

President Ezra Taft Benson

Listening To A Prophet's Voice

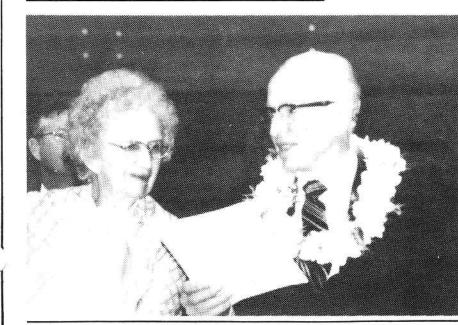
On Sunday, May 11, 1986, Laie was privileged to be in the presence of a prophet of God. Church members were able to see, hear, and feel the spirit of recently sustained President Ezra Taft Benson.

Members from all four stakes in th community began waiting in line at six o'clock on Sunday morning for the Area Conference that was scheduled to begin at nine. The Cannon Activities Center where it was held seats 5,000 people and by eight thirty it was standing room only.

President and Sister Benson arrived with President Howard W. Hunter, and Elder and Sister Sonnenberg. Elder Albert Ho, Regional Representative, conducted the conference.

Sister Sonneberg spoke first, one of the main points of her message being 'love at home'. She said that rather than love being "never having to say your sorry", love is in fact "being able to say your sorry." She gave prerequisites to having a good enviroment at home as having a spirit of service, love, scriptures, and prayer.

In Elder Sonnebergs talk he reminded husbands that they held the key to the heart of their wife, that they needed to take care of it and that the best thing that they can do is show their children



Sister Flora Benson with her husband the prophet

they love their mother.

Elder Hunter stressed the importance of attending church meetings, participating in religious activities, and the blessings of the Word of Wisdom. Elder Hunter stated that "Belief is not sufficient, we must be doers", he went on to say that "Doers are the ones that succeed".

Sister Flora Benson revealed her energetic and loving personality when she recited a poem that professed "It takes a heap of loving to make a house a home."

President Benson began his talk by bearing his testimony of eternal life saying "Thank God for the life hereafter." He spoke of the Book of Mormon as being a 'Book of God', saying that we should liken the scriptures to our own lives. He said that "Every Latter-day Saint should make the study of the Book of Mormon his lifelong persuit. In closing the prophet charged "May the Lord bless ya! And the devil miss ya!



The Show

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The Cutest Show In Town

Every year Laie Elementary School students prepare to perform in front of parents, brothers and sisters, aunts and uncles, and grandmas and grandpas for their annual May Day Program. The children spend long hours rehearsing each action, each song, and each dance while the teachers spend equal time trying to keep their students attention, keep their lines straight, and keep smiles on their faces. Much work is put into the designing and sewing of coloful costumes as well as the building of props. It is the combined efforts of parents, teachers, school staff, and volunteers that make the show creative, organized, and entertaining, but it is the students themselves that make it the cutest show in town.

This years theme was the migration to the Hawaiian Islands by the various nationalities that came here to preach, work, and live. Those represented in the program were missionaries, Chinese, Japanese, Samoans, Jamaicans, Filipinos, Fijians, and Maoris.

The Kindergarten class performed first as 'Children Around The World' weaving the May Pole. They also danced to "Pretty Red Hibiscus". The Second Grade teamed ur "ith some kin 'rgarten students and did a Jamaican "Limbo Rock". First Grade anced to a Japanese song entitled "Shoes That Squeak". Another Second Grade class performed the Maori "Tititorea". The Third Graders had a "Chinese Dragon Dance", a "Ribbon Dance", and a "Kung Fu Fighting" exhibition. Fourth Graders performed from the Philipines the "Tinikling" (which means bird), and the "Etik Etik" (which means duck). The Fifth Graders were Fijian warriors and the Sixth Graders danced the Samoan "Sasa".

The audience thoroughly enjoyed the performances. All those involved in the planning and execution of the program are to be commended for a job well done.











Cutest n Town

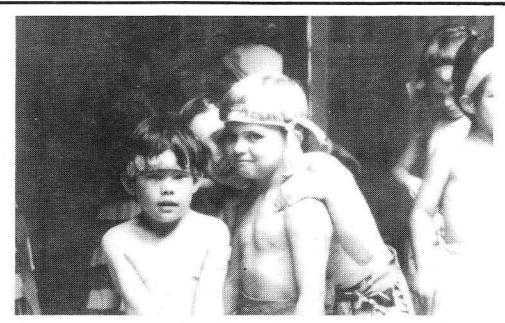
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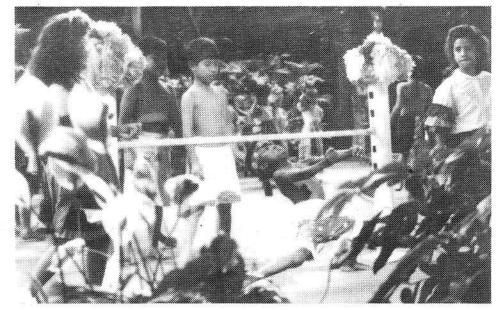
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Come In From The Storm

Wednesday, May 7, 1986, at 2:00pm as I was working on a project, a startling announcement broke through the top 40 Hit that was playing on the radio. After years of hearing those annoying emergency broadcast signals, I learned for myself the real value of such a system. Seconds later the phone rang. It was my husband calling me from his Waikiki office. He said according to all of the authorities the situation was serious and he was on his way home.

Moments later a second announcement came, echoing the first. A tsunami, generated from a 7.7 earthquake in Alaska, was headed for Hawaii. A tidal wave of unknown magnitude was due to hit our shores in 3 hours.

The Civil Defense began a series of broadcasts. We were told to look in our phone books where tsunami inundation maps would explain who was to evacuate and where they could go.

I fumbled through the pages as fast as I could. Kihei Lagoon, Kahala, Makapuu, then I found it, Laie. As I glanced at the print my pulse gripped me -- the Center would have to be evacuated.

I rushed out of the office to find out what the plans were. Tour drivers, like mother hens quickly gathered their bewildered flocks into groups and rushed them to the front gates. Feeble attempts to escape to the safety of Honolulu. Center guides and workers guietly explained to guests the situation, as managers with walky-talkies past through

in electric carts, pointing the way to safety.

BYU was designated as a 'safety zone'. With camera in hand I past through the back gates and followed the crowd to the school. A van with a Turtle Bay Hilton logo was unloading a group of disoriented Japanese guests. The grass between the Cannon Activities Center and the old gym was filling up with an array of holiday fashions from all over the world. I overheard someone say that the hotel had brought over 300 customers to BYU to fair the storm.

News flashes from all styles of portable radios filled the air. They explained that at 4:30 p.m. the road would be closed and all homes within the inundation zone had to be evacuated. I thought of my home. I had 30 minutes to go there and rumage through what few possessions my family owned. When I reached the house our landlord and family were buzy securing their property. A few wedding photos, a loaf of bread, some clothes, cassette tapes, my journal, the scriptures, and my homework were all that would fit on my moped.

When I returned to the school the numbers had doubled. Temporary campsites, blankets and families were spread out on the grounds. Some of the guests looked like well dressed refugees from Beverly Hills. The Center had brought out a truck with drinking water to help quench the thirsty crowd. Speculative conversation was interupted by a news flash -- the ocean around Laie had receded six feet. There was definitely something about to happen. The tidal wave was predicted to strike at 5:06 p.m. I felt relief when I spotted my husband in a distant crowd. He explained to me how he had managed to make it past all of the roadblocks from Kualoa Ranch to Hauula. He related the panic in Honolulu: air raid sirens, traffic jams, abandoned shoes in crosswalks, and red light running drivers all trying to make it home before 'the wave'. I was glad to be with a friend in this pending crisis.

I was proud to see the vice presidents from the Center working so well with the Civil Defense. Leadership qualities were self evident as they correlated possible plans depending on the possible effects the Tsunami may have. They skillfully prepared to take care of the weary travelers and the local residents if necessary.

It was 5:06, no change in conditions had taken place. At 5:10 announcers on broadcasts explained the different weather conditions and time factors involved. 5:20, still no change. At 6:00 a four foot wave had been spotted in Haleiwa. By seven o'clock the crowd became restless. Civil Defense workers made sure the impatient stayed put.

The BYU Snack Bar had opened and lines were forming for dinner. The newscasters were saying it could be hours before an "all clear" signal may sound.

The leaders of the Center began to organize their guests. A line formed at a distance from the crowd for dinner. Food for 1400 people had been prepared earlier that day, so they began to feed the Polynesian Cultural Center and Turtle Bay Hilton guests.

As the line formed, Civil Defense announcements filled the air. "All Clear", "Everyone can go home", "There will be no Tsunami". Local residents were clearing out as fast as they could travel. The tourists in line to eat were confused. Representatives from the Turtle Bay Hilton suggested that their guests stay because there would be no staff onboard at the hotel for at least one hour, and there was no power there. As they spoke the Center leaders re-routed the line direct to the Gateway restaurant.

Smile clad faces marched through the Center gates to partake of a delicious, warm meal. A spirit of fellowship filled the air as uniformed as well as non-uniformed volunteer employees hustled to feed the hungry group. Center leaders explained to guests that all of their tickets would be taken care of.

In minutes the threat of a Tsunami was over. Guests left in rented cars having experienced friendship and true aloha.

The tidal wave never hit. The radios went back to business as usual and the north shore forgot quickly the trauma that shook the sand hours earlier. But I won't forget the experience we had, here in our small community, the day our people opened their gates to help our friends and neighbors come in from the storm.

To All Employees Of The Polynesian Cultural Center:

At the request of our General Manager, a special mandatory staff meeting for all employees will be held on Friday, May 30, 1986

7:00 a.m.

Hale Aloha

The June 2 changes in our program will be discussed at this time. Attendance will be taken. Refreshments will be served after the meeting.

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