MY HAWAI'I
STORY CONTEST
2018

A collection of stories and poems about Hawaii's environment written by middle school students of Hawaii.
PROJECT PARTNERS

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Aloha, we are pleased to present the 2018 My Hawai‘i Story Anthology. Now in its twelfth year, the My Hawai‘i Story project is an environmental writing contest for middle school students in the state of Hawai‘i. Our goal is to foster and encourage stewardship of the environment and build a literary culture of conservation among Hawaii’s youth through creative writing.

We invited 6th, 7th, and 8th grade students from schools across the state to address the theme, “Ulu ka lālā i ke kumu: From a strong foundation grows an abundant future,” to align with the 2018 Hawai‘i Conservation Conference theme. “Ulu ka lālā i ke kumu,” is an Hawaiian ‘ōlelo no‘eau (wise saying) that means, “the branch grows from the tree trunk.” The word kumu can mean foundation, trunk, base, source, and teacher. Lessons learned from our past prepare us for further growth and the evolution of conservation in Hawai‘i. The winning entries will be celebrated at the 2018 Hawai‘i Conservation Conference in Honolulu, Hawai‘i.

Mahalo to all participating students and teachers! We continue to be inspired by these talented students and give a special thanks to the teachers who encouraged them to write about the environment as part of their classwork. More than 280 students submitted a poem or story that represents their personal reflections on the environment, cultural values, kuleana, and stewardship. A panel of reviewers evaluated each anonymous entry according to the use of language, content, and creativity.

We are very grateful for the dedicated reviewers, partners, and sponsors that contribute their valuable time and ongoing support to make the annual contest a success and publication of the Anthology possible. With the publication of this Anthology, 300 middle school students have had their stories and poems published. The My Hawai‘i Anthology contributes to a collection of youth-authored literature that is unique to Hawai‘i.

We hope that students will continue to express concern for our island environment, not only through their writing, but also by encouraging their families and friends to care for and protect the land, sea, and sacred places for future generations. We look forward to the contest next year and encourage students and schools from across the state to participate.

June 2018
MAHALO NUI LOA

~ to our superstar reviewers: William (B.J.) Awa, Maria Carnevale, Kapua Chandler, Jacey Choy, Lillian Coltin, Amanda Dillon, Elizabeth Fien, Patricia Godfrey, Takiora Ingram, Mahealani Kauahi, Fiona Langenberger, Tara Meggett, LorMona Meredith, Tamara Moan, Cindy Orlando, Craig Santos-Perez, Rachel Reeves, Jodie Rosam, Shelley Steele, and Krysten Tomaier.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Reflections From Rare Birds by Kellen Apuna.................................................................7
My Hawai‘i by Noah Asano.................................................................................................9
Makana Ola by Leila Baqui..................................................................................................11
Hamau Ka Leo, A Quiet Shoreline by Cameron Cornforth.............................................13
The Strong ‘Ulu Tree: Ikaika ka ‘Ulu by Jaya DeSilva..................................................15
Becoming My Hawai‘i by Kapua Jay................................................................................17
Hanohano ‘o Maui by Chase Kamikawa............................................................................19
Where is Our Hawai‘i? by Dustin Kealoha......................................................................21
My Hawai‘i, My Love by Alana Kincaid..........................................................................23
Punalu‘u by Kaimana Klein..............................................................................................25
Kau‘i’s Place by Kaydence Lilio........................................................................................26
A Stick With A Story by Shaelyn Loo...............................................................................29
Life in The Eyes of The Koa by Mālie Lyman.................................................................32
The Beauty Of Family by Mariah Mapa............................................................................34
A Blade Of Pili Grass by Hāla‘i Napu‘elua......................................................................36
A Seed So Small, A Tree So Tall by Kahala Neumann..................................................39
I’ve Got Moloka‘i on My Mind by Amaia Nihipali-Sabol..............................................41
News of the Nēnē by Payton Oliveria..............................................................................44
Kekahi Hopena Pule Ma Kaho‘olawe by Wainohia Peloso.............................................46
We Will Rise by Kassidy Pieper......................................................................................49
Jewels of the Forest by Huki Plunkett..............................................................................51
The Past Is The Way To The Future by Maile Riddarskjold.........................................53
No ko Mākou mau Kūpuna by Regan Riley....................................................................55
Ko‘a Coral by Moanahiwalani Walker............................................................................57
Keep The Āina Thriving by Jaime Wond.........................................................................59

GLOSSARY...........................................................................................................................61
As I took a step onto the wooden planks of the balcony overlooking the marsh, a sense of excitement surged over me. I was visiting the Honouliuli Unit of the Pearl Harbor National Wildlife Refuge in search of a pair of garganey that had recently been reported by another birder (birdwatcher). No, a garganey is not some kind of horribly-mutated monster from a horror movie, but rather a duck from Europe and Asia that for some strange reason, decided to make a stop in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Yeah. No big deal, just a duck from somewhere in Europe or Asia. This is Hawai‘i, remember?

I scanned the pond with my binoculars, and quickly found all of the native waterbirds. ‘Alae ke‘oke‘o chased each other around, all the while splashing the ae‘o, who got caught in the crossfire of what is basically a bird splash fight. In complete contrast, a few ‘alae ‘ula hid in the reeds lining the pond, occasionally stepping out into the open for a few quiet moments. Koloa hybrids dabbed in the mud, while the final native waterbird, the ‘auku‘u, hunched grumpily, waiting for the right moment to strike a fish. Aside from the lovable and quirky kōlea, many other wetland birds migrate to the Hawaiian islands. This year, a cackling goose, the ancestor of the nēnē, and a few white-faced ibises appeared. This was one of those surreal moments that we birders practically live for!
As the ‘alae keʻokeʻo continued to have brief splashy-skirmishes, I began to wonder why some of our native water birds were considered endangered. They seemed to be quite common and happy here! But then, it hit me. How many protected wetlands like this, exist on O‘ahu? Around six have been established, but this in no way compares to how extensive wetlands were before western contact. Like the feeling of excitement that rolled over me earlier, I now felt sorrowful and worried about the future of Hawaii’s unique bird species.

So what to do? What could we do to help our imperiled friends? I thought about it until I realized that I could practically be standing on part of the solution! The very refuge I saw standing on was a perfect example of conservation in action. If this protected habitat is excellent enough to host rare birds from Europe and Asia, then it certainly is doing a good job of protecting all of the native birds that it hosts! If we could protect our current wetlands like we do with the Pearl Harbor National Wildlife Refuge, then we certainly can help what remains!

By now, it was getting late in the afternoon, but there was still no sign of the garganey pair. The final straw came when I almost had a mini heart-attack as a pair of ducks swam by, which turned out to be just kōloa. I decided to call it a day, but went home feeling satisfied, as even though I had not seen the garganey, I realized how I can help contribute to the well-being of Hawaii’s environment!
Where I live the ocean is full of life
The wind hits your face with a hint of salt
The fish swim in the sea without a care
Native plants and animals call this place home
Some of them found only here
Nowhere else in the world

These plants and animals are a big part of my Hawai‘i
These native plants are dying out however
Being smothered to the point of endangerment
What’s the cause of this?
Us
We don’t take care of the land
We litter, We pollute,
We introduce invasive species
There are more problems we cause than any single person could fix

We are the problem but we can also be the solution
Even doing little acts of aloha ‘aina can make a difference
We can be the change
Picking up trash you see
Pulling out invasive algae when you are at the beach
Volunteer work
Anything helps, If we all do it.

My Hawai‘i is important to me
I would do anything and everything for my home
Wouldn’t you?
Be the change for the better
MAKANA OLA

by Leila Baqui
Kamehameha Schools Maui

As I feel the bright morning breeze flow through my hair
I race to the ocean without a scare
As I press my hand on the burning sand
I reflect on what my kūpuna risked to protect this land
Our kūpuna made a strong foundation
But now we’re diverting in this generation
I will be a leader and do what is right
I will follow my kūpuna and win over every fight
Like a tree, the most important thing is your roots
And to stay firm and produce ripe fruit
As the sky turned orange and pink and the sun was falling asleep
I watched the sun disappear into the mountains so deep
I took a long walk home to reflect on my day
I thought of my roots and my kūpunas’ ways
As I got home it felt like the stars were calling me
So, as I laid on the grass and I dreamt of how life without my kūpuna and the firm foundation would be
The sky turned dark and stars glistened high
I spotted a shooting star at the corner of my eye
I dreamt of my future and what it would hold
To me the lessons my kūpuna taught me were pure gold
HAMAU KA LEO, 
A QUIET SHORELINE

by Cameron Cornforth
Innovations Public Charter School

Hamau ka leo, a quiet shoreline
A constant tide, bringing in i’a and honu
Then taking them back to the ocean
A koholā, breaching into the sun
A ‘elepaio, singing merrily
A he’e with a fresh catch
Two keiki skimming across the border of the water and the sand
A kulāwi for all, land, air, and sea
A hō’ihi for all, land, air, and sea

A patch of garbage floating out somewhere
A six-pack ring going to nowhere

A honu swimming out somewhere
A snack she sees in the middle of nowhere
Two keiki skimming across the beach
A sad surprise they’re soon to reach

A choking honu, gasping out for air
Two keiki know what decision is most fair

A mangled six-pack ring, lying in the ‘ōpala
Two young keiki, sitting by the water
A relieved honu, crawling back to sea
A kulāiwi shoreline hō‘ihi
THE STRONG ‘ULU TREE:
IKAIKA KA ‘ULU

by Jaya DeSilva

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

In the valley he stands,
Kū, the great god of war
But a god is not what I see
It is the Strong ‘Ulu Tree
Like a monument of times past
Taller than any brick building
Tall
Ki‘eki‘e
Proud
Ha‘aheo
Strong
Ikaika
Kū saw the food
Whither away
The rain
Hide in the clouds
Kū gives his human body
To feed the people he loves
Tall
Ki‘eki‘e
Proud
Ha‘aheo
Strong
Ikaika
In the valley he stands  
Roots dug deep  
For generations he has stood  
And he will stay for generations more  
For he has a source so strong, it is impossible to make him fall  
Tall  
Ki’eki’e  
Proud  
Ha’aheo  
Strong  
Ikaika  
Hawai‘i is different now  
Though we have food  
We lack culture  
Though we have rain  
Our tears are enough  
No longer can we say, we stand  
Tall  
Ki’eki’e  
Proud  
Ha’aheo  
Strong  
Ikaika  
But the stars that dance in the sky are the same  
The sun still chases the moon until dawn  
The sky is the same shade of blue  
The eternal connections so strong  
And the Strong ‘Ulu Tree still stands in the whistling wind  
Singing the ancient song  
Tall  
Ki’eki’e  
Proud  
Ha’aheo  
Strong  
Ikaika
BECOMING
MY HAWAIʻI

by Kapua Jay

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

Listen, and you will hear
The oli that tells us of our kūpuna
The deep voice chanting to the beat of the ipu
Hear the voices that guide you

Look and you will see
Towards the stars that guide the night
Old hands teaching us how to measure the sky
See the hands that teach you

Reach out, and you will feel
Into your naʻau, and feel them
Use and learn what they knew
Feel the values they lived

Take a deep breath
Smell the plumeria lei, and the roasting puaʻa
Remember ancient recipes
Take what you know
Live enriched in their values
Because thoughts lead to actions
And actions lead to habits
So make aloha a habit

When you reach into the earth
You leave a piece of your mana
If you leave aloha
It will begin a strong foundation
Sustaining generations to come
Teaching those in the future
The values that they used
The values that you lived
And the values they should

Nurture what ‘ike you have
To start the Hawai‘i they knew
To become the Hawai‘i they loved
To become my Hawai‘i
Our Hawai‘i
Ka mālie o Kula • The calmness of Kula... As the hau wind of Kula gently touches my face, I am proud of where my kūpuna came from and where we are as a Hawaiian nation. The traditions of our kūpuna are still carried on in many places just like Kula. Our kūpuna made sure that the roots of the future generations were paʻa so that we could grow and perpetuate what we were meant to do. As I visit Kula, the nāulu rain refreshes my face. I look out on the horizon and I see hope for the future generations of our lāhui. Since our roots are firmly grounded, I am reassured that our lāhui will be secure. As I continue my journey up the beautiful mauna Haleakalā, I can hear the native honeycreepers singing their songs of freedom and longevity.

I ka hikina, aia ka lā, e ala ē! • In the east, there is sun, arise! As I dig my feet up the treacherous red-dirt mountain, the sun beams dance upon my face. I glance down at the parched ground, I see the different generations of the ʻāhinahina. From the deep-rooted adults, to the new, fresh offspring. Each new bud a reflection of blooms past, in the image of their mākua. This is a sacred place for the Hawaiian culture as it puts everything in my busy life aside and opens room for me to take in the sacredness of this place. My descent from this
majestic mauna was nothing but beautiful. I made a quick stop at Hosmer Grove where native species of manu and lā‘au grow. I can see the color of the kāmano lehua striking me with its radiant color. With a long journey ahead to the East side of Maui, I can’t wait to see what new experiences I will gain.

_Eō Hāna, a i ka Uakea • Call out Hana, with the famous uakea mist..._ As the car twists and turns down the narrow, absurd road, there are little viewing areas where we can take in Hāna’s beauty. As I approach Wai‘ānapanapa, I can feel the mana from previous generations that were here before me. There were several kūpuna here also taking in what Hāna had to offer. I asked them about their traditions and their practices that date back to when they were keiki learning from their mākua. By just having a little chat with them, I gained so much _‘ike_ that would have been otherwise lost. I visited Hale ‘Upena, or a net-making house. My _‘ohana_ that reside on Maui are skilled fishnet makers that have been passing on the family tradition for years. They taught me a little history about the fishnet and how I can keep the legacy going. I am the new branch growing on our skilled tree. Coming out of Hāna and headed back to central Maui, I can sense the sacredness of Kihei and why it was so important to our kūpuna.

_Ke kapu ‘o Kihei • The sacredness of Kihei..._ When I look out to the horizon in Kihei, Lāna‘i and Moloka‘i are peeking just where the sky meets the sea. It made me realize how closely knit we are, just like a lei. We need to pa‘a as a Hawaiian kingdom in order for our branches to grow. Gazing at mauna Kahalawai, I flashback to when our kūpuna had their ahupua‘a system and many more thriving systems that made us who we are today. Kihei made me realize that as a nation, we are bound like a maile lei. Alone we are nothing, but together, we make a lei.

_O Maui a‘o Kama nō ē ka ‘oi! • Maui of Kama is definitely the best!_ The _‘ōlelo noe‘au E kūpa‘a no nā kau a kau_ says to “Stand firm in all seasons...” This huaka‘i made me realize that our nation has our roots dug deep. We need our kūpuna to teach the Hawaiian practices that were done in the wā kahiko times to our keiki so that our culture grows strong and we have many branches continuously growing off of our lā‘au.
WHERE IS OUR HAWAI‘I?

by Dustin Kealoha
Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

I stand on the grounds of my kūpuna
Gazing across this concrete jungle
Have we come to this?
On the lands where lofty trees once stood
Behold concrete fingers
Stripping away Hawai‘i’s beauty
But in the mountains
I see a thriving culture
A flourishing people

I see the paths our ancestors once walked
Feet treading through thick mud
Stepping from the boggy grounds
The prints they have left
Forever embedded within the ‘āina

I see their many hands at work.
Reaching into the smoothness of the water
To relieve the crust from their flesh
On the lands that provide their sustenance
I see their connection
Nourishing the kalo
Like a system of veins
They trace along the roots
Connecting back to the corm
The ‘āina
Their kūpuna

I see the dwelling of hāloa
Spread across the valley
Lush, fertile kalo
Growing abundantly

The roots they have planted
Grow throughout the fields
Continuing to flourish

Must it all be hidden in the mountains
Masked behind a concrete sheet
Pushed away by the invaders of our land?
Where is our Hawai‘i?
MY HAWAIʻI, MY LOVE

by Alana Kincaid

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

I watch
The sky
The wind
The sturdy boat under me
The sheet line
The feeling of pure happiness and of flight
This is me
Grasping the light gray rope so tightly that the feeling
I remember as fingers is gone
Shifting my weight on the boat so we can fly
That is sailing
Under the cloudless vivid blue sky
With the wind fluttering at your back
Adjusting your weight and the sail
Smiling and laughing
With people who I may have just met
Or have known forever
All of us strangers or common faces all connected in this moment
Making us all feel as if it was only us, the ocean, the sky, and the wind
   The ocean as blue as a blueberry fresh off the bush
   Inviting you in for a swim
The wind whistling at you and blowing your hair this way and that way
   The sky the wonder that no one can figure out
   And then the wind picks up and you’re flying
   With the ocean spray dancing in the sunlight
And the dolphins leaping and laughing at us, creatures of land
   Their skin glistening in the rays of sunshine
Making me laugh when I didn’t even want to smile
   And up above the sun winking down at us
Warming us like we were sitting next to a campfire
   The people all around me, young and old, all taking it in
   All making this moment last forever in our minds
   The older and wiser, now free and young once again in their eyes
   The young and childish, gaping in wonder at their luck
   Everyone grateful and happy and free
This is the Hawai‘i that I will do anything to save
This is the Hawai‘i that must be conserved and saved for our future generations
This is the Hawai‘i that my children will stare in wonder at
This is the Hawai‘i that will make me smile in my last days
   This is my Hawai‘i, my love
Native birds fly high above with the stars at night
And the scales of fish glitter and shine in the red moon’s light
Turtle shells glimmer beneath her waves
She pushes them ashore, for they will lay their eggs

Coconut palms dance to songs of the past
And on the horizon the sun’s first light is cast
The early rays strike morning dew
Breaking dawn light anew, up with the sun and skies of blue

Turtles rest on the sandy beach
While ‘a‘ama crabs forage for something to eat
Down below under the changing tide fresh water flows from mauka to makai
Black sand of Punalu‘u a‘ohe lihi launa mai
On a gloomy day on the beautiful island of Kaua‘i, there lived a beautiful wahine named Kaui. Kaui had a beautiful large garden full of plenty of plants, fruits, and vegetables. This wonderful garden that was so beloved to her was passed down from generation to generation and now it belonged to Kaui. The garden was very much Kaui’s safe place. It was her place to continue to grow. Everytime the plants grew, Kaui grew. Her personality continue to blossom.

Kaui would sometimes use the techniques and ways of her ancestors, but was slowly learning to use tools that would help her get the job done more effectively. Everything that Kaui would do she would do with perfection, absolute perfection. Kaui was all about making her ancestors proud of how she was growing and how she was progressing in life.

When Kaui was about six years old, her beloved tutu died of a sickness, and because she was the only moʻopuna of her tutu in her family, the garden was passed down to her. Everyday after school, Kaui would ride her bike to her tutu’s house and meet her tutu for some delicious warm cookies, fresh from the oven, and milk.

While enjoying their delicious snack, Kaui’s tutu would say, “Kaui,“when I am gone you will have to take care of the garden, I will teach you everything I learned as a little girl, so that you will be able to carry on the tradition.” This
conversation of course stuck in Kaui’s brain, as she would think about the garden and her tutu. Kaui was determined to make her tutu proud.

About a week later, Kaui would start to learn the way of her ancestors, so that she could keep the garden thriving and growing. Her tutu would start from the basics. She would teach her how to evenly dispense the soil, how to place the seeds in the soil, and how often to water the garden.

Kaui was of course nervous, but the presence of her tutu made it that much easier to get the hang of it. Kaui said, “All I want is to make my ancestors proud. I just don’t wanna disappoint.” The pressure was on Kaui to make sure the garden stayed as amazing as how her tutu kept it. But the pressure of perfection wasn’t about to stop Kaui from achieving her goal.

A month later, Kaui’s tutu died and there was no longer anyone that Kaui could ask help from if she needed it. But did she need help? No. Kaui didn’t need any help, because she could do it all by herself. Kaui could do everything by herself, with absolute perfection. Her main goal was just to make her family proud.

Kaui struggled a bit trying to balance school and the garden, but she made the decision to go to a local college in Kaua’i. She balanced school, work, and the garden. She ended up graduating four years later with a degree in horticulture. Her job was basically to grow plants and she loved it.

Kaui got married to a local guy, and she and her husband, Kaimana, decided to build on property right next to the garden so that they could be near. Together they managed the garden for about three years before expanding their family. About a few years later, Kaui became a mother to three wahine named Kalani, Kamalei, and Kamea. Kaui continued to keep the garden in top shape, teaching
all of her daughters how to keep the garden in top shape. However one day, Kau'i became very ill and her last words to all three of her daughters were, "My beautiful wahine, I love you all very much." When I was your age, my tutu taught me everything I needed to know about the garden to carry on the tradition. Now it’s your turn. I believe I have taught you well about this beloved garden. So Kalani, because you are the oldest, the garden has been passed down to you. It will be yours, then Kamalei’s, and finally Alana’s. I want you to remember everything I taught all three of you and put it to work. I also want you to remember where the base of our families foundation started. Please girls, continue to build on the foundation, because now you guys will be the teachers for your keiki. I love you all so very much.”

On a dark cloudy night, Kau'i passed away. Her daughters were feeling the worst emotions because they lost their beloved mother. But all three of them together said, "Guys we can do this! Let’s make our ancestors, most importantly our makuahine, proud of us. We can do this!"

Today, the garden is thriving and now full of many different fruits, vegetables, and even kalo to make poi and other very delicious snacks. Kalani ended up getting a degree in horticulture just like her mom. She continues to run the garden with her two other sisters learning as her haumana. Everything they continue to grow is shared throughout the island of Kaua‘i. The daughters eventually named the garden “Kau'i’s Place.”

They continue to remember where the foundation started and they continue to honor their mother and their ancestors. When the foundation starts, it continues to grow from generation to generation, and it perpetuates the best qualities of life.
Early in the morning, as the mahina clocks out and the sun’s rays paint the sky, a group of Hawaiian keiki walk up into the mountains. Barefoot and tired they are soon filled with amazement as they take in the lush green life around them.

The cool mud squishing between their toes, tall trees teeming with vibrant green leaves. I was lucky enough to be one of the children amongst them. We all remain silent, the sounds of nature envelop us in serenity.

As we walk further into the mountain we reach our destination. The kumu leading the group lets out a sigh in wonder laced with a tinge of sadness. “The trees you see may seem beautiful but they are invasive strawberry guava.” How can something so beautiful be so harmful? I ask myself. “Today we will make staffs like our kūpuna did before us, used for walking, carrying things, and as spears,” kumu spoke.

The sixth graders gasped in joy, everyone excited for the new task at hand. A group of two, we were given a small knife, just a bit too big for us to grasp comfortably. We took turns choosing a tree to cut down. Cutting from the bottom to a height just above our foreheads. It felt like hours, even days.

Sawdust flew in the air, surrounding us all. It looked like ocean mist from a blowhole, but felt like sand as it came near us. Irritating our eyes, making us
sneeze, getting caught in our hair, and making us weak. Our arms ached from
the repetitive cutting motion and red ‘ōhi’a lehua-colored blisters started to form
on palms and fingers. After centuries of cutting, we all had a tree that was tall
enough for the maker. We headed back down to a clear field where we would
continue this tiring task.

I felt so much relief after getting out of that forest. I could breathe again without
sneezing and see without tears welling in my eyes. We were given knives to cut
off a small section from the top of the tree which we would later use to beat
the bark off of the stick. I let out a sigh as I got back to cutting and started
beating the bark. Chunks flew off, left, right, up, down, every which way and
as unpredictable as the 2017 presidential election or March Madness. A steady
beat rang in my ears with each hit like the pounding of a pahu drum. My hands
started to ache once more and my arm throbbed as each hit felt like it shook me
to the bone.

Tired, sore, dirty, and drained, I made my way to the river where I had to
complete my last step... sanding and shining the stick. The river was shallow and
there were more than 80 kids all trying to sand and buff their five foot sticks
before the sun went to sleep. I found a spot on the edge of the river and looked
for a smooth rock in the bubbling water that would be good for the job. It was
flat, textured, and perfect for the task.

As I shifted into a comfortable position, my feet entered the river. A calm
sensation filled my body after being cooled down from a day where the sun did
nothing but beat down on me. It felt as if I had lived in the desert all my life and
had just walked into a room with AC for the first time. It was absolute heaven.

I soaked the stick and drenched it with water as I rubbed the stone over parts
that had to be sanded. Another eternity went by as I buffed the stick and slowly
saw it transform from the rigidness of what an apple looks like after you’ve taken
a couple of bites out of it, to the smoothness of recently polished hardwood floors. I worked until the last minute to make the stick as nice as I could.

At the end of the day, as the lä clocks out and the mahina and hōkū become scattered in the sky. A group of Hawaiian keiki gather around in a field, all holding huge sticks that are the same height as them. They all talk and chat after a full day of hard work. It’s silly to think that a stick could mean so much to someone, I mean… it’s just a stick isn’t it? It’s no iPhone or MacBook Air.

It may just be a stick to you, but it’s MY stick!

Every time I look at it or think about it I’m reminded of the hard work I put into it and the mana’o that came along with it. It reminds me of my kumu that taught us to be hard workers like our kūpuna and to not always take the easier route, because if you do then the end product won’t mean as much to you. You will go your whole life without feeling the satisfaction of something you poured your heart and soul into and seeing it become successful.

Ever since then, I learned the value of hard work and perseverance through this experience. It has helped me go into middle school with a mindset that with hard work and determination you can do anything. Since then I have been striving in all of my classes leading me to where I am today. I am going to high school with four honors recommendations and the confidence that I will succeed. My kumu taught me more than how to make a stick, he taught me how to have solid morals that I can build on in the future to help me be successful.

These are lessons I will never forget and shall apply to my life, creating an abundant future from the kumu who has taught me. The choice is mine to make, the challenge is mine to take.
A long time ago, in an extraordinary place, I was planted by your kūpuna. I lived to see births, deaths, and everything in between. I grew for them and I am still growing for you today. My tale starts in ka wā kahiko, a time when there were few to no complications in Hawai‘i.

I was a sprout... young and small. Your ancestors were the ones to feed me, help me live. I grew up in the valleys of Kalihi, and the land was so open, so free. I could see the crystal blue ocean from my home, the mountains were emerald green... filled with mea kanu. The sky was clear blue with ‘i‘iwi gliding so gracefully. I could see everything, it was like heaven. Your kūpuna told lessons of knowledge to their keiki. I remember watching the maka‘āinana as they took care of their lo‘i kalo, all making sure they didn’t take all of the water for themselves. They knew how to ka‘analike and most of all they knew sustainability. Their lands were abundant with crops and fish. They took care of everyone like they were all one big ‘ohana. I could feel the warmth of the sun on my leaves as it shone
down in the clear blue sky. At night I could see all of the stars twinkling bright. The Makali‘i sisters watched over the people of Hawai‘i nei as they slumbered in their beautiful hale made of pili. The ua Kūkalahale was a gentle misty rain and soft as it trickled down onto my branches.

The time passed by, your kūpuna moved on, and their great-great-great-great grandchildren are now born. They grew up and had you and here we are now i kēia lā... today. You and me, me and you. I am now a small tree... thriving in this new environment filled with new technologies and new things. Your mākua are teaching you the lessons and the mo‘olelo of your kūpuna. Today, changes have happened, good and bad. Changes such as roads and houses. Everything is so different than I remember. The land is filled with buildings and cars galore. Barely any room for me to breathe. You, taking care of me, and me doing the same for you. Providing wood for your home, providing air for you to live, and shade for you to relax.

Moving on, you small children become adults. Teaching your keiki the lessons of which your kūpuna have taught your parents and grandparents. You will keep the lāhui Hawai‘i alive and you will help your keiki to grow as I am still growing for you today. Even with all of the troubles that are happening right now, you can get through this. You are the future and you will be depended on by your kūpuna who are watching over you. I will become a strong and tall Koa tree, and I will keep providing for you and your future family.
THE BEAUTY OF FAMILY

by Mariah Mapa
Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

Envision the sweet fragrance of the budding flowers
The birds chirping in the ocean of blue above the ground
The movement of the mountain holding history
Stories of this beautiful place
The crispy sizzle of the ocean as the waves crash into each other
Oh, these cotton candy skies never tell lies
Then there is a field, just full of rich blowing grass
Imagine in the middle of this field a big, basil green tree
Full of luscious blossoming leaves
Now imagine the optimistic people of Hawai‘i as those leaves
In this tree that we call home, Hawai‘i
Our tree would not be as flourishing if we didn’t have our roots
Our roots are what keep us grounded, what keeps Hawai‘i going
This tree was first planted from a seed, which became many roots
Now we have this foundation because of our roots
Our ancestors who did everything for us
Ulu Ka Lā Lā I Ke Kumu
From a strong foundation grows an abundant future
See I would compare us to a tree in many ways
That the field surrounding us is our crystal waters
That we are the leaves fluttering in the wind, nature’s soothing music
How our ancestors are our roots
Guiding Hawai‘i in the right direction
So we may stop surviving and begin to thrive
But Hawai‘i, unlike this tree, will continue to grow and live on forever
Our traditions, our culture, our language, will not die out!
A BLADE OF PILI GRASS

by Hālaʻi Napiʻelua
Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

We enter the gates of Mauna ʻAla where there are shouts erupting. People are walking in and suddenly there’s more and more people. The cold has set and buses come and go, dropping off passengers. As I stand near the large tree near the pavement, I can smell the scent of the air and the cold on my cheeks. And when everyone has finally arrived, we begin to march.

As we march down the winding roads, the wind rushes past my face. My legs ache as I continue to walk. The sound of gentle singing rings through my ears. The sound of songs soars through the horizon. Vibrant flags dance across my vision. As we walk, my thoughts grow heavier and heavier.

And so the singing grows louder and my legs ache more. We round a corner and I see kids flying their signs bolded with the words, “We Are Not Americans.” Vibrant flags are still waving in a crowd, but everything has seemed to have dulled out in my head. Sounds become muffled and I get even more lost in my own head. “We’re almost there,” a mother tells her tired child. I finally get myself out of my stupor as we get closer and closer to the gate of ʻIolani Palace.
When we finally enter I notice that the crowds are huge, people are spilling in through the gate and somebody has to separate the crowds to two sides. Groups of schools spill in, kids of all ages following their kumu. There are men clad in malo, many people marching with their Hae Hawai‘i as a kihei, others clothed in black.

Just across from the Palace, at the Capitol building, crowds gather together for Ku‘i at the Capitol 2018. People oli to our queen, offering their ho‘okupu. People dance hula, dressed in their white pā‘ū. Just attempting to walk up to the main floor where all the events are happening is a struggle what with people walking in and out. As I finally make my way up, I see people holding their papa and pōhaku.

I look at the large group and see parents with their children, a father teaching his two-year-old daughter how to ku‘i. I am suddenly reminded of something that our Queen Lili‘uokalani said during the last year of her life, nearly 24 years after the overthrow of the Hawaiian Kingdom. She stated, “You must remember never to cease to act because you fear you may fail. The way to lose any earthly kingdom is to be inflexible, intolerant and prejudicial. Another way is to be too flexible, tolerant of too many wrongs and without judgment at all. It is a razor’s edge. It is the width of a blade of pili grass.”

I think about the generations that came before me. How they connect to the words that spilled off Lili‘u’s lips. The generations who sat in this very spot when it was only grass, streams, and lo‘i. Who whispered soft sorrows to the wind, who
shouted into the abyss of the deep blue sky. Whose tears fell on this grass, whose hands imprint the soil of this land. Whose voices rang out angry as flowing lava, sad like the grey clouds on a rainy day. Loud like gunshots, soft as a feather hitting the ground.

We will take the knowledge from our parents, who got it from their parents, who got it from their parents and so, soaking it up like sponges to water. We will stand steadfast and fight for our culture, just as those who came before us did.

Then we will pass that very same knowledge to our children and the many generations to come. The ones who will also rally outside of these very same walls. Whose voices will ring loud, clear, and proud. Who will march on these very roads, who will dance their dances and sing their songs. Who will do the things that we cannot do today, yesterday, and even years before.
A SEED SO SMALL,
A TREE SO TALL

by Kahala Neumann
Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

It all starts with a seed
A seed so small, it barely takes the size of four ants
A seed so fragile, if you hold it tight it’ll break
A seed that will grow, one day so big you won’t be able to see the top
But alas, that is only a dream, a dream that a seed can grow like so
But dreams come true, and all you need is a dream to sprout a mighty idea

The seed, deep in the soil, after years finally sprouts
The sprout, after weeks, months, years of waiting finally pokes it head through
Poking out of the ground like a nail sticking out of a board
It will grow, expanding beyond the tops of the tallest tree in the forest
Its trunk will widen so far, to go around it you’ll need at least seven people
It’ll cast a shade that will be as dark as the midnight hour
After years, and years of the koa tree growing, high into the sky,
the leaves sprout a bunch of white fluffy flower puffs
In the spring, after the cold winter season, the flowers blossom in the warm sun. Not just one flower, but multiple bunches of them. Hanging together in little clusters, holding tight to the strong mighty branches of the elder tree. As the flowers begin to fall, and become one with the earth. Not only do the flowers fall, but little pods full of seeds hit the ground waiting to start a brand new tree. The pods that have fallen, have opened and found themselves deep into the dirt. Repeating a never-ending cycle.

The strong mighty tree, has created a future with the fallen pods. This future will carry on over the years and continue to replenish the trees. Creating once again a strong foundation leading into an abundant future. I ka wa mamua, ka wa mahope: The future lies in the past. To be able to build a strong future, you must have a reliable past, to propel you to a better tomorrow.
Dear Diary,

It is Thursday morning, January 25, 2018. Barely knowing anyone and having very little knowledge of Moloka‘i besides the stories my papa told me of the dark nights, sparkling stars, and wild deer, we make our descent into the nearly untouched land of Moloka‘i Nui A Hina. Walking out of the plane seeing nothing but trees, dirt, and a small little airport that looked like a house, was very unfamiliar to me. I was used to towering cement buildings and people scurrying around trying to find where they needed to be. We then got our bags from the baggage claim that was pretty much a long bench topped with silver and headed to Moloka‘i Burger to eat a quick lunch before it was time to begin the first part of our games. The nerves slowly building up inside my stomach we approached the baseball field where we would begin the first part of our Makahiki Journey. Millions of things running through my head, and butterflies fluttering in my stomach, I took to the starting line. As I was walking I saw ten big shadows stomping behind me and shaking the ground as if I were a little ant and they humans. I slowly looked up and towering above me were ten big Hawaiian boys all looking as if I were the enemy. And my team was off, we had a bumpy start, but as we went along, my team was getting closer and closer to the front. As my teammate handed me off the five pound pōhaku, I ran as if those boys were chasing me straight to the finish line, carrying home second place for the team. I was overjoyed and excited for the next day of games to come.
Dear Diary,

Last night I fell asleep listening to the sound of the waves crashing against the shores of Kaunakakai and dreamt about the soft sand pressing against my feet as the warm waves crash over them. I woke up early in the morning to the sound of my alarm ringing in my ears. It was a spine-chilling dark outside but as I stepped outside the sky lit up with the most beautiful sparkling stars. It was like someone threw glitter into the sky. I then looked out into the water, as flat as paper, and saw an exact reflection of the stars. Each one had its own characteristics that were perfect in their own way. After we got ready and put on our P.E. uniforms we took a beautiful scenic drive up to Na‘iwa, a sacred place that our ancestors once stepped, when the Makali‘i stars rose above. We put on our traditional Hawaiian clothes and did a long Hawaiian oli and protocol that our families once performed as a gift to Lono, the god of war. There we watched our first nā koa, or warriors, begin their first races. But as quickly as they started, that’s how quickly I got closer and closer to race. Once again, butterflies fluttering in my stomach, and things rushing through my brain as if a stream of thoughts flowed inside my head, I walked up to the starting line. I looked back and it was as if the finish was miles and miles away. I took to the start and my heart began beating really fast, as if it was sprinting up my spine. ‘A ‘a ‘oia (ready, set, begin) the ‘anakala shouted and we were off. I slipped in the beginning but I was not about to give up and not win a chance of a lifetime. I quickly made my way up to the front of the pack and I began to pump my arms as fast as I could, taking home first for my ‘ohana, my school, and my island. I was overjoyed with happiness and was excited to call my ‘ohana and make them proud. After the games, we washed up and headed to get dinner at Maka’s Corner which was delicious! After we had some fun times at Maka’s corner, eating hot saimin as well as playing cards with our friends. We headed over to get the most yummy, warm, Moloka‘i hot bread that you can ever taste. We took it back to our place and watched the stars as we talked about our wonderful day and enjoyed the beautiful music and fun!
Dear Diary,

Once again, I was rocked to sleep by the sound of the waves and the glistening of the stars. This morning we got up and headed to the Moloka‘i Makahiki fair, that had the most delicious local food and wonderful music. We had some good times, singing under the tent, playing cards, and listening to music together. After that we headed up to Kalaupapa. As we stepped out of the car, a huge cloud, as if a gust of air blew towards us, came rolling in. The clouds felt like I just dipped my face into a bowl of ice and felt very refreshed. We headed down to Kalaupapa and even though we couldn’t see anything because of the clouds, the mana of the place flowed through all of us and will forever stick with us in our lives. From there we went to the airport and left the place that I have grown to love so much. Slowly flying away from Moloka‘i and seeing what beauty we have seen, I will truly miss Moloka‘i and will cherish it and share stories with my keiki for generations to come.
News of the Nēnē

by Payton Oliveria

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

Lately these days in Hawai‘i Nei, I notice how things have changed. As an old nēnē who has been around these islands my whole life, you start to notice these things. I have noticed how the ‘āina, people, and culture have changed over the years in the islands of Hawai‘i.

When I was younger, and the land was alive and free, I used to see a lot of my friends every day, but now I only see one every year. I don’t know where they have all gone! Everything has changed in these lands for the worse and it seems like I am the only one who has noticed. Back in my younger days, children would play outside, swim in the ocean, work in the lo‘i kalo patches, surf, speak a beautiful and unique language I could never understand, and fish by the blue, sparkling sea. As these years have gone by, it seems as if the Hawaiian culture is dying and people are forgetting where they come from.

Day after day as I fly around I see children in their rooms so intrigued with their phones. They could be venturing about in the beautiful, unknown nature of Hawai‘i. I see children playing football, but when it comes to fishing or surfing, they don’t know how to do either. Not only are the Hawaiian people changing, but I have noticed so are the lands and oceans.
Back then, the ʿāina was alive, abundant, cheerful, and thriving. Even if someone was in a bad mood, the singing of the land and animals would make them feel better. Now as people have changed they have constructed more buildings on the ʿāina making it a dull, gray color. It is not safe for us nēnē to live here anymore because these new people don’t care about the land or animals living here. They cut down trees, leaving animals without homes, building their hales where we roam, and pretty soon we won’t have anywhere to live. I have also noticed there is more pollution in the land and the sea. At this rate, if these people continue to be selfish, ruining the ʿāina, soon there won’t be any land for them to live on.

The ocean used to be beautiful! Clear blue, filled with colorful fish, amazing sorts of coral colored the water, and the animals danced in the waves every second of the day. As time has gone by, the water has turned brown and yellow. The fish population has decreased, almost all of the coral is dead or dying from pollution, and sea life is slugging around in an endless sea of time.

As I watch these things progress over time, I feel bad about what the Hawaiian Islands have become. The Hawaiian culture is losing its ways, and the people don’t seem to care what is happening. Hawaiian children and people are losing sight of who they are and where they come from. Being a Hawaiian isn’t just a title of a book, it is what is inside that matters, it is what you do for your Hawaiian culture. So tell me, are you the pages inside that bring meaning to people or are you just the cover that’s for show?
Kaho‘olawe is a unique island. Even though it is mostly unpopulated and rural, it has elements of the other islands. Its golden sands and little shrubbery reminded me of the sides of Kona roads. The red dirt up in the mountaintops were very reflective of Lāna‘i. The views from the top peaks evoked some memories from a short trip of mine to Maui. The little camp and cabins that housed us called to mind some places on the Wai‘anae side of O‘ahu.

However, despite the fact that it echoed the other islands, it was also unique in its own aspect. It had a distinctive feeling of a comforting isolation. Like being away from all the bad things and being surrounded by a very nurturing environment. The beaches were cleaner, seemingly untouched, save for the grass plantings around the few trees near the road. Not much trash was seen, making the sand soft on your feet. It was a good thing too because this particular trip involved a lot of waiting on the golden sand beaches.

The trip barely lasted three days, but with a stroke of luck, these three days happened to be the ones in which three wa‘a and their crews stopped off to pay respect to the rich navigational history of Kaho‘olawe.
When we found out about that possibility, everyone drove higher up the island on the rough roads to collect a‘ali‘i flowers to make lei.

A‘ali‘i is an interesting flower, growing in bunches on bushes and box-shaped. Having a light pink coloration, and clumped together on the same small branches, we collected bags and bags from different locations. A‘ali‘i grows everywhere on Kaho‘olawe.

That night was spent going through, cleaning, and preparing the flowers. Since not all of us knew how to make the lei, we gave all the small prepared flowers to a few people and they wove the small flowers together to six long and beautiful lei for each wa‘a and captain. Through that entire time, we all sang, chanted, talked together while working, each and every one contributing to both the lei, and also the positive mana around the lei.

The next day, after the sun peeked above the horizon, was the day in which all of us waited for the wa‘a to pull into the small beach we sat on. Nearly half the day was spent talking, sharing ‘ike and stories.

That afternoon, when the wa‘a finally came in, our hālau lined up to chant them in. The crews lined themselves on the beach and we exchanged ‘oli after ‘oli in the quiet noon. It was a powerful occasion, followed by a very long line to greet the crews to welcome them one by one onto the island of Kaho‘olawe.

The next day was when most of the kuleana was fulfilled. The wa‘a participated in a navigational ceremony that we got to watch. The wind soothingly blew, taking the edge off the heat, while we watched as the crew drank ‘awa in the ceremony.
But by far, the most remarkable thing about the trip was the normalcy of everything. To wake up in the morning, look out at the sunrise on the horizon and to see three wa’a sitting on the water. After a few seconds of staring at them, I began to realize that this must have been similar to what our kūpuna felt and saw every day. To welcome in crews of wa’a, to wait with them while things were being prepared, and to know that they may not be our immediate family but they are still ‘ohana, it was a skill our kūpuna had and that was present in everyone there.

So as I stared at the crystalline teal blue from my seat on the sand, I remembered our kūpuna, and how it was them who brought me here, and I smiled in contentment before turning back to join the singing.
WE WILL RISE

by Kassidy Pieper

Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

We come to many paths in our life.
All going in different directions.
But like a tree,
Our roots remain the same.
My roots...
Can only found here.
Struck by lighting,
It seemed I wouldn’t rise again.
Only to show...
I’ve only gotten stronger.
There are curves in our path for a reason.
It shapes us into what we are meant to be.
I have no control of the branches that grow.
Flowers bloom in the most adverse conditions.
Plumeria bloom and last for all the days to come.
And the Hibiscus captures the eyes with its magnificence.
Their roots run deeper than the eye can see.
Lehua manage to resurface
Even after lava has rushed over them.
And so I rise...
We will...
We
Will
RISE!
I see a flash of red fly by as I gaze upon the glory of Ma‘akua

Swish swish

An ‘i‘iwī the most vibrant colors fill my gaze

I flash back into the wa kahiko

Yellow, red, black

A feather cape, flowing in the wind as a blade of pili grass

As I search through the books

I witness the transformation of the capes

The once lovely, whips of red and yellow are fading

The feathers that once adorned the backs of the highest

Now fade off as if they’ve never existed

Chirp, chirp

The ‘ō‘ō bird flutters around as a butterfly

Graceful, calm

Although, I now know what horrible fate awaits it
A silent killer follows behind
Landing on the birds shining black and yellow coat
  Swip
  Its long black tongue pierces the skin
  Sucking out the mana and life
  Spreading disease

A small mosquito is all it takes
To vanquish a species, our kūpuna, our colors
  The array of rainbow feathers are no more
  The jewels of the forest have lost their joy
  Avian malaria has been crowned queen
The birds, their subjects, executed by the day
THE PAST IS THE WAY TO THE FUTURE

by Maile Riddarskjöld

Myron B. Thompson Academy

Waves crash down onto the sandy shores, those waves soon will make you mourn.

Our beloved paradise is at risk, if we do not help, no longer will it host sailing ships.

The tides grow higher as the globe becomes hotter. If we do not prevent this, soon we will be underwater.

Some parts of tropical beaches have already disappeared. Will you let this continue, each and every year?

We don’t practice what the Hawaiians did in the past. If we did, then maybe Hawai‘i might have a chance to last.

We should look at the past to view our future, maybe then, our problems would be immensely fewer.

Cars and factories are a small part that cause the tides to rise. We should try to minimize their usage and less problems will arise.
Be wise in the ways you practice your daily tasks.
If you pay attention to these problems, we might be able to help our planet last.

We have to be sustainable. We have to be strong.
Doing these things will make Hawaii’s future prolong.

Help the island. Help our globe. Let the people know of the importance this message holds. Be a leader. Do what is right. Fight for a better Hawai‘i.
Fight for a better life.
More than a century ago
The water was a flow
I‘a would swim around my feet
And flowers smelled so sweet
While Queen Emma was in lead
And saw her folks in need
Thousands of nā keiki died
But only one survived
What’d she do with this tragedy?
Scamper away and flee?
‘A‘ole, she made a hospital
And helped her people little by little
Generations and generations along
They started to live their life all wrong
‘Ōpala as far as the eye could see
And dying coral because of debris
What happened to our gorgeous land?
There’s dying turtles in the sand
Hui pū and make this thrive again
Right now is the time to begin
Let’s give back what the land gave to us
And clean up the trash without a fuss
Let’s take ha’aheo in the land
Then we can enjoy life on the sand
Together we could protect our land
The birds, the fish and the grasslands
Show our nā kūpuna what we can do
And it starts with me and you
KOʻA
Coral

by Moanahiwalani Walker
Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

Koʻa.
Coral.

He aha ka waiwai o kēia holoholona?
What is the importance of this creature?

ʻO ke koʻa kekahi mea koʻikoʻi loa ma ke Kumulipo.
Because coral is very important to the Kumulipo.

He aha ia mea e hoʻomake nei i ke koʻa?
What is killing the coral?

Kekahi mea a mākou e hoʻohana ai i nā lā pau.
Something we use on a daily basis.

ʻO ka ʻaila pale lā me ke kemika o oxybenzone.
Our own sunscreen with a chemical called oxybenzone inside.
He aha kāu e kōkua aku ai?
What can you do to help?

He ma’alahi nō, e kū’ai wale aku i ka ‘aila pale lā me ka ‘ole o ka oxybenzone.
It’s simple, just check for oxybenzone in your sunscreen before you buy it.

Inā kōkua kākou a pau e ola mau ana he mau kaukani ko’a ma Hawai‘i nei.
If we all help we can save thousands of coral in Hawai‘i.

Akā inā ‘a’ole ‘oe kōkua, e mau ana ka make ‘ana o nā ko‘a.
But if you don’t help the amount of coral is going to keep dropping.

Eia ko’u Hawai‘i
Here is my Hawai‘i now

Makemake ‘oe e kōkua ia‘u?
Do you want to help me?

E ola ke ko‘a.
Long live coral.
KEEP THE ‘ĀINA THRIVING

by Jaime Wond
Kamehameha Schools Kapālama Middle School

The warmth of the sun awakens all life around me
I have everything that I could ever long for
The sun peeks over the mauka
I see the lush forest light up in front of me
The rich kalo farms
The food that fed our ancestors
Giving life to everyone who ate it
The light, attractive rain enlightens me
In the trees the ‘iwa guides me
The kind gentle breeze feels inviting to come
The beautiful blue sky
The pleasing mountains treat me to their thriving forest
I see the many native flowers
The ‘ōhi’a greets me with its passionate gaze
I have found the foundation
The mighty koa tree stands boldly
The alluring plumeria
The gorgeous hibiscus
The savory maiʻa
The precious rivers and streams
The bright moon awakens and the sun goes to sleep
May we share this day with our keiki
Our kūpuna has left a firm foundation for us
And we should do the same for the following generations
GLOSSARY

a‘ali‘i — native hardwood shrub or tree with small, clustered flowers
‘a‘ama — large, black, edible crab
aeʻo — Hawaiian stilt, endangered waterbird with long pink legs
‘āhinahina — silver-sword, native Hawaiian plant with long silvery leaves
ahupuaʻa — traditional land division, usually extending from mountains to sea
‘āina — land, earth
‘alae keʻokeʻo — Hawaiian coot, endangered waterbird with black feathers
‘alae ‘ula — Hawaiian gallinule, endangered waterbird with a bright red bill
‘anakala — uncle
‘aʻole — no, not, never
‘aukuʻu — black-crowned night heron
‘awa — kava plant; roots can be made into a relaxing or intoxicating drink
‘elepaio — species of flycatcher bird, believed to be goddess of canoe-makers
haʻaheo — proud, haughty; to strut; pride, vanity
hālau — school or group; meeting house
hale — house, building
hāloa — far-reaching, long; poetic name for lauloa variety taro
hau — cool, iced; ice, frost, dew, snow; a cool breeze
haumana — student, pupil, apprentice
Hawai‘i nei — our [beloved] Hawai‘i; the Hawaiian Islands
heʻe — octopus
hōʻihi — respect
hōkū — star
hoʻokupu — to sprout, sprouting; offering given during a ceremony
honu — Hawaiian green sea turtle
huakaʻi — trip, voyage, journey, mission
hui pū — to mix, unite, blend, assemble, combine, mingle
iʻa — fish
ʻiʻiwi — scarlet Hawaiian honeycreeper bird
ikaika — strong, powerful, sturdy; strength, force, energy, vigor
ʻike — knowledge, to see, know, feel, greet, recognize, perceive, experience
ipu — bottle gourd, larger ones can used as containers or drums
ʻiwa — Frigate or man-of-war bird
ka wā kahiko — the past, ancient times, antiquity
kalo — taro plant often cultivated for its corm and leaves
keiki — child, children
kiʻekiʻe — high, tall, lofty, exalted, majestic, superior
kiheʻi — shawl, cape; cloak of makaloa matting; rectangular tapa garment
koa — largest native Hawaiian forest trees with curved leaves and white flowers
koholā — Humpback whale
kōlea — Pacific golden plover
koloa — Hawaiian duck
kuʻi — to pound, punch, strike, box, hit, hammer; to join, stitch, sew, unite
Kūkalahale — rain and wind famous in Honolulu
kulāʻiwi — native land, homeland; native
kuleana — right, privilege, concern, responsibility
kumu — teacher; model, pattern; bottom, base, foundation, tree trunk
Kumulipo — origin, genesis, source of life, mystery; Hawaiian creation chant
kupuna (kūpuna plural) — elder, ancestor, grandparent, a term of endearment
lā — sun, sun heat; sunny
lā’au — foliage, tree, plant, wood, timber, forest
lāhui — Hawaiian nation, people; nationality
loʻi — irrigated field or terrace for kalo (taro) cultivation
mahina — moon, month; moonlight
mai’a — all types of bananas and plantains
maile — native Hawaiian flowering, twining shrub
makai — ocean, near the ocean, seaward
maka’āinana — people, populace; citizen, subject
makahiki — year, age; annual, yearly; ancient festival
makana — gift, present; reward, award, donation, prize; to give a gift, donate
mākou — we, us
makua (mākua plural) — parent; uncle, aunt, cousin
malo — man’s loincloth; chant in praise of a chief’s loincloth
mana — spiritual or divine power, spirit, energy, life force
manaʻo — thought, idea, belief, opinion, theory, thesis, intention, meaning
manu — bird
mauka — mountains, inland toward the mountains
mauna — mountain
mea kanu — growing things
moʻolelo — story, legend, tale, myth, history, tradition, literature
moʻopuna — grandchild; great-niece or great-nephew
naʻau — guts, stomach; mind, heart, affections
nāulu — sudden rain shower; sea breeze
nēnē — Hawaiian goose, official state bird
‘ohana — family, relatives
‘ōhi’a lehua — native Hawaiian tree in the Myrtle family with flowers
ola — life, health, well-being, living, livelihood, means of support; alive, living
oli — chant
‘ō‘ō — native Hawaiian black honeyeater bird (extinct)
‘ōpala — trash, rubbish, refuse, litter, waste, junk, garbage, muck
pa’a — steadfast; firm, solid, tight
pahu — drum, box, barrel
pā‘ū — woman’s skirt, sarong
pili — to cling, join, close relationship, relative; type of grass
pōhaku — rock, stone, mineral, tablet
poi — taro that has been pounded and thinned
pu‘a — pig, hog, pork
tutu — grandmother or grandfather
uakea — mist (famous at Hāna, Maui)
‘ulu — breadfruit tree
wā kahiko — ancient times
wahine — woman, lady, wife
wa‘a — canoe
ULU KA LĀ LĀ
I KE KUMU

From a strong foundation grows
an abundant future