



Charles Patrick McKelvey

Nov 18, 1939 - May 4th, 2023

Birth Date: Nov 18, 1939

Death Date: May 4, 2023

Funeral Date: Unknown

Location:

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Biography: Charles Patrick McKelvey, of Little Rock, died quickly, gently on May 4, 2023. He was born on November 18, 1939 to Agnes Pittman McKelvey and Charles McKelvey.

Patrick graduated from Little Rock Central High in the spring of 1957. Although raised in a traditionally conservative family, he rallied his friends in support of the Little Rock Nine on September 4, 1957.

His creative pursuits lead him to Memphis, New York City, Germany, Virginia, San Francisco, and eventually back to Little Rock, where he founded an ad agency, The Art Farm, with partner Patrick McFarlin.

Moky, as he was affectionately known, enlisted Eureka Springs friends to join him in the musical mayhem that became Greasy Greens. The Greens played across a six-state region, performing for governors, movie stars, President Clinton, and other devoted fans. Remnants of "The Band of Opportunity" are still gigging on occasion.

Patrick shared a spirited curiosity and a generous heart. He was a good man.

Patrick is preceded in death by his parents, brother Duncan, sister Sally Powell Prickett, and his beloved wife Terry Payne. He is survived by his daughter Consuelo Du Emerson and husband Jamie Chrisman, his son Benjamin Emerson and wife Drue, his grandchildren

Tucker Burgin, Lars Emerson, Ellis Burgin, Linnea Emerson, Dashee Chrisman, and a multitude of friends.

Patrick McKelvey, Mokelvey, Moky, Boss

A life that formed a community

From Katrina Kelso:

THERE'S NO KELVEY LIKE MOKELVEY!

It is with an impossibly heavy heart that we share the news of Patrick McKelvey's death. He passed quickly, gently on Thursday, May 4. Moky willed Greasy Greens into existence. Along the way he introduced the musicians to an insane array of music, from WC Handy to Janet Jackson. And he fostered an entertainment experience unlike any other. He was, and always will be, the boss.

From Sheila Kuonen:

I am so grateful to Moky for sharing his musical love and talent with all of us and turning us all into his Greasy Family! We are so lucky to have all the memories of the feasts, events gigs, and PRACTICE! Thanks, Boss! I will remember! XO

From Joe Kuonen:

He was an intense fan and student of music and jazz in particular, using the acoustic piano and infamous Rickenbocker 12-string electric guitar to deliver a foundation upon which he then layered complex vocals, horns, multiple percussion devices, costumes, dances, and theatrical antics. The result: a wild blend of passionate, sweaty FUN, sort of like late-twentieth century vaudeville. The logic and mathematics of it all made no sense whatsoever, which never slowed him down as the Greens toured tirelessly for over 5 years across 8 states, from Kansas City to New Orleans, from Dallas to Nashville. His legacy lives on as musician, songwriter, artist, and virtuoso human being. Now he's jamming with his heroes in the greatest jazz jam in the sky. Rave on, Moky! We miss you and will always love the time and energy that you shared with us.

From Richard Williams

What can I say about this guy? He was the best friend a man ever had. He rescued me from the VA rehab program, gave me a place to live, taught me his trade, told me I could be a musician or an artist or whatever I wanted to be.

He was the most creative man I had ever met He introduced me to all his friends. He knew so many talented and wonderful people. Graphic artist, print maker, musician, commercial artist, world class husband, father, and anyone who knows the story of the hidden money he found in the basement of his apartment building in NYC, that financed his pursuit of Isabel to Europe, surely knows what a fearless romantic he was. He did it all! and still found time to love and mentor so many people, including myself.

I only regret that I wasn't half as good a friend to him as he was to me. So many stories, so little time.

From Darlene Olivo:

OMG! I'm gutted. They broke the mold when he was born. I can only imagine the depth of your and all the GG's grief. Thank you for letting me know, sweetheart. Hugs to all.

From: Nancy Carol Spencer Morris:

Aww gosh. Tears. He was a musical genius. And a good story teller.

From Dan Morris:

Moky was willing to share his music with me, one on one. We could sit around, have a drink and share songs we both had learned from the folk music era of the 40s, 50s and 60s. But he had a willingness to absorb so much more, from old black blues players to jazzy show tunes, American music. In the process a community formed around him to which we could all contribute. We could even write our own

songs because he said, "Okay, let's work it up and play it." The Greasy Greens sprouted into a decade of lives transformed in so many diverse ways. It amounted to an impact as profound as a college education on many of us. And it wasn't really on purpose, it was just who he was to his very core and soul. He loved people and he loved music.

From Jane Tucker:

Patrick was the most precious of human beings. He was the music and the laughter and he brought it out in all of us, and he shared it freely. He was a multi-talented genius, almost. He knew the words to a million great songs, but he never knew where his wallet was! Love always

From Charlie Froelich:

Oh my Mok.

This is a weird open but if you know me it's apropos. Mitt Romney divides people into two types. Makers and Takers. GOPer that he is, he misses the mark widely. There is another type of human. That is Givers. And that is what Mok is to me. I was amazed when I was working for GG how he held down a 'real 'job and was also completely and utterly present with the band. I suspect that the cash from his First Federal gig helped keep GG afloat. I ended up as the last roomie at the Art Farm after the band dissolved, and I was not being a good boy. But Mok judged me not. He mocked me, but that was expected. That is part of how wonderful his zen is to me. It seemed the mockery was a little message, and sometimes I even heard it. We kept in touch emailishly. I was happy to hang with him at the Fern compound last Halloween. We had a sweet time. As always.

From James Bass

I struggle to know where to begin my tribute to Patrick Mckelvey. He was an exceptional person in many ways and a true friend for over forty years. He asked me to join the Greasy Greens in in the spring of 1979 in Fayetteville, Arkansas. I had jammed with the band at The U. Ark Theater on a Saturday night. We were picking up the equipment the following Sunday morning and he asked me to take a walk with him. We walked a short distance down the sidewalk, the exchange lasted about a minute, and we went back into the theater. As we approached the stage Patrick exploded, exuberant, gravel scratching his throat - "Hey everybody! Say hello to your New Brother!" And we shared the first laugh of many years of laughter.

Patrick was a true artist. His approach to life was artistic. In this way he refined his expression in music and graphics and friendship with sincerity and truth. There was the bond. There really was no Kelvey like Mokelvy like no Kelvey I know. His door, his mind and his heart were always open and it has been my extreme honor to call him friend.

From Patrick McFarlin a.k.a. Farley:

Moky as a sentient being made his appearance in my life, in 1957, in Mr. Ivy's homeroom class, wearing a 4-inch wide black armband. He caught me staring from across the aisle. I didn't say anything but he did: "Bird died." I think it was his way of broadcasting the music of the spheres to Little Rock Central High's Elvis crowd. After that we were friends for a life time.

From Sammy Peters as a text to Mokeley:

Well Moky, A lot has happened in the last week. One of my favorite friends passed away. It seems like this is happening a lot to those of us that are in our eighties. When you lose a close friend words come very hard. I'm tearing up as I type this message. I regret that we haven't had as many visits. I remember fondly and sadly those visits after Terry's passing. For a couple of months we would meet at least

twice a week for popcorn and your corny science fiction series that you loved and I endured. Sure there were tears for both of us. Terry meant a lot to us all. I'm wiping a tear now. I really enjoyed the phone visit a couple of weeks ago where I pleaded with you and Katrina. I told you that I loved you and please remember to call Sammy. I asked K. to remind you. You're the best.-Sammy

From Jack Hill:

In the summer of 1974, armed with an MSW degree from St. Louis University, I returned to Arkansas, Little Rock, it was. Looking for live music, I soon found that TGI Friday's had some, and they were holding auditions for more. Some new friends of mine, calling themselves David Wright's Original Home Band, took the stage, as did a solo guy, Bob Hayes, and a group named Greasy Greens. That was the first of many shows by the Greens that it was my privilege to attend. Years went by, and the Greens' shifting lineups, costumes and themed events perhaps kept me from learning many of the members' names - except for their gifted leader, Patrick McKelvey, who had that elusive gift, which I found best expressed when he worked his magic on what I learned eventually was a Burl Ives (!) song, "Water Man." Every night I heard that song, it was transcendent and glorious, as was the band's traditional final song, "Over the Rainbow."

From Bill Worthen:

Moky gave me a soundtrack for my "adult" life. The first time the Greens played as the Greens my musical and dancing career was born. Life long friendships and so many marvelous times came under his inspiration. Of course it went beyond the high-steppin- boogie. He inspired Charlie Johnston at First Federal to spread delight in savings and loans ads. He helped immortalize a neighborhood. Moky was a gift that keeps on giving.

Condolences(04)

John Goodwin

May 22nd, 2023 11:03 am #4

Mr. McKelvy was one of the most fun clients I ever had the pleasure to work for. His creativity and enthusiasm were so contagious I never minded pulling out all the stops to help him meet his crazy printing deadlines. When the MacIntosh computer was introduced Moky immediately became the local expert and guru to other artists anxious to learn the new technology. He attacked everything with a passion, turned me on to new (old) music that I should be listening to, and was entertaining and inspiring in every way. Truly one of a kind.

Lisa Wooten

May 21st, 2023 9:17 am #3

Patrick was such a treasure to the graphic industry. I loved when he would come visit our business with his creative Art Farm jobs. I was lucky to also work with one of his Greasy Greens musicians, Katrina Kelso. One of the greatest Arkansas bands. Everyone loved their music! Thank you, Patrick, for sharing your genius talent with us.

Bill Haymes

May 20th, 2023 10:42 pm #2

Oh, MoKelvey!

I have a melange of memories,
Various stages, various places,

The women singing their hearts out in angelic chorus,
MoKelvey smiling that smile,
All of us ... Cakewalkin' Into Town!

Rest in Peace, maestro!

Laura Dyson

May 20th, 2023 11:10 am # 1

Our lives are richer to have shared so many times with Moky, most all of them good and glorious and celebrating what people do best with each other; sing, dance, love, cook, laugh, and seek peace and happiness. We did a lot of all those and for that I am grateful to have shared those days and have those memories. Rave on!

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Condolence

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