



Mr. Thomas "Tom" William Greer

May 25, 1943 - October 22, 2014

Thomas William Greer of Dewey died Wednesday, Oct. 22, 2014, at home surrounded by his family, after surrendering to bile duct cancer. Services will be held at 10 a.m. Tuesday, Oct. 28 at the First Baptist Church of Dewey. Funeral services and interment will be under the direction of Davis Family Funeral Home.

Tom was born in Terlton, OK, on May 25, 1943, to Pearle W. and Dorothy J. (Gathright) Greer. He was raised and received his education in Terlton. In 1963 he married Donna Mae Spaid and they made their home in Bartlesville and Dewey. To this marriage, two children were born: Bryan Greer and his wife Tina of Fort Gibson, OK, and Chad and his wife Tracie of Bartlesville, OK. Tom was employed with Phillips Petroleum Company for approximately 35 years, before retiring in 2000. His wife Donna passed away in 2001.

In 2004, Tom married Helen Hall Auschwitz. They made their home in Dewey, where they also had their family business, Greers' Custom Hay Service. Tom was a wonderful companion and husband to both Donna and Helen, a giving and caring father to his children, as well as an awesome Papa to his two grandsons, Jacob Greer of Fort Gibson, and Tanner Greer of Bartlesville, and his granddaughter, Lauren Greer of Fort Gibson.

Tom is also survived by his mother Dorothy Greer; sister Carolyn Sue

Edwards and her husband Otis; step-son Clint Auschwitz and his wife Erin; two step grandsons Colton and Carson Auschwitz; and his sisters-in-law Vicki Sousa, Barbara Hopper and her husband Kim, and Dianne Hutchison; as well as numerous nieces and nephews. Tom was preceded in death by his father.

Tom enjoyed his retirement immensely. He loved being outdoors, whether it was working in the hay fields, feeding his cattle, gathering and sorting his pecans, or operating his sawmill which he, along with his dear friend Ernie Gilbert, built. Tom's love and compassion for others will be dearly missed by all who knew him. Friends who wish may sign the online guestbook and leave condolences at davisfamilyfuneralhome.com.

Previous Events

Visitation

OCT **25**. 10:00 AM - 6:00 PM (CT)

Davis Family Funeral Home - Dewey Chapel
113 S Osage Ave
Dewey, OK 74029
(918) 534-3030
davisfamilyfuneralhome@gmail.com

Visitation

OCT **26**. 12:00 PM - 6:00 PM (CT)

Davis Family Funeral Home - Dewey Chapel
113 S Osage Ave
Dewey, OK 74029
(918) 534-3030
davisfamilyfuneralhome@gmail.com

Memorial Service

OCT **28**. 10:00 AM (CT)

Dewey First Baptist Church
300 E 10th St.
Dewey, OK 74029
<http://www.fbcdewey.org>

Tribute Wall



“ *Davis Family Funeral Home created a Tribute Video in memory of Mr. Thomas "Tom" William Greer*



Davis Family Funeral Home - October 24, 2014 at 03:33 PM

“ A FEW JOURNAL ENTRIES FROM OUR CRAZY, WONDERFUL LIFE TOGETHER

By: Helen Greer

Sept., 2006

For several weeks now, Tom and I have been discussing the fact that we need a new mowing tractor, and if we should go \$30,000-\$40,000 in debt for a new one, or if we should take the time to look around for a good used one. Well, discussion time has now turned into action time. Tom was cutting hay recently about 3 miles north of Dewey and his tractor caught on fire, which in turn, caused the hay meadow to start to burn. Thank goodness for the Dewey Fire Dept; they saved the tractor's back tires and the mower!!!

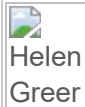
As for the tractor shortage, well, shortage isn't actually the appropriate word to use. Tom would think so, but in reality, he probably has 5 tractors of various sizes that are in working condition, and what seems like a tractor cemetery out in the pasture. But according to him, you need a different tractor for different jobs.

Anyway, he replaced the tractor that burned with a brand new tractor; cab, air, heat, stereo; the works! I'll admit it is very nice. And we've had a lot of friends stop by lately, wanting to check it out. In fact, Tom's had all kinds of people volunteer to mow hay for him, as long as they can do it with the new tractor!

JT

“ Tom reminded me so much of my dad, the way he would joke with me when him and Miss Helen would come to Weezes and have brkfst. I always teased him about his "Lousiana Sauce" and his syrup. I love them both dearly and he will be missed by everyone at Weezes Cafe.
Jada Thomas

Jada Thomas - October 25, 2014 at 01:37 PM



He loved going in for breakfast and teasing with you girls!

Helen Greer - October 25, 2014 at 08:01 PM

JT

I will miss him so much, love u Miss Helen

jada thomas - October 26, 2014 at 03:10 PM

“ A FEW JOURNAL ENTRIES FROM OUR CRAZY, WONDERFUL LIFE TOGETHER

By: Helen Greer

March, 2009

WOW.....I can't believe Spring is almost hereWooHoo!!! We've only had two calves born since I checked in last. Both heifers; one we named Mitzi, and Brandy, who was just born last Saturday. But we have several that should become new mama's in the next few weeks. Spring is usually a pretty busy time for calf production.

This Fall, we worked on building a better corral over at the farm. Things were going along good. Just Tom and I spending some good quality time together. One day I had tired out and went to the truck to take a little snooze. I dozed off and woke when Tom called, saying he needed me to help him a minute. I got out of the truck and walked over to where he was welding. He said that he needed me to hold this particular pipe, so I raised my arm and grabbed the pipe with my hand. All of a sudden, my hand was on fire. I jerked it off the pipe and started screaming. I hadn't realized the pipe was EXTREMELY hot because Tom had just welded on it and he didn't realize I didn't know any better! All I could do was hold the wrist of my burnt hand with my other hand and cry. It was turning red and hurt like I've never felt before!

Over my objections, Tom finally urged me to stick my hand down in the cow's water tank. Oh man; it felt really good on my burning hand. It was very cold water, so after a few minutes, I took my hand out. But not for long! I found out that even though the water was dirty and cold, as long as I kept my hand in it, I couldn't feel the burning. Tom got a lawn chair out of the barn and sat it down beside the tank. Some of the cows came over wondering what was going on; there I was sitting in a lawn chair with my hand stuck down in their drinking water. A few of them decided what the heck and even

took a drink.

I soaked it for about 30 minutes and then we left for the house. Four of my fingers ended up with several blisters each, but they stayed under the skin. I think if I hadn't been able to soak in the cows' drinking water, it would've been a lot worse.

Next week, Tom and I will be married 5 years!!! WOW.....time really does fly when you're having fun!!! I'd like to take this opportunity to say how very lucky I am to have him as my husband. And, of course, in my opinion, he's a very lucky man!

I last reported that Tom hadn't purchased any tractors recently, but that he was thinking about buying a new rake and baler. Well guess what? Yep.....he bought 'em both!!!

Davis Family Funeral Home - October 25, 2014 at 01:32 PM

DH

“ A FEW JOURNAL ENTRIES FROM OUR CRAZY, WONDERFUL LIFE TOGETHER

By: Helen Greer

May, 2008

Most of the time for a few days after a calf is born, its mother hides it out, keeping it safe. Well, because of my impatience one day to check out a new calf, Tom walked the pasture searching for it. Before he realized it, he came upon it, and he spooked her and she ran off. We watched her mother go to where she was before Tom spooked her, and, of course, the calf wasn't there. Its mother started frantically searching for her and I became worried that she wouldn't find her and the calf might starve. So Tom, being the nice guy that he is, walks the pasture searching for it again, and he locates the calf.

We then go over to where its mother is and Tom, covering his mouth in disguise, starts bawling like a newborn calf. Once he gets the mother's attention, he takes off on foot in the direction her calf is located. But he also gets the attention of three other mothers, whose calves we recently moved to the house pasture because they needed to be weaned. So here's Tom, bawling like a newborn calf, with four mama cows excitedly following behind him! They finally reach the calf location, mama found baby, the three disappointed mama's went on about their way, and luckily, Tom survived the mama stampede. And that's the story of how this calf ended up with the name of Spook!

And guess what Tom did? Yep, you guessed it.....he bought ANOTHER tractor!!! If I counted right, this is No. 9!!!

Davis Family Funeral Home - October 25, 2014 at 01:31 PM

“ A FEW JOURNAL ENTRIES FROM OUR CRAZY, WONDERFUL LIFE TOGETHER

By: Helen Greer

April, 2008

Since my last update a couple of months ago, we've had two heifer calves, Angel and Spook, and two bull calves, Skip and Lil' Bit, born. Hamburger is no longer with us. I won't go into detail about her whereabouts.

Flossie, who was born in August, and was my favorite, became ill and Tom had to vaccinate her every other day for several weeks. She became so accustomed to Tom giving her a shot that when shot time came, all Tom had to do was walk up behind her, and she would hang her little head down and head for the sick pen, as if to say, "If I have to; but I really don't want to". She seemed to be getting better, but one day she didn't come up with the others to eat, so we drove around the pasture, looking for her. We found her. She had passed away during the night. Tom dug a grave and we managed to get her to it and bury her.

Remember, I told you that my job was to bucket break the calves and train them to go into the calf feeder to eat? Well, another job is to predict when a cow will soon give birth. I sort of have a knack for being able to tell by observing and studying them. One day I told Tom that I thought Dell, who would be a first-time mom, would give birth in a few days. A couple of days later, we went over to the farm to feed, and Dell didn't come up to eat. We searched and found her. And sure enough she had tried to give birth. The calf was not alive, but he was stuck; Dell couldn't push him all the way out. I think she had been trying all night, because she was so exhausted and so happy that help was there that when Tom went over to check things out, she just laid all the way back and relaxed, as if to say, "thank goodness, help is here!"

After accessing the situation, Tom retrieved a rope from the truck and told me he needed my help. I thought, what can I do? But I reluctantly agreed to help him. Following his instructions, I tied one end of the rope to a tree, and to make a long story short, we pulled and pulled, and finally pulled the calf out! I felt so sorry for Dell..... thankfully, she is doing fine now!

Davis Family Funeral Home - October 25, 2014 at 01:29 PM

“ A FEW JOURNAL ENTRIES FROM OUR CRAZY, WONDERFUL LIFE TOGETHER

By: Helen Greer

Jan., 2008

Tom & I went to Missouri in October. We go the same weekend every year. It's the big Farm Fest weekend at Springfield. Tom is like a kid in a candy store, eyes and mouth wide open, in awe at all the tractors and saw mills. He never buys though, just dreams about it!! But sometimes I feel my biggest competition is farm equipment. Some of the books you'll find on his bookshelf are "Everything I know About Women I Learned From my Tractor" and "Love, Sex and Tractors"!

We've also been busy gathering pecans. One tree produced so many, we would've never been able to gather 'em all, so I came up with an idea and Tom actually tried it. Using his welder as a power source, he vacuumed the pecans up with a ShopVac. He filled 2 gunny-sacks and a 5-gallon bucket, but after cleaning and sorting out all the debris, it only yielded about 3 gallons of pecans!

In November, we drove over to Chetopah, Kansas for their Pecan Festival, which included a pecan harvesting demonstration in the pecan grove east of town. We watched a pecan shaker in action. It shook the tree so hard we could feel the ground move under our feet! That night, I dreamed I was shaking one of our pecan trees. I walked right up to it, bear hugged it, and shook it. I guess subconsciously I knew we'd never buy a real shaker and I was improvising!!

SV

*To all the Greer family,
You are so much in our prayers and we think of you often. Your
friendship over the years was valued to us. Heaven must be excited to
welcome such a good guy home!*
Shirley & Jimmy Vaughn

Shirley Vaughn - October 25, 2014 at 04:53 PM

TG

Thank you Shirley.

Tracie Greer - October 25, 2014 at 08:45 PM

“ A FEW JOURNAL ENTRIES FROM OUR CRAZY, WONDERFUL LIFE TOGETHER

By: Helen Greer

July, 2007

Well, I resigned the first of June; decided to try my hand at being a housewife for a while. Or maybe I'll end up being a farmer's wife. Tom would love to get me out on one of the tractors and help him with his custom hay jobs. Or maybe I'll do some volunteer work. Who knows. All I know is I'm beginning another chapter in my life and for now, after 34 years of working 40 hours a week, I'm going to be my own boss and do what I want and when I want.....WooHoo!!!!

Even though it's just been a few days now, it seems weird not having to worry about getting the laundry done, etc., to get ready for the work week.

Oh, and by the way, I brush-hogged a couple of days for a couple of hours!!! I actually got on and off the tractor by myself and mowed the pasture!!! I was even able to put it in reverse and back up..... WooHoo!!!

I had no idea what gear I was in, and I never changed gears unless I wanted to go forward or backward!!! But it really wasn't bad. A friend of mine said that he could just picture me driving that tractor, singing: "Green Acres is the place to be; farm livin' is the life for me; land spreadin' out so far and wide; keep that city job, just give me that countryside."

After the recent flooding rain, Tom and I decided we better check on the cows. He concluded it was too muddy to drive the truck through the pastures, so he talked me into getting up on a tractor. Now keep in mind, I had never driven this one before. Anyway, I sat down in the seat and he stood on the brush hog that was hitched to the back

of it. These are the only instructions he gave me: "this foot pedal is the clutch, there are no brakes, and the gas is on the steering wheel". So off we go.

I'm driving across the pasture, bouncing along in my seat (it's one of those that the seat kind of hangs over the back edge and is VERY bouncy) with Tom standing behind me. Things are going good. I'm gettin' into it!!! We find the cows and he gives me these instructions to stop (since there are no brakes): "push that handle away from you." I did and we stopped. Great; everything's just fine.

We counted the cows and we're ready to go. He then tells me, "now pull that handle towards you". I grabbed hold of it and jerked it towards me. And just like that, the tractor jumps and we're moving forward. I looked back to check on Tom and he's not there. I got this really scary feeling. Where the heck is Tom? I look down and he's rolling off the brush hog and onto the ground!!!

After I found out he was ok, I told him that he should've said "SLOWLY pull that handle towards you". Come to find out, it's something he calls a hand clutch and I guess I popped a wheelie. Anyway, I honestly believe that if someone had been filming it, we could've sent it in and won the big money!!! And I told him that I didn't think we should do that any more!!!

A few days later, Tom just didn't really feel good and complained about his chest feeling tight. He made an appointment and we went in to see his doctor. The doctor convinced him that he should immediately go over and get admitted to the hospital. He did..... and boy was he lucky! His right coronary artery was 99% blocked. They inserted a stint to open it up and said he suffered no muscle damage!!! He was a very good patient for the nurses at the hospital, but not for me. I had to watch him like a hawk the first few days home. In fact, he remarked "you're getting to be a pain in the butt", and my response was "get used to it!!!"

Man.....I haven't experienced my "freedom" a full month yet.....I can honestly say there hasn't been a dull moment!!!

Davis Family Funeral Home - October 25, 2014 at 01:27 PM

DH

“ A FEW JOURNAL ENTRIES FROM OUR CRAZY, WONDERFUL LIFE TOGETHER

By: Helen Greer

August, 2007

I've spent some time trying to get Tom organized; an almost impossible project! Being the thoughtful wife that I am, I told him that I was going to do him a favor and clean out his work truck. He said "I won't be able to find anything if you do." (Now keep in mind, any time I start to organize anything that involves him, that is his response.) I always respond back, "well, you can't ever find anything anyway!"

Davis Family Funeral Home - October 25, 2014 at 01:25 PM

DH

“ 6 files added to the album A Few Excerpts from our Crazy, Wonderful Life Together



Davis Family Funeral Home - October 25, 2014 at 11:28 AM

CJ

“ I am so sorry for your loss. Tom was a good man, and will definitely be missed. Take care and remember all the good memories and good times you had with him. Bryan, Tina, Chad, Tracie, Jake, Lauren and Tanner, you all are in my prayers and I love you.

Carol Jones - October 24, 2014 at 07:32 AM

TG

Thank you Carol! Love you too!

Tracie Greer - October 24, 2014 at 03:51 PM

DB

“ I remember when Tanner would have a day off from school, Tracie would bring him to work!! His grandpa would come and pick him up and off they went with huge smiles on each of their faces, Tanner loved his grandpa!!!

Debbie Boruff - October 23, 2014 at 07:46 PM

TG

Yes, he was definitely a Papa's boy!

Tracie Greer - October 24, 2014 at 03:52 PM