

Lincolnvile Founders Weekend



Freddy Grey, second from right, was honored for his long service to the town and its citizens. His daughter Jan Grey, far left, was present for the occasion. John Knight, right, wrote a poem for the event. Also pictured is Nancy Heald, one of the organizers of the weekend.

HEDBERG PHOTOS

Freddy Grey

We're gathered here this
afternoon
To recognize a Friend.
A man we've all known many
a year
A man we all commend.

He started out like most of us,
He was country born and
bred.

He knew Life held no "Silver
Spoon"
But much Hard Work instead.

He fed the hens, he tended
stock,
When he was but a lad.
He shoveled, plowed, he
milked, he hayed
With all the strength he had.

The goals that he set for
himself

His Future would foretell.
He did things quickly, built
things strong,
Above all, did them well.

He worked on Dance Halls,
Sheds and Barns,
On homes for God and Man.
His building Legacy exists
Around our neighboring span.

It's said, when he'd a job to
do,
Onlookers stared with awe
As he stroked his silver
hammer
And worked his golden saw!

He's been conscious of the
Flight of Time
And the End none can foretell;
He trained himself in skill and
Art
And learned to use it well.

He's been a quick man with a
Story
And a quick man with a deed;
He's been a quick man with a
Favor
To help a friend in need.

Now Freddy, we're just
Country Folks,
No baloney, no fanfare,
We try to tell things as they
are
Without much fancy flair.

So, when we honor our Old
Friend,
You've been a good one from
the start,
And we say, "We love you
Freddy,"

We mean it from the Heart!

— John A. Knight
Founders Day, 1993