

Akkerman-Ingebrand Funeral Home.

Josephine Crowell

August 15, 1933 – Feb. 15, 2010

Josephine Sarah Duberstein Crowell, formerly of Mora, MN, passed away peacefully Monday, February 15, 2010 at the Litchfield home of her daughter Connie Crowell and favorite son-in-law Dave Coleman.



Survived by her 4 children Constance Jean Crowell, Robert Stanley Crowell, Jr., Daniel Joseph Crowell and Georgan Suzette Crowell, 12 grandchildren, 16 great grandchildren, 1 great great grandchild, her brothers Charles Duberstein and Joseph Duberstein, nephews Jeff and Steve and many other relatives, friends and folks who loved her very very much. Preceded by her husband Robert S. Crowell, Sr., brother B.B. Brown, mother Marcia Duberstein Gulseth and father Abraham Joseph Duberstein.

She lived many places: from Mora, South Padre, Harlingen, San Benito, Bainbridge Island, to Litchfield, and traveled to many more around the world: Mexico, India, Greece, Hong Kong, China, Indonesia, so many it was hard to keep track, often we didn't know where she was. Loved music, loved to dance and was very good, played a mean game of bridge (achieved Life Master in 3 yrs), loved her family, grandchildren so much; she'd take them on short trips, long trips, trips where she'd deliberately get lost so they could find new and exciting things to see and do.

She was a businesswoman of amazing ability, and did it with a grace and flair like no one else, and at a time when women just didn't do that sort of thing. She and Bob bought the Crow's Nest Supper Club and Resort in '72 and with the help of their children turned it into a destination; people arranged their trip around it so they could have her soup 'n sandwich, salad bar, or any other wonderful innovation she came up with, Hawaiian Night, Western Night, German Night, no end to her imagination. When you came to the Crow's Nest you came into her family, her living room, and you had to act accordingly; no swearing in her place, a new concept for many Jack Pine Savages back then. But she was kind, generous, fair but firm, and held you to a high standard, her own. Good at everything she did including gambling – she loved Las Vegas, and went there when she needed money – Pit Boss wasn't always happy to see her. She was strength, courage, determination, talent, a strong moral compass, with a spirit and wondering wandering soul who loved travel, driving solo in her motor home, the sea, warm salty breezes, her Fun 'N Sun second home, sitting in that hot tub looking at the Texas night sky sprinkled bright with stars surrounded by palm trees wrapped in twinkle lights. She would read book after book fanned by those breezes as she slept out in her "Texas Room"; bought fresh mangos and avocados from the street vendors and fresh shrimp by the pound. She had wonderful friends, but kept her own counsel. She was a one-and-only, unique, special, and irreplaceable. She was our momma, our grandma, our sister, our friend. She was loved, oh my how she was loved.