



## Billie Davis Harvey

September 14, 1935 - October 6, 2017

Billie Davis Harvey

Billie Davis Harvey, age 82, of Henderson, KY passed away at 11:54 A.M. Friday, October 6, 2017, at Lucy Smith King Care Center under the care of St. Anthony's Hospice.

Billie was employed by the Madisonville Newspaper for 14 years as a typist and writer designing various advertisements for local businesses. She was a resident of Webster County for many years where she owned and operated Billie's Homecare Daycare for 37 years. Everyone in the community knew her as Ms. Billie and she cared for over 93 children during that time. She loved children. Family would describe her as a traditional lady that had enjoyed life to the fullest, had fun, and enjoyed fresh flowers. You never visited or left her home that she would not say, "See you later" "Bye Bye Now"

Survivors include:

1 son: James Harvey

1 Son in law: Henry Lingat both of Orting, WA

Memorial services for Billie Davis Harvey will be at a later date in Orting, WA.

Expressions of sympathy may take the form of contributions to: St. Anthony's Hospice, 2410 S. Green Street, Henderson, Kentucky 42420.

Any personal condolences may be made to [jimages2002@comcast.net](mailto:jimages2002@comcast.net).

Arrangements entrusted to Tapp Funeral Home, a Life Celebration Home, online condolences may be made at [www.tappfh.com](http://www.tappfh.com)



# Comments

---



“ A Gift to my Mother...

Title: Rock Me to Sleep

Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight,  
Make me a child again just for tonight!  
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,  
Take me again to your heart as of yore;  
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,  
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;  
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!  
I am so weary of toil and of tears,  
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,  
Take them, and give me my childhood again!  
I have grown weary of dust and decay,  
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;  
Weary of sowing for others to reap;  
Rock me to sleep, mother – rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,  
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!  
Many a summer the grass has grown green,  
Blossomed and faded, our faces between:  
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,  
Long I tonight for your presence again.  
Come from the silence so long and so deep;  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,  
No love like mother-love every has shone;  
No other worship abides and endures,  
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:  
None like a mother can charm away pain  
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.  
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,  
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;  
Let it drop over my forehead tonight,  
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;  
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more  
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;

Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long  
Since I last listened your lullaby song;  
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem  
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.  
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,  
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,  
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!  
Author: Elizabeth Akers Allen

**James Harvey** - October 18, 2017 at 11:13 PM

---

 “ 11 files added to the album New Album Name



**James Harvey** - October 16, 2017 at 11:20 PM

---

 “ Ms. Billie was a beautiful soul! We loved being her neighbor for 13 years. Also, Ms. Billie and I were in daycare at the same time and attended trainings together. Probably, we should have been competitors, but instead we were friends. We would call each other or walk across the street to visit and discuss daycare issues often. She loved her kids and enjoyed watching them grow, but her true joy in life was Jamie! She was always excited to share your accomplishments, Jamie, and I was always glad to hear about your life. You and your family are in my thoughts and prayers during this time.

**Donna Bumpus** - October 15, 2017 at 05:46 PM



“ Thank you for the lovely comment. Mom was an amazing, beautiful, lovely and caring woman. I will miss her dearly each and every day.

**James Harvey** - October 17, 2017 at 12:04 AM

---



“ My childhood is filled with precious memories of Billie... One of the strong women who raised me that I never truly appreciated until I was raising children of my own. I always felt loved and comfortable in her home, even though I would never eat a meal there if offered. She always laughed, telling me there was no difference in her baloney sandwiches than my mom's, but I always crossed the street to go home to eat the same thing. Then right back over to play with Jamie, my first best friend. We tore up those sidewalks on Green Street, racing through puddles on our bikes...going to the corner store...making mud pies. We stayed outside til dark most every day. Picnics and swimming at the Lakes...so many good times, good memories, great people. I hadn't seen Billie in many years...being a military family took me all over the country as an adult, and I didn't get back "home" often. But I will always carry her in my heart and soul.,til we meet again, Billie D...bye bye for now...

**Tonya Franklin Young** - October 14, 2017 at 06:05 PM



“ Tonya, she loved you very much and was so proud of your accomplishments. Mom was always encouraging that I we maintain our friendship since that first day on Green Street. She spoke often of Tara, you, Jo, and I playing and riding the three wheeler. I miss her dearly. Thank you for the lovely comment.

**James Harvey** - October 17, 2017 at 12:07 AM

---



“ I remember that Billie wasn't going to take any guff off of anybody. Not me, not you, and not any hubby, either. She knew how to think for herself. I also remember sandwiches and radio and mosquito spray at KY lake, soda pops at the house in Clay. One time she baked a cherry pie in that house, and the aroma drove me nuts until I finally got dinner wolfed down, and then made it to a pie slice. She gave us band-aids, and she gave us popsicles and bananas - she knew what growing boys needed.

James, she raised you to be honest with yourself, and it paid off. For it is only with humility that our greatest talents can become real and realized. And she knew, even to the last days, that you had done exactly that. She knew it, and she smiled about it....

**David Harvey** - October 12, 2017 at 12:00 AM

---



“ James, you certainly have my deepest heartfelt sympathy. I do know how much you are going to miss seeing you Mother, getting to pick up the phone for a quick chat and just to say "I love you Mom!" I still miss my Mom and not getting to talk to her. We seldom got to visit Billie with our Patents always living so far away, I can recall how very kindhearted and loving she was towards us when we would visit her. She had a quick laugh and beautiful smile.

You definitely had her heart, she was so very proud of her "Jamie"! When someone you love becomes a memory - that memory becomes a treasure. Treasure those precious memories you have of your Mom.

Love & prayers,  
Vickie

**Victoria Anderson** - October 10, 2017 at 07:01 PM



“ I will always be her "Jamie". Thank you cuz Vickie! She was crazy about you.

**James Harvey** - October 17, 2017 at 12:09 AM



“ Jamie, I am sorry for your loss. I had not seen your mother in years but she sounds like a wonderful person. I still remember her from when I went down to Clay with my Dad to bring Christmas presents so very long ago. It was good to get to know her again through your tribute. I know you'll be sad for a long time. I still miss my Mom and Dad, especially on anniversaries, birthdays, and Christmas. But you and Henry have a wonderful blessing to look forward to with your daughter. Best wishes for a blessed future.

Doug

**Doug Harvey** - October 10, 2017 at 03:28 PM



“ Kim and I have many good memories of Billie Davis. My memories go back as a very young child beginning with memories of the cabin at Ky lake spending time and having fun with Billie, Mom and Dad, and Cookie. As a child, I spent time with her in Diamond where her son Jim was born. When she moved to Clay, I enjoyed many good times with her, Jim, and his brother David. When I became a teenager, Billie had already moved to Dixon and gave me strong, compassionate advice that very much changed my life for the better. My aunt was one of the strongest women I have ever known, she touched many lives in a positive way. She will be missed very much by many people.

**Frank Winstead** - October 10, 2017 at 01:03 PM



“ Such an amazing woman. Love being able to help her when she needed it the most. We love u pretty lady. Rest easy my friend.





“ Pictures of Billie Davis Harvey



James B.Harvey - October 09, 2017 at 01:07 AM

---



“ Today we lost someone that I have grown to love and adore...My Mother-In-Law - Billie Davis Harvey.

This is picture was part of a gift portrait to Jim and His Mom. It was something that I could give them that they could both treasure. This picture is from September 2012, and it typifies the spark and twinkle in her eye. Ms Billie was someone I truly cherished!! She was someone who accepted me as Jim's significant other.

We (Jim and I) were truly blessed to be able to have both Mothers meet for the very first time in December. The moms had a chance to get to know each other and complete the circle of family.

Ms. Billie was a fighter and was a cancer survivor. In July the cancer came back, and when it did it came back with a vengeance!!! She fought the brave fight, and she is now with her family that has gone before her.

I am truly going to miss you - there is a hole in my heart, the only solace is that you are at peace and no longer in pain from the cancer

RIP Ms Billie - you will be greatly missed!!!



Henry Lingat - October 09, 2017 at 12:57 AM

---



“ Mom always said, "See you later...bye-bye now".

One of the most difficult task any child will face is having to say, "see you later...bye-bye" forever, and to THE most important person who has been in your life for the

past 48 years.

My mom (who everyone called Ms. Billie) passed away from a long battle to a shitty-cheating eating disease called Cancer today. After a second time winning a battle against Cancer (almost five years ago), this time Cancer came back more aggressive. In my mind, I will always believe she won this battle (again) because we all know she will never be in pain again. Big Maw, Pap, MaryRamsey, Frankie, Jimmy and my great grandmother came to her early this morning and said, "Ok Willie...its time for you to come home with us."

This posting is not something I wanted to share easily and seem like a "typical eulogy", but I wanted it to be unique. "Why?" Because today is about having a party and celebrating someone's life. That's right, and it's going to be about my mom's party. In her opinion, life needed to be about a celebration and having a, "...good ole time with friends and remembering the good times." My mom was always the most transparent but with a bright smile and with a slight twinkle in her eyes.

Whether you were someone who was her niece or nephew, and called her, "Billie Davis, Billie D.", or someone who was her neighbor, long time friend or companion, and you called her, "Miss Billie, Billie, or just Willie", you always remembered her as someone who loved to have a good time. You may have been one of the 93 children who she took care of during her 37 years operating "Billie's Daycare" in Dixon, Kentucky. If you were one of those children who used to attend her children's home care/daycare, you probably remember eating fish sticks she had every Friday with french fries. Of course you can't forget her buying Swans' ice cream and/or those Christmas cookies during the holidays. If you are someone who is reading this article who grew up with her, went to high school with her, you probably remember her cheerleading days, or when she played softball. You may be someone who was a former college roommate who hung around with her while attending Murray State University. You may be someone special who went on a cruise with her to Nassau in the 1960s. You may have been our neighbor with two little girls who I used to hang out with, and we went to kindergarten together. Mom always enjoyed going to Kentucky Lake camping every summer, and just having a "...good ole time". Of course she always enjoyed boating, and when she was young, her and two other friends had a cabin at Land Between the Lakes. This was my mom...enjoying life, laughing, and celebrating nothing in particular. She would always say, "Life is too short not to have a good time."

As her son, I didn't realize until many years later, my mom was a survivor, a fighter, a teacher, a "parent protector", a business woman, a caregiver, and she was at most "a mom" to many of us. She was a woman of pride and integrity about her beliefs. My Mom was the "power of the mother" who spoke strongly about parenting and discipline. She wanted everyone to know that you have to learn to "forgive", and learn to "let go". As I approach a time in my own life becoming a first time parent at 48 years of age, I am amazed by her ability being a parent not just to me but as a single parent, and to 93 other children. How did my mom do all of these things as a single parent, taking care of not just her own child, but other family's children, most would call her a "humanitarian".

Mom was 82 years of age, and I was fortunate to hear some of her deepest and most passionate moments in her life just before her death. One of those moments was how proud she was of me, my education, my career, but proud of me for being determined. The most touching moment for me was to hear her say, "I've always been proud of you Jamie. You have accomplished more than what I had ever dreamed of or hoped for, and you are my son. I am very proud of you. You have to promise not to cry around me Jamie. I am not crying over this. I have lived a long and amazing life, and I am not ashamed. I had you...you gave me everything I ever wanted." Mom and I had our last lunch and our last supper together Labor Day weekend in September 2017. During both of those times, we talked about how she wanted to be remembered. I remembered her saying, "You will never get rid of me even when I am gone. I will be looking over your shoulder every day." I promised her that her grandchild will see pictures of her around our home, and will hear stories about her childhood growing up in Maysville and Dixon, Kentucky.

Not having a funeral or a memorial was not an easy decision between us, but a decision based on her wishes to be closed to the public. She reminded me there would be backlash about this decision, but we made this decision. Mom and I talked extensively about the cost of a funeral was more than she had in resources, and to ensure there was enough to cover final expenses. She knew her finances were extremely limited, there would not be enough money to cover all costs associated with her death. She decided to have something left for her grandchild. Mom asked that part of her burial policy be used on buying a crib for her grandchild. SO...we sat down together at my last visit, and she picked out what she wanted as a crib. My mom was a proud women, but as she got closer to the end of life, she made me promise not to let the public see her because of the profound weight loss. She knew people would not understand that a "traditional funeral" would not happen, but she wanted people to remember her as she once was and not what Cancer had created. We both decided the only option would be cremation. I promised that her ashes would be shared in every state when we return to Kentucky to finalize her monument. This would give her spirit an opportunity to say, "I was here with my son and his partner."

And...I kept her promise.

Just before my mom's darkest hours and closer to the end of life, in my eyes, she was still as beautiful as she was the day she gave birth to me. One of the most important element in her life, thinking she would never have a grandchild, became a reality just before her death. In July 2017, my spouse (Henry Lingat) and I announced she would be having her first grandchild. Not an adoption, but my mom would have her own grandchild from both of our DNAs. I will never forget the tears surfacing mom's eyes as we announced the good news, but she kept her smile, she kept her pride standing strong, and we celebrated the news.

But you know what...

Each and every person who reads this posting will remember something beautiful about my mom. It may be her determination to live, succeed, her love for planting flowers, her enjoyment working crossword puzzles, or her independent personality.

Whether it was her big hair that was always fixed before the weekends, it was her make-up, the jewelry, or her clothing, you always knew she enjoyed having a good time and wanted to look nice. She enjoyed being genuine with everyone. You always remembered her smile, her laughter, you remember her generosity during the holidays, anniversaries and birthdays, and what you remembered most was that she liked to have fun.

What would make her spirit bright after she is gone?

Go and plant a flower, a rose bush, Asias, and cross your "t's" and dot your "i's". My mom was a genius to making plants thrive and bloom beautifully. She was an excellent reminder about punctuation, so go and remind someone to place a period at the end of a sentence. Every time you want to remember mom during the holidays, prepare dressed bananas with mayonnaise and then dipped them into graded roasted peanuts and cashews. Don't forget to prepare the deviled eggs along with the dressed bananas. Every time Christmas roles around, go to your local cemetery and place a wreath near your family's headstone. Remember to make these efforts part of your annual traditions and you will keep her spirit and memories alive forever.

Yesterday, I received a call from St. Anthony's Hospice, and mom wanted to her my voice. She was in great pain, could not speak, but could still recognize people. The social worker held the phone to her ear, and I could hear her crying. I told her...

"I love you mom, and everything is going to be ok, because your little boy is grown up now. Every day your little grand baby will see you, and hear about who you were as a little girl, as a mom, and how proud she knew you were her grand child. Henry and I will be ok...and it is ok to let go. I love you mom."

At 10:04 am today, I received a call and mom had passed away peacefully. The nurse who called said when the alarm went off, they walked into her room and she had one hand on her chest with a slight smile to her face. She had left our world forever.

You have to know my mom was unique and her own person. She enjoyed meeting new people, she was stubborn, she was a Ramsey and a Winstead, but she was kind, she was a protector to many, she was often called "our mom". My mom and I had really good conversations just before she passed, we laughed, but we talked about "letting go" which is the hardest part for me as her son. Yesterday, telling her that it was "Ok to let go," was the hardest thing I had ever done. It was permission she needed to be at peace finally, and for me to learn to "...let go".

I will always remember her when it is time to leave after a good visit with friends, a celebration or just dropping by to say "hello", her saying with such pleasantness, "See you later...bye, bye now."

.....Jamie.