



A celebration of the life of

Susan Jane Morris

24th February 1959 -16th February 2019

8th March 2019, 12 noon

at

Eden Valley Woodland Burial Ground

Followed by a memorial at

The Kent and Surrey Golf and Country Club at 12.30

Celebrant: Felicity Harvest, accredited by



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The Tribute

Sue was born in North Cheam in 1959, Susan Jane Monery, the first child of Margaret and Peter Monery. Dave and Carolyn followed later, something which did not entirely please Sue, particularly as she had to share a room with her annoying little sister. At first they lived with Peter's parents, Olive and Bob, but then they moved to 39 Witham Road, which was to remain the family home for over fifty years. She went to Langley Park Girl's School, where she made good friends, with whom she kept in touch all her life. Although she enjoyed music and art at school, there were aspects of it she didn't like – particularly the emphasis on sport. This was the woman who in later life would drive round Safeway's car park five times so she could find a spot near the door, rather than walk any further than she needed to – and that was before she became ill!

So she left school as soon as she could and went to work in the graphics department at the Bank of England, and then at the Gas Board. This was in the 70's, remember, and Sue fully indulged herself in the fashion of the time – those of you who knew her then will remember the flares, the long hair and the smell of patchouli which accompanied her. Her platform boots were so lethal that once she fell over waiting for a lift and sprained her ankle - her dad had to pick her up at the station and drive her home.

She was married at 18 to Jerry, a marriage which did not last long, but a wedding that's remembered fondly by old school friends. After just a few more years she settled in Croydon, working for Seegas, and it was there that she met Chris, an engineer.

Sue then began the training which was to be the main occupation for the rest of her working life, as a croupier, working for some time for London Casinos. She and Chris were married and swiftly climbed the property ladder, before heading off to South Africa, accompanied by the cats

Morris, Doris and Horace, where she worked for Sun International and Chris worked as a civil engineer. They had seven fabulous years enjoying a lavish lifestyle and luxurious holidays shared with family and friends. Sue and Dave built a particularly strong relationship during this time when he was able to stay for extended holidays, exploring both the beautiful country of South Africa and the complexities of life in many late night conversations with Sue.

Peta was born in Pretoria in 1990, and has a few memories of that time, including amazing birthday cakes and parties, wearing very little except swimming costumes and racing round the garden chasing Boris the chicken. Sue and Peta headed home in 1995, because the political environment in South Africa was changing, and Sue did not feel it was the best place to bring up a child.

Once home, she returned to work in London, at the Park Tower Casino where she made many more friends, many of whom are here today.

Jayne will now talk to us about Sue

Hello, I'm Jayne for anyone that doesn't know me.

If I struggle with this Gina is my back up, I have tried not to swear in this tribute, which will be difficult due to Sue's colourful language at times.

I met Sue over 23 years ago at the Park Tower casino, Sue was an inspector and I was a dealer. Back in those days us dealers were quite intimidated by our inspectors (which wasn't a bad thing). Our inspectors would often reduce a trainee dealer to tears on the table.

Fortunately I was quite a good dealer so Sue liked me... and we got on from the start... unfortunately for some dealers that had just started out in their casino careers this wasn't the case.... Sue had a tendency to shout..., jump out of her inspectors chairand had also been known to whack the dealers hand if they weren't doing it right!....but even though she was hard she did it with the

intention of making a bad dealer a bloody good onewhich she did many times.....

It wasn't only the dealers that had advice from Sue (or some would say abuse), often the waitresses would stand around chatting and laughing only to be told to shut the F up I can't hear myself think!.....

But no one ever complained about Sue,..... or they didn't dare to ! ...it was because she was good at her job and just wanted everyone else to be good at it as well....

Sue progressed from inspector to gaming supervisor....., running the gaming floor in her own unique style...if you didn't fancy dealing on AR 1 she would say..... I don't give a shite ...just do it.....

Unfortunately because this role entailed constantly walking around 8 hours a day.... with Sue's health deteriorating she went back to her role as an inspector..... where she continued to shout from the comfort of her chair.

Sue loved her job..... and even though it was tough getting herself to work she did it,..... someone asked me why she continued to work with her illness ..I told them she wouldn't have it any other way,she was independent,... determinedand had pride in the fact that she always supported herselfand Peta and had not relied on hand outs.....

I was once on a dreaded team bonding course for work with Vicki Mort..... and the tutor asked us all to think of an inspirational person.....we all thought of famous people.... I chose Nelson Mandela as it was first person to pop into my head,..... Vicki Chose Sue....it was beautiful,Vic said she just admired her determination to carry on workingand living her life to the full with her illness...she was truly an inspiration.....

Sue also loved the banter and gossip at work,..... when she was off work for long periods of time I and many other friends would keep her filled in with all the going ons in the Casino.....

Sue was known to moan a bit.....she would have won a Goldmedal if moaning was an Olympic sport....it was truly legendary,.....she often sent long emails to various victims such as the company she bought her sofa from..... , another time I remember was her 5000 word letter to the casino manager.... complaining about the new inspectors chairsand how uncomfortable they were..... She even found a company on line that would alter the chairs to her taste.

They were never changed by the way.....

But apart from her occasional grumpiness,Sue was kind....., generous..... and thoughtful,..... if it was somebody' birthday or new baby..... or someone was getting married.... there was always a present from Sue ,..... if someone said they were having problems finding something in particularshe would be straight on to eBay or Amazon and it would be ordered the same day..... If someone mentioned they liked something it would be bought and stored away for Christmas.....

A friend mentioned her grandson liked reading ,.....next time Sue came to work she was carrying a huge bag of children's books,..... as well as her oxygen tank,insisting they were Peta's old books but they looked brand new.....

I couldn't leave Sues house without her giving me something,..... crystal glasses,towels,a george foreman ,..... a ratchet,..... bottle of processoand most recently a set of silver spoons..... Sue also loved an alternative Christmas card,..... I cant give you any examples but you all know what I mean!.....

Sue loved to go out and we enjoyed many fabulous days out as mentioned before..... the orient express ,..... the shard,oxo tower, we would eat and drink and laugh, money was no object.... and we really tried to live up to our idols Patsy and Eddie....and on occasion..... we would end up flat on our backs bottle of stoli in hand

Sue was the ultimate friend ,.....never let you down,never said you were wrong(even though you were) she was kind,.... fun,.... Strong..... and just an incredible women.....

I will miss her so much, love you Sueor as you would say.....

Love and Bolloxs xx

Thank you Jayne

As you've just heard Sue was the person for whom the phrase "party animal" could have been invented. She knew how to enjoy herself. Her big birthdays were particularly enjoyable. Her 40th, at Bolebroke Castle, had a Bad Taste theme, inspiring some truly astonishing fancy dress. Carolyn's friend Shirley, remembers it well "Thanks for introducing me to your mad sister – at one of the best parties EVER". For her 50th, as well as a party in London, she headed off to Marrakesh with some friends from work, where they borrowed a trolley to push her around because her breathing was badly affected by the atmosphere.

She loved her holidays, whether they were day trips to Camber Sands and Rye, weekends in Wales with Mum and Dad, or to visit Dave and family in California, or extended breaks in Portugal. And she loved to eat and drink in special places like the Shard, the Orient Express and the Oxo Tower, not forgetting, of course, her beloved Bottle House Inn at Penshurst.

She had other occupations, too, some of them surprising – breeding chinchillas, for example, selling jewellery and buying handbags on eBay, then doing them up and selling them. And over the past few years, she devoted masses of love to her pug, Georgie. Sue rescued Georgie, who was then 6, thinking that having a dog might encourage her to take some exercise. I'm not sure how much exercise it led to, but they were certainly devoted to each other – not least because they were entirely comfortable with each other's often noisy breathing.

Peta will always remember Sue as the best Mum ever, always supportive, always there with a hug when needed, kind, caring and honest. She remembers lots of special moments, ranging from a trip to Disneyland where she was allowed to have the most enormous Goofy, to the non-judgemental way in which her Mum picked her up drunk from a local park.

Carolyn and Dave also remember her as their funny, supportive sibling – she quickly got over her resentment of having a younger brother and sister – and that she was always there, in person or on the end of a phone. If you needed anything, she could find it, or find out how to do it – as Carolyn said, “She was way ahead of Alexa – talk to Sue, and the answer would come”. She was more than competent at everything she did. Carolyn said “I suddenly realised why I was finding everything so difficult compared to when Dad died – it’s because she’s not there, organising us all.”

Even as Sue’s health deteriorated, she was always there to sort out a problem, whether it was Mum’s car insurance or replacing her salt lamp bulbs.

And of course, Sue would go and see her Mum every Friday, whatever was happening (well, unless she was off somewhere exotic).

Sue first really noticed her illness on a beach in Portugal, when she became suddenly breathless. Despite the prognosis, she refused to give in, simply rocking the rucksack so she could carry her liquid oxygen around un-noticed – or almost un-noticed. If someone remarked on the hissing noise, she’d just tell them where to go, in her own special way. She was working as an inspector by now, so the job was not as physically demanding as it had been, and she worked as much as she could, even if she wasn’t really well enough. And she made sure that she always worked on New Year’s Eve, a special evening in the casino world, involving dressing up, and a lot of food and drink.

As was her style, she made sure she was an expert on her illness, and if she did not respect the medical advice she was getting, she would make that very clear, backing up her arguments with direct reference to the NICE guidelines.

Sue's drive, love of life and energy were so great that they are almost impossible to sum up in this short memorial, but I hope what I've said has helped you to reflect on her life, and to unlock some of the stories which you will share once we have done.