



George D. "Bud" Davies, III

June 27, 1917 - November 18, 2012

George D. "Bud" Davies, 95, passed away Sunday, Nov. 18, 2012, at Advocate Condell Medical Center in Libertyville. He was born June 27, 1917, in Chicago, and was a former resident of Evanston, Spring Meadows in Livertyville and The Park in Vernon Hills. He was a veteran of the Army, having served during World War II and was a retired supervisor for the social security administration. Following retirement, George was employed by the Evanston School District #65. Surviving are his daughter, Susan (Robert) Farmer of Grayslake; grandsons, Brian and Kyle Farmer; and several nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by his wife, Irene Davies, in 1996. Visitation will be from 5 p.m. until the time of services at 7 p.m. Tuesday, Nov. 27, at the Burnett-Dane Funeral Home, 120 W. Park Ave. (Route 176), Libertyville. Memorial contributions to Friedreich's Ataxia.org would be appreciated. For information, 847-362-3009 or sign the guestbook at www.burnettdane.com.

Tribute Wall

JL

“ *Uncle Bud was always laughing, smiling and joking. I do not think that in the over sixty years that I knew him he ever said a cross word or a bad word about anyone. We never got to see him a lot but he was always the one who kept us kids laughing through everything. He was a truly kind person and will be missed.*

Jan Tarkington Lenning - April 27, 2018 at 06:47 AM

JF

“ *Susan: Sorry to hear about your father. But he has gone to a happy place to enjoy his peace.*

James A. Fowler - April 27, 2018 at 06:47 AM

SK

“ My best memories of Bud were when he, Irene and Susie would come to our south Ridgeland house in the summer time for dinner. We'd barbeque outside or rather our parents did and the rest of us kids would goof-off doing what girls do in the backyard. Sometimes in nice organized play but mostly not. After dinner at the picnic table, Bud and I would tease each other. I'd call him Bud-ward and he'd call me back-ward and give me that sly Bud eye while he sat across from my Dad. Irene would be talking with my Mom about things moms generally talk about while they'd set the table. After dinner, our parents would sit around the table and visit until dark which was great for us cause we could stay up later when they'd visit. We'd listen to crickets, play with the wax from the orange and green citronella candles, and keep a look out for fireflies. Meanwhile, sitting at the picnic table next to Bud, I'd study him and try to think of some clever comeback line from whatever he said last to me. Anything to make him say something else funny. On one of these summer get-togethers, I found one of Bud's beer cans not completely empty and trying to be like him, I tipped it back and took an unhappy bitter taste. Then I pretended my fingers like I was holding and smoking a fancy cigarette. Bud saw me and blew his cigarette smoke into the empty beer can so I could pretend to smoke. Again not something I liked just made me cough but I hung onto that can and tried to look grown-up. Bud laughed and gave me another one of his funny looks. He was always a fun, gentle man and our family is so grateful to have known him. I sincerely hope there's a Burger King in heaven somewhere near a river, where he and my Dad can hang out. If not, I'll open one up just for them when I get there.

Sally Kelen - April 27, 2018 at 06:47 AM