Shipwrecks

When the ship is first wrecked, you're drowning, with wreckage all around you. Everything floating around you reminds you of the beauty and the magnificence of the ship that was and is no more. And all you can do is float. You find some piece of the wreckage, and you hang on for a while. Maybe it's some physical thing. Maybe it's a happy memory or a photograph. Maybe it's a person who is also floating. For a while, all you can do is float. Stay alive.

In the beginning, the waves are 100 feet tall and crash over you without mercy. They come 10 seconds apart and don't even give you time to catch your breath. All you can do is hang on and float. After a while, maybe weeks, maybe months, you'll find the waves are still 100 feet tall, but they come further apart. When they come, they still crash all over you and wipe you out. But in between, you can breathe, you can function. You never know what's going to trigger the grief. It might be a song, a picture, a street intersection, the smell of a cup of coffee. It can be just about anything…and the wave comes crashing. But in between waves, there is life.

Somewhere down the line, and it's different for everybody, you find that the waves are only 80 feet tall. Or 50 feet tall. And while they still come, they come further apart. You can see them coming. An anniversary, a birthday, or Christmas, or Mother's Day You can see it coming, for the most part, and prepare yourself. And when it washes over you, you know that somehow you will, again, come out the other side. Soaking wet, sputtering, still hanging on to some tiny piece of the wreckage, but you'll come out.

The waves never stop coming, and somehow you don't really want them to. But you learn that you'll survive them. And other waves will come. And you'll survive them too. If you're lucky, you'll have lots of scars from lots of loves! And lots of shipwrecks!

Clark S. Brown & Sons
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FUNERAL HOME

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A Gathering of Friends for



Ms. JoAnn T. Davis

July 28, 1950 ~ May 23, 2026

Thursday, June 18, 2026
6:00 PM ~ 8:00 PM
Clark S. Brown & Sons Funeral Home
727 North Patterson Avenue
Winston-Salem, North Carolina 27101

A Life Well Lived



JoAnn Truesdale Davis, 85, wife, mother, grandmother, sister, and friend, passed away Saturday, May 23, 2026.

She was born in Winston-Salem, North Carolina on July 28, 1940, to Joseph and Willa (Yores) Truesdale.

She graduated from Atkins High School in 1958 and received her bachelor's degree in Math and Chemistry from Bennet College, Greensboro, NC in 1962.

In 1960, while at college, she met Richard Davis, whom she would marry in 1962. Beginning their life together, they moved to New York. Over the next 18 years, JoAnn lived, worked and fell in love with New York. Returning to North Carolina in 1980, she began working for the Winston-Salem/Forsyth County School System as a teacher and retired in 1989.

JoAnn is survived by her daughter, Karima Davis Johnson (Neal); grandsons, Scott Pass (Sasha) and Richard Scales; and granddaughter, Aariel Scales. She has three great-grandchildren, Shamar, Shayla and Samaya Ann.



Lasting Memories



6:00 PM

Fellowship & Gathering

6:30 PM

Welcome & Prayer

6:40 PM

Thank You & Story Time

7:45 PM

Last Remarks

Family Request

In lieu of flowers, please donate to your local animal shelter.

