



Dale Keith Martin

November 21, 1948 - January 13, 2025

Dale Keith Martin of Tallahassee, age 76, passed away on January 13, 2025. He was born on Guam, where his father, a U.S. Navy pilot and Korean War veteran, was stationed. When Dale was nine, his father was killed in a flight training accident in North Carolina. Following his burial at Arlington National Cemetery, Dale's mother relocated the family to Lantana, Florida, where Dale and his siblings grew up. Dale sang in the church choir and played little league baseball. He had a paper route while in elementary school and a job designing and cooking round hotdogs when he was only 14.

After graduating from Lantana High School, he attended Palm Beach Community College, the University of Florida, and Florida State University, where he graduated with a degree in Criminology and a strong interest in behavioral and offender treatment. He interned at Operation Yes, where he honed his skills treating teens and adults with addictions in a therapeutic community setting. He worked at Criswell House, Florida's first

halfway house for delinquent youth, serving as the assistant and acting director. He was recruited to be the clinical director of DISC Village, where he also served as a staff trainer and intake coordinator. Following DISC, he joined Tallahassee Community College at the DCF/DJJ Professional Development Center (PDC) in Quincy, Florida, where he trained child welfare and juvenile justice personnel from North and Central Florida. He retired from the PDC in 2003, but shortly thereafter, joined Bill's Bookstore as their art department manager, where his aptitude for graphic arts and ability to precisely gauge the arts needs of students and professors were well known. He retired again in 2012.

Dale married Carolyn Atkinson of Key West in 1971, and they had two daughters. In 1995, Dale married Charlene White of Tallahassee.

Dale loved teaching and training, riding motorcycles, Karate, Eastern culture and philosophical thought, science fiction books and movies, graphic arts, photography, chocolate, the beach, the mountains, his cats (especially, Falcor), teddy bears, talking about politics, the Kansas City Chiefs, and solitude. But most of all, he loved his family, especially his girls.

He was preceded in death by his father, Merrill K. Martin, his mother, Wanda B. Martin (Saylor),

and stepfather, Bud Saylor. He is survived by his wife, Charlene White; his daughters, Bree and Carrie Martin; and their mother, Carolyn A. Martin, of Tallahassee. His brother, Larry Martin (Linda; David, Scott, Sara) of Palm Beach County and his sister, Colleen Allcorn (John) of Wakulla County also survive him.

Those who wish to send flowers of condolence are instead encouraged to consider donating to or becoming supporters of photo-artist Caryn Drexyl or pianist Gamazda. Dale admired and supported both through Patreon (<https://www.patreon.com>) for several years. Final arrangements are by Abbey Funeral Home, Tallahassee. Per Dale's wishes, no funeral will be held, but the family plans to hold a memorial gathering TBA.

Tribute Wall

PF

“ I was fortunate enough to work with Dale at the PDC in Quincy. I admired and respected him for his integrity. A funny story: once when he was training I walked into the training room. Dale was at the front of the room with a bag over his head. I was like What. He said he was the unknown trainer and the class could ask him questions to determine who he was. Ha ha ha. He was copying a skit from SNL when they had the unknown comedian. The class loved it. He was a hit. I loved and will miss Dale.

Peggy E. Fleming - February 14, 2025 at 09:35 AM

CM

“ My dad was the best father a girl could dream up. He was patient and kind, goofy as hell, and loved meeting up for chocolate milkshakes. This silly picture was on a very low day for me. It was following a break up and I'd moved back in with him. This day, I was so down I called him at work. He didn't hesitate to leave work and meet me for breakfast. Our meals came with the orange slices and he wanted to goof the waitress with them, but of course didn't have the guts. But we did take them with us and in the parking lot before he had to go back to work, we stuck them in our mouths and took this picture. Such a sillier little thing, but it became my favorite picture of him because it always reminds me of how he was there for me, with love and laughter. He is greatly missed.



Carrie Martin - February 14, 2025 at 07:23 AM