















By Laura FitzSimmons

A lot of people knew Bob Crowell better and longer than I did. My heart goes out to them all. My heart also goes out to the communities he served. They may not know what they have lost. They have lost a selfless, consensus building and principled advocate.

Bob could sit for hours in rooms with people who righteously argued their positions - talking over one another. Bob would not weigh in. He would listen. Really listen. And then he would find common ground. And things would move forward.

He was a devoted husband. Father. Grandfather. I don't have the words to speak for their loss. I believe I am one voice who can speak about my friend, neighbor and colleague. His service as Mayor of Carson City, where he doggedly and graciously led us out of the recession into a community of pride and compassion and vision. His service to the State Bar of Nevada during troubled times, always mindful of the potential of our profession to serve well and honorably. His understanding of the unique needs of rural Nevadans, where he has always proudly acknowledged his roots. His humility and humor.

As I think about the stories that Bob would share with me, I realize that there was always a lesson tucked away. It was never an easy lesson. Never forced. But the lesson was there if I was ready to listen. Sometimes I was and sometimes I wasn't. But he told me anyway. Because he had faith in me, as he had in all of us.

I have known people who have been more powerful and widely known than Bob Crowell. I have known few that have been as heroic. We have lost a great man. There is a hole in our neighborhood. In our town. And in the hearts of all of us who loved him.