



The FIREY 2022 Calendar



*Including Song Tributes about Firey Family Members and
Events and Activities Related to the Calendar*

Mamah's Song

From a small farm in Missouri - They came on covered wagon to this land - To a new state growing fast - They left their troubled past to start again.

As they rolled along the way - They said they never planned to stay - More than long enough To let their sorrows mend - But for sixty-seven years - Through the happiness and tears - My grandma never left that piece of land.

While the mighty way was raging - Her marriage and her family had begun - But somehow they raised the children - And they lived to see another Great War come.

To keep food upon the table - Mamah helped by picking cotton every day - And each evening those same hands - That worked upon the land - Wrote letters to a son so far away.

(Chorus)

And there'll never be another one like Mamah,
Cause she's written on the pages of my life
No, there'll never be another one like Mamah
Though she's gone, her memory will never die.

It was almost fifty years - When the man she loved so dearly passed away - That was fifteen years ago, since the Lord call him home - But not a day went by she didn't call his name.

So it's not hard to see - Why she wanted to be free - From a body filled with loneliness and pain - To join the one she loved - In a mansion up above - To be back in his arms once again

(Repeat Chorus)

When they first settled down - It was quite a piece from town - And the nearest neighbor several miles away.

With the rolling hills and plains - for a thousand years unchanged - By the Indians who kept the land that way.

But the wagons and the trails - Became speeding cars and planes - And homes and people crowded to the land.

Until at last she had to go - From the place that was her home - To the city where she'd spend her final days.

She was my dear grandmother - and the only one I really got to know - Like my cousins and my brothers - I'd mow her lawn and help her garden grow.

Sometimes she'd tell me stories - Of how she lived and struggled in the land. - And though I may go lots of places - And see a lot of faces, There will never be another quite so grand.

(Chorus)

And there'll never be another one like Mamah,
Cause she's written on the pages of my life
No, there'll never be another one like Mamah
Though she's gone, her memory will never die.

Words & Music by Ray Firey - 1981

Tribute to Evalena Haney Firey 1897-1981
In Tribute to her 125th Birthday in July

(Song is on
YouTube under
Diana Firey's
Channel)



Daddy's Song

By John Firey - 1989

John Kenneth Firey

Nov. 22, 1921 - Mar. 6, 1989

Verse 1

With just a sailor's pay you
bought this old farm
It wasn't much back then, but
it was your dream
And with sweat and tears we
made it a place called home
Love kept us warm as we
weathered the storms

Verse 2

Just like your fields you
tended to your 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 your friend.

Chorus

So I'll take up the torch and carry your dream
I'll reach out and touch my neighbor in need
I'll walk down the road you hoped I would use
I'll follow your footsteps but I could never fill your shoes

Verse 3

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 on along"
Then you stopped and built a bridge when evening had come

Verse 4

Now looking back I see the wisdom of your words
I wish I'd listened more when your voice could be heard
But my heart still echoes your advice
Telling me that honesty is worth the price.

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



The Story Teller

By John Firey

Joseph William "Uncle Bill" Firey Jr.

Dec. 25, 1925 - June 6, 2010

Verse 1

He was my daddy's only brother
Everybody called him Uncle Bill
I know there'll never be another
In these Oklahoma hills
He'd grin and spin a yarn
And paint a picture of the past
Captured by his country charm,
The time would pass too fast.

Chorus (And we'd say)

**Uncle Bill, could you tell just one more
story before you go.**

**We know it's late but we'll gladly wait to
hear that tale unfold.**

**In our minds, take us back in time to a
world you used to know.**

Uncle Bill, could you tell us one more story before you go.



Verse 2

Ridin' shotgun in his jeep we used to check the pasture fence
Then we'd stop down by the creek and try to catch us some fish.
He'd say many moons ago, Indians camped on yonder ridge
But the winds of change have blown and there's been a lot of water under the bridge

Verse 3

We clung to every word he said like we found a nugget of gold
On those hayrides he kept us terrified with ghost stories he told
We'd spend hours in the cellar on those dark and stormy nights
But we had our own story teller just to help us pass the time.

Verse 4

He made Depression days seem easy - He spoke of hard times with a smile - Just to
hear his wit and wisdom - I'd gladly walk a country mile - And when he finally leaves
these hills - It won't be the last time he will speak - Sitting up in Heaven, he'll be tellin'
tales of old Rock Creek

Verse 1

In a cabin way back in the hills,
There lived a man by the old
Sorghum mill.
He had a boy, a
smiling' red-
headed cuss,
And everybody
called him Gus.

Verse 2

Gus grew up with
a plow in his
hand
They carved a
home in the wild
rugged land
Choppin' cane in the hot summer sun,
Will make a man when day is done.

Verse 3

One day they heard of the oil boom in town,
So they moved to the fields, where they dig
deeper down.
But, every chance he had, he'd come home,
To where his heart was all along.

Chorus:

So Uncle Gus, won't you please come home
You've been away much too long.
Pull off your boots and stay with us,
We'll always love you Uncle Gus.

Verse 4

When I was young, I remember the time,
When Uncle Gus saved my life.
He pulled me out of a muddy old pond,
And he's been my friend all along.

Uncle Gus



Verse 5

Down through the years,
wherever I roamed,
Gus and Win's house was
always my home.
And anyone who was a
friend of mine,
Was Gus' friend for all
time.

Verse 6

And though he's gone, I
can see him still
Laughin' with friends by
the old Sorghum Mill.
Down on the creek
checkin' fishin' lines,
Makin' my life a happy time.

Verse 7

So, Uncle Gus, though we want you to stay,
We know you must be on your way.
Beyond the hills where your sweetheart waits,
Why, I hear them calling your name

Chorus (They're saying)

Uncle Gus, won't you please come home
You've been away much too long.
Pull off your boots and stay with us,
We'll always love you Uncle Gus.

Gus Lonzo Haney

April 3, 1913 - November 28, 1978

*Not represented on the Calendar, but a younger
brother of Mamah Firey and close friend of the family
who was born on Rock Creek, moved to OKC and
visited frequently*

*Song Written by Ray Firey and
sung at Uncle Gus' funeral*

Verse 1

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.

Verse 2

We didn't know what
cancer was,
But her fear was hard to
hide.
We knew it must be some-
thing 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.

CHORUS

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,
'Til my babies are grown.

Mama's Song



Sylvia Huff Firey

Oct. 6, 1922 - Sept. 12, 1991
In Tribute of her 100th
Birthday in October

Verse 3

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.

CHORUS

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,
'Til my babies are grown.

Verse 4

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 for the kids and the grandkids,
Now we humbly implore,
Just keep on prayin'
To finish up your chore.

CHORUS

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,
'Til my babies are grown.

O, Lord let me live,
'Til my babies are grown

Original Lyrics by John Firey (April-1991)
Lyric Revisions & Music by Ray Firey (May-1991)
Written for Mom for Mother's Day-1991 (her last one)
Based on a True Story of Mom's Life

The Blackberry Patch

This event is not officially on the calendar, but was a part of growing up in the month of June of every year.

Verse 1

I can't forget when I was young,
Vivid memories of the farm.
Woke up at the crack of dawn
That rooster was our alarm.
Luscious berries heavy laden,
Just waiting for us to start
Our family band picked and grinned,
Everybody played their part.

Verse 2

Five brothers and one sister,
We were quite a motley crew.
That old sun began to blister,
And melt the morning' dew.
Our hands were torn by the thorns
And our backs were turning' red.
But visions of Mama's cobblers,
Kept dancing' through our heads

Chorus

And it was just another summer day,
In that old blackberry patch.
With all the stickers, ticks and chiggers,
We had plenty there to scratch.
And between the spiders, wasps and snakes,
It seemed we'd met our match.
It was just another summer day,
In that old blackberry patch.

Verse 3

Now Brother Bill was King of the Hill,
Kept the rest of us in line.
Dave would hesitate as he ate his weight,
In that sweet fruit of the vine.
And Sister Linda would complain about
Her pretty nails that were gone.
And Uncle Gus was helping' us
So we could go fishin' later on.



Chorus

And it was just another summer day,
In that old blackberry patch.
With all the stickers, ticks and chiggers,
We had plenty there to scratch.
And between the spiders, wasps and
snakes,
It seemed we'd met our match.
It was just another summer day,
In that old blackberry patch.

Verse 4

Now Brother Steve was stuffin' leaves,
'Cause his box filled up too slow.
And Ray threw green berries at me,
'Cause I was stealin' from his row.
We all sighed with relief
When Daddy drove up at dinner time.
We laughed and called him the Big Chief,
The one from the "No Picky" tribe.

Verse 5

Now lookin' back at those childhood days,
They weren't so bad at all.
I miss that misty mornin' haze
When time just seemed to crawl.
Those memories are as sweet to me,
As those berries used to taste.
What I'd give to relive,
Just one single summer day.

Written by John Firey

Joseph William Firey

July 24, 1896 - June 10, 1966

In Tribute of His Ventriloquist & Magician Talent

Pampa's Magic Box

Verse 1

Just a wide eyed country
kid
I couldn't wait for the
show to start
'Cause the magic that
Pampa did,
Brought excitement to my
heart
He'd make a dollar disap-
pear
Then pull it right out of
my socks.
There was a lot of laugh-
ter and cheer
Inside of Pampa's Magic
Box

Chorus

'Cause Pampa's Magic
Box,
Brought us smiles when times were lean
Yeah, Pampa's Magic Box,
Taught us all just how to dream.
And the imagination of a boy,
Through the years have not been lost,
Because of the joy,
That came from Pampa's Magic Box

Verse 2

He had a dummy named Amos,
Who seemed mighty smart to me.
I remember the wisdom he gave us,
Sittin' there on Pampa's knee.
He'd say the hand is quicker than the eye,
But we knew better than that.
He'd make us laugh until we'd cry,
When he pulled that rabbit out of a hat.



Chorus

'Cause Pampa's Magic Box,
Brought us smiles when times
were lean
Yeah, Pampa's Magic Box,
Taught us all just how to dream.
And the imagination of a boy,
Through the years have not been
lost,
Because of the joy,
That came from Pampa's Magic
Box

Verse 3

A lot of years have disappeared
Since Pampa's final show,
Today my eyes were filled with
tears

When I found that box we all loved so
I saw faded hankies and a dusty wand,
At first I could not understand,
Was the power really gone,
No, the magic was in the man.

Bridge

Kids today have missed out on a treasure
Never heard of Amos and his famous
talks
Never really know the simple pleasure,
Of peekin' into Pampa's Magic Box.

Written by John Firey

Verse 1

On a Missouri dairy farm a little
north of Buffalo,
Aunt Mary shared her charm as
hungry kin would come and go.
Lord, we loved them
homemade biscuits and her
homespun happiness
And I know I'll always miss it
'Cause those memories are the best

Verse 2

She made that farmhouse a castle
And we felt like royalty.
Us kids would romp and wrestle,
'Til it was time to go to sleep.
Then we'd all bunk together,
In one great big room upstairs.
It was a long way to the outhouse,
But nobody seemed to care.

CHORUS

Upstairs at Aunt Mary's
Was a happy place to be.
With a dozen cousins there
And a cowboy name A-see.
We'd laugh and talk to the wee
small hours,
Then drift off to sleep.
Upstairs at Aunt Mary's
Was a happy place to be.

Written by John Firey

Upstairs at Aunt Mary's

*This song is to commemorate
the Evans Missouri Reunion still
held the first weekend in
October and the hospitality of
relatives, Aunt Mary and
Uncle Roscoe Evans*



Verse 3

There were trunks filled with
treasure,
That we plundered every night.
We'd shared hours of pleasure,
Under the coal oil light.
Our troubles seemed as far away
As that old Missouri moon.
As twilight turned to day,
Our sweet dreams would end too
soon.

Verse 4

'Cause at four in the morning,
Roscoe sounded the wake-up call.
He'd say "Them cows need
milkin',
And there's hay we got to haul.
That old barn would ring with
laughter,
Hard work just seemed like fun,
And we'd all pick and grin
After the evening chores were
done

Verse 5

Now it seems Aunt Mary's gone
But she's just moved upstairs.
And she's fixin' up her home,
So we can come and visit there.
And in the ovens of Heaven,
She's bakin' homemade bread.
With an armload of quilts,
She's making all our beds.

Tag

You know, Upstairs at Mary's
Is a happy place to be.

The Banks of Old Rock Creek

Tribute to the annual Rock Creek Reunion held the
Sunday after Labor Day in Rock Creek Park

Verse 1

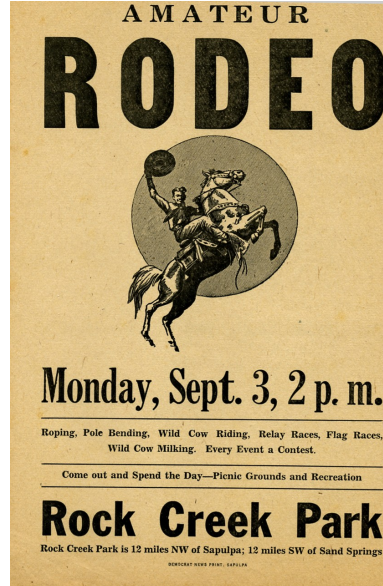
Friends and neighbors would
gather together
On the banks of Old Rock Creek.
They'd talk about the war and the
weather
In the blazin' hot August heat.
The old men would sit and spit
and chew
While the ladies were a fixin'
lunch
The young men were out pitchin'
horseshoes
Then they'd feed that whole
hungry bunch.

Chorus:

On the Banks of Old Rock Creek
We shared our blessings from above.
Where the country folk would come and meet,
We learned a lot about life and love.
The deep shade of those old red oak trees
Made that reunion oh so sweet.
I can still feel that gentle breeze...
On The Banks of Old Rock Creek.

Verse 2

There was our sweet mama's fried chicken
And Aunt Mary's gooseberry pie
Uncle Bill's cold watermelon
And the cousins caught fish for us to fry.
Brother Dave's big banana puddin'
And Andy's old box of ice cold pop.
Sister Linda's chocolate chip cookies...
When you started eating them, you couldn't
stop.



Verse 3

There was lots of guitar and banjo
pickin'
With a little Harper Valley PTA
Lots of swimmin' and plenty of fishin'
Must of scared the snakes and turtles all
away.
There was world champion horseshoe
pitchin'
More memories than my heart can
speak.
Just some of the fun we found waiting
On the Banks of Old Rock Creek

Verse 4

Now this modern world is movin' fast.
I wish we could just slow it down.
If we could go back to that simple past
And that peaceful life that we found.
We took time to lift our prayers to heaven
Then listen to the good Lord speak
Now and then I think I hear the angels singing
On the Banks of Old Rock Creek.

Chorus:

On the Banks of Old Rock Creek
We shared our blessings from above.
Where the country folk would come and
meet,
We learned a lot about life and love.
The deep shade of those old red oak trees
Made that reunion oh so sweet.
I can still feel that gentle breeze...
On The Banks of Old Rock Creek.

Lyrics Written by John Firey
Music Written by Ray Firey - July 2021

Dave's Song - Look At the Birds

Dave was born in 48,
In these Oklahoma hills he was raised
He grew up to be a man of faith
That's how he lived.

He found a wife and had some kids
He walked in the light in front of them
When times were tough he showed great trust,
And he would say

Look at the birds
They do not sow, they do not reap
But still they have all they need
So say your prayers and keep the faith
That everything in the end is going to be okay
Look at the birds.

In the year 2000, times got bad
His house burned down, he lost all he had,
But with his family spared, he gave his thanks
To God above

Thru the test and thru the trial,
Brother Dave never seemed to lose his smile,
And thru the hard times and thru the fire,
You'd hear him say

Look at the birds,
The sparrow falls, but God knows all
And He is there every day
So say your prayers and keep the faith
That everything in the end is going to be okay
Look at the birds.



Words & Music by
Diana Firey
October 23, 2021

(Song is on YouTube)



But Dave lost his wife, then he lost a son,
Then a few years later, his health was gone.
And before we were ready for it, Dave had died
And his family cried.

After the tributes all were heard,
A year later, there appeared a bird
To his children on the hill,
Still in their pain.

It was a playful blue jay with no jeering call,
We heard years before, Dave had taken in one,
But this seemed a sign from Heaven
As if to say

Look at the bird,
He's just like me, singing Heavens song, and
Flying high and free
So just believe and keep the faith
Cause I promise you, I'm more than just okay

Look at the bird
That's Heaven sent
Reminding you - that this life is not the end
So until we meet - in Glory's Light,
I promise you, I'm more than just alright.
Look at the birds

Look at the birds

Look at the birds

Look at the birds.

Daddy's Dream

By Ray Firey - 1989

Verse 1

Daddy was a dreamer, But not like most I know
He'd dream 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.

Chorus

**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**

Verse 2

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.

Verse 3

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

Verse 4

Together we would roam the hills and talk of days gone by.
And he'd tell of buried treasure that he'd hope some day we'd find
But Daddy if I ever find, Opothleyahola'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



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

Tell Us A Story Uncle Bill

By Ray & Diana Firey - 2005

Verse 1

There are people who lived long ago,
And faces that we'll never know,
There are sights that we have never seen,
They're lost for all eternity
But then the family gathers round this man
Who makes forgotten times come to life again

Chorus

So Uncle Bill, tell us a story,
You make the past come so alive.
With words you paint a picture,
Of a world that's passed us by.
Won't you tell us how it once was,
In these Oklahoma hills.
Take us all back in time again,
Tell us a story, Uncle Bill

Verse 2

In your eighty years, how the ways of life,
Have to turned to color from black and white.
From horses to cars, from scarce to plenty,
From huntin' for food to not lacking any.
You've lived a life that spans from old to new,
There's so much wealth in all that you've been through

Bridge

Threads of happy, threads of sad,
Threads of good times and of bad,
Weave your stories through our hearts.
They will hold us all together
If all else falls apart.

Chorus

So Uncle Bill, tell one more story,
You make the past come so alive.
With words you paint a picture,
Of a world that's passed us by.
Won't you tell us how it once was,
In these Oklahoma hills.
Take us all back in time again,
Tell us a story, Uncle Bill

Tag

Won't you tell us how it once was,
In these Oklahoma Hills.
Take us on back in time again,
And tell us a story Uncle Bill.



**Joseph William Firey Jr.
"Uncle Bill"**

Dec. 25, 1925 - June 6, 2010