

In Loving Memory Of

Timothy Staude

Born to Dwain & Marilyn Staude

March 31, 1968

Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin

Returned to His Heavenly Father

January 23, 2022

Stanley, North Dakota

Funeral Services

11:00 AM on Thursday, February 3, 2022

Springan Stevenson Funeral Home

Stanley, North Dakota

Officiating

Pastor Rebecca Manglesdorf

Final Resting Place

North Dakota Veteran's Cemetery

Mandan, North Dakota

Pallbearers

Michael Staude Travis Staude

Robert Staude Brian Borud

Eric Rackow

Special Music

"How Great Thou Art" ~ Alan Jackson

"Amazing Grace" ~ Elvis Presley

"Lord's Prayer" ~ Scripture Hymns

"Wherever I May Roam" ~ Metallica

Arrangements By

Springan Stevenson Funeral Home

Stanley, North Dakota

IN LOVING Memory

Timothy Staude

March 31, 1968 - January 23, 2022



age · honor · respect · bravery · courage · honor · respect · bravery · courage



Timothy Dwain Staude was born to Dwain and Marilyn Staude on March 31, 1968 in Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin. He attended grade school and high school in Fort Atkinson, and after graduation he enlisted in the United States Navy.

Tim served his country proudly as a sailor. He was deployed for four years and fought in the Persian Gulf War. After his time in the service Tim started driving truck as a cross country driver. This job kept him busy and always brought him to new places. He successfully drove through 48 states behind the wheel of his semi. When he wasn't working you could find him outside, or enjoying his favorite passion of riding one of his many motorcycles. He was a great friend to all and will be missed by many.

Tim is survived by his mother, Marilyn Staude; brothers, Robert (Tanya) Staude and Michael (Solange) Staude; great friends, Robin Enget and Rob Badgley; aunts and uncles; nieces and nephews, and cousins.

Tim is preceded in death by his father, Dwain Staude; grandparents, Kathryn and Ted Ballman and Ervin and Adela Staude; aunt, Karen Schuett; uncles, Bill Winkelman and David Schuett; cousins, Mark and Lucas Ballman.

When I come to the end of the day
And the sun has set for me
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room.
Why cry for a
soul set free?

Miss me a little, but not too long
And not with your head bowed low.

Remember the love we once shared-
Miss me, but let me go.

For this is a journey we all must take

And each must go alone.

It's all a part of the Maker's plan,

A step on the road to **HOME.**

When you are lonely and sick at heart

Go to the friends we know, & bury your sorrows

In doing good deeds-

Miss me, but let me go.

