



Joe A. Davis

August 12, 1939 - March 8, 2017

1939 –2017

Joe Allen Davis, age 77, was born in Wewoka, Oklahoma on August 12, 1939, the youngest child of Grace Mae Hawkins and Green Berry Davis. He and his family moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico when he was 8 years old, fostering his lifelong love for the southwest, archaeology, Native American culture, and his never-ending passion for hot chile.

Joe grew up in the South Valley of Albuquerque, attended the old Armijo school, and eventually Albuquerque High School where he exited early to join the US Navy where he served for four years prior to an injury and honorable discharge. Joe met his wife of almost 56 years, Carolyn (Joyce) Plaster, in 1961 at Howard's Drive-In by UNM where she was working as a carhop. He was immediately smitten, and they were married two months later. They spent their time bouncing around for several years, living with various relatives, and driving cross-country scouring deserts for ruins and rocks, eating too many bologna sandwiches before resettling in Albuquerque. Joe went through several cars during this period including a 1969 GTO that he was immensely proud of. In 1975 they had a daughter, Rebecca (Becky), and in 1979 a son, Joel. Joe worked various places throughout his career, but most recently was at the Albuquerque VA Hospital in the SPD department. He medically retired following an accident in the early 1990s. Joe was always quite a character and led a colorful life full of varied interests. Forever a foodie, he adored Julia

Child and Martha Stewart, and told culinary stories from his time in the Navy that could rival those of Anthony Bourdain. He had an appreciation for fine cheese, lobster, and a good gin martini, but also pinto beans, deviled eggs, and his favorite cornbread and buttermilk. He also had a strange fancy for cheap beer. Joe nursed an insatiable sweet tooth, asking daily, "What do we have that's sweet?" He thoroughly enjoyed grape soda and strawberry shakes. In addition to eating, he used to love cooking for his family and neighbors who bragged on his smoked chicken. Food meant something to Joe, and he would speak often of missing his mom's cooking, especially her boiled potatoes. His wife could never get them quite right. For many years, Joe's yard was his domain. He cherished flowers and gardening, keeping a salt shaker beneath a bucket in the yard just in case a tomato ripened. He often watered his lawn at 1:00a.m., and would be sure to tell the neighborhood teens hello as they tried sneaking in or out of their houses. All his life, Joe loved fishing and hunting (though his favorite part was sitting around a campfire swapping stories and cooking camp food). He reveled in telling tales, sometimes unbelievably embellishing them. Joe loved puns and jokes, and once convinced his daughter that shrimp grew on plants. A voracious reader, he would devour any novel he could get his hands on, leaning heavily on science fiction and westerns, but enjoying offerings from almost every genre favoring "big, thick books." He loved sharing his readings with his son and daughter. Some of his earliest favorites were the novels of Edgar Rice Burroughs. He loved *The Hobbit* and *Game of Thrones*. He didn't particularly like non-fiction works, though, because he couldn't really escape into them. Joe also enjoyed movies and TV. Some of his favorites were *Star Wars*, *Alien*, *Soylent Green*, *2001: A Space Odyssey*, *The Godfather*, *Dances with Wolves*, *Lonesome Dove*, *Braveheart*, *Schindler's List*, *Good Will Hunting*, and anything involving Jason Bourne. On the small screen he could be found constantly watching the History Channel, Science Channel, the Food Network and PBS. He had a passion for *Antiques Roadshow* and rarely missed an episode of *Jeopardy*. Most recently, he looked forward to watching

The Walking Dead on Sunday evenings with his wife and kids.

An incredible dancer, Joe was a melancholy lover of classical and big band music from the 1930s. A man of contradictions, he enjoyed his privacy but also being the center of attention. He would frequently discuss street knowledge and Eastern philosophy, science and religion, aliens and conspiracies. He was often poor but spoiled rotten, had little confidence but always knew he was right. He was fascinated by genetics and valued intelligence. A lover of animals, he would often tear up at commercials for the ASPCA and Humane Society but would deny it. He was stubborn, foul-mouthed, and gracious, always rooting for the underdog. He taught us that it was always a good idea to spend money on a quality pair of shoes, the proper way to grow potatoes, and that nature is our church. He was quirky, artistic, brilliant. A clay sculptor and woodworker, he made boats and Viking ships from Trumpet Vine seed pods and toothpicks. He was an amazing writer, but would destroy his own work when he thought anyone might read it. He taught us how to predict storms by looking at the moon, to use Cokes to get rid of battery acid, and how to shoot straight and sharpen knives. He couldn't stand when his socks were lumpy in his shoes. Joe spoke often of how proud he was of his son's artistic accomplishments and of his daughter's teaching career. He was so impressed by his Joy and her ability to use a computer. Joe frequently left little notes for his family either proclaiming his deep love for them or expressing his dissatisfaction for how much they were spending at Costco. Over the years, he was devastated by the passing of his parents, his sister Marguerite, his brothers Tink, Shelly, and Rayo, his nephew Milton, and his cousin Lewis. On Wednesday, March 8, 2017, Joe succumbed to COPD and a spinal condition. He passed from this world to the next surrounded by his wife and children. He is being mourned by his two surviving sisters, Dorothy (with husband Clarence "Bud" Bryan) and Mary (with husband Dale Howard), his wife, Joyce, and his kids, Becky and Joel. He leaves behind wonderful friends Danny Estridge and Bob Childs, and numerous beloved

others that are too many to name. More than anything, he loved his family, friends, and neighbors and was generous to a fault. Joe's family hopes he is now enjoying his time exploring the universe and seeking answers to all of those questions he had as a human. His daughter secretly hopes he will show up as a ghost at some point along his travels and say hello.

Good night, God bless, and say your prayers. We love and will miss him always. Please sign Joe's online tribute at www.romerofuneralhomenm.com
Romero Funeral Home, 609 N. Main St. Belen, NM.

Tribute Wall

“ In Memory Of Joe A Davis

3/8/17

In Memory of Joe A Davis, With great regret I have to say Mary and family have given up another member of the family, Joe A Davis, Father of Joel and Becky Davis, and husband of Joyce Davis, Joe has quite a track record that is only known by the closest of of his family, some ran and played with him as a young boy some years back, some grew up with Joe up into the years only to know Joe's interest and hobbies, It is in Joe's best interest Joe will be missed by all who knew him, some know of Joe's gun collection that will remind some of Joe's love for his gun's and the way they some how will be handed down for a keep sake, Joe also had a collection of old Indian arrow heads that Joyce and Joe combed the desert for they had quite a collection. Another thing Joe did. Was he tried to collect all the service pictures of his brothers, and he had a lot of them. Joe was also in the Navy himself.

I remember the 357 hand gun, nice gun Joe had a feel for fine weapons the 357 was one of them. The real tragedy of loosing Joe is that Joe was driven out of his body by a number of issues that just some how didnot permit the human spirit to stay in the house God provided for Joe for some 77 years. Well Joe gave up the body that had aged and in so many way's broke down with time but to allude to the brighter side, Joe is resting in Heaven with Jesus now on a journey that all of us desire to share with Joe and the family that already live in the Glory place God has provided for them who choose Him for eternity. Terri offered a little touch of comfort for Mary I pray for the rest of family to draw from the word of Matthew 5:4, Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted.

If You Knew

by Steven W. Perry

If you knew where I am standing

If you could see the sights I see

If you could hear the angels singing

*The songs they sing eternally
If you knew the One I'm holding
Could see the smile He smiles at me
If you knew where I am resting
You would not cry for me*

*I'm resting in the precious arms of Jesus
No other place would I rather be
So if you shed a tear,
Please don't shed it for me
If you knew where I am resting
You would not cry for me
I know you're confused about my leaving you so soon
But I'll be with you again
Maybe morning, night or noon
So I'll save a place for you
Right beside the crystal sea
If you knew where my mansion's standing
You would not cry for me*

Kenneth - April 07, 2017 at 10:57 PM

BD

“ I love you, Daddy.

Becky Davis - April 07, 2017 at 10:56 PM

BE

“ Joe's family and mine were neighbors for some 25 yrs and he always made time for my wife, two son, myself and even the dog. His chats were always uplifting and backyard campfires a lesson in philosophy. To me he was always a great companion in the hunting camp, fishing spot and now and then on a cave trip. He will be missed by many,, Give my respects to the Man upstairs bud. Your friend Bill Ellis

Bill Ellis - March 22, 2017 at 09:53 AM

TF

“ Our thoughts are with the whole family



the Reynolds Family - March 21, 2017 at 07:16 PM

TF

The Reynolds Family

the Reynolds Family - March 21, 2017 at 07:17 PM

DR

“ Dicky And Suzanne Romero sent a virtual gift in memory of Joe A. Davis



Dicky and Suzanne Romero - March 10, 2017 at 11:30 AM