



# Morgan H. Jackson

November 2, 1942

April 5, 2021

### Honorary Pallbearers/Grandchildren

Tyler Jackson ~ Morgan Trent Jackson

Tiana Gifford ~ Cheyann Wright

Michaela Hill ~ Jonathan Britsch ~ Kenny Hill

Abbigail Jackson ~ Robert Britsch ~ Mary Britsch

Trystan Dale Morgan William Jackson

### Great Grandchildren

Avery Lucero ~ Hailee Shines ~ Ashlynn Jackson

Autumn Wright ~ Beau Wright ~ Dominic Gifford

Zoie Gifford ~ Kincade Gifford

## Funeral Service

Saturday, April 10, 2021 ~ 1:00 PM

Crandall Funeral Home ~ Evanston, WY

Family Prayer.....Brent Liechty  
Conducting.....Brent Liechty  
Prelude / Postlude Music.....Andrea Argyle  
Musical Selection.....Alan Jackson

### *“Amazing Grace”*

Invocation.....Barbara Jensen  
Eulogy/Tribute/Obituary.....Elmo James Jackson  
Remarks.....Eric South  
Musical Selection.....Vince Gill

### *“Go Rest High On That Mountain”*

Slideshow

Musical Selection.....Garth Brooks

### *“The Dance”*

Benediction.....Marvs Yapias

Oh Lord, I've never lived where churches grow.  
I love creation better as it stood  
That day You finished it so long ago  
And looked upon Your work and called it good.  
I know that others find You in the light  
That's sifted down through tinted window panes,  
And yet I seem to feel You near tonight  
In this dim, quiet starlight on the plains.  
I thank You, Lord, that I am placed so well,  
That You have made my freedom so complete;  
That I'm no slave of whistle, clock or bell,  
Nor weak-eyed prisoner of wall and street.  
Just let me live my life as I've begun  
And give me work that's open to the sky;  
Make me a partner of the wind and sun,  
And I won't ask a life that's soft or high.  
Let me be easy on the man that's down;  
Let me be square and generous with all.  
I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town,  
But never let 'em say I'm mean or small!  
Make me as big and open as the plains,  
As honest as the hawse between my knees,  
Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains,  
Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze!  
Forgive me, Lord, if sometimes I forget.  
You know about the reasons that are hid.  
You understand the things that gall and fret;  
You know me better than my mother did.  
Just keep an eye on all that's done and said  
And right me, sometimes, when I turn aside,  
And guide me on the long, dim, trail ahead  
That stretches upward toward the Great Divide.  
—Badger Clark

