

of one of his many vehicles, Frank was always in his element. His prized possession, a silver 442 Firebird, became legendary on the reservation roads, a symbol of his fearless spirit and love for speed.

Frank was more than just skilled - he was our go-to guide for life's practical challenges. A teacher of all trades, he passed down his knowledge with patience and pride. He taught us how to fix engines, how to fish with purpose, how to hunt with respect, and how to handle the basics of home repairs. His lessons weren't just about tools and techniques; they were about self-reliance, confidence, and connection. Frank's spirit lives on in every cast line, every turned wrench, and every story told around a fire.

Returning to Breckenridge, Frank met his first love, Laura Kay. They were blessed with twins on March 9, 1993, Natasha Kay and Joshua Frank. They were married on August 19, 1994, in Wells Memorial Park. Later, they were blessed with another daughter, Courtney Marie, on June 12, 1997. Frank's heart swelled with pride for his children, and he poured his energy into being a devoted father and eventually Grandfather. Frank's love for his family knew no bounds. He treasured every moment with his children and grandchildren, always making time to share his wisdom and spend time with the ones he held dearest.

A gifted athlete, Frank, found joy on the softball field as a shortstop for the Primewood team, coached by his Uncle Bob King. He earned the nickname "Gunner" for his lightning-fast and accurate throws. Playing alongside his cousins, Billy and Myron, brought him immense happiness, and he later coached his sisters with the same passion and precision.

Frank's work ethic was unmatched. He held roles as a fabricator at Todd's Welding in Breckenridge, a butcher at Manack Meats in Great Bend, a construction worker, and later, a jack-of-all-trades handyman and mechanic. His hands were always busy, and his heart was always full.

In Wahpeton, ND, Frank found his soulmate in Glennae Brenno. Together, they built a blended family, welcoming Shawna and Skyler into his life with open arms. Their journey took them to Watford City, where Frank worked in the oil fields before returning to Wahpeton. There, he continued his work as a handyman and enjoyed beet harvest seasons with his sister Sherry and dear friend, Samantha Lewis.

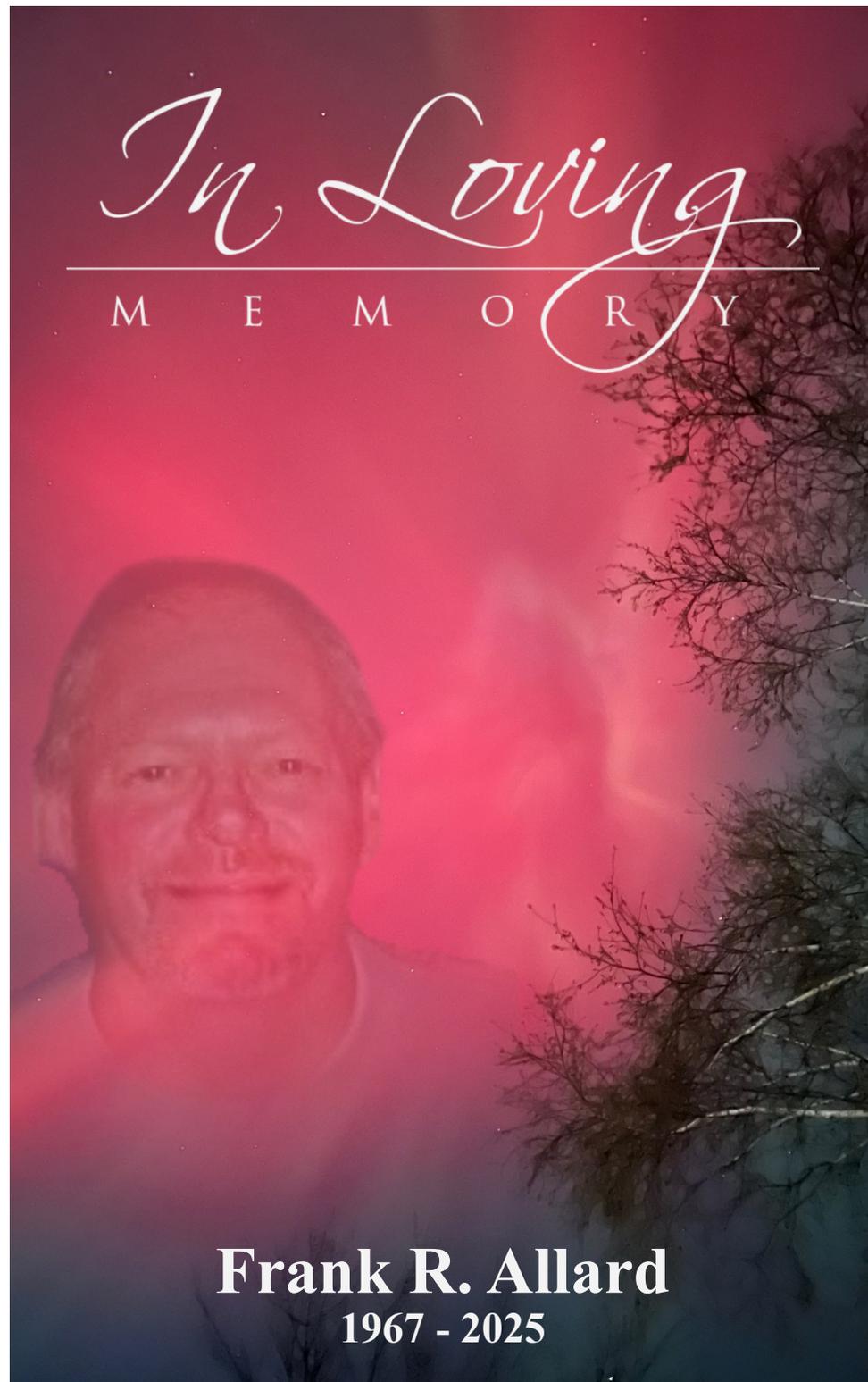
Frank's competitive spirit was legendary; he loved to win, and often did, unless he was up against his sisters, who kept him humble and laughing. His life was a testament to resilience, loyalty, and the joy of simple pleasures.

Frank is survived by his mother, Bonnie Marie Allard; his children: Natasha (Ryan Schmidtbauer), Joshua (Bethani Drennan), and Courtney (Dakota Wolf); stepchildren Shawna (Torrie Carter), and Skyler (Rogness). He was a proud grandfather to Dax (Natasha), Avery, Hadley (Joshua), Paisley, McKinley (Courtney), Kiana, Azaylia, and Xavier (Shawna). He is also survived by his sisters: Sherry (Roy Martinez), Justine (Cal Olson), and Jessica. As well as many aunts, uncles, cousins, friends, and his beloved cat, Minnio, who only loved him.

Frank was a cherished uncle to his nieces and nephews: Jessica (Scott), Matthew, Tyler, Dylan, McKayla (Michael), Brandon, Kiera, Kylee (Justine), Abbi, Aiyana, Raynlee, and Kaliah (Jessica). He was also a proud great-uncle to Samara, Shaelyn (Jessica), Aleczander, Connor, Kayelynn, Franki (Matthew), and Greyson (Dylan), each of whom brought him joy and pride.

Frank was preceded in death by his father, Frank William Allard; his maternal grandparents, Shirley and Lloyd King; his paternal grandparents, Frank and Alice Allard; the love of his life, Glennae Brenno; his uncle's Bob King, Mike Allard, and David King; his aunt Nancy King; his cousins Chad Allard, Chad Simonson, and Jennifer Troxel; his brother-in-law Ken Beith and his beloved dogs Brandi, Shadow, Charlie, and Mia.

Frank Roger Allard leaves behind a legacy of love, laughter, and unforgettable stories. His deep love for fishing, hunting, and his family will live on through his children and loved ones. He will be deeply missed by all who know him.





In Loving Memory

Frank Roger Allard

Born

September 15, 1967 | St. Paul, Minnesota

Passed Away

November 7, 2025 | Wahpeton, North Dakota

Age

58 Years | 1 Month | 23 Days

Memorial Service

4:00 PM | Thursday, November 20, 2025
Vertin-Munson Funeral Home | Wahpeton, North Dakota

Officiant: Adrian Allard

Music

“When I Get To Where I’m Going” | “On Eagles Wings”

Honorary Pallbearers

Dylan Beith | Brandon Dinh | Bill King
Myron Coppin | John Renault | Laura Richards

Active Pallbearers

Natasha Schmidtbauer | Josh Allard | Courtney Allard
Sherry Allard | Justine Allard | Jessica Allard

Military Honors

North Dakota Funeral Honors Team | American Legion Post 20

*God's finger touched him and he slipped away
from earth's dark shadows to a brighter day;*

*God saw the road was getting rough,
the hills were hard to climb;
he gently closed his weary eyes,*

and whispered, "Peace be thine."

*To a beautiful garden this friend has gone,
to a land of perfect rest;
though he is gone he still lives on*

In the garden of memory.

To My Children

Love you my lady | Love you my son | Love you my angel

Frank Roger Allard, beloved father, son, grandfather, brother, partner, and friend, passed away on November 7, 2025, surrounded by love and family. He was born on September 15, 1967, in St. Paul, Minnesota, to Frank William Allard and Bonnie Marie King. Frank lived a life full of grit, laughter, and deep devotion to those he loved.

Frank's early years were spent in Breckenridge, MN, before the family moved to Reading, PA, during his father's years as an ironworker in New York. They later returned to Breckenridge, where family gatherings and holiday traditions created cherished memories. In 1980, the family relocated to the Turtle Mountain Indian Reservation in Belcourt, ND - a place that would shape much of Frank's adventurous spirit.

At just 16, Frank joined the National Guard and completed his training at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. Though he was later medically discharged, his sense of duty and pride in service remained with him throughout his life.

Frank's passion for the outdoors and mechanics took root early in his life and never let go. Whether he was fishing, hunting, snaring rabbits, trapping, or elbow-deep in the engine bay