

## **Binh Pho's Tribute to Frank Sudol**

(2007 AAW Symposium – 30 June, 2007 – Portland Oregon)

Greetings,

Frank was supposed to be here today, telling us what he will teach us in this weekend...but destiny has change his course. I am standing here today, as one of Frank's students, very honored to be chosen to present this tribute to a wood turner, a great artist, and most important of all - a warm and caring teacher. In Vietnam, there is an expression: *when the animal dies, they leave behind their skin for good use, when man dies, we leave behind our name and legacy.* The Greek didn't write an obituary, they only asked one question when a man passed away: *Did he have passion?*

Frank grew up in the farm but he had always known what he wanted to be when he grew up. Despite the discouragement and disapproval from family members, he secretly pursued his dream in his spare time. Once he used a pocket knife to carve a little box from a piece of wood, and was so excited he showed it to everyone. When his older brother found out, he destroyed Frank's creation and punished him with more chores, making sure Frank had no spare time to play around with woodwork. Yet, Frank had never given up his dream to become an artist and as a result, I am standing here today to honor a world-renowned artist.

Frank did not only have passion, he wanted to help others to bring out their best by offering lectures and demonstrations throughout Canada and United States. Frank has touched so many lives and changed the careers of many artists, myself included. I know there are many in the audience today and we all came to pay our respect to a great teacher. Before Frank passed away, Frank and Deryl Duer had just finished the DVD titled *Start Your Creative Engine* There are twenty chapters in the DVD, I have picked out two important ones to show it to you.

The first clip is titled: *How to kill an artist.* Frank reads a poem by Harry Chapin about a little boy wants to paint the flower as he sees it. The message: *If we limit the child's imagination from the start, we will kill his artistry before it blossoms.*

The second clip is titled: Copying someone else work. Frank talked about the effect of the habit of copying and why someone wants to copy another's work. The message: *You will never be remembered for what you copied, but you will be remembered for what you created. Once you reach inside, you will have original work.*

The third clip is titled: *Copying Beethoven.* I recently watched this beautiful movie and this clip sends a message similar to Frank's: *the world doesn't need another Beethoven but it may need YOU.*

I'm closing the tribute with Frank's favorite song, the song was sent to Frank from Steve Sinner along with his piece: *Time to say goodbye* about a week before Frank passed away on Friday December 15, 2006

**Flowers are Red** ...by Harry Chapin

The little boy went first day of school

He got some crayons and started to draw

He put colors all over the paper

For colors was what he saw

And the teacher said...what you doin' young man?

I'm paintin' flowers he said

She said... It's not the time for art young man

And anyway flowers are green and red

There's a time for everything young man

And a way it should be done

You've got to show concern for everyone else

For you're not the only one

And she said...Flowers are red young man

Green leaves are green

There's no need to see flowers any other way

Than the way they always have been seen

But the little boy said...There are so many colors in the rainbow

So many colors in the morning sun

So many colors in the flower and I see every one

Well the teacher said...you're sassy

There's ways that things should be

And you'll paint flowers the way they are

So repeat after me.....

And she said...Flowers are red young man

Green leaves are green

There's no need to see flowers any other way

Than the way they always have been seen

But the little boy said...There are so many colors in the rainbow

So many colors in the morning sun

So many colors in the flower and I see every one

The teacher put him in a corner

She said...It's for your own good...

And you won't come out 'til you get it right

And are responding like you should

Well finally he got lonely

Frightened thoughts filled his head

And he went up to the teacher

And this is what he said.. and he said

Flowers are red, green leaves are green

There's no need to see flowers any other way

Than the way they always have been seen

Time went by like it always does  
And they moved to another town  
And the little boy went to another school  
And this is what he found  
The teacher there was smilin'  
She said...Painting should be fun  
And there are so many colors in a flower  
So let's use every one  
But that little boy painted flowers  
In neat rows of green and red  
And when the teacher asked him why  
This is what he said...and he said  
Flowers are red, green leaves are green  
There's no need to see flowers any other way  
Than the way they always have been seen.

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