

In Remembrance

~ Of Our Beloved ~



James Davis Vaughn

Sunrise: November 19, 1922 - Sunset: March 16, 1999

MONDAY, MARCH 22, 1999

Family Hour: 12:30 p.m. - Funeral: 1:00 p.m.

Northwest Chapel

JAMES H. COLE HOME FOR FUNERALS

13631 PURITAN AVENUE
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

REVEREND MAURICE COTTON, Officiating

THE OBITUARY

*Though my heart is heavy and clouded with pain of losing you,
I had a talk with the Lord and asked...if it was anything else I could do.*

*God gave me comfort and saw you were getting weary,
So He sent the angels to watch over you because He thought that was best.
He came, stood beside you and whispered, "Come and rest".*

*You bade no one a last farewell, not even a goodbye,
You were gone before we knew it, and only God knows why.*

Your Loving-Devoted Wife, Willie

J*ames Davis Vaughn* was born November 19, 1922 in Brookhaven, Mississippi. He was the second of nine children: Anderson; Francis, Ralph, who preceded him in death, Thelma Cousins of Chicago, Illinois, Mary Taylor of Shippman, Illinois, Ann (Sherman) Davis of St. Louis, Missouri, Robert (Doris) Vaughn of Detroit, Michigan and Helen Mathews of Dayton, Ohio. He was born to the union of the late, John and Mattie Vaughn.

At an early age, James confessed a hope in Christ and was baptized in Brookhaven, Mississippi. He later moved his membership to Triedstone Baptist Church.

James served in the United States Army from 1942-1949. He worked thirty-five years as a truck driver with Western Construction, Angelo Déponio and CCC Trucking, where he retired in 1986.

He was joined in holy matrimony to his devoted wife, Willie Mae Johnson in 1949. To this union, there were three adopted children: Delios Johnson, Shirley (Nathaniel) Morgan and Michael Johnson. He was instrumental in raising his nephew, Pierce T. Ward and his goddaughter, Annette Edmond.

Sacred, precious and dear memories of James will always remain with: seven grandchildren; five sisters-in-law: Ernestine Lumpkin, Edna Galloway, Luvenia Wiley, Olivia Catling and Ruby (David) Johnson; and a host of relatives, nieces, nephews, and many, many friends.



*God saw the road was getting rough,
The hill was hard to climb,
He gently closed those loving eyes
And whispered, "Peace be thine."
The weary hours, the days of pain,
The sleepless nights are passed,
The ever patient worn-out frame
Has found sweet rest at last.*

