

## Chapter XXII

### Welcome to Mililani

July 1, 1964

Sheffield and Ramona woke up excited for the day at hand. They quickly got ready and packed their suitcase before having breakfast and checking out of the hotel. As was Ramona's custom while in Hawaii, she wore a white gardenia in her hair. From the Halekulani Hotel, they drove downtown and got on the Pali Highway that ran from the southwest to the northeast through the Nuuanu Valley. Just three miles from downtown they came to Mililani.

At the southwest corner of the property, they turned off the highway and into the driveway of 3019 that ran parallel to the road and the along side of the house and exited onto Dowsett Avenue on the northeast corner.

From the driveway they got a better look at the front of the house than they had a few days earlier when Teancum pointed it out as they went by. The three story house sat on one a of an third acre of beautifully landscaped grounds sat on the corner of Dowsett Avenue and the Pali Highway.

A semi enclosed porch spanned the front of the house. To the right, facing the highway, was a porte-cochère, or carriage porch, off the main entrance of the house that spanned the driveway. It was not a carport for parking, but rather a pass through covered entryway sheltering those getting in or out of vehicles from the weather. Above the porch was an open balcony with rooms on either side.



The house set on a gentle slope above the highway facing the southwest with a commanding view of the entire valley below and out over Honolulu Harbor and the Pacific Ocean. On the other three sides it was surrounded by the lofty mountains covered with lush green tropical foliage.

“This is it.” Sheffield said as he parked the car and they got out.

“What a beautiful spot.” Ramona said as they looked around, taking it all in. “I already feel at home.”

Sheffield took his eyes off of the spectacular view to glance at his watch. “Where right on time.” He said. “I assume they're waiting for us.”

As they stepped up to the door, there was a sign that said, “Welcome to Mililana. The Hawaii Mission. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.” Another sign on the door said “Come in.”

Sheffield opened the door for Ramona and he followed her through the door into what looked like any office with a reception counter and four desks and some filing cabinets behind it. Just then a missionary emerged from a hallway to greet them.

“President and Sister Brason.” He said. He recognized them from the photograph that they had received from Salt Lake. “We’ve been expecting you. I’m Elder Mattheson. Everyone is assembled in the dining hall. Won’t you please follow me.”

He led them down the down the hall that opened into a large room with a long table that could seat up to twenty people. There were a number of people who had been seated at the table, but stood to as they entered the room. As they followed Elder Mattheson to the head of the table, they shook hands with those who were on the same side of table.

“Please sit down.” Elder Mattheson said, gesturing to the two chairs at the head of the table. As they sat down, so did everyone else.

A hush fell over everyone as Elder Mattheson said, “Aloha, and welcome to Hawaii on behalf of the Hawaii Mission. We have been looking forward to meeting you. We’d like to introduce ourselves to you and tell you what our respective responsibilities and duties are. I am Elder Steven Mattheson from Salt Lake City. I am the senior assistant to the president. My job is as it says, to assist the president along with my companion. We work closely with you and are the first point of contact from the Elders and Sisters in the chain of command. I have been serving in this capacity for the last four weeks and regrettably I have only four more weeks before I’ll be released and go home. During that time, I look forward to helping you get settled in.” At that he sat down.

“Thank you, Elder Mattheson. We look forward to it.”

The Elder sitting next to him stood up. “I’m Elder Walter Shumway from Ogden, Utah. I too am an Assistant to the President. My duties are as Elder Mattheson just described. I have only been in this position since Monday, so I’m still learning everything myself. I have been out for twenty one months so I still have three months left. I too am excited to get to know you as I work with you.” When he was finished he sat down.

“We’re pleased to meet you Elder Shumway.” Sheffield said. “Who’s next?”

The next Elder then stood up. “Welcome to Mililani. I am Elder Benjamin Carlson from Twin Falls, Idaho and I’m the Mission Secretary. My job is to keep your schedules, take care of your mail, file the reports, answer the telephones, take minutes in our meetings, and anything that you need me to do. I have been out for nine months and have been in this position for three months now. Prior to coming to the office I served in Wahiawa and Hilo. I too look forward to working with you.”

“Thank you Elder Carlson. I have to tell you that it is partially because of a former mission secretary that we joined the Church. I’ll tell you the story later. Now, who’s next?”

“I’m Elder Michael Westlake from Orem Utah.” he said as he stood up. “I’m the Mission Recorder. My job is to make sure all of the baptism and confirmations are recorded properly and sent to Salt Lake so

the membership records can be created. I also take care of all of the referrals that come through the office and make sure they are sent to right area. In my spare time I help my companion, Elder Carlson with filing and the such. We learn each others responsibilities so we can cover for each other and train their replacement. I have been out for six months and have been in the office for six weeks. Prior to coming here I was in Lahaina on Maui.”

“Very good. Thank you Elder Westlake. I'm glad to know that you have some cross training. In my experience in the Navy, that proved invaluable. Next”

“Aloha.” the missionary said as he stood. “I'm Elder Adrian Cooley from Filmore, Utah and I'm the Financial Secretary. My job is to pay the bills and collect money for mission expenses, including the mission home staff. I balance the statements and reconcile the accounts. Everything I do is submitted to you for your review. Once a year we get audited by someone from Salt Lake. We were just audited last week so you'll have a whole other year before you'll have to worry about that. By then, I'll have gone home. Besides that, I help with travel arrangements and the motor pool. I've been out for fifteen months and before coming to the office four months ago, I served in Honolulu, Kaneohe, and as a district leader in Aiea.”

“Thank you Elder Cooley. Have you had any bookkeeping experience before?”

“No sir. I learned everything I needed to know from my previous companion and from President Benton.”

“Very well. I'm afraid that Sister Brason is more adept at financial matters than I am. I hardly know how to deposit my paycheck. I think, I'll have her help out in this area if that's alright.” He said as he looked as Ramona.

She nodded her approval.

“Now, who's next?”

“That would be me. My name is Elder Jeffry Wallace from Mesa Arizona and I'm the Travel Coordinator. My job is to take care of all of the travel arrangements within the mission. Since travel between the islands is mostly by air, I have to get the plane tickets. That includes transfers and the travel needs for the assistants and the the mission presidency. There is a travel agency owned by a member that we actually get the tickets through at a group discount.”

“So I take it we fly Hawaiian Airlines?”

“That's right. They can get us every where we need to go.”

“Is it costly?”

“Even with the deal we get, yes it can add up especially when you go to every island once a month.”

“I'd like to talk about this some more later.” Sheffield said. “So you also handle the mission fleet?”

“Thats correct. The fleet consists of twenty five nineteen sixty two, sixty three, and sixty four Chevy

Nova four door sedans in various colors. We also have two Nova station wagons for the mission home. And then theres a nineteen sixty four Chevy Impala for the Mission President. They all came from Diamond Head Chevrolet owned by Ted Preston who has a Chevrolet dealership with locations on Hawaii, Maui, Oahu, and Kauai. President Morley, the Church Purchasing Agent secured an extra special deal with them that includes service and maintenance. Going by the mileage reports that come into the office, I schedule the service and maintenance.”

“It sounds like you have a busy job. Here again, Sister Brason is quite good with travel details. Tell me, how long have you been out and where all have you served?”

“Oh I almost forgot. I've been out for thirteen months and I've been in the office for two months. Before coming here, I was in Halawa, Hanalei on Kauai, and Kohala on the Big Island.”

“Thank you. Elder Wallace. Who's next.”

“I suppose that would be me.” An Elder said as he stood up. “My name is Elder Garth Simmons from Afton Wyoming. I'm here convalescing from an intestinal infection that I picked up about ten days ago. I've only been out for six weeks. I was serving in Kaunakakai on Molokai. For now my companion is with the District Leader and his companion in Lahaina on Maui as a threesome.”

For the first time Ramona spoke. “Tell me, Elder Simmons,” she asked, “what exactly do you have?”

“The doctor called it Bacterial Gastroenteritis. He said that I should be able to return to work in another ten days or so.”

“Do you know how you got it?”

“Yes. My companion and I were having dinner with an investigator and we suspect the fish was undercooked. I got real sick, but it didn't seem to bother anyone else.”

“It looks like there is something else I'll come in handy for. I'm a nurse.” she concluded.

Next they came to the two lady missionaries. The first one stood and introduced herself. “I am Sister Maria Carmichael from Las Vegas, Nevada. Sister Williams and I are assigned to work the area immediately around the mission home. Our area takes in the Nuuanu Valley and Makiki all the way down to the Lunalilo Freeway. I've been in the area for four months and have been out for nine. Before coming here, I served downtown in the area around Waikiki.”

Sister Carmichael sat down and Sister Williams stood up.

“Like she said, I am Sister Halley Williams from Santa Barbara, California. I've only been out for six weeks. I came out with Elder Simmons, so this is my first area.”

“Now,” Sheffield said as he turned to the two older women and man sitting at the table, “Tell us who you are and what you do.”

A very, very large Hawaiian woman, with a wide gap between her two front teeth and appeared to be

in her sixties stood and said, "I'm Elizabeth `Auli`i . Whats ironic," she added, "is that its Hawaiian for dainty, cute, and trim. As you can see, I'm anything but that, except for maybe cute. I'm the cook here at Mililani. I work from ten to six Tuesday through Saturday. I prepare lunch and dinner for everyone who lives and works in the home, and any guests that might be staying here. Lunch is at noon and dinner is a six. Everyone is responsible for their own breakfast each morning and all meals on Sunday and Monday. Each morning Elder Carlson gives me the number of people to plan on for the day. I do all the shopping too. If there are certain things that you like or anything you can't eat, just let me know and I'll be accommodating. Other than that I help Suki."

Sister `Auli`i sat down and the tiny little Japanese woman who also appeared to be in her sixties stood up. She was even smaller than Ramona. "That's me. I'm Suki Hanami and I'm the housekeeper. I take care of all the cleaning so you can be about serving the Lord. When I'm not doing that, I'm helping Liz with the cooking. So don't worry about a thing, I do it all. Like Liz I work Tuesday through Saturday. This is my husband Roy."

The older gentleman stood and said, "As Suki said, my name is Roy and I'm the gardener, handyman and sometimes the chauffeur." That was all he said and sat back down.

"Well you sure have the grounds looking nice." Sheffield said.

Then Elder Mattheson stood up again. "That's everyone except for the counselors in the presidency. They'll be here tomorrow for your weekly meeting. President Kaaloha, the First Counselor lives in Kona and President Galloway lives here in Honolulu.

"Now if you you would tell us a little about yourselves. We received the biographical sketch that Salt Lake sent us, but I'm sure there is a lot more to it than that."

"Yes, there is. First, thank you for your introductions. We look forward to working with you and getting to know you better. It has only been five weeks since we received this calling and we are truly glad to be here and do our part. I have a pretty good idea of what is entailed after having served as the First Counselor in the Central Atlantic States Mission. But I'm sure there are differences here, like the travel issues that Elder Wallace described. I'll let my dear companion tell you more about us and our background. When she's finished I'll add what she may leave out."

Ramona stood up and began, "Like my husband said, we are glad to be here. This is like coming home for us, especially me." She went on to tell their story and what brought them to that point.

When she was finished Sheffield said, "Well that's pretty much it. Now you know our background. We look forward to seeing the house and getting settled. Then you can fill us in on the specifics."

Elder Mattheson stood up and said, "Thank you President and Sister Brason. What an inspirational story. Now I can see why the Lord has sent you here at this time. At this point, we'll let every one get to work

and Sister Hanami will give you a tour of the home and let you get settled. We'll reconvene then in your office and give you the run down on the mission."

Roy and Suki Hanami approached Sheffield and Ramona as the gathering broke up. Roy spoke first.

"If I could have the keys to your car, I'll move it around back."

"Oh sure." Sheffield said as he pulled the keys from his pocket and handed them to him. "It's actually Manti Morley's car. He and Lolani will be stopping by later in the week to get it."

"Thank you President."

"Are you ready to see Mililani?" Suki asked.

"By all means." Ramona answered. "We'd love to."

Since they were already in the dining hall, she began there. Next to it was a spacious kitchen with professional grade appliances like those found in a restaurant. Just off the kitchen was a large pantry. From there she took them back up to the front of the house. As they went down the stairs that led to the basement she said, "Down there is the laundry room. I do laundry on Fridays so have whatever you want washed in your hamper and I'll take care of it and put it away for you."

"Oh you don't have to do that for us." Ramona protested.

"Like I said," Sister Hanami reminded her, "You are here to serve the Lord. My job is to give you the time to do your job."

She also pointed out the two high capacity water heaters and the storage room that was in the basement. Also in the basement was the transient Sisters dorm room. It had two sets of bunk beds and its own bathroom. The bathroom was divided into two parts, one with an open shower with two shower heads and two toilets stalls. The other part had a long counter with a long mirror and two sinks.

She took them back upstairs and showed them the office, where the Elders were busy at their tasks. Each had an electric typewriter and a telephone. There was even a Xerox machine. Behind the office was a storage closet and a small bathroom with a toilet and a sink. Finally, in the very front of the house was the president's office. It was spacious with plenty of seating for meetings. They noticed the large wall map of the islands with boundaries drawn on them. Next to it was the area board with pictures of all of the missionaries arranged as companionships by areas, districts, and zones. Their photograph was at the top of the board. Behind the desk were large picture windows that looked out through the porch and out over the valley. To one side was a door that led out onto the porch.

"Your living quarters are upstairs." she said. "I'll take you there next."

As they followed her upstairs, it was obvious that Sister Hanami ran on nervous energy. She continued to explain that the twelve thousand square foot house, originally built in 1922, was purchased by the Church in 1957 for use as the mission home and had been completely renovated at that time.

At the top of the stairs was their private living quarters which was a self contained apartment. There were five bedrooms, a living room, two bathrooms, kitchen, and a dining room. The master bedroom had two spacious closets and master bathroom. It also had a window and a door that lead out onto the balcony. One bedroom was a guest room for visitors and the other three had been occupied by the Benton's four children who had been with them. The extra bedrooms could be used when the kids came over or for other guests.

The bathroom in their bedroom had a shower stall, where as the main bathroom had a very deep, freestanding claw foot bathtub. It wasn't Ramona's bathhouse, but it would do for a nice relaxing soak. The living room had a matching couch, love seat, and two chairs arranged around a coffee table. There was even a television set. The kitchen included all that you would expect from a kitchen and the dining room table had seating for six. The apartment was furnished with draperies and a few decorations. There were two telephones, a wall mounted telephone between the kitchen and living room with a long cord that could reach to most of the living space. There was a second telephone on the nightstand next to their bed. The apartment had a private line with a separate telephone number as well as being connected to the office line.

With the tour of their apartment complete, Sister Hanami took them back downstairs. As they stood at the stair landing before starting back down, she explained, "Upstairs is a one bedroom apartment for the lady missionaries."

She took them back downstairs and out back and showed them the guest cottage that faced Dowsett Avenue, where the office staff and assistants stayed and the garage where the cars were kept. Above it was an open room filled with several bunk beds that looked like a barracks. At one end was a bathroom with open shower stalls just like you would expect to find in a barracks. She explained that just like the Sisters dorm room, it was for Elders in transit; either just arriving or going home, or on their way to new areas, or in the case of Elder Simmons, for those who were on the sick list.

Her tour concluded at the garage. Roy, who had just finished washing Manti's car, showed them around the grounds. It was obvious that he took great pride in his work. He went onto tell them more about he and Suki. They were the second generation of their family to live in the Islands. He told them how after the war started, they and their children were sent to the mainland to live in an interment camp even though they posed no threat to national security. In fact, their oldest son had enlisted in the United States Army and served with distinction in the 442nd Regimental Combat Team in Italy. After the war they returned to the Islands and that is when they were introduced to the Church and were baptized.

After meeting the staff and having a tour of Mililani, Sheffield and Ramona went back upstairs to their apartment to get settled. They began by unpacking their suitcases that they had brought with them. The things that they had shipped had all been stashed in one of the other bedrooms. They opened the

boxes and began putting their contents away. They brought several pictures that needed hung, so Sheffield called downstairs to the office to have Roy come up with a hammer and some wall hooks.

With the apartment decorated with some of their own things, it looked a little more like home. Their living arrangements were adequate and comfortable. They even laid down on the bed to check it out and found it to be quite comfortable. Ramona wrote up a small grocery list of some things that they wanted to stock the kitchenette with for Sister `Auli`i to pick up on her next trip to the market.

Satisfied with the way things were, Sheffield said to Ramona, "Well, should we get to work?"

Ramona reached up to kiss him and answered, "Sure, Babe. Why not?"

They went downstairs together and went into his office to get familiar with what was there. Sheffield opened the top desk drawer and said, "Oh look, here are our missionary name tags." He tossed Ramona the one with her name on it.

"Sister Brason." she read. "Hawaii Mission, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

Sheffield was the same only it identified him as President Brason. Hers pinned onto her blouse, while his slipped into the breast pocket on his suit jacket.

After scoping it out, Sheffield stuck his head out of the door and asked Elder Carlson to call everyone one together.

Sheffield pulled one of the comfortable wingback armchairs around behind the desk and positioned it next to his executive office chair. She was seated next to him when the Elders came into the office two by two, leaving Elder Simmons to answer the telephone and take messages.

When the Assistants, who were the last to arrive, entered the room, Elder Mattheson said, "You don't need to be here Sister Brason."

"And why not?" Sheffield asked.

"Because Sister Benton didn't attend any of our meetings."

"For one thing, we're not the Bentons. Sister Brason is my companion is she not?"

"Yes sir."

"Companions are supposed to stay together are they not?"

"Yes sir."

"Alright then. This is her mission too and we're a team, and we will work side by side. We realize that there are things that I must do alone, and we have a pretty good idea of what they are."

Without scolding, Sheffield continued. "We will most likely do a lot of things different from the way President Benton did them. Don't worry, I'm not going run things like in the military. But let me tell you something about me. When I was recalled to active duty for the Korean War and was given command of a carrier division, at my first staff meeting my chief of staff made the mistake of saying that wasn't how my

predecessor did things.

"I'm gong to tell you what I told him and everyone else on the staff, if your not comfortable with how I do things, thats alright. I'll find you another place were you can work and be happy. My chief of staff ended up going on to command his own carrier. So if over the next few days any of you find that you have difficulties in working closely with me, come to me one on one and let me know and we'll find a nice place for you go.

Humbled, Elder Mattheson replied, "I beg your pardon sir. I meant no disrespect,"

"I know."

"It's just that we used to the way things are. I mean were."

"Most likely a lot isn't going to change but there may be some things that do."

Elder Mattheson responded. "I understand." Then he made a second blunder. "Lets begin with a prayer. Elder Carlson, would you..."

Again Sheffield cut him off. "I think I can take charge now. After all I am presiding here. Yes there is a lot that I don't know, and that's what you're going to tell me in this meeting. You'll probably have to help me out from time to time over the next few weeks, but as of when I walked through that door this morning, I assumed the responsibility. Keep in mind, I am no stranger to this. Remember, I was a counselor in the mission presidency back home. Now, why don't we start with a prayer. Elder Mattheson, would you be so kind as to offer it."

After the prayer, Sheffield said, "Now, Elder Matheson, first I'd like for you to explain the map and area board."

"Certainly. With a population of seven hundred thousand people, the Hawaii mission is the smallest mission in the Church as far as population. But geographically it covers and area almost as large as Australia. In addition to the eight main islands we take in the entire island chain out to Midway. We also have Johnston Island, Wake Island, Kwajalein and Eniweitok in the Marshall Islands, and as far west as Guam, but we only proselyte on the six main islands."

"That's interesting." Sheffield mused. "I've been to all of those places when I was on the Enterprise. Not actually on the islands but within a couple of hundred miles. Its ironic, but I actually planed air raids on some of them, now I'm here to bring the peace of the gospel to them. Are there any Church members out there?"

"Actually there are, mainly servicemen. On some islands there are servicemen groups that meet each week. On Johnston Island for example, they share a tent chapel with the Pentecostal Fellowship group."

"I know all about servicemen groups." Sheffield said. "I'd like to at least make contact with them. So,

tell me what we have going on with the main islands.”

“As of now we have seventy Elders, Twelve lady missionaries, and three senior couples for a total of eighty eight missionaries. As you can see, the mission is divided into six zones that correlate with the six stakes and districts in the mission. There are three stakes on Oahu and a district on Hawaii. Maui, Molokai, Lanai and Kaho’olawe, which of course is uninhabited, make up the Maui District. Finally Kauai and Niihau make up the Kauai District. There are only a handful of members on Niihau but we don’t proselyte there.”

Sheffield nodded that he understood.

Elder Mattheson continued, “Each zone is presided over by a zone leader, who has a junior companion. He works directly with the stake or district mission president. He also works with the district leaders under him. Once a month we hold a zone conference in each zone, in which you, Elder Shumway, and myself, oh and Sister Brason, of course, attended along with all of the missionaries in the zone. It is always held in a chapel and the Relief Society hosts a luncheon.”

“I know all about those.” Ramona interjected. “I don’t know how many of those I did when I was Relief Society President.”

“I’ve attended a few of those myself.” Sheffield added.

“According to Elder Wallace, we fly to the meetings on the other islands.”

“That’s right.” the travel coordinator answered.

“How much does that cost?”

“It varies. It all depends on the flight we get.”

“Then I assume we’re at the mercy of the airline’s schedule. I’m sure that results in some wasted time doesn’t it?”

“Sometimes all we can do is wait.” the senior assistant answered.

“Elder Wallace, I want you to look into what it would take to charter a plane. “I’d be willing to bet that we could save time and money if I flew us to the other islands.”

Elder Mattheson and Elder Shumway just looked at each other.

“President Brason is an excellent pilot.” Ramona said to reassure them.

“I’ll look into it.” Elder Wallace said.

“Now, tell us about the districts.”

Elder Mattheson continued, “As you can see there are two districts in each zone. Just like the zone, each district is presided over by a district leader who has a junior companion. All of the districts are made up of three areas, except on Kauai they only have two areas.

“Now the area may or may not correlate to a ward or branch. Some may have two areas, in other cases two wards or branches may be in one area. In the case of the branch on Guam, which is part of the

Honolulu Stake, they only have stake missionaries. So the area name is more likely to signify the geographical area rather than the name of the ward or branch. The areas change from time to time depending on how many missionaries we have available. Just recently we closed down an unproductive area to give it a rest and opened a new area elsewhere. For example, in three weeks we'll need to open a new area since we will have a net gain of three Elders."

"What about transfers? How often have they taken place in the past?"

"Sometimes every week. It depends on the needs."

"When I was the branch president, it seemed that when we needed to make one little change, it ended up in a major overhaul of the entire branch. I'm sure that happens here too."

"Sometimes."

"I'd like to think about streamlining the process and keep it to say once a month, unless there is an absolute necessity."

"It would sure save a lot of time." Elder Mattheson agreed.

"And travel expenses." Elder Cooley added.

"How long can we hold off on any transfers? I'd like to have a chance to meet everyone and get a feel for who we have."

"We could hold off for three weeks. At that time we have four new elders and one sister arriving from Salt Lake. Then the following week there are two going home, including myself and one sister."

"How often do we get new missionaries coming out?"

"It all depends."

"I think I'm going to place a call to Salt Lake and see if they could send them to us on a consistent basis. As far as you and the sister who is going home, we could either let you go home a week early or keep you in a threesome for a week."

Elder Shumway asked, "But doesn't putting things on a schedule restrict the whisperings of the Spirit?"

"No. I don't think so." Sheffield replied. "Doesn't it say, 'Mine is a house of order, sayeth the Lord.'? It seems to me that it would let us do a better job of listening to the Spirit if there was more order to things. I want to give it some more thought, but I'm thinking that we should lean that direction.

"I think I have a good feel for the way things are organized. Now I want to talk results. Show me the performance over the last year."

Elder Carlson handed him some detailed graphs showing the numbers of discussions taught per week and baptisms over the last year.

"What are the two lines on these charts?"

“The top line is the quota set by President Benton and the bottom line is what it actually was.”

“You have quotas?”

Perceiving where the new mission president was going, Elder Mattheson wisely chose to distance himself from the practice. “President Benton was of the opinion that there needed to be a goal.”

“There is a big difference between a goal and quota. A quota is blindly set arbitrary number. You can't have a goal until there is an objective in site. For an example, let me take you back to my Navy days when we were hunting u-boats in the South Atlantic. I couldn't expect to tell my men that we had a quota of sinking three u-boats a week. What if we never found them. Now once we found one, it was our goal to sink it. Do you get what I'm saying?”

“I think so.”

“Its the same thing here. You can't set a goal to baptize someone you haven't found yet. We concentrated on finding U-boats, then when we found one, we focused on sinking it. But first we had to track it and understand its course and depth. When you find an investigator and begin teaching him or her, you have to work with them and understand where they're coming from and the sincerity and the depth of their commitment. Then you can set a goal to baptize that person.

“Now did we sink every u-boat that we came in contact with? Of course not. Some of them slipped away before we could attack. Did we sink every u-boat that we attacked? Not all of them wanted to be sunk. People have their agency. Not all of them will go all the way and there is nothing you can do to change them. They have their agency.”

“But this isn't a war.” Elder Shumway said, not seeing the meaning behind what he was saying.

“Of course it is.” Ramona said, backing up what Sheffield had just said. “When President Brown called us to this assignment, he said that we are in a continuation of the War in Heaven, a war over the souls of men and women. He said that just like in a war there are casualties and we can't save everyone one.”

“Exactly.” Sheffield continued. “But the harder we work the more people we will find, then the more we can save.”

“But President, we're already working hard.”

“I'm sure we are. Let me rephrase that, we have to work smarter. Then the more contacts we have, the better chance we have of teaching them, the more we stick with them the better chance we have of reaching them. Have any of you read the Challenge by Elder Dyer?”

None of them had.

“President Brown told me about it and gave me a copy. We've read it. I want you to read it too, beginning with you, Elder Mattheson. I think he has the key to working smarter. So from know on, no more

quotas. Each companionship will set their own goals based on what they have to work with. I think this will be the topic of my first round of zone conferences. Speaking of which, when are they scheduled for?"

Elder Carlson handed him the schedule. There was one the first week of July, two during the second week, one the third week and two in the last week.

"Do you know what I want to do?" Sheffield asked. "You're going to think that I've lost my mind. I need to meet all of the missionaries anyway and I'd like to do it as soon as possible. I want to have a special zone conference in every zone next week, beginning with Monday."

"But Monday is P-day." Elder Mattheson protested.

Sheffield just looked at him with one eyebrow cocked. The message was clear. "So."

"But then we can work around it." Elder Mattheson said quickly before that cocked eyebrow went off. He was catching on fast.

"Let's start right here with the Honolulu Zone on Monday. An hour and half should be enough time to conduct interviews. This time around I want to include Sister Brason so we can get acquainted. Lets begin the interviews at two thirty and set the meeting for four o'clock, that will give them some time for their day for their P-day. If I understand correctly, P-day is over at five anyway. So if the meeting is from four to six, we could have dinner at six and I could meet with the stake leaders at seven. So Elder Carlson, lets make it the same schedule in each zone. We'll do Honolulu on Monday, followed by Pearl Harbor on Tuesday, and Oahu on Wednesday. Then, here's where I'd like a plane. We'll go to Kauai on Thursday, Maui on Friday, and Hawaii on Saturday. I see they have their district conference the next day so I think we'll stay over for that and fly back on Sunday afternoon. Oh and arrange for over night accommodations on the other islands for Sister Brason and I and the assistants."

"Typically the mission president stays in the homes of the district presidents."

"I like that idea." Sheffield concluded.

"Is there anything else President?"

"I think that's plenty, don't you?"

"I'd like to meet the members." Ramona added.

"That's a great idea. If we met with the stake leaders at seven, we could keep it short. Say a half an hour, and then have a meeting with the members at seven thirty. We could call it a fireside. As Yul Brynner said in the Ten Commandments, 'So let it be written, so let it be done.'"

Just then Elder Simmons knocked on the door and poked his head in the door. "Sister `Auli`i has lunch ready."

"Then lets go have lunch. We can continue this this afternoon."

After lunch they reconvened and Sheffield and Ramona learned all about the finances of the

mission, all of the reports and record keeping. They went over the basic mission rules. No missionaries were allowed on the beach and no contact sports. Because of the tropical climate, the Elders were only required to wear jackets under certain conditions. For example the office Elders were required to wear theirs while in the mission home. Other times jackets were worn were at missionary and church meetings.

They had covered pretty much everything by dinner. It had been a lot to take in and lot to sort through. After dinner Sheffield and Ramona retired upstairs to think things over. Sheffield had a number of things that he wanted to do different and some new things that he wanted to implement.

“So what do you think. How did our first day go?” he asked.

“I'd say that we hit the ground running. Lets not run too fast. Let things go as they are for the most part and work in your changes gradually. Otherwise you're likely to have a mutiny on your hands.”

“Thats good advise. See, that's why I need you by my side.”

There is one thing, however.” Ramona added. “Its going to be hard to get used to having you call me Sister Brason, and me calling you President. What do you think people would think if I slipped up and called you Babe?”

While Sheffield thought things over, Ramona wrote a letter to kids to tell them about their abbreviated vacation and their first day at Mililani.

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Again, the description of the mission home came from the Church New article cited in the previous chapter. Some details of the lay out are speculative, but the basic information is from the article. The fact that was 12,000 square feet and built in 1922 came from one of those property valuation websites. The building still stands and is now the Queen Emma Preschool.

Whether or not they would of had name tags is uncertain. As near as I could tell, name tags appeared around 1960 and were pretty much church wide by 1970.

The mission boundary description comes from the August 28, 1965 edition of the Church Section of the Deseret News. The organization of the mission is hypothetical. The three stakes on Oahu did exist at the time. I'm assuming that there were districts on the other islands.

In 1964 the minimum age for sister missionaries was lowered from 23 to 21. At the time they served for 24 months. I wasn't aware of that and assumed that they served for 18 months. That changed in 1971. It was too late to change the story so I left it alone.