



In Loving Memory
Irene Marie Webster

Born to Olaf and Inga Kjerstad

February 8, 1946

Williston, North Dakota

Called Home to Her Heavenly Father

February 1, 2025

Bismarck, North Dakota

Funeral Service

Wednesday, February 5, 2025 at 11:00 AM

First Lutheran Church

Tioga, North Dakota

Officiating

Pastor Mike Burns

Pallbearers

Jaclyn Torgerson Rachel Torgerson

Greg Patterson Scott Torgerson

Brad Torgerson Ron Gill

Music

"On Eagles Wings"

"How Great Thou Art"

"Old Rugged Cross"

Musician

Brenda Kutter

Final Resting Place in the Spring of 2025

United Cemetery

Tioga, North Dakota

Arrangements By

Fulkerson Stevenson Funeral Home

Tioga, North Dakota

In Loving Memory Of



Irene Marie Webster

February 8, 1946 - February 1, 2025



With heavy hearts, we announce the passing of Irene Marie Webster (Kjerstad), a devoted wife, loving mother, cherished grandmother, sister, cousin, aunt and dear friend. Irene passed away peacefully on February 1, 2025 at the age of 78, leaving behind a legacy of love, kindness, and unwavering devotion to her family and friends.

Born on February 8, 1946, in Williston, North Dakota, Irene grew up surrounded by the beauty of farm life alongside her sisters on the OK Ranch in Dry Fork Township south of Tioga. She learned early on the values of hard work, resilience, and appreciation for the simple joys of nature—including the long walks to country school that she often reminisced about. Her love for the outdoors remained with her throughout her life; she had a natural green thumb, tending to her garden with care, and was an expert fisherwoman, always eager to catch the first fish.



Irene was the heart and soul of her family, a true matriarch who found her greatest happiness when her loved ones were gathered together—especially during Fourth of July celebrations at Parshall Bay. She created a home where everyone felt welcome, embracing her children's spouses as her own and making sure all who entered felt like family. She had a rare gift of loving people just as they were, celebrating their individuality with warmth and acceptance.

Irene shared a beautiful and devoted marriage with her husband, Bill Webster, for 46 years. Bill adored Irene, treating her like a queen and making her the center of his world. Together, they built a life rich with love, living in Minot, Fargo, and ultimately Bismarck, where they formed many lifelong friendships.



Beyond her family, Irene lived a life of purpose and passion. She dedicated many years to managing thrift stores across North Dakota in support of the Dakota Boys Ranch, a youth home for children in need. Her leadership and dedication helped expand the organization, opening multiple stores and forging lifelong friendships along the way.



Irene had an infectious energy that could light up any room. Her warmth, humor, and generous spirit made her an exceptional hostess, always ensuring that any gathering—big or small—was filled with laughter and joy. No birthday passed without the tradition of her famous chocolate cake, a beloved family favorite to this day.



She is survived by her loving husband, Bill Webster, sister Alice Gill (Ron), her children Scott (Karen), Brad, Bill Jr., Laurie (Rich), Sari (Mike) along with many grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and nieces and nephews. Preceded in death by her parents Olaf and Inga (Kvam) Kjerstad, and sister, Louise Torgerson (Bruce). She leaves behind a legacy of love, kindness, and unwavering devotion to her family and friends.



Though she will be deeply missed, her love and spirit will live on in the hearts of all who knew her.



Grandma's Garden of Memories

In the quiet whispers of the morning dew,
Her laughter lingers, a soft echo through.
Beneath the old oak's watchful, wise embrace,
Her garden blooms—a gentle, hallowed place.
Petals unfurl in colors bold and bright,
Each one kissed by her tender love's light.
The roses recall her gentle, careful hands,
Tending to life in these verdant lands.
Her stories, like vines, climb the garden walls,
Whispers of wisdom, as evening gently falls.
In every leaf's rustle, her voice can be heard,
In every bird's song, her spirit's tender word.
Though her footsteps are missed along the path,
Her legacy blooms in the aftermath.
For she planted the seeds of love in my heart,
From her garden of life, I'll never part.
In this sanctuary where memories play,
I find her here, in subtle ways.
Though the seasons change and years may drift,
Her loving presence is heaven's gift.