

Dale Enget, 78, of Powers Lake, died Saturday, January 8, 2022, at Altru Hospital in Grand Forks, ND. Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home of Tioga is assisting the family.

Dale Gaylord Enget was born November 19, 1943, to Benny O. and Selma (Sampson) Enget in Powers Lake. He graduated from Powers Lake High School in 1961. He married Janice Skalicky on September 27th, 1963 at Tonset Lutheran in rural Columbus, ND. To this union, they welcomed three children, Lyne, Torrie and Misty. They lived in Minot initially while Dale finished college, and then Berthold, Stanley and ultimately their family farm, south of Powers Lake starting in 1977.

Dale was so happy to be back home in Powers Lake. He was able to do what he always loved, farming and teaching. Dale retired from teaching in 1988, and although not active every day on his farm, he always made sure to plant "the kids field." He loved having all his kids and grandkids compete over who sold the grain at the highest price, along with many "creative" and often outdoor, competitive games on Christmas Day.

Dale enjoyed singing and playing guitar with friends and family. He could often be found in the kitchen practicing the songs he was asked to sing at church. He also loved to make up his own lyrics to songs many of which could not be used for church. He also loved writing and reciting poetry – his favorite poem being Robert W. Service's "The Cremation of Sam McGee."

Dale entered Maple View Memory Care in Grand Forks in the spring of 2021 and later Valley Memorial Homes where he remained until the time of his death. His time there was made better by frequent visits of family, his extended family from Powers Lake and the great care he received.

He was a member of Bethel Baptist Church in Powers Lake.

Dale is survived by his son, Torrie (Amy) Enget; his daughter, Misty (Gerad) Paul; grandchildren, Chase (Alexis) Enget, Kale (Sunena Karel) Enget, Noah Enget, Georgia Paul, Ella Paul, Greta Paul and Caden Enget; great-grandchild, Jaxon Enget; sisters-in-law, Kathleen (Ru) Drisi and Mary Skalicky; brother-in-law, LaVern Allen (Kandee) Skalicky; several nieces, nephews, and cousins.

He was preceded in death by his parents; beloved wife; son, Lyne; brothers, Obert and Herman; and sisters, Fern Albertson, Margie Johnson, Dagny Sem and Darlene Sem; brother-in-law, Larry Skalicky

IN LOVING
Memory



**Dale
Gaylord
Enget**

Born to Benny and Selma Enget

November 19, 1943
Powers Lake, North Dakota

Returned to His Heavenly Father

January 8, 2022
Grand Forks, North Dakota

Memorial Service

Thursday, April 21, 2022 at 11:00 AM
Bethel Baptist Church ~ Powers Lake, ND

Officiating

Pastor Mike Fraunfelter

Music

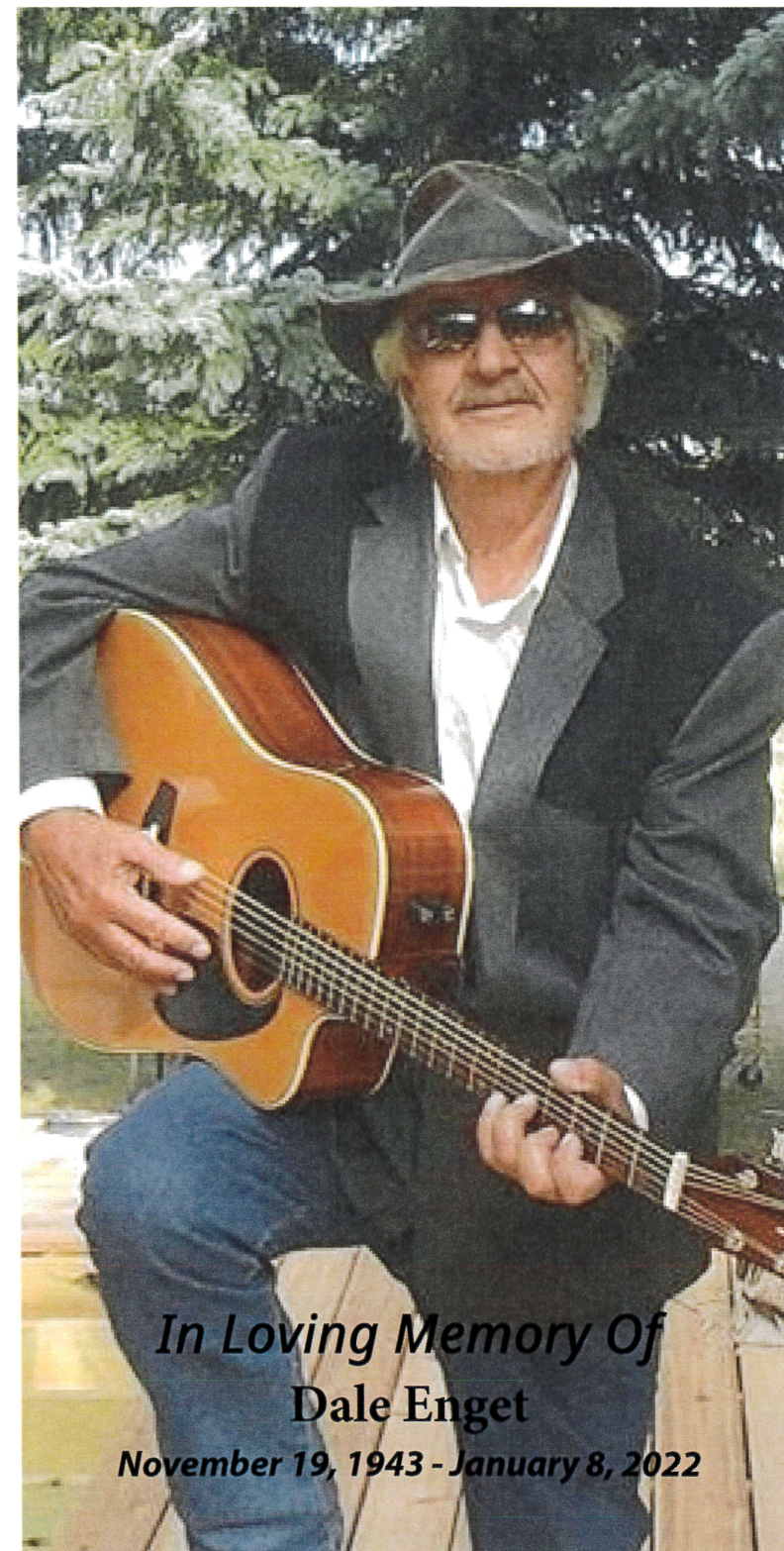
"Amazing Grace" ~ Congregation
"Just A Closer Walk With Thee" ~ Kayo Grubb
"Old Rugged Cross" ~ Kayo Grubb
Pianist ~ Sandy Huseby

Final Resting Place

Bethel Baptist Cemetery ~ Powers Lake, ND
(At a Later Date)

Arrangements By

Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home
Stanley, North Dakota



***In Loving Memory Of
Dale Enget***

November 19, 1943 - January 8, 2022

"Over the years, many may have heard Dale recite this poem at various events, or even over coffee. It was one of his favorites."

The Cremation of Sam McGee

BY ROBERT W. SERVICE

*There are strange things done in the midnight sun
By the men who toil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold;
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
I cremated Sam McGee.*

Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee, where the cotton blooms and blows. Why he left his home in the South to roam 'round the Pole, God only knows. He was always cold, but the land of gold seemed to hold him like a spell; Though he'd often say in his homely way that "he'd sooner live in hell."

On a Christmas Day we were mushing our way over the Dawson trail. Talk of your cold! through the parka's fold it stabbed like a driven nail. If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze till sometimes we couldn't see; It wasn't much fun, but the only one to whimper was Sam McGee.

And that very night, as we lay packed tight in our robes beneath the snow, And the dogs were fed, and the stars o'erhead were dancing heel and toe, He turned to me, and "Cap," says he, "I'll cash in this trip, I guess; And if I do, I'm asking that you won't refuse my last request."

Well, he seemed so low that I couldn't say no; then he says with a sort of moan: "It's the cursed cold, and it's got right hold till I'm chilled clean through to the bone. Yet 'tain't being dead—it's my awful dread of the icy grave that pains; So I want you to swear that, foul or fair, you'll cremate my last remains."

A pal's last need is a thing to heed, so I swore I would not fail; And we started on at the streak of dawn; but God! he looked ghastly pale. He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day of his home in Tennessee; And before nightfall a corpse was all that was left of Sam McGee.

There wasn't a breath in that land of death, and I hurried, horror-driven, With a corpse half hid that I couldn't get rid, because of a promise given; It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say: "You may tax your brawn and brains, But you promised true, and it's up to you to cremate those last remains."

Now a promise made is a debt unpaid, and the trail has its own stern code. In the days to come, though my lips were dumb, in my heart how I cursed that load. In the long, long night, by the lone firelight, while the huskies, round in a ring, Howled out their woes to the homeless snows— O God! how I loathed the thing.

And every day that quiet clay seemed to heavy and heavier grow; And on I went, though the dogs were spent and the grub was getting low; The trail was bad, and I felt half mad, but I swore I would not give in; And I'd often sing to the hateful thing, and it hearkened with a grin.

Till I came to the marge of Lake Lebarge, and a derelict there lay; It was jammed in the ice, but I saw in a trice it was called the "Alice May." And I looked at it, and I thought a bit, and I looked at my frozen chum; Then "Here," said I, with a sudden cry, "is my cre-ma-torium."

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor, and I lit the boiler fire; Some coal I found that was lying around, and I heaped the fuel higher; The flames just soared, and the furnace roared—such a blaze you seldom see; And I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal, and I stuffed in Sam McGee.

Then I made a hike, for I didn't like to hear him sizzle so; And the heavens scowled, and the huskies howled, and the wind began to blow. It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled down my cheeks, and I don't know why; And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak went streaking down the sky.

I do not know how long in the snow I wrestled with grisly fear; But the stars came out and they danced about ere again I ventured near; I was sick with dread, but I bravely said: "I'll just take a peep inside. I guess he's cooked, and it's time I looked"; ... then the door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm, in the heart of the furnace roar; And he wore a smile you could see a mile, and he said: "Please close that door. It's fine in here, but I greatly fear you'll let in the cold and storm— Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee, it's the first time I've been warm."

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