



Daniel Joseph Stowell

August 4, 1969 - August 11, 2022

Daniel Joseph Stowell of Mason, Michigan died on August 11, 2022, at the age of 53. He was born on August 4, 1969, in Lansing, Michigan, to parents Raymond Harry and Margarite Violetta (Castellani) Stowell.

Daniel grew up in Lansing but spent his high school years in Florida. He worked in a local restaurant and did landscaping for Busch Gardens in Tampa. When he returned to Lansing, he worked in the construction industry for a few years. He worked for MBI (research laboratory) as the maintenance man for the next several years. He started his own business with his wife at the time making handcrafted, log furniture. He obtained his Real Estate license and eventually his Broker's license starting One Earth Realty. In more recent years, Daniel had been working in construction.

Daniel enjoyed hunting, fishing, fixing things, and spending time outdoors—whether that be camping or hiking. He also enjoyed playing disc golf. He was a people-person and enjoyed talking and meeting with new people everywhere he went.

Daniel is survived by his long-time partner, Paula Huston; daughter, Ashley Reader of Lansing; grandchildren, Atalie, Rylee, & Isabelle Reader; sister, Judith (Harry) Snell of Harrison; brothers, Andrew Stowell of Seffner, Florida, and Gerard Stowell of Mason.

Daniel was preceded in death by his parents, Raymond and Margarite, and nephew, Gabriel Mix.

Services for Daniel will be decided at a later date.

Galer Funeral Homes & Cremation in Pickford, Michigan, is serving the family. Condolences may be sent to the family at www.galerfuneralhomes.com.

Tribute Wall



“ Daniel Joseph Stowell

October 05, 2023 at 09:54 AM



“ Daniel Joseph Stowell

October 02, 2023 at 10:14 PM



“ I want to add a little more detail from my last post. Dan and I were married for over 10 years. I had mentioned that I have plenty of good memories to remember, but I really want to acknowledge how much I learned from him over that time span. He had the ability to learn and retain a lot of skills from experiences throughout his life. One of those things was wood-working and refinishing. While I have basic wood-working abilities, he was very skillful at building furniture from scratch. To this day, when I'm about to make something, I often reflect on what he would do; or I would remember something Dan would say how something should be done, or a tip that would make something easier. I'm a better wood worker because of him. Dan played guitar, and enjoyed good ole rock and roll the most. A lot of my knowledge of rock legends came from how much Dan would talk about bands and people in the bands he loved. One of my favorite memories is when Dan, Jerry and I went to Oz Fest at Pine Knob. What a fun time! Over the years, we saw many bands there, and those times will forever be etched in my memory.

Karen Stowell - September 02, 2022 at 02:21 PM



Thank you for sharing your memories! 😊

Ashley Reader - September 04, 2022 at 09:51 AM



“ *Daniel Joseph Stowell*

September 01, 2022 at 07:49 PM

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“ To those of you that do not know, we had a memorial service for my dad up north. Ive been asked to share with all my thoughts I shared during it.

My dad made me promise that I would spread his ashes in Lake Superior. A place of peace. Breathtaking. And the water, so crystal clear, seems to draw you to rest. I spent last week here, trying to come to terms with this reality. These waves of emotions. Trying to find the very peace he was searching for up here during his last days. When he told me that he was coming up here to find that peace I remember telling him that it made me think of something that Jesus said, “Look at the birds of the air, for they neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not much more valuable than they?”. We talked about nature and God’s beauty. About feeling God’s love again.

As I felt the water, soaking in the magnitude of this incredible lake, I couldn’t help but smirk at how smart my dad was. Of course he would choose to be here, the largest freshwater lake in the world. The waves reach over 50ft high at times, reminding me of how strong and stubborn my dad was. Because of the immensity of the lake, it takes 400 years for the water to completely change. A single drop of water could stay in this very place for almost 200 years. My dad will reside here for the remainder of our lives. The remainder of his grandchildren’s lives.

With over 200 rivers flowing into Lake Superior, I couldn’t help but think of Russo’s quote. “Lives are like rivers: Eventually they go where they must. Not where we want them to.” This is where my dad’s river took him. We get to visit him here. To envision him at peace. We can soak in the magnitude of who he was and how he lived. Throughout his journey he loved us hard. He taught us what it means to fight through pain yet still be enthusiastic about life. I hope that this final resting place of his will always serve as a reminder of that to us.

As I drove back down state last week, I felt overwhelmingly lonely. The UP possesses an unrivaled beauty. The fresh air of this untouched nature, give you a peace that the city is unable to match.

I know my dad felt that here. He shared that very thing with me. What he couldn't feel here is one of God's greatest gifts. Companionship that only interactions with the people we love most can bring. Without that I think he felt unloved, unworthy, and as if the precious life he lived no longer mattered. However sick he became, his life still mattered. The lives of those around us matter. He always prided himself on sharing his lessons of life. I'd like to think that this is his final lesson. Love those around you no matter what. Forgive those who wronged you without condition. Always be a source of uplifting encouragement. And never be too proud or afraid to reach out when you need help. Your life matters. Just as his life mattered. I pray that we are able to learn from this and help the next person that might feel what he felt. That we can instill in them the peace that my dad felt here. Whatever we might think, life's river is not meant to be traveled alone. Let us make it a point to be there for our loved ones, and even for those who we encounter along the way.

Ashley Reader - September 01, 2022 at 08:44 AM

KS

This is so beautiful Ashley

Karen Stowell - September 02, 2022 at 02:25 PM

KS

“*There are a lot of great memories I could share. While our marriage didn't last the long haul, there are plenty of good times woven in to remember. Concerts, wine tastings, antiquing, to name a few. I see you rocking in heaven Dan, with a fishing pole in your hand. And as Ozzy would say, see you on the other side. Rest in peace. My deepest condolences to his family. 💙 ~Karen Stowell*

Karen Stowell - August 22, 2022 at 01:54 PM

KA

“ 5 files added to the album Photos of Dan



Karen - August 22, 2022 at 01:22 PM

PH

♥ love these photos thanks for sharing karen

Paula huston - August 29, 2022 at 10:55 PM