



Ms. Yolanda Davis White

March 20, 1971 - November 23, 2020

Yolanda Michelle Davis White reached out and “touched the hand of God” on the morning of November 23, 2020. She was born to Lue A. And James Davis on March 20, 1971 at Columbia Hospital for Women, Washington, DC

Yolanda (or “Yokie” as her mother called her) attended both private and public schools in the Washington, DC Area, graduating from Friendly High School in 1989, receiving a Bachelor’s Degree from Bowie State in 1993, and later, an M.B.A. from Strayer University. In addition to her “Day Job” at Department of Homeland Security, Yolanda had a successful Tax Practice, and moonlighted as a Scentsy representative.

Yolanda was united in Marriage to Phillip N. White on June 29, 1996. Out of that union a son was born, Norman T. White, who tragically lost his life exactly 3 ½ years prior to his mother’s passing.

Her marriage ended in divorce.

She was a member of First Baptist Church of Glenarden, Maryland.

Yolanda leaves to celebrate her life her mother, Lue A Culbreath, Stepfather, David Culbreath, Sister, Margaret McGhee, Brother Christopher Davis, Step Brother, Ronnie Lowe, aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, and a host of other relatives and friends

“The Legacy”

“When I die give what’s left of me to others.

If you need to cry, cry for your brothers walking beside you

Put your arms around anyone and give to them, what you need to give to me.

I want to leave you with something better than words or sounds

Look for me in the people I have known and loved

And if you cannot live without me, then let me live on,

In your eyes, your mind and your acts of kindness

You can live me most, my letting hands touch hands and hearts touch hearts

Love does not die; people do

So, when all that is left of me is love

Give me away.”

Comments



“ Dear Lue, Dave, and Family,

When peace like a river, attendeth my way
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou has taught
me to say,
It is well, It is well with my soul

Love, Virginia



Virginia B Williams - December 01, 2020 at 10:16 PM



“ I remember those family trips when I would pay you 25 cents for each hour you didn't talk.
You cannot imagine what I'd pay to hear you talk again.

Love "Dad"

Dave Culbreath

Dave - January 22 at 05:03 PM