



Edward "Eddie" Isaac Davis

June 2, 1953 - January 12, 2021

Edward "Eddie" Isaac Davis passed away on January 12, 2021, at the age of 67, from complications of COVID-19. Eddie was born as a 4th generation resident of the Wenatchee Valley, on June 2, 1953. He was raised on Davis homestead property where he enjoyed the love and support of his family, uncles, aunts, and cousins nearby.

Eddie graduated from Wenatchee High and furthered his education by studying Computer Sciences in Seattle Washington. He worked at C & O Nursery for 28 years until his retirement. Along his life's journey, he met and married his love, Nita, and raised a son, Danny.

Eddie was a kind and gentle soul with an appreciation and wonder for the simpler things in life. He attended the Church of God, Faith of Abraham his entire life and found love and comfort in this community. He treasured summer Church Camp in his youth. Another source of joy was target practice and collecting anything that sparked his interest. A highlight of Eddie's life was to travel with Nita. Together, they visited Disneyland, The Grand Canyon, Yellowstone, and S. Dakota.

Eddie was preceded in death by his father, Kyle, and his son, Danny. He is survived by his wife Nita, mother, Mary Davis, and his four siblings, Miriam Overland, Blair Davis, Lisa Dockins, and Laura Fulbright.

A Celebration of Life will be held at a future date.

Tribute Wall

RI

“ I was 6 years old and living in Grampa Isaac's big White House on the Davis estates when Eddie was born. I had two older sisters, Rosemary and Charlotte and a younger brother Steven. Uncle Kyle and Aunt Mary lived in a smaller house next door that Kyle built for his growing family. It was a house where the action was! I think my sister Charlotte lived there. Music, Dick Clark and American Bandstand, puzzles and board games. We were an extended family and Aunts and Uncles were often parents to us.

As kids, we had fantastic adventures. My dad somehow acquired a luxury 1930s Pierce Arrow car that was parked between our houses. What a place to play! It was a luxury car designed for a chauffeur with a divider glass and curtains between the driver and the passenger seats. It was the best spot for club meetings eating pkgs of jello and pudding. Losing mom's silverware.

There was a monkey bars my dad, Charles made out of pipe. First challenge was to be able to shimmy up the corner poles to make it up to the top. There was a low bar where you could hang by your knees or make a birds nest. Then there were the upper bars where you could fall and seriously hurt yourself!

Grampa and Gramma were always home. Grampa had a wonderful garden and a few cows and chickens. Later there were goats. There was a hay barn to play in. Gramma had both raspberry and boysenberry patches. ... Also sweet green grape vines. We probably all got caught playing in Grampa's garden. Stealing ripe tomatoes...running through the rows of corn. Big Trouble there.

Then there was the shop.... a business called The Fair Price Tank and Welding Company. There was a big 20 by 40 foot steel pontoon to run and bounce balls on. A WW2 weapons carrier truck that had an overhead winch. Daddy stretched a cable across the lawn so my sister Rosemary could practice walking the tight rope and be in the Wenatchee YMCA Youth circus. Was I jealous! Yes ... I have lots of memories. But what I want to say is this ...

Eddie, we grew up in a loving, accepting, extended family. There wasn't a lot of money, but we learned and practiced true Christian values, family, friendship and survival. What I remember most about you is how smart you were and what a caring big brother you were

to your sisters Lisa and Laura. I love you Eddie. I already miss you. My family is smaller without you. Rest In Peace.

Riellem@gmail.com - January 24, 2021 at 08:42 PM

DM

“ *Ed was my BIL for what seems like forever. I barely remember a time that he wasn't a part of our family. What I remember most about him was his capacity for joy in all things. He seemed to be the happiest when he was with Nita and/or "collecting" things and boy did he collect. He would bring home some of the most weirdest things just because he 'might' be able to use it some day He was a great dad to Danny and loved Nita with every fiber of his being. He and his laugh will be missed. RIP Ed.*

Dayle Miller - January 23, 2021 at 08:15 PM

“ *Memories of Eddie - Edward Isaac Davis
Wrestling.*

I only recall one person that I ever had a physical fight with, and that was my cousin Eddie. It was very early on in our life. We wrestled and threw a few punches... After one fight I think we both decided that we did not want to fight anymore, we came to terms and became friends. I have never fought anyone else and have learned restraint from physical violence. Eddie too excelled in a peaceful life, and was probably one of the happiest persons I knew though many of his life circumstances were not particularly "happy".

Contest

My cousins Eddie and Blair and my brother Aaron and I were challenging each other in various feats. One thing led to another and we decided to see who could pee the farthest distance. It was a simple contest, we positioned ourselves by an empty space next to Uncle Kyle's house. Aaron & I tried, Blair too, all with a modest distance of a few yards. Then Eddie - small like me - took his turn and arched his stream and it went clear across the open space. We estimated that it was about 18-20 feet from where he stood. He occasionally showed off his skill and we were always impressed.

Eddie's obsession with submarines

One year Eddie became obsessed with submarines and especially submarine design. Always an avid reader of books, I remember him making sketches and thinking about all that would be required to build a submarine. I am not sure if he pursued any interest in it beyond his childhood fantasy.

Hiking adventure. Chatter Creek Trail, Lake Edna

Eddie and I hiked with the Berean youth group up to Edna Lake following the 8.8-mile Chatter Creek Trail. There were numerous other teenage boys, a packhorse, and two adult men leading the way. The trail was often fairly steep and at times hugged close to a sheer rock face of granite and there was a field of rock debris below. In the heat of a hot August afternoon, we marveled at one particular

stretch of the trail that was in the shadows covered with snow and ice. The packhorse in front of us lost its footing, slipped, and fell tumbling off the trail onto the rock debris field below, and down into the trees. The sound of the horse tumbling onto the rocks in addition to the sound of splintering wood boxes breaking into pieces stunned us. The men and older boys rapidly descended to find the horse, Eddie and I stayed on the trail and thought the horse may have died in the fall, but thankfully it survived. Assessing the situation, Von instructed us to carry his backpack and set up camp when we arrived at Lake Edna about a quarter-mile away and then come back to help carry the rest of the supplies. The 65-pound weight of Von's pack was nearly impossible for us to carry, considering we were each about 90 - 95 pounds. Von miscalculated the distance to Lake Edna which was about 5 miles away through some of the most difficult terrains of switchbacks and rocky steps with a steep grade. Eddie and I traded off carrying the heavy pack with our smaller packs. We had great conversations about faith and other matters including the recent fantastic news of a now-famous short Patterson-Gimlin film of a Sasquatch walking through the wilderness in California. We eventually made it up to the lake just before dark. A nice young couple was camping at the first campsite overlooking the valley of the treacherous trail, we stopped and told them of our situation, and they offered their camp and moved away. We kept a fire going and did our best to set up the camp. Over the next couple of hours, the rest of the hikers arrived. Everyone was quite exhausted, and bedtime came around midnight. The entire experience was another bonding moment in our lives.

Baptism: 1966 or 1967.

In the fall of 1966 (or 1967), I was baptized by immersion at the Wenatchee Church of God in the baptismal pool. When emerging from the water I was struck by the sensation of having a great weight lifted off my body, which was a deeply stirring and profound experience for me. About a week or so later Eddie was also baptized. At some point during his baptism day, I asked Eddie if he had felt anything as he was emerged out of the water. Eddie said that he had also experienced a powerful sensation, and we

marveled at the similarity of our experience that we had shared.

Final thought

I have lived away from Wenatchee for most of my adult life, and on visits home, I attend Sunday church services. When I see Eddie there, he is always joyful, cheerful, and glad to see me. We would make time to catch up and talk a little about our life journey and other matters. To realize that Eddie won't be there the next time I'm in Wenatchee saddens me greatly.

Daniel Davis - January 21, 2021 at 03:04 PM

LF

“ *A nice photo of Ed and Nita enjoying their travels.*

Laura Fulbright - January 18, 2021 at 04:35 PM

LF

“ *Eddie on vacation in Las Vegas and other pics. He loved to travel.*

Laura Fulbright - January 18, 2021 at 03:04 PM

DR

“ *Eddie was one of my best friends growing up, and in camp we were stuck together like glue. We lived close together most of our life and he was uncle Eddie to my kids.*

Daniel L Rankin - January 18, 2021 at 01:19 AM