



# Who is Joy Davis???

Just our inspiration!

# Dr. Joy Lee Davis

b. April 3, 1931  
d. May 27, 2021



# Our dear Joy Davis



Joy always had a thirst for knowledge, education, and literature. She received her Bachelors and Masters Degrees from Wellesley College and her PhD from Rutgers University.

Joy has published four books; a personal memoir, and three thought-provoking and playfully-analytical publications on the works of Jane Austen and Billy Collins.

# Joy and John



The second chapter of Joy's life began with Dr. John B. Davis, Jr.

Their instant chemistry and common passions for education catapulted Joy and John into a high school-like romance that lasted 25 years until John's passing in 2011.

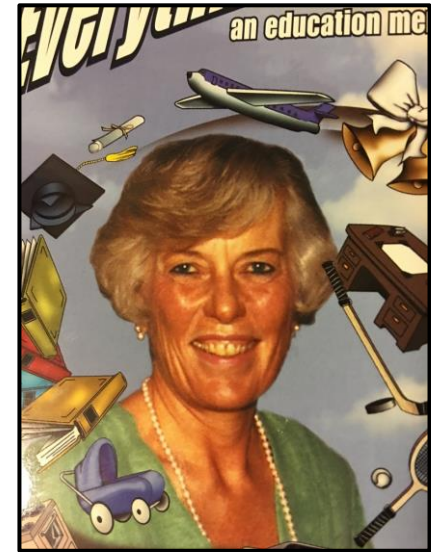
# Happiness

Joy and John would read together, laugh together, cavort around, and leave love notes for each other taped on the bathroom mirror or strewn about the floor!!



# *Everything But*

John also gave Joy great inspiration to write her own poetry and even publish her memoir *Everything But* that she dedicated to John.



## **And other publications!**

*From the Beginning: The St. Paul College Club*

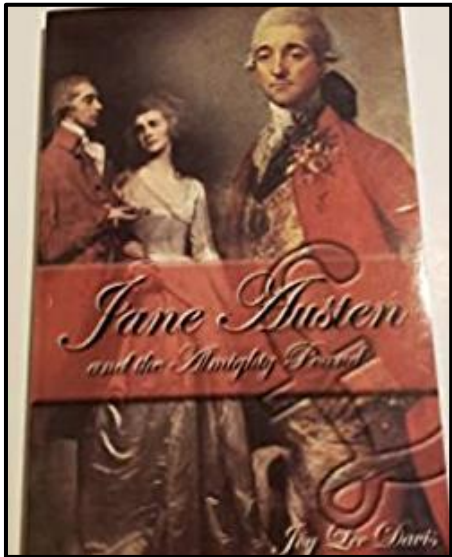
*AAUW Scholarship Trust, 1911-2011*

**Joy Lee Davis; Kim Blair, (Historian); Silvey Barge**

Published by the St. Paul College Club, American Association of University Women, St. Paul, Minnesota, 2013

*Jane Austen and the Almighty Pound*

January 1, 2005



Ours was a friendship formed through a love of literature and punctuation.

Joy sported this saying on a T-shirt given to her by one of her grandsons.



# Joy's pen was never silent.



*Hi, Carol,*

## The Poems of Carol Connolly

the first Poet Laureate of St. Paul, Minnesota

January

*I do appreciate these poems. But I can't avoid the impression that, like many current poems which "address issues" (p. 3), they bleed into prose. (because they're dealing with issues)*

### A Gentleman's Invitation

*Clever echoes of traditional love-compliments. The warning BUT*

Meet me at six o'clock  
at the New French Café.  
We will share,  
says he,  
a cup of consommé  
Handsome is he  
and debonaire:  
His smile is as wide  
as the English Channel:  
But a hungry woman,  
searching for substance  
could  
drown  
in a cup of consommé  
at six o'clock  
at the New French Café.

### Radical Acts

*Going from l. 2 to l. 5 adds force (without "NOT")*

Sometimes I iron pillowcases,  
Not because it's important,  
Not because it creates a cure,  
saves the planet, or saves a life.  
I iron because I know how  
to do it well. I do it well.  
It's a comfort in these dot.com days  
when so much is so-mysterious,  
to simply, with a sure hand,  
glide a red hot iron back  
and forth across clean cotton.  
Make the wrinkles disappear.  
It's a comfort when a young  
woman with a shiny new  
degree says, "I don't get this,  
and tell me again:  
Who is Gloria Steinem?"



# Letters to Me

(And nothing is as revealing as handwriting!)

Monday A.M.  
5/17/2024

Good morning, David Carol!

Dear Carol, also, for your bright, shining full page letter. The best parts of your packet are that letter AND the handsome portrait of Jack. I love his being camera-capt at that sudden moment when surprise & response are registered in eyes & mouth to invite a gaze in whoever is watching him. That you for sending it so that I can see his actual years of life in full color.

I continue to be grateful for your continuing our poetry seminars. It is time now to invite them after yourself in the bulletin.

I have approached Amanda Gordon's poems before, especially the inaugural "Hill We Climb." I've consciously uttered no comments on them, knowing that (or

rather, assuming that) I would be booted out of them.

I tell myself I'm tone deaf and inert to rhythm because I cannot feel poetry there. I can't experience any emotional response, any powerful concrete images that become metaphors of living. I see no purpose in the placing, spacing of lines that determine where & why they begin & end as they do. All I can do is blame myself for being out of step — especially when I recall the images & rhythms of Hopkins, Yeats, Wordsworth, etc. etc. Stephen Spea thank me as feeling poetry with her images & fashioning of her messages.

Thank you for 990 with its summer news & programs. I've had my eyes say NO to death downtown! But I do say YES for sending I over → P.S. JOY P.S.

# Shoes!

Joy was in love with shoes! Her standards were high. (Literally!) Joy even decorated her Christmas tree with shoes.

A few of Joy's shoe rules:

The higher the heel, the better.

The skinnier the heel, the better.

Shoes made the woman.

When I took Joy to some speech meets judging, she always wanted me to vote on the speakers' shoes!

Joy always arrived at AAUW early, parked across the street, and changed her shoes as soon as she could, hiding the "sensible" shoes (to her chagrin) in her bag.

