



Karen Ann Busta

October 28, 1938 - February 14, 2024

Karen Ann Busta

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Karen passed away peacefully with her oldest daughter, Lori, by her side on February 14, 2024. Karen shared genuine love and friendship with those she met and found some piece of good in everything and everyone that crossed her path. She showed that with the warm smile she used to greet everyone who entered the room.

Karen graduated from St Louis Park High School in 1956, and attended Piedmont College in Georgia in 1957; in the following years, she ventured to California and Colorado with her husband Fred while raising their three kids, Lori, Dane, and Joni. As we all know, though, her heart was always here in Minnesota, returning here in the late 70s to be close to her parents, Harald and Freda Helseth, her brother Kim Helseth, her sister Diane Cheshier, and her many extended family members and friends, that she grew up with.

While back in Minnesota, Karen met Mel Busta in 1983 and married in 1988, celebrating 35 years of marriage together. They shared all life threw at them with love and humor. Mel's medical changes and Karen's many battles with cancer all were greeted with so much determination to be the best they could be for each other. Many will remember the fun of being Santa and Mrs. Claus at several events. They were a hit! The love and humor they shared was strong; in the last couple of years, while they lived apart, unable to visit each

other in person daily, they still spoke for many hours on the phone. We often share with anyone who would listen how when we would bring them together in the same room, the smiles on their faces were bright, and the love they shared would light up the whole room.

She would want me to remember so many nieces, nephews, cousins, and friends, but too many to list. Just know that she loved each of you deeply. We do want to give a special thank you to cousin Donna Fundingsland for all the love, support, and help over the last couple of years to make Karen and Mel comfortable, especially when we could not be there.

In one of the last long conversations we had, she was counting up the children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren and great, great-grandchildren she had; she gave a bright smile and said, "I started all of that!" so I will share each of them with you:

Proceeded in death by:

Parents, Harald and Freda (Beyer) Helseth

Brother, Kim Helseth

Son, Dane (Rachael) Schubitzke

Survived by:

Husband, Mel Busta

Daughters Lori Ellingen and Joni (Kris) Hodne

Step-sons Jeff Busta and Jim Busta

Sister, Diane (Harley) Cheshier

Grandchildren: Susan (Scooter) Geigerich, Joe (Johanna) Unzen, Sarah Dorsett

• Great Grandchildren: River (Caitlynn) Giegerich, Kaylee Giegerich, Ayden Giegerich, Henry Unzen, Noah Unzen, Josh Dorsett, Zachary Dorsett, Brandon Dorsett, Dylan Stanfield,

• Great, great-grandchildren: Amelia Giegerich

Grandchildren: Dane Schubitzke Jr., Kimberly (Schubitzke) Campos, Tawdry

Schubitzke

- Great Grandchildren: Bruce Schubitzke, Mara Jade Schubitzke, Krysten Campos, Aidan Campos, Louis Staudt

Grandchildren: Erica (Andy) Althoff, Matthew (Emily) Paulson, Jake Hodne, Kayla Hodne

- Great Grandchildren: Ava Althoff, Blake Hodne

Many family members live out of town, so in consideration of them, we are planning a memorial service and celebration of life for Karen in the spring when the weather gets warmer, and we can enjoy a day of sunshine, stories, and love together.

We will plan on gathering at Washburn-McReavy Eden Prairie April 27th, @ 12:00pm with a visitation one hour prior. A reception will follow.

Previous Events

Visitation

APR 27. 11:00 AM - 12:00 PM (CT)

Eden Prairie Chapel
7625 Mitchell Road
Eden Prairie, MN 55344

Chapel Service

APR 27. 12:00 PM - 1:00 PM (CT)

Eden Prairie Chapel
7625 Mitchell Road
Eden Prairie, MN 55344

Reception

APR 27. 1:00 PM - 2:00 PM (CT)

Eden Prairie Chapel
7625 Mitchell Road
Eden Prairie, MN 55344

Tribute Wall

SF

“ *Schubitzke & Willis Family purchased the Enchanted Cottage for the family of Karen Ann Busta.*



Schubitzke & Willis Family - April 26, 2024 at 12:34 PM

AN

“ *My favorite memories of Aunt Karen were her big hugs! Love to you all!*

Andee - April 26, 2024 at 12:16 PM

“ I only knew Karen for the last 6 years of her life. In those six years, I was able to experience a little bit of what it was like to be loved by Karen Busta. She loved big.

I have a few stories that stand out to me when I think about Karen, but I will only share one that makes me laugh every single time I think about it.

In 2022, I was driving home and my phone kept buzzing “FaceTime Call, Karen Busta”. When I parked, I had missed about 5 calls from Karen. So, I urgently FaceTime her back. Thinking it must be something important! Our conversation went something like this:

Karen: “Ahhhh Emily! Hello!!”

Me: “Hi Karen! How are you!”

Karen: “Ahhh I’m good! And how are you?!”

Me: “Well I’m good too! You called?!”

Karen: “What??? You called me!”

Me: “Well yes I called you just now, because you called me!”

Karen “Noooo, youuuuu called me!!!”

At this point I’m laughing. And now she’s laughing. I think for a second on if I am going to continue this debate of who called who. I decided to give it one last try and said: “Yes I know. I’m calling you back, because YOU called ME a few times!”

Karen: “Oh. My. Goodness! Ha. Ha. Ha. I thought you were calling me to tell me you were pregnant!!”

We didn’t ever come to a conclusion on what truly happened that day, but we did laugh, and ended up chatting for a bit. And if you know Karen, you know what a joy it is to laugh + chat with her.

Karen welcomed me into her family with arms wide open. What a blessing it was to know her.

JH

Emily I don't think I ever heard that story, sure made me laugh! Thank you for sharing!

Joni Hodne - March 02, 2024 at 03:30 AM

EA

“ *My favorite memories with grandma were reading - specifically getting through the Harry Potter series together - and baking pies!*

Erica Althoff - February 26, 2024 at 04:43 PM

JH

“ *So I will get us started. So many precious memories of a loving mom. Losing her on Valentines Day it seems appropriate to share this story.*

When I was about 9, I very proudly made a heart shaped cake that I decorated with red hot candies. Carefully placing them on the cake to write "Happy", well heart shaped cakes get smaller, I didn't account for that so simply put "VD". She never missed calling me on Valentines Day after that to wish me a Happy VD.

Love you mom, I will miss those calls and so much more. Rest now, you have earned it!

Joni Hodne - February 23, 2024 at 07:41 PM

LD

Where do I begin... late 1970's.. Dane brought me to the house on Alabama after school to meet his Grandfather, I have a love of electronics and Dane thought we could share stores or questions. Well I was too young to understand what a treasure he was. Karen was there too and for some reason she liked me and would always say, be careful. Most of the time we were, if only the cars could talk, to tell the real truth, right!!

Somewhere along the years, not sure when, I adopted her as my Mom, when I called her Mom, her smile was so big. As the years rolled by, she would light up to hear me share my life with her, and she said she was so proud and happy for me, as Mom's are. On my last visit to her, she was sleeping and I just started talking to her, when she opened her eyes, her smile warmed my heart and the 1st question she asked, how are all those Grandchildren. All ways thinking about others 1st, well that's what Mom's do. I know you have only gone to that undiscovered place before us, to prepare a place for us, for when that time comes, when we are all reunited again, in that special house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Rest in Peace, till that time comes. Love you Mom.

Lee

Lee Dorholt - February 23, 2024 at 10:38 PM

KS

Well, there was a time when I was about 14, and I had paper route in the neighborhood where I lived. Sunday morning I had about 120 papers to deliver. Karen would drive to my house from St.Louis Park at 5 am to do double duty for me. She was teaching me how to drive her '49 Ford and help me deliver the papers. My oh my what a time we had. I would shake her like a rag doll, with the clutch and the gas and the brake, that poor lady was a trooper. At the end of the route which was in the Navy base, we would get a hot chocolate. I was so grateful for her. She is missed. RIP, Karen. Love you Kent.❤️

Kent Schubitzke - April 24, 2024 at 08:54 PM