

By Jeff Davies

NO ONE knew what to make of me. To my family it was as if I descended from Mars. I always felt like a visitor, even on my birthday. Aunts and uncles and cousins were all much older, especially in their ways. They were stuffy, and thought little kids should be stuffy too. I couldn't see the joy in all that, so I found joy in opening myself up to everyone. Also, it was a rather stuffy time in history for Americans. I retreated into a rich fantasy world of my own creation, mostly alone in my room. I did have several friends with an imagination (not nearly as unlimited as mine) that shared fantasy creating with me however. Kindred spirits.

Fantasy usually took the form of combining very different daydreams into a whole new situation. To me, the sky was the limit with this. My friends all had limits as to how far into the bizarre they would go. They stopped at some invisible signpost that society had erected. If they trespassed further, they felt guilt. To me it was silly to stop exploring. Of course my family did not hate me, they simply weren't gifted, and couldn't begin to understand that they had an Earth-born Martian in the house.

I was surprisingly happy though. Probably the type of happiness experienced by the kind of people that sail boats around the world alone, and those that commune with the interior self...monks, yogas, etc. My imagination was like a companion that would never desert me, as others seemed to do. And, if I got tired of my own company, all I had to do was show my imagination to friends, and they were attracted to it, and me. At times I was able to enlist friends into imaginative activities as a group affair. Later in life I found that adults can still be enticed into the most unusual activities, for much the same reasons. Breaking stuffy rules was, and is, still magical for me.

God help humanity if those precious accidents of genetic-social mutation are snuffed out by the forces of absolutely zero defects. We need weirdo to clear the clogged pipes of human thought. Every eccentric walks a lonely misunderstood road, but these people are our precious resource. They keep the collective human soul from hardening into a concrete-like, terrifying block. I was one of those precious eccentrics, and still am, thank God.

Artist • honest friend • idealist • lifeguard • outrageous • football lineman •
curmudgeon • serviceman • unbridled • father • equal opportunity offender •
loyal friend • draftsman • gastronome • steel mill worker • forthright friend •
spontaneous • luxury car salesman • opinionated • auto racer • trusted friend
• eccentric • muralist/cartoonist • exuberant • practical joker • poet/writer •
cynic • prolific • notorious party host and guest • raconteur • humorist •
inspirational friend • romantic • disdain for mediocrity • world traveler •
satirist • gentleman

a passionate aficionado of life, a man of Falstaffian appetites
who said yes to life more than no

respected • loved • missed

we thank you for sharing with us

our treasured friend
Jeff Davies

b. 9/20/1938 d. 2/12/2006