



Jesse Roy Phillips

January 19, 1949 - February 13, 2019

Jesse Roy Phillips There is no way for us, the ones still living here on Earth, to know if a man has thoughts, feelings or a sense of place once he has passed that final moment in his physical life. We will all get that chance one day, but for now, that secret is reserved for the recently passed. But if there are lingering moments of awareness beyond what we see as that final one, then Jesse Roy Phillips surely slipped quietly from us with a sense of accomplishment, a life knowingly lived in a gentle, kind manner, and having acquired that most fleeting and precious of all the intangibles that Man forever searches for; the love of the people you have spent your life loving. Many leave this life without such bounty. Jesse Roy Phillips was born in Yolyn, West Virginia on January 19, 1949 in the home of his parents, Ancil Duane Phillips and Mildred Eileen Scalf, who lived in house #101 and shopped at the company store. Jesse was born a coal miner's son, the real deal; a native born son of a work-all-day-underground-in-the-dark-headlamp-following genuine West Virginia coal miner. He was proud of it and his accent proved it! Sometime in the early '60's Duane Phillips moved his family to Las Vegas, Nevada. It was a big move for the family; son and daughter, aunts, uncles and cousins, from a mountainous land with trees and rivers to a land of sun, cactus and desert. But the family prospered and Jesse Roy grew up. He bought a cowboy hat, a fancy pair of boots and a horse. Then came knowledge and more horses, and a growing sister named Sharon Sue that needed his tutelage. Then he turned 18, joined the U.S. Army and served his

time honorably and proudly in Korea. When he returned home he jumped back onto a horse, landed a career job at Central Telephone Company and set about having children, building a house and raising a family. Jesse fathered five children in his life; Jennifer Lockamy, Brett Fairchild, Shannon Thomas, Jason Phillips and Rachel Phillips, all of who, are still living. He leaves his wife, Jackie Phillips, Sisters Connie Gore, Tina Hanks, Sharon Lewis, brother David Hanks and six grandchildren to mourn his passing. He was preceded in death by brother James Hanks Jr. and sisters Michelle Hanks and Panthea Gay Phillips. So just how does a man measure his life when he looks askance and senses that something he can't fight is stalking him? Is it the size of house he built? Is it the money in the bank or that Corvette parked there in the driveway? And how do we, the ones that love him and cruise the periphery of his life, measure him – Jesse Roy Phillips, the man? Is it those beautiful horses he rode and trained? Is it that career he worked so many years at, that piece of desert land he owned, or perhaps, that big Halibut he caught up in Alaska? For others those things just might be their measure, but not Jess Phillips. Not the Jess Phillips I knew. I saw his worth, his measure if you will, from a short distance, just barely outside his personal ring the moment his life slipped away. It was measured in tears. Jess is a family man. February 13, 2019, as he lay in a bed in his own home, on a cold, windy desert day he passed away in a small flashflood of salty tears from his wife, sisters, son, daughters, granddaughters and cousins. He died as he lived; a wealthy man surrounded by the only things that ever really mattered to him – his Family. I was there. I saw it.