

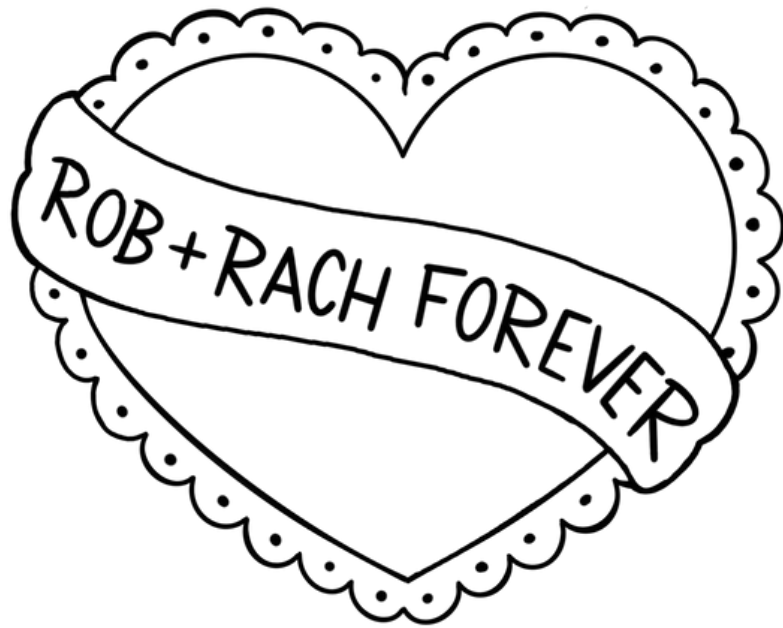


Robert Edward Crossman

December 18, 1959 - February 16, 2024



Beloved husband and father, with us forever in our hearts



Robert Edward Crossman, 64. Craftsman. Artist. Beloved husband and father. "Rob" was born on December 18th, 1959 in Reading, England, to Patricia and Edward Crossman. He moved to Berkeley, California with his parents and siblings in 1964 and spent the remainder of his life there.

As a teenager, he loved skateboarding and rollerskating and was a fan of English art rock groups, particularly Brian Eno and Roxy Music. He and his future wife Rachel attended Berkeley High together and started dating soon after they graduated (Rob class of '78, Rachel class of '79) and Rob married in 1984 and raised four children: Francis, Ruth, Chloe, and Robin.

Rob began working as a carpenter at 18 and became a talented cabinet maker, working for local contractors Zanderbuilt and Bashland Builders. His meticulous nature and eye for detail made him the go to guy for tricky high end projects, but his true craft shone through in the custom wooden items he created for his loved ones. Rob passed away suddenly at his workshop in Emeryville on February 16th, 2024. He is survived by his wife and children and by his brother Martin. People interested in honoring his memory can donate in his honor to Habitat for Humanity.

ORDER OF SERVICE

Welcome and Opening Words
Candle Lighting
Opening Poem: *"For Those Who have Died- These we Remember"*
Tribute: Rob's Life Story
Eulogies: Family
Reading 1 Corinthians 13
Rachel's Reflections
Eulogies: Dear Friends
Celebration of Life
Closing Reading: *"Wynken Blynken and Nod"*
Closing Words

← →

EULOGIES

Francis Crossman
Ruth Crossman
Chloe Crossman
Robin Crossman
Martin Crossman
Rachel Crossman

-
Laurie Harris
Noel McComas
Greg Langston
Chris Davis

Sunday June 23rd, 2024
Berkeley Hillside Club
Berkeley, Ca

RECEPTION

All are invited for a buffet lunch at Rachel & Robs home
2118 9th st. Berkeley, Ca
2pm – we're done

“Wynken, Blynken, and Nod”

Eugene Field, 1889

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
sailed off in a wooden shoe —
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
into a sea of dew.

"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
the old moon asked the three.

"We have come to fish for the herring fish
that live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
said Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
as they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were the herring fish
that lived in that beautiful sea —
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish —
never afraid are we";
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
to the stars in the twinkling foam —
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
as if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
of sailing that beautiful sea —
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
and Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
as you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.