



# EMPLOYEE UPDATE

Polynesian Cultural Center    □    December 24, 1980



About six years before the birth of the Savior, Nephi and Samuel the Lamanite preached of his coming. While many people believed their words and went to Nephi to be baptized, others were angry and cast stones and arrows at Samuel. Nephi showed the people signs and wonders, and worked miracles among them "that they might know that the Christ must surely come." Two years later, the situation had not changed. We read in the Book of Mormon:

"And there was but little alteration in the affairs of the people, save it were the people began to be more hardened in iniquity, and do more and more of that which was contrary to the commandments of God."

After three more years passed, the signs given to the people were

even greater and angels appeared to men bringing glad tidings, for this was the year that the scriptures began to be fulfilled. Yet, still many people refused to heed the prophecies. Instead, they

"...began to depend upon their own strength and upon their own wisdom saying: Some things they (the prophets) may have guessed right, among so many; but behold, we know that all these great and marvellous works cannot come to pass of which has been spoken...it is not reasonable that such a being as a Christ shall come."

As we read on into 3 Nephi, we learn that the people began to forget the signs and wonders they had seen, and "began to be less and less astonished at a sign or a wonder from heaven insomuch that they became hard in their hearts and blind in their

minds" and disbelieved all that they had heard and seen.

Just thirty years later the righteous of these people surrounded the Christ, touched his hands and feet and the wound in his side"...and did know of a surety and did record that it was he of whom it was written by the prophets, that should come." (3 Nephi 11) Then they called out together: "Hosanna! Blessed be the name of the Most High God! And they did fall down at the feet of Jesus and worship him."

We are blessed to have prophets to guide us in the church today. They have been telling us of the signs of Christ's return for some time now. Are we listening? Or are we saying "Some things they may have guessed right"? Do we think it just isn't reasonable to believe that he will come again soon? This Christmas, 1980, marks just twenty more years to the new century. May we not approach it with "little alteration in our affairs."

May we ponder the significance of these things and truly worship Christ this season by rededicating ourselves to him that we may one day be in that company who will surround him at his coming and cry out together: "Hosanna! Blessed be the name of the Most High God!" I wish each of you a very Merry Christmas, and extend my love to you and to your families in this holiday season. May we share another great year together in 1981!

*William H. Craven*

# Hokule'a - A small leaf on a great sea

From the sound crew atop their truck with T.V. cameras and equipment in their bright yellow "Hokule'a Day" t-shirts to the members of PCC's Halau in fresh ferns gathered from the Ko'olau's, PCC employees agree that Hokule'a Day 1980 was a great success.

Hawaiian chief Joe Ah Quin presented a program based on traditional knowledge of life within a Hawaiian village during the Makahiki season when ali'i visited. The tall Makahiki pole topped with trailing feathers was an eye-catching addition to the village, and every guest present felt the grace and dignity of the occasion when villagers knelt in obedience to the conch call at the arrival and departure of the ali'i.

On the Maori marae, Chief Cleo Smith offered the whaikorero with oratory which commended the Hokule'a crew for their great sailing achievement. Noting that their journey "was a marvellous thing", he observed that the world outside of Polynesia had taken a renewed interest in the traditions which taught of our ancestors' prowess on the ocean. Echoing the feelings of all Maori present, he reasoned that prior to the Hokule'a voyages, Polynesians had only the proof of their traditions of planned migrations across the Pacific. "Now, you have proved that these traditions speak truly, -- for that we thank you and honor you."

Two speakers replied to these remarks with words of gratitude. "We can understand the emotions we share, because we are all people from an ocean-going past. I am very touched by the warmth, wisdom, and the love you share with us."

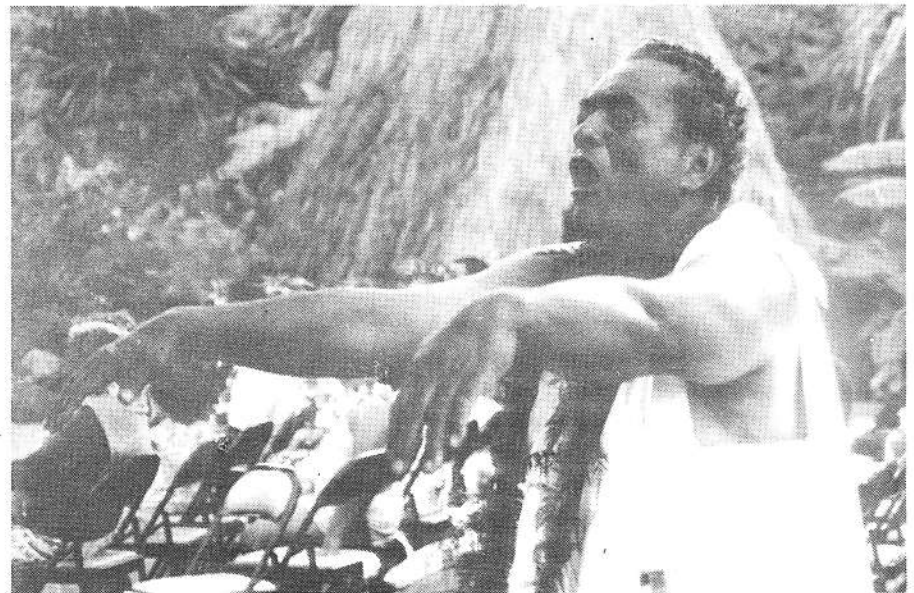
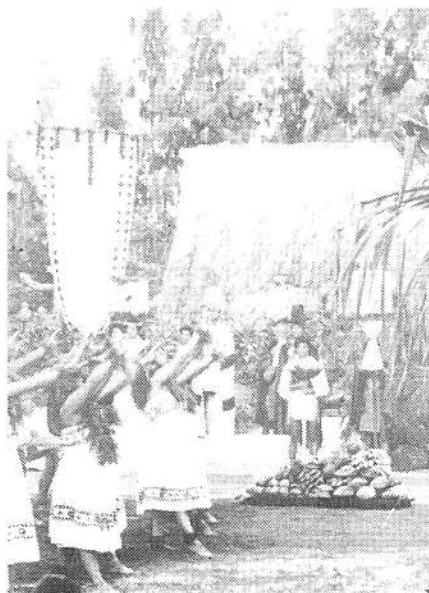
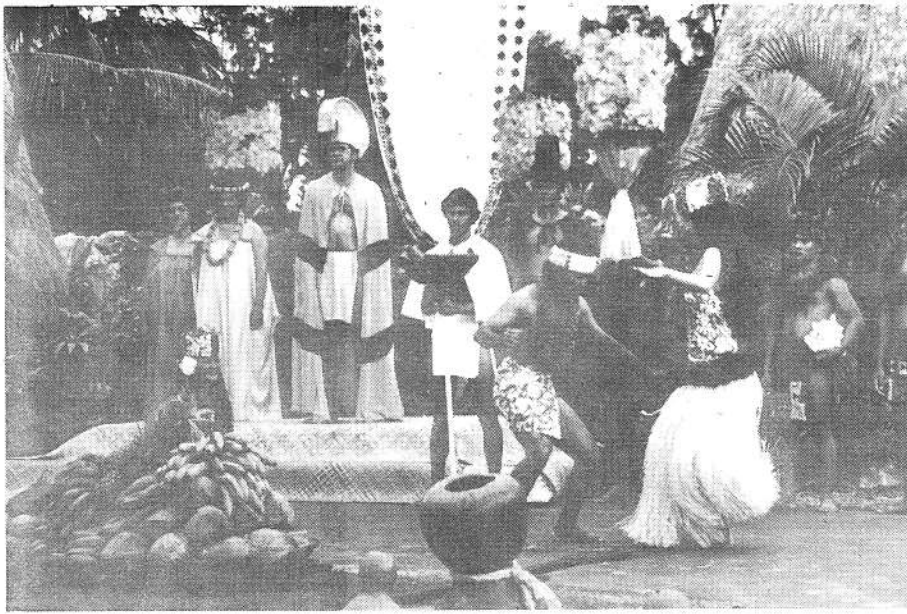
The second Hokule'a speaker outlined the history of Hawaii's voyagers, including Hawai'loa. "We are just a small leaf on a great sea." He commented on what moves a people to take such a great risk, - reminding those present that the Hokule'a lost a man in the second voyage. Michael Tong, president of the Polynesian Voyaging Society and



organiser of the crew's visit spoke later in the Samoan village in reply to Chief Toilolo's invitation. "It was a reward for us to come here. We are all Hawaiian, Samoan, Maori, etc. but inside we are all Polynesians." Thanking the Center for the gifts they received, he added "Just being able to spend a day with you to sing, dance, and talk is a gift you have given to every crew member."

A small group gathered in the main theater after the night show to hear from the crew some of the experiences they shared in their journeying. It was a presentation that underscored the courage and skills of these men and made each Polynesian present proud of his heritage and respectful for the legacy we share as descendants of ancient voyagers.





DEC. 24, 1980

# What does Christmas



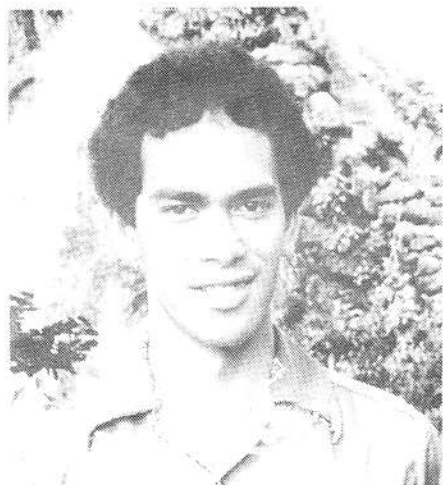
✓ Inna Filiaga: "I think of the Savior's birth."



Les Steward: "It means family, children, food."



✓ Kathleen Ah Quin: "Presents, sharing, being together with loved ones."



Robert Crowell: "A time to give of yourself."



Wilda Pa'alua: "I'm so happy it's Christmas! I love Christmas!"



✓ Bill Kanahele: "Broke! I find love and joy with my kids."



✓ Alofa Laumatia: "I think of the Savior's Birth."



✓ Taiifo Enesi: "Christmas is a time when I always remember Jesus Christ."



Lani Kanahele: "A time to make others happy by giving."



# as Mean to You???



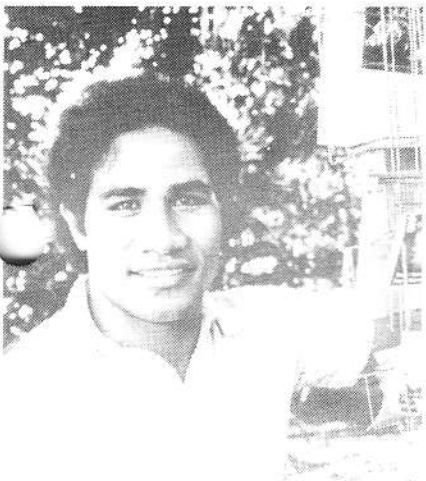
**Emily Kaopua:** "It is a time of joy and thanksgiving when we remember the Lord."



**Gabriel Nauahi:** "To me it is a time of giving and sharing."



**Josephine Moeai:** "Christmas lights! Family get-togethers, and friends."



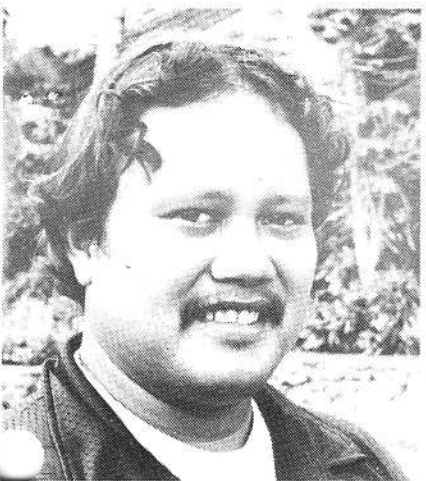
**Pua Tuia:** "It reminds me of the love of God."



**Maria Leiataua:** "It's a happy time."



**Joseph Freeman:** "Christmas means love."



**Frank Franco:** "A time of gifts, family get-togethers, and a day of peace."



**Ardella Arrington:** "Being with my family."



**Pat Peters:** "When I see the Christmas stars, I think of a promise of olden times, and of a child that was born."

# We Adopted a Grandpa for Christmas

By Pat Bair

It had been a busy time of year, even though most of the Christmas presents had been purchased early and carefully hidden away. It wouldn't take much to please our three small children, the oldest being only four. To help with family expenses, my husband had taken an extra job at a department store for the holiday rush. Now all that was left was last-minute baking. A good thing, since our checking account showed there could be no more trips to the store.

I was feeling good about our planning, when the telephone rang. "Hello, Sister Bair. Did you remember that tomorrow we take Relief Society to the nursing home?" I had completely forgotten—or maybe I just didn't want to remember. Christmas is such a happy time, and the nursing home always seemed so depressing. Oh, it was clean and adequate. I suppose, but it seemed cold and lonely.

As I hurriedly set up for my lesson the next day, some of the sisters were already waiting for us, and the nurses were bringing in those in wheelchairs.

"Joy to the world, the Lord is come." The opening song seemed to stick in my throat as I looked at these my sisters. Is Christmas a time of joy to them, or will it be just another lonely day? We would never forget a child at Christmas: Christmas often seems to be for children. But then, aren't we all God's children?

I can't remember much of what I said as I retold for those lonely sisters the story of that first Christmas, because these words kept echoing in my mind: "For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

"Naked, and ye clothed me: I was

sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me."

(Matt. 25:35-36)

Our Relief Society presidency had made some small pendants for each of the sisters, and after the meeting we gave them the small tokens. Then visited the rooms of those who could not come to it.

As we began to leave, an idea popped into my head, and the next thing I knew I was in the office talking to the head nurse. "Ma'am, do you have any people here who never have visitors or never receive gifts at Christmas? I would like to adopt one as our family's grandparent for the day."

"Which one would you like?" she asked gratefully.

"Oh, I really don't care, but preferably one who enjoys small children."

"I know just the one, if you don't mind having a gentleman. Come, follow me."

We walked down the hall and entered a room with four elderly gentlemen. "Eddie," the nurse said quietly. "I have someone I'd like you to meet. His blue eyes told me he was still young in spirit and anxiously longing for love."

"This young lady would like to bring her family over on Christmas day to spend a little time with you," the nurse explained.

"Spend some time with me? But why? Do you know me?"

"No," I replied, "Not until now. But I'd like to. My small children would love to have you as their adopted grandpa for Christmas."

"You've made me the happiest man alive," replied emotionally, man alive," he replied emotionally, and a tear rolled down his cheek. Then I realized we had no money to buy him anything.

My heart seemed to burst with

enthusiasm as I gathered my children around me later and told them of our new friend. "Mom, can we take him some presents?" my oldest one asked. Then I realized we had no money to buy him anything.

"I think so," I answered, "would you like to make him something?" Even if we couldn't buy him anything, we could take him baked goods. My husband and children shared my enthusiasm as we decorated cookies with a special bit of love. If only we could buy a few things, I kept thinking. Finally, I returned a gift I had earlier purchased and exchanged it for one that cost five dollars less. Now I had five dollars extra to spend on Eddie! It wasn't much, but we really enjoyed this Christmas shopping.

Eleven o'clock Christmas morning found us at the nursing home, with each of the children taking a favorite new toy to show Eddie. As we walked in we discovered Eddie had been waiting by the door for some time. "I was afraid you'd forgotten me," he said.

We shared our gifts and time with this wonderful man, and he in turn shared his memories of far-off Germany and the missionaries who had brought him the gospel. He told us of bringing his family to Utah to live among the Saints. Before he left, we walked up and down the halls wishing everyone a Merry Christmas. Our children loved showing off their new toys.

One of the ladies said, "Come, little ones, and let me show you what I got for Christmas," as she displayed the small pendant given to her by our Relief Society—her only treasure of the Christmas season.

"Joy to the world" sang in my heart now as I left the nursing home, and I felt the warmth of the Savior's message: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

(Matt. 25:40)

Reprinted from Ensign, December, 1976



# "A CHILD IS BORN"

By Mabel Jones Gabbott



## INNKEEPER'S WIFE:

But there was no room;  
we were crowded, overflowing;  
Besides, she had no place  
among that noisy crowd.  
There would be no quiet for her  
coming labor,  
for she was large with child.  
She looked so pale and wan; her time  
was near.

I would gladly have made room at the  
inn,  
But where was peace for her in all  
that merrymaking.  
Yet, my husband would have turned  
them away.  
I am glad the stable  
where I found them rest  
was sweet and clean.

## SHEPHERD:

It was here we stood,  
upon this hill,  
We were not asleep.  
The flocks were restless,  
Perhaps they sensed the difference in  
the night.  
For suddenly the sky was filled with  
radiance,  
And the angel of the Lord came upon  
us,  
The glory of the Lord shone round  
about us,  
And we were sore afraid.

Had I been alone, I might  
have doubted its reality,  
But it was true.

We heard the angel say,  
"Unto you is born this day, in the city  
of David, a Savior."  
We heard it!

And we saw the multitude of the  
heavenly host,  
We heard them praising God:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on  
earth

peace, good will toward men!"  
Oh, I am glad I went to Bethlehem  
and saw the holy Child  
wrapped in swaddling clothes  
and lying in a manger—  
the Savior, Christ the Lord.

How great for him to come so humbly  
to his own.

## MARY:

It is over.  
These long precious months he has  
been  
heartbeat of my heart  
and breath of my being.  
Now he is here,  
And he is whole and perfect.  
I have borne a son.

That he is the Son of God is no less  
miracle to me  
than any who believe it so,  
Oh, every birth is a little miracle—  
a miracle of faith and love  
and God's own wondrous working

Yet none so great as this:

For Gabriel said, "That holy thing  
which shall be born of thee shall be  
called the Son of God."

I wonder why this humble place—  
this stable.  
Does it portend the life of God's own  
son,  
among the lowly ones of earth?

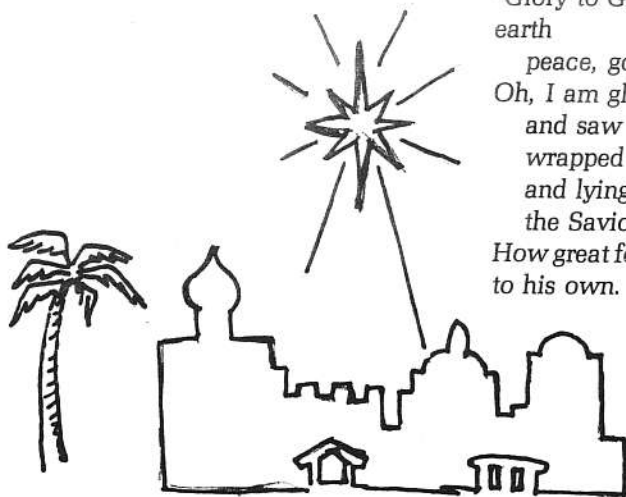
Perhaps

Yet kings will bow before him,  
And wise men listen to his word,  
And little children love him.

The babe is quiet now.  
Already my moment fades.

Let earth receive her king.  
The Son of God is born.

Reprinted from Ensign, December 1976.



# MELE KALIKIMAKA

## KILISIMASI FIEFIA

PCC Employees have added their talents to community programs over this Christmas season. Presenting an ambitious program to the BYU-H Faculty/Staff dinner this past week, Howard Lua of Cultural Education summed up the joys and involvement of celebrating Christmas with a timely quote from Dr. Jeffrey Holland, President of BYU in Provo.

Well, the fun will soon be over, the presents will be opened, but let us remember that Christmas is much more than this. The true meaning of Christmas transcends everything that is worldly. Dr. Jeffrey Holland used these words in his reflections upon Christmas:

"I, like you, need to remember the very plain scene, even the poverty, of a night devoid of tinsel or wrapping or goods of this world. Only when we see that single, sacred, unadorned object of our devotion, the Babe of Bethlehem, will we know why it is the season to be jolly, and why the giving of gifts is so appropriate."

"And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger. With only Joseph's inexperienced assistance, she herself brought forth her firstborn son, wrapped him in the little clothes that she had knowingly brought on her journey, and perhaps laid him on a pillow of hay. Then, on both sides of the veil, a heavenly host broke into song: 'Glory to God in the Highest,' they sang, 'and on earth, peace among men of good will.' But except for heavenly witnesses, these three were alone: Joseph, Mary, and the baby to be named Jesus."

"At this focal point of all human history, a point illuminated by a new star in the heavens revealed for just such a purpose, probably no other mortal watched. None but a poor young carpenter, a beautiful virgin mother, and silent stabled animals who had not the power to utter the sacredness they had seen. Shepherds would soon arrive and later wise men from the east, but first and forever there was just a little family, without toys or trees or tinsel -- with a baby -- that's how Christmas began."

"It is for this baby that we shout in chorus 'Hark! The herald angels sing Glory to the newborn king!'

As Howard so aptly observed: "Maybe Christmas doesn't come from a store, but rather, from the hearts of men."

May Christmas 1980 be a season of peace for each of us, -- in our homes and families, in our community, in the world in which we live, and most of all, within each one of us. May it be a time of great personal spirituality in which we remember to thank God for our Lord his son. Merry Christmas from the Update Editor.

## MERE KIRIHIMETE

# MANUIA LE KIRISIMASI