



Philip "Hoppy" Davis

March 8, 1955 - December 15, 2022

In 1955 Phebe and Ralph Davis brought home a baby boy to their newly built home on Mock Road in the rural town of Berlin Center, Ohio. Welcoming little Philip Andrew was big sis Anne and canine brother Matt (a bonafide Weimaraner). They had no telephone (you had to pay for the poles) and no neighbors in sight. Ralph raised or hunted for most of their food before “sustainable” was cool. Having the Davis ornery spirit from an early age, Hoppy was barely 4 when he and Matt toddled out to the beehives to retrieve their own honey. Nearly 100 beestings later, Hop was released from the ER – sore but surviving. As we will see later: HE WAS HARD TO KILL!

In his teen years when the cousins wanted to ice skate, Phebe assigned Philip to test the ice. He accomplished the task by doing donuts on the ice with his Gremlin. Unfortunately, he blew the engine on that vehicle which he still owed on. He enlisted the help of loyal friends, padded himself with pillows, and they pushed him and the car over an embankment into the bridge on Hoyle Road. The “totaled” car was insured.

Later on, he purchased a beautiful silver corvette. Winter in NE Ohio is brutal and sometimes the car wouldn't start so he covered the engine with a blanket. He was awakened one early morning with Aunt Marry calling out in her weak voice, “Philip, I think something is wrong with your car.” Aunt Mary was a queen of understatement. It was engulfed in flames and ended up a puddle of fiberglass in the driveway. He was heartbroken.

Philip was never one to be insecure about his manhood. (And he loved the

ladies.) Needing another elective to graduate from Western Reserve he enrolled in Home EC – the only male. Not only did he do well, but in the annual competition he won the coveted Betty Crocker Award at graduation. Hoppy had a unique way of dealing with challenging circumstances. He loved to party and once after an evening at the Legion, he wrecked his truck on 534. Feigning an injury, he rode in an ambulance to a hospital he knew well. Once in the ER he evaded authorities (who wanted blood alcohol levels) and hid in an empty room in the maternity ward overnight. (He urinated in the sink so no one would hear the toilet flush.) The police gave up looking for him and he got a ride home the next day. Stories circulated on the Berlin Center Rumor Mill that while up there he had assisted with a birth and had consulted on breast feeding instruction, but these reports were unsubstantiated.

Another summer evening after overindulging he played it safe and slept it off in his truck in a bar parking lot. He was rudely awakened by a Mahoning County sheriff deputy shoving a shot gun at his head and ordering him out of his truck. Philip assessed the situation and calmly put his finger in the barrel of the gun and stated, “Do what you have to do.” This corrupt officer of the law was later indicted and served time. (His initials are Phil Chance.)

Philip’s proudest accomplishments were won on the negotiation strategies he executed in his role as president of the union of his tire company. Denman Rubber had fallen into corrupt management. Unsafe work conditions and unethical employee practices were pervasive, and no one was able to stand up for the workers. Philip changed that. He orchestrated a strike leading a protest at the CEO’s home dressed as a condom. Not trusting the HR executive (initials Scott Tackett) he purchased a mini cassette recorder which his mother and sister sewed into his underwear near his male member where it was successfully concealed. This culminated in saving the retiree’s pension and health insurance.

Another memorable episode in his life was after he and his daughter Amanda had visited Phebe in Northside Hospital after heart surgery. Stopping at a nearby gas station, two thugs attempted to rob him. Not in the mood for

victimhood, Philip took out a lighter and deftly pointed the gas hose at them. They wisely retreated.

Being a fierce competitor, Philip delighted in developing Amanda's baseball skills. One of his proudest days was when she won the Cleveland Indians Youth Skills competition at Jacobs field. He dutifully served time as a 4H livestock dad at the Canfield Fair with her pigs, turkeys, and chickens.

The summer of Amanda's 16th birthday, while Marge and Philip were away on a trip to Tucson Uncle Paul was left to supervise niece Abby and Amanda. On one ill-fated trip with the girls to the Roger's Flea Market, Uncle Paul purchased two baby Jersey bull calves. The girls kept them in the garage (attached to Philip's house), bottle fed them and kept them alive. Philip's reaction to finding two baby calves in his garage could be heard for several counties over. Sadly, one of the calves died. The other thrived and was named "Sparky". Sparky went on to play a vital role on the Davis homestead.

Frequently being staked on various portions of the property, tasked with mowing those hard-to-reach areas. Phil and Sparky grew close and now Sparky's skull resides in the dining room for all to see.

Another odd predicament took place when Phil and niece Alyssa traveled to China to visit her brother Andrew one winter. On their way to the Beijing airport their taxi was involved in a road rage event in heavy four lane traffic. The taxi driver abandoned the vehicle, catapulted onto the hood of the offending vehicle – never

to be seen again. Philip jumped into action, made Alyssa stop traffic and commandeered the wrecked taxi off the street and then dealt with the confused and perplexed Chinese authorities who assumed this burly American had stolen a taxi.

After his retirement, Phil and Marge moved to Tucson, Arizona where the family purchased a beautiful ranch with a pool at the foot of Mt. Lemmon overlooking the city. He hosted exclusive biweekly poker parties (especially during Covid lockdowns) for their loyal Moose and Elk friends. (For those

interested, these will continue in his honor).

Tragically, in 2012 Hoppy was diagnosed with oropharyngeal cancer. After undergoing tortuous radiation treatments, his throat was so raw he couldn't eat or drink. With the medical team unable to access a vein for IV hydration his only option was a peg tube which he vehemently declined. He went home to die. After calling family and friends he laid down in bed in terrible pain waiting for the end. That afternoon Marge kept coming into his room begging him to come outside and see something miraculous – a DOUBLE RAINBOW IN THE DESERT!!! He initially refused but had 2nd thoughts and hobbled out barefoot into the yard. He was awestruck by the sight and reported to his sister, "I looked at that rainbow and then I asked God to forgive me for all the rotten things that I had done." No sooner were the words out of his mouth than a huge scorpion attached itself to his leg and stung him relentlessly injecting its poisonous venom. He said he felt it was the wrath of the Almighty getting him. Marge drove him to Immediate Care facilities but it was Sunday, and they were closed so he angrily ordered her to just drive him home so he could die in peace. As the long night of death dragged on and on, he felt better and better. The venom completely anesthetized his throat and he was able to eat and drink for days. HE WAS HARD TO KILL!!!

Philip had only 12 months of cancer remission and it was discovered that the cancer had settled in his lungs. He participated in years of additional chemotherapy, radiation, and experimental treatments which kept the cancer at bay. Philip gave cancer the middle finger for over 10 years, providing "feedback" on numerous medical professionals along the way. We attribute his years of longevity to his oncology team at AZ Oncology (Raquel RN, Nicole NP, and Dr. Manda). He knew that his ability to be an "outlier" came from others participating in cancer research/clinical trials. He participated in cancer research until the very end.

In June 2022, he had been weakened by the cancer and was battling COVID his persuasive skills were still viable. Tucson is a desert and while he was bed stricken a rattlesnake had perceived an opportunity and had taken up

residence on his front steps. Fearing harm for his poker buddies and visitors, Philip entreated his devoted nurse practitioner, April, to take his gun and execute the venomous invader. When this task was deftly performed, he rallied himself to inspect the carcass. This elderly man with metastatic lung cancer beat COVID, it can be done. He was hard to kill!

In July, Philip was told he didn't have much time left. He packed up the truck and drove cross country with his son-in-law Jeremy. Stopping at famous watering holes along the way. He spent 3 months on the family farm, driving tractors, baling hay, making amends with folks he hadn't seen in ages, and even facilitating a family reunion.

On December 15, 2022, Philip died at home. We will spare the intimate details. However, the detail of his death he would want us to share is that he exited this life mooning the world.

Although it feels like we lost him too soon, "WHEN IT'S TIME TO GO, IT'S TIME TO GO!"

Tribute Wall

DP

“ I received a call from ‘big sister’ Anne regarding Phil’s passing and I so wanted to call but Anne left no number. I have known Phil for many years and although the obituary hits on many areas of his life, in many ways he was so much more. He will be missed -he is already missed by me. My condolences to the family.

Denny L Peck - March 07, 2023 at 04:17 PM



“ Philip "Hoppy" Davis

January 30, 2023 at 12:50 AM

JT

“ Thanks for making me feel so welcome at your weekly poker games, Phil. I enjoyed the fellowship and didn't mind your bluffing me out of a great hand. Save us a table up there...
John Thomke
Tucson

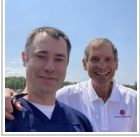
John Thomke - December 26, 2022 at 10:37 AM

CT

“ Wild thing ❤️



Chuck truitt - December 22, 2022 at 09:02 AM



“ I cannot share the story of Uncle Hoppy without mentioning the person in his life that he most respected, his mother, my Grandma Phebe. She was a kind and loving person, but also quick witted and wise. Staring down and shaming a group of heavily armed and corrupt sheriff’s deputies (some of whom are still in prison today), to allow for Hoppy and his comrades to escape arrest was one of his fondest stories about Grandma (she did this just after open heart surgery mind you). Grandma was the eternal and unending force of good on uncle hoppy’s shoulder, as she is on mine, and many of the people whose lives she touched. It was that yearning, the need to protect the weak, that was the quality that we so loved from Uncle Hoppy.

As a child the stories of his time playing football alongside Brad Speece, his track and field records (some of which still stand to this day) at Western Reserve High School, that I once aspired to match served as my motivation to train.

When I was barely a teenager, he would often employ me to lay paving bricks for his seemingly never ending patio and driveway project at the farm. This was some of the hardest work I’ve ever done. He impressed upon me the value of never giving up, to never show weakness in front of others. He taught me a lot about work, and more importantly about how to treat people that work for you. These lessons would serve me well in the Marine Corps later in life.

When his daughter showed promise in little league softball, he threw himself into the program with un swerving vigor. Soon he was coaching, and building a field of dreams style softball field at the farm. Although a girl, and several years my junior, his daughter Amanda had such a cannon of an arm, that I’m still more afraid of catching for her than any medium machine gun bullet that has gone by me in training.

When Grandma was dying my mother, Aunt Denise, and Aunt Diane, spent a lot of time at the farm taking care of her. Uncle

*Hoppy told me that he would never forget their support, and that he "never forgot a favor, and never forgot a f**k". I think Roman Consul Sulla's epitaph sums up Uncle Hoppy the best "No friend ever served me, and no enemy ever wronged me, whom I have not repaid in full." For Uncle Hoppy, I can only end by saying that truly you could not have a better friend or a worse enemy.*

Andrew Guthrie - December 21, 2022 at 09:15 PM

JA

Rest in peace Hoppy, you were definitely a hard spirit to kill, but left many great memories. Sorry I missed you when you visited Ohio, see you at some point in time. Peace to your family.

Julie (Julia Arnold)

Julia Arnold - January 09, 2023 at 11:26 AM

TD

“ *What a fascinating life. <3 Prayers to the family.*



Tiffany Douglas - December 21, 2022 at 11:56 AM



“ *My condolences to his family especially to my wonderful friend, Amanda. Prayers to his family.* □



Vickie Reza Romero - December 20, 2022 at 11:58 PM

AG

“ 1 file added to the tribute wall



Anne Guthrie - December 20, 2022 at 09:54 PM

VS

“ You will always be my "King of All Hearts"! Gonna miss you at the poker table. Your friend , always Vikki



vikki scuola - December 20, 2022 at 05:34 PM



“ Randall Reese lit a candle in memory of Philip Davis



Randall Reese - December 19, 2022 at 08:46 AM

JD

“ Jeanne Delmont lit a candle in memory of Philip Davis



Jeanne Delmont - December 16, 2022 at 11:01 AM