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2019 . Week 18 . May 11 - May 15

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Scale Week 18 四 s`

Wed May 15, 2019

Scale Week 18 四 s` is. 4 Original Writings. Its a family affair. Post-self-unblock, Jon takes the pass in his writing Alley-oop and uses the energy to unblock his Mom and Dad from their writing blocks. First time contributions from Sally Phillips explaining depression era zerowaste policies. Doug Phillips writes “Chainsaw Manicure!” providing some reflection and hope through describing what it is like to be a minister using a chainsaw to chop church pews, “his past.” Scale 18 connects to history and upgrades the past (check the website to see :).

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四 sì

四 sì is the numeral 4.

四 sì is more complicated to write than 1, 2, and 3. And, it sounds like the word for death if you do not know your Mandarin tones. 四 sì is the number 4 and because of this association with the sound of death, many people brought up in Chinese culture believe that 4 is a cursed number. If you want to find a house, or good deal on a number, and do not believe that 四 sì is bad, then you might get a deal. 四 sì also introduces one to the concept of boxes or frames in Chinese writing. From Wikipedia: https://enwp.org/Chinese_numerals

Alley-oop

Scale 18 Editors Column

Jon Phillips, jon@rejon.org, <https://rejon.org>

Mother's Day, May 12, 2019. I had a mission. My grandmother is 93 and requires more care. My Mom, is her primary caregiver. And, my Dad is right there with her. It takes most of my parents time these days. I have already mentioned how proud I am of my Dad, whom retired December 30, 2018. As a man, he hit his goals. He did what he set out to do, and then some plus plus. Both my parents have always served people and now they serve where there is need, my Grandma.

It came from an accidental stopover on Saturday, May 11 at the St. Louis Public Library where I checked out an amazing exhibit, Print to Pixels¹. My project Openclipart², I put on vacation because it has been under a denial of service attack by bad guys on the Internet. And, I had a lot going on, travel, business, and trying to get home to see my family. At Print to Pixels, I was able to start over at the beginning of print, 1100 BC.

What an amazing exhibit and space! On this rainy day, I met Eric, founder of Firecracker Press, and read about Sumerian printing on stones. And, I used a printing press to make a bookmark requested by the libraries head of information services, Scott. He asked for two and I took them to where they were needed, a tour group in a private room with old original printed books. A 9th copy of German bible, detailed exquisite manuscripts, and on the table, a stack of St. Louis Letterpress Society Annuals. This was the tour group! I spent the next couple of hours with the group reconnecting to the past of printing to realize my work, Openclipart, and Scale, both which came from my work at University of California, San Diego, are part of **history**. Thankfully Mike and Eric, leaders of the group allowed me to the join the St. Louis Letterpress

Society and the rest will be history. Well, after I get my “rejon” printers (avatar) mark up to date and understand why the groups annuals stop around 2003! Time to get that started back up, and fill in some missing time, crypto-style :) I digress.

I went on my merry way and on my daily cycling, the idea struck me! I must continue connecting to history, not just with improving Openclipart, or Scale, but even on a deeper level, with my family. After the way too early passing of my sister Charis in 2003, my parents and I have both been on intense missions. My mom has been talking about writing books even before she retired as an educator. And, my dad, only 5 months into his retirement from full-time ministry, continues, to write, but for himself.

My goal was simple: spend Mother’s day unblocking my Mom and Dad from publicly writing, by first getting them to write and then publishing their writing in Scale Week 18.

I continued to my family home in Columbia, Missouri, because also on my mind is my Grandma. At 93, just before I arrived back in USA from Hong Kong, my grandmother passed out and now she is 3 weeks into recovery. The wear and tear on her body is too great. I made it priority to listen to my grandma and I asked myself, could I write for her? iPhones have nice audio recording and audio-to-text features ;)

We had some dessert and tea together, and I got to see how she is doing while we pushed her around in a wheel chair. She has a nice room, with a park out the window and chirping birds. That is refreshing. I gave her my Chinese necklace she can play musical tweets from, also useful to get peoples attention, the analog way.

I asked, “Grandma, what wisdom do you have for us today.” She said, “Never get old.” Ha-ha. We all laughed at that one. Then she looked outside, and looked back at me and said, “Alley-oop”².

My Grandma loves basketball. An alley-oop is in basketball when one player sets up a shot for another

player to make a goal. Yeah, Grandma, you are helping us connect up to our history so we can make the team stronger. THANKYOU.

Back home, I woke the next morning. Ding Ding. I got a message with two writing submissions for Scale, one from my Mom and one from my Dad. Alley-oop!

May 13, 2019

Sally Phillips

On Mothers' Day, our wonderful son, Jon, came for a visit. He encouraged me to start writing again. So...there's **always** a topic to write about, but to **actually** put thoughts onto the page has gotten pushed aside due to... life experiences. So...today is a growth opportunity for me to start again.

Mom is staying at a local rehab facility where for the last three weeks she is getting OT, PT and speech therapy. At 93, Mom has many stories about her life experiences — my life — Jon's life — family life. All merged together yesterday as we sat in her room and she started sharing one of many stories. All her life she has not wasted anything. Isn't that a recycling of the idea of "zero waste".

Mom grew up during a time when nothing was used just once. Everything was used — reused — reused — reused until it couldn't be used again. Clothing was made, worn, made into clothing for someone else, then cut into small squares and made into fabric squares to make a quilt. Then, the quilt would be used until it was no more. Isn't that the original idea of "zero waste"?

I am remembering that life experiences are all good..."zero waste"...

Tenderness and tears yesterday are unlocking the writer's block of the past.

Sally Phillips is an author writing books. She is a lifelong educator. She spent most of her career as a school teacher and principal. She is co-founder of Centerpoint Church. She

is the mother of Jon Phillips and the late Charis Phillips. She is the daughter of Jean Bridges. Her husband and partner is Doug Phillips. She enjoys the outdoors, gardening and spending time with her family and friends. She lives and works in Columbia, Missouri, USA.

Chainsaw Manicure!

May 13, 2019

Doug Phillips

There is a collection of wise sayings that dates back approximately 2500 years ago called simply *Proverbs*. In one of these sayings there is this *“Hope deferred makes the heart sick”*, *Proverbs 13.12*. Being in the pastorate for 50 plus years and now retired has given rise to much reflection usually characterized by the question “Did I make a difference?” Actually I had a pretty good run... mostly good. If I think about it, I’m sure I could recall some “not so good” stuff. “Did I make a difference?” ... probably the wrong question. How about, “Did I do what was right?”

So a couple of weeks ago I was invited to cut up some church pews. Something kind of sick about a pastor taking a chainsaw to some church pews! But I thought about some pastor friends who pastored churches that died. They loved. They cared. They worked. They visited. They sacrificed. Etc. Etc. Instead of church pews filled, the end result was church pews emptied. Did they make a difference? I don’t know...maybe. But it’s the wrong questions. Did they do what was right?

Did they do what was right? This is the right question to ask no matter what your vocation. Maybe you should buy a chainsaw and cut up something. I cut up some church pews for some kind of an “art” project...which turned out to be a “heart” project! For all of you whose hope is deferred because you’re unsure as to if you’re making a difference, ask yourself, “Am I doing what’s right?” Then go get a CHAINSAW MANICURE!

Doug Phillips is a writer. He recently retired as a Christian minister, having spent 50 years serving God and people. He is co-founder of Centerpoint Church. He is the father of Jon Phillips and the late Charis Phillips. He is the son of Betty Elam. His brother is Gary Phillips. His wife and partner is Sally Phillips. He enjoys the outdoors, model making and outdoor sports. He lives and works in Columbia, Missouri, USA.

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