



The Everlasting Light

Those we love must someday pass
beyond our present sight...

Must leave us and the world we know
without their radiant light.

But we know that like a candle
their lovely light will shine

To brighten up another place
more perfect...more divine.

And in the realm of Heaven
Where they shine so warm and bright,
Our loved ones live forevermore

In God's eternal light.



William Joseph “Bill” Tescher, 77, of Mandan, went to meet Jesus on March 23, 2025, at Miller Pointe in Mandan.

The first born of 10 children to Tom and Lorraine (Pendleton) Tescher, Bill entered this world on April 23, 1947. He was baptized and confirmed at Saint Michael’s Catholic Church in Sentinel Butte, ND. He was raised in the country near Sentinel Butte. He started his schooling at Valley View School, a little country school just a half mile west of the ranch. He completed his formal education in Sentinel Butte. Maybe it was the big brother in him, but Bill was always willing to help others – even a stranger. Many times, he stopped to help a stranded traveler - even offering his own spare tire if someone needed it. His wife often said, “Bill’s heart is as big as the state of North Dakota.”

Born with a learning disability, Bill was not always well accepted by others. However, he did not let that mistreatment affect his kind and helpful nature. Rather, he readily forgave and prayed for those who were not nice to him. Bill had an amazing memory. He remembered dates, places, people, what vehicle they drove, where they bought it and what they paid for it. Often times, when discussing history, Bill would be called on for his recollection and the details. Bill’s mind was geared toward mechanical things, especially tractors. His mother said that when Billy was a little tyke he would take apart toy tractors and trucks and rebuild them. He never lost his love of tractors and had an affinity for John Deere. Bill was a proud member of two tractor clubs: “The Dakota 2 Cylinder Club” and “The Dakota Aged Iron Club”. He was also a member of “The Romeo (Retired Old Men Eating Out) Coffee Club” and a CB Club. He treasured his friends in these clubs. Always wanting to tinker on things, Bill acquired hundreds of unusable bikes. He would disassemble them, and rebuild ‘new’ bikes, which he happily gave to kids. Sometimes the rebuilt bikes resembled the car described in Johnny Cash’s song – “One Piece at a Time.” Those bikes were an assortment of parts, pieces and colors, but they worked. It’s hard to say who smiled bigger on bike delivery day - the child, or Bill.

Bill was proud of his first paying job with the City of Medora. He held various jobs before going to work for Burlington Northern on the track laying crew. He worked “on the rail” for 25 years, retiring in 2003. In his off time, Bill was never idle. He did various jobs around Mandan. He volunteered for the Salvation Army as a bell ringer for more than 16 years.

In 1990, Bill put a personal ad in the newspaper. Jocelyn Achtenberg responded by writing a sweet note. They met and the angels sang. Bill moved to Mandan in 1991 and he and Jocelyn were married on February 14, 1992. They recently celebrated their 33rd wedding anniversary at Miller Pointe, a care facility in Mandan, ND, where they were crowned 2025 Valentines King and Queen. Bill never met a stranger - just a new friend. He loved to visit –with anyone. In recent years, he often went to Marlin’s in Bismarck to talk with truck drivers and anyone who wanted to chat. Jocelyn says every time they went somewhere, Bill knew at least one person. Bill loved old country music such as Hank Williams, Johnny Cash and Boxcar Willy. He had a large collection of vinyl records, 8-tracks, cassette tapes and CDs. He adamantly proclaimed that modern country music was “junk!” He loved polka music and never missed an episode of Molly B!

Bill leaves behind his loving wife of 33 years, Jocelyn, his siblings Carol (Val) Obrigewitch, Ted (Kay) Tescher, Don (Ebba) Tescher, Becky (Pete) Robison, Doug (Julie) Tescher, Beth (Kevin) Clyde, Perry (Melanie Foster) Tescher, Teresa (Mark) Voll and Emily (Roger) Schmaltz. Brothers-in-law Tiff (Lori) Achtenberg and Greg (Mary) Achtenberg as well as numerous nieces and nephews– and he loved each of them. He had a special bond with two young buddies, his nephews Jake Achtenberg and Rye Johnston. Bill is preceded in death by his parents and his in-laws William and Bernice Achtenberg.

May we all treat others as Bill did, with acceptance, kindness and a willing hand.

Parish Rosary & Vigil	Thursday, March 27, 2025; 6:00 PM
Presider	Deacon Gary Mizeur
Funeral Liturgy	Friday, March 28, 2025; 10:30 AM
	Spirit of Life Catholic Church, Mandan, ND
Celebrant	Fr. Keith Streifel
Musicians	Jeremy & Carrie Davis
Special Music	Valerie & Anna Tescher
Urn bearers	Jacob Achtenberg & Rye Johnston
Honorary bearers	Tom Voll, Dusty Tescher, Sam Clyde, & Jake Tescher
Lector	Vallie Renner & Tiff Achtenberg
Prelude Music	“Draw Me Close” & “In the Garden”
Processional Song	“Here I Am, Lord”
<hr/> <i>Liturgy of the Word</i> <hr/>	
Old Testament Reading	Isaiah 25:6a, 7-9
Response	Psalms 23
“The Lord is my shepherd, there is nothing I shall want.”	
New Testament Reading	Romans 8:14-23
Gospel Reading	Matthew 11:25-30
Homily	
<hr/> <i>Liturgy of the Eucharist</i> <hr/>	
Preparation of Gifts Song	“Prayer of St. Francis”
Presentation of Gifts	Emily (Tescher) Schmaltz & Beth (Tescher) Clyde
Eucharistic Prayer	
Communion Songs	“To Live With Him Forever” “Whatever You Do”
Communion Meditation	
Final Commendation	“Song of Farewell”
Closing Song	“On Eagles Wings”
Committal Service	Mandan Union Cemetery Mandan, North Dakota

*The family invites you for food & fellowship at
the Spirit of Life Activity Center following the burial service.*

Merrily Along

Written by Carol (Tescher) Obrigewitch

“Hi, I’m Billy where are you from?”

If you ever met my brother Bill, rest assured you met the biggest heart you’ll ever meet. His wife Jocelyn said, “His heart was as big as North Dakota.” Bill never met anyone he didn’t like.

Bill was the firstborn of the ten of us. Mom said it was a difficult birth. It was an age where forceps were used to deliver a baby. She said Bill had huge marks on each side of his face from the forceps. She told me she believed it harmed him and he had a slight learning disability.

As sad as it can be, he was teased and picked on from the time he started school. Not only did the kids pick on him, but so did the teachers. I was next in line to be born. As his closest sibling, we grew up together. I honestly think I was in a fight every day of school standing up for him. To this day, I can’t believe he was treated so poorly. Bill never held a grudge. If anyone told him they were sorry for what they did, he forgave them on the spot and forgot it.

To me, that is the epitome of what God wants from us all. Bill performed the spiritual works of mercy and didn’t even know he was doing it. He would visit the sick, give you the shirt off his back, share his dinner and remember you in the littlest ways. I would always find some antique he bought at an auction sale and left in my yard, that he thought I would like, and I did. He appreciated everything anyone would do for him. He had a fantastic memory of past events and people. We relied on him to answer many questions. It didn’t matter who he talked to, he treated everyone the same. He would have talked to the Pope the same way he did the homeless on the street. I can hear him now, “Hi, I’m Billy where are you from. ?”

When we helped him move from his apartment to an assisted living, my brother Doug and I took him to see his tractor one last time. Doug and I had to help him get on it. I was ankle deep in mud in my favorite shoes, with a bronc rider pictured on them, pushing him up to the seat. Doug had a badly injured knee at the time. Neither one of us cared. It was worth it to see how happy it made Bill. I can always buy new shoes. The tractor belonged to our Grandpa Pendleton. I have vivid childhood memories of him coming into the yard riding that tractor with Grandpa across the creek and down the road, the tractor going putt, putt, putt all the way. I remember when Grandpa bought an umbrella, a luxury at the time, for the tractor to protect Bill from the sun.

Bill could be a pest sometimes. He didn’t do it on purpose, he just didn’t know. He wouldn’t deliberately hurt or upset anyone. Being close as siblings, I could talk to him if he did something inappropriate, like posting pictures on Facebook that didn’t sit right with us. The siblings would call and ask me to talk to him. He knew I loved him and would invariably say, “Ok Carol, I will take it down.”

I love him unconditionally. I will miss him dearly, but I can see him meeting Jesus and saying, “Hi, I’m Billy where are you from?”

Making me smile as I go merrily along.

