



Dennis Dempewolf

September 14, 1952 - April 26, 2012

Bismarck, North Dakota: Dennis Dempewolf, age 59, of Glendive, Montana, passed away on Thursday, April 19, 2012 at Medcenter One Hospital in Bismarck. Visitation will be from 10:00 A.M. until 5:00 P.M. and 6:00 P.M. until 8:00 P.M. on Wednesday, April 25, 2012 at the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Glendive. A Life Tribute Service will be held at 2:00 P.M. on Thursday, April 26, 2012 in the Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Glendive with Celebrant Sandy Silha officiating. Interment will be in the Dawson County Cemetery in Glendive at a later date. Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Glendive has been entrusted with the arrangements. Dennis was born on September 14, 1952, in Glendive, the only child to Bernard and Ester (Raita) Dempewolf. He was raised and educated in Glendive graduating from Dawson County High School with the class of 1970. Dennis began working at Glendive Coca-Cola Bottling Company in 1974 and he worked there for 24 years before his health forced him to resign. In 1998 he started his new career as a car salesman for Glendive Sales Corporation. Dennis had worked there for the past 14 years until the time of his passing. Dennis loved cooking and he watched the cooking channel religiously and knew who all of the famous cooks were. He enjoyed helping with the community Christmas meal for many years. Dennis enjoyed playing cards, especially pinochle, and he spent many Sundays in Lindsay, Montana playing whist. He also loved spending time at his cabin and fishing on Lake Sakakawea in North Dakota. Dennis had many friends and loved to visit with each of them, often times people made it a point

to visit Dennis when they were in Glendive after many years of being gone. In his younger years, he enjoyed hunting, riding his motorcycle and dragging main in fast cars. Dennis was a kind soul who didn't have a mean bone in his body. Even with all of his surgeries and dialysis, you never heard him complain. Dennis was a member of the Glendive Moose Lodge #949, the Glendive Elks Lodge #1324, Walleyes Unlimited and the International Association of Turtles Inc. He was preceded in death by his parents. Survivors include his cousins, Myrna (Greg) Sadorf of Glendive, Steve (Candice) Dempewolf of Lindsay and Dexter (Carol) Dempewolf of Lindsay; dear friend Bob Badt of Sidney, Montana and numerous other friends. Remembrances and condolences may be shared with the family at: www.silvernale-silhafuneralhome.com. Dennis Dempewolf was a friend to everyone here, and to many who are not present today. As an only child, never having been married or having children of his own, his extended family and the friendships he experienced in his lifetime were the were the treasures that enriched his life. As we remember him and honor him today we grieve the loss of his special friendship. Dennis was pleasant, laid back, always willing to help, fun, and generous. He never bad-mouthed anyone; if he didn't like someone, he just stayed away from them. Born a fair-skinned redhead, Dennis did not have the temper associated with red-heads. Very few people, if any, ever saw Dennis angry. Dennis minded his own business, with a "live and let live" attitude. He was soft-spoken, with a great sense of humor, and a quiet chuckle. His friend Dan Ruddy remembers how Dennis always saw everything in a good light. Dan was one of the friends that grew up with Dennis, including eight years of Catholic school and four years at Dawson County High School. Dennis, Dan, and a few others shared partying, fast cars, dragging main, and trips to Beach, North Dakota, for Boone's Farm Strawberry Hill wine, a delicacy not to be found in Glendive. They attended dances at Skateland, dancing with the girls and drinking beer outside. In 1968-69, Dennis and Dan worked together at the City Center Texaco gas station here in downtown Glendive on the week-ends, the night shift. Dan tells that while they worked until midnight or

later, pumping gas, servicing vehicles, or fixing tires, their buddies would be out and about partying. Well, the station had a Coke machine. Dennis and Dan would bring their beer to work, obviously the boss wasn't working that shift, and they would take the Fresca out of the Coke machine, replacing it with beer. An "out of order" sign was placed on the Fresca slot, and Dennis and Dan would have their beverages while they worked, joining their buddies later. After graduating high school in 1970, Dennis stayed in Glendive, and worked. After high school and shortly before one Christmas, Dennis was involved in a vehicle rollover just outside of town. His friend who was driving was killed, and Dennis himself was seriously hurt, and spent weeks in the hospital in traction. In 1974, Dennis began working for Glendive Coca-Cola Bottling Company. He drove a distributor truck and his route took him to Sidney, Fairview and Richey. Two years later, Dennis was promoted to salesman for Coke, with pretty much the same route. Dennis was very well liked on his route. He figured you should know what the product tasted like, so there was always a broken case or two of Oly or Pabst with him. He didn't push products on his customers, and if he didn't think a new product would sell, he would tell you. Dennis was a very dependable worker and he worked for Coke for 24 years, until his health became an issue in his life. Usually after 5 pm, you could find Dennis at the Glendive Elks Lodge. He loved to play cards and found the Elks a great place to have a beverage or three, play cards and socialize. He was a part of the Elks Drum and Bugle Corp. and helped with their fair booth every summer at the fair. Dennis also served on the Elks' Land Committee. Another organization Dennis was active in was the Jaycees. He attended conventions and Dennis and his friend Don Lies, kept busy cooking and frying steaks for these organizations' dinners and fundraisers. Dennis enjoyed cooking for large groups, and his specialty was the mashed potatoes. Much of his other spare time, week-ends, vacations, and holidays, was spent out on Ray Zimdars' ranch, helping his good friend Ray with calving, branding, and ranchwork. He became an important part of

the family, with the Zimdar children loving Dennis as an adopted uncle. Dennis and Ray worked hard on the ranch, and played harder off the ranch, hunting, camping, fishing, playing cards, and partying. The Zimdars were the large, boisterous family Dennis never had growing up. Dennis was a private man, and his friend Rod Robson put it very well when he said that what you knew about Dennis was exactly what Dennis wanted you to know. An example of this was his health issues. Many people, friends and family alike, thought Dennis had diabetes, and that his health issues were complications from the diabetes. Dennis did not have diabetes. He had a kidney disorder. Unless you specifically referred to him having diabetes, he would not have told you this. When his kidneys first failed, he was on a system with a bag that he could do himself, with occasional support from a hospital unit. When he went out on his boat fishing, Dennis would hang the bag from a fishing pole. After about three years with the bag, he had a kidney transplant, which lasted him for about seven years, before it too failed, and he had to go on dialyses three times a week. All this affected other things, his blood and his immune system. He developed an ingrown toenail. When the doctors removed the toenail, infection set in and could not be controlled, resulting in amputations of the foot and part of his leg. But Dennis was a determined and strong-minded man. He did not ever, ever complain. If you asked how he was, he would just say "fine" or "good". Dennis never wanted a fuss made over him. He just worked very hard at maintaining quality in his life with his friends, work, and the activities he enjoyed. After his kidney transplant, Dennis went to work for Marvin Holas at Glendive Sales Corporation. Marvin found Dennis to be honest and trustworthy, and just the nicest person you could ever meet. Marvin just really liked the man that Dennis was. For 14 years Dennis worked at Glendive Sales, selling cars with Gary Brengle, who mentored Dennis. Gary says he knew Dennis was going to be a good car salesman. There is a truism in the car business that with all the paperwork involved in selling cars, if a car salesman has bad handwriting, he will be a good car salesman...Dennis had atrocious handwriting, illegible. Gary and Dennis laughed about this and many

other things over the 14 years they worked together. Gary found Dennis a pleasure to work with and get to know. Dennis was a very good salesman, never high pressure. He was especially good with the farmers and ranchers, willing to sit and talk with them about the many things that interested them, before even talking cars. With family, and close friends, Dennis would have a vehicle in mind that he felt you should drive, not always what you might have had in mind. During slow times at the dealership, Dennis enjoyed visiting about cooking, fishing, and old cars. True to form, Dennis never brought his health issues to work or complained about his lot in life. When his transplant failed, and he began to have dialyses in Dickinson, North Dakota three times a week, Dennis approached Marvin and Gary about his job. Dennis was getting up at 3 am, driving to Dickinson every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday for dialyses, then driving home and being back at work selling cars by 1 pm. Dennis didn't feel that he was doing his job and offered to turn in his keys. Marvin told Dennis that whenever Dennis walked in the door, there would be a desk and phone for him to work at. Marvin respected Dennis that much, and for Dennis, having a job and a purpose in life was a godsend. The only time Marvin can recall Dennis being really discouraged about his health issues was after Dennis returned from his last dialyses treatment in Dickinson. Dennis told Marvin that now they were sending Dennis to Bismarck because they thought there was a problem with his heart valve. That was the last time Marvin saw Dennis alive. For his part, Dennis had the deepest respect and admiration for Gary, both as a salesman and as a friend. Dennis told close friends and family that Marvin was the best, and fairest boss he had ever had. Dennis greatly appreciated the way Marvin and Gary treated him and made him feel important and productive to the business. When asked if he liked working at Glendive Sales and selling cars, Dennis would reply that he "wished he had started doing it 30 years ago." Dennis' cousin, Myrna Sadorf, called Dennis a "collector". There wasn't much he threw away. An enjoyable memory for Myrna was visiting Dennis and reading his rather large collection of comic books. The sad thing was that these and all Dennis' things were

destroyed in a house fire several years back. It wasn't enough that his health curtailed his lifestyle and some of the activities he enjoyed, such as hunting, the fire took all his personal belongings. But none of this kept Dennis down. In 2004, Dennis bought a motorcycle to ride. Having difficulty with balance, he bought a kit and converted it into a trike, and rode it around town, putting several thousand miles on it. Another activity Dennis loved and never gave up was his fishing. From the time Dennis was a kid, fishing was a passion for Dennis. Greg Sadorf remembers sneaking to the river to fish as a youngster, using a stick and string for a fishing pole. Dennis would show up with his Irish setter and ask to join in. Then Dennis would run home and get his fishing pole. Greg says he was the only kid with a real pole. Dennis fished all his life with friends. He and Don Lies had a cabin on Lake Sakajawea in North Dakota. Dennis had a boat he loved to drive, and many, many days were spent on the water fishing. It was here that he came to find one of the best friends he would have in life, Bob Badt. Bob first met Dennis when Dennis was with Coke and sold to him at a shop he had in Savage. Bob and his father had a cabin on the lake near Dennis and Don's. Soon Bob spent most of his time with them. The friendship grew and came to span many years. There are many fishing stories and experiences shared. One boat story Bob tells was a time coming in from fishing in Bob's boat with Dennis driving. Bob lost a favorite hat in the water, and they circled around to get it. Bob leaned over to reach the hat, but ended up following his belly over the side and into the water. Unable to pull himself back up into the boat, and with Dennis unable to help him, Bob swam to the back of the boat, hung onto the outboard motor, and Dennis hit the switch to pull the outboard and Bob out of the water and into the boat, hat and all. One of the things that Dennis taught Bob was how to clean a cast iron frying pan. And they had ongoing conversations about cooking, with Dennis instructing Bob just how to do it. And it was Bob who was with Dennis over the last weeks, weeks filled with doctors, hospitals, surgeries. An anonymous person wrote, "To have a good friend is one of the

highest delights of life; to be a good friend is one of the noblest and most difficult undertakings.” Dennis and Bob truly epitomized this. Bob was probably the closest thing to being a brother that Dennis experienced in life. That is why Bob is mentioned with family in Dennis’ obituary. Dennis was a courageous man; he lived his life on his terms. Dennis was one of those good-hearted people that this earth has too few of, and now we have one less. Highly thought of, deeply respected, Dennis Dempewolf is a friend who will be greatly missed.

Tribute Wall



“ *Dennis Dempewolf*

December 07, 2022 at 04:10 PM