



Carol Ann Burnette Davis

NOV 13, 1944 - FEB 6, 2022



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MEMORIAL PARK
Funeral Home & Cemetery

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The clock in the reception of CBD Training, Inc., was cluttered with numbers from many time zones. A guest asked Carol Burnette Davis – the CBD in CBD Training – to explain it.

A good story, an opportunity for a humble brag. Carol and her husband, Perry, founded the military aircrew training business at a time when most adults are thinking of retirement. They did well. Their employees trained U.S. Air Force F-117 Stealth fighter pilots in New Mexico, B-1 and B-52 pilots in Texas and Louisiana, and the elite USAF Weapons School students for 11 years. The company's NASA contract required Universal Time Coordinated to track events in space.

Carol answered without missing a beat: "It's our job to make sure it's always Five O'Clock somewhere."

Our mother, wife, sister, grandmother, and friend met life with grace, wit, and devastating charm, always backed by incredible strength. We lost her Sunday, Feb. 6, 2022 from complications due to a long illness. She was 77.

Before she entered this world in November 1944, Carol was loved. The first child of Wayne and Frances Burnette was doted on by aunts, grandparents and, for every day of their lives, by her parents. With the arrival of her brother, Michael, she took on the role she relished from that day on: Big Sister.

Carol was the kind of gorgeous that launches ships and sways suitors. Invitations came to attend parties at Elvis' house. Playboy wanted her to model. She declined, but would later smile about the Playboy offer: "Honey," she'd say, "if you've got it, document it." Things could come easily to her, but simple wasn't her style.

She chose the tough-but-adventurous life of an Air Force officer's wife. She married Perry Phillips Davis, Jr. in June 1963, and their whirlwind life together began.



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First came Cindy, Cynthia Ann Davis, their first child. Carol delivered her son, Phillips Wayne Davis, as aircrews warmed up the guns and engines of F-100 fighter jets at Luke Air Force Base in Arizona. She persevered, caring for both children, as her husband flew 286 combat missions in Vietnam.

She moved. A lot. The locations were not often glamorous. New Mexico. Oklahoma. Texas. Arizona. Jet fighters are best suited for open spaces. Carol made the best of every location. Horses in the open spaces of New Mexico. Scuba diving and boating in Florida. She always had a perfect activity planned. In England, she and Perry dined with the Queen Mother.

Carol was one in a long line of Steel Magnolias. Her kindness soothed every pain, and the pains she inflicted were not only deserved, they were gentle. Pity the fool who underestimated her and left the conversation before he realized she'd taken his legs from beneath him. She was raised by generations of women who mastered this art, and were stronger than any challenge.

When her grandchildren, Sean and Shannon Hardy, were born, the Sun shined just for them. She invented games, she listened to secrets she never betrayed, and she loved them with every breath. Her love was an artform. You felt it to your bones.

To receive a gift from Carol was to know you were loved. It would be the most perfect thing, something so unexpected and unique, you could barely believe it existed. She'd deliver it with a hand-tied bow. Totally over the top and as warm as a winter hug. Her Santa gifts were legendary. She did all the work and handed away the credit, because the magic was the most important thing.

She had Waterford and Wedgewood and used them every day, because we should love the things that surround us: from the dishes to the people. And her beloved cat Molly's dinner just looked better on the nice China.

She loved birthday cake and sparkly jewelry. She loved the Hotel Peabody ducks and the shorebirds who visited her waterfront home. She loved mysteries and the wonders of words.

She loved, she loved, she loved. And she was loved in turn. She was loved yesterday, as she is loved today. She will be loved tomorrow and forever...



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Carol is survived by: Her husband, Perry P. Davis Jr., of St. Petersburg, Fla. Two children and their spouses, Cynthia and Michael Hardy of Charlotte, N.C.; and Phillips W. Davis and Kristen Walbolt of Los Angeles, Calif.; a brother and his wife, Michael and Gayla Burnette, of Southaven, Miss.; two grandchildren, Sean (Bonnie Rowland) and Shannon Hardy, many beloved cousins and friends; and several granddogs and grandcats.

Funeral Arrangements for Mrs. Davis will be conducted on Saturday, February 19, 2022 at 2:00pm in our Fireside Chapel with Dr. Bill Britton, officiating. The Davis Family will receive friends on Saturday, February 19, 2022 from 1:00pm until the service hour. Burial will follow in Memorial Park Cemetery.

In Lieu of flowers, please make donation to the Alzheimer's Association (alz.org) in memory of Mrs. Carol.



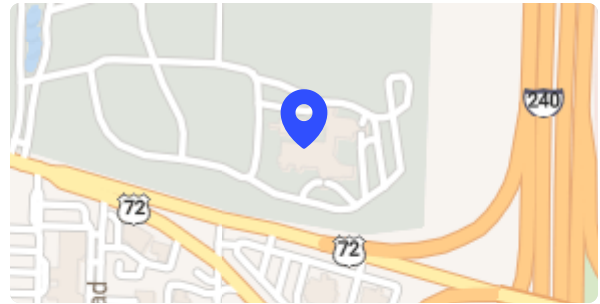
Events

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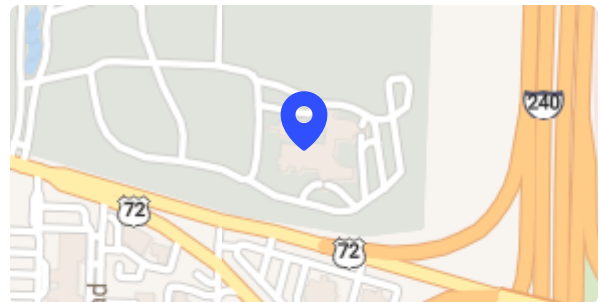
Visitation

- Saturday**, February 19, 2022
- 1:00 PM - 2:00 PM CT
- Memorial Park Fireside Chapel**
5668 Poplar Avenue, Memphis TN 38119



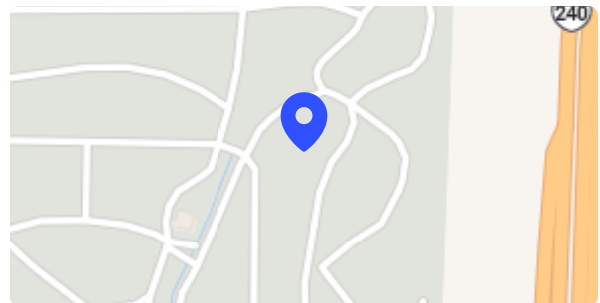
Funeral Service

- Saturday**, February 19, 2022
- 2:00 PM CT
- Memorial Park Fireside Chapel**
5668 Poplar Avenue, Memphis TN 38119



Cemetery Details

- Memorial Park Cemetery**
5668 Poplar Ave, Memphis TN 38119
- (901) 445-8475**





Tribute Wall

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Lee, Donna & Jaggar sent a Beautiful in Blue to the Burnette Davis family.



February 18 at 7:08 AM



Alex Barber shared an album called **Memories Album**.



February 14 at 9:25 AM



Media

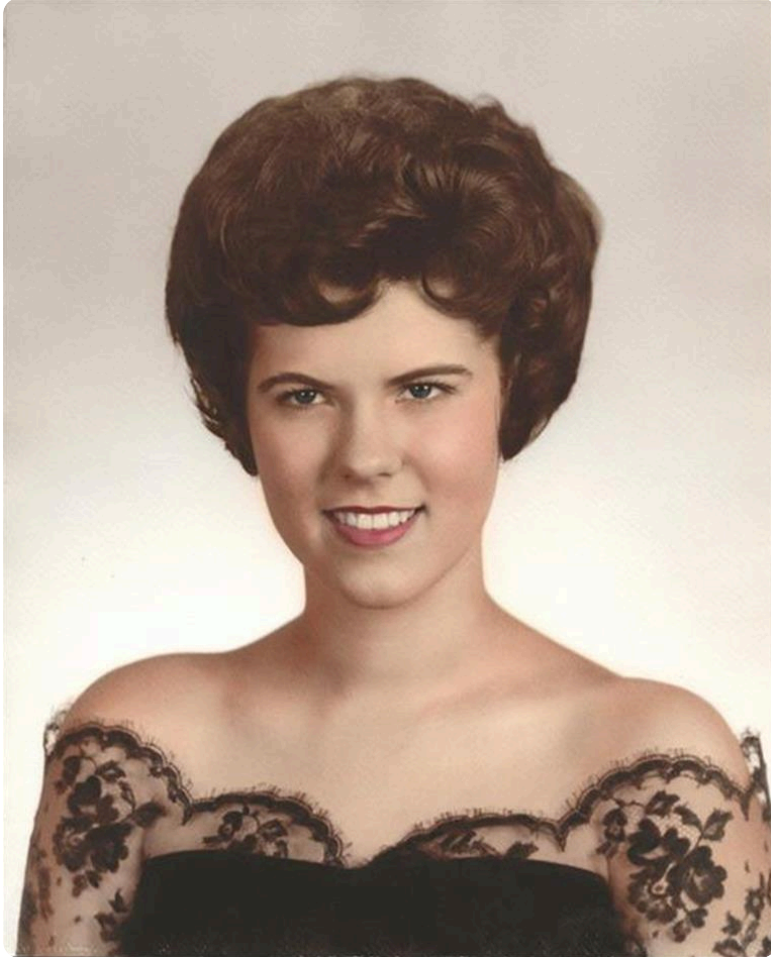
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Alex Barber shared a photo to the **Memories Album** album.

February 14 at 9:25 AM





Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Carol by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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