



THE TREE

*I saw a tree
It was, it seemed, a lot like me.
I'm sure it must have had its fill
Tied down to earth against its will.*

*Its mighty limbs reached up towards God,
But roots like steel gripped tight earth's sod.
Like me, its clock was winding down
Undaunted though, still searching 'round.*

*For something great, yes greater still
Than all we've seen beyond yon hill.
Strange, great though all my dreams may be,
I'm tied to earth like that old tree.*

*I have my loved ones, gifts from God
Who hold me here like roots in sod.
Too soon I'll leave them here alone
No way to write, no telephone.*

*Will they then know I'm safe above
And basking on a cloud of love?
They will if they have faith, it's free.
It works for that old tree and me.*

IN LOVING MEMORY
Margaret "Jean" Bolton
December 5, 1935 ~ December 18, 2025

GRAVESIDE FUNERAL SERVICE
Monday, December 22, 2025
2:00 p.m.
Green Hill Cemetery
Lindsay, Oklahoma

OFFICIATING
Pastor Daniel Edwards

Services by
Ferguson Funeral Home
Chickasha, Oklahoma



*To share a memory of
Jean with the family,
please scan the QR Code.*