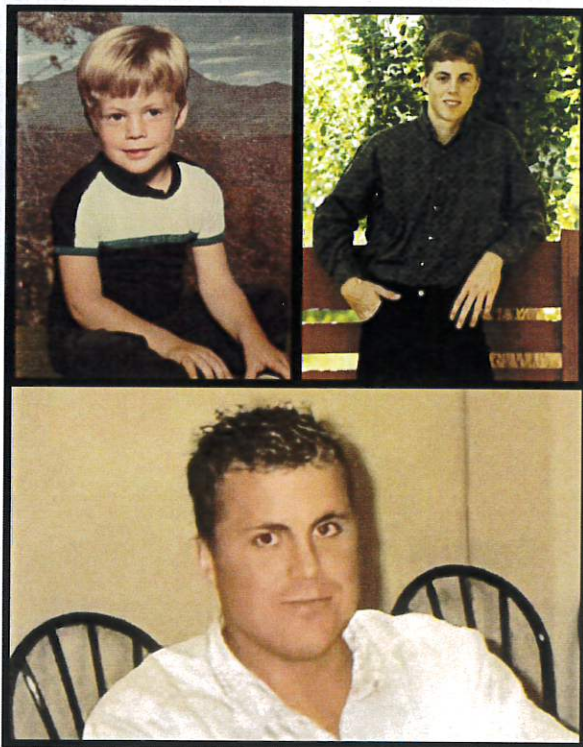


When Tomorrow Starts Without Me



When tomorrow starts without me,
and I'm not there to see,
If the sun should rise and find your eyes
all filled with tears for me,
I wish so much you wouldn't cry,
the way you did today,
While thinking of the many things,
we didn't get to say.
I know how much you love me,
as much as I love you,
and each time that you think of me,
I know you'll miss me too.
So when tomorrow starts without me,
don't think we're far apart,
for every time you think of me,
I'm right here, in your heart.

Jason L. Halvorson



Born to Gerald Halvorson & Karen Terry
February 14, 1976 ~ Williston, North Dakota

Returned to His Heavenly Father
April 11, 2026 ~ Minot, North Dakota

Funeral Service

Saturday, April 18, 2026 ~ 11:00 am
Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home Chapel
Williston, North Dakota

Officiating

Pastor Steve Anderson

Music

"Save Me A Seat" by Alex Warren
"Dancing In The Sky" by Dani & Lizzy
"Hallelujah" by Pentatonix
"Give Heaven Some Hell" by Hardy

Pallbearers

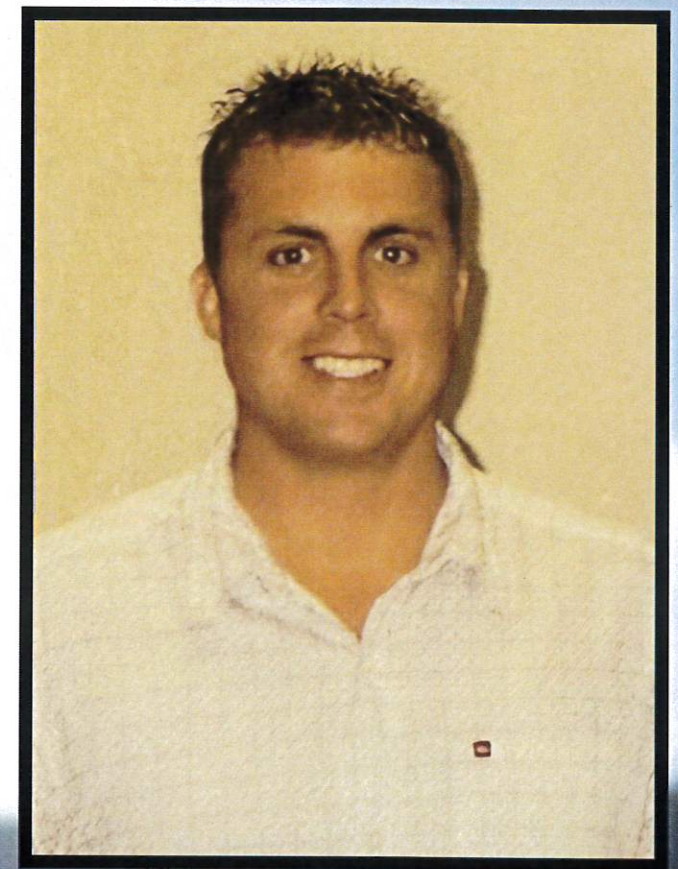
Chris Bertelsen Bronc LaDue
Bart Bohrer James Zimmerman
Chantz Halvorson Bob Will

Final Resting Place

Hillside Memorial Gardens
Williston, North Dakota

Arrangements By

Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home
Williston, North Dakota




**GONE
HUNTING**

Jason L. Halvorson
February 14, 1976 - April 11, 2026



Our family is heartbroken to share that Jason L. Halvorson passed away at home on April 11, 2026, at the age of 50. Jason was deeply loved and will be deeply missed by many.

Jason was born on February 14, 1976, in Williston, North Dakota, to Gerald Halvorson and Karen Terry. He grew up on the family farm near

Williston, a place that shaped who he was and always remained close to his heart. From a young age, Jason learned the value of hard work alongside his Dad, Cheryl, and his little brother, Chantz - working cattle, running equipment, and never shying away from a challenge. In fact, challenging his dad became one of his favorite pastimes.

As the oldest of three siblings, Jason looked out for his sister Jenn and brother Chantz, and as the first grandchild, he held a special place in the family. He shared a close bond with his Grams, Elaine, who meant so much to him. It brings us comfort knowing they are together again. We know she had a few things to say when they reunited.

Jason attended Round Prairie School and later Trenton High School, where he was a proud Tiger. A natural athlete, he played both football and basketball and was known on the field as "ol' #10." He went on to attend Williston State College and Minot State University, and Minot is where he made his home. His love for sports remained throughout his life. On Sundays, you could find Jason watching his San Francisco 49ers, and as a proud uncle, he rarely missed a sporting event for his nieces and nephew.

Jason spent much of his working life in agriculture, including 20 years with Wilbur-Ellis, where he took on many roles, from truck driving and delivery to dispatching. He was dependable, hardworking, and took pride in what he did.

Those who knew Jason will remember his personality and the little things that made him uniquely him. He stayed connected, often starting the day with a text to his sister, "What you doin, Ferals?" and never settling for a short answer. He had a way of keeping tabs on the people he loved, sometimes humorously tracking down their whereabouts just to send a picture and let them know he was thinking of them.

Jason loved the outdoors, whether it was being at the farm, hunting, fishing at the lake, or golfing on the links. He also enjoyed the simple comforts of life: watching old westerns like *Guns, Smokey* and asking, "what's for breakfast?" to his

Mom, who always showed up for him by running errands, picking up medications, and cooking his favorite meals, especially her famous "vittles." Faron was always there in his corner too, helping him with his electronics and anything else he needed.

Jason was a charmer with an unforgettable smirk. He had attention to detail, especially with his spotless shoes, clothes ironed to his liking, and his hair styled just right – needless to say, getting ready was never rushed. Whether it was tearing down the road in a wheelie, pulling a burnout, or racing through the countryside on his three-wheeler, Jason lived boldly and sometimes a little fast. Jason loved his many cars and pickups, and believed music was meant to be played loud. He was fearless, spirited, and always up for a little mischief. A natural jokester, he loved pranks and teasing those closest to him as a way to show his love.

More than anything, Jason valued family and friendship. His nieces and nephew meant the world to him, and he took great joy in spoiling them and staying involved in their lives. He had a way of making people feel remembered and important, always checking in and wanting to hear the full story.

Jason also faced personal struggles, and he fought those battles with strength. His story is one that reminds us of both the joy he brought to others and the importance of supporting those who are struggling. Jason's memory will live on in the land he loved, in the stories already being told, and in the people who carry him with them.

Jason is survived by his father, Gerald (Cheryl) Halvorson; his mother, Karen (Faron) Terry; his sister, Jenn (Bob) Will; his brother, Chantz (Trina) Halvorson; his nephew, Dakota Halvorson; his nieces, Keeley (Kage) Miller and Laney Will; along with many aunts, uncles, cousins, and dear friends.

Jason was preceded in death by his Grams, Elaine Halvorson; Grandpa, Arnold "Arnie" Halvorson; Grandma, Evelyn Overby; Grandpa, Carroll Overby; and other beloved family members and friends.

The family would like to extend a special thank you to Heartview Foundation for their care and support. In lieu of flowers, memorials may be given to Heartview. It is the family's hope that, in Jason's honor, supporting others facing similar struggles may help even one person find a different path. Donations can be made by visiting heartview.org and selecting "Get Involved".



a true fisherman
knows when and where
the fish are biting,
He rises up early in the morning,
plying the water for that
elusive catch,
waiting in the stillness for a nibble
A slight twitch in the line,
expertly he reels it in –
A good fisherman
knows a keeper when he sees one,
he knows when to toss one back,
and when to **head for home.**

