



Layne Martin

September 23, 1959 - January 16, 2024

Dale Layne Martin, 64, of Amarillo passed away Tuesday, January 16, 2024. Layne was born on September 23, 1959 in Lubbock, Texas to Gerald Martin and Sandra Jean (Hitch) Martin.

He grew up in Hereford, Texas where he graduated in 1978 from Hereford High School. Layne as he was affectionately known, was a cherished son to his mother, Sandra Martin and a friend to many. Alongside his brother Lance Martin, Layne fondly recalled their shared passion for flying model airplanes. In his youth, Layne enjoyed playing the guitar and was an avid weightlifter, demonstrating his love for music and dedication to fitness and strength. Layne's journey has now led him to eternal peace, where he joins his father, Gerald Martin; a sister, Lisa Martin and other loved ones. As we mourn his earthly departure, we find solace in the belief Layne is with Jesus.

Layne is survived by his mom, Sandra Martin; two sons, Chase Martin and Scott Martin; a brother, Lance Martin; two sisters, Laura Schlabs and husband Richard and Lana Bass and husband Wade; a dear niece, Kasey Fuller and husband Jon and many beloved nieces and nephews.

He was preceded in death by his father, Gerald Martin; a sister, Lisa Martin and two nephews, Nathan Fox and Dillon Shelton.

A Memorial Service in honor of Layne will be held on Saturday, February 24, 2024 at 11:00 a.m. at New Life Restoration Center, 1508 Whittier Street, Hereford, Texas 79045.

Previous Events

Celebration of Life Services

FEB **24**. 11:00 AM - 1:00 PM (CT)

New Life Restoration Center
1508 Whittier Street
Hereford, TX 79045

Tribute Wall

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“ I just saw this posting today, Layne and I were best friends in high school and did many stupid things together. We also had great fun working on cars, with his dad in the crop dusting business, Spent many a long night partying and going straight to work without much sleep. Rest in Peace Layne. My condolences to his family.

Mark Latham - April 20, 2024 at 06:11 PM



“ Larry's Dad Gerald, used to come by the house and wake me up in the mornings. Not by knocking on the door, but with his spray plane. I would rush to the window when I first heard the sound of that radial engine, and then see the rush of yellow go by, followed by a thin wisp of spray. And the pilot, head bent looking straight ahead--that was Gerald Martin...

Tyler Vance - February 04, 2024 at 07:21 AM