



Norman Ernest Lane

MAR 6, 2025



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Norman Ernest Lane

MAR 6, 2025

Obituary of Norman Ernest Lane Please share a memory of Norman to include in a keepsake book for family and friends. View Tribute Book Norman Ernest “Bean” Lane, Sr., 84, of Pearland, TX, passed away on March 6, 2025. Born on April 5, 1940, in Buffalo, NY. He was the only child of Anna Mae Lane. On January 1, 1991, Norman married Vera Gennetta Nichols (Adams). He was a devoted husband to Vera and a loving stepfather to Lionel Manuel Nichols, Jr. (deceased), Valerie Ann Nichols (Terry) of Woodlands, TX, Leslie Edward Nichols of Seattle, WA, Dwayne Allen Nichols (deceased), Karen Marie Nichols of Pearland, TX and Alesia Wynnee Nichols (Scott) of Georgetown, TX. Norman also leaves behind from a previous marriage, Norman Ernest Lane, Jr, Julia Marie Davis (Lane) and Renee Denise Lane all from Buffalo, NY. Norman was hard working and dedicated. He spent 28 years working as a machinist at Uni-Punch in Buffalo, NY, where he was known for his precision and accuracy at work. Despite his many responsibilities, he always made time for his family and his passions. Though he may not have liked being the center of attention, he deserves to have his long years of fatherly love honored. He was a man of integrity, kindness, and generosity, and he left a lasting impact on everyone who knew him. His hobbies and interests helped define who he was. He enjoyed going to the track and betting on horses, he loved watching both collegiate and professional basketball and he loved all things Buffalo especially the Buffalo Bills. His love for women’s basketball was something he shared with his children and grandchildren, especially his granddaughter Emer. He trained Emer and traveled throughout the US to attend basketball tournaments which enabled Emer to receive a 4-year Division 1 basketball scholarship. He leaves behind a host of grandchildren, Summer, Michelle, Shayla, Trevon, Tessie, Darien, Jordan, Alyssa, Brandon (deceased), Julia and Emer and great grandchildren Xavier, Ciara and Olivia as well as many friends and extended family members who will miss him dearly. We find comfort in knowing



Obituary

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that his legacy lives on through the lessons he taught us, the love he shared, and the memories we will cherish forever.



Tribute Wall

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Terry Raburn posted:

From the very first time I met Norman, he made me feel welcome in the Nichols-Lane family. He had a great sense of humor and always made me smile and laugh. I enjoyed talking with him about basketball, horse races, and our mutual love of sweets. Most of all, I was impressed with how Norman loved his family- especially his wife Vera, his children, and his grandchildren. Norman was also known for his love for cake - and not just any cake. It had to be a specially ordered 7 Up cake made by a specific baker. In the last month, he had ordered one each week and had eaten them all. I have an idea that when Norman went to heaven, he hugged his mom and all his family and friends who had gone before him. Then, Norman hugged Jesus. I believe Jesus said, "Norman, I love you and I'm so glad you are here. In fact, I made something to celebrate your homecoming." Jesus reached behind His back and pulled out a 7 Up cake. Then Jesus said, "Norman, let's you and I sit down and enjoy a piece of this cake together. And guess what Norman? You don't have to worry about special ordering one every week because I have enough to last you for all eternity." Norman's eyes got really big as the thought of that sunk in and he reached for a piece of cake. And then Jesus said, "Norman, you thought the 7 Up cake tasted great down on earth, but just wait until you taste how heavenly delicious it is up here!" Terry Raburn

March 31 at 7:00 PM



Tribute Wall

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Summer Miller posted:

Ahhh granddad, I really don't know where to begin. I've been procrastinating because writing this makes my mourning for you so real. I miss you already, but I know the doves have flown and you are now at rest. I am left remembering a short car ride to any Teds Hot Dog location to get a good, chargrilled dog with onions and relish. We bopped our heads while listening to the newest music in the Buick Riviera. You would ask me "what CD are we listening to young lady?", next thing I knew, you went and purchased the same; it was then when I knew I had the coolest granddad. I'll never forget your signature scent of Choward's Violet Mints. I never knew why you enjoyed that candy, but now as an adult, the nostalgia draws me to grab a pack whenever I come across it. I find myself folding the foil wrapper just like you to preserve the mints from pocket lint. I am left reminiscing on our countless conversations where you always dropped valuable life lessons. Whether it was you making sure I was paying my credit cards off and staying out of debt, it pushed me to challenge myself in climbing the credit score journey. The support you had for me in every stage in my life was appreciated. Thank you for making the drive all by yourself from Pearland to Baton Rouge to be at my graduation from law school...you were definitely holding up traffic as you drove up and down the same street for 30 minutes simply trying to locate my apartment complex, but you were the first person to arrive; I never will forget that. We partied all weekend and you never skipped a beat. I am thankful for the summers you spent in Buffalo, when we randomly would ride bikes, bowl a game at Kerns, bond over more Timbits, pizza, and other hometown favorite eats, and continue talking about life. I surprised you when I told you and Big Mama I was moving to Texas. You were so proud, and I was excited until I experienced that horrible Houston traffic. But you persevered planting roots in Pearland. Every time we spoke, you would tell me how you met someone from Buffalo, you were a man who knew so many people and they knew you. But more importantly, it was the respect I admired. Everyone respected you and I often find myself receiving the same type of respect from others. You always said it is how you carry yourself and others will automatically know how to treat you. Although I feel you left us too soon, Granddad, it appears you have completed your assignment here on earth. No more of me sending you Uber Eats to the hospital, a good old Jersey Mike's sub, discussing politics, having conversations about Chicago PD, and discussing plans for my upcoming wedding. You said you'd be there and that is hurting the most right now. Big Mama will represent for you in your physical absence, but I know you will be there in spirit to make the day run smoothly. Overall, it is the conversations and times of laughter I will continue to hold on to. So, thank you for leaving me with great memories of you. Love Summer!

March 11 at 7:00 PM



Carol Clarke posted:

Extending our heartfelt sympathy to Karen and her entire family. We continue to keep you in prayer during this season. May you find comfort and peace as Mr. Lane rests in the arms of God and will always be in our hearts. Carol Carke and Family

March 22 at 7:00 PM



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Sylvia Lane posted:

Norman was my father-law, whom I called Pops. Whenever he came to Buffalo, I have his glasses, keys and code to get into the house. We would always go to get his must-haves at some of have his favorite food spots around the town like Mattie's, Tim Horton's (Tim bits), Original Pancake House, Just Pizza, Bocce's and Leonardi's. Pops regular routine to eat would be to ALWAYS come home - get 3 napkins, put 3 tim-bits on 1, his pills on another and a can of coke(or Pepsi) on the other. I would just giggle, NEVER FAILS!! Pops and I have created SO MANY great moments together over the years, but the one that we've always reverted back to during every visit was when we went to The Original Pancake House. After our meal, he decided to pay the bill. Our waiter came back because the card he had presented had expired, so I kindly pulled out Boone's card and said "POPS, I guess this meal is on your son!" He cracked-UP!!!! After that day, he would always bring it up and we'd burst into uncontrollable laughter!! will truly miss you PopsLove you so much.Your daughter-lawSylvia

March 21 at 7:00 PM



Tribute Wall

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KN

Karen Nichols posted:

My dad was a quiet man. He didn't fill the room with booming laughter or command attention with grand gestures. Instead, he was the steady heartbeat of our family, the gentle force that kept us grounded and gave us roots. We had a special connection. The time when I needed strength and support the most, he was there. I was diagnosed with breast cancer in 2008. During my cancer crisis, he would take me to my doctor's appointments, chemo, radiation, to my sister's job to get my shots, get my prescriptions and always trying to make me smile. Whatever I needed, he got it for me. It was my turn to take care of him when he got sick. I took him to his doctor's appointment, test, infusion, to pick up prescriptions, taking meals to him when he was in the hospital and always trying to make him laugh. We came full circle. Everyone knows how much he loved cake. He didn't care if it was a cake from Krogers, Sam's or a homemade cake. If it was a cake he would eat it. Lately he really fell in love with a homemade 7up cake made by the cake lady. He became obsessed with this cake so much that he order a cake every week for the last 5 weeks and literally ate the whole cake himself. He would get up in the middle of the night when mom was sleeping just to sneak a piece of cake. He never believed he ate the whole thing so to prove that he didn't he would just order another one the following week and again eat the whole cake saying after every bite - that lady can make a cake. He would offer you a slice and secretly hoping that you wouldn't take it. So, the next time you have a slice of cake, any cake, smile, enjoy and think of my dad. My dad and I always loved to pick on and tease my mom. Whether it was cheering for the Warriors as they beat the Rockets or the Chiefs as they beat the Texans. Our latest prank started a couple of months ago when we were watching the TV show SWAT with Shamar Moore. During commercials we would drive my mom crazy by repeating the words HP SWAT. I took it one step further and told my MOM that when I retire Dad, and I were joining HP SWAT. We must have been really convincing because when I told my nephew Jordan, he said "Isn't that going to be dangerous for both of you." So, for the last couple of weeks, when he was quiet or I was trying to wake him up or just to get him to walk or smile, I would say "Knock, knock, and he would say, whose there? I would say - HP SWAT with a warrant. So, dad, HP SWAT signing off for the last time. Love, Karen

March 11 at 7:00 PM

RC

Ronald Craig posted:

Cousin Norman was truly a good and kind person who truly loved his family. He will always be remembered by his family and friends. Love cousin Ronnie Craig.

March 20 at 7:00 PM



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Leslie Nichols posted:

Pops, What I most loved about him was his sense of humor. He was always laughing or making you laugh. I remember so many times he would be sitting in his big brown chair in the living room with his blanket. He would joke about anything and everything, including himself. The last time I was in Houston, I took him to get a haircut. While getting his hair cut, all he talked about was Buffalo. He always talked about Buffalo at the shop. He talked about Buffalo so much that they gave him the nickname Buffalo. We also went to his favorite restaurant, Franks. He had scrambled eggs, sausage and grits and ate every bite. Coming back to Houston will never be the same. Especially when I walk into the house and see that big empty chair. It's a lot of those fond memories that I have that I will miss the most and all that he was to this family. Love ya Pops!! Leslie

March 20 at 7:00 PM



James And Penny Luchey posted:

Friendship. That's what Norman "Bean" and I had. This friendship lasted for over 60 years. We played card games and watched karate movies (even the ones in Chinese) and probably other things we could get into. Before I met James, Bean was like a big brother, a true gentleman, always making sure I was safe and ok. When I married James, our friendship grew even more. James was a self-taught carpenter. Anytime Bean needed help with home repairs or improvements (including re-tilling the floor or laying carpet), he would call James. James, Norman and Big Joe would often go to the track together. We did so much together. It was such a loss to us, and we will truly cherish his memory as one of our best friends. Friends for life! James and Penny Luchey

March 20 at 7:00 PM



Ana Adams posted:

Husband, Father, Brother-in Law, Grandad, and more. You will always be so close to all of our hearts and dearly missed. Rest peacefully, Norman.

March 20 at 7:00 PM



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Jordan Nichols posted:

Air shatters beneath the pressure Walking towards familiar, just acknowledge from you I'll never have another lecture A lifetime of lessons, purpose & passion, the longing is forever Some moments go too fast, but appreciate them in depth, you better -Goodbyes don't seem comforting even though now you're immune to the weather I remember you told me what it means to be a man, & I was only 11. Pages turn, chapters evolve, all the struggles translate into blessings, I hold my head high today from all the wrongs, & the punishments you so carefully corrected. My biggest aspiration at this moment is that you only hear this message, That you left family behind with so much love, even in your absence, we still could never feel neglected. Jordan

March 19 at 7:00 PM



Alyssa Nichols posted:

Q: What 3 words best describe Norman and why? A: Hey Grandad, it's me Alyssa. Only 3 words I can say about you! Wow.. there's so many to choose from.. First is memorable. You will forever be missed. Nobody could forget grandad. Especially your crazy laughs. Your "I need to go to the bathroom." Your little karate chop kicks. Your love for sports. Collecting lil bottle tops. Your fav hobbies, especially heading off to the track. Amiable for always putting smiles on people faces. Anyone could talk to you about anything! You were always understanding and willing to listen. I remember you and mom came to my job. Some older gentleman and his wife came up to compliment you for how good you looked for your age. He even gave you \$20! Plus you helped me get an extra \$20 from them as well! You don't have to say much to people for them to know you mean well. Lastly, Powerful. You shook our world when you left. Everything went still for us. Things will be different. And we will be sad for a while. Thinking about you doesn't bring tears it brings happiness. You were always smiling and laughing. Bundle of joy. Grandad thank you for believing in me. Life is hard out here. You would always tell me. "You can keep a job girl." or "You'll get the job." Always encouraging me and looking out for me. If only you can be here forever. We need more grandads like you. I love you and miss you.

March 19 at 7:00 PM



Joyce Green posted:

A heart of gold stopped beating.. working hands at rest. GOD broke our hearts to prove to us, He only takes the best. Leaves & flowers may wither. The golden sun may set. But the hearts that loved you dearly are the ones that won't forget!!

March 19 at 7:00 PM



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EN

Emer Nichols posted:

I want to take a moment to share my feelings about my beloved grandfather, who recently passed away. He was not just my grandfather; he was my best friend and my greatest supporter. The bond we shared was truly special, and the lessons he taught me about life and basketball will stay with me forever. Growing up, he introduced me to my love for basketball, spending countless hours teaching me the game, cheering for me at every practice and game, and celebrating my victories, no matter how small. He had an incredible ability to listen and offer guidance, always making me feel valued and understood. His wisdom and encouragement shaped me into who I am today, and I feel so grateful for every moment we had together. As I reflect on his long and fulfilling life, my heart aches knowing that I won't be able to see him again in this lifetime. However, I find comfort in knowing that he will continue to live on in my heart and in the lessons he imparted. I promise to carry his spirit with me as I play and coach basketball, striving to make him proud every step of the way. He will be dearly missed, but I know that he is watching over me, cheering me on from above. With love, Emer

March 19 at 7:00 PM

LN

Lisa Nichols posted:

One of a kind...one of the sweetest, nicest, funniest people I have been blessed to have in my life for 50 years. You maybe gone but, you will never be forgotten. I miss you already. I have so many happy memories of us Dad. I'll see you on the other side Lisa

March 18 at 7:00 PM

RW

Ron And Wendy White posted:

"With deepest sympathy as we remember our brother Norman. Our thoughts and prayers are with you during this difficult time."

March 18 at 7:00 PM



Tribute Wall

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RC

Rodney Clarke posted:

Pops and I had a unique relationship. I started calling him Pops several years ago, not sure why, it just seemed to fit. I met Pops when I first started dating his daughter, Karen. We were both quiet at first but once we warmed up to each other the friendship started. We would talk about anything and everything. Vera started Saturday night dinner and a movie. We would order take-out, and she would pick some action or non-fiction movie. We would eat and enjoy the movie. After the movie, we would discuss whether it was good, bad or just ok. These discussions could last for hours depending on the movie. Whenever I had a problem with my computer and needed Karen's assistance, I would come by the house with my computer in hand. Pops would say "Are you here for another lesson?", I would say "Yes" and he would say "Ok, you better take your seat before you get in trouble with the teacher." I am not a sports fan. I watch the occasional baseball or football game. But Pops turned me into a sports fan. We watched football (playoffs and Superbowl), basketball (NBA, collegiate both Men's and Women's), baseball, Olympics and tennis (he loved those Williams sisters). I will miss all of this but especially POPS!!!! He was a generous, nice man with a wonderful sense of humor. Rodney Clarke

March 17 at 7:00 PM

VN

Valerie Nichols posted:

Norman was my stepdad, but he was a father figure to my younger sisters and my son. He was my mother's heart. He came into our lives when it was just my mom and my siblings. He made us a whole family. He became fondly known as our dad, fixing things around the house, driving Jordan and Emer all over Houston for karate lessons, basketball training and practices. We loved talking about cars and new houses. We would sometimes go into new homes being built, just to look at them. We loved watching sports together and talking about the players. He will greatly be missed. I know he is up there in heaven talking with all the great nba and college basketball players, especially my brothers Lonnie and Dwayne.

March 17 at 7:00 PM



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Sharon Mills posted:

Norman was one of the finest men I have ever met. I was blessed to know Norman through this beautiful family for over 40 years. I met him when I was 20 and from the very first time of meeting him, he was always so kind to me. I always loved talking with him and being around him because he was always the same whenever I saw him. He was a very caring person and I through the years, although we did not live in the same city, he was always very special to me and he let me know that I was dear to him as well. When I think of Norman this quote comes to mind "Each friend represents a world in us, a world possibly not born until they arrive, and it is only by this meeting that a new world is born" Anais Nin. To see how he loved and respected Vera who I love dearly, how he always took a personal interest in all of the kids lives and there closeness is a true testament to the special man that he was. He could always make me laugh, I loved the way he would call me Sherry and he was always very fair. Wrong was wrong and right was right. Norman will be missed and never forgotten because of the times that both he, Vera and the rest of the family regardless to where I was in the country would always check on me to let me know that I would always be part of the family. My heart is saddened by his loss, but it brings me peace that he had such a loving family who just adored him. He was always there for everyone. I will never forget that bashful smile and that huge heart. Norman you were loved and was so dear to so many. May you rest in peace and know that you will never ever be forgotten. Love you always your Sherry!

March 16 at 7:00 PM



Tribute Wall

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Vera Lane posted:

Norman, I know you are where God meant for you to be at this time. But honey, I miss you so much, so much already. I know the last year was hard on you, in and out of doctor's office and the hospital. So, when I think about everything you have been through over the past year, especially how hard you fought and never complained. I watched your body change and your weight loss, and you never complained, just kept fighting. I remember many times when you would be in the bedroom watching the races or paternity court and I would be in the family room, you would be so quiet that I just had to pick with you. So, I would call out your name, "Hey Norman, what are you doing?" and to get back at me you would call me by my middle name "Gennetta" instead of Vera. I miss all of that. When I think back on the happy times we had. We traveled to Cancun with friends, cruises, and even traveled to Miami for a Buffalo Bills game. We made plans to travel to New York for the Big East Basketball Tournament but could never get tickets. We loved watching sports, we would take our vacation days during the March Madness so we wouldn't miss a game, as well as the US Open tennis tournament, especially when Venus and Serena were playing. I remember we watched Venus Williams' first professional tennis match. Then our granddaughter, Emer started playing basketball in the 6th grade. You worked with her every day, trying to improve her jump shot and rebounding. As Emer got taller (6'5"), we traveled around the country to places I never thought we would visit. Emer was getting pretty good, and we enjoyed the traveling. Now, the big king bed seems so empty without you because I can no longer reach over and touch you. I will never forget when you took your last breath, and I was holding your hand. I pleaded with you not to leave me now. However, the almighty God had other plans for you. I am grateful that he enabled me to be with you at that moment. So, no matter how sad I am without you, I was truly blessed with having you in my life for 34 years, that I was with you in the end and that we will always have that loving connection. Your loving wife, Vera

March 11 at 7:00 PM



Gary Adams posted:

Q: What will you never forget about Norman? A: I love playing the card game Bid Whist. Norman was one of my favorite partners, and we won several tournaments together. He was unique in his attention to the smallest details that so often made a difference between winning or losing. He remembered essentially every card that had been played, and so he always knew what the best next move was. Norman brought that same attention to detail to so many other things, especially if they affected the people he loved. Whether it was his granddaughter Emer's footwork on the basketball court, something you wore, or just making us feel welcome when we stayed at the house during the holidays. He paid attention, which to me was a sign of someone who cared. He will be dearly missed, more than words can say.

March 16 at 7:00 PM



Tribute Wall

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Mickey Howard posted:

Hey Bean I know we will never forget the days growing up and all that we experienced As we got older you would always take me back and we would laugh and rember the good and bad times the good always out weigh the bad I know you are in abetter place now no more pain no more suffering you may be gone but I will never forget you my brother as lon asi live and beyond love you Bean

March 14 at 7:00 PM



Helen Mcdaniel posted:

I don't know how to say what I want to say. We go back so far to the early sixties and as long as I can remember my friend (Bean) has always been a standup and dependable person. When he found out I was in Houston he made sure to check on me in person and by phone on a regular basis. We would laugh and talk about the "good old days" and both of our relationships with "Albert (Cootie) Blanks, my husband, brother and the rest of the gang. Even though I never got the chance to meet Vera or Emer, I felt like I knew them for they were his constant conversation. The last time we spoke he said "Helen, I'm really not doing well but I told Vera if anything happens to me to make sure to let you know."Thanks my friend for making me a special part of your life.Rest well in the arms of our FatherWith a sad heart,Your friend Helen (Dunston) McDaniel

March 11 at 7:00 PM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Norman by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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