OBITUARY

Jean Carol Rauschenbach

June 2, 1955 — December 6, 2024

Jean Carol Rauschenbach, 69, of East Moline, IL, passed away December 6, 2024, at Hope Creek Care Center, East Moline.

Memorial services will be held at 11 a.m. on Wednesday December 18, 2024, at Esterdahl Mortuary and Crematory, Ltd., 6601 38th Ave, Moline, Illinois.

Internment will be at St. Bernard Cemetery, Rockville, Connecticut.

Memorials may be made to the National Federation of the Blind, and/or to Homewood Evangelical Free Church, Moline, IL.

Jean was born on June 2, 1955, in New London, CT, the daughter of Katherine E. (Shea) and Kenneth E. Rauschenbach. She was raised in Connecticut and moved to upstate New York to attend bible school.

She taught as a kindergarten teacher in New York. Later, she moved to Chicago and worked for the IRS for 13years. After that, in 2006, she moved to Minneapolis to attend BLIND, Inc., a blindness training center associated with the National Federation of the Blind. Later in 2006 she entered North Central University in Minneapolis where she received a BA in Elementary Education.

In 2012 Jean moved to the Quad Cities (QC). The QC is the metropolitan area consisting of Rock Island, Moline, and East Moline in Illinois, and Davenport across the Mississippi River in Iowa. There she was hired on at the Rock Island Arsenal, where she worked on closing contracts for the Department of Defense. She was also the President of the Blackhawk Chapter of the National Federation of the Blind of Illinois, which served the Illinois side of the QC.

Jean enjoyed listening to audio books, working on her computer, and playing video games on her phone. Jean traveled the world. Many of those trips were mission related, she visiting Africa, Jamaica, and Germany. She also took a trip to Ireland to search her family roots.

Survivors include her siblings, Gary Martin and Pam Faircloth; her cousins, Donna Boldt, Jean (Gregory) Gutzman, Leslie Bourque, Kim Cherpak; and many nephews. She was preceded in death by her parents.

Memories may be shared online by visiting esterdahl.com.

To send flowers to the family in memory of Jean Carol Rauschenbach, please visit our

flower store online.

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Continuing with Jean’s story following BLIND, Inc.

After blindness training, Jean attended North Central University in Minneapolis. She then moved in 2012 to the Quad Cities, often abbreviated as the QCA. That includes Rock Island, Moline, and East Moline in Illinois and Davenport across the Mississippi River in Iowa. For reference, I live on the Illinois side which is where Jean lived also.

In 2016 Jean was having serious pain in her back. A surgeon specializing in back surgery told Jean it was imperative she have surgery or she would eventually be paralyzed from the waist down. So Jean had the surgery, but it didn’t go well at all. Back surgery is an innocuous term for surgery on the spine or the spinal cord area. As you can imagine, that can be tricky.

After a 7-hour surgery, Jean ended up paralyzed from the waist down anyway. Obviously, that changed her life. She then needed 24/7 care, that requiring special equipment and/or special training. She ended up at Hope Creek Care Center in Moline.

It was surely difficult, but Jean adjusted as best she could to her new life in the Care Center, her mobility limited to that of being in a wheelchair. Somewhere along the line, Jean and I began reading Braille together every Wednesday night. We worked on improving our fluency with Braille, talking on the phone and taking turns reading from the same book.

Then in the middle of AugustJean was too sick to read. She talked about a UTI infection, and I heard about multiple trips to the hospital. There were several complications, and I didn’t hear anything from Jean through September.

Then around the first of October, I got a shocking text from Cathy, her Power of Attorney. Jean was found to have a brain tumor. Wow! What can you say?

My wife Nancy and I visited Jean at the Care Center toward the end of October. Jean was Jean, yet Jean wasn’t Jean. She talked so softly she was hard to hear or understand. Her sentences often didn’t make any sense, and she some times didn’t respond to direct questions. But still I didn’t expect her to be gone in a little over a month.

It was sad, and I couldn’t help remembering happier days we’d shared in Minneapolis. I remember us laughing, making sure we hit the Happy Hour at Old Chicago, Jean downing her favorite drink, long Island Ice Teas.

Farewell, Jean. We love you.

Bob