

First, I want to start off by saying I am so sorry I cannot be there. I really wanted to be there, this would be my last time being able to see him, my last time being able to actually say goodbye and it hurts. I find it still hard to wrap my head around this. Even after weeks this still feels surreal to me. For a long time, I called Davon my nephew. Davon was not my nephew; Davon was my brother. And I loved him as a brother. Me and Davon lived in the same house for the first 16 years of his life. I changed him, fed him, bathed him and baby sat him. I watched him go from a baby to a young man. He had a few bumps along the way, but he was such a good kid. He made some questionable decisions, but like I said before he was such a good kid! Davon had a heart of gold. He may have acted tuff with his friends and on FB but in my talks alone with Davon I seen the real him. The quiet, shy kid who wanted to start his own business. The kid who wanted to make Sheila proud. The kid who would cry when talking about the mistakes he made because he knew he was better than his actions. Davon showed me who he really was and nothing he did could change that. When I left for Arizona, I asked Davon did he want to come with me and of course he said no, if I was him, I would have said no too. I WISH so bad that I just would have made him come with me and every day I try not feel bad about that decision. I know this is GODs plan and I kind of understand but I do not agree with it and I do not to like it, but at some time in the future accept it, but I am not sure when that will be. What hurts me the most, like most of you here is I never got to say I love you one last time. Davon thank you for allowing me to be in your life. I love you so much, something I should have told you much more. To my family I know times are terrible but right now is not a time for petty nonsense. I know this gets said at every funeral, but we must be better. We are better. This is not any Single persons' fault. There is nothing any of you could have done so please do not beat yourself up, if for today only put all the bullshit aside and just be there for each other. Love each other but out of respect for my brother Davon put that shit to the side today. If tomorrow ya'll want to go back to hating each other so be it, just not today. I love ya'll. I miss yawl and again I am so sorry that I cannot be there.

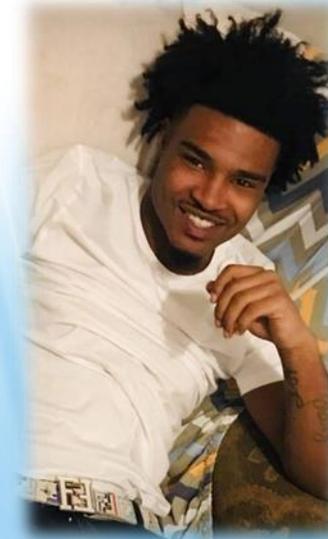
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

The family wishes to thank everyone who help make his homegoing possible. It makes us feel good knowing he was loved by so many people.
May God Bless and Keep You!
The Turner Family



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HOMEGOING SERVICE



DAVON LAMONT LIPSCOMB

January 2, 2001 ~ October 25, 2020

Romans 8:28

And we know that all things work together for the good of them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.

SERVICE

Tuesday, November 10, 2020
Visitation 10:00 a.m. ~ Service 11:00 a.m.
Walker Funeral Home
2625 Gilbert Avenue
Cincinnati, Ohio 45206
Deacon Lewis Arnold Sr.

ORDER OF SERVICE

Organ Prelude

Parting View

Prayer

Scripture Reading

Selection

Obituary Reading

Selection

Eulogy

Benediction

Recessional

Son, This comes very hard for me because I never thought I would be writing about you in passing. Anyone who knew Davon knew he was not all easy to deal with like all kids, but he was respectful and caring all the time. When you were around him, he has a way of making you smile, even if you not in the mood or mad. That's the kind of happiness he brought into our lives and we are going to miss that. You never want to outlive your kids but I guess God had other plans for our son. I agree with them nor do I understand them but maybe in time I will come to except his plan for my son.

Love, Mom

OBITUARY

Davon L. Lipscomb was born on January 1, 2001 in Cincinnati, Ohio.

He was raised by his loving grandparents Sheila and Charles Turner who he always called mon and dad. He attended Taft Elementary and Dohn High School. Davon loved hanging in Avondale and being with his friends. Davon loved doing family things like kickball games with his sisters and brothers.

He leaves to cherish his memory to his parents, Sheila and Charles Turner, his siblings; Shawmelikia George, Shaneishewa George, Raven Proffitt, Quinnada Proffitt, Sharmar George and Sharvin George, aunts and uncles; Valerie George, Kristra George, Carman George, Shawn George, Vincent George, Ray Turner and Shawn Thomas, grandmothers; Bessie George, Sylvia Turner, great - grandmother; Carrie Bryant. A host of nieces, nephews, cousins and other relatives that will miss him so very much: Shaqea George, Key Reia, Shawntanoria, Demarco Stewart, Demarcus Stewart and Shawn Thomas. He was born to George Lipscomb and Quintesa Proffitt and four other siblings.

PALLBEARERS

Shawmelikia George

Shawn Thomas

Raven Proffitt

Sharvin George

Ray Turner

Demarco

John 14:27

Peace I leave with you; my peace I give you. I do not give to you as the world gives. Do not let your hearts be troubled and do not be afraid

Matthew 5:4

*Blessed are those who mourn,
for they will be comforted*