Jimmy, my husband, and I directed the Sunday School ministry for a period of time. We worked closely with her at the Lumberton Pentecostal Church. She planned bus trips, that were unforgettable. We always made the trips safely, because Sis Davis took her seat behind the driver, who was usually, Steve Tatum, and prayed "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!" the whole trip.

We enjoyed each year the Christmas Party for the couples hosted by the Davis' in their home. I remember the laughs, wonderful food, but especially the candy, including divinity, peanut brittle, chocolate covered caramels, and turtles, all homemade by Sister Davis.

One of the greatest honor's I have every had was styling Sister Davis' hair for her home going today.

Sister Davis was an inspiration to me in so many ways. I watched her as she lived a very Godly life. Her hug, every time she came through the door of the church to greet me, as well as the "I love you!" I will not only miss, but they will never be forgotten.

Brenda Pippin



I have known Sister Mary Davis since 1970 when Brother Davis resigned as pastor of a church in Arkadelphia, Arkansas, and came to the United Pentecostal Church of Lumberton, Texas, to be our pastor. Sister Davis was my friend. I loved, admired and respected her.

She was a very talented lady. She was the Pastor's wife, Sunday School Teacher, Ladies Auxiliary Leader, Sunday School Secretary, played Piano and Organ, sang special songs with Bro. Davis and others in the church. She was music director many years.

A lot of times she was in charge of showers for newlyweds or new babies. Any shower or party, if Sister Davis was in charge, was done first class, with beautiful decorations and lovely tasty food.

Christmas time she directed Christmas plays and had many Christmas parties at her home. Most Easters we had church dinners and everyone brought their special dishes.

Sister Davis was a great cook also and besides her meat and veggie dishes, she always brought beautiful, tasty fresh strawberry pies.

She was always dressed for the occasion, very neat, hair fixed and wearing beautiful shoes. She was a beautiful lady with a love for people. She displayed all the fruits of the spirit, as described in the Bible.

Besides her church positions, she taught 7th grade reading at Silsbee Jr. High. I have been told that she was an excellent teacher. Having two full time jobs, she still managed to never appear tired or too busy to talk.

I will never forget her thoughtfulness when I had two surgeries. Both times she cooked a full meal and brought it to my home.

Sister Davis, we bid farewell to your physical body, as we know that you will forever be in the Spirit.

I would like to add this quote from Kahlil Gibran, “When you are sorrowful, look again in your heart, and you shall see that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your delight.”

Till we meet again, Beautiful Soul, rest in peace.
Dale McKnight.



Aunt Mary Vonne!

When I hear her name or think of her, I think “classy”. I think She was also a “lady”. She truly was the epitome of class and very much a lady. She was always so well put together, from head to toe. Her house was the same...just perfect.

My memories are sweet and full of laughter and light hearted teasing. She was never harsh nor unkind to me even when she spoke in correction.

My mom was the only daughter in a family with five sons. My daddy had a hard time trying to measure up to her brothers. I believe my dad survived ONLY because of the fun he had with his five sister-in-laws, especially Aunt Mary Vonne, whom he teased unmercifully and yet never managed to render her speechless. She always had a come back and could put him in his place. She had a command of the English language like no other.

I’ll miss her but I’ll cherish my memories forever. I’ll always remember the sweet love she had for my Uncle Cecil. They shared a beautiful love story!

May my Aunt Mary Vonne rest in perfect peace.
Karen Ritter Pierce



I first met Sister Davis, when she and Brother Davis came to preach at our church in the fall of 1970. 100% of us voted them in as our pastors. I was so impressed with her overall decorum, and her precise way of speaking, that I wondered if it was for real. I soon learned it was real and that she was a very warm, down-to-earth person, who was quick to share a funny story or pray for you right on the spot.

The Davis' bought land from my cousin, Chris, just two houses down from us on Sweetgum Lane. They moved in a burned-out 12 x 48 mobile home and became our close friends and neighbors as they gave themselves all in, to the task of shepherding our little congregation. A lot of women would have balked at the living conditions, as we all worked to make the little mobile home livable, but Sister Davis acted like it was a castle. A few years later, they were able to build a lovely home on the property and now her family lives there, keeping the home alive with children and grandchildren.

Our only child, Stephanie, was a year old when they came, and she just naturally considered them family, calling Greg, "Gaga." Stephanie had real issues with taking a nap, and when she was about three years old, we put her in her room, shut the door and told her to go to sleep. About thirty minutes later, I received a call from Sister Davis, who said, " We have a lovely little girl here who escaped out her window, and came to our house seeking refuge, complaining about being forced to take a nap." Brother Davis soon arrived at our front door with Steff in tow.

Some of my best recipes originated from Mary Davis. For many years she gave a fine Christmas party. She would personally make many kinds of candy and other sweets and invite everybody! We still enjoy her layered Strawberry Jello Salad and her special Chicken Salad.

Sometimes on Wednesday night, Pastor would have us each quote a scripture from the Bible. Her favorite was Psalm 91, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." I believe Sister Davis knew where that secret place was. Wherever she found herself in later years, she managed to display a positive attitude. Truly a remarkable lady of God. We will miss her!

Dorothy McKnight





Pallbearers

Philip Marcus
Grant Davis
Steve Tatum

Leigh Wilson
David Lewis
Frank Adcock

Honorary Pallbearers

Alvin McKnight
Harlen McKnight
Robert Nowasky

Rev. James Coots
Joe D. Tate
Grady Tate

Interment

Davis Cemetery
Kirbyville, Texas

Broussards
Established 1889

Please sign Mrs. Davis' guest book and share your memories at
www.broussards1889.com