



## Sidney Lee Swift

September 12, 1943 - March 20, 2021

Sidney "Sid" Lee Swift was born September 12, 1943, to Kathleen and Earl Sidney Swift, Jr., in Barnsdall, Oklahoma. He was 77 when he passed away on March 20, 2021. Sidney worked most of his life as a welder, mechanic, heavy equipment operator, and cowboy.

He was united in marriage to Janice Kay Burton on July 1, 1963. He enjoyed life to the fullest. He loved to hunt, fish, rodeo, and go camping. He also enjoyed listening to country music and watching old westerns and wrestling. He was a member of the Collinsville Christian Church.

Sidney is survived by his wife Janice of the home; two daughters and their husbands, Cheryl and Fred Friend of Oologah, and Marcia and Derek Lanphear of Barnsdall; four grandchildren Katie, Christi, Cody, and Derek; and nine great-grandchildren that he loved dearly. He was preceded in death by his parents and sister Nancy Engel.

No formal services are planned. Arrangements are under the direction of Carter Davis and the Davis Family Funeral Home. Online condolences and remembrances may be shared at [www.DavisFamilyFuneralHome.com](http://www.DavisFamilyFuneralHome.com).

# Tribute Wall

GI

“ So sorry to hear that this Swift cousin had died. I loved my Aunt Lala, her husband, Earl, and all their children...my cousins. May God bless and take care of Sidney's wife, children, and all the family. Geneva Collins Infield

Geneva Collins Infield - April 07, 2021 at 09:22 PM

GM

“ He was the best neighbor and friend a person could have .

Glenda Mccauley - March 23, 2021 at 10:38 PM

ML

Thank you

Marcia Lanphear - March 24, 2021 at 02:02 PM

ML

Dad taught Cheryl and I how to ride mules and donkies. I remember one day, Cheryl and I got a set of Shetland Ponies. We weren't supposed to ride them when mom or dad wasn't home. But, well we were kids. We went outside and got on them, horseback. We were riding them in the front yard. We heard the phone ringing and we were going to get off and run to phone. When my pony stopped, I made a 180 and was underneath it with my legs still wrapped tightly. I'll never forget that. I also remember riding the mule. I got buckednoff and landed in the wet, muddy garden. Dad made me get right back on.

Marcia Lanphear - March 24, 2021 at 02:10 PM