



CARY REED GARMANN

BORN TO DALE & JOANNE GARMANN

August 31, 1962 ~ Williston, North Dakota

CAME TO AN ADVENTUROUS END

Tuesday, September 8, 2026 ~ Saratoga, Wyoming

VISITATION

Thursday, September 17, 2026 ~ 11:00 AM - 5:00 PM

Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home Chapel

Watford City, North Dakota

FUNERAL SERVICES

Friday, September 18, 2026 ~ 11:00 AM

McKenzie County Ag Expo

Watford City, North Dakota

~Luncheon to Follow~

OFFICIATING

Pastor Barb Becker

PALLBEARERS

Damien Liedtke Derek Liedtke Casey Kendall
Cole Garmann Chad Garmann Wade Garmann

Adam Karpyak Jay Garmann

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Mike Mai Maury Pederson Sy Nordeng Gordy Jones
Doug Anderson Tom Kalberer Fred Brightman

MUSIC SELECTIONS

"I Can Only Imagine" - Mercy Me

"Amazing Grace" - Carrie Underwood

"Go Rest High On That Mountain" - Vince Gill

"The Old Rugged Cross" - Alan Jackson

ARRANGEMENTS BY

Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home

Watford City, North Dakota

"LET GO OF WHAT YOU CAN'T CONTROL"

-CARY

IN LOVING MEMORY



THE ADVENTUROUS CARY REED GARMANN

August 31, 1962 - September 8, 2026



In the early hours of Tuesday, September 8, 2026, Cary Garmann passed away on one of his crazy adventures. Cary was surrounded by nature at the Saratoga Hobo Hot Springs in Saratoga, Wyoming. He was 64 years old.

Cary Reed Garmann was born to JoAnne Evelyn Garmann and Dale Henry Garmann on Friday, August 31, 1962, at Mercy Medical Center in Williston, North Dakota. He was born at 6:00 AM, weighing 6lbs, 11oz and 19" long.

Kevin and Wade waited for Cary to come home, while Lori and Chad would be welcomed later. Throughout his school years, Cary enjoyed wrestling. However, school was not his thing. As we can probably all agree, work was a better use of time for anyone with Garmann blood. But if you asked him now, whoever said you needed to work your life away was an idiot. He did end up getting his GED, apparently, so he tried to play stupid all of our lives and led us to believe he never went past 8th grade. Pretty sure school was for the birds, since there isn't anything that man couldn't do.

Anyway, back to Cary's life. Growing up, they spent a lot of time at the Garmann Homestead, having weekly Sunday supper. They also spent a lot of time out at Tobacco Gardens, either over on the west side or down at Wild Cow. Otherwise, he'd run off with friends.



Cary's love for projects started young, as did his need for speed. He had an old Dodge van and the motorcycle that he loved. He then bought the old 55 Chevy that became his pride and joy. He drug that thing all the way to Texas and back, not in working order.

In 1981, Cary headed south to Texas to work on the drilling rigs. That is where he met Virginia and spent his 20's married to her. He went to work in Bakersfield, CA, in the early 90's, where he reconnected with Darlene when he visited Las Vegas. At the young age of 31, he and Darlene were married, gaining him 3 little shits to straighten out. By the end of that year, they moved to Kenai, AK, to follow another drilling rig. In the summer of '95, he took a job at Hanson Hot Oil Services, moving the family back to Watford City, ND. He worked there briefly before spending the next 25 years with Petro Hunt. He spent most of his life in the oilfield, but he also had many in-between jobs, such as installing satellites and getting his CDL to drive gravel and cement trucks for Garmann Construction, Ready Mix, Iron Horse Machine, and Rink Construction.

Looking back, we're not sure when Cary slept, as he worked nights, followed all the kids to their sports, built a couple houses, adopted a baby, built a bar & grill, and then traveled back and forth to the cities.

Eventually, Cary found himself doing things at his own pace. After his Petro Hunt journey ended, he spent time doing his own "work." He always had something to do and was always moving something to get it done. He started going on car-finding adventures to bring projects home to fix up and sell, which turned into bringing projects home and never finishing them to be able to sell. As Cary would say, "Why do today what you can get done tomorrow?"

If you couldn't find Cary playing pool, hiking the hills, creeping people's land for projects, naked downward doggin', or standing on his motorcycle seat going 80mph down the highway, he may have been at the racetrack or hanging with family. The racetrack was family for many years, and while Cary enjoyed taking cars down the track, he enjoyed the company most. A lot of time was spent with the kids getting things ready to go the night before, after many nights of working on cars. He wanted everybody to join in on the family fun, and eventually he didn't even take his own cars to the track anymore, as he was focused on helping with the kids and grandkids cars and being their number one supporter.

Over the last few years, Cary had spent a lot of time doing his own research on people and the world. He also spent a lot of time talking to his loved ones about what he was learning. He was ready to build the family compound with his greenhouse and solar panels.

Cary is survived by Darlene Garmann; children and grandchildren, Damien (Sam), Talan, Deagan; Heather (Casey), Emma, Aria, Karter, Natalie, Charlee; Derek (Alyssa), Aiden, Ezra; Karee Jo; siblings, Kevin (Jean); Wade (Rhonda), Lori (Dan); Chad (Becky); and many aunts, uncles, cousins, nieces, and nephews.

Cary was preceded in death by his parents, Dale and JoAnne; his best friend, Uncle Dale; and many more aunts and uncles.

