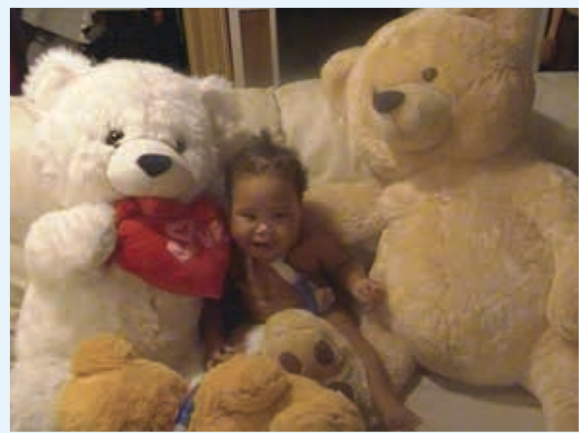
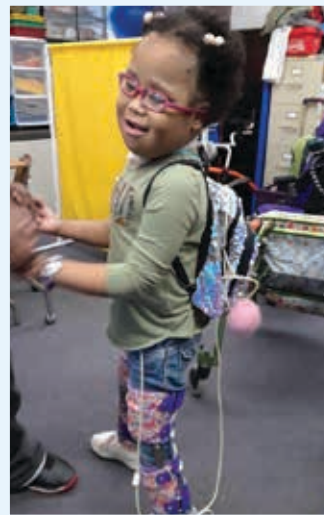


Precious Memories



Brooke's Fishy Song

*All of the fish are swimming in the water, swimming in the water,
swimming in the water
All of the fish are swimming in the water
Bubble, Bubble, Bubble, POP!*

Pallbearers

Marques Norwood
James Griffin

Teran Daniels
Louis Holmes

Acknowledgement

*We are grateful for the richness of her life, the kindness of her heart,
and the love of her family and friends. The family of Brooke A.
Davis would like to thank the staff at Cardinal Glennon Children's
Hospital, our in-home nurses, school nurses and therapists,
teachers, Marla Edwards, Sandra Sledge, The Ba Family, Arthur
McFowland, Anthony Garry, and all of our family and friends who
called, texted, visited, donated, brought food, etc. May the good Lord
who has welcomed Brooke, bless you all.*

Professional Services Entrusted To



9480 Lewis and Clark Blvd. | 199 Jamestown Mall
Jennings, MO 63136 | Florissant, MO 63034

A Celebration of Life For



Brooke Anriah Davis

Debut
June 3, 2008

Called Home
September 6, 2019

Saturday, September 14, 2019
Visitation: 10:00 AM – 11:00 AM
Celebration of Life: 11:00 AM

MOUNT ZION MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH

1444 S. Compton Avenue
St. Louis, Missouri 63104

Pastor Sammie Jones, Pastor

obituary



BROOKE AHRIAH DAVIS was born June 3, 2008, to mother, Kendra Norwood, and father, Brandon Davis. On Friday, September 6, 2019, at age 11, she gained her wings at Cardinal Glennon Children’s Hospital in St. Louis, MO. She was preceded in death by her grandmother, Lurenda McFee.

Brooke had a big impact on those around her. She had a shining personality and was very well loved by many. She was always happiest in her mother’s arms and those who would sing her the fishy song.

Brooke was way stronger than most adults we knew. She was definitely a fighter. Brooke was born with Down Syndrome, and along with Down Syndrome, came a medically complicated life. It was said that she would not live to see 1 year old, but yet she had 11 perfect years. She was truly a miracle and proof that God can do the impossible. She would never let any illness keep her down. She always kept a smile on her face and always had fun. She loved to pinch and pull hair every chance she got, despite her illness.

Brooke overcame many obstacles during her life. She learned to walk with her walker, use a communication device, learned some sign language, made noises through her trachea, and even made it to the 6th grade. With only a quarter of her lungs functioning, this past year has been tough for Brooke. She would fight forever if she could, but that is no way for an 11-year-old to live. So now her fight is over, and may we meet again.

Brooke, who is and was loved so much, will be missed by all who knew her and live to cherish her memory: her mother, Kendra; stepfather, Marques; father, Brandon; grandmother, Valerie; great-grandmother, Shirley; four brothers, Cortez, Brandon, Jr., Kaden, and Marques, Jr.; one sister, Madisyn; Auntie Tonei; and a host of other aunts, uncles, cousins, and friends.

order of Service

Scripture (Psalm 23).....Reverend Criswell

Prayer.....Pastor Robert Loyd

Musical Selection Mount Zion
Missionary Baptist Church Choir

Acknowledgements and Condolences

Musical Selection Marla Edwards

Poem..... Tianna Smith

Reading of Life’s ReflectionCassandra Ray

Musical Selection Judi Mitchell

Eulogy.....Pastor Sammie Jones

“Brooke’s Fishy Song”Everyone

Parting View

Recessional

But to Know Me

*To know me was to love me
To know my personality
To understand those love taps I’d give,
And the pinching of your skin.*

*To know me was to love me.
The pull of one’s beautiful hair,
ensured you that I really truly cared.*

*Understanding the purpose I served while I was yet here,
Now for me no more shed tears.*

*No more unspoken words,
No more afflicted pain,
I am free, in Jesus name!*

*Despite the pain I left behind,
God spared my life a little ways more than a few times.
I know that there is longing for that gentle touch
Or even the yelling of my name when Mommy and Granny
would say, “Brooke, now stop it!”
Oh, how it would drive them sometimes borderline insane,
But the love my family gave, never for a moment changed.*

*So here I am, doing my fishy song
With the Heavenly choir singing along, saying,
“Bubble, Bubble, Bubble, Pop!!!!”*

*Rest up, my beautiful niece, Brooke A. Davis.
You are truly loved and will be deeply missed.*

-Tianna Smith