



## Karen Stinebaugh Rae

April 11, 1955 - February 14, 2019

Karen Stinebaugh-Rae was known as a firecracker. She was smart, witty, cunning, a loving mother, and a loyal friend. She took immense pride in being a “Babe In Total Control of Herself.” Karen was born on April 11, 1955 in Dallas, TX to Harold & Shirley Stinebaugh. She would grow up to graduate with an accounting degree from UTD, and then left on her adventures to San Francisco where she met the love of her life. They had three children together, and always showed love and support for each other. Karen lived life her way and to the fullest. She took flack from no one, and was a fierce lioness battling for her children whenever they needed her most. Karen instilled the importance of recycling and rescuing animals to those around her. She gave homes to many creatures, including dogs, cats, turtles and even a snake. Karen is survived by her mother Shirley, sister Cindy, the love of her life Jim; her two daughters, Whitney & Kelsey; her son Taylor, daughter-in-law Veronica, and grandchildren Colten & Luna; her beloved pets: Red Eye the snake, Mattie & Simon the cats, and her dog Pistachio. She is preceded in death by her father, Harold Joe Stinebaugh. You are so missed Mom! We love you forever and always!! Family is receiving guests on Saturday, February 23rd from 2:00pm to 4:00pm at Restland Funeral Home. In lieu of flowers, the family is requesting donations to the DFW Irving Humane Society in honor of Karen Rae. 💎💎

# Comments

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“ Miss you so much Mom!



**Whitney Rae** - August 20, 2020 at 09:26 PM

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“ We miss you, Mom!



**Kelsey Rae** - August 18, 2020 at 08:30 PM

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“ I am so sorry for your lost. May God give you peace and strength through this difficult time. Hang onto the many good memories as I will.

**Vicky Bryant** - February 23, 2019 at 04:09 PM

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“ Karen my dear best friend- I can't believe you left us so soon – too soon. From age 7 when we both landed on Bryn Mawr, we tackled the world and sometimes each other as we navigated through grade school, Girl Scouts, junior high, HPHS, and beyond. I spent so much time at your house, and knew there was a lot of love there even though I ran home to calmness when it got too crazy! After we “grew up” our time together was mostly fun phone calls and funnier birthday cards as we faced up to the realities of our age. I always knew your love for me to be unconditional as is mine for you- no matter that we are about as different as two people could be. My heart hurts for your family and animals who will all miss you deeply, as will I. I'm thankful for great memories and regret I can't be with your people on Saturday to share stories and laughter and tears. I imagine you would have something to say about all this if you could – I put nothing past you! God bless you and don't stir things up too much in Heaven!

Jane Powell Faulkenberry - February 22, 2019 at 10:47 PM

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“ Karen, my dear best friend from age 7 when we both landed on Bryan Mawr and proceeded to tackle the world and sometimes each other. Spending so much time around you and your family broadened my world and made me laugh with joy ( and sometimes made me run home to my calmer but less exciting family). Through UP, Girl Scouts, HPHS and many wild and crazy times beyond you were always there for me and I for you. Every day of your life was an adventure, and you wouldn't have it any other way. You saw and loved the goodness in good people; and cut no slack to the rest of the world! I will miss our phone calls at birthdays and holidays, but will cherish memories of growing up together and telling stories as we got older. My heart aches for your family and animals who I know will miss you deeply as will I. I'm sorry I won't be able to be with them to celebrate your life on Saturday, but will be there in spirit and am pretty sure you would have a lot to say about all this if you could.

Jane Powell Faulkenberry - February 22, 2019 at 10:20 PM

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“ You and your family are in my thoughts and prayers. May you find comfort and peace in the memories you will always hold dear to your heart.

Annette Dotrell - February 22, 2019 at 09:02 PM