



REV. LORENZO LYONS

born April 18, 1807, Coleraine, Franklin Co., Mass. Graduated Union College, 1827; graduated and ordained Auburn Seminary, 1831.

—Courtesy Hawaiian Mission Children's Society

Makua Laiana

The Story of Lorenzo Lyons

Lovingly known to Hawaiians as
Ka Makua Laiana, Haku Mele o ka Aina Mauna
(Father Lyons, Lyric Poet of the Mountain Country)

Compiled from Manuscript Journals 1832-1886

By his Granddaughter

Emma Lyons Doyle

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Waimea in Proverb, Legend and History*

"Waimea is like a spear rubbed by the wind, as the cold spray is blown by the kipuupuu rain."

This is the piercing wind that so suddenly meets the traveler who makes his upward way from the heat of Kawaihae; and as he nears Waimea he comes upon a region once held sacred. Vivid were the rainbows of the Lanikepu hills, and red the rain, uakoko, that fell upon their slopes, for in the forest that was then their background was a heiau—a women's heiau, the only one; and by these lovely tinted tokens the gods honored it, and signified their approval.

Founded, dedicated and consecrated by the very high chiefs Hoapili ahae, it was attended exclusively by young virgins. There, in the sanctity of the cool highland forest, they performed the sacred ceremonies, learning also the science of healing so that they might eventually minister to others. And the names of the five rains of the heiau were given to the five children of Hoapili ahae.

On a nearby ridge stood another heiau, builded there by the great Akua Makuakua who had come from far off Kahiki. He it was who, flying to a hillside to watch the rainbows, found there the beautiful goddess Wao, clad only in her long, silky hair. Love came swiftly and was mutual, and after glorious wedding festivities the couple went to live at Hokuula, the hill of the red planet.

But to bear each of her children Wao returned to the Waimea hills, thereby made sacred. On these occasions a tabu was proclaimed, the forbidden ground extending down across the plains to whatever place a stone happened to stop rolling when started above by her servants. Stones they were themselves, these retainers, all through the night hours, for so Wao transformed them until daylight, when they became human again.

* Proverb from a Kamehameha mele (Henry Judd); Legends adapted from Henriques collection.

Tom - I strongly suggest if there is a search for the above mentioned woman's heiau that Pua Case be the one to consult with & choose the proper people. Her ph # 885-5383
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Waimea in Retrospect by Albert Lyons

In the old days much of the Waimea plateau was covered by a forest largely of the ohia lehua. Accordingly the euphonious name Alaohia (fragrance of ohia) had been given to a district in Waimea. My father frequently used the expression, "Alohia nei". It is true that the name had become unfamiliar as the ohia forest retreated toward Hamakua, but historical fitness not less than appeal to the ear and the imagination urged the acceptance of this old Hawaiian name in place of the time honored but untenable Waimea. New Englanders were delighted to find a spot where it was distinctly cool the year around. Here, at an elevation of nearly 3,000 feet, was a place for recuperation; why not even for a permanent mission station?

Someone eventually made such a choice, selecting the most desirable spot in all Alaohia nei. The stream had so cut its channels as to surround by a valley—and in times of freshet, a moat—a couple of acres of level land. On this miniature plateau the station was placed. Than the waters of that stream no sweeter or purer water anywhere on earth, despite the sherry-like tint it has taken from the forest morass at its source.

The mission house, first occupied by Dr. Baldwin, was built by "Governor Adams" in 1829.*

The Saga of the Cattle--An Interlude

The saga of the cattle—na pipi—strange wild-eyed quadrupeds released from the mysterious discomfort of cramped bondage in a swaying world. Na pipi, tokens of good will, bestowed by one who sought not fame and adulation, but rather the role of peace maker, advisor, kindly friend; gratefully received, carefully safeguarded by Kamehameha, the dauntless chief, commanding, regal, yet child-like in the dignified simplicity of the noble primitive.

Whence came you, long departed Spanish kine, destined to attract cruel, gaily garbed Latins to your new-found island highlands; to be herded by reckless, wild riding Polynesians, who found in your saga fulfillment of an untamed exultation in adven-

* When Betsy and Lorenzo arrived it was out of repair and they lived in a thatched hut. Their joyful occupation of this house is later recorded.