

*A Celebration of the Life  
of*



# Susan Andrea Tomanek

29th July 1943 - 29th August 2024

Wilford Hill Crematorium, Main Chapel

Friday 20th September 2024  
at 12.00 noon



# Order of Service

## **Music on Entrance**

Hallelujah  
Johnny Mathis

## **Welcome and Introduction**



## A Psalm of Life

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream!  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

*Continued...*



Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead past bury its dead!  
Act, act in the living present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*



## **Eulogy**

### **Music for Reflection**

O Soave Fanciulla from *La Boheme*  
Anna Netrebko and Rolando Villazon



## Reading

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

*William Wordsworth (1802)*



**Farewell**

**Closing Words**

**Music on Exit**

I'm Gonna Be (500 Miles)

The Proclaimers



The family would like to thank everyone  
for their kind words and support at this sad time.

All are welcome for light refreshment at  
Ruddington Grange Golf Club.

Donations in memory of Susan for  
**Smile Train UK**  
may be sealed in the donation envelope  
and placed in the box on leaving the service,  
left online at  
**[www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries](http://www.lymn.co.uk/obituaries)**  
or by scanning the QR code below or sent care of

**A.W. LYMN**

*The Family Funeral Service\**

45 Easthorpe Street  
Ruddington  
NG11 6LB  
[www.lymn.co.uk](http://www.lymn.co.uk)

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