

Words of Remembrance – by Alison Davis

Thank you for coming today. I'm Alison, Josh was my big brother. I know he filled that role for a lot of people, but I was lucky enough to be the first.

Growing up with Josh was magical. My mom and dad were our heroes. We were rich in ways most people will never know. We were blessed with a large and loving family. We had endless summers of running through the woods, riding bikes or swimming at the lake. Grandma and Grandpa Davis were just a short walk away for most of our childhood. And every Sunday, we came here to church. Soon followed by lunch at Grandma and Grandpa Lamb's. It didn't need to be Christmas or Easter for it to feel like an event. Every day we spent together was another adventure, I could not have had a better friend to grow up with.

As we grew I learned Josh had an amazing ability to connect with people. He always seemed to see the best in others, or indeed bring it out of them. He could hold a conversation all by himself, but he loved it if you joined in. I'm not sure he knew what the word stranger really meant, it seemed they were just friends he'd not met yet. He made so many friends, and had so many experiences, it would be impossible to share them fully here. Please never hesitate to share a story with me, or any of us. It is in those stories we share that keeps him in our hearts.

I know one of the best days of his life was the day his son was born. Being a father agreed with him, seemed to smooth the rough edges and bring focus to a bit of a wild life. He loved Kyler with all of his heart, and I know Josh is proud of the young man he's grown to be.

Josh also found love, a fairy-tale like story of young loves who connected during a fateful summer on the lake, whose lives separated them for years, only to find each other again. Rachel is the great love of his life, was a constant companion and partner in crime. He loved her dearly and she was with him through good times and bad. Thank you is too small a sentiment for a sister like that.

Josh taught me a lot, either directly, by example, or as a cautionary tale. The best was this; I often watched as he'd seem to effortlessly master a new skill, perfect a skateboard trick, or expertly play a song. One time I mentioned to him how I'd always felt a bit jealous of his abilities, skills, or talent. It seemed he was gifted at whatever he cared to try his hand at. He quickly scoffed at that notion and corrected me. What I didn't see was the endless hours of work it took to simply play that one song right. Or land that trick without falling. Or even get the PH

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balance just right for that exotic fish he'd adopted. What I learned is that Josh would pour himself fully into his passions. Not just a passing interest, no. He'd learn everything he could. And would try and fail over and over again, until finally he'd succeed. Josh wasn't afraid to fail. He wasn't afraid to look silly, or skin his knees. And I hope we all can learn that lesson. Live in your passions, love deeply, laugh often, and live wide.

We'll miss you Josh.