

Letting go of Dixie is like letting go of an ol' cowgirl's cackle that will echo in your ears every time you hear a laugh. I hear it through her suffering as she lay and wait for her last day.

Letting go of Dixie is like letting go of an onery little mare with fire in her eyes, never willing to be caught without a fight. Once you buckle her bridle, she is like a subtle flame that never burns out.

Letting go of Dixie is like letting go of that place you always knew you belonged no matter what you've done. She will take you and keep you until it's time to get back in the saddle. She will tell you when that is because she won't put up with you long when you have more purpose to give.

Letting go of Dixie is like letting go of a soul that became part of you that you never owned. That soul is on fire and left a flame burning inside of you too stubborn to ever burn out. That flame instills a trail of legacy all on its own, never leading you astray.

As I watch her slowly depart this world, I will see her when I get home. Dixie Porta will always blaze a trail of a subtle flame in my heart until it's my turn to keep that trail a' blazin'.



In Loving Memory Of Dixie Porta

Born to Larry and Jewel Porta
July 11, 1962 ~ Williston, North Dakota

Passed Away Surrounded by Family
October 19, 2024 ~ Culbertson, Montana

Funeral Services

Sunday, October 27, 2024 at 1:00 pm
Bainville School ~ Bainville, Montana
Luncheon to Follow

Officiating

Trent Panasuk Kelsey Haugjorde

Casketbearers

Kevin South Miles Panasuk Steve Bosley
Kirk Panasuk Nathan Soeiseth Breane Linvall
Stephanie Anderson Zack Hill Brenda Panasuk
Kayla Buckalew Claudia Kummer

Ushers

Chris Boysen Matt Giese

Music Selection

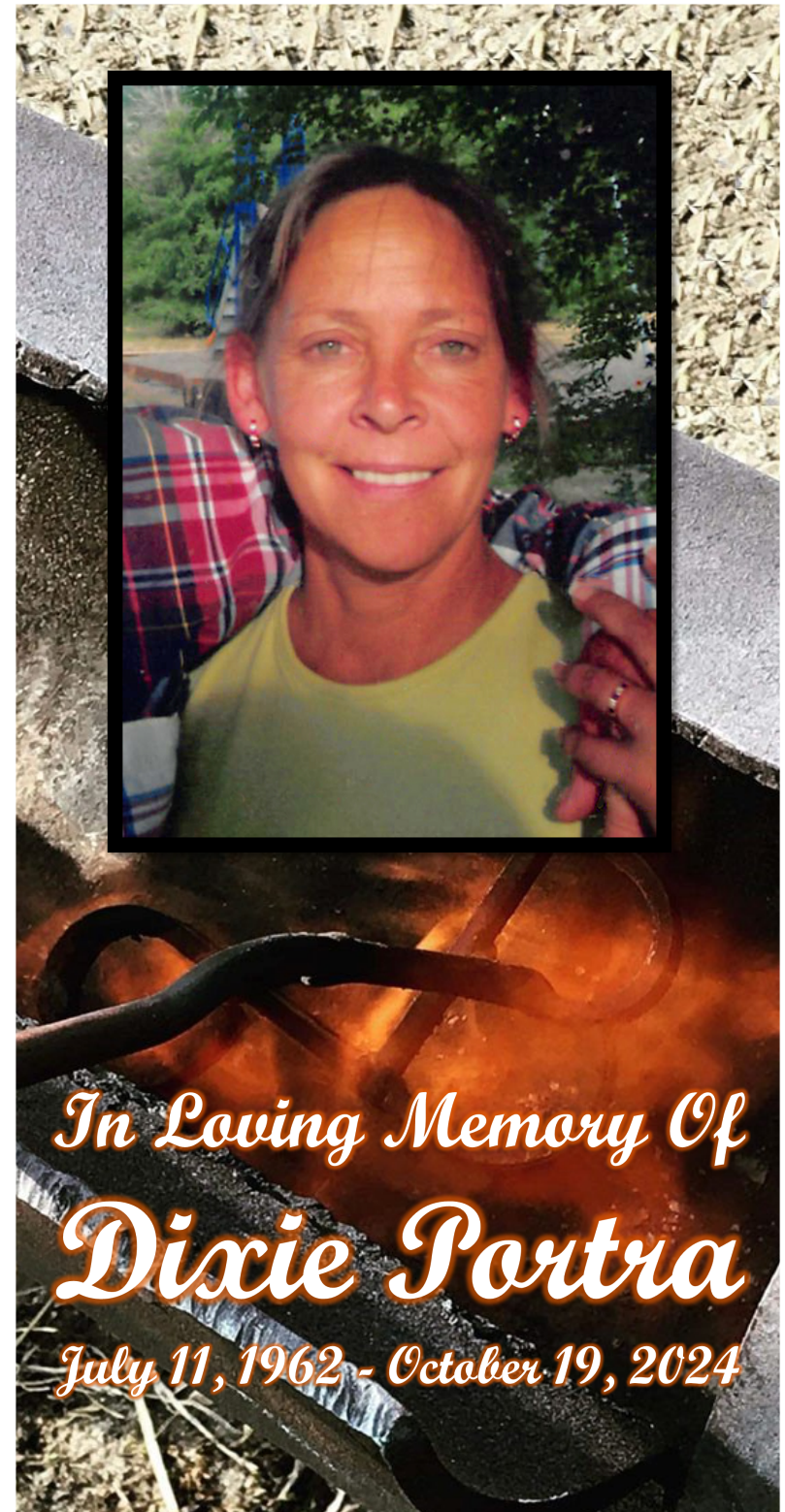
"Never Not Remember You" ~ Cooper Alan
"Amazing Grace" ~ DW Grotte, Guitar

Final Resting Place

Bainville Cemetery ~ Bainville, Montana

Arrangements By

Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home ~ Sidney, MT





Dixie Donalynn Portra was born on July 11, 1962, in Williston, North Dakota. She was the daughter of Larry and Jewel Portra. Dixie was the youngest of 5 children. She spent her first year in Bainville, Montana before the family moved to Froid, Montana. Dixie attended Froid Public School and later she moved to South Dakota where she attended Job Corps classes.

After returning home she married Jeff Torgrimson in 1980. They had one son, Levi Torgrimson. After divorcing she met Dave Granley who has been her life partner.

Dixie moved onto Dave's ranch north of Bainville, Montana. She has always loved the outdoors with a passion for animals and a particular love of horses. Nor can we exclude her many dogs and cats she has had over the years. If you were a stray animal or someone needing a place to stay for a while you were always welcome at Dave and Dixie's. She also



had three "girls" she considered her adoptive daughters... Bree, Kayla and Kate.

Dixie loved big gatherings. Among her favorites were Dave's big brandings where she would cook and prepare for days getting ready to feed all that attended.

Dixie peacefully passed away after a battle with cancer on Saturday October 19, 2024, at the Roosevelt Medical Center in Culbertson, MT with family by her side.

Dixie is survived by her partner Dave Granley, son Levi Torgrimson of Bainville, Montana, granddaughter Monroe Torgrimson of Arkansas, brother Doug Portra of Froid, Montana, sister Denise Murray (Kim) of Froid, Montana, brother Dennis Portra (Beckie) of Bainville, Montana, and the "girls" Bree Lindvall, Kayla Buckalew, and Kate Bartow. She has 6 nieces and nephews and 17 great nieces and nephews.

She was preceded in death by her grandparents, parents, a sister and brother in-law Darnell and Bob Sparks.

A special Thank You to the healthcare providers that have been so kind and helpful at the Roosevelt Memorial Hospital and the Sidney Healthcare Center.



*The stars have called you home, love.
Up high, so far away.
I think they missed your brilliance,
they just couldn't let you stay.
You've shone that light of yours, love.
on all the lives you touched.
We've known your joy for years and years,
I guess they thought 'enough'.
They need your light up there now.
This world grows ever dark.
Your passion will rain down like love,
dripped into every heart.
The stars have called you home, now
we'll miss you, every day.
And every night we'll scour the skies,
to watch you, where you lay.
And when dark clouds are gathering,
and air's too cold to breathe.
The life you lived will warm our bones,
and your star will help us see.*

