



William Jacob Martin

January 3, 1931 - March 31, 2025

BILL MARTIN

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The above dates are bookends, but it has been said that what matters most is the dash between them, because it represents what Bill did with his 94 years on this earth.

Bill Martin was born in Brooklyn, New York on January 3, 1931 as the middle of three sons to Edward and Helene Martin. He passed away peacefully on March 31, 2025.

Bill was a devoted husband, father, grandfather and friend who was an honest, hard-working man with many interests throughout his lifetime, which he could vividly recall even up to his final days. Bill's stories, and his breadth of knowledge on an amazing number of topics, provided endless entertainment to anybody that was within earshot.

His early family homes were located on McDonald Avenue in Brooklyn, and he attended School at Public School 179 and Boys High, where he became a standout shortstop on the baseball team. Working from a young age, he delivered both groceries and numbers for the corner bodega that also doubled

as a bookie. He also moonlighted as a pin setter at the local bowling alley, which was his first introduction to bowling. Bill and his brothers played sandlot baseball and he became a knothole gang kid at Ebbets field cheering on the Dodgers. When the Dodgers won the World Series in 1955 it was a dream come true. His love of the Dodgers was only transcended when the Rockies arrived in 1993, when he became a season ticket holder all the way until 2024.

After high school, Bill worked for Newbury Publishing on 5th Avenue in Manhattan, gaining his first experience for a long career in publication and printing. A colleague at Newbury gave him tickets to Broadway musicals that he could not afford otherwise, sparking a lifelong love of original Broadway shows.

In 1951, he joined the Air Force, reaching the rank of Staff Sergeant. He completed basic training in upstate New York. Then, on his 21st birthday of Jan 3, 1952, he arrived (during a blizzard) to his first and only duty station at Warren Air Force Base in Cheyenne, Wyoming. While at Warren he was a member of both the base bowling and baseball teams.

His love of reading soon brought him to the base library, where he met and fell in love with a beautiful librarian named Ellen Smith. They would soon marry, and were blessed with the births of Ann Marie and Michael William, the first two of his four children.

Upon completion of active duty in 1955, Bill joined the Airforce Reserves and worked for General Dynamics on the beginning stages of the Minuteman and Atlas missile programs, primarily managing the printing and publications department. After leaving General Dynamics, he opened and managed both the Bowlerama and the Two Bar Bowl in Cheyenne.

Eventually things did not work out for the young couple, and in 1961 Bill

moved to Denver to work for Martin Marietta on the Titan missile program, again in the publications department. He bowled in the Classic League at Celebrity Bowling Center, which was the premier league in Denver at the time. It is there that he met a 19-year-old girl named Roberta, they courted for 5 years and married on November 11, 1967. A marriage which flourished for 57 years with so many memories. Since they were married on Veterans Day (Armistice Day), the running joke was that, "The country is celebrating peace, and you two are starting a war".

As the aerospace industry went in those years, he was caught in a downturn in 1965 and returned to the bowling business, again in Wyoming. He spent a year each at Worland and Laramie, managing both bowling centers. In 1967, he joined The Navy Printing and Publication Department, which was a civilian branch of the Navy; and the newlyweds headed to Arlington Texas.

While living in Arlington, Amy Kristine and Matthew Steven came onto the scene. One of the things Bill was most proud of is that over the years his four children became as close as any siblings could be.

In 1975, Bill was promoted to District Director of the 8th Naval District in New Orleans and the family moved to Slidell, Louisiana. At the age of 44 he was found to have a life-threatening heart defect. Becoming the third person and first adult in medical history to have a now common procedure to close a hole in his heart. The procedure was developed and performed by Dr. Terry King and Dr. Noel Mills at The Ochsner Clinic in New Orleans.

In 1983, facing the probability of moving to Washington D.C, the family decided to make the quality-of-life decision to return to Colorado and made Ft. Collins their home. After managing Robinson Press, Bill was able to fulfill a long-time dream to open his own printing company, named The Printing Station. As a constant in his entire working life, he dedicated himself fully to

running the business for countless hours every week, right up until it was sold in 1997.

After semi-retiring, he resumed his love of reading, which was first sparked as a young man at the Carnegie Library in Brooklyn. He was also an avid coin collector and a member of the Ft. Collins and Greeley coin clubs. Being retired afforded him time to participate in weekly golf groups with his close friends. Bill also adored sharing his knowledge and love of baseball and bowling to the next generations. He helped coach numerous little league baseball teams and was a coach for youth bowling for over 20 years. Bill's bowling career spanned more than 70 years, including countless tournaments across the country and over 25 national open tournaments.

Bill was preceded in death by his parents Edward Martin & Helene (Weigand) Martin, brothers Edward and Richard, and his first wife Ellen. He is survived by his wife Roberta, children Ann Larson (Tim Lahiff), Michael Martin, Amy Martin (Wade Holden) and Matthew Martin, and grandchildren Brandon Colter and Bear Martin.

Interment will be at Fort Logan National Cemetery at a later date. In lieu of flowers, the family requests that contributions be made to the Bill Martin Memorial Scholarship Fund, % Fort Collins USBC. Use the QR code, or checks payable to Fort Collins USBC.

A Celebration of Bill's Life will be held 2-5pm with Sharing of Memories at 3pm on Sunday, April 13, 2025 at The Drake Centre, 802 W. Drake, Ft. Collins, CO 80526.

My Papa

by Matthew Martin

As many of you have heard by now, Bill Martin passed away last Monday, March 31st, shortly after 9am.

In the end, he went out on his own terms, like a boss.

Still possessing all of his prodigious mental faculties, and despite being a marvel of modern science due to a complicated medical history, he was not in pain and never took pain medication, cruising up and down the stairs at the house right up until the end. Had a cane, but scoffed at actually using it. Medical professionals were always amazed to hear that the house was never equipped with grab bars, or anything to assist him or Mom in getting around. He lived a full life in great style for all of his 94 years, and, if you'll indulge me, I would like to share a bit about that life. Fair warning though, this isn't going to be brief. When you have 94 years of solid source material to work with, it would be a disservice to cut things short. However, even given that disclaimer, I fear that that the following will only shed a fraction of light on his character, and the incredible man that he was. Still, in honor of a life well lived, we must try.

Bill Martin was born on January 3rd, 1931, in Brooklyn, New York. Although he would later adopt the West, and Louisiana, as his second homes, he always carried a bit of Brooklyn with him. And, as it happens, many of the characteristics that he embodied throughout his life started to form in these early days. Strong family bonds, an unparalleled work ethic, a love of books, music, Broadway, art and sports, all had their roots in Brooklyn. He had a working-class upbringing, memorably living in a 3rd story apartment at 751 McDonald Avenue that was on the same level, and adjacent to the elevated

train. The tracks being mere feet away, rattling windows would announce the passage of each train. Because their apartment didn't contain books, his lifelong love of reading began at the Kensington branch of the Carnegie Public Library. Conveniently located around the corner, he went nearly every day. So much so, that one of the librarians noticed and encouraged him to do one of the most un-librarian things ever: dog ear the books so that he could keep his place for the next day. He devoured the classics, along with popular contemporary novels of the day, but he always retained a deep love of history and non-fiction. My Papa knew more, and retained more, than I ever could in five lifetimes. A true renaissance man.

He started working at an early age, as a delivery boy for the corner bodega, which also doubled as the local bookie. So, along with running groceries, he was running numbers and payouts for his bookie boss. Hard to get more Brooklyn than that. You could also find him occasionally perched up behind the pit as a pinsetter at the local bowling alley.

Life in Brooklyn was good. He was fond of telling us what he could get with 26 cents on a Saturday: a haircut, double feature at the matinee, a nice Chinese lunch, and a 1 penny bag of candy.

He would later become a standout player on the Boy's High baseball team, competing against Yankee legend Whitey Ford and a few other future MLB stars, before going on for a brief stint at the semi-pro level.

He celebrated his 21st birthday by hopping on a train headed west for Cheyenne, Wyoming, famously arriving smack dab in the middle of a blizzard, and bound for 8 years of service split between the Air Force and Air Force Reserves. It was here that he found a niche producing manuals, and all of the necessary printed items, for the emerging aerospace industry; and for the

early Minuteman and Atlas missile projects in particular. This work also gave him the unique ability to immediately recall the make and model of practically every plane, military or civilian, that you could point to in the sky. Besides the planes in the air, he also retained an encyclopedic knowledge of every major crash in aviation history. A history which he would enthusiastically, and, quite distressingly for a child, happily point out just as you were ready for takeoff.

Given his love of books, he unsurprisingly could often be found in the library of Warren Air Force base. He might have been a bit surprised, however, to discover a beautiful young librarian, named Ellen Smith, that would soon become the first love of his life. They married in 1955, and had the first two of his four children, my sister and brother, Ann and Michael, respectively. They made a family home in the historic house that Ellen's grandfather, an early pioneer in Cheyenne, had built in 1890. I don't know much else about this time since I wasn't around yet, but I do know that it would be hard to fathom a father having more love for his kids than Papa had for all four of us. We couldn't have been luckier.

He also did his best to instill some of his irreproachable morals in us kids. My brother tells a story about a time when people had heard of a way to get around long distance charges, which would normally be fair game because who likes the phone company?! Not Papa though, "Son, that would be dishonest" he said. Case closed.

Cheyenne was also the place where he came into his own as a competitive bowler, honing that crazy figure 8 motion in his high looping backswing. First on the Warren Air Force base bowling team, and later on many distinguished local teams. Back when bowling and Budweiser were both king, he was a member of the Cheyenne Budweiser team; which was basically the all-star team for the region. When he opened the Bowlerama as General Manager in 1958, the National Budweiser team, comprised of hall of famers Don Carter,

Dick Weber, Bill Lillard, Ray Bluth and Pat Patterson, was flown in for an exhibition match. These guys were the Harlem Globetrotters and 1927 Yankees all rolled into one, untouchable in their day. That very same year they obliterated the record for total pinfall at the national American Bowling Congress (ABC) tournament. Cables were run across the street from the local television station, making this epic match the first to ever be televised in Cheyenne. Along with teammates Tom Miyamoto, Morey Cochran, Al Weiser and Ray Goff, they gave the Budweisers (as they were known) all they could handle, but eventually could not slay Goliath. Besides a spirited match, a silver lining was that Papa immediately hit it off with Bill Lillard, sparking a lifelong friendship with a bowling legend, and countless spirited telephone conversations over the years.

It is said that you can tell a lot about a person by the company they keep, and by that yardstick my dad was a pretty solid dude. He was blessed to begin many lifelong friendships with amazing people during this time. The Miyamotos – Tom, Connie, Doc and Teddy, Danny Sanders, Larry ‘Hooksey’ Terlap, Tom Tsuda, Harold ‘Big H’ Hubble and a little later Carl Motherall, Mr. Haydell and the Salvaggios, were among the nicest people you could ever hope to meet. I had zero shortage of incredible role models growing up.

After opening the Two Bar Bowl in Cheyenne, he headed south to Denver for another job in early aerospace publications, this time working for the Martin Marrieta company on the Titan missile program. It was here, while bowling in the elite Classic League at Celebrity Lanes, that he met the second love of his life, a stunning 19 year old in the gallery named Roberta Schey.

My Papa could be as stubborn as they come, when he took a stand it was a Sisyphean struggle to sway him from it. Luckily though, he met his equal in my Mom. It was only semi-serious when they resorted to exultations in first names (BILL!!... ROBERTA!!), although it could be more than a bit unsettling to us

bystanders. In the end though, it always concluded in love and understanding. Otherwise, they wouldn't have been able to keep each other in check for 57 years. More than that, they had a great marriage for 57 years; just as Papa told all of us through the years, and importantly to Mom right before he passed.

My Mom was the rock, my Papa the shooting star that kept chasing dreams. They made an amazing team for all of those years. Again, blessing us kids with more love and patience than would seem humanly possible. Even more so when we tested their love and patience (which I can assure you that we did more than our fair share of during those teenage years). Amy and her friends got things off to a rousing start, and me and my friends picked up the torch and ran with it. Nobody could ever blame them if they kicked us to the curb on multiple occasions, but we were met with only love and astounding measures of patience. I cannot begin to accurately describe how lucky we were to be born into this family.

After Martin Marrieta, he stopped for a cup of coffee to briefly manage bowling alleys in Laramie and Worland, Wyoming, starting in 1965.

Then, in 1967, the armed forces came calling again, only this time it was the civilian branch of the Department of the Navy that coveted his skill in producing manuals for their latest innovations - mainly the A-7 Corsair II and Vought F-8 fighter jets. So, the newlyweds packed up and headed to Arlington, Texas, for the next seven and a half years. A promotion to District Director of the 8th Naval District in 1975 found them packing up again, only this time with my sister Amy and a newborn me in tow, and headed to Louisiana. They first settled in East New Orleans, and became fast friends with their neighbor Donald Dillon. You might not have known him, but it is still likely that you have partaken in some of his delicious recipes at our family and friends' gatherings over the years.

Ever the one to make a sacrifice for the family, Papa volunteered to make the daily commute across Lake Pontchartrain, waking at 5am, so that we could settle in Slidell and us kids could attend better schools. One of my first memories came when I was playing outside our house on Sydney Circle, and came merrily bouncing in the house to ask about something the neighbor kid, Robert, had said. "Dad, what's an n-word?" I asked, only I didn't say n-word. A super serious look came across his face, and right then and there he and my Mom sat me down and told me, unequivocally, that people are the same, and should be treated the same, no matter how they look. Papa didn't have a racist bone in his body, but he had a full grasp of the tensions that existed in that area in the late 70's, and he didn't want to take any chance of his kids being led down the wrong path.

In Slidell he kept bowling, and kept winning. Our house was littered with trophies when I was growing up. The trophies were not only his though, because he had also coached Mom all the way up from having a cute, but fundamentally detrimental, skip-step in her approach, to raking in a plethora of trophies in her own right. However, they obviously didn't put much stock in these mementoes, because they were dismissed as clutter and jettisoned en masse on more than one occasion.

As alluded to previously, the beginnings of Papa becoming a marvel of modern medicine began in Louisiana when he was 44 years old and diagnosed with an atrial septal defect, or ASD. An ASD is a hole between the two upper chambers of the heart that affects blood flow, basically making the heart work harder to pump blood. As luck would have it, a brilliant young doctor at the Ochsner Clinic named Terry King was innovating a revolutionary device that, for the first time, could treat an ASD without requiring open heart surgery. Dr. King was a pediatric cardiologist, and desperately wanted to find a way to keep from opening children's chests and leaving them scarred for life.

So, along with Dr. Noel Mills, he created a device that basically resembles an intricate, two-sided cocktail umbrella that could be positioned in the hole so that the heart muscle would grow around it and close the defect. Because it could be inserted via the femoral vein and snaked up from the groin to the heart, open heart surgery could be avoided. Papa was the first adult human, and patient number three in history, to receive the device. Pretty much a guinea pig, and given little warning, neither he nor my Mom hesitated when Dr. King recommended Papa as a candidate for the groundbreaking procedure. I was less than a year old at the time. If things didn't go according to plan, well, let's just say that I shudder to think about how difficult it would have been for Mom, and how much joy would have been robbed from all of us over the years. To provide some context, my brother underwent open heart surgery for a similar ASD at four years old. He survived, thank God. However, another child that had the same surgery, on the same day, in the room next door post operation, didn't make it. This was serious business.

Papa lived fifty years with the King-Mills device implanted, even though he was already past the average life expectancy of forty years when it was first implanted in that groundbreaking surgery. Needless to say, Dr. King is an absolute hero in our household. Being pioneers, as both doctor and patient, they forged a lifetime bond and stayed in constant contact.

As if all of that wasn't enough, one result of the ASD is that he had an enlarged heart (unsurprisingly, if you knew him) that eventually led to rhythm problems and atrial fibrillation, or A-fib. An unsuccessful surgery to address the A-fib made it necessary for him to have yet another surgery to install a pacemaker. Only, get this, while implanting the pacemaker they managed to blow open another hole in his heart! Jackpot. He went from being a rare case, to the rarest of cases. Another patient might have sued and went for blood, but both of my parents trusted that the doctors were acting in good faith and took it in stride. Dr. King referred him to the world-renowned surgeon Dr. Ziyad

Hijazi in Chicago, who respectfully requested that Papa's surgery could be delayed so that it coincided with a conference of heart surgeons that he would soon host in California. Dr. Hijazi opened the California conference in person, then flew to Chicago to perform the surgery, which was live streamed back to the conference, and then flew back to California to explain the complicated procedure to the conference after it was done. Needless to say, the case study of Bill Martin's groundbreaking ASD closure, coupled with a second, unexpected ASD closure, reverberates around many a medical journal to this day.

Now, lugging two cocktail umbrellas around in his heart, Papa was ever the model patient and faithfully adhered to the doctor's suggestions on the delicate balance of medications necessary to keep his heart beating, while also minimizing the risk of stroke. Along with a rap sheet of unrelated medical issues, it is absolutely incredible that he was able to stay with us for another fifty years after that initial procedure. We owe a huge debt of gratitude to the many talented medical professionals that balanced so many issues and gave him an incredible quality of life throughout his days. However, if I dare say, none were more instrumental in his survival than Mom. No matter how complicated his issues became, she applied the same relentless and determined approach to making it absolutely certain that he was receiving the best care possible. If honorary nurses' degrees were ever awarded, she would be right at the front of the line.

Despite the challenging medical issues, the young couple overcame and built a comfortable life in Louisiana. However, in 1983 it became apparent that Papa was soon to receive a call up to the mothership in Washington, D.C., a move which they weren't excited about. So, a quality-of-life decision was made to move closer to family that lived in Colorado. At the same time, it served a double purpose of allowing Papa the opportunity to pursue his dream of owning his own business, so we moved to Ft. Collins.

After managing Robinson Press on Riverside Ave. for a brief stint, he cashed in his government pension and put all of his chips on the table. The Printing Station became a labor of love, and he worked as hard as anyone I've ever seen to nourish and grow his fledgling business. He worked seven days a week, usually at least 12 hours a day, catching up on paperwork on the weekend. It also became a labor, although not always of love, for the rest of the family. Mom did the books, Amy worked there for roughly 11 years. I served as an indentured servant and child labor for many, many mind-numbing trips around the collating table. The Printing Station was awesome, run as a family business in every sense of the words.

My favorite memories of Papa, though, came right after he sold the business and semi-retired in 1997. I was taking classes at CSU at the time and, avoiding early morning classes like the plague, would find Papa sitting at the kitchen table reading the newspaper every day when I came down for breakfast. It was during these conversations, going over box scores from the previous day to keep tabs on his fantasy baseball players (nothing on computer in those early days of fantasy sports), or discussing current events, that I felt that I really got to know Papa for the first time. He had worked so hard when we were growing up that we never really had a chance to connect. There was a lot that I didn't know about his values or his beliefs. What I discovered over the course of those conversations was a man of impeccable integrity and a heart of gold.

I found that Papa had strongly held political beliefs, and hardly loved anything more than a spirited political discussion. However, importantly, he was neither an ideologue, nor dogmatic. If anybody ever alleged that he had strayed too far to the left, he was quick to point out that he was a registered Republican. But the joke was on them as he never voted along party lines for either party.

A fair and objective observer, he voted in accordance with the issues of the day, and supported whoever he thought was the best candidate, regardless of party affiliation. However, political issues were only a small part of the overall discussion in those days. The breadth and depth with which he could expound upon any number of subjects was enough to make your head spin. If I could sign up for a memory implant that could rival his natural brain, I would be right at the front of the line.

He was also sentimental, as evidenced by what we have found stashed away in his study this week. A treasure trove of letters, cards and notes that would melt your heart. His smile could light up your life. While spiritual, and possessing a strong faith and belief in God throughout his life, he didn't find it necessary to observe rituals to proclaim his faith or demonstrate his devotion. Rather, whenever he found someone that he felt embodied the true spirit of Christianity, he would follow that minister; just as he did for Pastor Chris Andrews at Aldersgate in Slidell.

Papa had a temper; however, it was unfailingly directed only at himself. If you ever heard a loud noise, it was usually followed shortly by an exclamation of, "Jesus Christmas, what are you doing Bill?!". He was also his own harshest critic on the bowling lanes or the golf course. But it stopped with him. When he was in Coach Bill mode it was never criticism, only encouragement. Not overbearing or forceful, just supportive. There is a generation of bowlers in Fort Collins that can attest to this, as a result of his 20+ years of teaching youth bowling. Coach Bill was always at the ready with helpful advice, often to the dismay of his own team during league bowling as he actively coached the opposing team to better results. "Bill, we're trying to beat them!", but he didn't care. Coaching was in his blood, and he loved nothing more than seeing improvement in his pupils. Bill and Roberta's first date was actually at the bowling alley, and it quickly turned into bowling lessons. Coach Billy Martin (ours, not the Yankee one) also coached many years of his son's and

grandson's little league baseball teams to successful seasons. He focused on teaching the fundamentals that must be followed to make it the beautiful game that he loved so much.

The self-criticism mentioned above likely followed from an otherworldly attention to detail. And while this attention to detail undoubtedly served him well during his long career in printing, it would also drive Mom bananas whenever we were trying to have a quick cleanup before guests arrived. Papa was practically incapable of merely running the vacuum through traffic areas, no sir. Instead, he insisted on turning every piece of furniture out, and getting into every nook and cranny, so the job was complete. Papa didn't do anything halfway.

Watching sports with Papa was always a memorable experience. He wasn't just a fan, but also a student of the game for the sports that he loved. A poorly executed bunt, holding on a running play, or sloppy base running were unforgivable sins, and never failed to elicit a passionate response. For anyone that had the pleasure of watching live games with him, you know that Papa was possibly more invested in critiquing the announcers than he was in the outcome of the actual game. He grew up listening to the legendary Dodger commentator Red Barber, and later the venerable Vin Scully. They set a high bar that was nearly impossible to clear for the multitudes of unfortunate commentators that would follow. If good at their job, they would be exalted and praised to no end. But woe be it to the ones that fell short, for they would be roasted into oblivion directly from his spot on the sofa. Their poor souls often suffering from an acute affliction that he called, "diarrhea of the mouth".

On the topic of sports, it would be remiss to not mention some of the other great loves of his life. Mainly the Brooklyn Trolley Dodgers, and later the Los Angeles Dodgers, with a 20+ year affair sprinkled in with the Rockies when they came on the scene in 1993. He was a season ticket holder for 31 years,

from that first season until just last year. We were even in the stands on the night that Hideo Nomo threw the only no-hitter in Coors Field history. The game didn't get off to a rousing start, as we were deluged with rain that led to a two-hour rain delay. The stands mostly empty on a Tuesday night, we finally bowed out close to midnight because work and school were calling the next day. Uncle Dick reluctantly agreed, but not without a warning that we would never hear the end of it we robbed him of his chance to finally witness a no-hitter. This was an extremely uncharacteristic move though, as Papa would steadfastly insist on staying until the last pitch. Rain, snow, sleet, or 100 degrees and roasting in the sun, no matter if the Rockies were down by a dozen runs, we stayed until the bitter end.

There were actually many years when he would actively root for the Rockies when they faced the Dodgers. However, in the past few years he reverted back to his childhood favorite and bled Dodger blue once again, reveling in a final World Series win last year. The Broncos, Saints, golf and a host of other sports also received a ton of love from Papa. He loved competition. However, none of those could compare to the love that he had for cheering on his family in all of our sports misadventures over the years. Every match, every game, every tournament, both him and Mom would be there. And not just when we were kids. Even in our twenties and thirties, when we were competing in meaningless tournaments in far flung places, they would steadfastly be in the gallery, living and dying with each bowling ball thrown, each billiard ball pocketed, or golf ball hit.

Most likely sparked from his time managing the Bowlerama in Cheyenne, where he regularly discovered rare coins while going through the register and clearing the books at the end of the day, Papa developed a passion for collecting coins. Many an hour was spent curating, grading and rounding out the most cherished series of his collections. Not for himself though. Rather, he

was determined to pass along a stellar collection to each of his four children and two grandchildren, Brandon and Bear. Which, by the way, he loved to the moon and back.

I'm really glad that I finally got to know my father, and feel incredibly blessed that all of us were able to spend so many quality years with him in our lives. Because this has taken me some time to write, the tributes have already been pouring in to our family. It has been both heartwarming and humbling to hear all of the love and respect that is out there for Papa. The most constant refrains are 'dignified' and 'classy', and I certainly can't argue against either. He leaves a massive hole in our lives and our hearts that cannot be filled, but please don't be sad.

Because the 94 years that he had on this earth were amazing, and deserve way more celebration than sadness.

And, it is with that sentiment in mind, that I would cordially invite anyone with ties to Papa, or the family, to join us next Sunday, April 13th, at the Drake Centre on 802 West Drake Road in Fort Collins, from 2-5pm, for a celebration of a life well lived.

In lieu of flowers, contributions can be made to the Bill Martin Memorial Youth Bowling Scholarship Fund.

Love you Papa.

Previous Events

Celebration of Life

APR **13**. 2:00 PM - 5:00 PM (MT)

The Drake Centre
802 West Drake Road
Fort Collins, CO 80526

Tribute Wall



“ 1 file added to the album *Memories Album*

THE BILL MARLIN



**Youth Bowling
Scholarship Fund**

Bohlender Funeral Chapel - April 07, 2025 at 01:33 PM