



Mark P. Davis

February 17, 1949 - November 2, 2014

Davis, Mark P., November 2, 2014 age 65 of Canton. Born in Ames, Iowa to Dr. Neil C Davis and Dr. L Patton Davis. Beloved husband of Bing. Loving father of Linda. Mark spent his childhood in Salt Lake City and Pittsburgh. He also lived in South America for several months as a teenager. After obtaining his Bachelor's degree from Oberlin College, he went on to pursue a Masters degree in Philosophy before "accidentally" discovering his affinity towards computers and programming. This turned into a long and fulfilling career managing the development and deployment of computer based information technologies, commercial software development, and hardware designs. Mark retired as an IT manager in 2012 from the University of Michigan after more than 20 years of service in the reproductive sciences CLASS lab. In the private sphere of his life, Mark was an avid reader with an enormously curious and absorbent mind. He always had a keen eye towards art, aesthetics, and architecture. He was a lifelong philosopher, teacher, writer, and artist. Several of his own paintings are displayed in his home. Those who knew him will remember his considerate nature and generous heart. In this past year, Mark finally realized one of his major longtime dreams by travelling to China with his wife, Bing. He was an avid supporter of WRCJ, the Detroit Public radio station. The family will gather with friends Saturday 3 PM until the 4 PM Memorial Service at Vermeulen-Sajewski Funeral Home, 46401 W. Ann Arbor Road, (Btwn Sheldon and Beck) Plymouth. To share a memory, please use the View and Send Condolences tab on this web page.

Tribute Wall



“ *Mark P. Davis*

December 07, 2023 at 05:11 AM



“ *I am a Minister of Jehovah's Witnesses my wife and I would like to give you and your family our deepest sympathy for the lost of your loved one. We would like to leave you with these words of encouragement from Gods word the Bible. At Job 14:14 it ask the question, "If a man dies, shall he live again?," The bible makes the promise: Your dead love ones will live...They will rise up. The bible also says, The righteous themselves will possess the earth and they will reside forever upon it. Isaiah 26:19;Psalms 37:29. May you find comfort in these scriptures and in the loving memories of your loved one. If you have any questions or concerns about the lost of your loved one feel free to email us at ctksdk@yahoo.com Sincerely, Carlos & Sandy*

Carlos and Sandy - December 12, 2014 at 10:10 AM

“ Farewell, my dear friend! I always assumed that we had many more years to enjoy each others company; now I will hold fast the many memories accumulated during our long friendship. That friendship began in the early 1980s, both of us working as "Application Developer"s (i.e., computer programmers) at Comshare in Ann Arbor. We learned from each other and developed our long-lasting friendship and deep respect for each others intellect.

We parted paths in the early 1990s, me leaving for a programming opportunity at Maccabees Life Insurance and you leaving for a similar position at the University of Michigan's Reproductive Sciences Program.

So it sat until the late 1990s, when you did me perhaps the greatest favor of my life when you advised me of a job opening at the University of Michigan that I "might be interested in". Boom! I was Manager of the North Ingalls Computing Consortium, providing computer and network support to three research units, including yours! Once again working in the same building, our friendship bloomed with many, many lunches together. We found that we sharply disagreed politically, but we were able to compartmentalize that and enjoy many more conversations, particularly in the realm of cosmology: "Is the universe really expanding? Why did Hubble assume that as the only possible explanation of the 'red-shift' he observed?" Trust me, there are not many people that I or he could have those conversations with. (Not for others lack of intellect, just lack of interest.)

So it went until one day in the early 2000s, when Mark asked me (with strangely uncharacteristic timidity) what I thought of his co-worker, Bing Wang. Nice? Smart? Attractive? Absolutely, said I. Next thing I knew, I was standing as his Best Man at he and Bing's wedding! The friendship was now widened to two familes! And so it remains.

Mark will be sorely missed, but we remain as friends to Bing and Linda, ready to help in any way we can as we all mourn and adjust to a great loss. Rest in peace, Mark.

MB

“*Mark my dear old friend, Thank you for many decades of friendship. You are missed. Certain events lead us to churn through thoughts and memories. While greatly saddened to lose your presence so unexpectedly, I am grateful to have known you for so long. Our paths crossed in the late 60's with your arrival in Ann Arbor and we found common cause in the politics of that day, along with many a hand of poker. We spent much time together when you were the resident manager of an apartment building on Wall Street and I was back from an out of state college for the summer. We painted many rooms, spilling a gallon or two of paint on the carpets only occasionally. We handled minor plumbing issues and repaired damaged sheet rock. Bats living in the stair well were removed. It wasn't all work. We designed and built various electrical devices, worked on our cars - your '68 GTO with a 390 horsepower 428 cubic engine and a Hurst four on the floor was a beaut - and would play more poker. Through all this our conversations never dragged. With shifting winds of time and of place our political philosophies may have diverged rather sharply, but our friendship remained intact. While we only occasionally corresponded by letter or phone, or more recently by email or text message, once or twice a year we would get together when I was visiting Ann Arbor and our conversations about life, art and our current activities would pick right up without missing a beat. When and where we disagreed, we inevitably agreed to disagree, respecting difference and moving on. Besides, there was always so much more to ponder. Discussions and musings on art, especially that of wonderful cinema movements such as the French Nouvelle Vague or the American Film Noir were richly rewarding. Learning of each others current projects was usually quite intriguing, especially as you ventured (or returned) to painting, poetry, fiction, and photography, along with building innovative electronic devices and renovating rooms like your kitchen... all while working full time at the University of Michigan. Ah, and sharing many bad jokes added pleasant levity to these occasions. Ours was, at least for me, a unique friendship, perhaps one I have taken too much for granted, as I never questioned that we would have yet another prolonged conversation in the coming*

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year. I've only touched the surface, but Mark, it was always a pleasure. Warm regards, Michael

Michael Bartell - December 12, 2014 at 10:10 AM

JH

“ *So sorry for your loss. I knew Mark long ago at Comshare.*

jeanne hernandez - December 12, 2014 at 10:10 AM