

Carol's Comments

I met Joy Davis at AAUW St. Paul. I would see this slender vibrant woman in her high heels make her way to the podium every week and let us know what was happening in her literature seminar. I attended one day and became one of the those who adored her. She never forgot one thing about the literature that she loved and had taught for almost 70 years. We came from different places, but we hit it off immediately. I helped her a bit with some technological things, and we became fast friends. As her eyes began to fail, I read to her frequently, most often her beloved Kate Chopin.

Joy was confident in almost any setting, but while she loved to go to the dining room in her residence, she didn't like to go alone. I became her dinner partner several times per month. We would have a gin and tonic, well, I don't really know about the tonic, and then we would go to dinner. We hung out together afterward, watched things on TV. She never tired of watching documentaries about people like Ruth Bader Ginsberg. We frequently challenged one another and argued about Joe Scarborough, Amanda Gorman, and other writers and celebrities. We never resolved our differences on those two especially! We did, however, always agree on the use of the Oxford comma.

Joy was a character in many ways! We would always finish off the evening with a bowl of ice cream. It didn't matter to Joy what brand of ice cream we had, as long as there was a coffee flavor in it somewhere.

Joy loved life! She embraced it with every fiber in her body. When she married John, a baseball fan, she learned everything that she could about baseball. When her grandsons played football, she did the same. Joy loved learning and helping others learn. I often think of things that I wish I could ask her or run by her. I will never forget the impact that she had on my life.