

# The Funeral of

## Nic Snow

6<sup>th</sup> May 1963 – 17<sup>th</sup> February 2019

Eastbourne Crematorium, 21<sup>st</sup> March 2019, 1.45pm



*Celebrant: Tasveer Shemza*

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*Entry Music: Gary Numan 'Cars'*

## **The Tribute**

Nic was born in Queen Charlotte's Hospital Hammersmith on 6<sup>th</sup> May 1963, to Betty and Alf. He was the third of four children: Malcolm and Elaine were a good ten years older while Nic and his younger brother Chris were just two years apart.

His early years were spent in Chiswick and later Hounslow, as Alf worked for BOAC. His parents separated when Nic was nine and he and Chris spent a year in New Zealand with their father but things didn't quite work out for Alf. Although the time in New Zealand was relatively short it provided a memorable experience. Nic fell down a bank and was badly stung by wasps – this gave him not only a lifelong fear of them but also a very good excuse to avoid gardening!

On return Nic spent chunks of time with his mother or father living in Fulham and Whitton. Perhaps all this moving around had an effect on Nic, as he seemed to be restless in later life, often moving on and looking for the next challenge. Nic was a bit of a nomad.

After leaving Westminster College he tried various things, starting out in retail. This was the time of The New Romantics and when he was an assistant in the Ladies Department at Harrods he was sent home for dressing like Adam Ant! He continued to use his artistic flair in displaying merchandise when he was the store manager at Bejams in Southgate, sometimes not adhering to company guidelines!

His big break was in the 80's however, when he became a copywriter and worked for some of the top London agencies such as Saaatchi's. Elaine and his loved ones say he had a brilliant way with words, he was highly intelligent and creative. He worked across all media: film/TV/newspapers and continued this locally into the 90's.

Nic married and had a daughter Kelly, who he called 'Chob' due to her chubby cheeks. Although Nic wasn't there a lot of the time for Chob, she was always in his heart and thoughts, and he, in his own way, loved her dearly.

He spent some happy years, including a couple of years in Derby. He was a good story-teller with a quirky sense of humour, he didn't take himself or life too seriously. Sometimes his stories were so far-fetched they were hard to believe, but these often turned out to be true.

Perhaps this is shown in his love of speed and his motorbikes. First bike at seventeen and returned to at fifty with a Yamaha R1, this is a racing bike. Not interested in clothes in general, Nic loved to co-ordinate his leathers and the accessories to his bike, and they had to be the best. He loved to tinker and enhance his bike.

Nic's interests are inter-linked. He loved films, gaming and reading. Horror, Sci-Fi and Fantasy were his favourite genres. But Nic also loved cats and all of these come together in firstly his creativity: - he made cards of wacky cats, particularly for his Mum, and secondly his own cat Nom, named after the Sandgorgon in 'The Chronicles of Thomas Covenant,' a fantasy book series he loved. He also made 100's of YouTube videos in his time.

So Nic was a risk taker but with a sensitive, gentle soul, perhaps wary of getting hurt he found it difficult to settle long term with people or places. He moved down to Eastbourne in the late 1980's when his Mum moved here. He always knew that if things were tough he had a bolt hole there. His DIY skills came in particularly handy at his Mum's especially when she moved house in 2003. Although it has to be said his efforts weren't always successful – but he tried!

Nic became increasingly interested in computers and with the birth of the web and .com he found his niche. He set up his own business designing and building websites for his clients. He was also a part-time technical adviser for The Fertility Network and Dyslexia Action.

It was during this time that he shared office space with Mike and a real friendship developed.

Mike would like to share his memories with you today.

*When I was asked if I wanted to say a few words about Nic, I thought long and hard about how I would approach it. Whenever I have had to*

*undertake any type of meaningful writing - be it something a little more creative, or public speaking (which I am terrible at giving), or even just a well structured representation made against a parking fine, or contractual work in the office,... Ironically, it would always and only ever be Nic that I would turn to for advice and guidance on how to better my grammar etc.*

*When it came to the written or spoken word, there was no-one else I knew better equipped. So please bear with me whilst I fumble my way through this for the first time without Nic's input.*

*So I began trying to inspire myself by writing down a few individual words that I feel best described him.*

*Unconventional*

*Deeply thoughtful*

*Unselfish*

*Generous*

*Extremely talented*

*Creative*

*Witty & intelligent*

*Dark & sometimes solitary*

*But above all these – 'A free spirit'.*

*I first met Nic through a mutual friend in 2008. Nic was doing some IT work for our friend's business and offered a similar service for my own business.*

*Nic struck me as a real radical thinker and a very funny guy – we instantly clicked. We would work and socialise together and very quickly realised that we both had the same ludicrous and childish sense of humours. It was one of those rare relationships you manage to get with someone in life, where you are always the only two people in a crowded room who "get the joke" – as we would stand giggling like little school girls on so many occasions.*

*We would spend countless times having the most nonsensical conversations, with one trying to 'out do' the other with stupid comments. And it wouldn't be a normal day if we hadn't given each other our fair quotas of abusive insults – all as a gesture of affection of course.*

*Nic had a unique way of making people feel relaxed and at ease, despite whatever situation they may be in. You could say he had a bit of an infectious personality and this drew people towards him.*

*He also had a knack of trivialising everything – which at times could be infuriating, especially when, on the rare occasion, you would actually want him to be serious – just for one moment...*

*But I guess this was just his charm and indeed, part of his armoury. In later years, this habit of never taking himself or anything too seriously took its toll in terms of Nic's health implications – and if ever there was a need for him to concentrate, it was then.*

*Nic was a product of the 80s, and if ever I contemplate something from the 80s, I always for some reason tend to associate it with Nic. He embodied so much of what the 80s was all about. Innovative thinking in modern advertising campaigns, breakthroughs in micro technology and the outrageous fashions that he would embrace when enjoying the 'New Romantic Scene'. All these 'back in the day' stories that I use to hear from him fascinated me. And in many ways, I believe he missed those times.*

*But above all else, he was a fearless character – and as I mentioned earlier, free spirited. Nic would get his kicks from bucking against the trend, doing it his way and of course, trying to reach speed limits on his motorbikes that would breach the speed of sound. I have simply lost count of the amount of times he came off his bike. This became a standing joke between us if a week went past and he had managed to stay on it!*

*These were the types of things that thrilled him, and they could never be taken away from him.*

*And all these things mentioned are what I miss. I miss my friend very much.*

*Rest well Nic.*

Thank you, Mike.

So Nic was generous, sometimes too generous, as with cooking – he made too much and it was often too spicy! But he would do anything for anyone, particularly when it came to mending laptops and he would do it for free because he wasn't interested in money. He wasn't at all materialistic, he just wanted to enjoy life.

And Nic was thoughtful, particularly in his choice of presents. think of Elaine and Sue's clock personalised to her Mum's specifications but with crazy cats and an oversized Ella in their laps! And the camcorder so Ella could show them her travels (although it didn't quite work hidden under her beard! She's a Wheaten Terrier if you didn't know)!

Nic was brave, strong and private. Even though he had been ill since 2015 he didn't talk about it openly, he didn't share what he was going through. Elaine says he downplayed it all – the trips to and from the hospital. He didn't want people to worry about him, but of course they did!

Illness can help you to prioritise what's important to you and a close friend helped Nic realise what was missing in his life. He managed to get back in touch with his childhood sweetheart Cally. It looks like they were really meant to be together and eventually they were, until the end.

Cally first met Nic when they were both seventeen. He was showing off on his bike in a car park of Westminster College. They dated for a year but then went their separate ways, remaining in contact for several years. When they bumped into each other again in 1996 in the check-in queue for a flight to Greece, they both had a family of their own. They exchanged contact details and promised to keep in touch, but both lost the addresses!

It was his friend's prompt in looking for a contact to help Chob pursue a career in make-up, that encouraged Nic to send an email to Cally's sister,

and even though it languished in her spam box for a year they finally got together! It was like time had stopped. Nic's love was still strong,

Cally and Nic finally spent his last few years happily together, enjoying each other's company and humour. The road had been long and twisty for both (just how Nic used to ride his bike) but in the end they got to where they wanted to be.

*Reflection Music: 'Take 5' by Dave Brubeck*

*Exit Music: Gary Numan 'Absolution'*