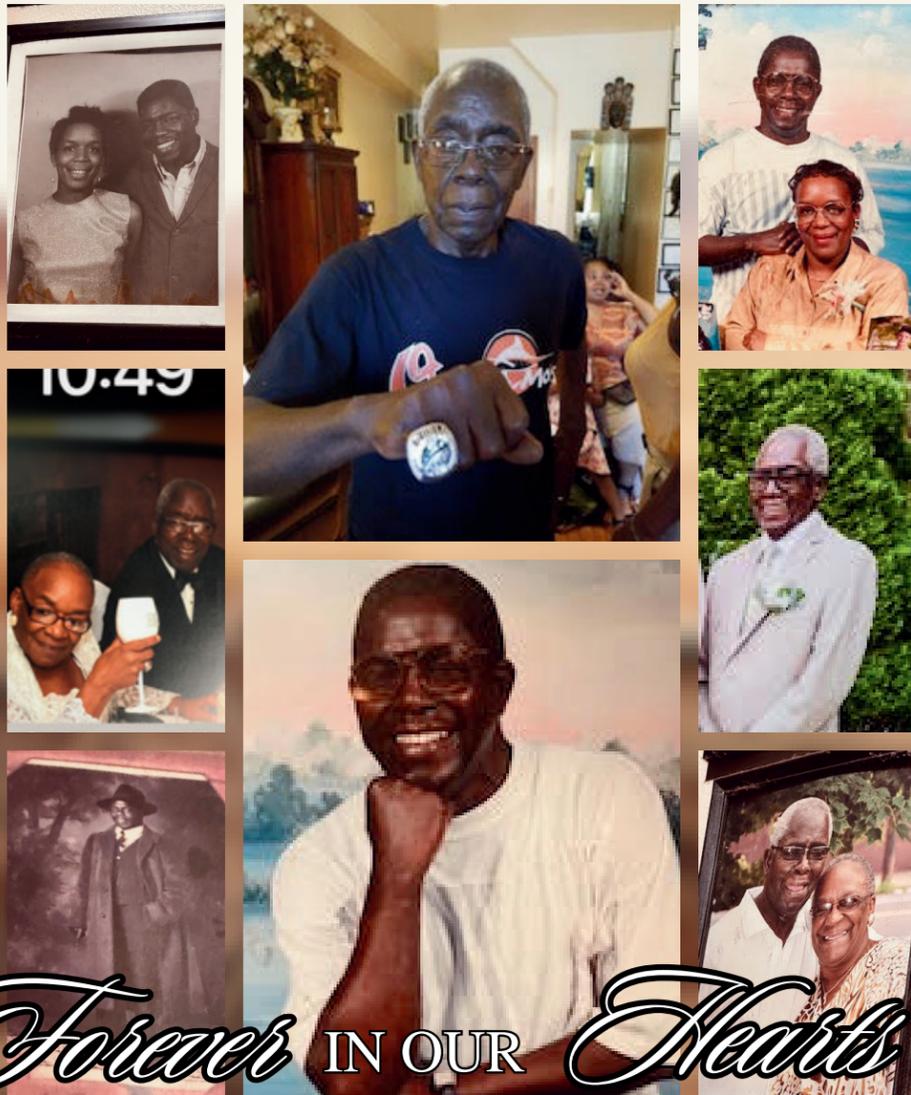


To my grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great grandchildren who carries my legacy forward—wipe your tears and lift your hearts. I am not gone, not truly. I walk beside you in every memory, every story, every echo of laughter that reminds you of home. From Heaven's gentle light, I watch over you, grateful for the love we shared and the roots you continue to grow. Let your sorrow soften into peace, knowing my spirit rests in a place where pain cannot touch me and where love surrounds us all.

Carry me with you, not in sadness, but in strength. Live boldly, love deeply, and stay connected as a family—because that is the greatest gift you can give me now. When the days feel heavy, look up; I am in the quiet breeze, the warmth of the sun, the soft whisper of comfort you can't quite explain. Until we meet again, know this with all your hearts: I am with you still, and my love for each of you is eternal.

Love, Grandpop



Forever IN OUR *Hearts*

Pallbearers at the Church

Harold Davis Jr	John Perez
Dre'Land Goar	Carlton Taylor
Semaj Davis	Antoine Davis Jr.
Ray Irizarry	Antoine Davis

Pallbearers at the Grounds

The Davis Children

A Fallen Hero

*You were my first example, my strength, my guide,
A steady hand through life's rough tide.
You taught me courage, you taught me grace,
I still see your smile in every place.
The world feels colder since you've gone,
But your lessons in me still carry on.
I hear your voice in my heart's deep core,
Saying, "Stand tall, son—be brave once more."
You showed me honor isn't earned by might,
But by choosing love, by doing right.
You faced each trial with steady soul,
Your faith, your will—made me whole.
Though time may steal your voice from ear,
Your spirit whispers, "I'm always near."
In every triumph, in every tear,
I feel your presence, strong and clear.
You've been my hero without a cape,
you didn't have to fly or have X-ray eyes
My fallen hero will never die
A man of truth, of heart, of flame.
Now Heaven holds the best my hero
Until we meet in your arms again.
Rest easy, Dad—your work is done.
Your legacy lives through your son.
For heroes fall but never die—
They rise eternal in the sky.*

By Antoine Davis

Acknowledgement

The family of James Davis Jr. wishes to extend our sincere thanks and appreciation for the kindness, prayers, love and sympathy given to the family during their time of bereavement. May God Bless You All!

Professional Services Entrusted to:

G. CHOICE FUNERAL CHAPEL, INC
2530 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, PA 19132
Britni' Choice, Supervisor
www.gchoicefc.com
Office: 215-227-0100



CELEBRATION OF
Life



James
DAVIS JR.

JULY 11, 1935 — NOVEMBER 4, 2025

ST. MICHAEL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH
2139 E. Cumberland Street
Philadelphia, PA 19125

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 2025, 10AM
VIEWING 9AM



Celebration OF LIFE

James Davis, Jr. was born on July 11, 1935, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, the beloved child of James Davis, Sr. and Anna Vaiden. At an early age, James accepted the Lord as his Savior. He was baptized in the Catholic Church and later, he and his wife joined the Lutheran faith.

James received his early education at St. Paul Catholic School and later attended Merrill Dobbins Area Vocational Technical High School, where he studied Machine Operations. His strong work ethic and commitment to family were evident throughout his life. He dedicated many years of service to General Electric, later retired from Campbell Soup Company, and worked for SEPTA until his final retirement.

On September 28, 1954, James married his childhood sweetheart, Betty. Their union, rooted in love and devotion, lasted an incredible 64 years. Together, they built a beautiful legacy and raised eight children: Charmaine, James III, Darlene, Antoine, Annette, Harold, and twins Shawn and Dawn. They also lovingly embraced their godson Bernard Morrow, and sons Alex and John -The Perez brothers.

James was loved and respected throughout the community and was affectionately known as Mr. Davis, Pops, Grandpop, or Poppa Smurf. He was a proud family man, he instilled in his children the values of self-sufficiency, respect for elders, and the importance of education—both in and beyond the classroom. In the Davis household, learning never stopped—whether during school strikes, snow days, weekends, or holidays. His children often recall how “education was a way of life” at home.

James had a heart for people and an open home that welcomed all who needed a warm meal, laughter, or comfort. A true craftsman at heart, he could often be found painting, fixing things around the house, or tending to his garden. He was also an avid fan of Western movies, often watching classics like Wells Fargo, Wagon Train, Cheyenne and Maverick. His other favorite pastimes included watching wrestling, Boxing, cheering for the Eagles, and preparing his famous spaghetti and meatballs—a family favorite.

James enjoyed being active in his community and was always on the move. Whether visiting Reading Terminal Market, running errands, or buying lottery tickets and scratch-offs, he was a familiar and friendly face across the city.

James was preceded in death by his beloved wife Betty Davis, his godson Bernard Morrow, his daughter Charmaine, grandchildren Lucretia, DeLorean, and Elise, and his brother-in-law Thomas Govens, whom he helped raise.



He leaves to cherish his memory: his children James III, Darlene, Antoine, Annette, Harold, Twins Shawn, and Dawn; daughters-in-law Karen Davis, Aisha Davis, and Cynthia Davis; sons- in-law Ray Irizarry, Stuart Charles, and Carlton Taylor; extended children Glenn Moy, Alex and John Perez; a host of grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren; and many cousins, nieces, nephews, and friends who loved him dearly.

James Davis, Jr., will forever be remembered for his unwavering faith, strong family values, hard work, and the love and laughter he brought to everyone whose lives he touched. His legacy lives on in the generations that follow—a true testament to a life well-lived and deeply loved.

Lovingly Submitted, The Family

Together Again

*My dear ones, don't let sorrow weigh you down,
Though I know it feels the world has lost its sound.
In what seems the hardest moment of your life,
Know I am at peace, with my beautiful wife.
Your mom and I are side by side once more,
Hand in hand as she walked me through Heaven's door.
We're joined with our daughter, granddaughters too,
And all the loved ones we've been missing like you.
I see each tear, I hear each whispered prayer,
And I send back love that lingers in the air.
Though apart in body, I'm never truly gone,
In your laughter, your stories—I'll live on.
So when grief feels heavy and the nights feel long,
Remember our family is forever strong.
Take comfort in knowing love never ends,
It only transforms, it only transcends.
For now I'm home where pain cannot stay,
But my heart walks with you every single day.
Until we meet again, keep faith, keep love and light—
We're together in spirit, every day and night.*

Dawn Davis