

*In Loving Memory*



*Jean Raske*

*October 27, 1946*

*January 8, 2026*

## **VISITATION**

Saturday, January 17, 2026

9:45 – 10:45 AM

Boman Funeral Home

Webster City, IA

## **MEMORIAL SERVICE**

Saturday, January 17, 2026, 11:00

Boman Funeral Home

Webster City, IA

## **OFFICIATING**

Theo Boman

## **MUSIC**

*How Great Thou Art*

*In The Garden*

*Beat You There*

*Scars in Heaven*

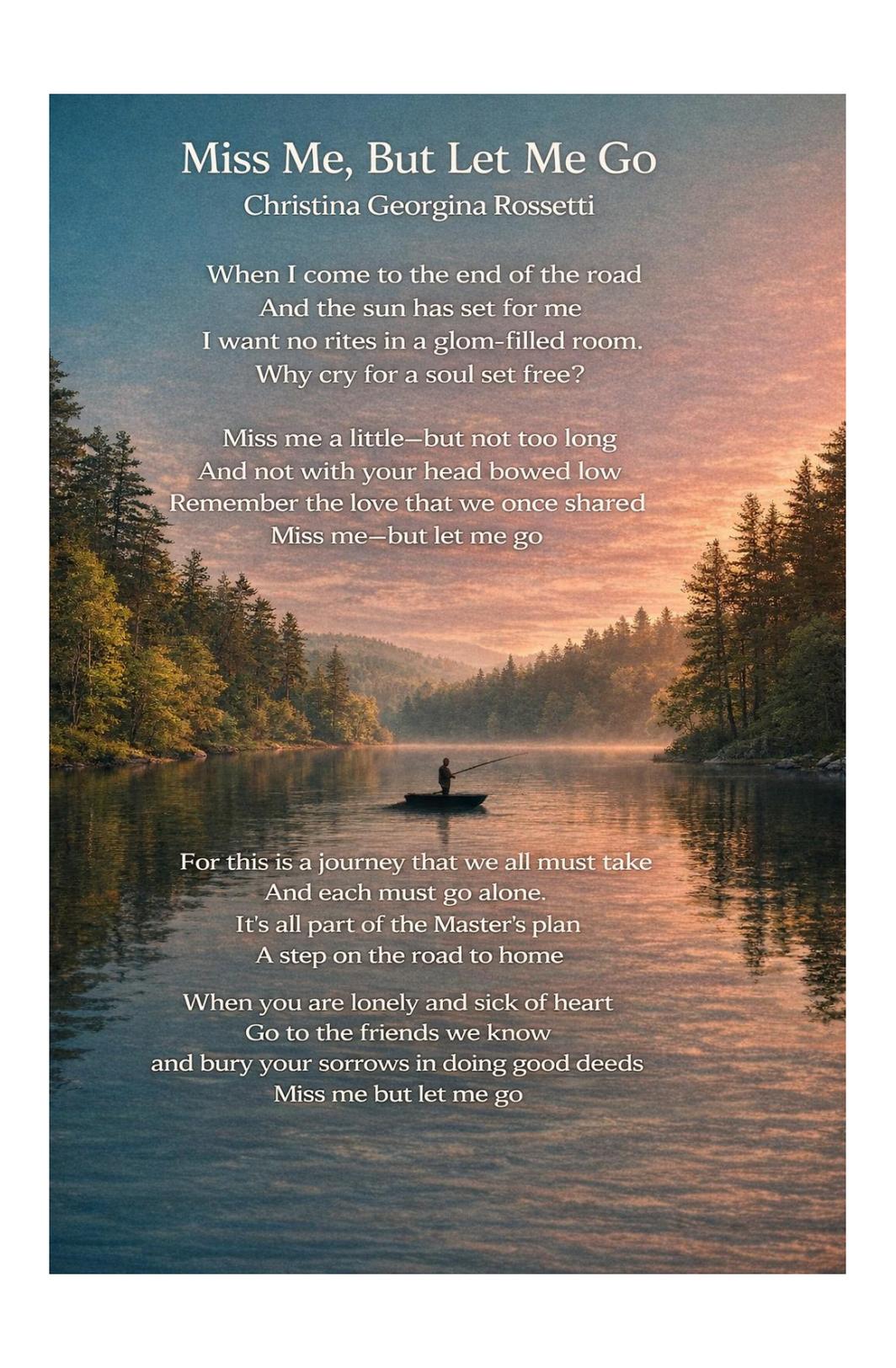


**Boman Funeral Home**  
613 Ohio - Webster City, IA 50595  
bomanfh.com 515-832-6001

Georgene Kae Raske was born on October 27, 1946, to George and Maebelle (Blair) Scott. She was united in marriage to Larry Groves on December 12, 1964, at the Webster City Church of Christ in Webster City, Iowa. Two children were born to this marriage, Cathy and Craig. The couple later divorced. After many years, Jean married Mike Raske, they spent many happy years together traveling, and enjoying nature before Mike died in 2019.

Jean loved fishing, with Canada being her favorite place to go. She also enjoyed camping and cherished time spent with her family. Jean was a kind and loving person, known for her great sense of humor and a stubborn streak that matched her strong spirit.

Jean's family includes her children: Cathy (Eddie) Doughty, and Craig Groves; grandchildren: Kristin (Cory) Sweazey, Joshua (Kara) Brinkman, Zachary (Randi) Brinkman, Abbey (Jacob) Pruisman, Mason (MacKenzie) Groves, Carter Groves and Keira Groves; 17 great grandchildren; step children: Nathan (Ashley) Raske, and Andrea Pellegrino; and step grandchildren: Emmanuel, O'Darian, and Odyn. She was preceded in death by her parents; husband Mike; and sisters: Sharon and Georganne.

A serene landscape of a lake at sunset. The sky is a mix of deep blue and warm orange, with soft clouds. The water is calm, reflecting the colors of the sky. On the left and right sides, there are dense forests of evergreen trees. In the center of the lake, a small boat with a person is visible, fishing. The overall mood is peaceful and contemplative.

# Miss Me, But Let Me Go

Christina Georgina Rossetti

When I come to the end of the road  
And the sun has set for me  
I want no rites in a glom-filled room.  
Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little—but not too long  
And not with your head bowed low  
Remember the love that we once shared  
Miss me—but let me go

For this is a journey that we all must take  
And each must go alone.  
It's all part of the Master's plan  
A step on the road to home

When you are lonely and sick of heart  
Go to the friends we know  
and bury your sorrows in doing good deeds  
Miss me but let me go