



Philip Masato Abe

December 25, 1942 - March 13, 2021

Like Sir Thomas More, Phil was a man of conscience who remained true to his principles of honesty, integrity and high moral character. As a teacher he resigned from schools where administrators did not live up to these standards. For him, advancing student learning was central to his role as an educator. He gave up his lunch hours to run study sessions for his math teams and taught summer school or after school classes (without pay) so students could advance to the next level. He also tutored students from different schools because they wanted his help. Throughout his teaching career, Phil coached the Math League team in each school where he worked.

In his lifetime, Phil took on challenges to constantly improve himself in his varied interests. He also shared his interests by teaching or coaching others. One of his passions was football. As a junior at UH he went out for spring training and made the team for the fall semester but chose not to play in order to concentrate on his course work. While working on his master's degree in math at San Jose State he coached a middle school football team. One of his team members went on to play in the NFL. He was a loyal UH football fan.

Another of his passions was playing his guitar. Both of his parents were musicians. His father Mel, played Hawaiian music on the steel guitar in Waikiki showrooms. Hazel, his mother, taught students to play the piano. So Phil and his brothers grew up learning to play the guitar and ukulele through osmosis. In Vancouver B.C. Phil took classical guitar lessons for a year. He shared his love of music with Auntie Sue by teaching her to play folk songs on her guitar. Phil also enjoyed singing in church choirs and playing his guitar in Sunday services.

Soon after returning to Hawaii Phil took golf lessons and was hooked. He spent what little free time he had at the golf course. Using his knowledge of physics, he was constantly analyzing his swing and adjusting his clubs to improve his game. Phil joined faculty golf clubs and competed in tournaments. Ever the teacher he coached the J.V. golf team at St. Louis for a year. He would have loved teaching his granddaughters to play golf.

In retirement Phil continued to work on his golf game and practice his guitar. He challenged his brain by doing sudoku puzzles and competition math problems. Phil competed against contestants on Jeopardy with Peaches (lovebird) perched on his finger. The highlight of Phil's day was visiting Lauren and Aaron's house. He would approach the house calling "Charlie Doggie." Inside the house Charlie would get excited and stand on her hind legs to look out the window, anxious to go for her walk with him. When Phil and Charlie returned, he would let his granddaughters, Princess Pupupu and Princess Rascal pummel him. He loved those babies.

"Just Close Your Eyes"

Just close your eyes
And open your heart
And feel your worries
And cares depart
Just yield yourself
To the Father above
And let Him hold you
Secure in His love
So when you are tired
Discouraged and blue
There's always one door
That is open to you
And that is the door
To the House of Prayer
And you'll find God waiting
To meet you there
Jesus, Jesus, O Jesus
I love you
For the heart is a temple
When God is there
As we place ourselves
In His loving care
And He hears every prayer
And answers each one
When we pray in His name
"Thy will be done"
Just close your eyes

And open your heart
And feel your worries
And cares depart
Just yield yourself
To the Father above
And let Him hold you
Secure in His love

Song written by Phil in memory of Mary Zanakis.
The melody was not recorded.