

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY - HAWAII CAMPUS
Behavioral and Social Sciences Division
Laie, Hawaii 96762

ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

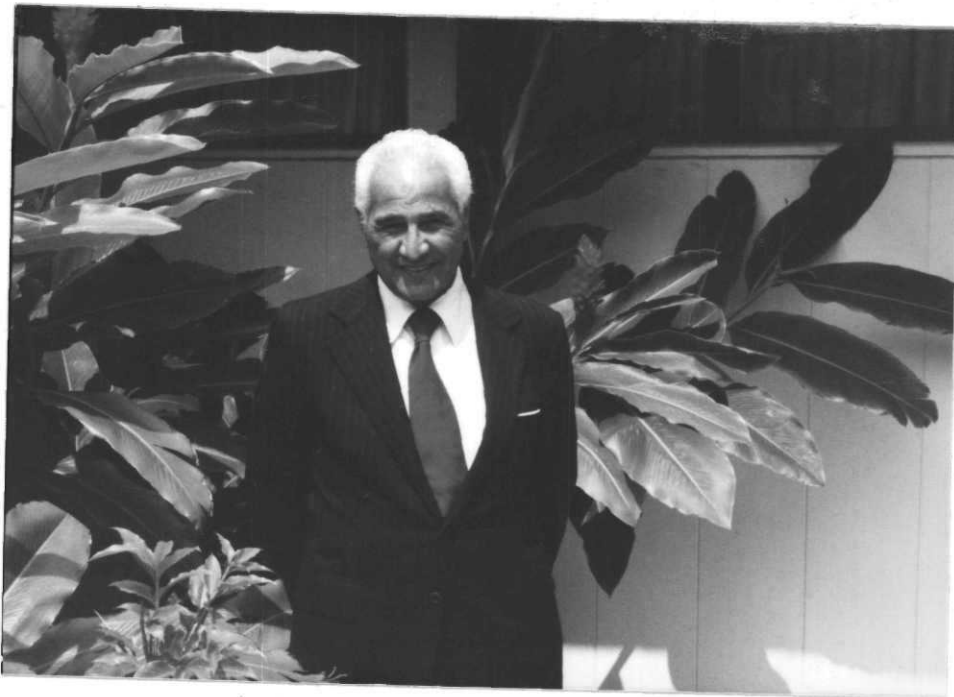
NARRATOR: ANDREW N. KAMAUOHA

INTERVIEW NO.: OH-128

DATE OF INTERVIEW: 8 August 1980

INTERVIEWER: Doris D. McCall

SUBJECT: LDS IN HAWAII



Dear Doris,

Thank you for making this possible.

Andrew N. Kamaooha

May 30, 1982

INTRODUCTION

When Doris McCall arrived to conduct an Oral History interview with Andrew N. Kamauoha, she learned to her surprise that he had his "interview" already "transcribed" which he then read into the tape-recorder. Sis. McCall interviewed him as part of her assignment in an Oral History seminar I conducted in the Kaneohe Hawaii Stake. I did the minor editing that was required and Charlene Keliiliki type the final transcript.

Kamauoha was born at the Mormon Hawaiian colony in Iosepa, Utah, but his family returned to Hawaii while he was still an infant. He describes the problems of growing up on a small sugar cane farm about forty miles from Hilo on the Hamakua coast of the Big Island and his activity in the Kalopa Branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. After the death of his first wife he fulfilled an eight-month mission, serving most of the time on Kauai.

Following his mission he moved to Oahu in 1953 where he worked about eight years for the American Red Cross. He re-married and then worked as a guard at Oahu Prison until he transferred to the position of landscape supervisor. Widowed a second time, he married his present wife Leimomi, 11 July 1964. He describes some interesting events during their mission to Guam, 1977-79.

The transcript includes several faith-promoting incidents that have occurred in his active life. He has served as a bishop, high councilman, stake missionary, and is currently the patriarch of the Kaneohe Hawaii Stake.

Kenneth W. Baldrige
Director, Oral History
BYU--HC

Laie, HI 96762
1 December 1981

TABLE OF CONTENTS

<u>TAPE</u>	<u>TRANSCRIPT</u>	
<u>Side A</u>	<u>Page</u>	
000	1	Narrator's introduction
034	1	Birth in Tooele County, Utah; family background; return to Hawaii
120	1	Life on Kalopa Homestead; incident of visitors bringing food; example of parents; incident of near-loss of farm
280	3	Unfortunate incident at Kalopa Branch; death of wife
366	4	Mission call; labors on Kauai; return to Oahu; remarriage for six years; final remarriage
449	5	Mission call to Guam; influence of inspiration; spread of the gospel in Guam
511	6	END OF SIDE A
<u>Side B</u>		
000	8	Church services; experience as choir soloist, 1966
304	9	Memories of earlier days in Hawaii; growth of the Church; personal testimony
362	10	END OF INTERVIEW

[000]

Int:

[This is August] 8, 1980. We are in the Relief Society room of the Kailua Third Ward of the Kaneohe Stake. Bishop Kamauoha and his wife Leimomi are present here this day. I talked with Bishop Kamauoha previously in our interview and he agreed to be my subject for this oral history class.

He will at this time take over because he has prepared a beautiful outline of materials; he has his own material and he has had a beautiful life and I'm sure we will all appreciate and enjoy the many things that this great man has accomplished here in this specific area. I now turn the time over to bishop and stake patriarch Andrew N. Kamauoha.

AK:

I am Andrew Noelani Kamauoha, Patriarch of the Kaneohe Hawaii Stake. I am sixty-five years old, born October 2, 1915 at Tooele County, Utah. I am of Hawaiian-Samoan-English extraction. My family consisted of my parents, and nine children, three boys and six girls. My mother, Ella Brunt, at the age of fourteen, left British Samoa and went to Utah to learn more about the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Her father Andrew Brunt was a business man in Samoa. He built a large two-story home for his family. He was not a member of the Church but was impressed with its teachings.

At one time, he came to the defense of the missionaries even at the cost of a fine to himself. He wanted his eldest child, my mother, to learn about the Church and for this reason she was sent to Utah. While in Utah, she lived in the home of Pres. William M. Waddoups and at the age of nineteen, she was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Later, she met my father, John Kamauoha, a pure Hawaiian who had lived nineteen years on the mainland. He was a musician and mine worker. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple.

There was a Hawaiian colony in Iosepa, Tooele County, Utah. These Polynesians came to Utah to join in the great gathering movement carried on by the Church during the early days of its existence. Iosepa is a Hawaiian word for Joseph. This next event I will be giving, was taken from a history of Iosepa, the Utah Polynesian colony.

In 1854, Joseph F. Smith, a lad of fifteen, went to the Hawaiian Islands as a missionary. The people with whom he labored called him "Iosepa". All through his life, he helped the Hawaiians in every way possible. In 1880, he was sustained as second counselor in the First Presidency, which position he held until 1901, when he was sustained as President of the Church. The colony was called "Iosepa" in his honor. By the spring of 1917, twenty-eight years after the founding of Iosepa, it came to an end. Our family lived with this Hawaiian colony. We returned to Hawaii, the Hawaiian Islands, living in Kalopa Homestead on a twenty acre cane farm land which we were allowed to purchase from the government.

Every member of the family worked on the farm to make ends meet. At seven years old I worked very hard on the farm. There was no time to play. In those days, children walked eight miles to and from school. For transportation, the teachers rode horses. At our school, teachers were very strict, in fact, I would consider a few of them cruel. My education was limited, due to financial difficulties. To help my family, I being the older son, worked at the young age of fourteen, doing a man's job to earn the pay.

We were so poor that sometimes there was scarcely any food in the home for the family. I remember one night when I was twelve years old, we had all gone to bed. About midnight there was a loud knocking at the door. This was rather strange since our dogs didn't even bark. Also, if anyone came by car, we could hear the car door slam and hear their footstep coming down the narrow pathway to our home. We didn't hear anything except the loud knocking on the door. I jumped out of bed and came to the bedroom door to see who was at the front door. In the meantime, my father got up, turned up the parlor kerosene lamp, and then he opened the door. I saw two young haole men who looked like missionaries. However, they didn't have coats or hats on as the missionaries wore in our area. One of them was carrying a large box. He said to my father, "This is for you, Brother Kamauoha". My father thanked them and they left. Again our dogs didn't bark which was very unusual. No one could enter our yard without our dogs barking. We didn't hear the footsteps, as they left, going up the pathway, and neither did we hear the car door slam or car engine start. I quickly ran to see what was in the box. I was surprised and happy to find it filled with groceries. Our cupboard was bare and only the Lord knew we had nothing to eat for the next day. The nearest grocery store was four miles away. The town closed at 7:30 P.M. As long as we lived in that area, we never saw those two strangers again. No one else in our community saw them either. How did you know my father's name? Often these run through my mind. Who were they? Where did they come from? Where did they go? Who sent them to us with food in time of need? In my heart, I know it was Heavenly Father. I humbly acknowledge His hand in the daily affairs of our lives.

[200]

In our home, we had daily family prayers. Sometimes, when my father prayed, I would peek to see if the Lord was standing next to him because he was such a spiritual man. Dad was a loving father. We were never spanked by him. We learned by his examples. When he died, someone said at his funeral service, "There lies a man without guile."

I will now share with you a faith-promoting story about this. My parents had mortgaged our farm because of a depression in Hawaii. Jobs were scarce and money was scarce. We couldn't meet the mortgage payments. One day, we received a letter from the bank informing us that unless payments were made by a specific date, the mortgage would be foreclosed. No matter how hard we

tried we couldn't raise the money for the payments. On that day, I went to school, as did my brothers and sisters, heavy-hearted because we realized that our home and farm would be taken over by the bank. We didn't know where to turn to as far as someone to live with but we had fasted and prayed.

My mother went to the bank to let them know that we could not meet our obligations. Feeling very sad, she slowly mounted the stairway leading to the bank. Much to her surprise she saw the bank manager coming to meet her. She said to herself, "My, that greedy man can't wait till I get to his office to take my property away." But lo, to her surprise, he gently helped her up the stairs and took her to his office and made her sit in his chair. After she was seated he then said; "Mrs Kamauoha, the board of directors held a meeting and decided that you and your family are good financial risk. Therefore, go home and take care of your family and the farm and pay us when you are able to do so. Don't worry!" Tearfully, my mother thanked him, sobbing quietly as she left the bank. When we came home from school with heavy hearts, mother broke the good news to us. There was great rejoicing in our home and we kneeled in prayer as my father thanked the Lord. Because of always paying an honest thithe, the Lord blessed us.

When I was eighteen years I moved back to Oahu. Later I met a young lady whom I married. We decided to move back to the Kalopa homestead to help with the family farm on the island of Hawaii. One Sunday my family experienced a very sad and humiliating incident. On this particular sacrament meeting at the Kalopa Branch, my father and I were assigned to bless the sacrament. At that time, he was the second counselor in the branch presidency and I was an elder. As the congregation sang the sacrament hymn, my father and I washed our hands and were just about to prepare the sacrament when it happened! The branch president stood up in the middle of the singing and pointing his finger at my father and me said, "Stop, you can't bless the sacrament, your daughter in Honolulu has tuberculosis and you might give the germs to the members." What would you have done if you were in our place? I felt a sharp pain run through my heart like someone had thrust a sharp knife through it. I stood rooted to the floor for a moment and then with tear-filled eyes and bowed heads, my father and I, in deep humiliation, walked out of the chapel. My mother, my brothers and sisters and my wife followed us. We lived about a block and a half from the church. At that time, my wife and I were living with my parents. We sat in the parlor a long time in silence. Each in his own thoughts. Finally we couldn't hold back the tears any longer. We all burst out crying as if our hearts would break. After a long while when he had no more tears to shed, my wonderful, humble father said, "Never mind children, this is God's Church, next Sunday we will go to church again." As long as I live I will never forget how our souls cried out in deep anguish to the Lord.

For the next three months, we attended church regularly, but my father and I were not allowed to bless the sacrament. I could have stopped this foolish situation we were in by telephoning directly to the mission president in Honolulu. My father said to me, "Never mind, son, we will do as he says since he is the branch president." I thank the Lord for wonderful parents and for their deep fervent testimony.

Later Dad was called to be the next branch president. In later years I served as a counselor in the branch presidency. Because of my father's great examples, my brothers and I have tried to follow in his footsteps. At one time, all three of us were serving in different bishoprics at the same time. Later two became bishops. Today, I am a patriarch and my two brothers are high councilmen.

The greatest tragedy of my life was the loss of my wife at the time of her five months pregnancy. She died at the early age of twenty-five, leaving behind three little children ages one, three, and five. Because of inaccurate diagnosis, she died suddenly in the hospital. I was bowed down with grief with three motherless children but so grateful that we were sealed as a forever family in the House of the Lord. Later, even though I had three children I was called on a short term mission of eight months.

In the year 1953, there was a great shortage of missionaries in Hawaii. The mission president, President [Ernest A.] Nelson [President, Hawaii Mission 1951-54] sent his son who was a missionary in our area to ask me to serve on a short term mission. I refused the call not because I didn't want to serve but because of the situation that existed then. My father had died leaving a farm land of twenty acres of sugar cane. My mother was in her sixties and had only my three children to help her. The cane was our only means of support. It took eighteen to twenty-two months for the cane to reach maturity. In the meantime, we had to buy our daily necessities. Everything was charged until the cane was harvested, at which time we would pay off our bills and our church obligations. The missionaries approached me the second time. My family and I decided that I should go to serve the Lord and that the Lord would take care of our family affairs. I sold my 1946 Ford sedan for \$600.00, and gave my mother most of the money. I bought two suits, temple garments and few other necessities. I called my children together, ages twelve, fourteen, and sixteen, and told them to try and be of great help while I was gone.

The Honokaa Branch [which the family attended after Kalopa Branch was discontinued] helped to support me on the mission, giving me \$25.00 a month and my mother supported me, giving the same amount which she used from her savings. I was sent to Honolulu to live in the mission home which was located by the Honolulu Stake Tabernacle with seventeen other missionaries on February 22, 1953.

On March 7, 1953, I was transferred to the island of Kauai. This short term mission was to have been six months but the mission president asked me to serve two extra months. At the end of the eighth month, some members of the Hanalei Branch approached the mission president and requested that I serve fourteen more months and that they would support me. President Nelson said to me, "Go home and take care of your widowed mother, and your children and your farm. You have no business being on the mission this long." I was honorably released on October 26, 1953. While I was on the mission, the Lord blessed us. My mother wrote to me, while I was on the mission, that in thirty-four years of raising sugar cane on our farm, this was the first time our harvest brought in so much money. Our neighbors, who also were sugar cane farmers, were very surprised. They couldn't understand how it was possible. We knew that the Lord was responsible for it, for He has said: "I the Lord am bound when ye do what I say, but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise." Our mission was ended. I was laden with leis and gifts, many tears were shed, we held up the plane for almost thirty minutes. I left Kauai on October 26, 1953.

After my mission I moved back to Oahu to work. To further my limited education, I attended night classes at the Honolulu Business College, taking up the subjects of bookkeeping, accounting, typing and business machines. I also attended University of Hawaii night extension courses in "Everyday Law" and special courses in criminology.

Eleven years after my wife's death, I remarried [about November, 1953, when he returned from his mission]. This was a civil marriage. After six years of marriage, she died of a heart attack due to a car accident. Four years later after her death, my present wife Leimomi and I were married. We have been sealed in the Salt Lake Temple. On August 6, 1977 to February 15, 1979, we both served a full time mission on Guam. It was a glorious mission. I would like to relate a few of the many spiritual missionary experiences we had on Guam.

On May 15, 1978, we were informed that two General Authorities were coming to Guam, Elder [Adney] Komatsu and Elder [John] Groberg. Since I was the co-zone leader with the mission president's assistant, President [Heber] Butler, I was assigned to meet them at the airport and to inform them of the meeting with all the missionaries. Sister Kamauoha and I obtained plumeria leis to present to them on their arrival at 3:00 P.M. When we arrived at the airport, not paying attention to the parking signs, I drove into the first parking lot. To my surprise the arm bar would not raise. Taking further notice of the parking sign, it read "Employee Parking lot." I was in the wrong place. I decided to reverse into the street and go to the right parking lot. I am so thankful that I didn't do that because I caught sight of another sign that read: "Do not reverse your car. Your tires

will be severely damaged," How could that possibly be, we thought. Anyway, we got out of the car and checked the back of the car. Sure enough, Sharp iron spikes had come out of the ground blocking my way. Had I reversed my car, my tires would have been ripped to shreds.

We stood surveying the situation with heavy heart. We couldn't go front neither back. The Lord loves His missionaries for the Holy Ghost came to my aid. This is the impression I had. "Go across the parking lot and there you will find a piece of lumber that the working man left behind. Get it and put it under your car and all will be well." I followed directions and indeed found the lumber and dragged it across the parking lot. I put it under my car on the sharp iron spikes and reversed slowly over it on to the main road. I then dragged the piece of lumber back to where I had found it. As we were driving to the right parking lot, Sister Kamaouha said to me, "How did you know there was a piece of lumber there? You seemed to know exactly where to go." And I answered, "The Holy Ghost told me." ^{We were} He was able to welcome our visitors and we had a very spiritual and uplifting missionary meeting.

[500]

Later as we pondered upon this incident, how so in life. Sometimes, we don't heed the signs Heavenly Father places along the way as we journey through life and we are trapped by the adversary and only Heavenly Father can come to our aid.

This next incident happened on June 17, 1978. On Friday night, we completed teaching the Panes family all the missionary discussions.

[509]

END OF SIDE A

Side B

[000]

So we challenged this family to be baptized on Saturday June 24, 1978. This family consisted of the parents, three children that were eligible for baptism and two who were not of baptism age. Mr. Panes said, "I am not ready but if my children and my wife want to, they can be baptized." The family said, "We want to be baptized together as a family." Mr. Panes said, "I will let you know next week Wednesday," and we said, "Let us know Monday instead." He agreed.

On that appointed Monday night, we returned to find out what Mr. Panes had decided. When we asked him about his decision, he said, "My wife will tell you," and this is the story she related to us.

She said, "This morning," meaning Monday morning, "We went with our pick-up truck to buy pig feed at a place call Tamuning, about

fourteen miles away. As we were leaving the parking lot our car brakes failed due to oil leakage. I said to my husband, "Call the police to help us." He said, "No. If I call the police, they'd hold our car until it's repaired and we will not be able to meet with Elder and Sister Panes. Let's take a chance and drive slowly." Sister Panes said, "I prayed and cried all the way." But she said, "They were tears of joy and not of sorrow. As they drove slowly along the highway, they noticed that all of the traffic lights, seven of them, turned green for them until they reached home safely without having to stop at any time. Sister Panes said, "We will be baptized." The next day, we decided out of curiosity to go that route and see what would happen with the traffic lights. We were able to get only three green lights out of seven.

On Saturday, after the baptism of the Panes family, the ward had light refreshments. During this time Brother Panes said to us, "After I was baptized, I stuck my hand in the pants pocket and found a dime." He said, "Before the baptism I checked the pants and the pockets were empty. My wife ironed the pants and there was nothing in the pockets." We told him that we had also checked the pants pockets and they were empty. Sister Kamaoha jokingly said to him, "Maybe it fell out of somebody's pocket and floated into your pocket." Sister Panes gave the best explanation. "That is the Lord's way of reminding you to pay your ten percent tithing." About three days after the Panes family was baptized, their young daughter Laline, age fourteen, received a note from her girl friend. The note read: "I am sorry, I can no longer play with you because you are now a Mormon." Later, Brother Panes was able to baptize his eight-year old son. Through the help of President [Robert] Schnitte, [then president, Kaneohe Hawaii Stake] Mennet their oldest daughter was able to obtain a scholarship at BYU--Hawaii. She is now serving a full-time mission in the Illinois-Chicago North Mission.

[100]

On Christmas Eve, December 24, 1977, I had a beautiful dream; I found myself standing outside the apartment while beautiful snow flakes began falling on me and covered the ground. As I stood admiring the beautiful snow flakes, I said to myself, "What! Snow flakes on Guam?" The reason why I said this was because Guam is very hot. The next day I pondered on this dream and the interpretation came to me that the gospel would be spread on Guam covering the whole island. When I told our district leader about this dream, he came up with this scripture found in Luke 18: 27, "The things which are impossible with men are possible with God." The dream had its realization for at the close of December 31, 1978, thru the combined efforts of all of us twelve missionaries, seventy-two people were baptized. This was a very large number in comparison to previous years.

We are happy that our son and daughter also served full time missions in Taiwan and South New Zealand. Just recently our grandson was called to the Tokyo South Mission. He will report on

September 4, 1980, to the missionary training center in Provo, Utah,

I have served the Lord in several capacities of the Church and through this service, my testimony has grown tremendously. I have served in all the auxiliaries of the church except the Relief Society. I have served as the elders quorum president, served fourteen years in the bishopric, seven of these years as bishop. Served as a member of the high council, served as temple ordinance worker, full time and stake missionary and now as a stake patriarch.

[200]

In the year 1966, while presiding over Kailua First Ward as the bishop, my wife Leimomi obtained permission from the Honolulu stake president to have our ward present a Christmas cantata at the Honolulu Stake Tabernacle. The choir director, Sister Pat Bean, asked me to sing a solo part of the "Mighty Angel." I refused, she insisted, I finally consented. I was sorry for having accepted the part. It was harder than being bishop. I realized that if I sang flat, the choir would start off flat and that would be a catastrophe. I became worried because I felt I was not a good singer. Because I had accepted I did something about it. I practiced and practiced and practiced, singing my part over and over. I sing to and from work, while in the shower, at work where I was a stake prison supervisor.

While supervising the work of the inmates, I would sing out and the inmates would stop working and listen to me. The prison guards stopped patrolling their beat, leaned their rifles against the wall and listened to me. The heavy equipment operator toned down the engine and listened to my singing. I practiced faithfully everyday and my wife always encouraged me. At our last choir practice it was agreed by all to fast the day of our performance and break the fast after the performance. After the performance, we would meet at our choir director's home and have a pot luck dinner.

I'm usually in the bishop's office every Sunday morning and I do not leave the church premises till 8 P.M. At our last choir practice, I left the office right after sacrament meeting and came home to rest for the night's Christmas performance. I changed into my pajamas, knelt by the side of my bed and prayed to Heavenly Father for His help that I might not sing off key and that I would be able to sing my part well. When I said Amen and rose to my feet something wonderful happened to me.

A voice seemed to vibrate through my soul saying, "Be assured I will help you." I was so thrilled and excited, I called to my wife with an urgency in my voice. She came rushing into the room. I told her what had happened and we were both so happy for Heavenly Father's assurance. I got into bed and slept soundly. The most restful sleep I had had in a long time.

That night at 8 P.M., we assembled in the choir loft in the Honolulu Stake Tabernacle, sixty-six strong in number. The women looked so beautiful in their long white dresses and red carnation leis and the men were so handsome with their black trousers, white dinner jackets with red lapels and red bow ties and red carnation leis. The tabernacle was filled to capacity, there was a feeling of Christmas there. It was time to begin. We could feel a great unity as we sang. Then my cue came for my solo part. As I began to sing, I noticed several people in the congregation whispering to each other. I'm sure they were saying, "We didn't know Bishop Kamauoha could sing." The Lord was with me that night for I sang on key and with great gusto. The choir was complimented and congratulated many times and I received congratulations also. But I thought the best compliment came from Bishop [Glenn L.] Lung of the Kaimuki Ward who is now a Regional Representative, when he said, "Bishop Kamauoha, you sang with so much gusto, I thought you were going to have a heart attack!"

[300]

The men's outfits which were rented was supposed to be paid half by our ward and half by the stake, but because our performance was so outstanding, the stake presidency decided to pay the whole bill, \$139.00. After the performance, we all met at Sister Bean's home to break our fast and to have a pot luck dinner. The performance was also successful due to the directing of our wonderful choir director, Sister Pat Bean.

I feel it is necessary at this time to present a picture of Hawaii as I knew it in my days of growing up. I lived in a golden era of time in Hawaii. The true aloha spirit existed. It was not uncommon for a stranger to be invited into a home to partake of the family's meal. Our doors were never locked because we trusted people. The rate of crime and juvenile delinquency was almost at a zero. It was safe to walk the streets at night no matter at what hour. There was harmony in most of the homes and the majority of children were obedient. School teachers were respected and vandalism was unheard of. Drugs were used only for medical purposes. Movies were wholesome and music was not ear shattering. The world was at peace.

The Church has grown. I remember when we were one mission. Today, there are eleven stakes and one mission. I have just given a few high lights in my life history. Sixty-five years cannot be covered on a one hour tape. Today our family consist of: six children, twenty-one grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

I am grateful to my parents for recognizing the truth and accepting the gospel of Jesus Christ. I know that God lives, and that He is truly our father. I am grateful to my elder brother Jesus Christ, for His great sacrifice and His sacred mission upon this earth and for the Prophet Joseph Smith who was an instrument in the restoration of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I love and sustain our Prophet Spencer W. Kimball. In closing, I leave the following counsel: Always let your daily thoughts and your daily actions reflect the will of Heavenly Father.

Today is Friday, August 8, 1980, Aloha

INT:

Thank you very much, Bishop Kamauoha, I really appreciate all the time and effort that you put into this; I realize that you spent a better part of a week working on this and you have told us a great many things; I am grateful that I am able to complete my assignment to the Oral History program of BYU--HC and I'm grateful that I had the special privilege of listening to this as you gave it because it is truly inspiring and ~~great~~^{faith} promoting and you've always been a very special person in my life. Thank you again, very much. This is Doris Dyal McCall; August 8, 1980. Aloha.

[362]

END OF INTERVIEW.

May-June 1980 vol. VII No. 4

NAMES IN THE NEWS

BY ALF PRATTE

John Kamauoha Set The Example

Former Hawaii resident John Groberg used the example of an LDS family from Hawaii as a major portion of his talk on "Writing Your Personal and Family History" at the May, 1980 Annual General Conference in Salt Lake City.

Elder Groberg of the First Quorum of the Seventy referred to the father of Kaneohe Stake Patriarch Andrew Kamauoha to illustrate "some one who had proper eternal perspective.

"Today over 100 souls in his family are active members of the Church and call their father, grandfather, and great grandfather blessed because he kept his eyes on eternity, because he used his priesthood to bless his family, and because he recorded his feelings." Elder Groberg said in a tribute to John Kamauoha of Kalopa.

Record Bulletin Jan. - Feb. 1982

3 Follow in Dad's Steps

Like father, like son. And son.
And son.

Some 50 years ago, John Kamauoha was branch president of the little Kalopa branch over on the Big Island's beautiful Hamakua Coast.

Life was hard for the branch's families, even harder for the branch president, who worked to build the branch while earning his living.

He told his three sons, John, Andrew and Edwin, that he hoped someday they could have the same spiritual experiences and growth he had enjoyed as branch president.

One son, Andrew, now Kaneohe

Stake patriarch, became bishop of Kailua ward, Kaneohe Stake, in 1964. He later was released and served a mission with his wife, Leimoni, in Guam.

His brother John, now a Hilo Stake high councilman, was bishop of Kilauea I ward in the early 1970's.

On Jan. 31 in Laie, Edwin "Eddie" Kamauoha was set apart as bishop of Laie IV ward, succeeding Bishop Baden Pere.

Edwin, like his two brothers, had also served previously as a Stake high councilman.

The Kamauoha brother bishops may be the only example in Hawaii (or any other State) of three members of one family who have been called to serve as bishops.

Aug. 31, '89

Dear Friends,

Aloha! Pardon the delay!
So good to hear from you folks. Glad all
is well with you both.

I suppose by now, you are
settled in your new home. Maintaining
a new home and lawn keep you
awfully busy. How's your health. I hope
you are both well and fit.

Pres. Hinlayson is leaving
soon for couple of months traveling around
The Country searching out his genealogy. I
need help. Hope they find a new
Patriarch to help me. I told the Stake
Pres. if I can't handle too many, I'll have
to send them to other patriarchs outside
our Stake.

Just returned from Utah. Went
to enjoy the Centennial. The Hawaiian
Colony at Josepa, Skull valley, Tooele
County, Utah was founded in 1889-1989,
one hundred years ago. A large group

from Hawaii attended, they ^{had} an affair
at State Capital, fireside at Temple Square
where Pres. Monson presided, got lunch dinner
at the park. Also, they held 2 luaus. I had
a chance to speak at the Capital and at the
dedicatory service. My brother ~~was~~ Coordinating
the whole affair.

He helped raise \$37,000 for the
beautiful statue. Pres. Hinckley presided and
dedicated the statue. Sis. Hinckley unveiled
the statue.

The saddest part of this whole
~~affair~~ affair was caused by some foolish
Hawaiians from Laie, who picketed the
Temple and also at the dedicatory service.
It was shown on 3 T.V. stations and they
mentioned Hawaiians from Hawaii.
Other than that, I enjoyed my trip.

I went to the Jordan Temple, so
statelike and beautiful. Also, attended my
brothers Stake conference.

Amazed that everything in
Utah so cheap, especially the fruits.

Closed with warmest Aloha

Andrew & Laimoni

Dec. 18, 1989

Dear Wade & Doris,

Andrew and I had gone to Maui to spend the Thanksgiving Holiday with our daughter and her family. We arrived there on Wednesday and during the following days there was no indication of any health problem. In the first hours of Sunday, he took ill and was taken to the hospital. He passed away later that day due to a heart attack.

It was so unexpected!

I will miss him so much for I love him dearly.

He was a good, outstanding husband and a devoted family man but most of all he loves the Lord.

There are so many happy memories to recall because we did so many things together.

He did love both of you.

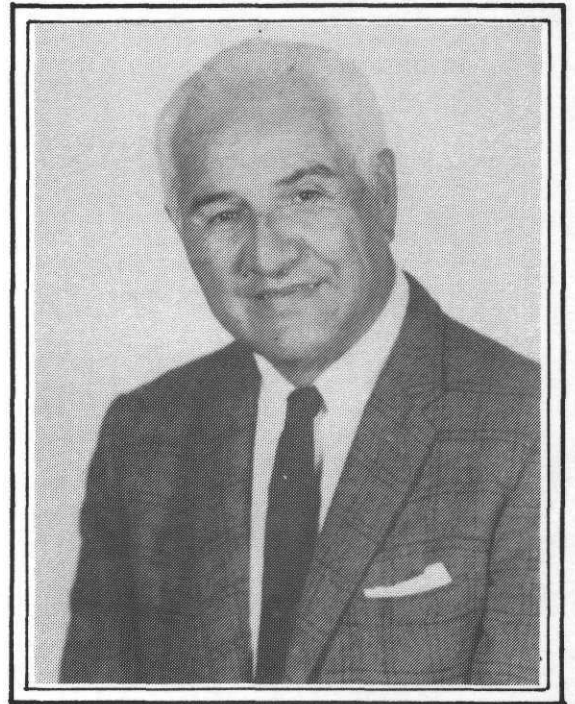
With love, Leonie

P.S. I'm enclosing the
~~a~~ copy of the services.

**ANOTHER
FAVORITE
SCRIPTURE**

**That which is of God is light;
and he that receiveth light,
and continueth in God,
receiveth more light; and that
light groweth brighter and brighter
until the perfect day.**

**DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS
50:24**



**ANDREW KANOELANI
KAMAUOHA**

Kaneohe Stake Patriarch

**Therefore take no thought,
saying, What shall we eat?
or, What shall we drink? or,
Wherewithal shall we be cloth-
ed?**

**(For after all these things
do the Gentiles seek:) for your
heavenly Father knoweth that ye have
need of all these things,**

**But seek ye first the king-
dom of God, and his righteous-
ness; and all these things shall
be added unto you.**

**ST. MATTHEW 6
31-33**

**A MEMORIAL SERVICE
DECEMBER 2, 1989**

**PRESIDING: BISHOP MEINERT R. MACKENZIE
CONDUCTING: BISHOP MEINERT R. MACKENZIE**

**CHORISTER/CHOIR DIR: DORISSE COATS
ORGANIST: MARSHA HEINZ
PIANIST: KATHY GARDNER**

**OPENING HYMN:
How Great Thou Art-Pg.86**

**INVOCATION:
John K. Kamauoha**

**MUSICAL SELECTION:
Love One Another
(Violin-Dorisse Coats, Organ-Marsha Heinz,
Piano-Kathy Gardner)**

**EULOGY:
Florence (Kamauoha) Keala
and
Leimomi Kamauoha**

**CHOIR SELECTION:
As The Dews From Heaven Distilling
(Accompanied by: Piano-Noelani Patane
and Flute-Nalani Ching)**

**SPEAKER:
Howard Hall**

**CHOIR SELECTION:
I Believe In Christ**

**BISHOP'S REMARKS:
Bishop Meinert Mackenzie**

**CLOSING HYMN:
God Be With You -Pg. 152**

**BENEDICTION:
Edwin Kamauoha**

**BURIAL DEDICATORY
SERVICE
HAWAIIAN MEMORIAL PARK
3pm**

PALL BEARERS:

**David Keala
Kaluna Keala
Andrew Kamauoha
Kekoa Kamauoha
Don Colburn
Coppin Colburn**

SONG by FAMILY AND FRIENDS:

I Am A Child Of God

**I am a child of God,
And He has sent me here,
Has given me an earthly home
With parents kind and dear.**

**Lead me, guide me, walk beside me,
Help me find the way.
Teach me all that I must do
To live with him some day.**

DEDICATORY PRAYER:

Richard Holokahi

**PLEASE RISE AS DECEASED AND FAMILY EXIT.
Thank You**