



DOUGLAS DAVIS

SUNRISE: March 2, 1944 - SUNSET: February 16, 2025

Tuesday, March 4, 2025 - 1pm

UNITY FUNERAL CHAPELS, INC.
2352 8th Avenue • New York, NY 10027
Rev. Nelson C. Dukes, Jr., Officiating
Rev. David Jenkins, Organist

OBITUARY

Douglas M. Davis was born on March 2, 1944. He was raised by his mother Ella Davis and George Davis. He attended New York City Public Schools where he graduated from Gompers High School. He later attended The State University of New Paltz and Mercy College where he received his Master's Degree.

Douglas worked at Calvary Hospital as a Respiratory Therapist until he retired. After retirement, he worked briefly at a hotel in Ellenville, New York.

Throughout his career and his life, he left a lasting impression on his co-workers and loved ones.

Douglas loved to cook his pigs' feet and so many other delicious meals that we thoroughly enjoyed. He loved the Giants and he loved life to the fullest.

Douglas leaves to mourn his precious memory: Ruby Davis, their two daughters, Latasha Davis-Baker (Emanuel Baker) and Ashley Thomas (Justin Thomas, Sr.); one step-daughter, Rosaline Walker; six grandchildren, Alicia Jones, Justin Thomas, Jr., Ayden Thomas, Aria Thomas, Jasmine Thomas and Mariah Baker; one sister, Betty Dukes (Rev. Nelson C. Dukes, Jr.); one brother, Charles Lyons; and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins and friends.

Douglas was preceded in death by his parents, Ella and George Davis; a dear aunt, Ora Brown; one sister, Janet Johnson-Arias; and one brother, Lawrence Lyons.

Douglas will truly be missed by all who knew and loved him. May he rest in peace.

Humbly submitted, The Family

CELEBRATION OF LIFE

Scripture Readings
Prayer of Comfort
Selection
Acknowledgement of Condolences
Reflections Friends and Family Members
Reading by Shakera Reid "To My Dad"
Reading by Shakera Reid

Committal and Benediction

FINAL DISPOSITION:

Oxford Hills Crematory Chester, New York

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



Acknowledgement

The family acknowledges with deep appreciation all acts of kindness extended to them during this bereavement hour. May God bless you for all your thoughtfulness and concern.

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