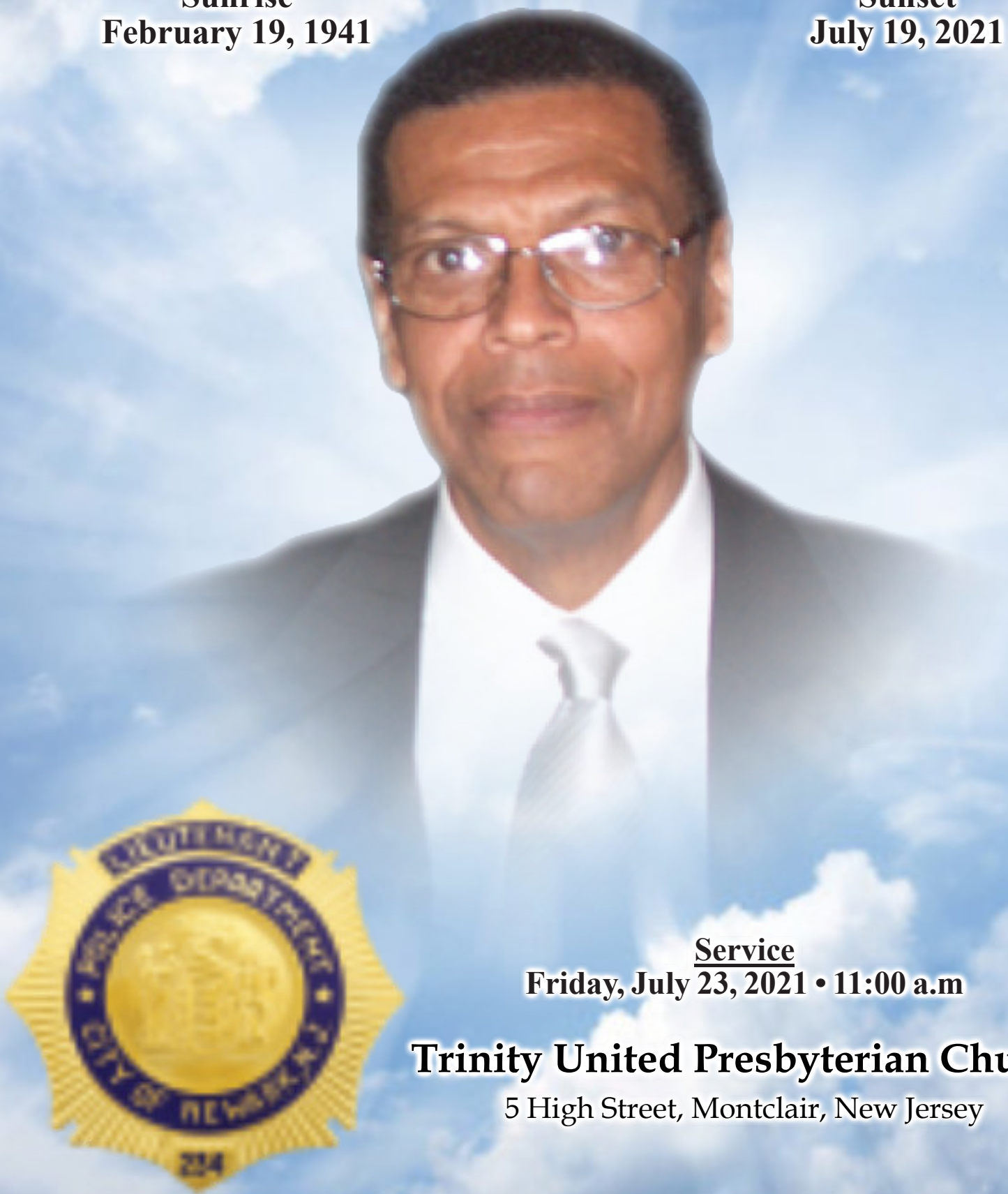


IN LOVING MEMORY OF  
**PHILIP R. DAVIS**

**Sunrise**  
**February 19, 1941**

**Sunset**  
**July 19, 2021**



**Service**  
**Friday, July 23, 2021 • 11:00 a.m**

**Trinity United Presbyterian Church**  
5 High Street, Montclair, New Jersey

# REFLECTIONS OF LIFE

Philip R. Davis, Sr., was born February 19, 1941, to the late Leon Davis, Sr. and the late Carrie Flagg. He and his three brothers, Leon Jr., Warren and Hilliard, were raised in Newark and lived with their mother in Baxter Terrace, the first housing project in Newark and one of the first in the country as well. Their family was one of the first to move in when the complex was built.

Phil was a product of the Newark Public School system. He attended Miller Street Elementary School. He briefly attended South Side High School, but graduated from Central High School in 1959. After high school, Phil enlisted in the United States Army. He was stationed in Germany and was honorably discharged in 1962 as a Specialist Fourth Class.

After returning home from the army, Phil worked for a year as a mail handler for the United States Post Office before becoming an officer with the Newark Police Department in 1964. Newark was his home. He was well-known and well-liked throughout the city, which served him well on the evening of July 12, 1967. Phil was on foot patrol when the riots erupted. Despite the violence and destruction that followed, Phil remained safe.

Phil served on the police force for 26 years. He rose in rank along the way and retired in 1991 as a lieutenant, which he would not have imagined when he was a patrolman. Phil was a man of integrity. He was a stickler for the rules, but he was also gracious and compassionate. When experiences on the police force revealed that not all police officers shared his sense of ethics and service to the community, Phil decided he would go back to school, get a degree in business and leave the force. He began his education at Essex County College, earning an associate's degree in accounting in 1971. He then enrolled in Montclair State College and graduated in 1973 with a bachelor's degree in Business.

By the time Phil graduated from Montclair State, he had a family. While pursuing his education, Phil met and married Jeanette Thomas, who was also from Newark. They had two children, Nicol and the late Philip Jr.

Phil decided to remain on the police force for the stability. In 1974, Phil was promoted to Detective and worked in the fraud division, investigating white collar crime and other criminal activity. In 1981, he was promoted to Sergeant and was tasked with the responsibility of supervising the first storefront precinct in Newark (on Bergen Street). A few short years later, in 1985, he was promoted to Lieutenant. As a Lieutenant, he continued to supervise and train patrol officers. He also acted as liaison between department and community and executed a community policing program.

Phil used his business education to become an entrepreneur as well. Phil's business was real estate, both investing in it and selling it. He worked part-time as a real estate associate with Jordan Baris, from 1973 to 1981 and, through the years, owned properties with his wife.

Phil could fix anything, so he was not only the "landlord," he was also the "super." In addition to maintaining his properties, including self-renovating his family home, Phil was often called on by family, friends and neighbors to assist with repairs of all types.



Phil was a kind and benevolent man. He was always willing to help those in need. Phil was also very private, humble and unpretentious. He did things because he felt they were the right thing to do. He didn't do them for accolades. As a result, he was often overlooked. He did not mind -- but his wife did. She always tried to make sure that he got his "just due."

Phil did not like loud noise (or loud people). He often startled his family because he could enter a room (and even enter the house) without making a sound. He also did not like confrontation. As a result, he was often taken advantage of. He rarely retaliated for himself -- but his wife did on his behalf. When she urged him to respond to the negative actions of other people, his response was usually "Just let it go, Jeanette." The two loved and adored each other. They bickered incessantly, but they always had each other's backs. They were inseparable. People often commented that if you saw Phil, you saw Jeanette and vice versa. He was her protector and she was his.

Phil also protected his children. He was their biggest fan. They knew they could call daddy at any time, in any situation and for anything they needed and he would come. He loved them dearly and did his best to shield them from the harshness of the world -- even when they made that job difficult. He would do anything for his family.

Phil was slow to anger, but once he was taken there -- watch out! Taking his kindness for weakness was not a mistake you wanted to make. One of his dear friends called him "Malcolm" to describe his revolutionary spirit. Usually, though, Phil was more of a quiet storm. He was very patient. He knew that nothing worth having comes easily, so he was willing to plant his feet or stay the course as required.

Phil was large in stature, but gentle in nature. People were initially intimidated by him because of his size and seemingly stoic appearance. He was quiet and reserved, but once he let you in, you were blessed. He enjoyed spending time with family and good friends, talking, laughing and just having a good time. He liked to tell corny "dad" jokes and always got a kick out of how silly his children could get him to be. He touched many lives and was well-respected and loved by all who got to know him.

He enjoyed sports. Basketball was his favorite. He played it in high school, the army and even as a police officer. Phil also really liked history and politics. He relished in discussions on those topics with people who were educated about them and especially liked to learn about and understand viewpoints that were different from his.

Phil was a member of "The Bronze Shields." Phil was also a member of the Fraternal Order of Police (F.O.P.) and the National Organization of Black Law Enforcement Executives (N.O.B.L.E.). In addition to his law enforcement affiliations, Philip was a member of the Concerned Black Citizens of West Orange, having also served as secretary for the organization.

Phil was called home on Monday, July 19<sup>th</sup> with his wife and daughter by his side. He was predeceased by his dear son, Philip Jr.; his sister, Patricia Taylor of Reading, PA; and his brother, Hilliard Davis.

He leaves to mourn his passing his devoted wife, Jeanette; his loving daughter, Nicol Bell; his son-in-law (bonus son) Corey Bell; two brothers, Leon, Jr. and Warren; five grandchildren, Corey and Jeremie Bell and Khairi, Khiara and Kheiyanna Davis; three sisters-in-law, Layetta Bacon, Cassandra Davis and Rhonda Davis; and a host of nieces, nephews, cousins and dear friends.

# ORDER OF SERVICE

Processional

Musical Selection ..... Elder Tamron Keith

Invocation

Hymn ..... How Great Though Art

Prayer of Comfort ..... Rhonda Davis

Scripture Readings ..... Corey Bell

Obituary ..... Nicol Bell

Musical Selection ..... Elder Tamron Keith

Eulogy ..... Rev. Dr. A. Craig Dunn

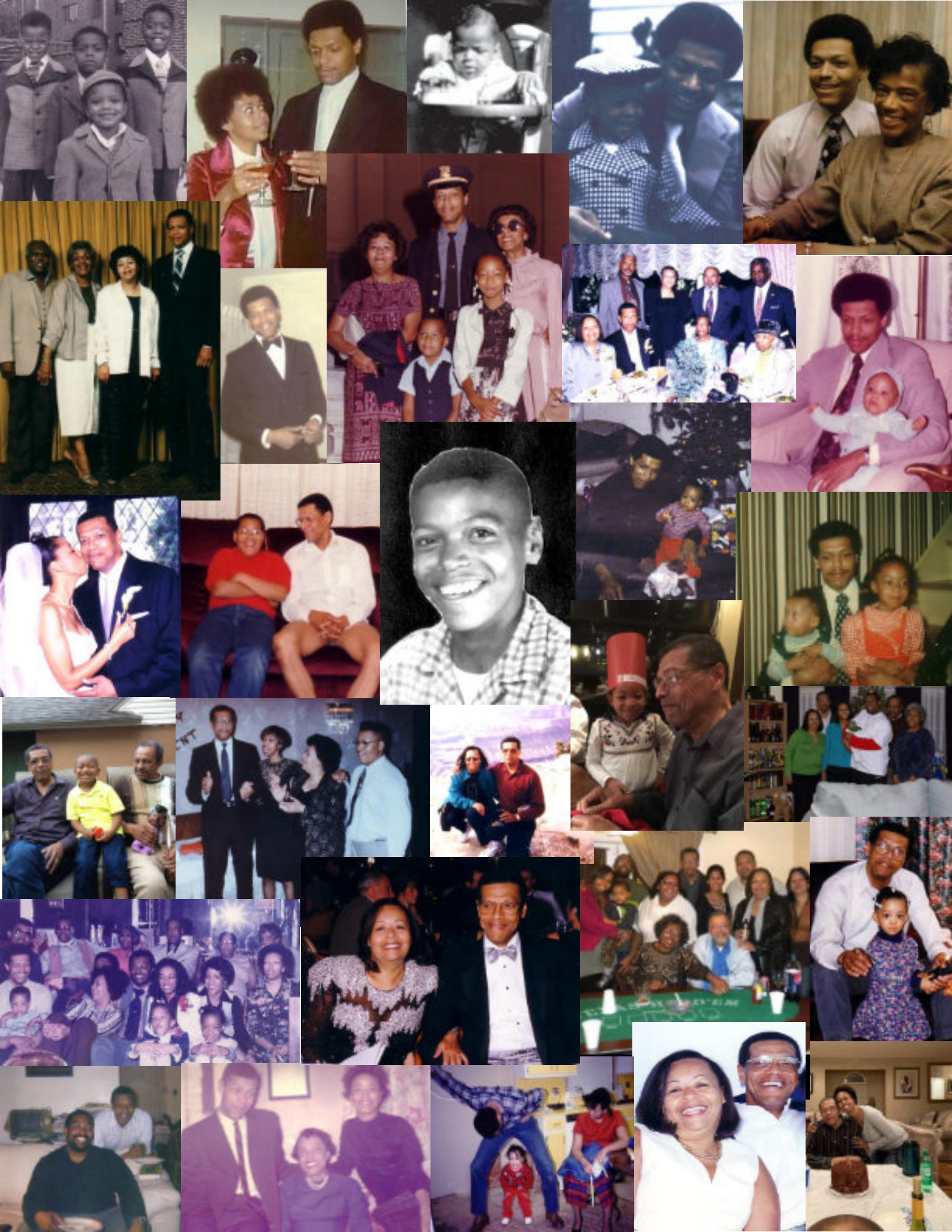
*Senior Pastor,  
First Baptist Church of Madison, Madison, New Jersey*

Recessional

## ENTOMBMENT

Fairmount Cemetery  
Newark, New Jersey











# TO THOSE I LOVE

*To those I love and those that love me,  
When I am gone, release me, let me go  
I have so many things to see and do  
You mustn't tie yourself to me with tears  
Be happy that we had so many years.  
I gave you my love, you can only guess  
How much you gave me in happiness  
I thank you for the love you each have shown But now it's  
time I travel alone  
So grieve for a while for me if you must  
Then let your grief be comforted by trust.  
It's only for a while that we must part  
So bless the memories within your heart  
I won't be far away, for life goes on  
So if you need me, call and I will come Though you can't see  
me or touch me, I'll be near And if you listen with your heart  
you'll hear All my love around you so soft and clear  
And then, when you must come this way alone I'll greet you  
with a smile and say,  
"Welcome Home."*

# AFTERGLOW

*I'd like the memory of me  
To be a happy one,  
I'd like to leave an afterglow  
Of smiles when day is done.  
I'd like to leave an echo  
Whispering softly down the ways,  
Of happy times and laughing times  
And bright and sunny days.  
I'd like the tears of those who grieve  
To dry before the sun  
Of happy memories that I leave behind,  
When the day is done.*

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

*The family acknowledges with deep appreciation all acts of  
kindness extended to them during this bereavement hour.  
May God bless you for all your thoughtfulness and concern.*

---

### Professional Services Provided By

**COTTON FUNERAL SERVICE**  
130 Main Street  
Orange, NJ  
973-675-6400

1025 Bergen Street  
Newark, NJ  
973-926-6400

**COTTON-PARKER FUNERAL HOME**  
37 Clinton Avenue  
Jersey City, NJ  
201-433-1000

