



## Mark Errol Davis

February 15, 1962 - December 7, 2024

Mark Errol Davis, 62, passed away on December 7, 2024. A dear son, brother, uncle, and great-uncle, he was the ultimate optimist and friend to everyone he met. He was born on February 15, 1962, to Roy Errol Davis and Carolyn Sue (Brooks) Davis in Albany, Ga., while Roy served in the U.S. Marine Corps. He was preceded in death by his father, grandparents (Marvin "Pete" Brooks, Doris Brooks, Leon Davis, Ossie Mae Davis), an aunt (Robbie Buckley), and cousin (Harvey Buckley). He is survived by his mother, brother, Michael Davis (Debbie), nephews Tyler Davis (Sarah), Chandler Davis, and great-nephew Calvin Davis. He is also survived by an aunt (Margaret Brooks) and cousins, including Lori Saia, as well as a large extended family of Davis, Brooks, and Dearmans.

As a toddler, he suffered a traumatic brain injury in a car accident, yet Mark had a full life, thanks to his dedicated mother, who advocated and cared for him every single day of his nearly 63 years of life. His brother, Mike, also played a significant role, helping to care for him, taking him on road trips and around town for local excursions, including those for cheese enchiladas and chocolate shakes.

Mark grew up in Pearland, Texas, and attended Pearland schools before moving with his family to Mississippi, Indiana, and then back to Texas in 2018. He was an endless hugger, lifelong Astros devotee, penny slots enthusiast,

80's music aficionado, and all-around fan of first responders whether on TV (70's show Emergency!), in-person (always eager to call 911 for someone) or hearing their sirens in the distance and calling everyone's attention to it. He loved game shows, especially The Price is Right, Wheel of Fortune, and Card Sharks.

Mark never met a stranger and always looked forward to meeting new people. Waiting for a restaurant table was never a hassle for him. He was quick to strike up a conversation with those nearby and often plied personal information from them in a matter of seconds.

Thanks to his mom, brother, and Aunt Margaret, Mark made it to all 50 states, Washington, D.C., Mexico, and Canada. However, he wasn't impressed by the last two states, Hawaii and Alaska (since they lacked slot machines), so he had to be bribed with post-vacation casino trips so he would admire the scenery.

Mark also had an amazing gift for numbers. He could add 3-digit numbers in his head and memorized complete addresses, birthdates, and phone numbers for his immediate and extended family. That talent came in handy when he was left alone near a home phone and quickly made clandestine calls to unsuspecting relatives, only hanging up when Mark heard a parent's voice headed in his direction. The math skills also came in handy as he counted down the years until each of his nephews turned 21 and could join him on a casino trip. He always invited those he loved to join him on a junket to his favorite places on earth - Las Vegas and the Gulf Coast of Mississippi.

With Mark, every meal needed to end with dessert, preferably something with chocolate. If you offered him a choice between two options, his answer was always "both." After tasting some of Debbie's chocolate chip cookies, he tried to get his future sister-in-law to break off her engagement and marry him

instead. She stayed with Mike but kept both supplied with cookies, knowing the two were a package deal.

Mark was always in the center of the family, always quick to love and aggravate (just ask Mike about the daily torture of being woken up by that memorable 70's hit "Hot Child in the City"). He dearly loved his nephews (even though he regularly pointed out that he wanted nieces) and made sure they called him "Uncle Mark" and not just "Mark."

Even if you made him mad, Mark would respond with "love you anyway," a phrase that continues to be said regularly by the rest of the family. He also didn't say goodbye, it was "ta ta" or "see you again."

Mark, we know we will see you again, so for now, "ta ta" and "love you anyway."

Help us celebrate his life by enjoying your favorite milkshake or simply rolling down your car windows and blaring some 80's rock.

Memorials may also be made to the Westwinds Brass Band of Lubbock, TX.

# Cemetery Details

## Miller Crematory

202 Avenue Q  
Lubbock, TX 79415

# Tribute Wall



“ *I miss my brother very much. Mike Davis*

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**Michael Davis** - December 27, 2024 at 11:06 PM