



In Memory of
Mark W. Solomon

January 6, 1964 - June 1, 2017

Obituary

Mark W. Solomon

Jan 6, 1964 - Jun 1, 2017

Papillion, NE. Preceded in death by parents, Bill and Pat Solomon.

Survived by wife, Lisa; daughters, Andrea, and Alyssa; sisters, Michele (Greg) Eakins of Omaha, and Mary Ann Thornam of Denver, CO; nephew, Nicholas Eakins of Omaha; and niece, Elizabeth Colwill of Sioux Falls.

MEMORIAL SERVICE: Saturday, June 10, at 11am at Community Bible Church, 9001 Q St., Omaha. Memorials suggested to CBC Adoption Fund.

Arrangements under the direction of Kahler Dolce Mortuary, Papillion, NE.

Memorial Service Eulogy

by Lisa, Andrea and Alyssa Solomon

During the football season, on game day in Lincoln, you always knew where to find Mark. Memorial Stadium, Section 23, Row 18, seat 14 or 15, where for the last 25 years, with very few exceptions, you would find him and a friend cheering on his beloved Huskers. Mark loved football. He loved playing it, watching it, and analyzing it. His enthusiasm for football, and Husker football in particular, was contagious.

Mark's family was very proud of him his entire life. They loved watching him grow from a bright, adorable baby to a smart, engaging and witty young man. His interest in football led to him becoming perhaps the biggest Husker fan on the planet. He respected and loved his parents and he was a caring brother to his two sisters. But his greatest role was as a loving husband and father.

Mark was born a Husker fan on January 6, 1964 in Omaha, Nebraska.

When Mark was 12, his family moved to Liberal, Kansas, where he lived until he graduated from high school in 1982. The passion of Mark's high school years was football. In his junior year, he helped his team become State Champions in their division with a perfect winning record.

Mark began his college career at Fort Hays State University, where he also played football. In August 1986, during his time at Fort Hays State, he attended a friend's party, where he met and talked briefly with Lisa. The following day, he "happened" to be riding his motorcycle by her house as she was coming out to go for a bike ride. He waved and pulled over to the curb and they talked awhile before he offered her a ride. After the motorcycle ride, they went for a ride in his car so they could talk some more. It wasn't long before they were spending most of their spare time together. It was many months later that Mark finally confessed to her that he had driven over to his friend's house that day

to find out where she lived, and had actually been driving past her house for almost an hour hoping she would come out just as he “happened” to be driving by! A year later, on August 15, 1987, they were married.

Eventually, Mark and Lisa moved to Wichita, Kansas where Mark completed his bachelor’s degree in biology and began working in the field of cytogenetics. When he was offered a job in cytogenetics at the University of Nebraska Med Center, he jumped at the chance, as he had always wanted to move back “home” to Omaha. After working in cytogenetics for several years, he took the opportunity to work in a scientific research lab and it was in this area that he found his greatest job satisfaction. One of his greatest strengths was his ability to use his creativity to solve problems and come up with innovative solutions, and it was in his research positions that he was able to fully use that.

In December 2000, his first daughter, Andi, was born. She was followed by another daughter, Allie, in August 2003. If there was something Mark loved more than Husker football, it was his two daughters. It was at this time that Mark decided to change careers and became a financial advisor, to provide more stability for a growing family than the world of research would be able to give. Living in a house of girls meant that Mark had to get used to all things girly. When the girls were younger, he would often let them pick out a My Little Pony toy when they would go shopping together and make sure to record the Princess shows for them, too. As they got older, he enjoyed playing video games with them and taking the family to superhero movies. But his favorite times were when the whole family would sit around the fire pit in the backyard just hanging out and talking.

Mark was always a very handy person. He loved being able to fix things and learn how they worked. He taught himself everything from computers to woodworking and everything in between. Whether it was putting a new wood floor in the kitchen, repairing a dryer, welding a new front end on his daughter’s car, or fixing the hole that the woodpeckers pecked in the side of the house he always wanted to try to do it himself. And he nearly always succeeded. It disappointed him to have to call someone else in to fix it. There were few jobs that were too big for him to at least try.

One thing many people didn’t know about Mark was what a talented artist he was, particularly drawing. He could quickly sketch realistic pictures from his imagination. He would give impromptu drawing lessons to his daughters on little scraps of paper that were nearby. Most of his drawings and art were given away to friends.

During the football season, he was active on the BigHuskerFan website, writing weekly editorials before each game. He would write in depth (REALLY in depth!) analysis of the prior week’s game, and make predictions about the upcoming game. He always meant to get it done earlier in the week, but would inevitably end up posting in the wee hours of Saturday morning, usually because his articles turned into short novels.

Mark loved his Huskers, his family, and God. Although he didn’t talk about his faith often, it was very important to him. He was absolutely sure of what he believed. His favorite verse, when asked, was always John 3:16.

“For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”



Condolence Message

"Mark's Cornhusker Brothers and Sisters"

Poem for the Living

*When I am dead
Cry for me a little.
Think of me sometimes
But not too much.
It is not good for you
Or for your wife or your husband
Or your children
To allow your thoughts to dwell
Too long on the dead.
Think of me now and again
As I was in life
At some moment
it is pleasant to recall.
But not for long.
Leave me in peace
As I shall leave
you, too, in peace.
While you live
Let your thoughts be with the living.*

Theodora Kroeber