



Acknowledgement

The family of Victoria Danielle Beam, wishes to express their sincere gratitude for all acts of kindness, prayers, and support shown during this time of bereavement.

Arrangements Were Entrusted to:

ENLOE MORTUARY

"Sympathetic and Efficient Service Since 1922"
231 North Lafayette Street | Shelby, NC 28150
Telephone: 704-487-9598 | Fax 704-487-1504
www.enloemortuary.com

A Celebration of Life for

Victoria Danielle Beam

August 23, 2002 - June 16, 2026



Monday, June 22, 2026
12 O'clock Noon

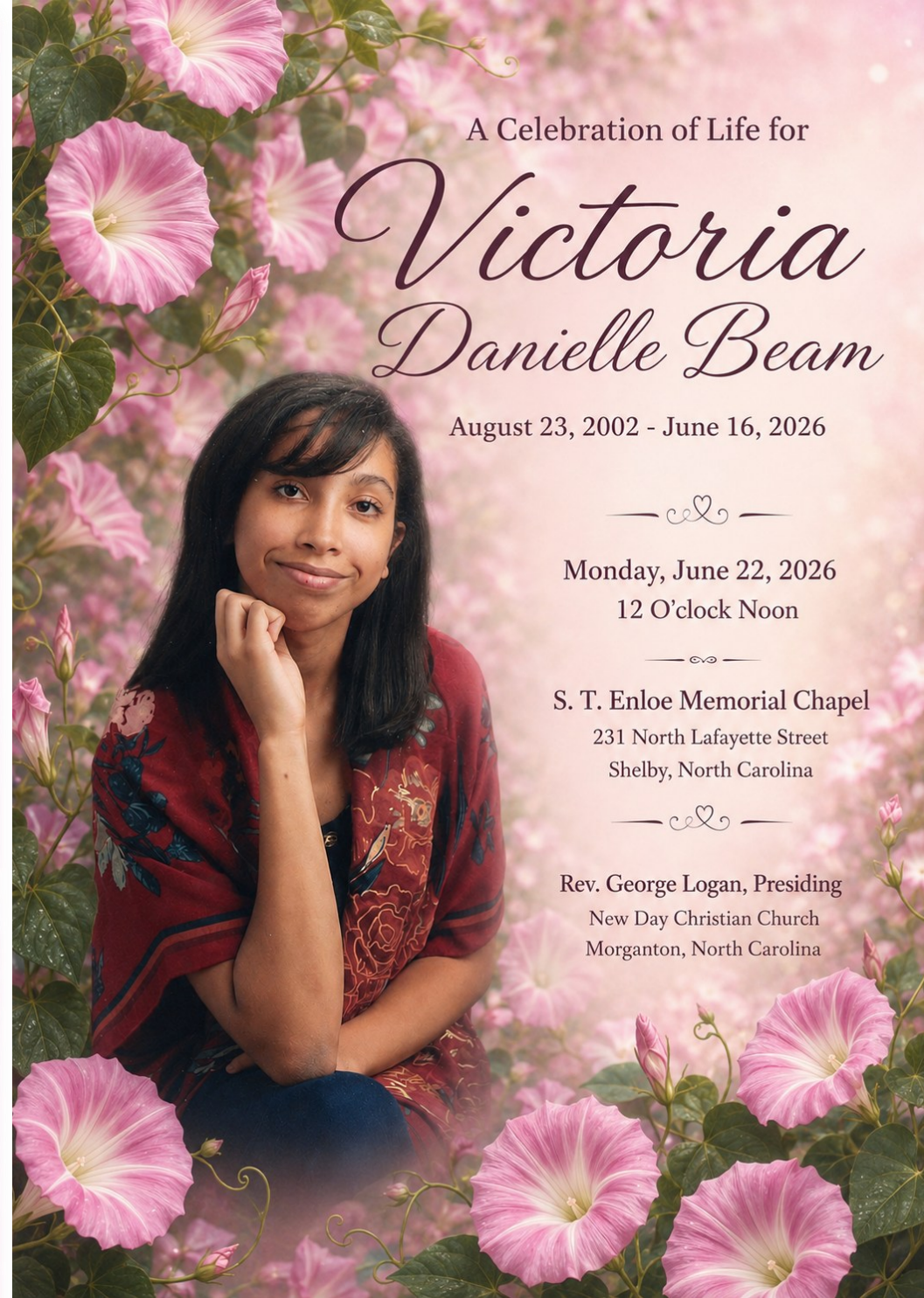


S. T. Enloe Memorial Chapel

231 North Lafayette Street
Shelby, North Carolina



Rev. George Logan, Presiding
New Day Christian Church
Morganton, North Carolina



Order Of Service

Pastor George Logan
Officiating

Processional of Family
and Friends

Visitation of
Family and Friends
11 am until 12 Noon

Welcome
Pastor George Logan

Scripture

Prayer

Remarks and Tributes
*(Friends and family are invited
to share memories, words of
comfort, and tributes)*

Special Tribute
"For Tori"

Message(s)
Pastor George Logan
Mr. James Wallace

Recessional

Victoria Danielle Beam

Victoria Danielle Beam, known to family and friends as Tori, passed away on June 16, 2026, at the age of 23. She was born on August 23, 2002, and grew up in Charlotte and Shelby, North Carolina.

Tori was a student at UNC Charlotte at the time of her passing. She had a deep love for Japanese culture and brought the same eye for detail and aesthetics to everything she touched. Her taste in music was electric, her humor sharp, and her imagination always at work — whether she was creating art, exploring the worlds of *The Legend of Zelda* and *Splatoon*, or simply seeing everyday a little differently than everyone else. She was a talented visual artist whose work was featured at the Uptown Shelby Art Center and recognized by the *Daily Star*. In sixth grade, she won the county spelling bee as a student at Marion School.

She is survived by her parents, James and Marsha Beam, and her sisters, Gabrielle and Paris Beam.

For Tori

She moved through the world with a quiet eye,
catching colors others walked past,
finding the extraordinary tucked
inside the ordinary and holding it up
to the light.

She loved the ancient and the
invented — ink on paper, worlds in a
screen, the careful spelling of
beautiful words, the sound of a song
no one else could have chosen.

She was sharp in the way the stars are
sharp — not loud, but impossible to
miss, once you learned to look.
And now the tears will come,
as tears must — but somewhere
beyond the mourning every
brushstroke still glows,
every level still waits,
every word she ever placed
exactly right remains.

*He will wipe every tear from their
eyes. There will be no more death
or mourning or crying or pain.*

She was here.
She made things.
She was loved.

