If You Could See Me Now

If you could see me now,
you wouldn't shed a tear.
Though you may not understand
why I'm no longer here.
Remember my spirit, that's the real me.
I'm still very much alive, oh, if you could only see!
I've beheld our Father's face.
I've touched my Savior's hand.
The angels all rejoiced as I entered the Promised Land.
Beyond the gates of pearl,
I walk on golden streets.
I've touched the walls of jasper,
dipped my foot in the crystal sea.
The beauty is beyond words,
nothing can compare.
I've even seen your mansion;
someday I will meet you there.
Allow Jesus to be your guide,
His word will show you the way.
So, please, don't cry!
We will meet again someday!

By Patsy Stambaugh Deskins

The Family Acknowledgment

We the family of the late James A. Davis acknowledge with grateful appreciation every act of kindness and sympathy extended towards our family during our time of bereavement. All of the phone calls, text messages, cards, and visitations made this difficult time bearable. May God continue to bless each of you.
Mr. James A. Davis, 63 was born on July 9, 1954 in Columbia, South Carolina to the late Willie Davis Sr. and Viola Richardson Davis. He departed this life on Sunday, December 10, 2017.

He was predeceased by his sister, Rosia Mae Davis Blanks, and brother, Reginald Timothy Davis.

"JD", as he was affectionately known, attended C. A. Johnson High School. He was employed with Consolidated Systems for 15 years.

He leaves to cherish his memories, his loving wife of 38 years, Ora Lee Johnson Davis; one son, Alastair C. (Ivey) Davis, of Columbia, South Carolina; two goddaughters, Tamara Hopkins and Nubianna Allen, both of Columbia, South Carolina; one brother, Willie (Eden) Davis, Jr. of Keizer, Oregon; six sisters: Gean G. Davis of Columbia, South Carolina, Joann Simmons of Nashville, Tennessee, Viola V. Blueford, Diana D. Belk, Winifred Davis, and Angela D. (Robert) Curenton, all of Columbia, South Carolina; six grandchildren (and one on the way); as well as a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, other relatives and friends.

We little knew that day,
God was going to call your name.
In life we loved you dearly,
In death, we do the same.
It broke our hearts to lose you.
You did not go alone.
For part of us went with you,
The day God called you home.
You left us beautiful memories,
Your love is still our guide.
And although we cannot see you,
You are always at our side.
Our family chain is broken,
And nothing seems the same,
But as God calls us one by one,
The chain will link again.

Written by Ron Tranmer
Lovingly Submitted by Latoya Blanks, Niece