

FIREY FAMILY

1992

CALENDAR

A Tribute to Mom & Dad Firey

John Kenneth Firey
Nov. 22, 1921 - March 6, 1989

Sylvia Evelyn Firey
Oct. 6, 1922 - Sept. 12, 1991

Compiled By Ray, Diana & Steve Firey - *Christmas 1991*

To Momma

Another year has slipped us by,
And Mother's Day is here again.
So I thought I'd take time and write a few lines,
To say some things that should be said.

I've said all along and sang you a song,
That says "Give me my roses today."
Still I know I don't do enough things for you,
To give you a rose bouquet.

I guess we sometimes take for naught,
The love you always give.
We sometimes fail to realize that,
Love is why you live.

A simple prayer that said, "Dear God,
Just let me live until,
My little boys are grown to men, Then,
My purpose will be fulfilled."

And, just like God, He heard your prayer,
And granted your desire.
But, just like God, He did much more,
And you're still by our side

I guess the Good Lord knew that now,
Your work would have just begun.
'Cause now it seems we need you more,
Than when we were very young.

We go off to school and try to learn,
The great truths of our day,
While you stay home to work and earn,
The thing that sends us away.

And coming home to a room well-cleaned,
That's somehow been transformed,

From the way it was the week-end before,
When we swept through like a storm.

And the dirty clothes we'd piled up high,
Are strangely fresh and clean.
You transact our business, run our rounds,
And a thousand other things.

Well, I could talk all day and never quite,
Say all of the things that you do.
But no one could owe as great a debt,
As the debt that we owe you.

Well, Dear Mom, I've rambled on,
With these thoughts on Mother's Day.
And it seems the lines won't fit the rhyme,
That says what I want to say.

But the thing that really means the most,
Is that every time we left,
We knew that we'd be coming home,
To the one who loved us best.

If I walked across this world,
And searched it through and through,
I know I'd never find a Mom,
As wonderful as you.

Though words are cheap, my thoughts go deep,
And I know these words are true;
I don't deserve the love you give,
But Momma, I love you.

Written By Ray Firey
For Mother's Day-1976



MARCH - 1992



Give Me My Roses

I can't see the beauty of the flowers on my grave,
I can't smell the fragrance they're send o're my way.
I'll never know the love that you wanted to convey,
Unless you give me my roses while I'm here today.

Give me my roses while I'm here today;
A bouquet of happiness to brighten up my way.
Don't wait 'till I'm slumbering in the cold, cold clay.
Give me my roses while I'm here today.

The times that I'm the weakest and I think I can't go on,
Your words of encouragement help to make me strong.
And when I reach the city where the flowers never fade,
I won't forget those roses you gave to me today.

Give me my roses while I'm here day,
A bouquet of happiness to brighten up my way.
Don't wait 'till I'm slumbering in the cold, cold clay.
Give me my roses while I'm here today.

Written By John Firey 1975



Just One Blossom

*I'd rather have a little rose,
From the garden of a friend,
Than flowers strewn about my casket,
When my days on earth must end.
I'd rather have a loving smile,
From one I know is true,
Than to have tears shed around my casket,
When I bid this world adieu.
So bring me my flowers today,
Whether white or pink or red.
I'd rather have one blossom now,
Than a truckload when I'm dead.*

(A Favorite Poem Dad recited the most often)

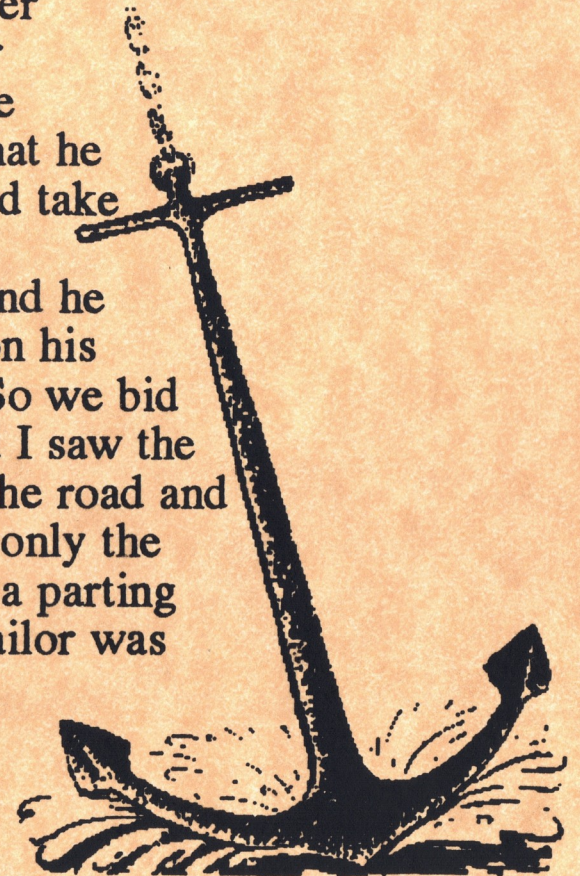
The Sailor's Return

Dedicated to my son, John Kenneth Firey

By J. W. Firey, Sr.

On the bright sunny morning of April 25, 1943, there was an atmosphere of anxiety hovering over our little country home on the banks of Rock Creek in northeastern Oklahoma. We were all expecting someone. Yes, someone we hadn't seen for fourteen long months and yet there was always that possibility that something might prevent his coming, as had happened before. But we still felt hopeful and much more certain this time. A few city friends had already arrived at the park to spend the day and it was still early anyhow. When suddenly I spied an automobile speeding down the lane this way. I was quite sure I knew the car as it swung into the driveway, but was not yet certain who all was in the car and especially our guest. But before I could get there, out stepped a fine looking young man in sailor blue. Yes, it was our son! What a welcome sight he was and what a thrill to clasp him by hand once again. What a reunion and how happy everyone seemed to be and including the sailor boy what was probably

the happiest of all; 2600 miles he had traveled to be with us this day. Yes, he had come to be with us for a short while and I am sure that in his heart he thanked God for this occasion and I think we all did because meetings like these should remind us of the eternal promises that may be ours by only possessing them. Well, the short span of one week was soon gone and it was now time for our sailor boy to leave. So just one week after that sunny Easter morning the same automobile in what he had arrived would take him back to the railroad station and he would again be on his long trip back. So we bid him goodbye and I saw the car speed down the road and out of sight with only the dust lingering as a parting memory. The Sailor was Gone.



MAY
1992

Moma's Song

*There's a story of courage that's never been told,
About a young mother's love and a faith pure as gold.
Though the doctors gave her no hope yet she knew,
With six small children she still had so much to do.*



*We didn't know what cancer was but her fear was hard to hide.
We knew it must be something bad because my Daddy cried.
But Mom was strong for us all in that moment of despair.
She knelt by her bed and prayed this simple prayer.*

*Let me live long enough to see my babies grown,
Let me give them the love and the joys I have known.
When my work here is done, You can take me home.
But Lord, let me live 'till my babies are grown.*

*The night was long and lonely and sleep could not be found,
As she wrestled with the load that weighed her heart down.
But just before the dawn, she saw an angel standing there,
And he lifted the burden as she prayed this prayer.*

*Now your babies are grown and we've got babies of our own.
But we still need the love and the wisdom you've shown.
So from the kids and the grandkids now we humbly implore,
Just keep on prayin' to finish up your chore.*

*Let me live long enough to see my grandbabies grown,
Let me give them the love and the joys I have known.
When my work here is done you can take me home.
But, Lord, let me live until my babies are grown.
O, Lord, let me live 'til my babies are grown.*



Written By John P. Frey

Written for Mom on Mother's Day-1991 based on the true story of her life.

Daddy's Dream

Daddy was a dreamer, but not like most I know.
He dreamed about the fields he'd clear and the pastures he would grow.
He dreamed about his family and the place they called their own.
But never did he have the dream to roam.
No, Daddy's dreams were always closer home.

Daddy's dream was to work and raise a family.
To take time for everybody he would meet.
And though he's gone away a part of him will always be with me.
I'm so glad I still have Daddy's Dream.

Ten thousand miles away from home when the world was torn apart,
He wondered if he'd see again the place that held his heart.
As the great ship churned the waters and his eyes were closed in rest,
His mind would find the place he loved the best,
And he'd dream of peaceful times and happiness.

When the war was finally over and he was back at home again,
He found a pretty lady and he asked to take her hand.
They worked and raised six children and poured their lives into each of them.
And it seemed the happy years would never end;
But the dreams he left in us can now begin.

Together we would roam the hills and talk of days gone by.
And he'd tell of buried treasures that he hoped someday we'd find.
But, Daddy, if I ever find Apothleyahola's Gold,
I'd trade it all to have you back at home.
'Cause, Dad, I've missed you so since you've been gone.

Written by Ray Firey May 13, 1989
Presented to Mom on Mother's Day



*Daddy's Dream was to work and raise a family.
To take time for everybody he would meet.
And though he's gone away,
A part of him will always be with me.
I'm so glad I still have Daddy's dream.*

Someone Special

One day John left the farm.
Our country was at war.
He joined up with the Coast Guard,
And sailed to distant shores.
He faced many dangers,
In those troubled seas out there,
But was proud to serve his country,
And willing to do his share.

After four long years, John came home,
To be with us all once more.
I am sure at times, his thoughts go back,
To those days of that awful war.
John had traveled many places,
And saw a lot of the world.
But the happiest time in John's life,
Was when he met a pretty Texas girl.

They joined their hands in marriage;
They spoke those sacred vows,
And the love they found back then,
They are still sharing now.
Many years have come and gone,
Since Sylvia became his wife.
Hand in hand they walk together,
Down the beautiful road of life.

They raised six wonderful children.
They both went all the way,
To teach them the golden rule,
They must live by every day.
God has been good to all of us,
As day by day we continue on;
But life has been a little sweeter,
To have a brother such as John.

Yes, we have known each other,
Since time for us began.
It makes me very proud to say,
"John, you are my life long friend.
At this time I want to thank you,
For all the love you've shown,
Down through those many years,
As time keeps rushing on.

There is a little gray now in our hair.
We are in the autumn of our years.
I think of the good times we've had,
And our friendship we hold so dear.
Thank you, John, for being there,
All those times I needed you.
To me, you are a special guy,
But this is nothing new.

Will there be any wild rabbits,
To hunt in that far away place up there?
Let's just suppose there are, John,
And with God's help, you'll get your share.
So until we meet again somewhere,
You have my love and good will,
For I am proud to be your brother, John.
With Deep Affection, Your Brother, Bill.

Written By J. W. "Bill" Firey, Jr.
Approx. 1980



The Trade

A year gone by is traded for,
The one that lay before.
Dad, I hope this year has measured up,
To the one you bargained for.

I know you've invested a lot of work,
But work that you love is fun.
And leisure and rest can't quite compare,
To the satisfaction of a job well done.

You've cleared a fair sized piece of new ground,
And planted a lot of new seed.
And that winding road that leads to the east,
Is a lovely sight to see.

"What is there to all this back-breaking toil?"
"Things that don't 'have' to be done?"
Could it be the results are worth,
Some time in the hot, summer sun?

And if you can't dream and hope and work,
To make this a better land,
Then why does God give us health and strength,
And put dreams in the heart of a man.

Now the gaps are mended and the grass is green,
And a fine summer day it is.
A man who works with his heart and his hands,
Can appreciate a moment like this.

For God worked six days, then took one day off,

And leaned back and kicked off His shoes.
But while he rested, even then He was thinking,
Of some things He'd forgotten to do.

And every morning when the sun comes up,
Each day is its own reward,
To breath fresh air and feel at peace,
With God, yourself, and the world.

So life goes by as Spring follows Winter,
And Summer turns into Fall.
But you're not just biding your time;
You're living and loving it all.

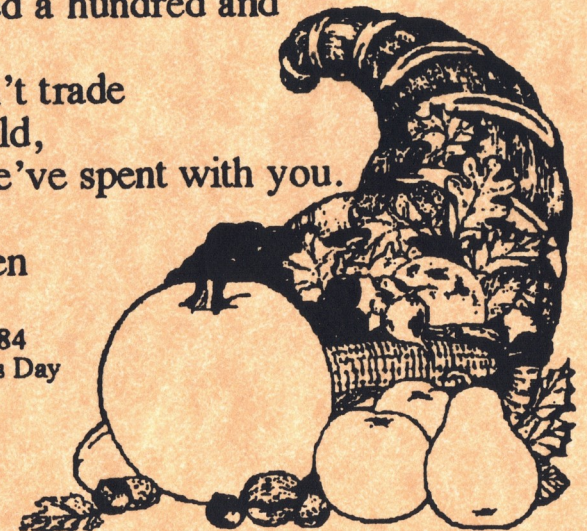
On this, another Father's Day,
As we look to another year,
We're all mighty thankful and grateful to God,
That we have you and Moma here.

So, Dad, Keep trading a year at a time,
Until you've reached a hundred and
two,
Because we wouldn't trade
anything in the world,
For the time that we've spent with you.

Love, Your Children

Written By Ray Firey 11-22-84
Presented to Dad for Father's Day
June-1985

AUGUST
1992



Legacy of Love

*There was a Godly mother who lived not just for herself,
But her weathered hands kept busy always helping someone else.
And she raised a timeless standard for her kids to carry on,
And she lived so that it mattered long after she was gone*



*... And she left a Legacy of Love
A treasure from the heart,
That time can never turn to dust.
She didn't leave a lot of riches,
But gold and silver cannot touch,
The most precious and enduring thing,
And that's a Legacy of Love*

*And I knew a loving father who lived life unselfishly.
He gave body, soul and spirit to his Lord and family.
And he left without a warning but the time was still enough,
To establish those who knew him with his Legacy of Love*

*O, He left a Legacy of Love,
A treasure from the heart,
That time can never turn to dust.
He didn't leave a lot of riches,
But gold and silver cannot touch,
The most precious and enduring thing,
And that's a Legacy of Love.*

*The labors of our hands are like a sounding chime,
But the labors of our hearts will echo down through time.*

If we leave a Legacy of Love

Dedication to my Term Paper
on Robert Louis Stevenson
May-1969



Hour upon hour,
Night after night,
In a chair by the typewriter,
With very little light.
You could find my dear mother,
Who with diligence and pain,
Would be typing away,
With no personal gain.
But her efforts to me,
Are as precious as gold.
And I thank her for the paper you hold.

By Steve Firey

A single day is not enough,
Though we bring you gifts and cards and stuff.
We need to declare a "Mother's Year"
To show you that we're glad you're near.

Because cards and gifts can't quite convey,
The happiness you bring our way.
Of course, if it weren't for you we wouldn't be here,
So, have a happy "Mother's Year"!

Written by Ray for Mom on Mother's Day-1988



OCTOBER
1992

To Mother

You're the best mother in the entire West,
And everybody knows:
There is no other than our sweet mother,
Our own Rambling Rose.



(Written On A Mother's Day Card By Steve Firey)

December 25, 1989

Dear Mom,

Thank you for the nice Christmas card. I'm so glad we have you in our lives. Please forgive us for not spending as much time with you as we should. We hope to be with you and do a lot of things together in the near future. We know that the future for all of us has changed with Daddy gone. We never imagined it without both you and Daddy here. There is an emptiness in our hearts that we don't want anything to fill. It is a special place reserved for Dad alone, and we don't want anything to fill it until we see him in heaven. I'm sure counting on that reunion. But there is also a place in my heart that only you can fill. And I'm so grateful that you're here. As hard as losing Daddy has been, the better sweet memories of sharing and caring, of comforting and being comforted, has given special meaning to these past nine months. It is a precious thing to share your heart - your love, your loss, your pain and joy. It is when this is shared that we become "real". We will never be the same again - but we can still be happy and we will always be together as a family. Merry Christmas, Mom. We love you so.

Your son, Ray

"When I get to heaven, I'm gonna give Nanny and PaPa a bigggggg hug!"

Christopher Firey

Spoken by Chris on 9-13-91 when his Mom & Dad explained to him that his Nanny had passed away the night before and was now up in heaven.

Daddy's Song



*With just a sailor's pay you bought this old farm.
It wasn't much but it was your dream.*

*With sweat and tears we made a place called home.
Love kept us warm as we weathered the storms.*

*Just like the fields, you tended to friends.
You reached out your heart and extended your hand.
You gave of yourself right up to the end.*

I'm glad you're my Dad but more proud you called me friend.

I'll take up the torch and carry your dream.

I'll reach out and touch my neighbor in need.

I'll walk down that road you hoped I would use.

I'll follow your footsteps but I could never fill your shoes.

*You carved out a trail through the woods of this life.
You chose a path less traveled 'cause you knew it was right.*

You said, "Let the world go ahead. I'll be along."

You stopped and built a bridge when evening had come.

I'll take up the torch and carry your dream.

I'll reach out and touch my neighbor in need.

I'll walk down that road you hoped I would use.

I'll follow your footsteps but I could never fill your shoes.

*Written By John P. Forey
March 7, 1989*

NOVEMBER
1992

DECEMBER - 1992

To Mom & Dad

Well, it's 12:45 on Christmas Eve,
And the fire is a burnin' low.
But I thought I'd take time to write a few lines,
To say some things you just ought to know.



Now you don't have to be a poet who don't really know it,
To see that this poem don't rhyme.
But what do you say as you near Christmas Day,
And there's two more gifts to buy.

You'd probably spread cheer to the ones most dear,
And get the rest something next year.
But Lord I do fear that I've done slap near,
Left out the head Rat-Killers.

Not that I feel like I owe 'em something,
(A couple billion dollars at most.)
For, I pay my fines in my own good time,
(But of promptness I never could boast.)

Now it may sound a little funny, but I got lots of money,
Just hate to break them big bills.
But what do they need with money - Why, my Daddy & Mommy
Run the biggest ranch in the Rock Creek Hills.

It's just that, well you see they've been real good to me,
And taken care of me all this while.
And, well, they're Mom and Dad-about the best I ever had,
And I'd sorta like to make 'em smile.

Oh, I'd like to let Mamma know when she's chokin' off that dough
How good them cathead biscuits are.
And I'm kind of glad that Daddy didn't go too batty,
A workin' onto my old car.



And I guess I orter thank 'im for givin' me a spankin',
For carryin' on and actin' like a goon.
And thank him for showin' me how to work'n use a turnin' plow,
Instead of raisin' me on a silver spoon.

For sendin' me to school so I could be real cool,
While he stayed on the farm.
While I was off at college a tryin' to get some knowledge,
My Daddy built the muscles in his arms.

And so, Dad and Mom, I've kind of rambled on,
But maybe you can see what I'm tryin' to say.
I feel kind of bad not gettin' Mom and Dad,
A present for tomorrow, Christmas Day.



And well, you know I reckon if I'd done some checkin',
I might have found a present you'd enjoy.
But I've fooled around so long Christmas Eve has come and gone...
I guess I'm just an ungrateful boy.

But, I just wanna say on tomorrow's Holy
Day,
The best Christmas gift I ever had,
Was when I came to see how the Lord had
blessed me,
When he gave me such a great Mom &
Dad.

Written by Ray Firey 12/24/75

