



Elizabeth B. Davis (Phillips)

November 4, 1929 - October 13, 2019

Elizabeth “Lizzy” Betty Phillips-Davis was born on November 4, 1929, in Exmore, Virginia, to the late Robert Phillips, Sr. and Mollie Taylor-Phillips. She departed this life on October 13, 2019, in her place of residence in Dover, Delaware.

Elizabeth retired at the age of 81. She was a self-employed and dedicated. Her cleaning service was one of a kind. She had a passion for changing lives by revamping the homes of others, making their space beautiful again.

Elizabeth was preceded in death by her husband, Willie Davis, Sr.; father, Robert Phillips, Sr.; mother, Mollie Taylor-Phillips; grandpa, Pete Luke Taylor, Sr.; grandmother, Betty Hargis-Taylor; three sons, Timothy “Timmy” Davis, Willie “Sonnyboy” Davis and Clyde Davis; two daughters, Joyce Anne Davis and Linda Marie Graham; sisters, Dorothy “Fats” Phillips-Coston and Louise Phillips-Mercy; and brothers, Johnnie Phillips, Willie “Bill” Phillips and Robert Phillips.

Elizabeth is survived by seven sons and two daughters, Joseph Davis (Peggy), Thomas Davis (Sylvia), Larry Davis, Randolph Davis, Milton Davis, Michael Davis, Carlton Davis, Teresa Davis and Gloria “Mae Mae” Davis, all of Dover, DE; granddaughter, Kyiesha Coverdale; and a host of other grandchildren, great-grandchildren, nieces and nephews.

Tribute Wall

CO

“ Aunt Lizzy will forever be in my heart. To all of my family, may our love be each others strength. \u2764\ufe0f

Corinthia - October 17, 2019 at 07:31 PM

DG

“ You will be in our hearts and memories forever. Wishing eternal happiness for you Grandma Lizzy. With love from your grandson Dwayne Graham.

Dwayne and Kelly Graham - October 17, 2019 at 11:00 AM

BI

“ Miss Me But Let Me Go When I come to the end of the road and the sun has set on me, I want no rites in a gloom filled room, why cry for a soul set free. Miss me a little--but not too long, and not with your head bowed low, Remember the love that we once shared, miss me--but let me go. For this is a journey that we all must take, and each must go alone. It's all a part of the Master's plan, a step on the road to home. When you are lonely and sick of heart, go to the friends we know. And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds, miss me--but let me go. - Unknown No more worries, No more Pain... Sleep well, Grandma - Love, Billy G. III and Family

Billy Graham III - October 16, 2019 at 09:50 PM