Her name was Rose Nanaeono Young, but we called her "Tutu Lady." It was an affectionate name for the beautiful Hawaiian woman who was our grandmother.

My memories of her reach back into the mid-1950's. She comes to my mind against the cactus-studded countryside of Pulehu, Maui, where she and my grandfather, Ah Wa Young lived in view of Haleakala's distant slopes. My grandmother was a natural part of the old island setting; she was serene and dignified -- a tall, full-figured woman whose deep, gentle eyes were framed by a pillow of grey hair swept up in a modified Gibson girl style.

During summers spent at Tutu Lady's house, there were mornings when I would watch her standing in front of a mirror off to the side of the dining room, pulling her grooming brush through that long, plush mass of hair. When loose, the strands fanned out like thousands of wavy threads, catching the glint of the Pulehu sun from a window at her left. She would always amaze me by quickly gathering and twirling the whole magnificent fluff into one large knot on the top of her head and fastening it with the biggest hairpin I ever saw. Slipping into a silky, flowing muumuu, she would then proceed to lace her thick-heeled shoes up to the ankles.

It was on mornings like these that she would properly scrub any visiting grandchild's face, ears and teeth with a washcloth dipped in the chilling amber-colored water of the Kula hills. With the help of my Auntie Ethel, who lived with my grandparents, she would dress and fuss over us until it was time to follow those sturdy black shoes on the ten minute trek which took us to Tutu Lady's church.

The Pulehu chapel stood stark and simple in a large lot bordered on all sides by lichen-covered walls of lava rock. I remember the timid feeling that would creep up inside of me as dark Hawaiian people would greet "Sister Young" and extend their brown palms to shake my skinny hand. I tried to stay close to the folds of her dress, especially when we entered the small front entry of the chapel, where priesthood brethren flanked the walls like black-suited sentries.

Once inside, our shoes made hollow, echoing sounds on the dark wooden floor. A window or two would rattle as someone lifted a window sash to dispel the nighttime cold in the building. Burly men in tight jackets would stride up to the speakers' platform and take their places on single chairs lined behind the pulpit. A heavy-set girl with an armload of notebooks would hurry to seat herself at a slanted desk at the front left of the chapel, looking very official as she glanced around the room and scribbled notes.

I remember my grandmother singing with the congregation, her aged hands holding the Hawaiian hymn book with a discernable quiver. I thought it unusual but pleasant to hear her voice in song, for her verbal communications with me were short,
Although my mother was a Mormon like her mother and siblings, the interfaith marriage with my Catholic father had made me a non-sectarian byproduct. This monument marked Pulehu as the area where the first LDS branch was organized in the Hawaiian Islands, but it was no more to me than a distraction from Sabbath duty to my grandmother Rose. I never knew I was playing in the shadow of Church history.

I remember one morning when our walk to the chapel did not end in Sunday School pains. This was the day I went with Tutu Lady to a Relief Society work meeting.

The Pulehu sisters met in the all-purpose Sunday School building and were busy setting up their paraphernalia when we arrived. My grandmother properly introduced me as her “mo’opuna—Mary’s daughter.” And I felt that the matronly nods and smiles contained more blessed acceptance than the curious stares of my Sunday School peers.

We made patchwork blocks that day, pressing, cutting, and bastin’ scraps of fabric into kaleidoscopic flowers and fans. I recall being kept very busy, threading needles for the elderly sisters whose failing eyesight and trembling hands made that simple task a project in itself.

I don’t know if it was the influence of that meeting or my own admiration for Tutu Lady’s needlework that prompted me to ask her for an embroidery lesson that summer. Pleased by my interest, she penciled a large hibiscus onto some white sack-cloth and patiently taught me how to outline her sketch with bright orange thread.

minimal comments in Hawaiian or English.

It was only after we had dropped the sacrament cups into the deacon’s small lauhala basket that I began to dread the thought of separating to class.

The whole Junior Sunday School met alongside the chapel in a one-room wooden building. Sitting on a cold bench, I self-consciously bore the stares of the country children and wished somewhat defensively that they would blow their noses. The social discomfort gave me reason on more than one occasion to slip out under the guise of thirst.

The Pulehu churchgrounds were far more interesting than Sunday School recitations. Behind the chapel itself was a huge cistern protruding from the ground, but because I mistook it for a cesspool, I kept my distance and concentrated instead upon the front yard features. There were large boulders for a small child to scale and big-eyed cows in a “panini” pasture beyond the wall. Willowy pepper trees moved their drooping branches with the slightest breeze. Jacaranda blossoms fell like purple parasols from a gnarled tree outside the classroom, and off to the right, in the shade of that tree, was my favorite amusement of all—a marble monument standing on a tiered base. I would trace the raised lettering on its metal plaque and measure the graduated base with my patent-leather shoes. Time passed pleasantly this way, with only the calls of red- hooded cardinals to ripple the pastoral stillness. At times I scrunched against the far side of the marble structure, concealing myself from anyone’s view.
Throughout my childhood, this was the only way I knew Rose Naialeono Young -- my loving Tutu Lady who served me chewy Hawaiian pancakes on cold Kula mornings; who called me in to "kaukau" after I had tromped in the pastures all day; who made bathtime a ticklish torture by marring my earth-stained feet with a black lava rock; and who tucked me into bed with sweet-scented quilts of her own making. When she died of cancer in October, 1965, I was sixteen years old.

In February of 1966, after months of personal introspection and missionary discussions, I chose to become a Latter-day Saint like my mother and grandmother.

It was not until 1980 -- when I was called to be Relief Society President of my ward -- that I realized I had been blessed with a legacy. Through conversations with my mother I discovered that I was the third president in three generations of family matrarchs. Naturally, I was aware of my own mother's position while I was growing up, but I had never been aware of my own Tutu Lady giving over thirty years of service to the Church as president of the Pulahu women.

My thoughts have often turned to her as I have experienced contemporary trials in the past two years. By examining one of her old notebooks and directing specific inquiries to relatives and family friends, I have been able to catch glimpses of her administration in the church and home during the early 1900's.

Rose Naialeono was born on Sept. 14, 1889 in Kula, Maui, the third child of Moses and Agnes Kasekona Naialeono. She was converted to the Church when she was about thirteen years old, and during her young adult years worked as an operator for the Maui Telephone Company in upper Paia. She was courted by Ah Wa Young, a non-member salesman who came around with goodies for the girls at the phone company. Their marriage in 1917 was a Hawaiian-Chinese union, which was quite common during the World War One years. After gaining "family man" status, my grandfather, or "Tutu Man" as we called him, was exempt from military service; he was also lacking in finances. Rose went ahead and bought a half acre of Kula land from the father of Tin Pock Tom. It cost her $90.00 and adjoined the land of her stepfather, Nakau Kaawa. She also purchased lumber and hired Paul Elia of Molokai to build their home, thus establishing some security for her future family.

A year later, in 1918, Rose bore her first child at home -- a daughter named Agnes who was later found to be mentally retarded. Although the neighborhood accepted "Aggie" some officials recommended institutionalization for her. My grandparents would not be separated from their daughter and chose instead to raise the child at home, assuming all responsibility for her health and hygiene.

Aggie had one bad eye and an ear that sometimes emitted a discharge. My mother remembers Tutu Lady applying bluing to the infected ear -- a practice of the time which was believed to draw out pus. Despite her handicap, however, Agnes was not a helpless child. She could walk, feed herself, use the bathroom, and hear and understand simple instructions. There were also times when she would spit on guests, tear their clothes, or remove her own clothing. And she was not exempt from discipline.
Violet Kele, a lifetime resident of Pulehu, still recalls when she was a young neighbor girl two years older than my Auntie Agnes. She remembers Tutu Lady dressing Agnes and walking with them to church. Aggie was about six years old.

"There was a wooden bridge," Violet says, "that crossed a deep gully on the way to the chapel. The spaces between the boards were wide; you could see right through. Agnes wouldn't cross that bridge. She'd stand on the side and cover her ears with two hands. Tutu Lady always had to put her arms tight around Aggie and walk with her to the other side."

I still remember Tutu Lady in her older years escorting a grown-up Agnes out of a back room to the front porch. My grandmother cut her hair, clipped her nails, and let her soak up some sunshine. Aggie still couldn't speak. The only sounds she made were loud outbursts that frightened me because of their suddenness.

I once sat in the living room, watching Aggie place household items in strange locations after her mother had stepped out to the wash house for a minute. When Tutu Lady returned, she gave her a hard slap and a good scolding in Hawaiian, which made me feel sorry for her. Nevertheless, even in my pre-teen years, I could see that my grandmother cared for Auntie Agnes with a love and patience that was very special.

My mother Mary was born in 1921, three years after Agnes, and another daughter, Thelma, followed two years later on Jan. 30, 1923.

On Feb. 4, 1923, only five days after the baby's birth, Rose Young was called to be the sixth Relief Society President of Maui's Pulehu Branch. In a large black ledger she carefully noted the preceding presidencies in the Hawaiian language:

"Pres. mau, hoomaka ia ai ke kukuulu ia ana o ka Hui Hanawales o Pulehu nei. Hoopa'a ia Elder Joseph F. Smith. Aole maopopo ka makahiki ana ia ia ana ka mahina."

(Past presidents of the Relief Society of Pulehu, confirmed by Elder Joseph F. Smith. No record of year, day, and month.)

Pres. Husana Kakoa
1 Hoakuka (Counselor) Hanaka'i Kalua'i
2 " Keahonui Keolanui
Puuku (Treas.) Kawahalua-Forsythe

Pres. Piilani Kaahaina
1 Hoakuka Hanaka'i Kalua'i
2 " Kawahapua
Puuku Sis. Kawahalua Forsythe.

Making an insertion that the next presidents were chosen by branch president John Iona, she continued the list:

Pres. Esther Cockett
1 Hoakuka Lily Eldrige
2 " Beatrice F. Forsythe
Kakahualelo (Sec.) Mary Forsythe

Rose listed Pres. Cockett a second time with new officers, recording her own name among them as an assistant secretary. The list went on:

Pres. Mary Forsythe
1 Hoakuka Keola Kakapai
2 " Poepoe Kalamahial
Kakahualelo Louisa Paio, Kanoe Piailii

Pres. Keola Kakapai
1 Hoakuka Poepoe Kalamahial
2 " Louisa Paio
Kakahualelo Kanoe Piailii and Sarah Pahi
Treas. Sis., Poepoe
its farm-oriented nature promising only daily toil and food for the table. Rose worked hard to put the family lands into practical use, laboriously transforming grass-matted pasture into vegetable fields and flower gardens.

I remember peering at the chicken coops behind the house, sniffing at the pig pens near the old avocado tree, and gawking at nursing calves from behind clusters of castor oil leaves. My grandparents had kept up the mini-farm operation long after their children had left the nest.

Ah Wa Young, I am told, was more of a reader than a laborer. Although he had never gotten past the 8th grade, he read everything from detective stories to law books to the Bible. As far back as my mother can remember, he had always been a Notary Public for the upcountry people, pecking out deeds, wills, and mortgages with only two fingers at the typewriter.

A devout Democrat, he was appointed District Magistrate of Hana in 1936 by Chief Justice James Coke, and had no trouble interpreting the laws that came under his jurisdiction. Because he also performed marriages, some Hawaiians jokingly called him the "kahuna pule" or minister. One acquaintance called him the "five and ten cents judge." Nevertheless, his circle of friends included such island notables as Harry Mossman, Henry Holstein, Harold Rice, Lincoln McCandless and other influential who were senators, representatives, and county chairman.

Despite the fact that he was a shrewd, self-learned man, he was not overly ambitious. As long as he had food to eat and cigars to smoke, he was satisfied. His keen advice and knowledge of real estate made other men wealthy, but my Tutu Man never had the drive to look beyond his personal comfort.

It was the same in matters concerning the Church. Not even the religious example of his wife nor frequent visits by missionaries could make him aspire to a more perfect family existence assured by gospel principles.

I understand that while he proved to be a sufficient provider, his ho-hum attitude did cause exasperation in my grandmother, who had to rely upon her growing children for assistance in running the household and fulfilling her charitable duties. Because Tutu Lady did not drive, the children often ran errands for her.

In the 20's and 30's the Pulehu countryside rolled like dry swells toward the ocean and mountains, accessible only by a meandering thread of a road originating in Wailuku. Homes were hyphenated by wide stretches of farmland and pasture, and most of the residents, including my grandmother, were without telephones. The family made necessary calls at Ako Store -- a small "pake" enterprise located near a gulch between the chapel and home. The state of not having immediate communication was taken for granted as part of the country lifestyle. My mother says it was "nothing to walk barefoot a mile or two, just to deliver a message or some poi to a needy family.

The proselyting missionaries, after walking or hitching rides from Wailuku to Kula, were always assured of temporary lodging at Sister Young's home. The husband of YW General President Elaine Cannon was among the many to whom she gave shelter.
Finally she records the details of her own calling, consciously taking her place in the Pulehu Branch history:


Pres. Rose M. Young
1 Hoakuka Isabella Newton
2 Anna K. Keolulii

Nine months after she was called to be president, Rose's baby Thelma suffered from a fall. The neighbors say it resulted in the dangerous "huli opu" condition. Thelma died on Oct. 11, 1923. Rose was five months pregnant at the time. Another daughter, Amy, was born in Feb., 1924. There were more family additions at 2-year intervals: Ethel was born in 1926, and Oliver, her last child and only son, was born in 1928. I imagine that these years must have been trying ones for her -- raising Agnes, overcoming the loss of Thelma, caring for the other young children, and tending to her church duties. Her schooling only went about as far as the 4th grade, but she was a tireless, conscientious worker.

Rose channeled a good portion of her energy into Relief Society activities and bazaars, which were the principle means of financing the women's auxiliary. The various Relief Societies within the district frequently held joint bazaars in Waikuku, where she would sell her needlework, seed leis, and succulent mango seed along with the other contributions of the Pulehu women. Her notebook is filled with brief financial entries that document costs of the time. For example:

Mar. 17, 1953 La hanau o'ka Hui of Manawalea... 3.50
(R. S. Anniversary)
no ka buka molokelo........................1.50
(for the record book)
no ka lipine no ka lei kokea..... .70
(for the ribbon for the feather lei)
no ka lopi 35g s. pokam........................1.05
(for 3 skins of yarn)
no ka auhau (tax).......................... .25
$7.00

June 5
Meat........................................ 12.50
Soyu........................................ .90
Ginger and garlic.......................... .50
Soda........................................ 2.10
Ice.......................................... .50
$16.50

$16.50 for a Relief Society party at Pala Park, no doubt including whole families. Her meticulous notes leave the impression that she kept a careful watch on the modest treasury.

The Pulehu Branch members also had many church activities which are warmly recalled by my mother's family. There were Hawaiian concerts, ballroom type dances, Easter egg hunts and Christmas parties for which my grandmother and her women helped to prepare.

Family friend Violet Kele smiles and shakes her head in fond remembrance of her childhood. "Those were the best Christmas parties," she says. "The tree would be all decorated with candles, right inside the chapel. No more electricity, you know. And the Santa Claus....he would jump in from the window. We would get good presents. One time I got a harmonica. Afterwards, nighttime; we all walked home together -- cold, but never mind; was good fun."

The Young Family maintained a simple, rustic lifestyle.
She would graciously give them the front bedroom, relocating the children into the other two bedrooms somehow. She washed her guests' clothes by hand, as there was no machine, and sometimes slipped them canned goods before they went trancing.

My grandfather apparently accepted the hostess role of his wife, even cooking for the young elders on occasion. Unless some over-zealous elder preached against his "pāka" (cigar) habit, My Tutu Man remained, for the most part, indifferent to the missionaries' presence.

Rose Young continued to perform her duties with unquestionable dedication. I was simultaneously impressed and amused with the unpretentious nature of the minutes she kept as secretary to the newly formed (and short-lived) Genealogy Committee of Pulehu. Always writing in Hawaiian, she records:

"Dec. 22, 1935 -- I, Rose Manieono Young, and Anna Kanoho Kaolulua were called to a committee to search out the genealogy of this Pulehu Branch, as well as all those who desire to do their genealogy. Presiding at this meeting was Elder Charley Ako. We began with hymn #53 from the Deseret Sunday School Song book. Prayer by Elder Kalaaim. Charley Ako gave the lesson on doing genealogy papers for the people of Pulehu. There were 6 families assembled at this meeting. They were filled with joy as they filled in the names of parents, grandparents, and so forth. One cent for each paper. The meeting closed with a hymn from the Des. Closing prayer by Pulehu Branch Pres., James Pialii."

"Meeting of Jan. 1936 -- Anna Kaolulo conducting. Opening hymn from Mele o Ziona, #53. Prayer by Rose M. Young. The meeting began with one member ready to complete her genealogy. Sis. Winnie. Kealau, Kealuna, and Molima were full of joy in seeking out their genealogy. Closing hymn, #94, Mele o Ziona and prayer. 2 committee members, 2 members, 1 genealogy work."

There are no more notes on the Pulehu Branch Genealogy Committee. Perhaps my grandmother's minutes are an all-too-familiar account of how some projects quickly lose steam through mortal neglect, our own computer-assisted programs being no exception to this strange phenomenon today.

Rose Young's service as Relief Society President extended from 1923 to 1947. Over the years she assisted in births and dressed the dead; she mothered missionaries and offered compassion to many families. In July of 1951, she was again sustained to be Relief Society President, serving as long as her health permitted. In the early sixties she began to experience a weight loss which the doctors mistakenly attributed to ulcers.

My Tutu Man's health was also on the decline in those years when I was just getting into the swing of high school, but there seemed to be less time to spend leisurely weekends and summers up country.

And then my grandfather died on July 11, 1964, and Tutu Lady was suddenly a widow. I don't recall much of that transition period in her life. Although I missed Tutu Man, I believe I was too involved in my own adolescent concerns to be more sensitive to my grandmother's situation.

A few weeks after my grandfather's passing, I saw Tutu Lady again. My Auntie Ethel had driven her down to our Wailuku

"Genealogy meeting at the home of Sis Miriana Tau-a. Aole Mihene, Aole pule. (No song, no prayer.) Genealogy work for Sis. M. Tau-a. Present: 2 committee members, 1 member."

Secretary, Rose N. Young
home, and although her visit was a rarity in itself, I remember the occasion because of the startling change in her appearance. There was no loose muumuu with bright flowers to float about her now thin frame; there were no high-laced black shoes. Instead, she was dressed in a smart beige suit, and her nylon-sheathed feet were nestled in a pair of cream-colored flats. The pillow of grey hair, the warm smile and the quiet manner were still my Tutu Lady, but I almost reluctantly sensed that this was a period of change for her, for her children, even for me. I don’t think I would have understood at the time if anyone had told me that my grandmother was on her way to Honolulu to receive her temple endowments.

In November of ’64 my married sister had a little boy -- the first grandchild for my parents, the first great-grandchild for Tutu Lady. A few months later, in 1965, my parents surprisingly announced that we too were going to have a new baby. I don’t know how the others felt, but my youngest brother was 9 years old, and nothing could have delighted me more than the thought of having a sweet baby sister to pamper. It had to be a sister; three brothers were enough, and I was the only girl at home.

It was during this time that I began to hear of a special ability which my grandmother possessed. She was often able to predict births by the manifestation of certain flowers in her dreams. A carnation usually predicted a boy, and a girl was always a rose. She had confided to my mother or my aunt that she had known of her first great-grandson’s coming before the preliminary announcement had even been made.

I was fascinated in overhearing these bits and pieces. I had just done a high school report on clairvoyancy and extrasensory perception, and the academic interest made me anxious to ask Tutu Lady of these experiences, ignorant as I was to gifts of the Holy Spirit.

One day I finally found myself alone with my grandmother. I don’t know the circumstances which caused me to be in Kula at the time; I don’t even recall if the rest of the family were on the premises. We were facing each other across her kitchen table, eating a meal which she had prepared. My stomach knotted in nervous anticipation of what I was about to ask. We children did not make it a habit to elicit information of a personal nature from our elders, or from any family member, for that matter. I eventually mustered the courage to blurt out, “Is it true that you dream of flowers before a baby is born?”

She looked mildly surprised for a split second -- I know she hadn’t expected the question -- but then she laughed and nodded in a shy sort of way and began to explain the rose-carnation relationship to babies born in the family.

I’m disappointed in myself that I can’t remember more specifics from our conversation, which was a truly uncommon exchange. Tutu Lady spoke in halting, broken English, often injecting the work “mea” -- the Hawaiian equivalent of “whatcha-macallit” -- when she paused to recollect memories or grope for English words that I would understand.

Through her gestures and simple explanations, I learned
that a red rose had symbolized the coming of my sister. I was foretold by a pink rose. My Uncle Oliver, before becoming the father of four girls, was the subject of one unforgettable dream in which he dived into a pool of water and emerged with a whole bouquet of roses.

My curiosity was surging inside. "Did you dream anything for Mommy's baby?" I asked.

She smiled and nodded her head. "White rose," she said without hesitation, "but... 'mes'..."

She posed a hand in mid-air and looked away, trying to express the vision in her mind.

I waited, watching her struggle to find words to describe the rose. She frowned slightly, fluttered her hand. What exact word she did come up with, I cannot recall. However, I know I came away with the distinct impression that there was an imperfection in the flower -- not strong, not healthy, not fresh -- but, nevertheless, a rose. I felt that everything my grandmother told me was the simple and sincere truth.

In the succeeding months, her health dwindled drastically, and by the time cancer of internal organs was discovered, there was nothing that could be done.

Kind neighbors kept company with Tutu Lady when my mother or aunt could not be at her side. They said she was not worried about herself, but was concerned about Agnes. When the time came, who could love her, care for her physical needs? What might happen to Aggie if she had to be moved from her home and friends in Pulehu?

Looking back, I can hardly say that I was directly involved in the emotional strain surrounding Tutu Lady's final months and weeks in this life. Nevertheless, although I was a 16 year old with her own coming and goings, neither was I unaware of or unaffected by all that was happening around me.

I overheard low-spoken accounts of how my grandmother had seen Tutu Man in a dream one night. She had described him as being clean and well-dressed, with a coat over his arm. She had wanted to speak to him, but he said he was too busy, that he had a meeting to attend. I heard the adults commenting that "sometimes the veil becomes very thin when a person is near death." They also felt the dream was an indication that the temple work done on behalf of my grandfather had been accepted by him.

My aunt once spoke of a puzzling dream my grandmother had once before she had gone through the temple. A man dressed in white had come to her home and given her a book. She said he had carried in one hand a strange white hat; it looked like a "cook's hat." Another time she envisioned a beautiful young woman in her dreams. When asked if she was Thelma, the young woman answered, "Yes."

On the last day of my grandmother's life, we made the trip to Kula and gathered around the frail figure lying on a bed off to the side of the dining room. She lay where I used to watch a robust Tutu Lady braiding her hair before Sunday School. The silence was awkward, but none of us children dared speak. Tutu Lady smiled weakly and said something.
"She's talking to you," my mother said to me, encouraging me to step closer. Tutu Lady spoke softly again, but I couldn't quite understand her. I looked to my mom for help.

"She said you look nice," my mother smiled.

I stood in mute embarrassment. Why had I chosen to wear a new, bright orange capri set at such a time?

My mother prodded me to respond. "Say thank you to Tutu Lady."

"Thank you, Tutu Lady," I said obediently.

My grandmother managed a tired but beautiful smile. It was our last meeting. She died peacefully that evening in the presence of her own children, after the rest of us had returned to Walluku.

The very next morning I watched my father drive my mother to the hospital, where she delivered by C-section a little stillborn girl -- our poor white rose.

The following day, this child was buried in the same plot with her grandmother Rose in a family graveyard that still overlooks the Kula house and all of Central Maui.

My grandmother's passing in 1965 seemed part of an inevitable change that was occurring on the upper slopes of the island. The newly completed Kula Highway offered quick access to some of the choicest lands on Maui, and businesses and residents alike were beginning to look toward these areas with thoughts of development in mind. A new LDS chapel had been completed in Pukalani, and the antiquated Pulehu chapel, with its stately marble monument, was soon to be designated as a purely historical site.

I revisited the Pulehu home last summer with my children. Many things have changed, but the spirit of the past lingers. The wide front porch is still the same; my grandparents once sat there and waved to occasional cars passing on the Lower Kula road. Still blooming is Tutu Lady's flower garden where she worked in rubber boots, an old muumuu, and a floppy straw hat while we chased butterflies among the rose and pikake fragrances. The stands for the tiny grape vineyard have long collapsed, but the stubborn vines still bear fruit in the hot sun. So do the heavy-laden mango trees, the old loquat tree, the storm-crippled avocado tree, the scraggly waiwi tree -- it is as though the land still lives in her memory. My grandmother's presence -- the evidence of her care -- is very strong.

The same holds true with the people of the land. They speak fondly of her; they bless her name. "Your Tutu Lady," they say, "was a kind, generous woman." She had served the Lord with simple, enduring faith.

The children, the fruits of Rose Maileono Young carry on her tradition of service today. My mother, Mary Soon of Walluku, has given over twenty-five years of service as a Relief Society President on branch, ward, district, or stake levels, besides being actively involved in many community functions.

Rose's fourth daughter, Amy Akina, is a registered nurse at St. Francis Hospital and an active member of Auwaolimu Ward.

My grandmother's youngest daughter, Ethel Young of Pulehu, has taught seminary for over 20 years. She works as a guidance counselor at Maui Community College.
Oliver Young is a retired police officer and has served as a bishop for many years in Kaunakakai, Molokai. He was recently ordained to be Patriarch there.

For about 16 years now, my Auntie Agnes, now 64 years old, has lived on Oahu with a kind foster family who cares for three other handicapped adults as well. She readily recognizes her sisters when they come to visit. Healthy and strong, but forever a child in this life, Aggie does not have a grey hair on her head yet.

Five living children, twelve grandchildren, and sixteen great-grandchildren (so far) are her posterity. We have partaken of the fruit of her hands and of her spirit.

When I was impressed to write this paper, I thought I might discover some miracles and significant events to color Maui's early LDS Church history, my grandmother being a leader among the women at the turn of the century. Instead I discovered the quiet miracle of my own Tutu Lady and a part of myself that had unknowingly received her benevolent testimony.

Today I pay tribute to Rose Naaleono Young, and again speak my last words to her:

"'Thank you, Tutu Lady.' Your legacy lives."