



Monabelle Mae Davis

April 29, 2018

Monabelle Davis, née Barnhart, left to be with the Lord on Sunday, April 29, 2018. Her memory was honored in her hometown of Clearfield on Thursday, May 4, 2018, by her remaining family at Crown Crest Memorial Park in Hyde, PA.

Monabelle was born July 23, 1921, to Arthur and Mabel Barnhart and preceded in death by her parents and her husband, Kenneth Lynn Davis, also of Clearfield. Surviving are her son and daughter, Ronald Lynn Davis of Erie, PA, and Janet Davis Brandy of Lancaster, PA. Monabelle has three grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

Monabelle graduated Clearfield High School in 1939 and married Kenneth, her high school sweetheart, in 1942. She attended Dubois Business College and worked as a secretary and bookkeeper in Clearfield.

Monabelle was a wonderful wife and loving mother, a woman of many talents and interests who not only cooked and baked, but played classical piano, gardened, painted by number, knitted, sewed, embroidered, and crocheted. She made a home her family will always remember, easily making friends wherever she went. Later in life she learned French horn in order to play in many community bands with her husband, whom she cared for during the final

years of his life.

A thirty-year resident of Willow Valley, she lived life to its fullest for nearly a century. Her children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and many friends will miss her indeed.

Tribute Wall



“ *Monabelle Mae Davis*

October 22, 2023 at 11:34 PM



“ *i miss you so much, mom - love janet*



Janet D Brandy - October 25, 2018 at 07:29 PM

 Janet
Davis

“ This is the poem my niece Monica read at our graveside service:

Death is Nothing at All by Henry Scott Holland

*Death is nothing at all,
I have only slipped away
into the next room.*

*I am I,
and you are you;
whatever we were to each other,
that, we still are.*

*Call me by my old familiar name,
speak to me in the easy way
which you always used,
put no difference in your tone,
wear no forced air
of solemnity or sorrow.*

*Laugh as we always laughed
at the little jokes we shared together.
Let my name ever be
the household word that it always was.
Let it be spoken without effect,
without the trace of a shadow on it.*

*Life means all
that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was.
There is unbroken continuity.*

*Why should I be out of mind
because I am out of sight?*

I am waiting for you,

*for an interval,
somewhere very near,
just around the corner.*

All is well.

Janet Davis - May 19, 2018 at 01:41 PM