

## NĀ HULU KŪPUNA: LIVING AND SHARING HAWAIIAN WISDOM

*Orpha Leianaikaroselaniomaui Long Woodside, Eliza Kauila Poaha Reyes,  
and M. Kamana‘o‘i‘o Kim Jr.*

He lei hulu nā kūpuna. Our kūpuna (elders) are like a treasured feather lei. This essay features the stories of three kūpuna who have devoted their lives to enriching others with Hawaiian culture. Insights from their unique life experiences were taken from a group interview held in October 2010 in Honolulu. At that time, the kūpuna addressed several key questions: What was it like growing up in your day? What is Hawaiian well-being to you? How is knowledge gained or shared in your family? What advice would you give to today’s generation? Through their stories, the kūpuna underscore the significance of aloha (love) and ‘ohana (family), as well as the importance of hard work, sustainability, and living a well-balanced life.

CORRESPONDENCE MAY BE SENT TO:

Edana Wong, Kamehameha Schools  
567 South King Street Suite 304, Honolulu, Hawai‘i 96813  
Email: [edwong@ksbe.edu](mailto:edwong@ksbe.edu)

*Hūlili: Multidisciplinary Research on Hawaiian Well-Being* Vol.7 (2011)  
Copyright © 2011 by Kamehameha Schools.

## ORPHA LEIANAİKAROSELANIOMAUI LONG WOODSIDE



2010, EDANA WONG

I am Orpha Leianaikaroselaniomaui Long Woodside. I was born on Maui and went to school on Maui and O‘ahu. In my family, there are 15 of us—seven girls and eight boys—and 13 survived. We lost two brothers. I am the youngest of seven girls. I have three children, three mo‘opuna (grandchildren), and one great-granddaughter.

**We must not forget  
the way we  
were brought up.**

As a kupuna, I have had a lot of time to think and reflect. These days I find myself thinking about the values and the manner in which I was raised. We must not forget the way we were brought up. If I wasn’t raised how I was, I wouldn’t be sitting here.

I learned hula from my mother who was a hula dancer on Maui and who later became a hula teacher. I learned to do the hula from the time I started to walk.

So whenever there was a hula lesson, I studied with my sisters. My mother was our hula teacher. The slipper and the pū'ili (a bamboo hula implement) were the bosses. The legs took the auwī (ouch!), because my mother believed that each step, when done properly, added to the gracefulness and beauty of a dancer. The hands, of course, would tell the story, and the smile on your face would be the magnet for attention. This was one of the early beginnings of my learning our Hawaiian culture.

My father was in charge of the Maui county prison. And so we were raised with the pa'ahao (prisoners) all around us. They were our yardmen; they helped my mother with the cooking, helped with the laundry, and took care of us. If they tried to correct us, we couldn't be sassy to the pa'ahao because my father would come over and pull our ears. As children, we had our own things to do like picking up the dry clothes from the line, watering the plants, and helping mama in the kitchen. We had kuleana (responsibilities). So if we argued with the pa'ahao, oh that was a pull on the ear. We each had work to do. We could not go out until we were finished with the chores. We had to get up early in the morning and do them. If we wanted to go to the football game, we had to get all our work done before we could leave.

In the lo'i kalo (taro patch), we had to be careful not to splash around. You learned how to lift your leg high out of the water and carefully put it down, not splash around. It was like a sacred ground you were walking on. The taro from the lo'i, the fish from the sea, those were our mea 'ai (food). And they were 'ono (delicious).

And we had all kinds of healing herbs. Our mother took care of that. My mama believed in using herbs for medicine, like the 'uhaloa (a flowering plant) and the ha'uōwī (a verbena). We would gather the 'uhaloa, go home, clean it, and then put it in a glass of water to keep it fresh. We would strip and eat it in the morning and night to ward off a bad cold or cough. If we were coughing, we would walk up the sand hill, pull up a couple of plants and sometimes boil the roots. We would also gather limu (seaweed) on the beach. Now when I think about it, we have a whole different environment. Today when we walk up the sand hill and look for medicine, the sand hill is there but the 'uhaloa is very scarce.

My mother was also a good seamstress, so we always had nice dresses. The kids used to always say, "From where did you folks buy your clothes?" I said, "My mother's hands." I used to always ask, "Mama, how come you sew so good?" She'd tell me, "I went to Mauna'olu Seminary." The teachers there were all American missionaries and fine seamstresses.

My father's hobby was net fishing, called kōkō. So we learned how to make the ku'una (place where a net is set in the sea). We made the ku'una because we lived where it was rocky. On Saturday mornings, that's the first thing we did, before the sun came out and it got hot, or before the tide got too high. We'd pick up all the rocks and make a ku'una. My father would prepare the 'iao (bait) from the beach. He'd look up, pointing to one ridge to another, "Come on. Make your ku'una." And we'd pile the rocks on the side so the nets would not get caught and ripped. He would go down to the beach and check the ku'una to see if it matched the sides of the mountain. He would stand there and look at us, his eyes saying, "Stop fooling around. Look at these rocks over there. Pile them on the side." My father would say the fish have ears so don't talk or fool around, just work. Sometimes he'd just point and give you the eye. So we moved the rocks. That was hard work for us children on Saturday mornings, but we learned. And when the neighbors came to the beach, if no one was using the ku'una, it was lucky for them because the hard work had already been done.

We lived at the foot of Haleki'i, Kahekili's heiau (place of worship), which is in Paukūkalo. The Maui Prison and our house were right next door. When we were kids, we used to see the lights at night going around. My sisters would come home late at night and tell my mother, "There's a parade going on by the heiau." We'd all go outside to see these lights going around the heiau. The light, we thought, were torches, and were low, very low. The heiau is high and our house was lower, at the foot of the hill. There were plenty of ancient trails nearby. One goes to the left, down to Paukūkalo and Kahului. One goes to the right into Wailuku. And

**“Believe in what your kūpuna tell you about what happened in the old days. They have seen and lived it.”**

one goes straight to the heiau. That's where we saw the lights heading. So, yes, I have experienced some of the old ways. Sometimes, not too often, we would have some old people visit the family house. They'd come to sit and discuss their dreams; they'd wehewehe (interpret) their dreams with my mother.

I always say to the younger generation, "Believe in what your kūpuna tell you about what happened in the old days. They have seen and lived it." I too saw the powers in the old Hawaiian folks with their ho'oponopono and the power they had to heal. (Ho'oponopono is a Hawaiian way of healing to make things right again.) One time, when I was seven or eight years old, I got really sick. No one could come by the bed and touch me or I'd cry sore. I couldn't talk or even move because of the pain. Mama knew just

who to call to ho‘oponopono me. And when the old gentleman said, “Amen,” I felt better. Mama asked me, “Who did you fight with?” She figured I got in a fight with another Hawaiian girl. The day before I was playing with a girlfriend and she hit me so I spat on her. My mother asked, “Who was the girl?” I told her and she said, “A‘ūe! She’s your ‘ohana.” But we didn’t know.

Looking back, it was good fun growing up. Now, when we talk about it, we sit back and laugh. My brothers and sisters joke, “Who’s the big cry baby in the family?” All the hands point at me. My nickname was The Brat. When my parents went to Honolulu to transfer pa‘ahao, my siblings would beg them to take me because if not, one of them would have to stay home and watch me. Naturally, we’d get nuha (upset) with each other. But if you argued with your brother or sister or got into a fight, we would have our parents and others sit down and ho‘oponopono. Ho‘oponopono was like a second life in our family. You had to forgive each other. What is so important that you have to fight about it? Nowadays it’s different. Families don’t practice ho‘oponopono that much.

Showing aloha is very important. And that’s because in the old days all the Hawaiian families did it; sharing aloha was a common, proper thing. But today, we Hawaiians are all separated. Before, your neighbors, your parents’ good friends were all Hawaiian, whether you’re ‘ohana (family) or not. And the first thing to do when you greet someone is to get up and kiss them. You just don’t sit there, or you get the eye. A big part of aloha is the ‘ano (disposition) of sharing. Sometimes you have something that you know can help another person with whatever they’re doing, so we’d share.

**Ho‘oponopono was like a second life in our family. You had to forgive each other.**

## ELIZA KAUILA POAHA REYES



2010, EDANA WONG

My name is Eliza Kauila Poaha Reyes. I was born in Kawela but now live in Kalama‘ula, Moloka‘i. I have six children: four boys and two girls. I have 22 mo‘opuna and 12 mo‘opuna kuakahi (great-grandchildren).

### The kūpuna is the foundation of the family.

The kūpuna is the foundation of the family. That’s why we have Tūtū (grandma) and Papa. Tūtū and Papa are important in our family. I have a big family, and for me, my family comes first. I have to talk to them before I talk to anybody else. I have to teach them first, and I must look into them; if they do right, then I know I’m doing right too. As a child, we were taught to be humble and soft-spoken. I didn’t really know what yelling was until I mixed with different company. And I wasn’t ma‘a (accustomed) to that kind of behavior. We were soft-spoken Hawaiians.

As kids, we used to go pick kiawe beans, 25 cents for one hundred-pound bag. They were beans for the ranch. If we wanted to go to the movies my father said, “You folks have to go make your own money.” So he made a contract with the ranch: 25 cents for one hundred-pound bag of kiawe beans. That was our money when we wanted to go to the movies. It wasn’t easy but I don’t regret it. You have to earn your own way. It was hard but important to learn.

Today people always say, the Hawaiians are lazy or they’re messy. I argue on that, and I tell everybody, the Hawaiians are clean people, very clean. Especially in the old days, the men used to wear suits. And the women wore beautiful mu‘umu‘u—that’s gowns for us today. So I appreciate that. I appreciate the way Hawaiians carried themselves in my parents’ generation.

I remember when we were little kids we didn’t have any toothpaste to brush our teeth. In the old days they used to have tar roads. My father would get the soft tar and bring it home. He’d give every one of us a piece to chew and that was our toothpaste. It got everything out of our dirty teeth. It was something. And for candies, we used to eat the pilali (hardened sap) from the kukui tree. That was our candy. But you tell the kids today about these things and they say, “What’s that?” What was common to us, they don’t know. For example, take limu. Moloka‘i get plenty limu. But we’re losing the names of the different kind of limu we have in Hawai‘i; people don’t remember the old names. I think they should bring back the old names.

Our home was full of Hawaiian speakers. All of us were Hawaiian speakers. My parents had 13 children: 10 girls and three boys. I was number 10 in my family. The youngest kids were sent to an English standard school, and we almost got kicked out because my sister and I used to speak Hawaiian all the time. They didn’t like that in the only English standard school on Moloka‘i. Luckily, I was just like punahele (a favorite child) for the principal, because I used to bring her fruits from home. She liked me and so she wrote a letter to my father and told me to take it home to him. At our dinner table, my father stopped us right there—there were only three of us kids living at home at that time—he said, “From here on, no Hawaiian. You have to speak English.” And my mother cried because she didn’t know how to speak English. Only my father could speak English. It was painful; we couldn’t speak Hawaiian at school or at home. My mother had to learn English too.



Nowadays, everybody's speaking Hawaiian. Even on my telephone, everything is in Hawaiian. 'Ōlelo Hawai'i, 'Ōlelo haole, 'a'ole (Hawaiian, no English). And that's good. When the Hawaiian language came back (in the '70s and '80s) I took classes. I'm glad that they brought it back. But, you know, we learned it the old way in our family. The old way was beautiful, beautiful. At the university, they speak different. It's kind of rough the way they speak the language. But if any kupuna come and talk to me, the old way, I understand. When I see a kupuna, even if I don't know the kupuna, I always aloha them and bang! The Hawaiian starts flowing out. And you can tell if they know the old way or the new way of speaking. I go to the store and say, "Pipi'i" (expensive). The Hawaiians hear and say, "'Ae, 'ae" (Yes, yes). Ho'olohe (they're listening). I'm proud that I still have my Hawaiian language.

If you ask me, Hawaiian well-being can be summarized in one word—pono (in perfect order, goodness, proper procedure, excellence, beneficial, fair, righteous).

**If you ask me,  
Hawaiian well-being  
can be summarized in  
one word—pono.**

As an individual, one should be balanced spiritually, emotionally, physically, and mentally. What makes well-being particularly Hawaiian is the inclusion of 'ike Hawai'i (Hawaiian knowledge, cultural grounding). Being pono, or striving to attain pono in life, means that one's spirituality, emotions, physical condition, mental state, and sense of culture are properly balanced. I feel I have a strong spiritual gift. I

put Akua (God) in front of me. I always say prayers before I do anything. It really helps me a lot. In our family, when things are out of balance or there's conflict, we do ho'oponopono. We have to talk things over to make it pono.

I have been with children my whole life; teaching and working with them has brought me great joy. From my perspective a person may gain or share knowledge by observation and demonstration or action. I see wisdom in the 'ōlelo no'eau (proverb): nānā ka maka—observe with eyes; ho'olohe ka pepeiao—listen with the ears; pa'a ka waha—shut the mouth. Gaining knowledge by observing and eventually doing is one way. Sharing knowledge by showing or demonstrating is another key factor.

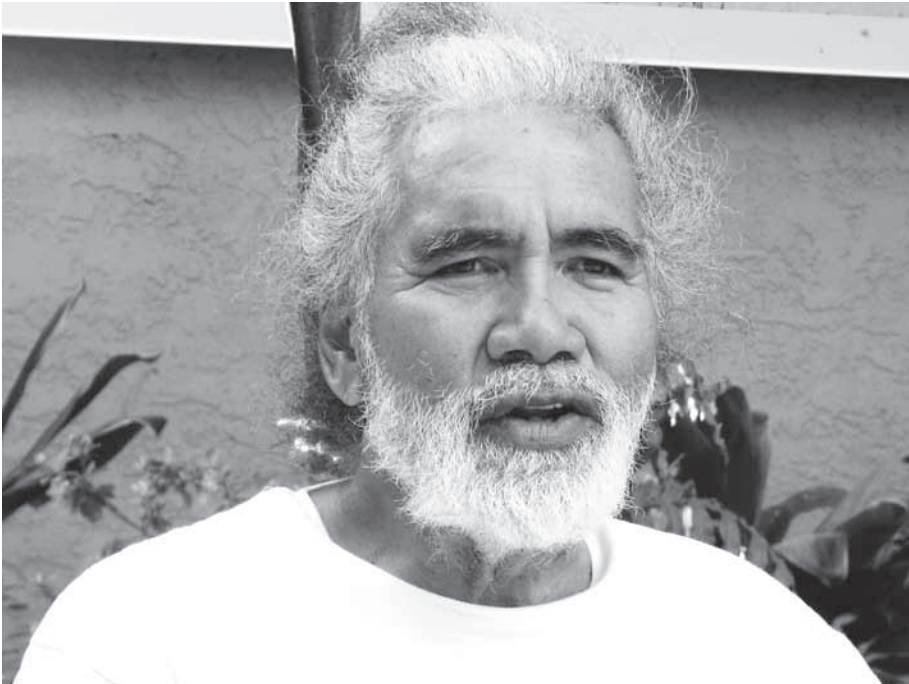
This generation, who are my children, my mo'opuna, and also my community on Moloka'i, is heading to a point in life where they will need to decide if they are going to mālama the 'āina (care for the land) or disregard practicing sustainability and continue to live a life of commercialism, which will negatively impact our 'āina and ultimately our planet. Our keiki (children) need to unplug from all



the modern technology of today. That means turning off the television; no video games, no iPods, and no computers or cell phones a pēlā aku (and the like). It is important that younger generations experience their physical environment instead of watching it on television or the computer. They also need to learn not to be afraid of work, hana. As you live your life, this knowledge will be passed on to future generations. The future generations should recognize and look up to their kūpuna for advice, or for sharing stories, or just learning about their family. They should also have knowledge of their ‘āina, their food sources, and themselves. Above all, the next generation needs to have aloha for Akua, their mākua (parents), their ‘ohana, and themselves. E koko Hawai‘i (Let us all become one).

**Our keiki need to unplug from all the modern technology of today....They also need to learn not to be afraid of work, hana.**

## M. KAMANA‘O‘I‘O KIM JR.



Before we start, I want to make sure that anything I say is not set in cement, because things evolve and change. That looks like cement [pointing to the microphone]; that looks like cement [pointing to the laptop]. I very rarely sit down, look back, and share my life. I'm thankful for this opportunity.

My name is Kamana'o'i'o Soo Chan Kim Jr. I also was given the name Moses. Moses is a predominant name in my family from Ni'ihau all the way to Maui. Nui the Moses (there are plenty of Moses). Everybody's Moses, so we had to differentiate, and I ended up with Small Moke, although I was the tallest of all the Mokes in the family. I was hānau (born) near Punahou, otherwise known as Kapi'olani Haukapila (hospital). I was raised in Kalihi with my tūtū from Ni'ihau. I have four children. Together, they have blessed the line with 12 mo'opuna.

I went away to school and lived on the mainland for 24 years, then decided to come back home. I had the opportunity to go to Kaua'i, the roots of my mother, or to Moloka'i. I said I'll go wherever the kūpuna want me to go, and as it turned out it was Moloka'i. I remember when I moved, over 25 years ago, a one-way fare was \$10. I just paid the one-way fare for a friend recently and it was \$122. I mean, there's inflation, but that's not inflation, that's a rip off! Anyway, I've loved it over here. I became a part of the community. People first cautioned me saying, "If you go to Moloka'i you got to watch out, 'cause they're a very close-knit community, a family." I said, "Not a problem," thinking like a Westerner, "I'll just carry my six-shooter and blast my way through." But I went over there and found that the six-shooter I was using was to make connections. That's a cultural thing, to make connections with people. And now, I am related to at least a third of the people on the island in one way or another.

I've been in education for over 30 years. Now, when a lot of the haumāna (students) and their children see me, they run and hide 'cause they don't want to have to listen to me say the same old things. One of my key mentors in life has been Aunty Kauila Reyes. When I was teaching at Moloka'i Middle School and High School, I was assigned Aunty through the Kupuna Program. Having a kupuna has taught me a lot. Last week, Kupuna says, "I want you to shave." So I shaved, but I told Aunty, "Stuff grows fast on my 'āina, you know." But I did shave. Today, my 'umi'umi (beard) is longer. The next thing she wants me to do is cut my hair. She really is my tūtū. She reminds me constantly of what one must do, and I appreciate that. But like they say, "It's in one ear and out the other." So everything she tells me I make sure to pass it on to the haumāna. I let the haumāna know, "Tūtū

says, you know.” Back in my day, if you didn’t listen you’d get one pinch in your ear or one slap in your head.

On Moloka‘i we live mālama ‘āina. We can pretty much survive 80% of the time on what the ‘āina provides because we grow our own, eat our own, and what have you. When the haumāna, or a hui (group) comes to visit, we keep the ties to the protocol, the ho‘olauna (exchange of greetings) and the oli (chants). What we found with students is that they do better when the learning is experiential, hands-on. Then while they’re doing that, they get the “whys,” because I remember that’s how I learned. Of course, I had a fingernail in my ear when I was doing those things. Now, there’s no more fingernail, but the kids still need to know the “whys” and the “hows,” the values behind what you’re doing and how it’s not for just them. Sometimes they think, “The teaching is for us.” No, it’s for your children, so the perpetuation of Hawaiian culture and well-being continues. So besides the hands-on aspect, they got to learn consequences, whether they are good or bad. Too often, when we talk about consequences, we focus on the short term. Will that consequence be positive for you? It might initially, but then come tomorrow, it may not.

What the kūpuna (Aunty Leiana and Aunty Kauila) say about learning is true. For me, it’s always been about huaka‘i (journeying; visiting places). In order for the haumāna to really pa‘a (fully understand) some concepts, some traditions, they need to go huaka‘i. Everything cannot be done in four walls. It’s really difficult to keep them in a classroom and show videos to teach about the lo‘i. No, they got to get into the lo‘i. The haumāna got to feel the lepo (mud) between their toes. I remember when I was young, couldn’t have been more than five, my tūtū took me down to Kaimanahila (Diamond Head) to pick limu. The water was deep. Tūtū said, “You just hang on to my mu‘u.” So I would hang on, and she’s walking out there, and the waves are tossing me back and forth. All the time, she was teaching me about the limu. “This kind limu is for this. And this kind limu is for that.” She would have all her bags with her, and she would put the limu inside.

We went places and we worked as kids. Like Aunty Leiana was saying, they had kuleana with papa to go out and gather the pōhaku (rocks) for the ku‘una. It’s hard work when you’re a young kid. And you don’t understand why it’s important.

**Everything cannot be done  
in four walls....The haumāna  
got to feel the lepo (mud)  
between their toes.**

When Auntie Kauila was picking kiawe in her days, I was picking glass bottles in mine. We'd redeem them for 5 cents each to go to the Mickey Mouse movies. Today, to pass that mana'o (belief; intention) on, we adopt highways. Our hui adopted four sections of a highway and a beach. We tell the kids, "You guys go clean up—recycle the aluminum cans. This is part of taking care of your own 'āina."

'Āina is a big part of identity, and so is language. I tell the haumāna, "If you have a spoken language at home, use it. Don't get caught up with having to speak English." No, you have to communicate in the language that you identify with. For me, it was never mandated that we learn Hawaiian, but if I didn't live with my tūtū, I wouldn't have learned the basics. My tūtū only spoke in Hawaiian. She spoke Ni'ihau Hawaiian, because she was from Ni'ihau. Half the time I never understood her. But I always made it a point to go translate what tūtū was telling me. I wanted to live on Ni'ihau for six months. Then you cannot help but be able to 'ōlelo (speak). Aunties tell me, "No need. Just speak." But every time I talk to other educators in higher academia, they say, "Oh that Moke, he hamajang the language" (doesn't speak well). Still, it's no good to be hilahila (shy), just go ahead and give 'um. I'm more pidgin than I am 'ōlelo. That was the language of Kalihi—pidgin. I'm most comfortable in that. In academia, they have their language, their style.

## 'Āina is a big part of identity, and so is language.

What this generation needs are more huaka'i, more mele (songs), and more opportunities to bring haumāna and kūpuna together. We tell the kids, "Hey, you're in the presence of a kupuna, who probably has more experience than you have hairs on your body!" There's a difference between, "I remember tūtū telling me" and "I remember doing it with tūtū." It's a big difference. Things change, yes, but not always for the better. I used to live in Kalihi, but man, we could see Waikīkī. Now you cannot see through the big cement trees. For me, because that's my nature I guess, we just got to tell the system, "Eh, this is our lāhui (nation). You're not going to make us do what you guys have done because look at what's happening." Hawaiians have been around for thousands of years. We don't plan on going anywhere, and we cannot go anywhere else that has the same culture and 'ōlelo. We plan on continuing who we are here.

Part of that journey is becoming totally self-sustaining. On Moloka'i, we have community planning meetings. Politically, we need to be our own county. That's one. Culturally, we all need to start our own māla (gardens), to wean our dependence from the stores. We need to start walking and riding bikes more so

we're not dependent on oil. We need to start building the big double wa'a (canoe) so we're not dependent on the airlines. You know, that kind of 'ike (thinking) is really Moloka'i. We want to be independent, we want to be self-sustaining; we want to be sovereign and all of that. Sounds crazy, yeah? But that's what Mahatma Gandhi did when the British colonized India. He said, "Every household, take care of yourself first. Every community, start your own little community industries. Don't depend on anybody from outside. If we do that, the British can't take us over." And that's what we need to do; we need to Gandhize Moloka'i so that our island goes back to the old system of ahupua'a (land division usually extending from the uplands to the sea). People tell me, "Hey, you crazy." But no, as long as I throw the seed in your mind, I'm happy. It'll grow from there.

I see many dimensions to well-being: spiritual, mental, emotional, and so forth. I became ma'i (sick) a year ago and it has slowed me down. Because before, I'd be so active and involved; I like to go do things—community things, cultural things, educational things. So when I became ma'i, the focus shifted to my physical health. My illness has slowed me down, but I've learned to take advantage of that slowness by pondering, reflecting, reading, and spending more time on things. I've been conditioned to think you got to go, go, go. But these past several months, I've been able to reflect and ask, why? Why do we have to go? Why do we have to hurry? What's important is that if I'm not well, then others will not be well. And I think that is one of the key things Aunty Kauila represents on Moloka'i; she exudes well-being through her actions. So I always try to emulate her example, although because of my exposure to Western life on the mainland, I'm still kolohe (mischievous). Also, coming from Kalihi, life is not serious for me, so to speak.

I just wanted to add one more word to what Aunty Kauila was saying about pono. 'Ae, pono is important. What we have also found significant is aloha (love, compassion). You have aloha for all things, for everything around you, and that has been a 180-degree huli (turn) for me. You got to have aloha for the 'āina, for the air, for the wind. And, you have got to have aloha for the kūpuna.

I've been thinking about huli a lot. The huli I try to share is the concept that too many of our folks have hands like this [holding hand upward]. They're always taking; they always want to be taken care of. That's not well-being. They need to huli their hand and work the 'āina to gain mana (strength). We need to huli and look at our kūpuna. We need to see what it was that they did and what they said;

**We need to huli and look at our kūpuna.**

how and why they did it. We need to look back. That's our future. And if we can pass that mindset to our little kamali'i (children) who are coming into this world, to huli your hands down, that honors the kūpuna.

I've been really fortunate in the life that I've lived. I cannot think of anything that I had misfortune with that you hear so much about today. I've been really blessed to have kūpuna in my life, to continue to be in the company of their wisdom. I always feel like I'm shortchanging the term kupuna, because I'm not as mature and wise as other kūpuna. I may not have as many years and experiences that they have, some almost 20 more years than I. But I can look ahead, so maybe over the next 20 years I'll be able to sit and share even more.

## REFLECTION

Having kūpuna share their life stories allows us the opportunity to learn from them in so many ways. From humble beginnings the kūpuna bring forth their own knowledge and experiences that reflect a moment in time so genuinely simple, yet honorable, that we sometimes wish we could return to those days. Their personal reflections on Hawaiian well-being, along with their own ways of knowing, teaching, and learning, provide us an opportunity to build on these perspectives wisely and to share them with others. It is through the wisdom and knowledge of our kūpuna that we can gain new insights and hopefully follow their example.

To know that these respected individuals live their lives through daily teachings of aloha and pono is a testament to having a strong cultural foundation. Because they have seen and lived it, we can be thankful that our younger generation can learn from them and support their own efforts to become well educated and committed to perpetuating our cultural heritage. Ola nā iwi. If we cherish our kūpuna, our people will thrive.

—E. Kaiponōhea Hale

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This essay was made possible by many helping hands. Support and coordination for the kūpuna were provided by Liana Vossen, Edana Wong, and E. Kaiponōhea Hale. Recording was done by Michael Racoma and Saul Nakayama with transcription by RaeDeen Keahiolalo-Karasuda and Debra D. S. Tang. The essay was edited by Brandon C. Ledward and Elaine Dunn with the approval of the authors.

---

## ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Orpha Leianaikaroselaniomaui Long Woodside was born in 1926. She is originally from Maui and currently resides in Waimānalo, O‘ahu. Fluent in ‘ōlelo Hawai‘i, she served as the curator for Hānaiakamālama, The Queen Emma Summer Palace in Nu‘uanu, for over 20 years. Kupuna Woodside received training in hula, lā‘au lapa‘au (medicinal herbs), and ho‘oponopono and enjoys sharing her knowledge with learners of all ages. Eliza Kauila Poaha Reyes, also born in 1926, is a “kama a Moloka‘i,” a child of Moloka‘i. Raised in a traditional fishing and farming family, she brings a strong cultural lens to her work in education and community advocacy. Kupuna Reyes has taught hula for over 40 years. As a retired resource teacher for Kamehameha Schools, she remains active in Hawaiian Civic Clubs and serves as a kupuna in several preschools. M. Kamana‘o‘i‘o Kim Jr., PhD, who was born in 1946, attributes his kolohe nature to having grown up in Kalihi, O‘ahu. As a retired public school teacher and coach, he has served the Moloka‘i community for over 25 years. Raised by his tūtū from Ni‘ihau, Uncle Moke is a fluent Hawaiian speaker with a deep passion for ‘āina and sustainability. He has been a vital member of the Nature Conservancy, Ka Moloka‘i Makahiki, and the ‘Aha Kāne.