



Michael Singer

May 12, 1990 - June 16, 2011

Minot, North Dakota: Michael Alan Singer, age 21 of Glendive, Montana, passed away on Thursday, June 16, 2011 at Minot Trinity Hospital in Minot. Visitation will be held from 12:00 P.M. until 5:00 P.M. and 6:00 P.M. until 8:00 P.M. on Thursday, June 23, 2011 at the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Glendive. A Life Tribute service will be held at 10:00 A.M. on Friday, June 24, 2011 at Sacred Heart Catholic Church in Glendive with Celebrant Sandy Silha officiating. Interment will follow in the Dawson Memorial Cemetery in Glendive. Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Glendive has been entrusted with the arrangements.

Michael was born on May 12, 1990 in La Mesa, California a son of Kerry and Rosa (Thing) Singer. At the age of 3 he moved with his family to Glendive where he was raised and educated. Michael attended elementary school at Jefferson and Lincoln Elementary Schools and junior high at Washington Middle School. He also attended two years of high school at Dawson County High School. After high school Michael worked various odd jobs in the Glendive area before going to work in the oil field. He worked as a rough neck for Cyclone Drilling on rig #19, he was a derek hand as well as a chain hand. Michael was a hard worker and he truly enjoyed being a rough neck. Michael enjoyed hunting, fishing, playing folf and riding skate boards. He especially loved riding his dirt bike. Michael couldn't sit still inside, he loved being outdoors and enjoyed hanging out with his friends in the outdoors. He was also a tinkerer, Michael was always taking things apart to see how they

worked, he usually was able to put things back together.

Michael was preceded in death by his paternal grandfather, Sid Singer.

He is survived by his parents, Kerry and Rosa Singer of Glendive; his brother, Kevin Singer and his wife Dalana of Glendive; 5 sisters, Stephanie Singer and her fiancé Christopher Lafferty of Sandy, Oregon, Valerie Singer and her boyfriend Nick Ruppert of Glendive, Dianna Gustafson and her fiancé Chase Vaira of Sidney, Montana, Alishia Gardner of Worcester, Massachusetts and Ashley Singer of Corpus Christi, Texas; paternal grandmother, Pat Singer of San Diego, California; maternal grand parents, Adolf and Maria Thing of San Diego; his best friend, Travis Fevold of Glendive; numerous aunts, uncles, nieces and nephews.

Remembrances and condolences may be shared with the family at: www.silve-rnale-silhafuneralhome.com.

Eulogy:

A Death Has Occurred

(By Paul Irion)

A death has occurred

and everything is changed by the event.

We are painfully aware
that life can never be the same again.

That yesterday is over,

That relationships once rich have ended.

But there is another way to look upon this truth.

If life went on the same

without the presence of the one who has died,

we could only conclude that the life we remember

made no contribution, filled no space, meant nothing.

The fact that the person left behind a place

That cannot be filled

Is a high tribute to this individual.

Life can be the same after a trinket has been lost,

But never after the loss of a treasure.”

Michael Alan Singer was a young man coming into his own. To his family and friends, he was a treasure, a unique gem with many facets. Michael had a heart of gold, and a bright personality with a shining, ever-present smile on his handsome face. He played hard and he worked hard; he loved his family and he loved his friends, and he was extremely proud of and loyal to both his family and his friends.

Michael was the second child of Rosa and Kerry Singer. And there were certainly challenges from the beginning for them all. When Michael was three the family lived in California and did a great deal of fishing and camping. Michael was helping gather firewood for the camp when he was bitten by a rattlesnake. His Dad says he can still remember the way Michael looked, holding out the hand that was bitten, afraid that he was in trouble, not realizing that his life was in danger. The doctors told Michael's parents that there could be long term health issues from the bite.

Also, Michael was ADHD, and had an energy that was a bit hard for Michael or anyone to control. Michael talked very fast, because his brain worked faster than his mouth. His best friend, Travis Fevold, says he often had to ask Michael to repeat what he said only more slowly, just to understand what Michael was trying to say. Michael didn't like being cooped up, or riding in a car for long distances. School was also a problem for Michael, as conventional learning from books was not Michael's way to learn. He was a visual learner, learning by watching or listening. His best scores on school tests were when a teacher would read the questions to him to get the answer. But as difficult as school was, several teachers remember Michael as being very respectful, and also being ready for fun. Michael didn't finish high school, opting instead to spend his time working. He worked a variety of jobs, and then went into the oilfields to work, following in the footsteps of his dad, Kerry.

Michael started at the bottom and had worked his way up to being a derrick hand, a job he loved. Michael loved heights and the rigs didn't scare him. He did fall once, and was saved by the safety equipment. That scared him, but he went right back up, knowing if he didn't go back up right away, he might not go again. Michael's dad, Kerry, has worked in the oilfields for 20 years, and Michael wanted his dad to be proud of him and the work he did as an oilfield hand.

As for his mother, Rosa, she and Michael always had a special relationship; he was an acknowledged mama's boy. He truly and openly loved his mother, and she him. One of Rosa's gestures of affection was to run her fingers through his hair and rub his head. In spite of the teasing from his sisters, Michael loved it, even as a twenty-one year old man.

When Michael wanted something, he always would go to Rosa. He knew his dad would say no, but Mom was a soft touch. If she wouldn't say yes, she might tell him to ask his dad. He would go to dad, but Michael was apt tell dad that mom had said it was okay.

Michael never smoked around his mother.

When he no longer lived at home, Michael called Rosa every day, just to visit about his day, find out about her day, or to simply to touch base with mom. On the Mother's Days he couldn't be around, he might have his sister, Valerie use his credit card to get Rosa something nice. One year, he called and told Rosa to check on the television. Michael had left a special necklace from the jewelry store for his mother to honor her on her day.

Michael and his mother shared a very special bond of love.

As a brother, Michael was dearly loved. Oh, he could certainly be a typical

brother with his pranks and teasing. But as sister Valerie put it, Michael always respected his siblings. He made them laugh, and his smile and his goofy laugh were infectious. He would straighten his sisters' hair for them, and he was the go to guy for any mending, hemming or sewing.

He loved family time and would attend family events, including Valerie's college graduation. Michael told her and anyone that would listen how proud he was of Valerie's decision to become a doctor, and the fact that "she was going to be somebody!"

Michael's brother Kevin termed Michael "amazing" and always wanted to be like Michael. Michael was one of a kind.

Michael was an uncle to both nieces and nephews, and actually, he was a "favorite" uncle. He was fun to be around, he would cook for them, he would tease and torment them and threaten to take their lunch money. He would talk of spanking but never did. In reality, Michael was a softie like his mother.

One of the online condolences told about meeting Michael for the first time at a picnic, and how he brought up his niece that he thought one of the kids there might know. They didn't so Michael was going to show them a picture of that niece that he had in his wallet. But to his dismay, he didn't have his wallet with him. How many 20 year old young adults do you know that carry pictures of their nieces and nephews in their wallets? That really says something doesn't it? How Michael must have loved and enjoyed all of you nieces and nephews that were part of his family.

Friends. Very important people in the life of Michael Singer. Michael and his friends were really a brotherhood of friends, buddies, comrades, engaging in one adventure or misadventure after another. Skateboarding, dirt biking, three-wheeling, four-wheeling, racing vehicles, playing X Box until 4 am, golfing, hunting, fishing, working, partying, gambling, pranks, talking, laughing, goofing off, on the go.

Friendship.

Sometimes good stuff, sometimes stupid stuff, sometimes fun, sometimes trouble, sometimes a combination of those. Always had each others backs; always there to lend a hand. Always enjoying each other's company.

Friendship.

Michael was known as Beaner; Kevin was Beaner Jr. Titles worn with pride. Michael sometimes introduced himself as Beaner; a name given to him by friends.

Michael's number one best friend was Travis Fevold. They were brothers of the heart, and their friendship ran long and deep. Travis loved Michael as only true friends can, with pure acceptance of the person you are.

He admired Michael's fearlessness whether it was riding dirt bikes or on the job. When Travis and Michael worked together on the rigs, they were known as the "A-Team" because they had the fastest hands.

Travis also recalls a few of the pranks. When Michael would snore, Travis would pour hot sauce down his throat. Another was first hitting with water, followed by flour. Once a fellow worker filled Michael's boot with oil. Michael responded by drinking all the Coke in the guy's locker and then throwing the

empties in Travis' locker. Just a bit of fun!

All of Michael's friends comment on his ability to make them and others laugh. Michael worked at it. And he would find you to be funny too. He would laugh at you and with you. He had an enormous appetite for a good time. His friends found him to be the life of the party.

Friend Jason Minor termed Michael an original and unique individual, who didn't care what people thought about him. He never pretended to be something he wasn't.

Dalton Scott liked that Michael was fun and outgoing, and always ready to do something. He found Michael easy to be around and always there for you.

Michael Smith says his favorite memory was one night when he and Michael got on a roll gambling. They were at Greg's Casino and both Michaels were winning. Michael Smith won \$500 and "Beaner" was up also. They headed for Miles City and won some more. The luck was with them, so look out Billings, here we come. Somewhere in all this, Beaner called his mom, and she cautioned him about not getting wild and losing or spending all this money. After they hit Billings they were up three grand or so. Well, they went a little crazy, hitting the mall and spending like madmen. What a great time! By the time they headed home they were down a bit, so again they stopped in Miles City, and again they won. Unbelievable! Never had a night like it since and probably never will. But it was a great experience shared by two good friends, and no one can take that away.

It's been said that "your wealth is where your friends are." (Plautus) Michael Singer was a wealthy man.

Micheal had many things he enjoyed doing with dirt biking at the top of the list. Ride and wreck, and ride some more.

Hunting in the outdoors was something he loved. Michael's dad remembers Michael and Kevin hunting and shooting up a lot of ammo with very few deer to show for their efforts. One hunting trip, Kevin and Dad were watching Michael stalking some deer. He turned their direction and began swiping his hand at them. They just looked at each other wondering if Michael hadn't seen the deer in front of him. Come to find out, he was swiping his hand trying to get them to move out of his line of fire. He had his eye on a buck that they were in the way of his shooting. Again, no deer.

Michael enjoyed cooking. As a youngster, he liked to decorate cakes. Before working the rigs, he was a cook for a time at CC's Café. He enjoyed cooking dinner for his dad and the nieces and nephews. He liked to make blackened shrimp and to bar-b-que. A favorite meal was chorizo eggs for breakfast, which is like an egg and sausage burrito. He loved his mother's enchiladas, and once even had her treat his crew to them. He liked to cook with Old Bay and would put Lowry's season salt on everything. Michael ate his McDonald's quarter pounders with sweet and sour sauce. And he was a fast eater. For him, eating was like being on a mission, once started you didn't stop until it was finished.

Somewhat like talking. He loved to talk, talked very fast and if someone had talked for awhile, Michael would call a time out for 'his turn.'

Michael was always inquisitive, and a favorite when he was younger was to play the game "what if?" He was always full of questions. He loved to find out how things worked and if it was mechanical or electrical, Michael would take it apart.

As he got older he became more laid back. He was easy to be around. Michael was always particular about how he looked and dressed. To honor him today, his family and the pallbearers decided to dress in the fashion they term as Michael's "preppie look." He always wore a hat, and his favorite saying was "uh, uh, no way!"

His favorite music was metal, and rock, flavored with a bit of rap. Travis says that it was hard for Michael to get up early for work, so when they would have leave for the rigs at 3 am, Michael would always listen to the song "Two Weeks" to get himself pumped for a day of work.

At age 21, Michael had so much going on and so much to do. He loved his family and he had a great circle of friends. He was proud of where he was at in his work, and he loved his job out on the rigs, and had only been at his new job three days. His big heart sometimes allowed him to be taken advantage of and hurt, but he also was easy to love. And then on June 16, tragedy struck, and his life in our world was over.

When Michael's family was approached about donating his organs, although it had never been discussed, they felt Michael would have wanted to do that, give one last gift to someone's else. While the team assembled to take Michael's gifts, it provided Michael's family with time to get to him, spend time with him to say what they wanted as they bid him farewell, and to be with him as began his journey beyond this earth. It was a difficult but important and heartfelt time. Michael became a "life source" for three people, giving them renewed hope for an extended life.

Michael died a hero.

Michael Alan Singer was greatly loved and he will be greatly missed.

Tribute Wall



“ *Michael Singer*

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