

# The Love Remains

By Katherine Kama'ema'e Smith

## chapter 3

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### *Entry into Honokahua*

Sailing up the 'Au' Au Channel, the *Ka'ahumanu* passed lush valleys, well-populated near the shore, and vast expanses of uninhabited land separated by seemingly impassible cliffs and peaks. All morning while Alika pointed out various landmarks, Ka'aumoana regaled his captain and Kale with local lore connected to special places.

Lāhainā's long beach ended at a huge black rock promontory called Kekaha, that Ka'aumoana called a "jumping off place" for Lāhainā people. "That dry leina plain just inland from the rock is an eerie place to be avoided, especially after dark. Dead people's souls walk across the plain to jump off the rock and return to Kahiki, the home of the ancestors. But some are destined to walk that dry plain forever."

Kale grew very serious. "I know a place like this in Kohala. My stepmother told us kids to stay away lest we interfere with the dead on their trip home. I never set foot in that place and I will not be walking near Kekaha."

Alika laughed. "My fearless lady is afraid of ghosts! Well don't let the ghosties and ghoulies of Honokahua get you..."

"Ghosts?" Kale's gorgeous eyes grew big and Alika laughed again.

"Kale, look there!" Adams pointed and handed her his telescope. "We are now in the Pailolo Channel between Maui and Moloka'i. Windward Maui, all the way 'round the north shore to Waiehu, is the moku district called Kā'anapali, 'divided cliffs'. This is your country, my dear, some of the most verdant valleys in all of Hawai'i, and rolling cliffs that chop up the coastline into lovely rugged bays."

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Lāhainā's mountains are almost vertical, and flat kula lands at their base run for nearly a mile to the beach. In Kā'anapali, broad sloping ridges and deep valleys undulate up the coast; distant wrinkles on cloud-topped peaks fan out into broad-backed ridges and deep valleys with wide flood plains, like draping green kapa cloth. Mist and newly formed clouds float over the tallest peaks and black and gray rock points stud the coastline like tentacles of a giant octopus.

Ka'aumoana pulled to port. "That sandy stretch ahead is Honokōwai," he said. "Where Honokōwai's two streams meet, the flow is so strong it pushes canoes away from the shore. Under the right conditions, those streams will push even our tall ship off course but we won't feel it today because the tide is coming in."

The square sails were pulled taut and vibrated against southerly winds pushing the *Ka'ahumanu* north. Just beyond Honokōwai Kale spotted a fishing village with a large stone ko'a fishing lookout and plenty of canoes; piles of nets were soaking in seawater or drying in the sun. "Is that Honokahua?"

"No, Miss Davis," replied Ka'aumoana. It is Kahana. See the two streams? Those streams bring plenty mountain shrimp down to the sea and ocean fish come in to eat them. You also have two streams at Honokahua and the fishing is good." He pulled the ship's wheel starboard to follow the coastline. "Do you know of the old King Pi'ilani?"

"Yes," said Kale. "He was a righteous king who built the road that encircles Maui."

"He is the one. Six bays of Kā'anapali were the favorite places of King Pi'ilani and are called Nā Hono a Pi'ilani, 'The Bays of Pi'ilani: Honokōwai, Honokeana, Honokahua, Honolua, Honokōhau, and Hononānā."

"Nā Hono a Pi'ilani..." repeated Kale. "And is this why Honokahua is called a sacred place?"

"No...I think it is because of nā 'iwi—the bones."

"Who is buried there?" asked Kale.

"It is an ancient burial place, but when King Kehaulike's two sons fought over control of Maui in 1738, hundreds of warriors from Maui, Hawai'i, and O'ahu died there; hundreds more died in Honokōwai and Pu'unene.

"On his deathbed, King Kehaulike, Mo'i of Maui named his young son Kamehamehanui, as successor. The older son Kauhi'aimokuakama and his wife Kahawalu took up arms against the new Mo'i. Great chief and warrior

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Alapa'inui offered to mediate between the two brothers, and planned to take Kamehamehanui back to Hawai'i, leaving Kauhi to rule Maui. Kauhi thought Alapa'i was secretly trying to take Maui for himself and not only turned down the offer, but attacked Kamehamehanui in Lāhainā, causing him and Alapa'i to flee to Hawai'i.

“Alapa'i and Kamehamehaniui returned to Maui with their forces, took over Lāhainā, destroyed the farms and irrigation system, and drove Kauhi into the mountains. Kauhi sent to O'ahu for his uncle Pele'ioholani, an enemy of Alapa'i, to come to his aid. Pele'ioholani and his army sailed past Lāhainā, set up camp in Honokahua and Honolulu where water and provisions were plentiful and started to engage Alapa'i's army, hoping to press them uphill and unite with Kauhi's warriors in the mountains.

“The first battle at Honokōwai ended in heavy losses on both sides and Alapa'i retreated to Kekaha, but regrouped and struck back at Honokahua, where hundreds of warriors fell. The bodies were buried there, in the dunes.”

Kale said, “The bones of warriors are very precious. When one Hawaiian warrior meets misfortune, we all lose the battle. The thought of all those lives lost makes me very thankful that Kamehameha has established peace for us.”

“Honokahua was not the end. Pele'ioholani regrouped and pursued Alapa'i south again all the way to the East Maui plains of Pu'unene. In the pursuit, Kauhi was captured and drowned by order of Alapa'i and there was no further reason to fight. Before Alapa'i and Pele'ioholani met face to face and dropped their weapons, eight hundred more valiant warriors died at Pu'unene.”

“This was over fifty years before Kamehameha's battles to unify the islands, when even more lives were lost,” said Alika.

“Who is kahu of the burial site?” asked Kale

“High Kahuna Hewahewa is kahu. Honokahua is an ancient village, inhabited before Pā'ao and his Tahitian priests came to Hawai'i, so our ancient ancestors' bones are buried there too. Hāwea Point is also a sacred place to Hewahewa and he has a camp there.”

Ka'aumoana pointed. “Hāwea is dead ahead.” Kale pushed back her hair to look at a massive wide and flat pali where currents caused waves to break in three different directions. “It is named after the sacred drum of La'amaikahiki in Kūkaniloko, O'ahu, where the kings were born. As we pass, you will see Hewahewa's camp.”

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"I don't like it, Kale," said Alika. "Hewahewa is the most sacred high priest of Kamehameha who wears an eerie grey cape made from pueo hawk feathers. He celebrates the rites to Kamehameha's war god Kūkā'ilimoku at the luakini temples where people are sacrificed. There is no person more powerful than Hewahewa." Adams looked directly at her and spoke slowly: "I advise you to cater carefully to his needs, my dear, because, as I am sure you are aware, those who break his kapu are surely and swiftly put to death."

Adams waited for a compliant response from Kale but instead she smiled and said, "I am not afraid. I am faithful to the gods and their kapu and such a fate will never befall me." Alika's eyebrows raised and Kale knew she must not let him think her impudent. "If the gods have chosen me to guard and provide for Hewahewa and the sacred 'iwi, they will protect me as I do it." She felt a twinge of disappointment as he shook his head in disbelief. Kale continued gently. "Alika, I will not succeed as Ali'i 'Ai Ahupua'a without your help; but I will need the help of my gods too." She searched his blue eyes for a glimmer of compromise.

He finally rolled his eyes and smiled. "Even when your gods let you down, you will still be able to rely on me. Just tell me you will steer clear of Hewahewa." Kale nodded and breathed deeply to settle her nerves. Adams smiled and put his arms around her. "Have we weathered our first disagreement? I hope you are not having second thoughts."

She picked up the banter. "Oh, no. I am reconsidering my *third* thoughts."

Alika laughed, squeezed her tight, and kept looking ahead at Hāwea Point. "Forthrightness is the mark of a good leader, and you, my dear, come by that honestly; Kamehameha said he never knew Isaac Davis to tell a lie. It seems his eldest daughter has been blessed with the same honest heart."

With her future just ahead, Kale leaned her head on Alika's shoulder and pondered the idea of her innate abilities; that somehow she might be like her father. To starboard, the rugged green-clad cliffs and valleys of Kā'anapali looked inviting. To port, the island of Moloka'i seemed to float in a cobalt sea.

Kale said to Alika, "Papa and Mr. Young left sailing. I wonder why you did not."

"Kamehameha forced them ashore first and then they took to it. As for me, I know nothing but the sea. I had only my mother in Scotland, and, when I signed on in Prestwick at the age of eleven, the sea became my mother and the captain my father. Through the years, I worked my way up to second

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mate, and, with the help of John Young, became the *Forester's* captain, a position to which most men are born. My dear, what you see is a poor Scottish lad living his life's dream, and with you at my side, there is no other heaven." He squeezed her and she kissed his cheek.

"When will we see Honokahua?" Kale called up to Ka'aumoana.

"When you see the flat top of Eke Crater we will be at Honokahua," he called back. Inland above them stood a taller peak, Pu'u Kukui "mountain of light," where goddess Pele poured out West Maui.

"Look, Kale dear," said Adams. "Tucked right in front of Hāwea is Nāpili Bay, your friend Laura's place. Isn't it nice you two will be neighbors, so to speak?" Kale ignored his obvious disapproval of Laura. "Thank God she is always gallivanting about the court," he said. " 'Tis less time to take advantage of my lady's generous heart. Don't you worry, my dear, I will be watching after you."

Nāpili's nearly perfect sandy bay lined with coconut palms reminded Kale of a small bay where she learned to surf as a young girl; as she reminisced, the next bay caught her fancy. "Alika, is that my bay, that next one?"

"No it is not, my dear; that is Kapalua Bay where Hewahewa lives. There was no heiau, just a small kauhale group of huts in a coconut grove between the beach and a rock-faced ridge behind the bay. Kale spied for her first view of Honokahua village.

As the *Ka'ahumanu* cut past Kapalua Bay and rounded Hāwea Point, Kale made out the flat outline of the Eke Crater at the very top of the mountains. A thrill of anticipation filled her heart as a filmy white curtain of rain floated across the mountain under a billowed cloud. The hills of Honokahua quickly became a misty backdrop for a brilliant rainbow.

Ka'aumoana shouted. "It is a very good sign! The omen of the ali'i precedes you into Honokahua! Your farmers know early rain means prosperity for the coming year."

Kale grinned at Alika. "See how I am blessed by my gods and by you, my beloved?" The small squall moved north, leaving Honokahua's broad hills of light green pili grass and lower kula lands striped with mounded rows of dark green sweet potato vines sparkling in the mid-morning sun. The top of the mountain cleared and Eke crater reappeared, like the top of a huge drum against a bright blue sky.

"This, my darling, is Honokahua!" Adams took Kale's hand and led her up to the helm. "Your people should get a full view of their Ali'i Nui Wahine

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as she enters the harbor, like Cleopatra entering Rome!" Kale did not understand the reference but took her place on the quarterdeck anyway.

Ka'aumoana brought the square-rigger into a calm sandy bay on the north side of Hāwea Point. He pointed to the northeast. "Honokahua Bay is just there beyond Makāluapuna Point, but, Captain, I suggest we put in here in Oneloa Bay. It is deeper than Honokahua and well protected from southerly winds and northerly swell. To anchor at even three fathoms in Honokahua Bay will leave her out in the swell. If the winds change it is easier to drop back to Kapalua Bay from here."

"Very good, Ka'aumona. Prepare to drop anchor here," said Adams. Turning to Kale he straightened his cap and said with great élan, "Please excuse me, my lady. We must prepare to escort the Ali'i 'Ai Ahupua'a to her fiefdom." Kale shook her head and blushed and Adams laughed as he jumped down to the deck yelling, "Bo'sun! Pull 'er in!"

Just as the bo'sun began shouting orders to deckhands, the deep round sound of a pū shell resonated through the air. Kale scanned the coastline and spotted a lone kahuna standing on a rock platform built into the ridge above Hāwea Point. She recognized his mapele heiau temple of Lono by the tī-leaf-thatched hut and towers on either end. His large Ku'ula Stone boulder was tied with a red sash, and two large white kapa flags announced the Makahiki harvest season. Honokahua's Kahuna was alerting his village of their arrival.

Kale watched the clear turquoise seas of Oneloa Bay licking rocks and lava tubes between the two points. A honu sea turtle popped his head up for a gulp of air and dove back down to feed on seaweed. People were gathering at the beach at Oneloa Bay and Kale could hear paddlers shouting as they shoved off to greet the brig.

The anticipation was over. About 80 of Kale's people were coming to greet their chief, half of them women, a couple of elderly men, and the rest youngsters, most under the age of ten and all skinny. The canoes approaching the ship were not full of trading items as in Lāhainā but loaded with just one or two small baskets of dried fish and sweet potatoes. Kale did not see any young man who might be her foreman, Kaholokahiki.

"Are these all the men you have?" asked Alike, "You may have inherited more problems than you bargained for."

Finally, the canoes gave way to let through the only young man in the welcoming party, their Konohiki. Adams did not call out a greeting.

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Kale looked at him, but he just smiled at her and said, "Go ahead, Miss Davis, address your people."

She lifted her voice. "*Aloha 'oukou E ku'u po'e o Honokahua! Dear people of Honokahua, greetings to all!*"

"*Aloha Mai!*" the people called back.

"*'O Kale Kani'aulono, ke kaikamahine o 'Aikake a me Nākai Nā lima'alu'alu, kēia. He Ali'i 'Ai Ahupua'a maika'i wau. He mau po'e maika'i kākou. Ke hele mai nei au mai Honolulu no noho i Honokahua me 'oukou. Eia ka ho'ohiki ka'u, iā 'oukou. E hana ana kākou me pū, no ka maika'i o ka 'āina. I am Kale Kani'aulono, the daughter of Isaac and Nākai Nālima'alu'alu. I am a righteous chief. You are a righteous people. I come from Honolulu to live with you at Honokahua. Here is my promise to you. We will work together for the good of the land.*"

The Konohiki smiled and called back, "*E aloha iā 'oe, ku'u Ali'i 'Ai Ahupua'a maika'i. E komo mai 'oe i Honokahua, e noho mai ma lalo o ka mālama 'ana o nā akua ame kāu po'e.* And greetings to you, good chief. Join us in Honokahua and live in the care of the gods and your people." The people cheered and then became silent again. The konohiki continued, "Please come ashore that we might honor you." Immediately the rest of the canoes cut a course around Makāluapuna Point, straight to Honokahua village, tucked in the north end of Honokahua Bay.

"Something is amiss here," whispered Adams to Kale as he climbed down the rope ladder first and assisted her into Kaholokahiki's canoe. 'Ulumalu waited until the tender was lowered and then disembarked with Kale's bags, a sea chest, and boxes of extra provisions that Adams had arranged to be off-loaded at Honokahua. Kale's canoe followed the other canoes; the heavy tender lagged behind.

As they neared the stream estuary Kale noticed the sea was reddish-brown with red silt running out of the Honokahua stream. She said to Kaholokahiki, "The run-off looks like blood running into the sea."

Kaholokahiki did not turn around but just said, "It is the blood of the living land and it beats in the hearts of all of us." A tear came to Kale's eyes as she saw the pitiable state of her people and she wondered how she could help them.

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Once on shore, she was relieved to see four middle-aged men and another four men in their twenties standing beside a large load of sandalwood they obviously had just hauled down the mountain. Adams said, "I am glad to see that Honokahua has a few resources. I was beginning to think there were no able-bodied men here at all. Maybe you will be able to pay your taxes after all." Then he asked Kaholokahiki in Hawaiian, "*Aia ke koe o nā la'au 'iliahi ihea no ka 'auhau o ka Makahiki?* Where is the rest of the sandalwood for the makahiki tax?"

Kaholo looked at Kale and then dropped his eyes and answered, "This is all we have brought down the mountain." Kale did not understand exactly what they were talking about but she knew by Alika's stern demeanor that it was not a good report.

Alika looked at Kale and then back at Kaholo. "Tell your chief about the problem now."

Kaholo looked ashamed. "We are required to pay the district tax collector ten loads of sandalwood for the Makahiki which begins in six days. We have only a few men and myself who are able to do heavy work. We have cut all the wood but have just now started to haul it down..."

Adams, the sandalwood trader broke in, "With eight men, it's a two-week venture to sort, tie, and haul down the remaining nine loads. The Makahiki begins in six days and if you don't have the sandalwood ready, the tax collector has the power to confiscate this land and give it back to the King for redistribution to another ali'i." Now the two men waited for a decision from the Ali'i Wahine.

Kale's mind was running. She knew that Alika probably had a solution, but he expected her to find an answer on her own. After a long moment of silence, it came to her. She spoke softly and forced herself to speak slowly: "Kaholokahiki, why are there so few men here to do the work?"

Kaholo explained that many men were lost in the civil wars between Maui and Hawai'i but the conscription for Kepaniwai Battle at 'Īao Valley had been the worst, drawing all males fourteen and older, and losses were great. The only men to return were two fishermen who helped Keopuolani escape through the mountains, and they are now elderly. Kale suddenly made the connection: it was her father who gunned down Honokahua's men at 'Īao. Now by a cruel turn of events, she was to rule over their widows and children. She bit her lip to keep back the tears.

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“Such a great loss...” She could not think of what else to say. “How have you been able to manage the sandalwood obligation all these years?”

“Until just this month, we have not been asked to cut wood. All Honokahua women work in the fields and even at fishing; Kū‘ula, the fishing god, and Lono, god of the harvest, have been good to us,” said Kaholo.

“I understand. Are there any other Makahiki tax items in shortage?”

“No, my chief, all are sufficient and some in excess.”

“Good, good, good. Please thank your people for coming to greet me and allow them to return to their work while you, Captain Alexander, and I think about what to do concerning this sandalwood obligation. Kale turned around so that all the people could hear her. “I declare all rites of greeting and honor to the Ali‘i Wahine kapu for five days.”

Kaholo called two young boys to his side and told them to run and tell everyone in Honokahua about the kapu. Kale saw relief on the faces of her people, who were already dispersing. Now she understood that they intentionally brought little of value to trade lest precious work time be wasted. *My people are industrious.*

Adams was beaming with pride. “And for that wonderful demonstration of leadership under fire, I shall offer my able but reluctant crew to help with the hauling; and, as Kaholo has done, I shall put my own back to the effort.”

“Oh, Alika!” Kale threw her arms around him and kissed him. “Thank you for helping me and my people!” Adams first reaction was shyness and he stiffened; then remembering that Honokahua was Kale’s domain, he picked her up and swung her around, yelling, “Anything for my bride!” Kale and Alika were laughing and Kaholo looked uncomfortable, but he managed a grateful smile.

The crew of the *Ka‘ahumanu* did not laugh when they heard they would be at hard labor in Honokahua for five days. Adams promised them a substantial bonus he would make back with interest on an extra load of sandalwood he negotiated with Kale. It would make this run a worthy business venture after all. By noon, Adams brought all but one deck hand ashore and caught up with Kale who was sharing aloha with everyone she met; at this moment, she was with Manu, the old Kahuna Kilo I‘a, priest and fishing expert.

“Alika! Manu was on the heiau as we sailed in.”

“*Aloha e ke kumu*, Love to you, teacher,” said Adams, and shared honi. “*Pono mai kākou i kāu mau pule, no ke ola o ka po‘e*. We all need your

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prayers for the life of the people.” Then he turned to Kale and bowed. “May I have audience with the Ali‘i Wahine? That is, if she has time for an old salt soon dispatched to hard labor in the mountains of Honokahua.”

“Yes, of course.” Kale and Alika excused themselves from Manu, and Alika led his bride through a gulch toward the beach path leading back to Honokahua village. “Where are we going?”

“Kale dear, forgive me for being practical, but do you have a house to live in here? I should like to know where you are when I return tonight.”

“I don’t know. I asked Kaholo to build me one, but perhaps he did not have time to do it. We must find ‘Ulumalu. He brought all my belongings ashore.”

“Well, my dear, if tonight you are longing for your Rover, do sing out in the dark so I may find you and ‘Ulumalu.” He sang out in a falsetto voice “Oh, Ro-o-o-ve-e-er!” Kale giggled and then squealed with glee as this tall rugged man, still in his captain’s trousers, began swinging his hips, imitating her ‘ami hula steps. “Ah, me! Ro-o-o-v-ve-e-er!” he yodeled. Kale tickled his belly and ran down the path with Alika in playful pursuit.

Back at the village, two kūpuna elders, Keahi and Umuwena led ‘Ulumalu to a freshly constructed pili grass and naio wood hut tall enough to stand in and roomy enough to sleep eight adults. It was above the south bank of the Honokahua stream, far enough inland to be protected from both trade and kona winds, and high enough up the hill to see all the other houses. One door faced east and another south. Kou and banana trees shaded tī planted by the doors to keep away evil and lauwa‘e ferns to perfume the air. Morning glories already started climbing the west wall.

The kūpuna told ‘Ulumalu to put all Kale’s belongings outside the house and tell them any other furnishings or provisions she would need. When everything was collected, they told ‘Ulumalu they were ready to cut the umbilical cord of the house whenever the ali‘i wished.

‘Ulumalu spotted Kale and Alika entering the village and he called: “*E Miss Davis, e hele mai kākou, i kou hale. Ho‘omākaukau kākou no ka pule kuwā.* Oh Miss Davis, let us go to your house. We are all ready for the house-opening prayer.”

Kale cut a glance at Alika. “I told you! My people have built me a house!”

Then she answered, “*E ‘Ulumalu! Ke hele mai nei māua. E hahai mai ana*

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*māua iā 'oe i ka hale.* 'Ulumalu! We are coming. We'll follow you to the house."

When Kale saw the large sturdy hale, she wept and thanked the two men for their careful work and loving care to every detail, the grand size, fine workmanship, and thickness of the pili grass roof. It was better than Mrs. Young's house in Kawaihae and a much finer house than some ali'i at court could afford. "*Nani nui loa ko'u hale noho!* My sleeping house is most beautiful!" Keahi and Umuwena just kept looking down at their feet, murmuring about the graciousness of their Ali'i Wahine. It was the humble way of the people of Honokahua.

Keahi gave Kale a flat stone to hold under the long trailing pili grass purposely left untrimmed at the top of the main door opening. As old Umuwena cut through the grass with a small ax, he chanted in rhythm with chopping sounds ringing off the rock:

"Severed is the piko, umbilical cord of the house; the thatch that sheds the rain, that wards off the evil influences of the heavens...that the house dweller may prosper, that the guest who enters may have health, that the lord of the land may have health, that the chiefs may have long life...*Āmama* amen. It is free."

Keahi uncovered a small offering of 'ōpae, red fish, and bananas, dug a hole under the threshold, and buried the pili grass cuttings with the offering. Then they both stood back for Kale to enter. She went in and deeply breathed the comforting sweet fragrance of new grass...*Beloved home.* 'Ulumalu and the old men followed her inside, carrying her favorite belongings and so many new ones. They carefully padded the sleeping area against the back wall with dried sweet potato vines and spread out Kale's finely woven lauhala mats. Coarse mats covered the ground for sitting or walking. They placed Alika's chest in the middle for a table, with Papa's prayer book on top. While Keahi and Umuwena hung fans and nets on the walls and kukui nut torches from the ridgepole, Kale picked up her precious book and opened the chest she knew was from Alika. Inside was an oil lamp and four shiny pewter plates and cups—the wedding gift. Tears welled up again and she turned to see the expression on Alika's face, but he was gone.

The kūpuna men kept bringing in utensils: coconut shell cups and various

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sizes of platters and calabashes made from koa and gourds. In one corner, they set a basket full of tools: fly swatters, brooms, digging sticks, an adz, and various cutting tools. They even gave Kale a calabash full of fishhooks, lines, and sinkers. It was a fine house.

The 'auinalā afternoon work time began so Kale decided to take her new net bag up to the kula and find a farmer to help. Walking up the hill she saw Honokahua Valley below, a flood plain between Honokahua and Mokupe'a Streams, wide enough for two dozen taro patches. Kale guessed that fishermen lived in the four homesteads built on the south kualapa ridge above the estuary. Against a rock cliff, that was the northern boundary of Honokahua Bay, three more hale were supported on pilings, so they sat above the estuary's flood stage. Thick pilings were anchored in the mud by stone kahua foundations, and wa'a canoes were moored underneath the house next to a small makaha fishpond.

There were many farmers' kauhale up the valley, but Kale headed for one of four homesteads on the broad hill above Makāluapuna Point. As she neared the even rows of robust 'uala 'ie'ie, sweet potato vines she heard voices—little girls chatting and laughing—but the vines were raked into mounds so high Kale could not see them squatting on the ground, harvesting potatoes.

"Auwē Oh, dear!" Kale said in a loud voice. "*Wela ka lā!* It's hot today!" The chatter stopped and three heads popped up to see who spoke. Seeing the Ali'i Wahine they immediately hid again. Kale laughed. "*Mai maka'u 'oukou. Ke hele nei au e kōkua iā 'oukou me kō 'oukou kā'ai 'ana* Do not be afraid. I have come to help you with your digging."

There were frantic whispers and then a tall girl with a stupefied look on her face stood up, wringing her hands. Kale laughed all the more. "Stop staring at me. What is your name?"

The girl looked down and whispered, "*O Mapuana wau.* I am Mapuana."

"Come here, Mapuana." Kale shared honi with the skinny Mapuana and hugged her. "Do not be afraid. Show your respect as you have been taught, from the love of your heart, not from fear." Mapuana smiled and looked at the other two girls who were standing up now and giggling. "Yes, I mean that for all of you."

Kale walked over to their basket and saw big, well-shaped sweet potatoes

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like ones she grew for Mrs. Young in Kawaihae. "Very good, your harvest."

The girls grinned and the tiny one said, "My name is Pi'ikani!" And the shyest girl with reddish hair just whispered, "Kaehu."

"*Hau'oli wau e 'ike i nā pua u'i o Honokahua.* I am happy to know the beautiful flowers of Honokahua." Kale nodded as the girls burst into giggles again. "Come, let's go to work and you show me where to dig." There was a bit of tugging to determine just who would show Kale where to dig, and discussion about which two girls would work on either side of her, but soon they settled into a good pace, digging out big tubers with their hands and filling the basket.

Just before sundown, Kale, her hands, feet, and knees red with Honokahua soil, rushed back down to her hale. The hills of Honokahua resounded with chattering birds, crowing chickens, barking dogs, and the "ump-ump" of hogs. In the distance, the *Ka'ahumanu* gently rocked in a pink bay with gold lights dancing on her masts and rigging. The red-orange sun was setting and the sea in Moloka'i's shadow was indigo. As Kale neared the fishing village, a familiar smell of imu ground ovens baking vegetables and fish filled the air. Kale was happy to have a little daylight to find her way to the beach and bathe.

Now in the grove behind the beach, Kale saw five hull-shaped loads of sandalwood ready for the tax collector's inspection, but the men were nowhere in sight. She left her pā'ū on a flat rock in the estuary, ran to the inviting clean surf, bathed and swam along the beach. Women and children collecting seaweed watched their new Ali'i Wahine with guarded curiosity, ready to turn away before she might see them watching. Kale was used to being a curiosity with her pale golden hapa haole skin and less than wavy hair. She already felt comfortable at Honokahua but she missed Alika after only a few hours and wondered how she would ever get along when he sailed back to Honolulu. *Maybe he will come to live in Honokahua.* When she swam back into the estuary to rinse off the salt, the cold mountain water chilled her and she quickly got up on a flat rock to dry off. For a brief time she watched the last purple lights in the western sky, but soon she heard men's voices in the distance—singing a rhythmic song as they carried the heavy wood down the steep trail on their backs. She wrapped her pā'ū and scampered back through the dark thicket to her hale as the chorus got louder:

## The Love Remains

*By Katherine Kama'ema'e Smith*

My sails are all filled to my dear,  
What tropic bird can swifter move?  
Who, cruel shall hold his career  
That returns to the nest of his love?  
Ye sailors, I'm bound to my love,  
Ye sailors, I'm bound to my love,  
I've done with the toils of the seas  
Ye sailors, I'm bound to my love.

Kale peeked at the grand procession as they marched by. Kaholo was in the lead with the first load. Adams brought up the rear of the second, with eight men carefully negotiating the trail under the weight of each huge load. The sailors' shirts were rolled up for padding on their shoulders. The Hawaiians used wads of grass to soften the load. Bark dust and soil stuck to the men's sweaty faces and torsos. With a great shout, they set down their loads in the grove and ran for the beach, tossing their clothing and malo as they ran. The Hawaiians were in the water first. From her hale Kale grinned at their boisterous whooping and splashing. Little kids ran down to the beach to watch and the elders Keahi and Umuwena lit a bonfire to signal that dinner was ready.

After dinner when 'Ulumalu came to get Kale, the kūpuna and sandalwood crew were lounging around the big fire, sipping 'awa. Kale joined women gathered in a separate eating group to one side, and managed both to listen to men's spirited conversation (especially Alike's) and to converse with the women too. After the women ate, they joined the men and listened to workday stories embellished for the benefit of their new audience.

The sailors were not used to hiking and complained about sore feet. Honokahua men mocked them, advising them to learn how to weave lauhala sandals. The sailors had great respect for the amount of weight the Hawaiians could lift and described them like giant mythical figures, but the sailors figured themselves the heroes of the day for showing the Hawaiians a rapid knot to lash wood together, called the "bowline." The Hawaiians insisted on calling it "ka boleno" because all words in Hawaiian must end in a vowel, and the sailors had great fun protesting the pronunciation. Together they managed well and determined they could bring down the remaining cut wood in one full workday.

## The Love Remains

By Katherine Kama'ema'e Smith

Adams was in his glory leading his men to triumph, acting as translator for both groups, and turning a rough job into fun.

“This evening’s prize for the best story, however,” announced Adams “goes to Mr. Fairbairne!” Fairbairne threw back his head and laughed with the two Hawaiians to his right. “It seems he was particularly fond of the roasted meat tonight and gestured to these two fine fellows, inquiring what kind of meat it was. To be clear he made some grunting sounds like a pig. Limaha‘i and Kapuni‘ai looked at one another, shook their heads, and barked back at him, “Wo! Wo! Wo! Wo!”—to Mr. Fairbairne’s great horror, great dog fancier that he is.” Adams bellowed with laughter. Catching his breath, he said, “But this is the best bit—he immediately grabbed another handful and gobbled it up!”

“Tell them I said it is delicious!” yelled Fairbairne

“*Ua ha‘i ‘oia, ‘Ono loa ka ‘ilio kālua,*” said Adams.

“Kapuni‘ai patted Fairbairne on the back and said, “*Aloha ‘o ia nā mea ‘ai ‘ono o Hawai‘i.* He likes the delicious things of Hawai‘i.”

Not all the crew was laughing heartily at the news about the main course, and Fairbairne had the last laugh. Kapuni‘ai and Limaha‘i reckoned the joke was not on them and kept barking, “Wo! Wo!” to everyone’s delight; soon all the sailors were doubled up with laughter.

Adams finally stood up, bid everyone a good night, and ordered his crew back to the ship. In a flurry of alohas and mahalos and hugs he whispered to Kale that he would join her later at the hale. Kale instinctively nodded for ‘Ulumalu and told him to accompany the captain.

Adams nodded gratefully. “You are ahead of me again, my love.” A quick kiss and he was off herding his men to the tender at the beach.

Some time later, Alika called out softly as he approached Kale’s hut, “It is your Rover!” He was still animated from the day’s activities and planning for tomorrow’s work. The sight of Kale stretched out on her sleeping mats made him pause at the door. In the dim light of the oil lamp, Kale’s golden eyes sparkled and highlights shimmered on the naked curves of her body. Without a word, he slipped off his trousers and hung them on a twig left on a cross hatch to serve as a hook. He knelt beside Kale and began to trace the lines of her body with his hands. “You are the most beautiful woman I have ever known,” he said.

# The Love Remains

*By Katherine Kama'ema'e Smith*

She guided his hands as she spoke to him in Hawaiian, “Do not delay. Honokahua is out of breath from the journey of her lover.” She petted him. “Stones roll downhill before the evening rain. And the pili grass of the kula collects dew but longs for the torrents of life giving-rain.” Adams knew this was not a young girl’s curiosity or aimless passion. She spoke to him in her native tongue and called him *kāne*, husband.

Adams gave himself to Kale as he had never done before, consumed in his passion and forgetting all but the oneness of their beings and bodies, not knowing where he ended and she began. Kale responded again and again, drinking him to the last drops of consciousness. “*Ku‘u kāne*, My beloved husband,” she whispered. All that went before seemed a rehearsal for this moment.

*Kale Kani'aulono Davis was born in 1797 in Kawaihae Hawai'i, the oldest daughter of Nakai Nalimaalualu, Ali'i of Maui who descended from Kibapi'ilani, son of King Pi'ilani. Her father, Isaac Davis, was Welsh sailor who became a companion and advisor to King Kamehameha in his unification of the Hawaiian Islands. For his loyalty Davis was installed as an Ali'i, and assigned as Kia'aina of O'ahu. Kale's second husband was Alike, Alexander Adams.*

*Alexander Adams came to Hawai'i in 1811, and ran King Kamehameha's fleet of ships during sandalwood days. He is attributed with designing the first Hawaiian flag, so that his Hawaiian vessel might enter Makao and trade sandalwood. A Scottish merchant mariner, Alexander served Kamehameha well and was Honolulu Harbor Pilot for forty years.*

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