

DENNIS LESLIE BELLET

SON TO KENNETH & ESTHER BELLET

February 20, 1945

Williston, North Dakota

CALLED HOME TO HIS HEAVENLY FATHER

April 11, 2024

MEMORIAL SERVICE

Thursday, April 18, 2024 ~ 11:00 AM
Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home Chapel
Williston, North Dakota

OFFICIATING

Pastor Chris Walstad

MUSIC

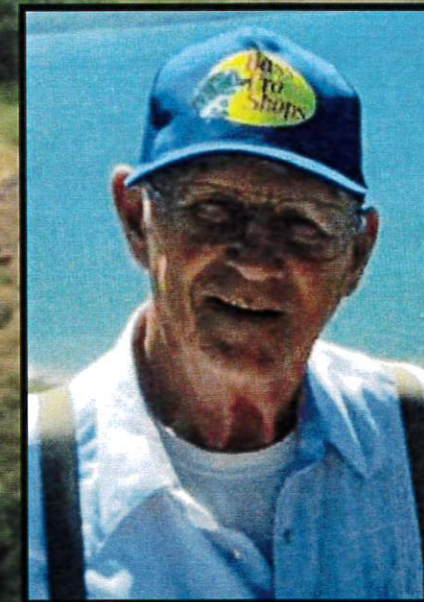
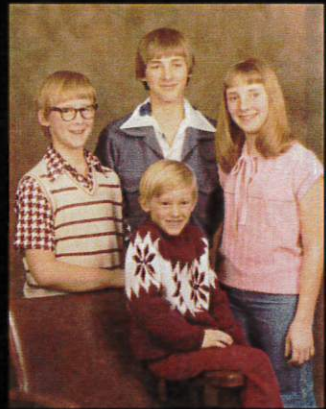
"Chariots of Fire"
"How I Got To Memphis"
"Amazing Grace"

HONORARY URN BEARERS

All of Dennis's Family & Friends

ARRANGEMENTS BY

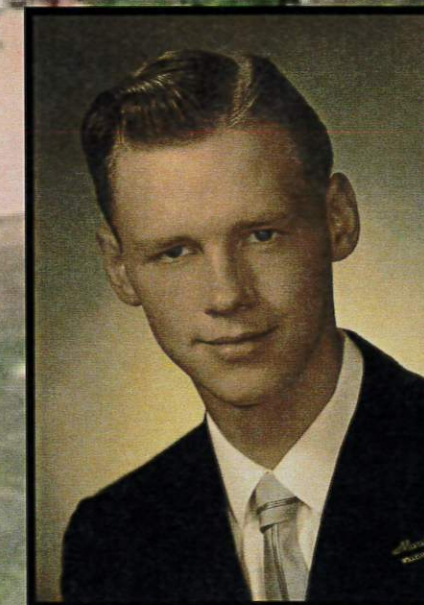
Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home ~ Williston, ND

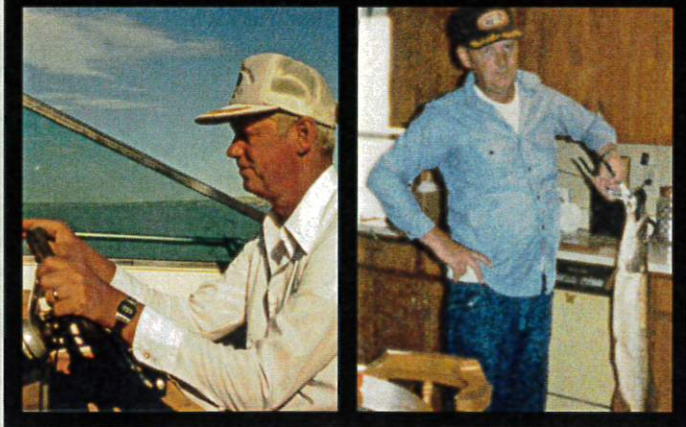


IN LOVING MEMORY OF

DENNIS L. BELLET

FEBRUARY 20, 1945 - APRIL 11, 2024





Dennis was born in Williston, ND on February 20, 1945 to Kenneth and Esther (Stevens) Bellet. He attended school in Epping and SpringBrook.

Dennis was united in marriage to Diane (Arcand) Bellet on December 29, 1962 at St. Michael's Church in Ray, ND. They started their lives together and took over the family farm after the passing of his father in 1965. Dennis farmed in Springbrook, ND until his retirement 43 years later and continued to live on the farm until his passing.

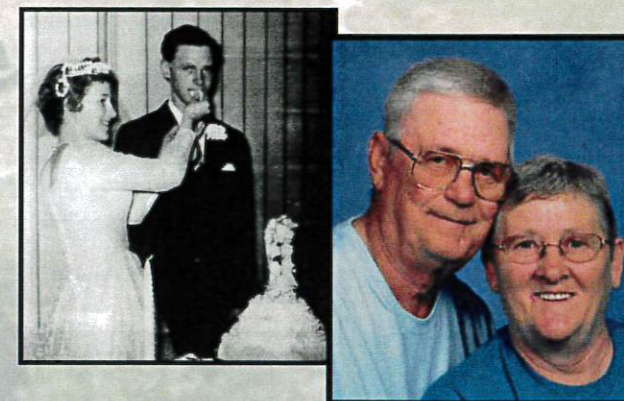
Surviving Dennis are their children; Leslie (Cindy) Bellet of Lead, SD; Gayle (Ron) Brenny of Rothsay, MN; Craig (Vicki) Bellet of Williston, ND; and Michael Bellet of Williston, ND. Also surviving Dennis are his grandchildren; Brooke (Chad) Anderson, Danielle (Tyler) Evenson, and Grant Bellet; Penny (Adam) Anderson, Ami Dunn, Dennis (Haley) Booke, Andrew (Sydney) Booke, Alexis (Spencer) Clark; Elizabeth (Johnathan) Taylor and Charles "Chip" Bellet and numerous great grandchildren.

Preceding Dennis in death were his wife, Diane; his parents, Esther and Kenneth; his sister, Lois Williams; and grandchildren, Cynthia Brown Bellet and Kirstin Booke. His favorite Horse, "Curly" and his beloved companion dog, "Princes".

In addition to being a loving husband to Diane and a loving father to Leslie, Gayle, Craig, and Michael. Dennis was extremely supportive of all of the children's endeavors, sharing advice and concerns while utilizing his unique outlook and humor. While always being involved in his children's activities; Dennis worked tirelessly on the farm and ranch and worked additional jobs throughout his career to support his family.

Dennis was a constant companion to Diane while managing the farm and Diane's crafting hobbies. Often times being the background companion to his very engaging and outgoing wife. He was supportive and doting of all her needs and enjoyed accompanying her as she explored the world. One of their favorite annual trips was to Las Vegas to see the rodeo and concerts.

His hobbies included slabbing and polishing rocks and keeping the D*** deer away from his Ponderosa's. He also enjoyed finding projects to keep everyone busy after his retirement. His enjoyment of the fine dining at the Pizza Ranch was legend among the family. He will be missed!



My Farm

My farm, to me, is not just land,
Where bare, unpainted buildings stand,
To me, my farm is nothing less,
Than all created loveliness.

My farm is not where I must soil
My hands in endless, dreary toil,
But where, through seed and swelling pod,
I've learned to walk and talk with God.

My farm, to me, is not a place
Outmoded by a modern race.
For here, I think I just see less
Of evil, greed, and selfishness.

My farm's not lonely ... for all day
I hear my children shout at play.
And here, when age comes, free from fears,
I'll live again, long joyous years.

My farm's a haven ... here dwells rest,
Security and happiness ...
What e're befalls the world outside
Here faith, and hope, and love abide.

And so my farm is not just land
Where bare, unpainted buildings stand.
To me, my farm is nothing less
Than all God's hoarded loveliness.