

In Loving Memory of



Pamela D. Davis

Sunrise

March 28, 1965

Sunset

October 30, 2015

Service

Friday, November 20, 2015 - 11:00 a.m.

CHRISTIAN LOVE BAPTIST CHURCH

830 Lyons Avenue • Irvington, New Jersey

Obituary

Pamela Doricia Davis was born March 28, 1965 in Newark, New Jersey. She was the daughter of Arthur Davis and the late Eleanor Davis.

Pam attended Madison Ave. Elementary School and Vernon L. Davey (VLD) Middle School. She obtained her high school diploma at East Orange High School in 1983.

Pam enjoyed watching football and was a big Pittsburgh Steelers fan. She also loved dancing and was known to be one of the first people on the dance floor at a party or wedding. Pam was a dog lover and took many dogs in under her care throughout the years.

Spending time sharing laughs and raising her son, Taheed and daughter, Tatyana was one of Pam's major priorities and joys in life. In addition, she was known to always try to crack jokes and make fun of her older grown sons, Eric and Shuquan out of love.

She leaves to mourn: her father, Arthur Davis of Newark, NJ; four children, Eric Green (Tamie) of Avenel, NJ, Shuquan Davis of Newark, NJ and her youngest children, Tatyana Davis and Taheed Davis; along with a host of other family and friends.

Order of Service

Processional

Prayer of Comfort

Invocation

Musical Selection

Scripture

Musical Selection

Obituary Reading

Acknowledgements & Remarks

Selection

Praise Dance Ministry

Elder Faleese Morton

Eulogy

Benediction

Recessional

Private
Family Only

Mom may get on my nerves sometimes but what I like about her is she always makes me laugh. When she makes one of her faces of when she tells me something funny. Whenever I feel under the weather she makes sure I smile. She was there when I needed help. She also was a shoulder for me to cry on, or I'm a shoulder for her to cry on. When I see my shadow I see mom, I'll make sure I stay strong for you.

I miss you mommy, I love you.



From your one and only daughter

Miss Me, But Let Me Go

*When I come to the end of the
road and the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom filled room,
Why cry for a soul set free?
Miss me a little-but not too long,
and not with your head bowed low.
Remember the love that we once shared,
Miss me-but let me go.
For this is a journey that we all must take,
And each must go alone.
It's all part of the Master's plan,
A step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick at heart,
Go to the friends we know.
Laugh at the things we use to do
Miss me-but let me go.*

-author unknown

Acknowledgements

The family wishes to express their deepest and most sincere thanks to all who shared with them in this time of sorrow. May God bless and keep you in a most gracious way.

Professional Services Provided By

CHAPELS OF EDEN FUNERAL HOME

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