

# MY LITTLE FRIEND FROM LONG AGO

J. W. "Bill" Firey, Jr.  
Written in 1993

This story happened several years ago in the winter time. I had some cattle that I was going to check on so I was riding my saddle horse. I rode down to my neighbors' house first to see a little boy that was sick there. I went into the room where he was. He was laying there in his little baby bed. I called him by his name, but he never moved or showed any signs of life. His mother was there with me. She said "I took him to the doctor yesterday and he is on medication, but he doesn't seem to be any better." He was laying on his side with his back to me. I turned him over on his back and he scared me for a second or so. I thought for sure this little fellow was dead. His little mouth was open and his non-seeing eyes were sunk far back in his head and had an empty, glossy look about them, staring into space. He seemed to be lifeless with no movement of any kind, in a coma like state. I said to his mother, "We had better get this little guy to the hospital fast!" She said, "Yes, I think so too, but his daddy is not here and he has the car." I said, "I will be back in five minutes - You have the little guy ready to go. We will take him right on to the hospital." I got on my saddle horse and rode him at full speed home. I jumped in my car and I was back within five minutes time. His mother and I got the little fellow and started for the hospital. We met his daddy just a short distance up the road and he told us to go on to the hospital. He would run home and change out of his

old greasy clothes and be right there as soon as he could. I really set that road a blazing. I was afraid we would lose the little guy before we could get him to the hospital. We rushed him into the emergency room. When the doctors looked the little boy over, they could see he was almost gone. They got hold of a specialist there in the hospital to look at him. The doctor told the nurse to get him a bed. She said, "The rooms are all full." The doctor said, "We will find some place for him if we have to hang a bed down from the ceiling - Because he is a sick little cookie!" His daddy was right there just a few minutes behind us. They got the little fellow a bed and put it in the hallway. They really got on the double around there. In no time at all they had needles in his little arms and legs. The doctor told us, "He is dehydrated bad and things don't look too good for him right now." His dad and me stayed for several hours with him, then went home. His mother stayed on and spent the night with the little fellow. We went in to see the little guy the next morning. He had come out of the coma but still looked like death warmed over. I went to see him every day. Two days later, dark black circles began to appear around his little eyes. He sure did look bad and had come so very close to death's door. The little fellow almost lost out in life, but he seemed to be out of the woods finally. I don't remember the doctor's name, but he was a good doctor and was very kind and

gentle. Now this little guy spent his first one year old birthday in the St. John Hospital in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Since that time in his young life, this little guy has grown into a nice looking young man and is well over six feet tall. He is a good, productive, God-fearing American with a smile on his face most of the time. Now time has passed and 38 years later I am going to celebrate his 39th birthday with him - on February 11, 1993. I am sure he doesn't remember, but I celebrated his first birthday with him too. This young whipper-snapper had just better have some good pie and ice cream there at his party for his old Uncle Bill, or his is in Big Trouble with me. Now this critter I have been talking about is my good friend and nephew, *John Paul Firey*. May God Bless You and may God walk with you forever, John Paul Firey.

*Love, Your Uncle Bill*

