





Perry "Dean" Faulkner
Born

July 6, 1945 ~ Williston, ND

Died

October 26, 2018 ~ Sidney, MT

Funeral Services

11:00 A.M., Wednesday, October 31, 2018 Pella Lutheran Church Sidney, MT

Officiating

Pastor Audrey Rydbom

Music

Ann Johnsrud Millie Larson

Eulogy

Jack Faulkner

Casketbearers:

Christopher SchoeppBryant FaulknerDuane Faulkner, Jr.Ron MetcalfDon SchmelingBill Trotter

Richard Trotter

Honorary Casketbearers

Duane Faulkner Larry Faulkner Chuck Lowman Larry Metcalf and all of Dean's many friends and family

Ushers

Kim Faulkner Tonya Schoepp

Inurnment

At a later date in the Union Cemetery Mandan, North Dakota

Lunch will be served in the church fellowship hall following services

Perry "Dean" was born on July 6, 1945, in Williston, ND, the son of William and Edna (Earley) Faulkner. He grew up on a ranch and attended schools near Arnegard, ND. Dean was united in marriage to Sandra "Sandy" Trotter, on August 17, 1968, in Arnegard, ND. After the marriage they made their home near Sidney, MT where they raised their family and he worked as a grain merchant for Nortana Grain Company for 40 plus years. His wife, Sandy, died in January of 2004, and Dean continued living in Sidney.

Dean was a member of the Pella Lutheran Church in Sidney. He enjoyed farming and ranching which he continued to do throughout his retirement. He also enjoyed going fishing. Dean loved spending time visiting with his friends, family, and especially loved spending time with his three grandchildren.

Dean died on Friday, October 26, 2018, at his home in Sidney, MT.

Surviving him are: his son, Mitch (Angie) Faulkner, Spearfish, SD; his daughter, Kristy Faulkner Connor, Arvada, CO; his three grandchildren, Jack, Maggie, and Libby; his brother, Larry Faulkner, Arnegard, ND; his sister, Rachel Pittsley, Omaha, NE.

He was preceded in death by: his parents; his wife, Sandy; four brothers, William "Bill" Faulkner, Grover Faulkner, Mack Faulkner, and Lester Faulkner; two sisters, Loretta Kanta and Lydia Wilson.



Life should not be a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in a pretty and well preserved body, but rather to skid in broadside in a cloud of smoke, thoroughly used up, totally worn out, and loudly proclaiming wow what a ride.

Hunter S Thompson