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The God Who Loves Unconditionally

Foreword

Only a God who loves mankind unconditionally can make a promise and fulfill it seventeen years later. When God promised my abandoned mother with six little children that “my prodigal father” would return to her if she waited for him, absolutely no one believed it. I am here to share how God’s Love is unconditional and proven through life testimonies in this little booklet. God went the extra mile when he took on the role of “Husband” (Isa. 54:5) to my mother, and provided her children with daily bread, prom gowns, and a college education for all six children. Today, as I look back at my mother’s faithful and sacrificial lifestyle, she reminds me of Proverbs 31:10: “Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies.”

From the onset of my educational career as a five-year-old, my paternal grandfather, Tūtū (casual Hawaiian for *grandpa*) Paleka, was the person who took the time to make sure I was guided into a career that I would be able to support myself and family if my home was left without a father-figure through divorce, accident, or premature death. In my life, he became my guardian, disciplinarian, protector, teacher-helper, role model, and moralist. He was a police officer of the County of Kauai, Territory of Hawaii, USA. He was a believer of Jesus Christ, and in his church, he had studied and attained the level of priesthood. His life and attitude said, “*Every day is a new day; the Past is buried; the Future lies ahead.*” He was a very just and moral man. He believed a gentleman’s handshake “seals the deal.” Therefore, a man’s “promise” is as good as gold.

CHAPTER 1 – THE EARLY YEARS (1941-1954)

“*Children who obey what they have been taught [protect instruction/law] are wise*”

“*Honor (respect, obey, care for) your father and your mother,
so that your days may be prolonged in the land the Lord your God gives you.*”

—

Stories of Paleka Ono¹

TŪTŪ PALEKA ONO was my hero since childhood. It was an exciting trip accompanying him to town to run an errand, or just to buy a snail pastry for four cents from Nitta Store. I would stand nearby on the store porch, nibbling on a pastry and listening to his conversation with someone who sought his wisdom. One day it would be a store owner or a plantation supervisor. Another day, it would be an unmarried Filipino plantation worker who wanted a wife. I saw respect in the eyes of parents as they greeted him before passing into the Dry Goods store. Through his real-life stories, I learned how he earned the respect of people in our community.

Each evening after an early supper with Tūtū Paleka and Mama (grandmother) Keahi, Tūtū would pull out a toothpick and lean back in his chair. He described his early years as a cowboy on Knudsen's Ranch, his hunting and fishing stories with his relatives and neighbors, and Hawaiian ghost stories. Talking about ghost stories, I was warned from the time I could walk that I should *never* go close to his hundred-year-old mother's home or respond to her if she should call me to "come in" to visit with her. Today, I realize that his warnings were to keep me away from his mother who used to be a Hawaiian healer (white witch). Through his religious training, he quickly identified the difference between his mother's "religion" and being a Christian. As a little girl, I felt he despised all that she symbolized, and he wanted to protect me from all of it. So, I obeyed and refused to heed her calls.

On the other hand, I was mesmerized by his stories. One that stood out was about his first real job. At sixteen years old, he applied and was hired as a cowboy-ranch worker by Mr. Knudsen himself. In the process of filling out what we call a W-2 tax form, Knudsen decided to cut his name short from *Ononui* ("very delicious, tasty") to *Ono* ("delicious, good"). Thereafter, *Paleka Ono* became his legal name since all his paychecks, thereafter, were payable to *Paleka Ono*.



Figure 4. Officer Paleka Ono rode his horse Whitey daily on his police beat near Kekaha Park on Kauai (island), U.S. Territory of Hawaii (1930-40).

Another story was about his beloved horse Whitey. He and his boss were up late one night in the barn with a mare who was about to give birth. After waiting all day, Boss said, "This is a breached birth. I don't think they will survive this night. But, Paleka, if this baby lives, he is yours to keep."

Part of Paleka's job was to remain with the mare until she gave birth. Alone, now, he decided to massage the mare's abdomen like his mother used to massage pregnant women in pain. He learned from her that massaging can turn a baby, so it would be born head-first.

Long story short, a pure white horse was born during the wee hours of the morning. (See photo).

During his next job as a County of Kauai Police Officer (1930-1950), Paleka rode (Whitey) his white horse, on his daily assigned “police beat” for about twenty years. During that period, Paleka hired expert carpenters from Japan to build a 1200 sq. ft. house on his acre. He later added a 400 sq. ft. room and a double car garage on the northwest end of his home...large enough for his six grandchildren to romp and play “hide and seek” with “secret” passageways in closets.

In the 1940’s, he bought a Ford sedan, and slowly, he retired Whitey to the forest-like wilderness of keawe trees’ sweet beans, tall grass and guava trees that surround and partially included Paleka’s acre of land.

My paternal grandparents became my permanent caretakers when my mother, Mary, gave birth to twin girls (Yvette and Yvonne) two weeks after my first birthday. In my little girl’s eyes, Grandma Keahi’s “unconditional love” and consistent presence in my life transformed her into the role of “my mother.” Thereafter, no one could separate us. When my father’s job as a commercial pilot required his presence on the island of (Honolulu) Oahu, my parents and five siblings moved, but they left me behind. My parents realized after several “test car rides,” I began asking, “Where is Mama and Tutu?” “Where is Mama and Tutu?” “Where is Mama and Tutu?” Soon, my unanswered questions turned into a frantic cry for my beloved grandparents. I know today that leaving me behind broke my mother’s heart...but with five additional babies (between a few months to five years old), she resigned to the inevitable and hugged and kissed me goodbye.

Firm Handshake

One day, after enjoying a pastry with Tūtū Paleka on the porch of Kuramoto Dry Goods store, he didn’t turn homeward like he usually did. “Instead, we headed for Waimea, which was three miles away and the last town tourists passed through on route to Waimea Canyon and Kalalau Lookout. The Waimea Police Station was a rectangular wooden building with an A-shaped roofline located at the southwestern corner of Waimea High and Elementary Schools campus, facing the main road through town. After parking his car in the almost empty, unpaved parking area next to the station, he opened the passenger side door and quietly said, ‘Come.’ A policeman was seated at a desk with several manila folders, working on papers. He stood while my grandfather introduced me to him. “This is my granddaughter, Piilani.” Then, after a pause, he continued, ‘Piilani, this is Sgt. Buddy.’”

“The sergeant had a big smile on his face as he reached out to shake my hand. I didn’t understand his gesture, and quickly looked up at Tūtū Paleka’s face to find out if Tūtū approved of this man touching me. His eyes and the slight nod of his head told me it was okay. I shyly allowed this friendly stranger to give me a first-hand lesson on how to grasp a person’s hand and give a “firm” handshake. I noticed that his hands were large and soft, not tough-skinned like Tūtū’s hands.”

Jail-House Experience

"After showing me all the rooms in the Waimea Precinct, we walked back to Tūtū Paleka's car, which was parked in a grassless large open area between the station and a long, skinny wooden structure built on the back edge of the property. "What's that?" I asked, pointing to the wooden structure with eight to ten wooden doors with metal padlocks facing us. The long, dilapidated building stretched almost the full width of the mauka (mountain side) property line. It was about six feet deep, with corrugated iron roof." (83)

Pointing to a large tin can half filled with beach sand, I asked, "They had to use that to make *shi-shi* (urinate)?"

"Yes. Remember," he said, "the men and one or two women who were locked up in one of these jailhouses were here for one or two days."

"What was the longest time someone stayed here?"

"I think it was about four days," he replied. "Most of them were transferred to the jail in Lihue before that. This is just a temporary place for us to keep prisoners while we investigate their cases."

"Tūtū, close the door. I want to see how dark it is." Tūtū obliged me by pulling the door shut with a rope looped through two holes in the wooden door.

The unfamiliar darkness gripped me with a moment of fear. It was like midnight with no moon or stars shining on my familiar blue-black night world at home. Then my accustomed-to-the-dark eyes saw the bright sunlit, threadlike lines shining between the ten-foot wooden planks that made up the back wall of the cell. A few pinholes of light shone in an irregular pattern through the corrugated iron ceiling. None of them were large enough to allow me to see my hand in front of my face. I leaned back to feel the comfort of my grandfather's presence. "Okay, Tūtū," I whispered. "Open the door."

The door swung open, and the darkness disappeared as the streaming sunlight shone on the dirt floor of the jailhouse. Relief swept over me. The dark world of a jailhouse would never be my fate, I thought. I'm never going to break a law that will put me there. Thus, my morals were being cemented into my being as I learned of the real-world consequences of breaking the law.

Paleka's White Horse Is Shot!

Grandfather Paleka worked as a cowboy until he was in his 30's (1888-1918). His horse, Whitey, was born between 1910 -18. The Waimea Police Station Precinct was built (about 1924) few years later. Grandpa Paleka was among the first recruits. Paleka's home (that I grew up in) was built by 1936. He hired carpenters from Japan who were transported for their carpenter skills to build the white-man's ranch homes and others who had the means to pay for their labor. Then, a new police station was being built in Waimea, right next to Waimea Elementary School. When I started school in 1946, the jail houses were already old, termite-eaten structures. Tutu drove

me to kindergarten class in his Ford sedan. He then bought a 1948 Black Buick sedan which was the same car (but repainted Baby Blue) that I drove after receiving my driver's license in 1957. By then, Paleka retired Whitey, who grazed under the kiawe trees eating its sweet beans, grass, and fruits that ripened throughout the year.

It was a quiet Saturday afternoon on the west Kaua'i town of Kekaha. Tūtū Paleka raked the mango tree leaves into a pile next to his 35-year-old home. The sun had begun its travel into the western skies over the Pacific. All seemed so peaceful, until— ‘Paleka! Paleka! Hūūū!!’ Walking around the side of his home, Tūtū saw his neighbor and friend, Joe, from across the street. The young man had a look of urgency. When Joe saw Tūtū, he paused and nodded a greeting of respect, then walked over to Tūtū.”

“Joe! Pehea ‘oe? (Hawn. How are you?)”

“Maika‘i nō (I am fine) ... But your horse is not... Someone shot your horse....”

“Whitey... shot? No....” His voice trailed into nothingness. Who would want to shoot his? horse? The horse was tame and not a danger to anyone. He had been loosely tied to a tree in the kiawe tree grove next to Kekaha Baseball Park, and he was trained to avoid people.

Whitey had been born several weeks before Tūtū started working as a policeman. He had helped the colt through the birth canal; otherwise, the mother and baby would have died, since breach births are not usually successful. Just before Mr. Knudsen left the barn that night, he promised Tutu: “If this colt survives, he is yours.” Tutu understood that Mr. Knudsen did not think the mother or baby would be alive the next morning.

Bright and early the next morning, a very surprised and pleased rancher found mother and baby colt in good health condition. So, Knudsen kept his word.

The extra care Tūtū Paleka “gave the colt bonded them, and soon the colt was neighing and pricking up his ears every time Tūtū came into sight.”

Tūtū taught Whitey to do tricks. He would say, “Whitey, this is Piilani,” and Tūtū would bow to me. Whitey mimicked Tūtū by lowering his head in a deep bow, which surprised me the first time he did it.

The play-acting would go on between Tūtū and Whitey as the white horse learned to roll over, play dead, say hello, walk on two legs, and turn on a water faucet to fill a bowl with water, which he had placed under it himself.

Everyone in the neighborhood knew of Tūtū's talented horse. At a Fourth of July celebration in Kekaha Park, Tūtū and Whitey performed in a local talent show, delighting the youthful crowd and winning the respect of the Japanese and Filipino plantation workers, as well as the older crowd of Portuguese and Hawaiian grandmas and grandpas.

The End of the ‘Ohana (Family) Era

At home, Tūtū sadly shook his head. Stories of his days as a cowboy flashed through my

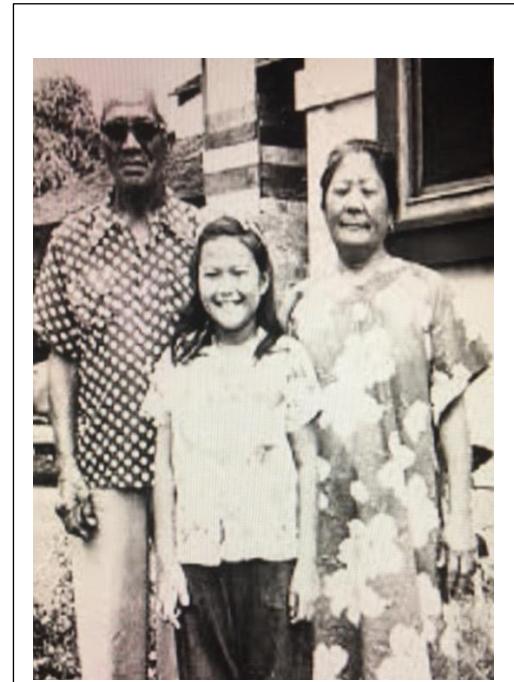
mind. I remember the time he had to shoot one of Mr. Knudsen's horses when it stepped into a pothole and broke its leg. Now a man had shot Whitey because Whitey was on private property.

"The law has changed," Tūtū reasoned with me. "Once upon a time, horses, cows, chickens, and all our animals were not caged. They were free and all the neighbors knew which livestock was theirs. At feeding time, our chickens and animals came home and were waiting for us to feed them. If one of Kawika's hens ate at our house, it was okay. I am sure some of my chickens ate at his place at times. If it bothered me because his hens began to make it a habit, I would chase them away and block the way back to our feeding ground. Eventually, the hens would catch on and go home."

"Your great-great-grandfather Pikinene claimed this land under **The Great Mahele**. [HawaiiHistory.org. The Great Mahele. In 1848, King Kamehameha III decided to give ownership to Hawaiians of the land they were living on or using as farmland, raising crops or livestock. Only 37% of the Hawaiians applied and received land grants and were freed from historical ties to the area.]

When King Kamehameha III signed the land over to Pikinene for \$10.00, *The Great Mahele* was good for us as landowners, and now, we must respect each other's property rights. I know who shot Whitey, but I cannot do anything about it because the law is on his side. Maybe I shouldn't have taught Whitey how to turn a faucet on..." he paused. A sad look was on his face. Then he said. "No, I taught Whitey how to do that after he pawed the front lawn faucet one day and broke it because he was thirsty." I stared at Tūtū's brown creased face. The wisdom and respect he felt for the law he defended as a policeman exuded from him to me. "With privileges come responsibility," he reasoned sadly with a final note in his voice that I knew meant "This subject is closed."

Forty-eight years have passed since this incident. Time has changed the face of the land and the people who live on it, but many laws remain the same. I am grateful for wise ancestors who claimed the land and passed it on to their *keiki* (children) and *mo'opuna* (grandchildren). Through income derived from enterprises on the land we inherited, we were able to pay for our children's private school education. Maybe one day one of my grandchildren or great-grandchildren will find a new way to work the land to benefit his or her descendants.



Paleka, Piilani, and Keahi Ono at home in Kekaha, Kauai, U.S. Territory of Hawaii (1949-1950).

Chapter 2 – The Teenage Years (1951-1959)

"Study to shew thyself approved unto God...."

Piilani -- (Patricia Piilani Ono)

"THE SCHOOL BELL sounded. It was the end of the first period at Waimea High School. As a 14-year-old freshman student, I was part of the shy minority among the hundreds of older students."

"I squeezed my armful of books as I walked through the throng of talking and laughing students in the dimly lit hallway of the administration building. Lockers banging shut were part of the familiar sounds in our school community during the morning recess. I had a few more minutes to get to class, but it didn't slow my determined walk to get there as soon as possible. The classroom was my haven of safety."

"As I approached Mrs. Doris Crowell's English class, I noticed a large group of older boys, the football players, hanging out near the lockers on the lānai. I had to pass them to get to my English class, which was at the Kekaha end of the building. I felt a moment's hesitation and fear. *Those boys are so huge, I thought.* My 110-pound frame could easily be overcome by one of them. As my steps took me past the football players, I heard one of them say, 'Ey! She's n-i-c-e. Okay, you guys, she's mine.' Then, out from the mass, a short, dark-complexioned, Filipino boy emerged. He wanted to know my name."

Almost simultaneously, a tall, lanky Portuguese boy from the back of the group commanded. "Hey! Leave her alone. She's Paleka Ono's girl." I saw the hesitation as the short stranger looked at me, then turned with a questioning look on his face towards his football brother. 'What?' he asked."

"She's off limits, brah. No lies. Unless you want to end up in jail. Nobody fools with her and gets away with it. She's Paleka's grand-daughter, the policeman from Kekaha."

I looked at the tall lad who had come to my rescue only long enough to imprint his face in my mind. Then I quickly turned and continued my way to class. A feeling of relief and gratitude swept over me as I thought about Tūtū. Once again, his protective reputation had saved me from an embarrassing situation.

My grandfather, Paleka Ono, was my hero since childhood. He was a priest in the Mormon Church, but he quit that position and going to church when a visiting priest from Utah told the congregation that Negroes would not be accepted into heaven. Tūtū thought, *If Negroes aren't accepted, what makes me think I will make it since my skin is dark brown?*

I suspect that my grandfather's religious training in the Mormon Church is the reason he set me up to attend Vacation Bible School at Waimea Baptist Church in 1951. I was so excited to be picked up by the Baptist Church bus in which his friend's daughter was waiting for me. Ellen was twelve years old, and I was ten.

By the second week of VBS, I was "born again," and sold out to this newly found "home away from home." After VBS ended, I went to Sunday School every week. I loved the Sunday School homework booklets. It taught me to read my Bible every day and memorize a scripture a week.

By thirteen, I was in Girl's Auxiliary (GA) learning and supporting missionaries with fund raising projects and memorizing Scriptures for the Annual Sword Drill Competition in Summer Camp on Oahu. The finalists came from four islands, and it was held at the Southern Baptist Convention's Puu Kahea Camp in Waianae, Oahu, Hawaii. The Summer of 1957 was the first time that the Sword Drill State trophy was won by a Kauai—Pat Ono. My mother was very proud of me.

Prayer Promise to "My First Love"

"You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your strength, and with all your mind; and your neighbor as yourself."

I began having personal communions with Father God when I was in the Eighth Grade. On a Friday night, during Summer 1954, Dr. Carter Morgan (pastor and former missionary to China) showed a black and white reel movie as an ending of a week of revival services in the community park. The only scene I remember is seeing missionaries praying for people who came up for prayer at a revival meeting in Africa. A native that was prayed for fell to the ground and writhed in pain. Then, out of his skin on the left side of his abdomen, a metal utensil popped through the skin and fell to the ground. (No bleeding.) A missionary explained that witch doctors would melt metal spoons, forks, etc. and have the sick patient drink the liquid. When that native accepted Jesus, they came up for prayer and they were healed of their pains when these utensils fell out of their bodies supernaturally. Strange things have been seen by missionaries, proving that there is a God and there is a Devil.

In a following Sunday sermon, the pastor mourned the fact that many Christians, when they became older, drifted away from Jesus, forgetting the pain and suffering Jesus faced while hanging on the cross. As time passed, their "first love" and "appreciation" that they felt towards Jesus when they were saved are forgotten. How sorrowful Jesus must be as He now watches from heaven and sees His Church with only a few people worshipping Him. These words stuck in my mind all afternoon. While on my knees, that afternoon, my heart was ashamed of people the pastor had described...they lost their "first love" for Jesus and forgot the Sacrifice He made on the cross for us. I will never do that! My heart was determined. From the depths of my heart, I instinctively made a commitment: *"Jesus, I love you; You are my First Love... and I invite You to sit on the 'Throne of My Heart' as my first love.* And someday when I get married, my husband will become a very close 'second place.'"

Almost eighty years of my life went by, and one day in 2020, while I was journaling with Father God, He reminded me that I was "thirteen years old, not twelve" when I made that promise to Him. He lovingly said, *"You have kept your promise to keep Jesus on the 'Throne' of your heart...not once did you consider anyone else. Is it any wonder that My Favor is upon you? ...that the answers to your prayers appear so quickly?"*

These words filled with love caused tears to flow...I wept, as I felt the warmth of God's Love and my own "unworthiness" before Him. At this point, I also remembered His words on another occasion that followed a weeping prayer of disappointment. He whispered, "*Don't cry, Pat. Remember, man will always disappoint.*" Through His words, I perceived that a Man (with human imperfections) may fail to keep a promise, but the Living God will always keep His promises (to love and protect me)."

While contemplating on these words, I realized how "blind" I am in judging human character. My best friend in high school was my sister Rose. She would explain what a guy meant when I repeated a phone conversation to her. I was quite naïve about the "birds and the bees." Yet, I always remembered Tutu Paleka's words of warning, "Boys are bad. You go to college and become a teacher first."

With all these thoughts swirling in my head, I asked Father God: "Lord, I am not capable of seeing into a person's heart, but You can. Would you please choose a husband for me? When I am older, I may go out on a date with a nice man. After the first date, I will always ask you, 'Is he the person you have chosen for my husband?' If you say 'no' I will not date that person again. If I think he's a possibility, I will keep dating him until you say 'Stop.' When You say, 'Yes,' I will continue dating that person, but in respect of the Seventh Commandment, I will keep myself holy until our wedding night."

Thus, from age thirteen to thirty, this commitment guided my choices of male friends that I made through high school, college, and five years into my career.

Birth of Kekaha (Mission) Church

"In My Father's house are many dwelling places. If it were not so, I would have told you, because I am going there to prepare a place for you."

Few years after moving her children to her parent's home, my mother, Mary, humbly went to Tutu Paleka, asking him for permission to have church meetings in the abandoned Bamboo Restaurant on his property. He gave his permission. The rent? No rent for holding a church meeting whenever they needed it. (Just be respectful of the old lady Takahashi who rents a small room and the kitchen area for twenty-five dollars per month.)

The Bamboo Restaurant was built on a former skating rink. Therefore, the building sat on a solid polished concrete floor. The main dining room contained a 10' x 10' x 3' high stage at the back end of the restaurant. Two doorways on each side of the stage were entrances into the dining room and into the kitchen doorway. The right side of the building contained three rooms, a bathroom, and a bar that extended to the front entry of the building.

What a perfect setup, I thought. The stage became the preacher's Pulpit. A piano was set on the right side of the stage. The dining area could easily hold a hundred folding chairs instead of

wooden pews. This became a new Mission in 1952, sponsored by the parent-church, Koloa Assembly of God Church located about 20 miles away.

Kekaha (Mission) Church flourished. After I returned from college, I remember that we had almost 50 children in Sunday School. (I counted the number of children in Sunday School before Easter Sunday, because I had to make sure we had enough baskets and hidden eggs for each child.) I also recall someone calling my attention to Tutu's smiling face in a window, watching the excited children searching for eggs in his front yard and the church parking lot.

Tutu Paleka was a man searching for God. He may have walked out of the Mormon church that day many years ago and never returned, but he knew there was a Creator, and he wanted to find Him.

Paleka Is Born Again!

Jesus to Nicodeamus: "...unless a person is born again [reborn from above—spiritually transformed, renewed, sanctified], he cannot [ever] see and experience the kingdom of God."

A few months before Tutu Paleka's death from a heart attack, my mother's pastor and his wife were cleaning the churchyard in Koloa on a Saturday afternoon. The Spirit of God spoke to Pastor Michael Black. He said, "Go to Kekaha to see Paleka Ono." After a short prayer of confirmation, Michael and his wife were on their way to Kekaha Mission Church to visit the mission's landlord. Paleka was cleaning his yard when they arrived. But he gladly invited them into his home. There, Pastor Michael began by reading, *"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."*

Paleka and Keahi kneeled before the rattan living room sofa beside Pastor Michael Black and his wife. They repeated the sinner's prayer with the Blacks. After the prayer, Paleka stood, and with joyful eyes filled with tears, he gave Pastor Michael a firm handshake and thanked him profusely for praying for him. Thus, one more soul was added to the Kingdom of God.

Somehow, no one thought to tell me about Tutu's repentance prayer until ten years later. Bro. Michael Black and his wife came to SCC in 1964 for (MAP) Missionary Emphasis Week. They were retired and lived in California. We, three of the Ono sisters (Pat, Yvette, Marieann Ono), were completing our college education there. As I chatted with Bro. Michael, he shared the day Tutu Paleka was "born again."

Alone in my dorm room, I wept on my knees, thanking Father GOD for saving Tutu's soul. I remembered the many times (between 11 to 13 years old) when I saw visions of "hell fire" and Tutu being thrown into it. "No! No! Lord, please save Tutu. Please, GOD, please!" I begged and cried bitter tears. Then, as quickly as the burden came, it was also lifted.

Tūtū Paleka died instantly of a heart attack. He lived from May 1888 to May 1956, sixty-eight years. A promise I kept in my heart (that he inspired) was to attain a college degree. I was compelled to keep that promise.

Ono Children Return to the Hawaiian Acre

After Tutu Paleka's death, the Holy Spirit directed my mother to move back to Kekaha, where my paternal grandmother and I resided. Mary was obedient to the Lord, even though she knew that living in Kekaha would remind her of painful memories of her lost love.

The next period (1954-1966) was the most trying twelve years of Mary's Life. Her children were supported by the Kauai Social Services now, but she felt it was crucial that she remained a stay-home mother for the sake of her five girls and baby son. Meanwhile, ever Saturday, she and her lady friends dusted, swept, and mopped the Kekaha (Mission) Church floor and furnishings and set up folding chairs for Sunday services. When Solomon Jr. entered the seventh grade in Kekaha School, Mary began working as a salesclerk for both (family-owned) Dry Goods stores in her hometown.

Kekaha Plantation town was a small, tight-knit community that was made up of local Hawaiian families and immigrants from Japan and the Philippines. As the years passed, the Kekaha Mission Church's Sunday School grew from six Ono children to about 35 to 50 children. Parents were willing to send their children to church because they saw the moral and sacrificial lifestyle my mother Mary lived. One of those children (25 years later) recognized me while we were shopping for groceries in Honolulu. She inquired about my sisters. She mentioned sitting across the street (as a ten-year-old), admiring the beautiful (homemade) gowns that my sisters wore to the Junior and Senior proms. Then, she added that her mother's dream was that she and her sisters would become like the "Ono sisters." She proudly revealed that she is a Business College graduate now with a good job, "thanks to your family." Comments like this one indicated to me that, perhaps, parents did send their children to Kekaha Church because of my mother's humble influence in the community.

In 1975, Mary's life was showcased when she was awarded "Mother of the Year" by Kauai's Department of Social Services. The praise report she heard at the Awards Luncheon pointed to her accomplishments: She nurtured six children (from ages one to eight) who became college graduates and returned to Kauai to give back to their community. Four of her daughters worked for the Kauai Department of Education as Vice-Principal, Hawaiian "language immersion" teacher, English teacher and an Elementary Music teacher who produced Christmas plays and May Day programs with all its trimmings. Son, Solomon Jr. retired as captain of the Lihue Airport's Fire Department. One daughter graduated from University of California, Irvine, as a charter member of the first graduates in 1966. Daughter Rose was an entrepreneur. She developed Lindal Cedar Homes (a construction company). She also claimed the honor of being the first woman to be elected to the Mayor's Board of Directors. With her husband, Ric Shaw, she joint-ventured at Rosita's Mexican Restaurant and R&R Adjusters (insurance adjusters).

Mary's heart was full of joy as she gratefully thanked her Heavenly Father for blessing and protecting her children throughout their life's journeys. Her heart sang, "*To God be the glory, great things He has done....*" Beyond all doubts, she gave all the glory to Him.

Chapter 3 – The College Years (1959-1966)

"Love the Lord your God with all your heart, all your soul, and all your strength" (Deut. 6:50).

LESSONS on the Priority of Prayer

While attending the University of Hawaii, I continued to say short succinct prayers when I went to bed and upon rising the next morning. From about eleven years old, I religiously prayed twice a day. I didn't know that I could talk to God anytime and anywhere because the Holy Spirit lived within me, or the fact that He is constantly monitoring my thoughts and moods.

"To be or not to be...." A Ka Palapala Beauty Queen?

"Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies."

I can recall vividly receiving a phone call inviting me to become a contestant in UH Ka Palapala Pageant." I hung up the phone, got on my knees, and asked, "Lord, what do you want me to tell her? Do you want me to enter this beauty pageant?"

"Yes."

"Oh, no, LORD...no, no, no! I can't. I am nothing (just plain) compared to other girls.
Please...say 'no.'" (No response from LORD.)

Finally, I submitted even though I imagined to be the "ugliest, most shameful person" on stage.

My Aunt Loretta was sitting in the "family of contestants" section on final night at the Waikiki Shell. She told me (later) that when I appeared, a young girl sitting behind her excitedly told her mom, "Mom! Mom! She is so beautiful! I want her to win!"

As soon as I stepped out onto stage, a powerful (like "chicken skin") feeling encompassed me. I recognized the "Presence" of the Holy Spirit.

The honor I won that night was a gift from my Heavenly Father. His "Presence" over me was the "beauty" that the audience and judges saw. Today, I recognize this familiar feeling as "GOD's Love." When He is **pleased** (within my prayerful words, or Christ-like interaction with others, or thoughtful decisions) His loving response is to "hug/love me." Within the moment, I feel His "Presence/Anointing." It never fails to bring forth tears of gratitude... for truly, it is beyond my comprehension that the Supreme God "should love an (unworthy) sinner such as I..." changing "my sorrow into bliss."

Therefore, like Jonah, I rebelled at His request to become a beauty pageant contestant. But, through this experience, I learned two lessons: First, when the Lord commissions a person to do

a job, His Presence/Anointing is with that person throughout the journey. My weaknesses (erroneous perceptions) will be conformed through His Power and Presence (God-like perceptions). Our whole being is transformed during the journey, so that the Holy Spirit can use our whole being as “instruments of peace” even to a “wicked, evil” nation like Nineveh.

I learned to “pray without ceasing.” There is no way I could have won that contest without a “conscious daily contact” with the LORD. At 19, I only spoke to the LORD on my knees beside my bed--morning and evening--and when I was in worship/prayer services. Therefore, in the middle of the pageant journey, I became overwhelmed by a 35-hour parttime job, a fulltime student at UH--studying into the wee hours of the morning, attending pageant activities on the weekends, and barely staying awake during Sunday and Wednesday evening services. This schedule consumed my life and my prayer time at my bedside became short and mundane. Soon, weariness took over and prayer time slipped away.

Two weeks before the finals, I was dressing for a Pageant “Tea Party” activity on a Saturday morning, the Holy Spirit spoke, “Pat, you haven’t spent time with me.” This was the third morning reminder I was receiving.

My response: “Oh, LORD, I am so very sorry... Please forgive me. I will surely spend time with you tonight.” (I hadn’t kept my word twice before.) A few moments after I spoke the same regretful words (third time), I felt like someone pulled off a “warm covering” from me. I perceived the Holy Spirit exiting.... I felt a “cold north wind” blow through me. I was all alone.

Realizing and feeling the coldness of “a life without God,” I burst into tears and ran to my bedside, repenting of my sin. The Pageant had become an idol in my life. My actions and words proved it was more important to fulfill its requirements than to spend time with the LORD.

Long story short, I skipped the Pageant activity. I fasted and prayed in my bedroom all day... weeping profusely over His “lost love.” Eight hours later, at 4 PM, the Spirit returned. I cried in gratitude for His mercy on me. I vowed to continue my daily prayers. That is when I received an understanding that I can talk with the LORD any time in my thoughts, not just at my bedside. What an enlightening Word I received from Him that day!

I also wanted to give up the Pageant, but the LORD said, “No, you must follow through on this commitment. I will be with you and still bless you.”

Result: “The two top contenders of each section had to make a second appearance on stage. (I didn’t know about this.) When my name was called, “I walked out on stage like the first time, but His Presence was not felt over me like my first appearance on stage. Thus, I received second place as Miss Cosmopolitan.

Today, over 60 years later, I perceive that had I not repented, I would have gone on a free trip to New York and ran for the Miss Rhinegold Contest. While asking God what I should do—go or not go-- I had a dream. In my dream, I was sitting on a high stool near a bar and smoking a cigarette. (Ugh!)

Thereafter, I made a long-distance phone call to my mother, asking for her advice. Her perception after hearing the dream was that my dream was probably a warning that depicted my future life, if I did represent University of Hawaii in New York. I chose not to go (much to the chagrin of the pageant sponsors). The girl who won the Miss Cosmopolitan title returned with a \$500 check. She was one of the top contenders. Much later, I found out that the contest was sponsored by Rhinegold Cigarettes.

I have learned through my life's journey that to have "the strength and power of the Lord over me," I had to literally "walk circumspectly" (Eph. 5:15), as well as "*rejoice always; pray without ceasing; in everything give thanks; for this is God's will for (me) in Christ Jesus*" (1 Thess. 5:26-18).

"Long Road" to a Teacher's Career

"Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord...."

"And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sit in thine house, and when thou walk by the way, and when thou lie down, and when thou rise up."

"Long Road" towards a teacher's degree was seven years. My dream college was Blue Mountain College in Mississippi. But without counseling services, I only knew that \$600 (inheritance money) would not pay for my plane ticket and a year of college tuition. So, I turned my attention to the University of Hawaii on the island of Oahu. The plan was that while I lived with Uncle and Aunty Albert Mactagone (my mother's brother), I would babysit their three children after school, since Uncle would be home by 5:30 PM and Aunty Loretta was an evening shift waitress till midnight.

After high school graduation, I moved to Oahu and looked fruitlessly for a summer job. Finally, I decided to get a full-time job and delay my college education. I was hired as a receptionist for Von Hamm Young Co. Near the end of summer, while waiting for his order of pharmaceutical products, Kapahulu Drugs owner/manager asked me about my college plans. He opened the door for me to enter University of Hawaii as a freshman in 1959, when he offered me a salesclerk job, working for 36 hours per week. I gladly accepted. (Was this another of God's way of providing for me?) After three years of working and picking up classes at night (I could only manage as a part-time student.), I was nowhere near accomplishing my goal.

Three years later, I returned to Kauai. Tutu Paleka's lawyer, who now took care of me, had received two offers to purchase half of the acre I inherited from Tutu. Kekaha Mission Church offered \$6000.00. A local contractor offered \$15,000.00. Listening to my mother's advice. I chose to sell it to the church because I trusted her wisdom.

This sale connected me to my mother's pastor who gained financing through friends in California. His friends were connected to Southern California Bible College. This opened the door for the Ono children to attend Southern California College, which had just become an accredited college offering a B.A. in Elementary Education. Long story short, in 1962, three of the Ono Sisters

flew to California with \$100 in each of our pockets. Under the Federal Financial Aid Program, we were able to borrow a year's room and board. We worked for spending money. In 1984, I received Professional (PD) Degree, Secondary Education from Chaminade University. My 30-year teaching career included teaching English Language and Literature as well as News Production classes. In the process, I created two school newspapers: The Chitter-Chatter (1966-69) of Kekaha School; The Eagle Eye (1984-90) of Hawaii Baptist Academy.

No Boyfriends Before College Graduation

Before leaving for Southern California College in September 1962, I heard about other nephews and nieces who went to mainland USA colleges but got married instead of graduating. Others had graduated and found higher paying jobs in other states. Knowing this, my relatives jokingly said, "Make sure you graduate and come home...." Thinking about these conversations, I knew I wanted to live and raise my children in Hawaii. So, I quietly asked Father God to help me fulfill my dream of returning home by "no dating" while I was a student in California.

Three and a half years flew by. It was the season of Senior Banquet and the Missionary Assistance Program (MAP) Emphasis Week. A little over a thousand students had joined one of the clubs sponsored by this program each school year. In 1966, MAP financed two seniors (graduates of the Divinity program) to Samoa as missionary trainees. Since becoming the co-chairman of the MAP Program (with John York) during my senior year, I passed on the Isles of the Sea Club presidency to vice-president, Danny Anglin. Somehow, as part of the MAP Committee, he found it easier to ask me questions when he needed information for his club's "to do" list of activities. This created a friendly rapport between us.

After MAP's week of festivities, I was called out of my dorm room to the garden area near the building. It was Danny. He asked me to be his date to the Senior Banquet. Before I could say a word, he plunged into his explanation... that our date would be "just between friends." He believed that the girl he would marry had to have the same ministry-calling for the Islands of the Sea as he did.

I said, "Okay. I'll be back with an answer as soon as I hear from God." Back in my dorm room, I asked Father God, "Well, Lord, what is this about? Do you want me to go to the Banquet with Danny?" I felt a knowing that I should do this. It was as if God were making sure His daughter would be "taken care of" at the last Big Event of her college career. Indeed, Danny was a perfect escort. Unknown to both of us, we were among those who were honored and rewarded for services rendered to our school community during the Banquet's program. I was named SCC's 1966 Woman of the Year. Danny was chosen to be SCC's MAP Missionary to Samoa with John York that summer. (Wow! What a surprise!)

Another unexpected "Surprise!" happened to Danny two days before the banquet. Danny went to Newport Beach to "get a tan." While he was there, he met a former alumnus of SCC. They spent all afternoon talking... sharing... and before they left the beach, they both knew they

were “soul mates.” As soon as Danny could, he rang for me. I went out. Danny excitedly told me that he was “engaged” to a wonderful girl he met at the beach that day. (I met Jenny during my first two years in college through the Isles of the Sea club.) Danny was dancing with joy and his eyes told me, “I’m in love!” I couldn’t keep from laughing with glee at the exuberance that I felt Danny was experiencing—he finally met “his future wife.” He (like me) had been waiting patiently on God for this “revelation.” [This day is surely worthy to be remembered in My Faith Journey narrative as an example of God answering Danny’s faith to wait for a “God-chosen life-partner and wife.”]

Chapter 4 – The Career Years

“They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength....”

“For Thy Maker is Your Husband....” [Isaiah 54:5]

MY MOTHER, MARY MACTAGONE ONO, became the most influential person in my life after Tutu Paleka passed away. She obeyed the Holy Spirit’s direction to move from her mother’s home to her ex-husband’s father’s (Tutu Paleka) home, where Mama Keahi and I were living alone.

After almost ten years of awakening to a “silent” home, I awoke the next morning (after my mother and siblings moved back into Tutu’s house), hearing my sisters talking, giggling, and Mami admonishing someone for her bad choice of...? Nevertheless, this was the beginning of a grand finale of a miracle that no one in my life believed would happen. To understand the fullness of GOD’s Miracle, let me take you back to the beginning of my mother’s life and her love story.

Mary’s story began in 1920--the year that she was born. To give you a bird’s eye view of the world that Mary lived in, we will hop, skip, and jump through the years of her life, highlighting the happy as well as heart-breaking moments that left her feeling all alone.

Some called it the “empty nest syndrome.” This is how mothers feel when their youngest child leaves for college. A home with six children (Yes, Mary had six children.) is seldom quiet and serene. Therefore, when Mary’s son left for college in 1966, Tutu Paleka’s 2100 sq. ft. house felt like a hollowed-out pumpkin, and oh, so lonely. But don’t misunderstand me. She still had her oldest daughter, Patricia (25 years old), living at home with her at this time.

But at this moment, as she scooped out the ripe pumpkin to bake pumpkin pies for the upcoming Thanksgiving holiday, her thoughts went back about 15 years. She recalled the heart-breaking memory of receiving a letter from her husband. He was her first and only love. Except, this wasn’t a love letter. Instead, he wrote to her from California, encouraging her to file for divorce and that He would not contest it.

Two years later (1953), a wealthy widow in her hometown proposed marriage. He promised to help her raise her children. She remembered him as the older boy in elementary school who pulled her braided pigtails and teasingly sang to her, “Mary, Mary, quite contrary, I’m going to marry Mary.” She would snub him and walk away. Now, twenty years later, he was proposing marriage. What should she do? She was still in love with her husband, Solomon.

She read her Bible and prayed daily (as was her custom) and asked GOD "What should I do?" She reasoned out the pros and cons of marrying him, but the bottom line could not erase the love she had for her ex-husband. After a month or so of thinking and asking GOD every morning, "What shall I do, Lord?" the Lord spoke as a small quiet voice within her.

He asked, "Whom do you love?"

Mary responded, "Oh, LORD, you know the answer to that. I love Solomon, but he is married to someone else now. And Manuel promises to help me raise my children."

She heard the LORD say, "*Solomon will return. Meanwhile, I will help you raise your children.*"

Not many days later, this message was confirmed when Mary read Isaiah 54:5-6 (KJV). While reading verse 5, all the words of God came flooding back into her. God told her that He would be her husband until Solomon returned. She felt overwhelmed with gratitude to Lord God. Tears overflowed from the deepest part of her being. This would truly be a dream come true. These verses became the "foundation" of her faith. She stood on it for the next fifteen years as she faithfully took her children to worship on Sundays, went to Prayer Meetings on Wednesdays, and served as Sunday School Superintendent and teacher.

Just before Thanksgiving 1966, Mary is in the kitchen, preparing for baking pumpkin pies for the Thanksgiving dinner. Feeling very alone in an otherwise beautiful sunny day, she recalled the past seventeen years of her life. She talked to the Lord as she worked with her hands.

"Lord, I have done what you asked me to do. I have raised my children in Your House, teaching them to love You as I do--my one and only true God. Now, my last and only son has gone to SCC." (She wept as loneliness surrounded her.) Reprimanding herself for being weak, she quickly wiped away the tears. Thinking happy thoughts of how her children had made her proud... her thoughts returned to her lonely state.

Mary prayed, "Lord, if I have found favor in your eyes, would you please grant me a special gift this Christmas? Thank you, Lord."

Her heart was heavy without the sounds of her children. Nothing, at that moment, could bring solace to Mary's heart. It was seventeen years since Solomon abandoned her....

Father Solomon Answered God's Call!

Unbeknown to Mary, the Lord had already been working on another person's life—ex-husband Solomon Ono. His second wife's unfaithfulness was exposed one day when he returned home to retrieve his forgotten briefcase. A short time later, he transferred from Los Angeles to northern California and rented a cottage near his transferred worksite Good Humor Ice Cream Company.

On Sunday mornings, Solomon (Dad) and a friend would go fishing. Several times while he was sitting on his front steps with his fishing gear waiting for his friend to pick him up, an older woman with white hair, walked by. She greeted him and invited him to church. Solomon promised that one day, he would take up her offer.

After an early dinner alone one Sunday afternoon, Solomon decided to go for a walk. It was a clear and cool late afternoon -- about six o'clock. As he walked, he heard music.... church music that brought back memories of long ago. It was coming from a little white church building at the corner of the block where he lived. Well, he had nowhere to go, so he decided to go in and listen to the music. He planned to leave after the singing ended. He sat on the empty pew at the back of the church and enjoyed the music. It was a small church, but the singing was with gusto...he like that.

Between songs, these people sang to God and said "Hallelujah" quite often. This was new to him, so he just listened. When the praises subsided, a woman's voice called out his name: "Solomon Paleka Ono..." and continued to speak to him in the Hawaiian language. He waited, expecting someone to come up to him and explain what the lady said. He didn't understand the Hawaiian language enough to translate her message. But no one moved. Then, the singing continued.

Solomon wasn't ready to leave after the singing stopped. He sat and listened to the pastor's message, but no explanation of the Hawaiian language was mentioned.

At the end of the service, the pastor stood at the front door saying farewell to people as they walked out of the church. When he shook Solomon's hand, Solomon asked, "Sir, who is the Hawaiian lady you have in your church?"

With a puzzled look on his face, the pastor replied, "We do not have anyone who is Hawaiian in our congregation." But Solomon was sure that someone called out his name, "Solomon Paleka Ono." The voice also spoke in the Hawaiian language of his parents.

Solomon's persuasive words brought back a memory. "Oh! Will you wait here for me?" Pastor asked. "I will be right back." The pastor turned and walked towards the altar of the church. He returned with a short, stout older Mexican woman. "This is Maria," he said. "Maria is from Mexico and does not speak English very well. She washes and irons clothes for a living. She is also filled with the Spirit of God and speaks in Tongues. When she spoke in Hawaiian, her native language receded, and the Holy Spirit within her became her voice." After an exchange of niceties with Maria, Solomon was convinced that her limited language abilities proved that she truly didn't know the Hawaiian language. So, began his search for the Power that emanated from this simple woman's voice. Was it God? He wanted to know more about Speaking in Tongues. In the following months, Solomon accepted Jesus as God's Son and said the Sinner's Prayer with his pastor. He was baptized and was ready to be filled with the Holy Spirit. But he wondered, "**What must I do to be filled with the Holy Spirit and Speak in Tongues?**"

After several months of Bible Study on the Holy Spirit, Solomon learned to pray on his knees facing his bed at night. After **reading his Bible**, he prayed the **Lord's Prayer**. Then, after expressing all that was on his mind to God, he would pause and ask the Lord, "Please fill me with your Holy Spirit." With his hands raised up over his head, he waited quietly on the Lord. After a

few minutes, he said, "Well, Lord, I guess tonight is not the night for me to receive your Holy Spirit. But I will ask again tomorrow. Thank you, Lord, and good night."

His prayer time was regularly at 10 o'clock at night. This went on for about a month. Then, one night, at midnight, he was awakened by a thunderous voice: "***Solomon! Get up! This is the day you will be filled with the Holy Spirit.***"

He quickly moved into his kneeling position and said, "I am ready, Lord." Then, he opened his mouth and said, "Hallelujah" twice, which is the Hebrew word for "Praise the Lord." And, out of his mouth flowed a babbling sound like a baby. He was praying and he had nothing to do with the formation of sounds that came forth. A powerful urge from his belly was producing sounds that meant nothing to him. At the same time, he felt so humbled and unworthy of the Great Love that flowed over him from the top of his head. It felt like electrical currents... or chicken skin... combined with a shaking within his belly. Was this God? Whatever it was, he didn't want it to stop. Nothing in his life could compare with the awesomeness of what his pastor called, "being filled with the Holy Spirit and Fire."

"Go Home, Son! Your Wife Is Waiting for You!"

*"...we can have a feast and celebrate. My son was dead, but now he is alive again!
He was lost, but now he is found! So, they began to celebrate."*

The Spirit of God's next command came from two visiting pastors (who knew nothing of Solomon's past). These messages were delivered several years apart, but each message was "one and the same." Maureen Gagliardi, author of The Path of the Just, Volume I & II, First Printing, 1963 was the first pastor. [While she conducted a week of services, Solomon bought and devoured her books and studied the Tabernacle of Moses so well, that in Heaven's White Round Library, he now teaches classes on it to saints who come and inquire about it. It keeps him and others on this rotation shift very busy because there are millions of "saints" (heaven's population) who visit Heaven's Library.]

Solomon met Pastor Maureen Gagliardi as he was leaving the church after a service. Pastor Gagliardi shook his hand, but she didn't release it. Instead, she said, "You are not from here, are you?"

Solomon responded, "No. I was born in Hawaii."

Gagliardi continued: "The Lord would have me say to you, 'Go home. Your wife is waiting for you.'"

Shocked by this command, Solomon went home and in the privacy of his home, he cried out to God. "Please, God, how can I do this? I left my wife Mary with six babies. I am worse than a dog. How can I go back home now? Everyone hates me for what I have done to her. To go back

home and ask her for her forgiveness would be like a dog going back with his tail between his legs. I am so ashamed. How can I do this? Is there any other way?"

Solomon did nothing. He found out, through visiting ministers, that three of his daughters were in Southern California College (SCC dba Vanguard University, July 1999).

Then, a second guest speaker came to minister at this church. At the end of the service, the minister shook hands with Solomon at the church door and (almost verbatim) asked him where he was from. (Hawaii.) Then, he said, "My son, go home. Your wife is waiting for you."

By November 1966 or four years later, Solomon was convinced that if he wanted to fulfill the Divine Will of God on his life, he had to "go home." So, Solomon wrote a letter to Mary asking her whether she would allow him to come home. He explained that he had become a Christian and asked her to forgive him for all the pain he had caused in her life. If she (Mary) said it was okay for him to return to Kauai, he would ask his birth mother, Alice Makaawaawa Akita, to allow him to live with her for a while. (Alice welcomed him home.) So, the letter was written to Mary and dropped in the mailbox.

Finale: A Thanksgiving Wish Becomes a Christmas Gift

"Father, I have sinned against heaven and in your sight. I am no longer worthy to be called your son; [just] treat me like one of your hired men."

After sitting down at the dining table with a cup of chocolate and toast on this clear, sunlit morning, Mami (children's pet name for "mother") joined me. Her cup of coffee preceded my arrival. She went to check on her mother's well-being before sitting down again to finish her cup of coffee. Between moments of silence, Mami pushed a plain white envelope towards me. "Read it," she said calmly. I open the envelope and read a letter she received the day before. When I looked up at her in amazement, Mami asked me, "What should I do?"

"What do you mean... 'What should I do?' This is the Miracle God promised you... that we have believed for...prayed for...and waited for."

From the day my mother shared with me that God promised Daddy would return home to her if she waited for him...I had no doubt, for a moment, that Dad would return home to her. Throughout the years I was away in college, I was considered "a dreamer" ...especially when they found out that he was already gone for over ten years.

"Write to him, Mom," I urged. "Give him permission to come home. (Pause) Do you still love him, Mom?"

She nodded her head and wept. It seemed like a lifetime since he left. But, our Heavenly Father, the All-Knowing God, had kept His promise.

GOD's Promises Are Active, Fulfilling Every Need.

He (God) "provided for her six children as her husband would" (Isa. 54:5).

MARY: "God remained closer to me than a blood relative, and he enabled me, step by step, to succeed in each challenge placed before me—physical, mental, or spiritual challenge."

"Surely goodness and mercy and unfailing love shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell forever in the house and in the presence of the LORD."

After Solomon remarried Mary, they joined the Shaklee Products company. In the next five years, their Shaklee business grew, attaining the highest level as Shaklee Diamond Key Coordinators. At the same time, Solomon's *Army of God* evangelistic meetings attracted attention as people who were healed spread the word to their friends and families. A FGBF *Voice* magazine reporter wrote his life (*Voice*, Dec. 1972 "The Prodigal Returns"). Long story short, he served as President of the Hawaii chapter of the Full Gospel Businessmen's Fellowship until he and Mom were called to the field of evangelism. Sol and Mary Ono traveled throughout the United States for three years, establishing churches in South Carolina and Honolulu. At the end of his three-year tour, they returned to Honolulu, and they became the pastors of Gospel Assembly Church.

My thirteen-year-old daughter played the piano for Gospel Assembly worship services. The sermons and healing service were most impactful upon her. When Grandpa Nakama came to church specifically to ask Pastor Ono to pray for him, Daughter stood close by with her brother (7) because she was determined to "see" this miracle take place. (She didn't close her eyes when Pastor prayed.)

Sitting on the front pew, Grandpa explained that he was suffering excruciating back pains from (rheumatoid?) arthritis. He could hardly stand or walk straight. Knowingly, Pastor Ono placed a chair before Nakama and sat on it. He lifted Nakama's legs and pushed them against the back of the wooden pew with all his might, so Nakama's back was straight up against the pew. Pastor held his two feet together. Shockingly, one leg was about six inches shorter than the other.

Pastor Ono closed his eyes and began praying in Tongues (Hebrew language). As he noted to me later, at the sound of Yeshua's (Christ) name, the shorter right leg visibly lengthened, matching the length of the left leg. In a few seconds, Grandpa Nakama was healed. He stood...walked around...feeling no shocking pain...he said, "Good...okay now." That day, the Almighty GOD of the Bible proved that "Healing is for Today!"

Jesus said, "...do not forbid (children) to come to Me; for the kingdom of heaven belongs to such as these."

Mary Welcomed into the City Gates of New Jerusalem

"In My Father's house are many dwelling places. If it were not so, I would have told you, because I am going there to prepare a place for you."

My mother passed away in January 1996. From Dad's return in January 1967 to the day Mom passed away in 1996, they enjoyed an additional 29 years of marriage, for a grand total of thirty-nine years. Sixteen years later, Dad passed away from a heart attack that his attending doctors said should have stopped his heart immediately. Instead, God allowed him to live about a month to "get his house in order." Solomon's words in his obituary revealed his heart....

"He devoted most of his later life to Bible study and spreading the Word of God. A passionate evangelist, he was an active member of the Full Gospel Businessmen's Association, evangelizing throughout the United States, and establishing churches in South Carolina and Honolulu. He dedicated *The Army of God* training album to his wife and children, "...who prayed and believe for my salvation for many years even though it seemed like a hopeless dream. My thanks to you, my wonderful family, for praying me into the most fulfilling way of life."

Chapter 5 – The Family Years (1973-2014)

"Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not to your own understanding...."

First Date with GOD's Promised Man

From thirteen years old to thirty years old is a span of seventeen years that I "waited on God" for the fullness of time to meet my future husband. Likewise, my mother's "waiting time" for my father's return was seventeen years. Hmm. Is this just a coincidence?

Within a year before I met my husband Clayton Nakama, Father God asked me, "What are you looking for in your future husband, Pat?"

I almost immediately said, "Father, I would like a husband who will love me with all his heart; just as I have kept myself holy for him, I will also love him the same way. Also, I am a faint-hearted person, LORD. I do not think I am strong like my mother was. I do not believe that I will survive a divorce. Please do not allow divorce to enter our marriage."

Second, "I would like him to be more intelligent than I am. I would like him to be 'wise to the ways of the world,' because I am not." (I am naïve because I choose to ignore the evil actions of people around me. I refuse to "judge" them because I know I am far from perfect.)

Third, "I would like him to be business minded. I am a left-brained person. I am no good at accounting and financial matters. So, I will take care of our home, children, and the spiritual education of our family. This is what I know I can do."

Fourth, "I would like him to be an upright person. One who will embrace Christianity as I do. This aspect is a given, for I am sure You, LORD, wouldn't choose an ungodly person for me."

This conversation became the bedrock on which Father God chose Clayton to be my husband. In retrospect, I now understand that Father also looked for a man with "a kind and gentle heart (like mine)," revealing this fact to me later.

Between 1966-1970, five suitors came calling while I was teaching at Kekaha School. But for one reason or another, these young men just didn't "fit the bill."

One night after a Wednesday night Prayer Meeting, as I waited for my mother to complete her conversation with a lady friend, I stood apart from them in the church parking lot and looked up into the starry sky. On this moonless night, the stars were so bright. They drew my thoughts to Father God, and I asked Him another of those "Is he the one?" questions. I had reconnected with a classmate in Dairy Queen's parking lot a day or so ago. He came over to the driver's side window of my car and we talked a while. He asked if he could visit me sometime. I nodded but didn't think much of it after he left.

So, here I was, staring up into God's universe. I remembered that meeting, so I asked, "Is he the right one for me, LORD?" There was a pause (as if God hesitated). Then, I heard, "No."

Suddenly, all the frustration and depression I had cast into the Sea of Forgetfulness came roaring back. I remembered reconnecting with a man who I was very attracted to during Christmas 1965 (in Hawaii). He had a girlfriend. When I asked God whether he was the right one for me? God said, "Yes." But God also said that He cannot force a person "to love me." That is a "free will choice" all human beings are given. Long story short, if I persisted, the breakup between he and his girlfriend will result in breaking her heart...she will end up dying as an old maid. The question facing me was, "Are you willing to bear her blood upon your head for the rest of your life?" I dropped the idea like a "hot potato" and cast it into the Sea of Forgetfulness. I didn't reconsider that idea ever again.

But this Action left an "emptiness" in my heart that put me into depressive doldrums, mentally and spiritually. I realized whomever I met after that would be "second choice." And for whatever reason, everyone else I met after that just didn't meet the qualities of the "Wish List" I had given to the LORD.

Returning to reality, I lost my patience. I told God, "Lord, do you know how many times you have said 'no' to me? When are you ever going to say, 'Yes'?"

I felt God had a very amused look on His face...before He answered, "Well, Pat, I can only say 'Yes' once, you know."

Bong! I realized He was right. Nevertheless, I had run out of patience. So, I set new guidelines between us concerning my future husband. First, I was never again going to ask Him, "Is he the right one?" Secondly, I don't want to know who he is before he decides that he loves me. So, let him realize his feelings for me first. Then, please, let my parents know when he walks into my life." (I trusted them more than I trusted myself at this point.) As for me, I will welcome dates, but if they are wrong for me, You, LORD, must stop the relationship from growing. (And boy, did He!!)

After meeting Clayton in a business luncheon between July-August 1970, I received a long-distance call from him early in December. He asked me whether I would be able to accompany him to his company's (IDS) Christmas Party on December 24, 1970, at Yacht Harbor Club in Kaneohe Marine Base? With my sister Rose's urging, I accepted his invitation. It turned out that I was also scheduled to chaperone the Y-Teen Kekalana Club to Honolulu for the Hawaii YMCA

Conference two weeks before Christmas. This meant that my trip was paid for; I just had to change the return date.

Dressing for this Christmas Party made me feel like Cinderella dressing for the ball. My dress's long skirt was a shimmering but subdued mixture of colors—gold, red, orange, lavender, green which enhanced my brown hair. It was truly the most beautiful long dress I had ever owned. My sister Rose had flown in from Kauai at the closing of her business day. She sat on a bed observing me as I dressed. She wanted to know how I felt about Clay...commenting positively on my hair, my makeup.... Mother, too, checked in on me...she seemed happy that her eldest daughter was going on a date. Dad sat on the couch, saying he would have the best view of this occasion from where he sat. My parents were both meeting Clay for the first time.

When Clay knocked on the screen door, Rose let him in. I was told to wait in the bedroom. (It would not hurt to make a man wait a few minutes, even if I were ready.) I introduced Clay to my parents, and we left for the party.

I learned the next day that soon after we disappeared into the parking lot, Rose and Mom were left standing in the middle of the small living room. Dad began to weep. He said, "Mom, God just told me that Pat is going to marry that man."

My mother with her quick-witted tongue responded, "How do you know?"

In the next moment, Rose and Mom felt the powerful presence of the Holy Spirit's Anointing. They, too, began to weep. (The unworthiness that one feels when standing in the presence of God's Spirit causes tears to flow unbiddenly.)

The Christmas Party was beautifully decorated with all the Christmas trimmings, presents under the Christmas tree that turned out to be prizes, food, and wine. A band that played dance music of the 50's and 60's. Clay introduced me to his manager, Dennis Carpenter, and other co-workers, who came up to us with their wives and girlfriends. When it was time to begin the program, Clay left me in the capable hands of his manager, who took me onto the dance floor.

Throughout the evening, I watched Clay at work. He was the MC of the evening. Dennis told me that he single-handedly planned this Christmas party. (He was intelligent and responsible.) He came to check on me periodically. (He was attentive to his date that meant he cared.) As we danced, I noticed he had a soft, gentle mannerism towards me...never aggressive, just protective. All the points on the list I gave the LORD of my "dream man" were adding up. With this man, I felt a peace (that remained throughout our lives together). He might be the one, I thought. But I refused to ask God. I was determined to allow this relationship to be controlled by him. I was just along for the ride. When he decides to show me his heart, and my parents confirm that "he is God's choice for me," then, I will reveal my heart.

When I arrived home that night, my sister Rose was awake. She tried to find out how I felt about Clay, but I refused to share the lovely, glorious moments of the evening in fear that "sharing" would contaminate the wonderful memory I held in my heart. So, I remained noncommittal.

The next morning, as soon as I opened my eyes, I saw Rose was awake and waiting.... She began the conversation by saying, "Mami said we shouldn't tell you about this, but I think you should know." She proceeded to tell me of the Anointing that fell on them after Clay and I left the apartment. – Now that I knew that God had confirmed Clay's role in my life with my parents, I waited for Clay to learn to love me.

God's Promised Became a Christian

Within the first four months of 1971, Clayton flew from Honolulu to Kauai three times. He was there as my escort during my Sister Rose's wedding celebration in March. I introduced Clay to two youth pastors from Grace Bible Church, who had come to Kauai to start a mission for the families of my Bible Club students. Eddie Asato (who became the senior pastor of GBC on Maui) and Roy Kim introduced Clayton to Christianity. Roy Kim (who pastors a GBC church on the island of Hawaii) led in the repentance prayer and conversion. Later, Clay told me that he agreed totally with the laws of Christianity. Because it matched his thinking, he chose to become a Christian. (That was the last remaining point on my "dream man's list." Now, will he reveal his heart to me?)

God's Promised Proposed Marriage

"To love, honor, and obey till death do us part...."

I was surprised in April 1971, when Clay called and said he was flying into Kauai for two days. So, I invited him to have dinner with us the next night.¹ Grandma Keahi, Clay and I had a quiet dinner. After cleaning up, we settled on the couch and Grandma retired to her bedroom. It was about 8 PM. Our conversation that night lasted into the wee hours of the morning. We shared the history of our families, our education (He attended Michigan State University, earned a BA degree in Business Accounting. He shared highlights of his fraternity experiences and military experiences as a medic.) Time flew by. After midnight, there was a pause in our conversation.

Then, he asked, "May I ask you a personal question?"

"Sure," I responded feeling nonchalant and carefree.

"Will you marry me?" (The most memorable time I heard this question was at my tenth-class reunion, and the proposer cancelled it at 9 AM the next morning. So, as nonchalantly as I accepted the "cancelled" proposal, I accepted this one.)

"Of course, I'll marry you," I teasingly replied, with that memory lingering in my thoughts.

He leaned back on the couch and smiled, "Oh, good!"

So, I carried on the conversation for a few more minutes, I was feeling happy and content with life in general. Then, there was another long pause.

"Shall we get married in June?" he asked.

My flighty thoughts came to a screeching halt. *This man is serious*, I thought.

"Do you mean in two months?" I asked.

He nodded with an expectant look in his eyes.

After a few moments I asked, "What do you think of June 1973?"

"Two years from now? Oh, good! That gives me time to save for the wedding."

Two years flew by. Our wedding happened just as I meticulously planned every step on paper. We were married in a small church in Manoa Valley on June 9, 1973. The reception was held two hours later. Clay's parents' guest list included 300 guests and I had about 90 guests. His parents willingly paid for their share of the reception's nine-course Chinese dinner at Ala Moana Hotel. At the end of the reception, we skipped the "night out" with our bridal party, choosing to be alone on the first night of our wedded life.

In retrospect, Clayton proposed on my 30th birthday on April 28, 1971. We were married on June 9, 1973. Our first daughter was born on May 9, 1975; second daughter was born on August 11, 1977; son was born on April 8, 1981 (20 days before my 40th birthday).

A Child's Prayers Overcome Addiction

Why couldn't I be as strong-minded as my husband Clayton is? My thoughts returned to the early years of our marriage. I recognized that my husband needed prayer help to give up smoking. Without ever mentioning a word about my concern, I brought up the idea of praying for "Daddy to quit smoking" during my 4-year-old daughter's bedtime prayers. So, she and I prayed a sentence-prayer each night for over a year.

One evening, after dinner, Clay habitually pulled a pack of cigarettes from his shirt pocket and proceeded to light one. Observing him quietly, five-year-old Michelle (quite unexpectedly) asked, "Daddy, why do you smoke?"

I do not remember his response, but at the end of that year, Clay announced, "As a New Year's resolution, I have decided to quit smoking." And so, he did. On the last day of the year, he emptied the freezer of all remaining packs of cigarettes. He dumped them into a trash bag... tied it up and walked out... returning a short time later empty-handed. That was the last day I saw cigarettes in our home.

At thirty-five years old, Clay quit smoking. He had smoked since he was 18 years old. He later shared with me that he perceived that if he kept on smoking, his daughter may decide one day to do the same. In his words, he said, "Giving up smoking a pack a day of cigarettes was the hardest thing I ever had to do in my life. Even twenty years after giving it up and never lighting another one, I still desired the taste when I caught a whiff of cigarette smoke on a passerby" (Adlib).

The Possessed Was Freed ... They Welcomed Christ Jesus.

Over the years, one by one, Clayton's high school friends quit smoking. Whether any one of them smoked privately, I do not know. I only know that at our last gathering, at the Nishimura's Wedding Celebration (on March 27, 2011), I didn't see any of them smoking, even though we were in a private outdoor garden wedding in Waikiki.²

On the other hand, I will never forget that wedding because I was asked a question that became a testimony that led each one of Clay's friends and their wives (15-20 people) to accept Jesus Christ as their God.

The conversation began quite unexpectedly, when Hemo's wife,¹⁰ who was sitting across the large round table from me asked, "Pat, do you know why Jimmy (a single, college friend who socialized with them regularly) become possessed with demons?" I paused.... (She was referring to an incident that happened about ten years ago.) My heart prayed silently, "Help me, God!"

After recounting the details of this story, I told Clay's friends, "Jimmy said he didn't believe in anything after death." That means, he didn't believe in the existence of any god. This left his soul empty. Therefore, demons that leave a man's body when he dies will search for another human body that is empty. To make sure demons were exorcised from Jimmy's body, he had to accept Jesus as his Savior and repent of all his sins. Then, the Holy Spirit of God filled his body, and his soul is protected from unwanted demons.

After the 3-hours exorcism, Jimmy asked my father (Pastor Solomon), "How can I make sure they never come back into me, because I can feel when they are trying to get into me?"

Pastor Solomon replied, "Call out to God with all your heart, "Help me, Jesus! Help me, Jesus!" Keep on saying it until you feel they are gone."¹¹

In the silence that followed, I answered the question I thought was on everyone's mind— "I don't want to be possessed. What can I do to prevent that from happening to me?"

I said, "I am going to pray out loud a sinner's prayer. As I pray, listen to the words and if that is what you want for your life, just repeat my words silently and God will hear you and answer your prayer.

At the end of the Wedding Reception, while walking towards the parking area, two ladies approached me and shared what they decided. Hemo's wife expressed a "light, happy" feeling after she repeated the prayer with me. Carole, on the other hand, said she wasn't ready. But three years later, when Carole called me to extend her sympathy after hearing of Clay's passing, she said she was now ready to say the Sinner's Prayer. I gladly prayed with her (as the words of a chorus rang through my being: "*When we all get to heaven, what a day of rejoicing that will be.*"¹²

Chapter 6 – Prayer Conversations with Father God

“Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.”

Second “Death Warning” for Husband

As I drove home, I recalled the conversation I had with the Holy Spirit about nine months before Clay’s passing. It was in November 2013. As I worshipped the LORD, I heard Him say, *“Pat, Clayton has fulfilled all that he was created to do on earth; I am taking him Home (to Heaven) next year (2014).”*

Death—Promotion to Sainthood.

In a private moment with my LORD, this is a conversation we had that helped me to accept His Divine Plan for my husband, Clayton S. Nakama, in the final moments of his life.

PAT: Why, Lord, why can’t he live longer?

LORD GOD: *“Clayton fulfilled all he was created to do on earth. Now, he will be of more service to Me in Heaven than on earth.”*

LORD GOD: *“He has been your faithful husband for 40 years. He sought and found Me during Sunday services, especially within the last 10 years of his life. But his choices did not include “studying My Word.” This lack of knowledge made him hesitant to support you in the ministry I have called you to create. He doesn’t feel qualified. So, I am calling him home, where he will be of more service to Me (God) in Heaven than on earth.*

Husband’s Journey to Heaven.

When Clay was admitted into Straub Emergency on Friday evening, 20 June 2014, we didn’t realize that it would be the last week of his life. On Sunday morning (June 22), the Spirit of God awoke me and directed me to go to the hospital and pray for Husband. I arrived at 7 AM. The ICU nurse was changing his bedding and the intravenous liquid plastic bottle. The medical team had given him a sedative to calm him down. When we were finally alone, he asked me what day it was? (Sunday, 22 June 2014) I held his hand and shared that Father God asked me to come to the hospital and pray for him this morning. He smiled and closed his eyes as I prayed. After my prayer, I shared how the family was doing. He seemed glad to hear about them. After a while, he began to nod sleepily. I assumed it was the sedative beginning to take effect in his body. So, I squeezed his hand and told him I had to leave because Church began at 9:15 AM. He nodded in agreement. I still remember him close his eyes sleepily after I bid him good-bye.

When I returned later that day, I found my children had visited him. He was alert and completely lucid in his conversation with me. Then, I was told that he was being transferred to a regular room that evening. What glorious news this was. I left him with a happy and relieved heart. Perhaps, Father God has heard our prayers for an extension on his life.

Remembering “First Death” Warning

This was the second time that Father God pronounced these words of Death upon Clay’s life. I remember a pronouncement of Death in June 1997 that should have come to pass in May 1998. The first time, I asked God, “Is this Your Perfect Plan for Clay’s life?

The LORD answered, “No. He hasn’t been taking care of his body’s health.” A memory rose before me...I watched as Husband consumed a whole bag of Skool Kine Chocolate Chip Cookies (12 oz.), while watching a football game on TV. This Death pronouncement was deferred after **I diligently prayed for Mercy for six months.** The discovery of an 8 mm-size aneurysm (the size of an orange) on the main artery from his heart behind his kidneys were found on an old x-ray file. The x-ray doctor recognized a part of the aneurysm as he searched for the pain-causing kidney stones that wasn’t on recent x-rays.

In my spiritual eyes, I recognized this as a God-given Miracle! “Doctors do not usually investigate old x-ray files,” admitted Husband’s physician. The surgery that followed on the earliest date possible was successful. Four days of painless healing in hospital signaled God’s Mercy on his life. I sang praises to God throughout the waiting period for the surgery and the healing period that followed. After all, didn’t the Lord say his death would be in May of the following year? Through this surgery, Clay was blessed with an additional seventeen years of life (1997-2014).

“O LORD, How Great Thou Art! There is none like Thee!”

Return to Second “Death Warning”

My thoughts were drawn back to reality. The night before Husband was transferred out of the ICU and into a regular room, Daughter Carole had a vision. She saw Clay’s mother standing at the Celestial City gates. Someone had told her that Clay was “coming home.” She could not wait to see Clay again. Then, in the vision, another angel came to her and told her Clay wasn’t coming yet. Carole saw Grandma Nakama’s head drop; she looked so sad. She slowly turned around and walked back into the gates of Heaven.

I spent two nights (June 23, 24) with Clay, sleeping on a reclining chair. When I awoke the second morning, the first thing he told me was, “I didn’t sleep at all last night.” I found out (by reading the nurse’s notes on the white board) that Husband received eight medications the night before. These were the same meds prescribed to him before he was hospitalized. No medication for four days and his body was rejuvenated to its normal state. A day after he was given the medications, he became sick again. How is that possible?

I did a little investigating and learned that one of the medications causes insomnia. The aggravation the meds caused reduced Husband to the condition he was in when he arrived in the Emergency Room. His heart was skipping beats and setting off the nurses’ station’s alarm. He was taken back to Intensive Care Unit (ICU) on Wednesday morning, June 25. After two more days in the ICU, Husband passed away.

When Clay's heart began to beat irregularly, our family went into praying 24/7. On Wednesday night when Matt and I took the night shift at Clay's bedside, Michelle whispered, "Mom, tonight is crucial. The Spirit of Death will try to take Dad tonight. We are fasting and praying with you even though we are going home. I think that if Dad lives past 3 AM, the Lord is giving him an extension. This extension of life is until all his family are ready to let him go."

Upon receiving these words of Knowledge, I walked the corridors of the hospital floor all night praying in the Spirit (Tongues) until the next morning. Clay continued to respond to our questions through Thursday, but on Friday morning, he was no longer responsive. The doctor on duty gave us a warning that his vital stats were fading. We should have the immediate family say our final farewells.

When Matt and I arrived at Clay's room, Michelle told me later, that I was the last person to say good-bye to Dad. I sat down next to his bedside quite upset because I thought Clay was going to live longer. Hadn't the Lord promised me (in Hosea 6:1-3) to heal Clay in three days? (I received this promise while I was travailing in prayer three days ago at the Prayer Center.)

The first words out of my mouth were, "You can't have him, Lord. (Pause)

MICHELLE: (In Thought) Oh, no... this is going to be a lo-o-ng day.

PAT: (Speaking out loud, I voiced my thoughts and the Lord's answers so my children would hear the conversation I was having with the LORD.) Father, I don't understand this turn of events. Please help me to understand. My first question is "Why did you promise me that you would raise Clay up in three days?" (Pause. I waited for an answer.)

LORD GOD: *My daughter, I gave you those verses in Hosea, and I still stand by them. You read my promise and saw it from the earthly viewpoint, while, I am God, and I see it from My Spirit's Viewpoint. Today is the third day since I gave you that promise. I am raising Clay's SPIRIT MAN today. He will live for all eternity in My Kingdom that I have prepared for him and all who come to Me in repentance.*

PAT: I understood almost instantly what the Lord meant. I just so wanted more time with Clay that I was hoping, wishing, praying that the verses meant "more time upon this earth" for Clay.

So, I responded, "Okay, Lord. Forgive me. I was blinded by my desires. I just wanted Clay to stay a while longer. (Pause)

My second question is, "Why did you give Carole a vision foretelling our family celebrating Christmas 2014? She saw Clay standing while we were all sitting and listening to him. The atmosphere was so full of love and joy and our hearts were at peace. I thought this meant that Clay would at least live until the end of this year (2014).

Before the Lord spoke, I remembered that a few days before, Carole came to me and told me that she revisited that vision. When she looked closely, she saw that it was my son, Matthew, who was standing and talking to our family, not Clayton.

Then, the Lord spoke.

LORD: Yes, Pat, I understand that all of Clayton's loved ones want him to remain here on earth. But Clayton has fulfilled all My Plans for his life on earth. Now, I can bless him with all the dreams and desires of his heart in My Kingdom. Yes, today Clayton will be welcomed by all his loved ones and friends who are waiting for him at Heaven's gates this very moment. Think not that this is a sad occasion. It is not. All of heaven rejoices over one life that is saved by My Blood. Now, Clayton also will rejoice.

"Rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for great is your reward in heaven...."

PAT: (Pause) Thank GOD for this reassurance. But I still have one more question to ask you. (The most difficult and heart rending....) Lord, how am I going to manage without Clay? Lord, you know he has taken care of me for 40 years. He is my husband, lover, father of my children, partner, accountant, disciplinarian concerning money matters.... I cannot do what he has done for me all these years. O Lord, I need him in more ways than one. (Sob)

LORD: Pat, remember the time your mother told you that I gave her Isaiah chapter 54? The whole chapter pertained to her choice to wait for your father to return after he abandoned her. I told her, "Solomon will return." And, she believed Me and waited, because she loved your father and no one could replace him in her heart.

Meanwhile, I especially gave her Isaiah 54:8 which says, "I, your Maker, is your husband" during this interim period. Thus, I took on the role of making sure that all her needs were met—from food on the table each day, to prom gowns to college education for all her six children. This is what I meant when I told her, "I will help you raise your children."

In your case, my daughter Pat, "I will supply ALL your needs— and this means physically, mentally, socially, and emotionally—from My riches in Glory through Christ Jesus" (Phil. 4:19).

PAT: (Pause) Upon accepting these thoughts from the Lord, I said, "Thank you, Lord, for this promise. (Pause) Okay, Lord. Now, I understand. (Pause) All right. I understand now.

I looked upon Husband and said, "Clay, you may go. I release you (to the Lord)."

A fleeting moment later, my daughters and son saw the monitor of Clay's heart fall into a flat line. He seemed to have been waiting for me to let him go.... He left his body, the moment I released him to the Lord.

The nurses asked all family members to leave the room while they disconnected the respirator and medicine tubes to make Clay's body presentable.

As we walked out, Michelle slid up next to me and hugged me. She whispered, "I just heard the Lord say to me, '*I have answered your prayer...*' (To Michelle this meant that God took her father when he was most ready to leave earth spiritually... he faithfully attended Sunday Services for over ten years before he was called home. During this period, he was water baptized and filled with the "Holy Spirit and Fire" (Acts 2:4).

[Back to the hospital scene.] I heard Michelle, but I was emotionally unstable, and my mind was clouded and grieving, so I didn't respond to her except to nod that I heard her.

While waiting in the hospital corridor, I went to a corner and stood facing a gurney left in that corner of white walls. I needed a moment of solace. My mind was full of Clay. Lost in thought, I whispered, "I love you (Clay)."

CLAYTON: In my thoughts, I heard him... "I love you too."

Still in a daze, I whispered again, "I love you (Clay)." Again, I heard the same words repeated in my thoughts.

CLAYTON: "I love you too."

PAT: I felt like I was waking up from a dream, I asked, "Where are you?"

Then I felt chicken skin and an embrace accompanied with tingling sensations. Someone was standing behind me—on the right side of my head. I sensed that he wrapped his arms around me and rested his head on top-right side of my head.

Love and joy flowed into my heart. My Clayton was not dead! HE IS ALIVE!!! Such joy and peace flowed between us as I quietly enjoyed A SPECIAL MOMENT IN TIME with him.

Then, my daughter, Carole, came to me with a question. After answering her, I turned back towards the gurney and white wall, searching my heart for Clay again. I whispered, "(Clay) are you still here?" From a distance, I heard Clay's voice.

CLAYTON: "I have to go now."

Then, in a vision, I saw the shape of his body being held by a bright light (guardian angel?). He was shooting upward like a rocket into the night sky full of stars. He was on his way to heaven. My heart was at peace and rest. I silently rejoiced that he was free from his weakened heart and lungs...and all the limitations of this earthly body. I hope this parting embrace will last for a lifetime.

Favorite Scriptures

¹⁹*Do not quench the Spirit.*

²⁰*do not despise prophetic utterances.*

²¹*But examine everything carefully; hold fast to that which is good.*

²²*abstain from every form of evil."*

"No weapon that is formed against you will succeed.

And every tongue that rises against you in judgment you will condemn.

This [peace, righteousness, security, and triumph over opposition] is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is from Me," says the Lord.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength

They shall mount up with wings as eagles,

They shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint."

Notes

PATRICIA O. NAKAMA, *THE GOD WHO LOVES UNCONDITIONALLY*

1. Tūtū – Hawaiian translation for “grandfather.” p. 12.
2. The time spans in this paragraph are approximate. Using known birth dates and year of Tūtū’s house, with the average lifespan of a horse as 30 years, I filled in the gaps up to my age-existence in this story. p. 19.
3. *HawaiiHistory.org*. In 1848, King Kamehameha III decided to give ownership to Hawaiians of the land they were living on or using as farmland, raising crops or livestock. Only 37% of the Hawaiians applied and received land grants. The Kuleana Act of 1850 established free simple ownership of land that historical land tenants were required to document their claims to gain permanent title. Once granted, a kuleana plot was freed from all historical ties to the area. *The Mahele*. p. 21, (footnotes 4-14.)
4. All names of characters except family names have been changed. p. 21.
5. Hymn text written by C. Bishop [©1929]. Text found in “Such Love” and “Blessed Assurance,” accessed on February 19, 2019, [Such love | Hymnary.org](#). p. 28.
6. “Exodus 20:12 – “Honor (respect, obey, care for) your father and your mother, so that your days may be prolonged in the land the Lord your God gives you” (AMP). p. 31.
7. People who live in the Kingdom of Heaven are called “saints.” p. 38.
8. Clayton proposed on my thirtieth birthday on April 28, 1971. We were married on June 9, 1973. Our first daughter was born on May 9, 1975; our second daughter was born on August 11, 1977; our son was born on April 8, 1981 (20 days before my 40th birthday). p. 45.
9. Wolaver, Bill, E.E. Hewitt, E.D. Wilson. “When We All Get to Heaven” lyrics © Word Music, Lic. p. 46.
10. Nishimura, Janice. “Wedding: Why Did Jimmy Become Possessed?” Mother of the Groom. Phone: 808-595-0217. Wedding Date: March 27, 2011, Friends Glenn & Leatrice Higuchi, Carol Wada. janice.nishimura@gmail.com. on January 18, 2022. p. 48. Nishimura, Ibid. p. 47.
11. Nishimura, Ibid. p. 47.
12. (Romans 10:13 - ...as the Scripture says, “Anyone who calls on the Lord will be saved” [Joel 2:28-32].). p. 48.
13. Wolaver, Bill, E.E. Hewitt, E.D. Wilson. “When We All Get to Heaven” lyrics © Word Music, Lic. p. 48.
14. Collett, Percy. *I Walked in Heaven with Jesus*. Christ End Time Ministries.com/pdf.
<https://christendtimeministries.com/pdf-i-walked-in-heaven-with-jesus-by-dr-percy-collet>, p. 52.

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