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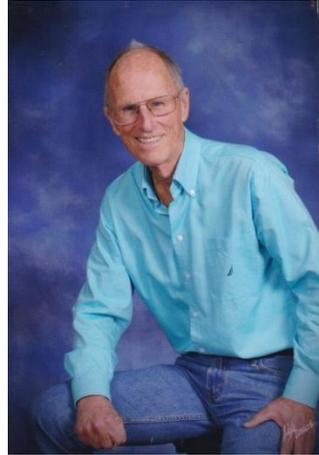
Broadcasters' Desktop Resource

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... edited by Barry Mishkind – the Eclectic Engineer

John Davis

1933 – 2017



John Davis

June 16, 1933 – October 9, 2017

In Remembrance of John Davis

By Deanne Davis

October 10, 2017

"He has shown you, O mortal, what is good.

And what does the LORD require of you?

To act justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with your God." Micah 6:8

That, friends and neighbors, was the life verse and conduct code of my best friend, my walking buddy, my oatmeal cookie aficionado, my *Dancing With The Stars* critique partner and the one and only love of my life, John Davis.

John left us Monday morning, October 9th at about 6:30 a.m. as a result of complications of pneumonia coupled with a virulent lung infection that none of us can figure out how on earth he encountered such a thing. He was 84.

EARLY DAYS

John was born in the California Hospital in Los Angeles on June 16, 1933.

His parents, Jay and Leila, supported him in whatever he needed to do, including drilling holes in the walls to rewire certain areas to work the way he wanted them to. (Of course, he also let me paint our kitchen bright orange and yellow and our bathroom bright yellow and green without complaining.)

A RADIO MAN

He attended USC where he received his Bachelor of Engineering degree in 1955 and his Master's in Engineering in 1959. He loved the radio business and did technical work for so many stations.

In fact, he loved radio so much that we built and owned our own radio station, KROR-FM, The Mighty Roar of the Desert from 1988-1994 when we got out by the skin of our teeth. We always referred to our radio years as, "The Best of Times and The Worst of Times!"

John also hosted folk music radio programs starting in the 1950's on the first FM station in Los Angeles, KCBH-FM and later on KPFK-FM, "Heartfelt Music." The song, "My Baby's Gone," he played so many times came to me when I knew he was gone:

MARRIED 50 YEARS

We have been married 50 years as of last April 1st and while I am walking and talking and doing all the things that one has to do at this sort of time, I am doing it with half of my heart.

So many people, hundreds actually and that is not exaggerating, have sent me notes on Facebook and other places telling me how John changed their lives and loved them unconditionally. He was, literally, the kindest, dearest person I have ever known.

John did things like taking my hand, looking deep into my eyes, when I was in my late 30's and saying, "It's really important to me that you floss!" "Fine," I said, "I'll floss." Now it is habitual. He did the same thing to our daughter, Patti, made her promise she would floss for a year.

A TRUE PART OF HIS COMMUNITY

John was a gentle soul who loved serving breakfast to the homeless of Pasadena at Church in the Park with Pasadena First Church of the Nazarene. He was in charge of grits and of telling people how happy he was to see them and just generally being a sweet and loving guy.

One of the happiest times of his life, mine too, was when we taught the young singles Sunday school class at church. We started with four girls who were in their early twenties and eventually we had over 30. The Jabez Group. How we loved them and how they loved him.

Many marriages and babies have come out of that group of young singles. They speak of him and the advice he gave, always solid, always loving.

... AND A FAMILY MAN

*"Hold back the rushing minutes, make the wind lie still.
Don't let the moonlight shine across the lonely hill.
Dry all the raindrops, and hold back the sun.
My world has ended, my baby's gone"*

John loved Sierra Madre. When we were going to get married in 1967, there was no question about where we would live. Sierra Madre, where you see deer wandering in the street, where people are friendly, where we found the house of our dreams, a 100-year-old beauty on 2/3 of an acre where we

raised our children, Leah, Patti, John and Crissy, where we have had hundreds of parties, barbecued tons of hamburgers and hot dogs, sat around the pool with so many friends, and laughed and talked.

When we knew that John's days were coming to an end, that is what we did, the family – which has grown to be quite a few wonderful people, 13 grandchildren, 5 great-grandchildren - and I. We sat and stood around his bed and laughed and talked and told stories, and prayed and wept and hugged and so many people came in and read the 23rd Psalm:

*“The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
he leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil:
for thou art with me...”*

SPIRITUAL HUNGER

John loved God with all his heart and soul and prayed frequently to be a better disciple for Him.

Walking Sierra Madre will not be nearly as much fun without my walking buddy to talk to and laugh with and admire the gardens all over town with, but I will do my best as that is what he would want. He is dancing with the angels! And has heard the words, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant. You have been faithful over a little; I will set you over much. Enter now into the joy of your Master!”

There will be a memorial for John on Saturday, November 4th at 1:00 PM at the First Church of the Nazarene, 3700 E. Sierra Madre Blvd., Pasadena, CA 91107.

In lieu of flowers, donations to World Vision's Clean Water Project would be greatly appreciated. Their address is:

World Vision,
PO Box 70399, Tacoma, WA 98481-0399.
Please reference John's ID/Pledge Number: D10002667

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Our sincere thanks to Deanne Davis for this material and picture of her husband, John.

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