



Nancy June Polomsky

June 15, 1931 - August 30, 2017

Nancy June Polomsky, 86, died peacefully in her sleep the early morning of August 30, 2017. She was born June 15, 1931 in Cleveland, Ohio, the daughter of Michael and Sarah Hagan.

Family and friends were Nancy's passion in life and she felt she lived a blessed life. From early on, she possessed a contagious smile and entertaining sense of humor. She was known for her ease of striking up conversations with total strangers. Her signature gift of joy, shown through her constant smiling, laughter, and joking around, will never be forgotten. Nancy loved holidays and family get-togethers; any chance to spend time with her family was important to her. She will be missed by all who knew and loved her.

Nancy married the love of her life, John, and for 66 years they built a wonderful life and family together. After many moves, they settled in Cary, North Carolina and enjoyed the past 10 years living here as more and more of their family moved to the area. Her greatest legacy was becoming a mother to 5 children, 13 grandchildren and 7 great grandchildren with an additional 2 on the way.

She is survived by her husband, John, her ever loving sons, Tim and Michael (Anne), and daughters Cynthia Flasch (Charles), Diane Berk (David) and Judy Tackett (Jim); grandchildren Michael Polomsky, Jennifer Esterle (Kurt),

Douglas Polomsky (Courtney), Kathryn Lennert (Phil), Samantha Record (Adam), Megan Hart (Ben), Ryan Tackett, Sarah Tackett, Jonathan Flasch, Erin Mulder (Scott), Mac Flasch, Kyle Tackett and Spencer Flasch; great grandchildren Alexis Esterle, Lindsie Tackett, Lily Polomsky, Garrett Polomsky, Ella Hart, Aria Record and Hudson Record.

A funeral mass will be held on Saturday, September 2, 2017 at 1:30 p.m. at St. Michael's The Archangel Church, 804 High House Road, Cary, NC. In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions can be made to Transitions Life Care (www.transitionslifecare.org). Arrangements provided by Wake Funeral & Cremation Services in Cary, NC.

Previous Events

Funeral Mass

SEP 2. 1:30 PM (ET)

St. Michael the Archangel Catholic Church
804 High House Rd.
Cary, NC 27513
<http://www.stmichaelcary.org/>

Tribute Wall

“ Part II--Form my Mom, ---from her daughter, Cindy

o For the past few years, my Mom and I talked religiously every night at 6:45 pm—that was our time.

□ It used to irritate me when one of my sisters would happen to pop in to visit during my time with Mom—after all, they had the other 23 hours of the day to spend time with her if they wanted!

□ We never ran out of things to talk about:

□ We would talk about who she had talked to that day in the family, what appointments she or Dad had that day, how her monthly luncheons with the ladies on her street went, and one of her favorite topics—politics

• Mom did love Fox news and liked to debate anyone on current events and especially her passionate support for the current President.

o Sorry to any never-Trumpers out there!

□ When we were done talking about her “real” family, Mom would turn the discussion to her second family—the people in Salem, Illinois [aka, the people on the soap opera Days of Our Lives]

• Mom was a fan from the beginning back in 1965 and watched that show religiously. We used to talk about the latest twists and turns and who was doing what to whom.

• Mom was excited when babies were born on the show and cried when favorite characters “died” on the show

□ We would always end the conversation with me looking up what was on TV that night---and if it was something like Dancing With the Stars, we knew we had something to talk about the next night!

• If you ever wanted everyone to know something just tell Mom—she could spread gossip and information quicker than the internet. So in a way, you could say, mom was the precursor to the internet.

• Mom might not have been the most proficient person when it came to figuring out computers—but she sure liked to participate on Facebook.

o Each day, Mom loved to hear about what was going on with all her friends and family and looked to Facebook for all the latest gossip.

□ She loved to be the first person to tell others what was new on Facebook

o As we all know, Mom's eyesight was failing and it made it hard for her to type in her comments and posts on Facebook. This didn't stop her from making sure that she didn't miss a birthday or anniversary.

□ Each night before someone's birthday Mom would call me and dictate to me what she wanted me to write on that person's timeline
• It was very important to her that I made sure to post it first thing so that the person would know that she was thinking of them all day.

• Whenever my Mom would say good bye to anyone she would go through the routine of saying back and forth with each other: "I love you"; "love you more"; "love you most"

o Again, Mom always liked to have the last word!

• I have learned from the grandchildren that my Mom had a habit of ending or starting most of her sentences with the phrase "Ya know"
o As a result, this phrase has made it into their speech and they find that they now have that same habit.

□ So to all the grandchildren, when you catch yourself saying "Ya Know", I hope you all think of Grandma with a laugh and know that she is laughing along with you.

• Mom's granddaughter, Erin, had a beautiful saying on her Facebook page that I would like to share: "Grief is a funny thing. It's an emotion no one likes to feel but in reality you are fortunate if you do. For where there is deep grief, there was great love. Grief is the last act of love we have to give our loved one."

• My mother was very proud of her Irish heritage. In particular, she loved the lively Irish wakes and wanted to make sure that when it was her time to pass that we celebrate her life with laughing, lots of food and the raising of our glasses in her memory.

o So today, we will put aside our sadness and come together to

celebrate the remarkable person we called wife/Mom/Grandma or friend.

So, in closing, I'm not going to say goodbye Mom---instead, I'm going to say, "Mom, I'll be talking to you at 6:45 and remember, we loved you most".

Cindy Flasch - September 05, 2017 at 02:08 PM

“ Part I---For my Mom, --from her daughter, Cindy

On behalf of my Mom, I want to thank everyone for coming to the mass to celebrate the life for my Mom and for sending flowers, cards and encouraging words during this difficult time. For those that were not able to attend, below are some thoughts I had shared that gives a small glimpse into the life of my mother.

• How can you describe my Mom. Some words that come to mind are:

o Loving and caring

o Devoted wife

o Wonderful mother

o Proud grandmother

o In addition to the previous list there was one word that even my mother would use to describe herself and that is Procrastinator— Mom had a hard time making decisions-- big or small. Mom was the queen of procrastination!!

She always wanted to make sure that her decision did not negatively affect someone else. So, instead of making a decision, she would say “Let me think about it”

• which was pretty much our indication that we wouldn't be getting a decision any time soon

Even in the hospital my Mom had to laugh about her being a procrastinator and even then she was trying to figure out how she could procrastinate on leaving this earth.

• My Mom's greatest joy was to be with her family and she felt that she was very blessed to have:

o A wonderful husband whom she had known and loved since she was in junior high and had been lucky to have been married to for 66 years;

o She had 5 wonderful children [note I couldn't resist adding the word “wonderful” to describe us];

o She also had 13 grandchildren;

o 7 great-grandchildren [with an additional 2 on the way!];

*o wonderful son in-laws and daughter in-laws,
o and 5 grandchildren through marriage.*

• Mom was so happy to know that a little piece of her would live on through all these amazing people in her life

• My Mom had a great sense of humor. For example:

o When my brothers were small they used to keep getting out of bed and getting into all kinds of mischief. So, when she wanted my brothers to stay in bed, she would put a mask of a witch from a Halloween costume on their door knob and you can bet that the boys did not get out of bed those nights!

Fast forward in time and when we would talk and laugh about the witch mask, my brothers told her they were going to play “Ding Dong the Witch is Dead” at her funeral---my mother used to laugh and laugh at the thought of that and even she thought she deserved that.

o When she was in the hospital this past week, I had stayed the night with her. At one point during the night I had to go to the bathroom when Mom was sleeping. When I came back, she was sitting up in bed and was so relieved to see me.

She said, “ I’m so glad to see you as I thought I had died and when I looked around and saw there was no one in the room, I said to myself, what the heck, where are all the people that are supposed to meet me at the gates---surely there is more than this, what a disappointment!”

• We got a good laugh out of that

I am positive that when the time came when she did pass, that there were a ton of people waiting at the gates for her---her sister Sally, grandson Jonathan, daughter in-law Wendy and a host of other rowdy Irish relatives and friends that she could have a cold beer with.

I can just picture Mom walking thru those pearly gates with rows of angels all singing” Joyful Joyful” as she walked between them.

• Even though there are 5 children, Mom always had ways to make each of us feel special and loved.

o For my sister Judy, who knew doctors’ appointments could be the

highlight of her week.

Judy and Mom would have long talks during these appointments and Mom always looked to find and say something good about each person they talked about.

Of course, these appointments would always end up at a restaurant afterwards which was something Mom looked forward to.

[see continuation on Part II page]

Cindy Flasch - September 05, 2017 at 02:04 PM

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“ 1 file added to the album Nancy's family [slideshow from 65th anniversary party in 2016]



Cindy Flasch - September 05, 2017 at 01:17 PM

“ My Mother: Nancy June Polomsky

How do you say goodbye to the woman who gave you life and then selflessly spent the remainder of hers watching over you and putting your happiness ahead of hers? You can't, and my heart will forever ache over her passing.

Over the years, Mom had often said that all she ever wanted to be was a mother, and how very proud she was of each and every one of her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. She was the gatekeeper of family information – she was always up-to-date on what everyone in the family was currently up to, and I shall immensely miss my 2-hour weekly 9:00 AM Saturday telephone conversations with her to catch up on what was going on with everybody.

Over the course of the month preceding her passing, I was blessed to have an outstanding series of honest and soul-baring telephone conversations with Mom. In these conversations, we discussed everything from the meaning of life, her aspirations, her fears, her reflections on what a wonderful life she had led, how everyday she prayed to God to watch over each and every one of us in her family, and how very grateful she was to wake up each morning and be given the opportunity to live another day. In my last telephone conversation with Mom, she ended the call by reminding me to not take life so seriously – to make sure that I find the time to do all of the things that I always said I wanted to do, and to travel to all of the places that I said I wanted to go. She reminded me that life is too short; that she couldn't believe how fast time had gone by, and that tomorrow is never guaranteed. Even though it was not known at this point that Mom's health was rapidly deteriorating, after each of these conversations I remarked that it seemed like Mom knew that the end was near, and that she still had a lot to say before she passed.

She was a full-service Mother – there wasn't a problem she couldn't

help to solve. Whenever I stumbled, whether it was from falling out of a tall cherry tree and landing on a board filled with nails as a child and Mom feeding me black olives while waiting for the ambulance to come, or helping me work through a seemingly non-stop litany of health problems as an adult, Mom was always there to offer comfort and encouragement, along with the message that God never gives us more than we can handle. She was a terrific sounding-board when I didn't quite know how to handle a situation, and I often heavily relied on and followed her sage advice. She "knew" me, she "got" me more than anyone else on earth, and she always unconditionally loved me. I am quite confident that I often tested the boundaries of "unconditional love" with Mom, but she never wavered. That's not to say that I didn't get a well-deserved "piece of her mind", but it was always followed up with a reassurance that she loved me, no matter what.

I guess that what I shall miss most about Mom was her wicked, sometimes dark, yet playful, sense of humor. From my earliest recollections as a child, Mom always found a way to find humor in a situation, and she loved to play practical jokes. Imagine sitting down to dinner as a child and finding a rubber spider in your spaghetti, and looking over at Mom rolling off her seat in laughter. Or, calling in earnest to Tim and I "help, help, Mommy needs help" from down in a dark basement, only to have her jump out with a scary Halloween mask on. She was naturally funny, and loved to laugh. Her wonderful gift of humor was passed on to me, and has gotten me through some of the darkest moments of despair in my life.

I know that I should take comfort from the fact that she is now in heaven and at peace with God. I will, in time, but for now I will continue to grieve the loss of such a remarkable woman – my Mother. I love you Mom, and will always cherish every moment I was blessed to spend with you, and will always honor your memory.

Your loving son,

Michael

Michael - September 01, 2017 at 05:42 AM