



Nancy Ellen Aurora Froseth

May 20, 1936 - October 21, 2025

Nancy Ellen Froseth, age 89, of Bloomington, passed away October 21, 2025. Preceded in death by her parents, Elmer and Aurora Thompson; and 3 sisters, Margie, Mim, and Carol.

Nancy was an artist in many ways, she was a miniaturist, a painter, custom tile maker, and loved to play music. She was a long-time member of the International Guild of Miniature Artists since 1987. Nancy owned and operated Tierney's Tiles for 20+ years. She made numerous dollhouses over the years, including a replica of the house she grew up in and all the furniture to go in any miniature home.

Nancy was always up for an adventure whether it was traveling the world, going to plays with her grandsons and great nephews/nieces or trips to the cabin. So many of the places she visited inspired her art, creating miniature Swedish Stoves, miniatures of buildings she saw and so many other things.

She was a wonderful wife, mother, grandmother, and friend to many. Survived by her husband of 60+ years, Kent; sons Hans (Jennifer) and Pedar; and grandsons, Logan and Barrett.

A Memorial service will be held on Monday, November 10th at 11 AM at Cross View Lutheran Church in Edina, MN. Visitation will be one hour before the

service at 10 AM. Please wear red as red is the color that Nancy associated with joy.

Memorials preferred to the donor's charity of choice.

Tribute Wall

RD

“ Dear sweet Nancy, “Aurora,” was 11+ years older than I, and a mentor as well as my friend. She was funny, whip-smart, and incredibly talented. We were drawn together 50 years ago like kindred spirits in a Victorian novel. From the beginning, we laughed together, shared insights, delighted in the simple pleasures of life, and enjoyed international travel to exotic locales for our husbands’ numismatic conventions. Together with them we saw special art-house movies, like “Immortal Beloved” (Beethoven), “Shine” (Rach 3), and “The English Patient.” On many July 4ths, she shared Norwegian delights like fresh cherries and strawberries at the lake. But perhaps the most enduring thing was her influence for my children—selling us her beloved sons’ outgrown violins, leading my two children into Suzuki violin. She was powerful and generous, bought thoughtful gifts even up until last summer for my grandchildren, had great judgment, and her absence leaves a permanent hole in my life. I miss being able to call for her “take” on things. She convinced us all that she would live forever, and I can’t believe she isn’t out there still.

With love, admiration, and sadness,
Marnie “Rose” Davisson

Rosemary Davisson - November 09, 2025 at 06:10 PM

PL

“ Nancy was more than an aunt to me. She was my friend, my encourager, my confidant, my mischievous cohort, and someone I looked up to. As a young child, I went with her, and Mim, to the Bygland farm as often as I could. It was my favorite place to spend the summer. As I grew older, I was excited to go visit her as she taught school, and see her students perform musicals. Everything she did was exceptional. Later I went with her to one of the first Renaissance Fairs in Minnesota, and watched her perform Renaissance Music. After college she encouraged me and gave me advice. She was always ready to talk when I called. I'll miss her every day.

Pamela J. LaMotte - November 09, 2025 at 04:02 PM

AL

“ As a kid, I looked up to you.
You were living the dream.
Doing what you loved.
Traveling the world.

You were independent, creative, fearless.
Capable of anything.
You were everything I wanted to be.

So many of my happiest memories are with you.
Road-tripping to the lake house.
Listening to showtunes on repeat.
Throwing tea parties in the playhouse.
Wandering craft store aisles for hours.
Turning imagination into reality.

You showed me that there was another path.
That with enough passion and perseverance, anything was possible
You were my inspiration.
You still are.

Part of me believed I'd never have to say goodbye to you.
That somehow, with your incredible spirit, you'd beat the odds and
live forever.
And in some ways, you will.

In every dream I chase.
On every trip I take.
In every song I sing.
In every craft I make.

Every time someone tells me I can't.
Every time feel like giving up.
I'll hear your voice, cheering me on.
And I'll keep going.

*So instead of saying goodbye, I'll say thank you. And I love you.
I'll carry your spirit with me, always.
Until the day I die.*

*Love,
Allison (great niece)*

Allison LaMotte - November 09, 2025 at 02:48 PM

JB

“ *So sorry for your loss Kent. Jack Brustad A-1-3*

Jack Dennis Brustad - November 05, 2025 at 08:50 AM