Larkin

Sylvia Gerbic Davis

October 9, 1950 ~ March 29, 2020

After a painfully long and discouraging fight against one health issue after another, Sylvia is finally taking a much-needed rest. A two-time cancer survivor and victim of several difficult health challenges, she fought a decades-long battle to keep going. On March 29, 2020, she quietly passed away at home while comforted by family.

Sylvia was born to Mike Gerbic and Avis Thompson on October 9, 1950, in Salt Lake City. She grew up in Midvale, Utah and attended Hillcrest High. She married Bert Davis on December 10, 1969, and celebrated her 50th-anniversary last year.

Survived by husband Bert; sons, Jeff (Angela), Terry (Stacie); grandchildren Riley, Heather, Kahlan, Alex.

When diagnosed with cancer, Sylvia's goal was to fight and survive long enough to see grandson, Riley, graduate from high school. Far surpassing that goal, she was here not only for Riley's graduation but that of the two younger granddaughters and even got to see Riley graduate college.

Usually one of the first in the room to solve a riddle or crack a joke, Sylvia was clever and quick-witted. She loved to laugh and cause mischief. Even during her worst days at the end, she was wisecracking in the hospital and teasing her husband Bert. In a wonderful reversal of roles, she would show genuine concern and compassion to hospital caregivers, often giving them a laugh and brightening their day. She even ensured that Bert brought everyone donuts.

Sylvia held various careers and titles throughout life but was most proud of being called "mom" and "grandma." She loved spending time with family. She loved surprising people, especially on holidays or birthdays. She would hand-make banners and decorations. There were always balloons. Big ones. For birthdays, she gave hilarious gifts and ordered special cakes that "damn-well better stay perfect!" If a holiday was missing a figurehead, she'd make one up, like the "Valentine Goose," giver of silly gifts. She had a contagious love of the Christmas season and looked forward to that magical time for months in advance. She made everyone's holidays fun and warm.

Sylvia's was the home where everyone felt welcomed. She loved animals, especially dogs and cats. A voracious reader, she described her idea of paradise as sharing a rocking chair with a cat and a good book. She was happiest when spending time with family, walking on the beaches of Oregon with Bert and their dogs, or going on trips to Tuacahn with her life-long BFF, Charlene.

To Sylvia, bargain shopping was a full-contact sport, every bit as serious as the Super Bowl or World Cup. She would spend hours looking for deals and arguing prices. A collector of unusual and assorted treasures, she would make a weekend of going to estate and yard sales with Bert.

Sylvia was frenzied and free-spirited. She lived life as if she'd heard of rules and schedules, but thought those things only happened to other people. Once, while chumming trout with canned corn she said, "fighting fair is one thing, but it doesn't matter how you get fish in the boat." She even caught fish using red licorice as bait, "I like licorice. Why wouldn't the fish?" More recently, she tried driving with one arm in the sling. Bert asked her a simple question that perfectly sums up how she rolled: "How are you gunna steer, play with the radio, drink your tea, and wave your middle finger all at the same time with only one hand?" Sylvia's response? Her signature exaggerated eye-roll.

We will miss her mischievous grin and "I'll do it later" attitude.

A private viewing will be held on April 2, followed by a graveside service on April 3 at 1:00.