

correctional officer with the state of Hawai'i and assigned to the Hawai'i Community Correctional Center in Hilo. He was married to Louise Keliipaakaua. They had two sons, John Jr. and Gordon, and four daughters, Louise, Ella, Wilma, and Lani.

John retired from HCCC as a captain and moved with his family to Murray, Utah, for a while. After moving back to Honolulu, Louise died. Later, John married Joni Weeks Kekaula and they both served two missions for the church.

John Koahou Kamauoha died on June 14, 1999, four days after his 71st birthday. To all of his children and grandchildren, I dedicate this story of their father's life in Kalōpā.



Front row Enos Akao, Amy Kekoolani Akao, Lisabeth Hussey, John Kamauoha; Back row: Aloma and Noble Hussey. 1990.

## Reflections Of Kalōpā

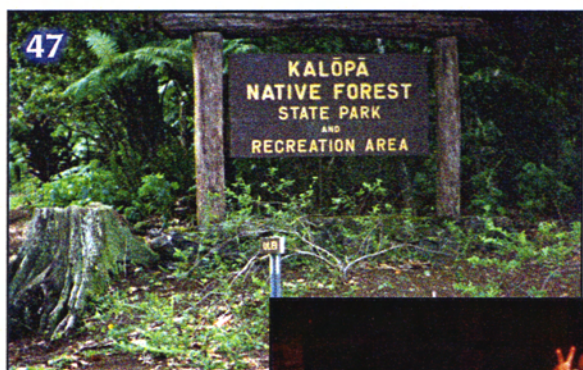
I never really appreciated living in Kalōpā until we were forced to move away when our home burned down in 1946. Each time we returned to the Big Island to visit, I saw the changes that had taken place—like the belt highway situated below our old home that made traveling from Hilo to Honoka'a so much easier and faster.



Little did we know as we were growing up in Kalōpā that under the 1903 Territorial Forest Reserve Act, 615 acres of land situated above the homestead area were designated as the Kalōpā Forest Reserve. Kalōpā State Park was separated out of the Forest Reserve in 1967 by the Department of Land and Natural Resources and opened for public use in August, 1970.

As children, my dad took us up the Kalōpā gulch to pick the purple poka, loquats and guava. We also looked for 'opae (shrimp) and the hihiwai (fresh water 'opihi) in the river which must have come down through the forest reserve.

When we returned to the Big Island in 1972, imagine how totally amazed we were to find out about the Kalōpā State Park. Pride filled my heart to know that I was born and raised near this garden of Eden. It is truly a paradise with its natural landscape of stately 'ōhi'a lehua trees, hāpu'u ferns, ginger patches, and many native shrubs and plants. Cabins for picnicking, camping and hiking are also available. It's a great place for reunions, retreats, as well as weddings. My daughter, Mary, and her husband, Noble, were married there in March 1994.



CENTER PHOTO: Kalopa State Park. Charlie Kekoolani, Amy Kekoolani, Nawai Kekoolani, Jr. (behind Amy) Darnelle Kekoolani, Jeanette Kame'enui; kids. 1983.

Every time I pass Kalōpā, my heart skips more than a beat, and tears well up in my eyes. From the belt highway below, I can look up and see the red hedges that grew in front of our house. I can see my uncle Henry's house, and the Gomes' house next to it. Like a broken record, I tell my sons, Nephi and Lehi, and my grandchildren, Amy, Chiyonofujii, Angel, Nevin (baby Valerie is too small to understand), "This is Kalōpā. This is where I was born and grew up. Please salute to Kalōpā."

When we do take the cut-off where the Kalōpā State Park sign is,



we travel up a little hill,



then over the first wooden bridge



under which we used to go swimming, then up the hill a short way,



then we come to the next wooden bridge



over the gulch where Cliff Pond lies below. There's no water running now, and you cannot see the drop down the cliff. On the opposite side of the bridge, you can see the Kalōpā ditch that ran past our house on its way to Pa'auilo. It is now covered with corrugated metal sheets; it's not open like before.



Next, we come to the Catholic graveyard and church,



then the Ferreira's house,



and then the famous crossroads, our old stomping grounds.



After that comes Ernest Alfonso's house.



It looks the same as when we used to go serenading. Across the street, looking down to the ocean is the road next to the mormon church that used to take the boxcars of burnt sugar cane to the mill. Then we get to Wachi's house and the driveway up into our property.



Oh! What lovely and precious memories. Kalōpā, sweet Kalōpā! It will always be home, sweet home.

What better way to end this story of Kalōpā than to have my sister Katherine Kahanohano Dambley express her feelings in song. She recorded this with her daughter, Jamene, on The Big Island's Own CD in 2000:



*'O Kalōpā I Ka La'i*

'Auhea wale 'oe e Kalōpā  
Kalōpā I Hāmākua  
Ku'u 'āina hānau ia  
He mele no Aloha no Kalōpā

A e 'ike i ka nani o Hāmākua  
Hāmākua pali loa  
Hāmākua kihi loa  
He mele no Aloha no Kalōpā

(Chorus) Upu a'e ka mana'o  
I ka nohona me nā 'ohana  
Ho'ohenō i ka la'i  
I ka moana nui  
Ka holunape o ke kō

Eō mai 'oe Kalōpā  
Me kealoha lei makamae  
Poina 'ole  
He mele no aloha no Kalōpā.

Where are you, Kalōpā  
Kalōpā in Hāmākua  
My birthplace  
That I love and sing about

I see you, the beauty of the  
Hāmākua cliffs  
The Hāmākua cliffs  
That I love and sing about

I have precious memories  
of my family that I love  
Of this place so calm and serene  
Overlooking the Pacific Ocean  
And the waving sugar cane fields

Beautiful Kalōpā  
I'll always  
remember you  
I will love and sing about you.