



## Beverly Jean Francque

August 1, 1939 - June 10, 2025

Beverly Jean Wagner Francque—known to everyone simply as Jean—passed away peacefully on June 10, 2025, in Fort Collins, Colorado, at the age of 85. A mother of six—Steve, Renee, Darin, Eric, Bryan and Leighton—a two-time cancer survivor, a diehard Cubs fan through and through, Jean was, in every sense, an original.

She was born in Rock Falls, Illinois, on August 1, 1939, to Jess Wagner and Mary McDonnell. The middle child of three, Jean grew up in a time and place where resilience wasn't just a virtue, but a necessity. Her older brother had developmental disabilities in an era that offered little understanding and even less compassion. That early experience shaped her fierce sense of loyalty and her empathy for outsiders.

Jean was a seeker by nature. She questioned everything—faith, authority, tradition—and expected honesty from the people around her. Her truth could sometimes come in hot, but was always genuine. The product of a strict upbringing and her fiery Irish blood. You didn't have to agree with her, but you always knew where she stood.

She found joy in the small things: robins in the springtime, the vocal stylings of Elvis or Johnny Cash, a ballgame on the radio on a lazy summer day. The savory, comforting goodness of a huge bag of cheese popcorn.

She was a lifelong Illinoisan at heart, but her love for Colorado grew deep over the years—especially during visits to her youngest son’s ranch in southern Colorado, where she found solace in those wide-open spaces.

Jean’s love language was food and cooking. Whether it was a steaming pot of chili, a banana cream pie, or a plateful of homemade tacos, feeding people was her way of nurturing, of saying, “I see you. I care.” And it mattered to her that you left the table full.

She had an immovable sense of right and wrong, and carried it like armor. Life handed her more than her fair share of struggles—some public, some private—but she met them with grit, a little humor, and a stubborn refusal to let any one chapter define her. She lived with a rare kind of selflessness—quiet, steady, unflinching. Still taking care of others, still handling details, still making sure things were in order, until her very last breath.

She wasn’t interested in being perfect. Just real. And she struggled, as we all do, but still found ways to persevere, to laugh... to keep going. And while her voice may be quiet now, the echo of her spirit lives on in the idea of second chances, and the miracle of change.

If you want to honor her, tell someone the truth. Slow down and take a look around. Eat something that makes you happy. And remember: being human isn’t about getting it all right—it’s about being willing to show up anyway. And to forgive easily.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the American Lung Association in her memory.

# Tribute Wall



“ *I always thought she was so beautiful! Condolences to the family.* ”

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**Dana Hopkins** - June 13, 2025 at 06:55 PM