



# AUNT SHERRI DAVIS

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When we entered the house, noises quickly filled the air—the laughter and joy of family members talking about their adventures. The addicting smell of the food in the kitchen as everyone rushed around grabbing ingredients. The snicker from behind me as my brother snuck an Oreo from the cookie jar and the gaze of disapproval from my mom. You emerged from the overcrowded room to give warm and affectionate hugs. You'd spend time making these memories special. We'd peruse "A Christmas Story" together, share stories, and you'd express your love as you did in your heart-warming way. Every year, the Christmases are just as special, and we will never forget how special you were.

When I think of you, memories and love fill me like rain feeding a river. You'd been through so much, yet lived so light. Nothing could impede you. Every time I'm weak, I'm reminded of you. You were supportive through thick and thin, and your love poured down on us.

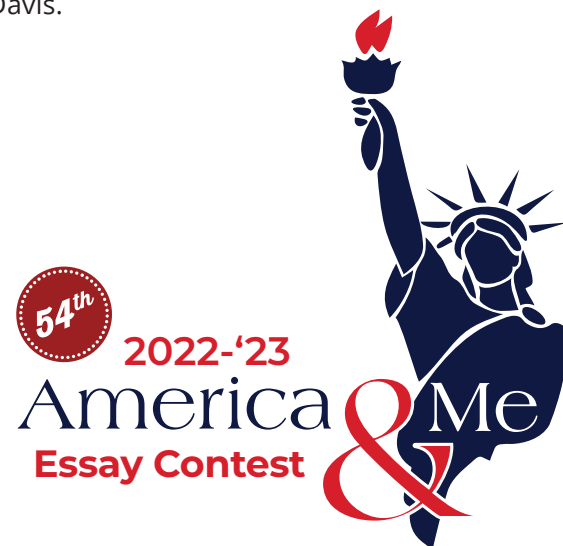
When I think of you, I think of the birthday I spent at your house. You stayed up to decorate the room and were quiet as a mouse. I woke up to balloons on the floor, streamers on the door, and an exhausted dog and aunt on the bed. These memories are never forgotten and we will always remember them. You were like a mother to us. We love you, Aunt Mom.

When I think of you, I think about the various Halloweens. You helped us dress up and joined us on our adventures. You made us goodie bags with treats, pictures, and love. We relished the conversation about what we should eat first. Once, we even went trick-or-treating in your neighborhood. We got to know your neighbors and I could see how happy they were when we showed up at their door.

When I think of you, I'm reminded of how caring and connecting you were. When you'd see anyone, you could spark up any conversation and put a smile on their face.

When I think of you, I remember one special night I spent at your house. We collected items for the Christmas Shoe Box donations for your church. We chose which items got to go in which box and thought about the children who would open them with joyful faces. That night, I pondered the thought of how caring you were. You would help people no matter how it affected you, and it inspires me to be like that. You would watch the neighbor's dogs and go over with your dog, Chloe, to say hi. When the church needed something, you would go and help. We met new people and made connections that could only happen with you there.

No matter where we are or what we do, we will always remember how you were with us. Many memories will flourish as the days go on, and you will always be remembered. We love you, Aunt Sherri Davis.



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