



Phillip Lee Davison

June 30, 1934 - December 17, 2019

Phillip Lee Davison was born June 30, 1934 in Horton, Kansas to Paul and Esta Davison. He had one sister, Sharon, and two brothers David and James Michael (Mickey). Phil was a devout Christian who served as a deacon in the church. He also helped build schools for several churches. His profession was machinist, but he loved to work with wood. Friends and family all have some treasure that he made for them in his garage. His other love, AFTER his family, was fishing. When the girls were little, he had a boat in the San Pedro harbor where he spent every hour he could out on the ocean. He encouraged the girls to have a love for the ocean as well. Unfortunately, he married a woman who gets seasick just standing on the dock, so she rarely joined him.

After moving to Escondido, he made new fishing buddies and they started going down to Mexico for week-long excursions. Phil, Bob and Ed (and sometimes guests) would bring back enough fish to share. And of course, fish stories! He wrote a few fish stories for his work newsletter. Some of the facts might be questionable, but they sure were entertaining! His youngest daughter, Angela, would tell him – “Fisherman” and “Liar”, same word! He would tell people that he wasn’t lying; a good Christian could tell the truth nine different ways!

Three words to sum up Phil would be Faith, Family and Fishing!

He is survived by his spouse, Ruby Irene Davison, four children - Donna Hartman (Jeff), Dana MacDonald (Jerry), Lisa Prescott (John) and Angela Cook as well as 10 Grandchildren, 20 Great Grand-children (plus one more due to be delivered this month).

Events

DEC **Visitation** 03:00PM - 04:00PM

22

Alhiser-Comer Mortuary

225 South Broadway, Escondido, CA, US, 92025

DEC **Chapel Service** 04:00PM

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Alhiser-Comer Mortuary

225 South Broadway, Escondido, CA, US, 92025

Comments



“ I met Phil Davison through my cousin and his wife, Irene Rainey Davison, when I was about 12 years old. Phil was a kind and gentle spirit. He took me under his wing and included me on his fishing outings on weekends. Phil, his close friend who was a high school teacher at Leuzinger High in Lawndale, California and I would hook up in San Pedro, drop Phil's 18 foot cabin cruiser in the water and head out to the local waters along the Southern California coastline between Palos Verdes and Playa dEl Rey, Ca.

I was surprised that I had so much luck catching many fish on those trips. Phil would let me take my catch home whereby my mom would prepare the fish for meals. My dad loved the fish. One of the things that made it so fun for me as a teenager was when riding in Phi's truck and pulling his boat on his trailer, he'd play the current rock 'n roll music. One morning when Phil came to pick me up to head for the boat marina in San Pedro, I was just getting ready to prepare breakfast. Phil showed me for the first time in my life how wonderful eggs sunny side up tasted when cooked in bacon grease. Oh, yummy!! I clearly remember when Irene met Phil and they started dating. It bothered me emotionally to know that Phil's wife had passed away when she delivered twin daughters, Dana and Donna. They may have forgotten, but they loved picking at me since they were very young and I was a target for fair game to give me a hard time. I did tease them as well. I barely remember it, but I was at Phil and Irene's wedding. Lastly, one day Phil took me out in his boat near the Redondo Beach breakwater. The swells were not bad when Phil first turned the helm over to me, but in a short time, the swells grew, and I was headed for the rocks. Phil took the helm, turned the boat into the large swell and put the pedal to the metal. Boy was I impressed! My heart goes out to Phil's family. He will be remembered by me. He helped shape part of my youth. I'll see you, Phil, across the river someday. My prayers and thoughts for the entire family. And bless you Irene for staying in touch with me all these years.

Roy Hand - December 29, 2019 at 03:13 PM



“ Roy,

Thank you for the kind words about my grandfather. I got a good laugh, and I did cry a little when I read your memory about sunny side up eggs. He still loved his eggs that way when I saw him in October. My mom is one of the twins, Donna, and I will tell you that she made sunny side up eggs for him often. I think that is probably where she got her love for sunny side up eggs. I did not get that from them :)

Thank you for the memories.

Jennifer Ricketts

J. Ricketts - December 30, 2019 at 05:22 PM



“ As a kid my grandfather was someone that I looked up to, as an adult he was someone I respected (and still looked up to).

I'm luckier than most to have had my him until I was 42, but that still doesn't seem like it was long enough. I've spent quality time with him as an adult and we have shared fun adventures, a lot of laughs and most of all good talks. I am fortunate enough to have spent extra time with him over the last several years, most recently for two weeks in October. During that time, I sat with him and we talked, joked, laughed, sat silently, and he told me something for the last time that he has told me before. I will keep that between the two of us. I will always wish that I had more time with him, but I'm so glad to have had the time that we did.

There are so many moments that I will always cherish and am so proud to have had. I'm so lucky to be his granddaughter. I will always remember some of the very first things that he taught me, like turtles are puppies and candy grows on trees, but most of all I'll remember that grandfathers are fun, adventurous and have a lot of love to give. I'm going to miss seeing and talking to him, I'm going to miss getting to hug him and I'm going to miss hearing his voice.

He was a man of faith, I know he is with the lord and all that knew and love him takes comfort in that. It has helped me over the last week and a half. And it helps now as they are placing him in his final resting place.

He used to tell me that only the good die young, and I'd say that he was going to live forever. I guess we were both wrong.
Until we meet again, Grandpa Guapo

Jennifer Ricketts - December 27, 2019 at 02:16 PM



“ My grandpa, my giant , growing up ther was nothing he could not do. He was truly larger then life. I remember when I was younger staying with my grandparents along with my cousin Eric. Grandpa was taking us to Dixon lake to go fishing as we were driving along. He spotted a hitchhiker on his way to Dixon lake so grandpa let him in and he rose with us. From my understanding grandpa and that hitchhiker became somewhat of friends. That's who my grandpa was. Fearless enough to pick up random hitchhikers on the highway , and compassionate enough to become there friend. I miss him

jerry macdonald - December 23, 2019 at 02:54 AM



“ Medium Dish Garden was purchased for the family of Phillip Lee Davison.



December 19, 2019 at 11:33 AM