

Henry Sin Kui AH NEE & Esther Kawaiola TAKAUYA-AH NEE

Family Organization

Represented by: Albert Henry AH NEE

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My Dear Brothers and Sisters

It is with a great honor for me, to be here with you in this Mormon Pacific Historical Society Conference.

I, like many, have for the first time, only a couple of months ago, became aware of the existence of this society, and am doubly honored to be asked to say a few words on my recollection of the growth of the church in the Waialua/Haleiwa area, in particularly the effect it had on the lives of my family.

If I might say, before anything else, that Waialua, or the spot that this very chapel sits on, has a very significant place in the genealogical history of my family.

Like many before me have said, that I, Albert Henry AH NEE, the second born of twelve children, have been born of goodly parents and I was taught by my parents at a very early age, lessons of hard work, lessons which began on this very grounds that we walk today. My dad Henry Sin Kui AH NEE of Kohala, Hawaii, and who has passed beyond the veil in 1977. My mom Esther Kawaiola TAKAUYE-AH NEE, of Papa South Kona who is with us today.

To bring to you a chronical history of my family and how Waialua, Oahu, became a significant part in our lives; let me go back to the year 1926, after much encouragement from his brother John Yong Son AH NEE, to move to Honolulu where he was, and with the vision of great potential opportunities and expectation in raising a family, my dad, a devoted catholic, and my mother a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, then a young couple with one child, made their exodus from the island of Hawaii, more particularly from the shores of South Kona, to Honolulu.

Decision to move came easier than others, as my dad, working as a quartermaster aboard the inter-island vessel "Humuula", packed his young family and started for Honolulu, with much sadness, in leaving the many relatives and friends back on the island of Hawaii, but with their determination, and goals set on a good and productive life for their family. With goals set, determined heart, trust in the Lord and with the love of his brother John and wife Ruth AH NEE, whom this young family stayed with for a short

while in Kaimuki on twentieth avenue. They began a new life on Oahu.

This young family within a short while moved to their rented home on Iao Lane in the Palama neighborhood, because of it's closeness to the harbor, as dad was still sailing. This family soon learned in 1927 that I was about to come into their lives. As a result of this, dad left the ship to be with his family, and soon found work with E. E. Black Construction in wideing the roadway from Kaneohe to Haleiwa.

As the work on the roadway progressed out of Kaneohe, this family, now with two children, went on it's second move early in 1928 into the Waikane area and remained for only about nine months with their third move late in 1928 to Kaaawa in an area on the Kahuku side of Swanzy Beach Park, when my brother Henry arrived to this growing family. In 1929 the family journeyed to Waimea Bay and settled next to the tower which dad had a hand in building and which is still standing today. This year also saw the birth of John named after dad's brother "John" who's great love lived to see early dreams come true.

In 1930, as the work on the roadway was coming to it's end, the family moved to Haleiwa in a house on Kamehameha Highway near Kilioe Place, and suffered the death of their young son John who was buried on the grounds near where the Eagle Scout project now stands. 1931 was a happy year as they saw the birth of their second girl Elsie. happy after three boys

1930 and 1931, were also hard times as dad was without work after completion of the road into Haleiwa. But maybe this was mean't to be, as dad became interested in the Church Welfare Program and spent long hours in the gardens around the old single room wooden chapel, just off to the right of us. With the great love and caring of Branch President William Keahi, who's grave site is on this grounds, and through the welfare program, the family received one of it's greatest blessing, the conversion of my dad to the church here in Waialua. He was baptised in the waters off Hukilau Beach in Laie and confirmed a member of the church in the single room wooden chapel that was on this grounds.

Soon after dad's conversion, the family received some good and sad news. The good was that because of my dad's hard and deligent work which he demonstrated while working on the roadway project, he was asked to join the Board of Water Supply, and off to Kalihi the family went, with the move, was the bad news in leaving fond memories in Waialua, all the friends that dad grew to love, that fellowshipped him during his early days in the church. The family remained close to the church through Kaliha, then to Moiliili and finally settling in Kaimuki on ninetieth avenue,

this young family first started their life on the island of Oahu and where the family home still sits.

As a family we would always return to Waialua to this spot, as two of my brothers and a cousin were buried here, and it was good to come and sit on the grounds and to reflect over past memories.

I remember some of the things that I did, one of which I always was scolded for, but I was persistent, and that was every chance I had, I would ring the bell in the tower of the old single room wooden chapel, until the elders placed the rope higher than I could reach. That didn't stop me as I always found some way to pull on the rope. So persistent was I, that I was made to be the official bell ringer, always under the supervision of an elder.

I remember the mango trees that adorned the grounds some of which are still standing, the five finger fruit trees, the soursap trees, the gauva's and sweet burnt sugar cane that we always pulled from passing trains across the roadway in back of me.

I remember the single room wooden chapel and wooden benches. The closest likeness to that chapel that stood on this ground is a chapel that now sits near the parking area of Sacred Falls in Hauula.

I remember the day before my dad embraced the gospel. He like many, had a problem with the word of wisdom, and the day before committing himself to the gospel, he took his bag of tobacco, held it in his hand and said something to the bag, we as little boys, had no idea what he said, nor did we hear him, but my mother later told me that he said this to the bag of tobacco; "You don't bother me and I won't bother you", he placed that bag under the chapel. As little boys, two of us seen this; and after he had left the area, we crawled under the chapel and took the bag of tobacco and quickly dumped the contents in the cane field and kept the bag. As some of you might know, the bull durham bag was an excellent and valuable piece of material. It was used by the children to make a hard ball of cloth with a pebble in the center as weight, and we would throw and strike each other with it and the ones that got hit was out of the game. Another use was to wash the bag and tie it on the water faucet and it would prevent a lot of the rust from getting into your cup. I don't remember what became of that bag, and I doubt that my dad knew that we took it from where he placed it. Still as a little boy, one said to me, that maybe, just maybe, my dad went back and not finding it, thought that the Lord had destroyed it, making his commitment to the Lord even stronger.

As I spoke to my mom only yesterday, she recalls some of the persons who were responsible for the conversion of my dad, names that she mentioned were Branch President William KEAHI who also held many positions at the old Court House in Haleiwa and whose grave is marked on this ground; Annie KAAIAWAAWA whose family is buried on this grounds. Sister Lai COX, and Kaena KUALII, whose family is also buried here. I am sure that she have in her memory, faces of persons who walked and worked on this very ground that we walked and worked on today.

I can recall many memories of Waialua, but one that I would like to close with, one that truly brought our family together, one that dad always did after his conversion into the gospel, here in Waialua with the family. And that is, that as we greeted each week on a Sunday, he would gather all of the kids together in a circle in the living room, and each of us had to recite a verse from the scriptures. We always wanted to be choosen first; because, being the first we would always recite the verse "God is love". This went on for some time; and one day we were instructed by dad, that we should recite verses that had some meaning to us, in the things that we did. Well we changed, but every once in a while, when one was not prepared, out would come the verse "God is Love". And this became significant to each of us as we grew up.

Brothers and Sisters, as short as this little verse is "God is Love" it is true: "GOD IS LOVE". The gospel of Jesus Christ still is significant in our lives today, just as it was when we lived and played on these very grounds as children, "Waialua" a significant spot in the genealogical history of our family in the church.

I give thanks to all of the people of Waialua who lived in the twenties, who through their love and caring, was able to convert dad to the church. I give thanks to our Father in Heaven for the gospel of Jesus Christ, a precious gift in the life of our family. I give thanks to my great-great grandfather KAAEAMOKU, whose earthly body lies in the hill behind the temple of the Lord in Laie, who taught my mom the gospel of Jesus Christ. To my parents, for their continued love and teaching that each of us as children received. Brothers and Sisters I thank my heavenly father and each of you, for this opportunity to present to you a small portion of the growth of my family in the church in Waialua.

I leave you with my testimony of genealogical work in gathering historical records of those who have passed on and my testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel of Jesus Christ in whose name I pray; Amen.