

Celebrating A Life Well Lived Dane Paul Martinson "Dagger"

Born to Delford and Elaine Martinson

October 29, 1962 ~ Tioga, North Dakota

Returned to His Heavenly Father

December 8, 2025 ~ Tioga, North Dakota

Memorial Service

Tuesday, December 16, 2025 at 3:00 PM

Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home Chapel

Tioga, North Dakota

Officiating

Pastor Jim Booth

Music

"Thank You For Being My Dad"

Jon Barker

"Cats In The Cradle"

Harry Chapin

"To All The Girls I Loved Before"

Julio Iglesias & Willie Nelson

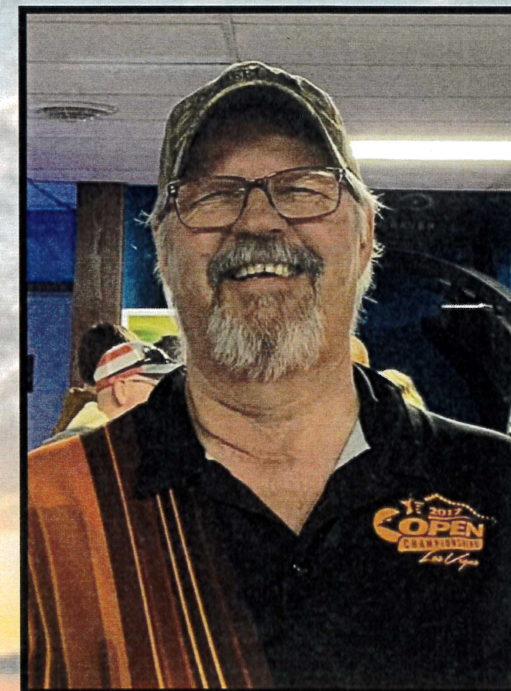
Arrangements By

Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home

Tioga, North Dakota

Strength
Hope
Love

In Loving Memory Of



Dane Martinson

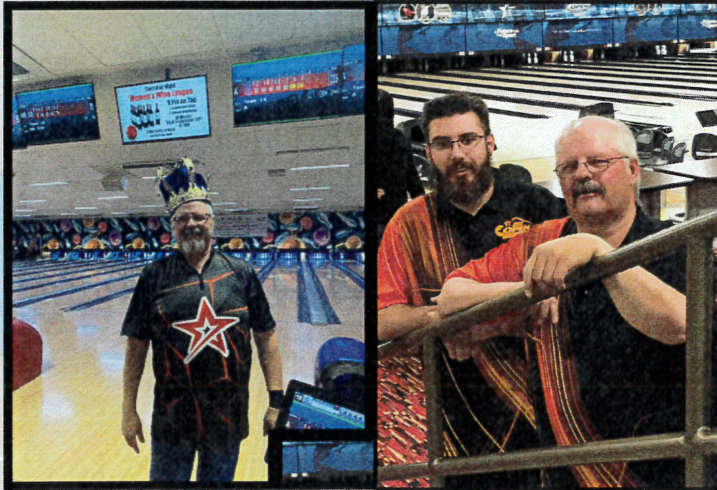
"Dagger"

October 29, 1962

December 8, 2025

"You know I still love you,
though we touched and went
our separate ways....

I wish you love,
you'll never walk alone."



"May your strikes be many and your spares be few."



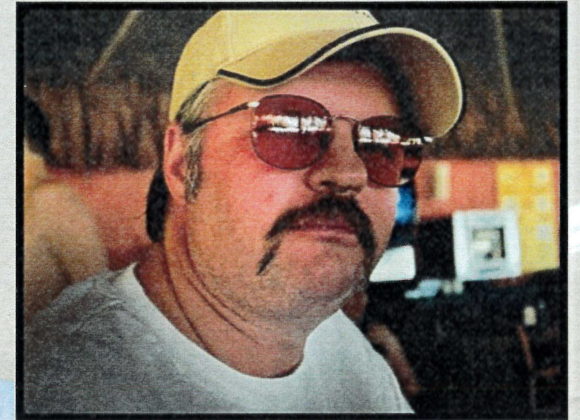
Dane Paul "Dagger" Martinson, of Tioga, North Dakota passed away on December 8, 2025 in his hometown at the age of 63.

Born on October 29, 1962 in Tioga, Dane spent his life rooted in the community that shaped him. Known affectionately by many as "Dagger". He brought energy and laughter wherever he went, his vibrant personality made him the life of the party, and he had a rare gift for lifting spirits. His smile and humor could brighten even the darkest day.

Dane found joy in life's simple pleasures. He was an avid bowler where his competitive spirit in good natured banter made every game memorable. Hunting held a special place in his heart. It connected him to nature and tradition in a way that grounded him deeply. Golf was another favorite pastime, whether chasing birdies or simply enjoying the camaraderie of friends.

He is lovingly remembered by his children, Drew (Grace) Martinson and Laken Martinson; his brothers, Drew (Tami) Martinson and Dorn Martinson; and his mother, Elaine Martinson.

Dane was preceded in death by his father, Delford Martinson



The End of the Alley

When my bowling ball reaches the end
Of the alley I hope for a strike.
And when my life culminates in a
Dramatic finale, Here's what I'd like:

I'd like to look back and not to feel blue;
But to know that I rumbled through life straight and true.
I'd like to laugh at all the times I made your sides split,
With moments of hilarity, of humor and of wit.

I'd like to accept that while I stumbled and spluttered,
I never strayed so far as to end up in the gutter.
I'd like to come to terms with times I slipped and fouled,
But always got back up again, of this I am quite proud.

I'd like to remember all those times I hit the mark,
Or when, as a friend, I was a light in the dark.
I'd like to recall all the times I would be there,
Despite sometimes arriving with just moments to spare.

I'd like to encourage you all to remember my game,
And maybe keep my photo or my top score, in a frame.
And when your own ball reaches the end of the lane,
I'd like to hope I'd see you in the afterlife again.

When my bowling ball reaches the end
of the alley I hope for a strike.
And when my life culminates in a
dramatic finale that's what I'd like.