

Chapter XLVI

Ordeal in Kahili

March 1, 1967 – March 18, 1967

If they thought about what they wanted to do when they got home, they never mentioned it to each other. They just wanted to focus on their mission and squeeze everything out of it that they could and enjoy paradise while it lasted.

For the first seven days of March, they remained at the mission home. They got a letter from Norma saying that Wade got the job at Ricks College. She said that all of a sudden there was so much to do. The first thing was to put their house up for sale and figure out what to do with Wade's veterinarian practice. They didn't need to be in Rexburg until the first of August and wondered if their house sold before then, could they move into their house temporarily.

Ramona wrote back to say that they were happy for them, hiding her disappointment that they would be moving clear across the country. She told them that of course it would be alright if they moved into their house for the time being.

On Wednesday the 8th they flew to Kauai with the Assistants for the first zone conference of the month. Sheffield incorporated the lesson that Elder Burrell had learned the hard way. The next day they flew on to Maui. During Sheffield's interview with Elder Bauer, he told him that Dorothy had left him alone ever since Sister Brason had talked to her. Now she would hardly look at him. On Friday they flew on to Kona and finished this trip in Hilo with a zone conference and district conference before returning to Honolulu on Sunday afternoon.

When they got home, there was a letter from Harvey and Marcella with some sad news. Ever since Winifred had gone off to college, they had been concerned that she had become too much of free spirit. They said that she had dropped out of college in the middle of her last semester and had to run off to San Francisco to join a hippie commune where she was into the anti-war movement, free love, and LSD. They expressed their concern for her and frustration that they couldn't do anything about it. On the other hand, Joseph's kids were doing well. Anna was a sophomore at BYU and Paul was a senior at Jefferson High School in Roanoke.

The first part of the week was spent working on the next transfer. Then on Thursday night, around ten thirty, the telephone rang. Sheffield answered it.

"Is this President Brason?" A frantic voice on the the other end of the line asked.

"Yes, this is him."

"President, this is Don Kawena. I'm the president of Koloa Branch in the Kauai District. I'm afraid the Elders are unaccounted for."

Sheffield heart sank. After the deaths of Elder Idler and Elder Bancroft a little over six months earlier, he hoped he would never get another call like that. He knew to take it seriously. "What do you have to go on, President?"

"Elder Randall and Elder Harper have a standing dinner appointment every Thursday at six o'clock. At

first when they didn't show up, we thought they were running late, but when they didn't call we began to worry. I called their apartment after the time that were to be in for the evening and didn't get an answer, which worried us even more. After calling twice more, I went over to their apartment to check on them. Their car was gone and there was no sign of anyone being there."

"I see." Sheffield said with worry in his voice.

"I'm afraid they're in trouble." Don replied. "I don't know if they had car trouble somewhere or what. I'm about ready to call around and have some men go looking for them."

"You do that, and keep me informed. If they don't show up, I'll be there as soon as I can in the morning. In the meantime, I'll see what I can do from here."

"Alright, President Brason. I'll let you know if we find them."

As Sheffield hung up the telephone, Ramona said, "That doesn't sound good."

"No. Elder Randall and and Elder Harper didn't come home. I need you to go downstairs to the office and pull the fleet file and get license plate number and description of the car assigned to them."

Ramona slipped on her robe and dashed down the stairs to the office, while Sheffield called the zone leaders in Lihue and told them of the situation. Since they were only ten miles away, he sent them to join the search. Next he called his friend Frank Alapai, the first counselor in the district presidency who also lived nearby. He too went to join the search.

When Ramona returned with the information, he called the Kauai Sheriff's dispatch to ask them to be on the lookout for a white 1966 Chevy Nova with the license plate number Hawaii 3C1792. He also gave them a description of the two missionaries.

There wasn't much more they could do from there, except to pray for missing Elders. Elder Jonathan Randall was from West Jordan, Utah and had been out for fifteen months. Elder Val Harper was from Auckland, New Zealand and had only been out since January. Sleep fled as they sat up waiting for any word. Eventually sleep overcame them until they were awakened at three fifteen by the ringing of the telephone.

It was the Sheriff's office. They had found their car abandoned at Halenanahu Reservoir on Cane Road just off the main highway. The deputy said that there were no signs of a struggle and they would concentrate their search around the reservoir as soon as it got light.

That was enough for Sheffield to know that something was drastically wrong. He started to pack and overnight bag. "I'm going to catch the first flight to Lihue." He said. "I might be a day or two."

"I'm coming with you, Babe." Ramona announced.

"Actually, I need you here to take care of anything that may come up. I'll check in with you often."

"Well, alright. I guess."

"There is something you can do for me. Call the airport and see when Hawaii Air's first flight to Lihue leaves. I'm sure it leaves before the charter place opens. I can get there faster this way."

While Sheffield got ready, Ramona placed the call and found out that the first flight left at six o'clock and

booked a seat for him. Then she called Frank, who was back from searching, to have him pick him up at the airport. There was still a little while before he had to leave, so she fixed him some breakfast before she took him to the airport.

After a forty five minutes flight, he was on the ground in Lihue where he was met by Frank and Olina. Frank had to get work but had brought his four wheel drive Intentional Scout for Sheffield to drive. Sheffield thanked him and went on his way. His first stop was at Halenanahu Reservoir. A search party had already fanned out covering a one hundred eighty degree arc north of the highway.

Sheffield identified himself to the deputy, who was on the scene looking for any evidence in and around the vehicle. Sheffield stuck his head in the car to have a look for himself. First he could smell tobacco. In the ash tray was a cigarette butt and a crumpled Lucky Strike pack. When he withdrew he said to the deputy, "There was someone in this car other than my missionaries."

"How do you know?"

"Because I can smell cigarette smoke."

"So?"

"They don't smoke."

"That will give me something to go on." the deputy acknowledged.

Just then the radio in his patrol car came to life and he stepped away to take the call. When he returned he said, "They just found a man that matches the description of one of the fellows that you gave us over on Lauoho Road in the hills around Lawai. That's about seven or eight miles from here. They say he's dazed and confused."

"Thanks. Tell them I'll be right there." Sheffield called over his shoulder as he dashed to the Scout.

Several minutes later he found another sheriff's patrol car on Lauoho Road. Again he approached the deputy and identified himself.

"We got a call," the deputy explained, "from someone who reported that they saw a man wandering aimlessly down they road. When I got here I found him. I'd say he's doped up on drugs."

"Where is he."

"In the back of my patrol car."

"Can I see him."

"Sure. I hope you can identify him for me." the deputy said as he led Sheffield over to the car and opened the back door.

"That's Elder Harper." He said to the officer.

Sheffield tried to talk to him, but he was completely incoherent and unresponsive.

He turned back to the deputy and asked, "So if their car is over at Halenanahu Reservoir, how did he get here and where's Elder Randall?"

"That's what were trying to figure out. From the looks of things," the deputy said, "he had been bound and

gaged. Look at the rope burns on his wrists. There's also marks on his ankles and see the red marks at the corners of his mouth. It looks to me like he had been drugged and dropped off here. There's an ambulance on its way for him."

"It just doesn't add up." Sheffield said.

"Do you have any idea where they were yesterday?"

"No but I know how to find out. Did he have anything on him when he was found?"

"All he had was an appointment book. If he had a wallet with him, it's missing."

"What about a key to their apartment?"

"No, no keys."

"Then can I have his appointment book?"

"Sure, here you are." the deputy said as he handed it to him.

A quick glance at March 15th just showed names and times. "I need to see if I can get into their apartment. I bet I can get a good idea where they were yesterday."

Just then they could hear the siren of the ambulance as it made its way up the road. It came to a stop and the two attendants hopped out and rushed to the deputy's car with a gurney. A moment later they had him secured to a gurney and were loading him into the back of the Cadillac Seville station wagon, which had been specially configured at the factory as an ambulance.

Once the ambulance left, the deputy continued looking around for any evidence while Sheffield got back into the Scout and drove to the home of President Kawena. He wasn't there, but his wife, Marie, let him in.

She wanted to know if there was any news. He told her what he knew. "Do you know the name of the landlord of the Elder's apartment?" he asked.

"No I'm afraid I don't."

"May I use your telephone. I need to call the mission home."

"Certainly." she said gesturing to it. "Help yourself."

Elder Bennett, the mission secretary answered. "Elder," he said, "I need you to pull the housing file and get the contact information for the apartment here in Koloa for me. And while you're looking for it, put Sister Brason on the phone."

While Elder Bennett went to get the information he asked for, Sheffield told Ramona everything he knew up to that point, including the fact that Elder Harper had been taken to Wilcox Memorial Hospital in Lihue.

"Good at least we know he's safe. What are you going to do next?" she asked.

"I'm going to go to their apartment and see if I can figure out where they went yesterday."

"Elder Bennett just handed me the file, are you ready to write it down?"

He asked Sister Kawena for a piece of paper and pen and took down the information that she gave him. "Thanks Sweetheart," he concluded, "I'll call you back when I know more."

Next Sheffield called the number that he had been given. "Hello, is this Walter Tashima?" ... "My name is

Sheffield Brason, I'm responsible for the two young men who live in apartment number four at thirty fifty seven Poipu Road. Something has happened to them and I need to figure out where they were yesterday." ... "Well, they found Elder Harper and took him to the hospital, but Elder Randall is still missing. If I can get in, I can figure out where they had planned to go." ... "Eleven o'clock. I'll be there." ... "Oh thank you for your concern." ... "I'll see you at eleven. Thanks again. Goodbye."

As he was ready to leave, he said to Sister Kawena, "Thanks for the use of her telephone."

"Your certainly welcome, President Brason. Is there anything else I can do to help?"

"You know, there is. How would you like to call around the to the branch members and see if anyone saw the Elders yesterday?"

"I'd love to do that."

"Thanks. That would be a big help. I'll check back with you later to see if you came up with anything."

That gave Sheffield the rest of the morning. He decided to go back to the reservoir to see if anything had turned up there. When he got there, the deputy that he spoke to earlier was still there. "Have you come up with anything?" Sheffield asked.

"As a matter of fact I have. Do you see that set of foot prints?"

"Yeah."

"Well, they lead from the the drivers side of the car over to another set of tire tracks. Whoever drove it here, got out and walked to another car and got in and left. And look at the tire tracks. The front tires are bald on the outside. See how smooth the track is on the outside and the tread on the inside. I've taken a picture of the tracks to see if we can match them up to anything. I also checked along the shore line and there wasn't any sign of anyone having gone into the water. There hasn't been any word from the searches yet."

"Thanks, I'm on my way back to the hospital in Lihue to see if they can tell me anything."

While they were talking, a tow truck arrived. The deputy said, "Until the investigation is complete, we need to impound the vehicle. When were finished, you can have it back."

"Fine." Sheffield said. "Whatever you need to do."

From there, Sheffield drove to the hospital and inquired about the young man who had been brought in earlier. After waiting a moment, the doctor who was attending to him came out to talk to him. He said that he was beginning to come around. He had sent a blood sample off to the lab in Honolulu but wouldn't know for several hours what drug was in his system. His guess was that it was some kind of knock out drug. In that was case, he might not remember anything from prior to being drugged. Sheffield asked if he could see him and was let into his room for just a moment.

By then it was time to leave in order to keep his appointment with Walter Tashima. He pulled up to their apartment building a few minutes before eleven. Walter pulled in a moment later. "Are you Mister Brason?" he asked.

"Yes, I am. Thank you for meeting me here."

"I'm happy to do it. I'm glad to hear the one boy is alright. I just hope you find the other. Let me know if there is anything more I can do." Walter said as he unlocked the door with his master key. "There you go. Just make sure its locked when you leave."

"Thanks again Mister Tashima."

"Please, call me Walt."

"Thanks Walt." Sheffield said as the landlord got back into his car. Sheffield went on in and looked around. What he needed was posted on the wall. There has a chart on a white poster board covered with clear contact paper. With a grease pencil they had listed all of their contacts, complete with their names, addresses, telephone numbers and their progress. Next to it was a map of their area with pins marking their locations.

He began with Elder Harper's appointment book. Matching the names in the book to the chart, he was able to get their telephone numbers. He called their ten o'clock appointment, and yes they had been there. He found a sheet of paper and wrote down their location at that time. If he could establish a trail of where they had been and when, it may help narrow down where to look for Elder Randall.

The next two people he called didn't answer. Nevertheless, he noted the locations of where they were to have been. So far, it looked like they had spent their day in and around Koloa. Nowhere near the location of where the car or where Elder Harper were found. They did have an appointment at four o'clock in Kalihi. There wasn't a telephone number, but he found it on the map. It was about six and a half miles from their apartment.

He decided to call everyone on their contact list, in case they had stopped in on any of them while they were out and about. One of them said that they had actually stopped by around one thirty. Again Sheffield noted the location. Naturally, others were not home or didn't answer. At least he knew were they had been up to a certain point in time and where they were to have been. Even with that information, the trail was still incomplete. He decided to copy down all of the information on the contact board so he could take it with him.

He noticed Elder Randall's journal setting out and so he picked it up and looked at the last couple of entries to see if he could get a clue from it. It really didn't shed any light on anything, other than it told of meeting the people they were to see at four o'clock. They had met them two days before while doing some contacting in Kalihi. They were a mother and daughter, Lea and Mahana Kaneakua who they met at the village market. The entry said that they had approached them and said that they wanted to know more about the church. They set an appointment for Thursday afternoon. He referred to them a golden contact.

He called Sister Kawena to see what she had found out. She reported that they had stopped by the home of a branch member around two o'clock. He noted the location, which was close to where they had been just prior to that. She too was unable to reach everyone she called but promised to keep calling.

Next Sheffield called the hospital to see how Elder Harper was. He had come out of the stupor that he had been in and was able to talk. Sheffield hoped that he might be able to shed more light on their day and decided to go see him next. On the way, he could stop by the place in Kalihi where they were to have been at four o'clock.

Before leaving he called the mission home to talk to Ramona. He told her what he had been up to then and what he had pieced together so far. Before leaving the Elders' apartment, he looked around to see if there was anything else that might give him a clue. There wasn't. When he left, he made sure the door was locked and closed it behind him.

As he was going out to the Scout, he met a woman coming toward him. "Excuse me," he said. "By any chance did you see the guys in number four anytime yesterday?"

"Oh you mean the Mormon Missionaries. I live right a cross from them. They're such nice young men."

"Yes. Did you see them?"

"They came home around noon for lunch and left at one, just like they do every day. I can practically set my clock by them. But its kind of odd, I haven't seen them since. Why is something wrong?"

Sheffield briefly explained situation to her.

"Oh my," she gasped. "I do hope you find Elder Randall and that he's alright. I'll go light a candle and say a prayer for him right now."

Sheffield got in the Scout and headed out of town when he saw a drive-in and decided that he was hungry, after all it was well past one o'clock. After getting a bite to eat, he drove up to Kalihi to find the place where they were to have been. He drove through the small village and up into the hills, where he found the place from the map. The house was kind of tumbled down and clutter was strewn about. There wasn't a vehicle of any kind anywhere to be seen, but he went up to the door and knocked anyway. He thought he heard a muffled sound coming from inside, but no one answered the door.

"Is anyone home?" he called out.

He knocked again which only aroused a dog. He decided to check back again later and went on his way to Wilcox Memorial Hospital in Lihue.

When he entered Elder Harper's room, the Elder was happy to see, him. "President," he said, "Whats happening? Why am I here? Where's Elder Randall?" He was obviously shaken and confused by it all.

"That's what I'm trying to figure out. Do you remember anything about yesterday at all?"

No, President. That's what's scary. I don't remember anything. Its as if the whole day never happened. When I woke up, I was here."

Sheffield told him of what he had reconstructed of the day so far. He didn't remember any of it. He didn't even remember being found wandering around that morning.

When a nurse came in to check on him, Sheffield asked if he could speak with the doctor. When she left, she had him come with her.

The doctor told him, "I still don't know what he was drugged with, but with these types of drugs, depending on the concentration, they can cause short term memory loss such as Val is demonstrating. He may never recall what he has lost. Now that it was worked its way through his system, he'll be fine from here on. I still want to keep him overnight just to keep an eye on him."

Sheffield spent quite a while with Elder Harper and reassured him that everything would be alright. Together they prayed for Elder Randall, wherever he might be. Then he asked for a blessing from President Brason.

From there, Sheffield went to Sheriff's office to get an update on their efforts to find Elder Randall. The search around the reservoir didn't turn up anything. Next they concentrated on the area where Elder Harper was found and they were going over the evidence that they recovered from the car. In turn Sheffield told them what he had pieced together, pinpointing the Elders' known locations throughout the day.

Next Sheffield went back to Alapais so he could make some more phone calls. The first person he called was Sister Kawena. She didn't find anyone else who had seen the Elders, but still had several people that she hadn't contacted. Sheffield resumed calling the people on the Elders' contact list. None of those he talked to had seen them on Thursday either. By then, Frank had come home from work and Olina had dinner ready.

After dinner, Sheffield called Ramona and talked to her for a long time. He told her how Elder Harper was doing but that he couldn't remember anything of the day before. He told her where things stood in the search for Elder Randall and how he had pieced together where they had been that day.

"I'm afraid for him." Ramona said.

"Me too." Sheffield agreed. "Wherever he is, I fear that he is in trouble. But I know the Lord is watching over him. I'm confident we'll find him."

"I sure hope your right."

They talked for quite a while before saying goodnight. By then it was too late to do any more that day.

Again Sheffield spent a restless night. He prayed for guidance in finding his missing missionary and for his protection. He went over and over in his mind what he had pieced together during the day. There were still people to check with to see if they had seen him. Somewhere there was a clue that would lead to him.

The next morning, Sheffield got up and got ready for another day of searching. Olina had made breakfast for Frank before he had to leave for work, even though it was Saturday. He would loved to have gone with Sheffield to look for Elder Randall. Sheffield joined them for breakfast before setting out on his search.

During breakfast, the telephone rang. It was Sister Kawena calling for President Brason. Word had spread through the branch about the Elders. Just before she called him, she had received a call from a member of the branch in Koloa. They had been to their home around three thirty on Thursday afternoon.

That meant that they disappeared sometime after that. He had to find out if they made it to their four o'clock appointment. But first he stopped by the hospital to check on Elder Harper. He was doing fine and showed no lasting affects of the drug. His memory of everything prior to Thursday was intact, he could remember everything since coming out of the stupor, but he had no recollection whatsoever of what was in between. The doctor said that he was going to release him from the hospital later in the day.

After leaving Elder Harper, he drove over to Kalihi and up into the hills. As he pulled into the yard of the Kaneakuas, there was a car in the driveway indicating that someone was there. He went up to the door and

knocked. A very large, unkempt Hawaiian woman answered the door.

“Are you Lea or Mahana Kaneakua?”

“That depends on who wants to know.”

“My name is Sheffield Brason. I'm over the Mormon Missionaries here in Hawaii. One of my Elders is missing. They had an appointment with you on Thursday afternoon, I need to know if they showed up.”

The woman he was talking to was most likely Lea, the mother, because she appeared to be somewhere around sixty years old. She stepped out onto the front porch and closed the door behind her. “Oh dear.” she said surprised. “We wondered why they never showed up. I do hope they're alright.”

“So you never saw them.”

“No.”

“Thank you, ma'am. That tells me a lot. They were last seen around three thirty in Koloa so they had to have disappeared right after that on their way here. Thank you again.” Sheffield said as he turned to leave.

Lea went back inside the house and Sheffield made his way back out the Scout that Frank let him use again that day. He was mauling over in his mind what this piece of information meant, when he saw a crumpled Lucky Strike pack on the ground. It was wadded up in the same manner as the one he saw in the Elders car.

Then he noticed the beat up 1955 Nash Rambler. Its front tires were turned out so he could see the tread. The tires were bald on the outside with some tread left on the inside. The tracks in the driveway looked awfully like the set of tire tracks at the reservoir.

Sheffield's first inclination was to turn around and go back up to the door, but then he was overcome by a powerful feeling that warned him not to, that it would be dangerous. He kept walking, hoping that no one had seen him pause in his tracks.

“They have something to do with it.” Sheffield thought to himself as he got into the Scout. He started the engine, shoved in on the clutch and put it into reverse and backed out onto the road. He drove back down the road to Kalihi with one thing on his mind, he had to call the Sheriff. As he came into the village, he saw a telephone booth outside of the market.

He stopped and got out of the car and entered phone booth and closed the door behind him. He dropped a nickel in the slot and dialed the number that he remembered from the day before. He reported what he had seen and that he was sure that they had something to do with it.

The Sheriff agreed and said that he would obtain a search warrant and be there as soon as he could.

Fearing that they may have been alerted by his showing up on their doorstep, Sheffield worried that they might try to leave before the Sheriff got there, so against his better judgment he drove back to the Kaneakuas. When he got there, their car was still there. Ignoring the warning of danger that rang in his ears, he got out and went back up to door and wrapped loudly on the door with his cane.

The door opened with a mountain of a woman standing in the door. This time it was Mahana, the daughter.

“What have you done with him?” Sheffield demanded as he pushed his way past her into the cluttered house that reeked of all sorts of foul odors.

He got halfway across the room when Lea stepped out of another room with a double barreled shotgun leveled on him at point blank range. At that distance, Sheffield could tell by the stench that she probably hadn't bathed in who knows how long. “Mister, you ought not to have come back here.” she snorted.

Unflinched by the danger he faced, he demanded, “What have you done with him?”

“He's still alive. If that's what you want to know. At least for now, that is. Now it looks like when we're done with him, we'll have two bodies to dump in the ocean instead of just one.”

Sheffield was in a dangerous situation, just as he had been warned. Lea had a gun pointed at him and Mahana blocked his escape. “We'll see about that.” Sheffield replied fearlessly. “Tell me where he is.” he ordered.

Just then, the two women were distracted by a sound from outside. Sheffield made his move. With a quick flip of his cane, he knocked the shotgun from her hands. The Sheriff and two deputies burst into the house, with guns drawn. Now it was Lea and Mahana who were staring down the barrel of a gun.

“You can't just barge in here like that.” Lea challenged defiantly.

“This piece of paper says I can.” the Sheriff replied waving the warrant in the air. “Now what have you done with him?”

“Done with who?”

“Search the place” he ordered, not taking his eyes off Lea.

While he had Lea held at bay and another deputy had Mahana, the third deputy approached a door off the the living room. He turned the knob only to find it locked.

“Whats in here?” he asked

Neither woman would answer.

The deputy stepped back and with a kick, the door burst open and he rushed in. “In here!” he called. “He's in here.”

Sheffield rushed into the room to see Elder Randall sprawled out the bed. Naked, his hands were tied to the bedposts and his feet were bound, tied securely to the bed frame so he couldn't move. His mouth was gagged so he couldn't make a sound. The deputy cut the ropes that had his wrists bound, while Sheffield removed the gag.

The young missionary sat up and said, “I knew you would come back for me, President.”

“Take it easy, Elder. You're safe now.” Sheffield said as the deputy loosened his ankles.

Sheffield looked around to see if there was something he could find for him to cover up with. All he could find at the moment was a filthy bed sheet.

While the Sheriff and the other deputy placed the mother and daughter under arrest, the third deputy called for an ambulance. Sheffield looked around for his clothes and found them tossed into a heap on the floor.

The springs on the worn out bed squeaked as he sat up to put on them on.

"How do you feel, Elder?"

"Defiled."

"Just take it easy, we'll have you out of here as soon as the ambulance gets here."

"Where's Elder Harper?"

"He's at the hospital in Lihue. He was found wandering around aimlessly yesterday morning. Other than not being able to remember anything that happened, he's fine. What about you, do you remember anything?"

"Most of it. We came for what we thought was first discussion. Before we started, Lea asked us if we wanted anything to drink and brought us some fruit punch. The next thing I knew, I was tied up on the bed and my clothes and Elder Harper were gone."

"Then what happened."

"Oh President," he sobbed, "Its too horrible to talk about right now. I feel so violated."

"That's alright, Elder. You did nothing wrong."

"I should have listened to Elder Harper. He didn't feel right about coming here."

While Sheffield was comforting Elder Randall, the Sheriff and his deputies had the women handcuffed and isolated in their squad cars and where now looking for evidence.

"How did you know where to find me?" Elder Randall asked."

"I had Elder Harper's appointment book and went to your apartment to find your contact list and started retracing your trail."

"I heard you when you stopped by yesterday while they were gone. I knew you'd be back for me. That's what kept me holding on."

In the distance, they could hear the wail of the ambulance's siren as it came up the road. "They're coming for you. We'll get you out of here."

In a couple of moments, the same ambulance attendants where helping him onto a gurney and wheeled him out to the same ambulance that had come for Elder Harper. Sheffield followed and watched as they loaded him into the back. As quickly as they arrived, they left for the hospital.

"Thanks for all your help, Sheriff."

"No, We have to thank you, Mister Brason. It was you who found him and led us to them. We'll take them in and question them throughly. I'll let you know what we find out." At that, he got into his patrol car and drove off, with one the deputies right behind him. Leaving Sheffield standing there by himself.

The other deputy was searching the house for evidence. He had found both of their wallets and their ministerial certificates in the garbage. He brought them to Sheffield and gave them to him. "If they had any cash on them, its not here. But everything else appears to be."

Sheffield thanked the deputy. There was nothing more for him to do there, so he drove to the hospital in Lihue. When he got there, the same doctor who had looked after Elder Harper was now looking after Elder

Randall. While he was waiting, he made a quick call to the mission home to tell Ramona that Elder Randall had been found. He told her that he would fill her in on the details later, when he was sure of them himself. He did ask her to call Sister Kawena and the Alapais to let them know that it was over.

After talking to her, he went to Elder Harper's room to tell him that his companion had been rescued. He was just waiting for the doctor to come to release him from the hospital. A few minutes later, Elder Randall was brought into the room and they were reunited. The first thing Elder Randall wanted was a blessing from his mission president and companion.

After the blessing. The doctor came to the door and asked Sheffield to step out into the hall to talk to him.

"How is he?" Sheffield wanted to know.

"Physically, he's fine, other than dehydrated and hungry. But I'm afraid that emotionally and psychologically he's going to need some help that we can't give him here. While he was being held against his will, he was raped repeatedly."

"Raped?"

"That's the only word I can think of to describe being forced to have intercourse against his will."

"I see." Sheffield said glumly. "The poor kid. That's what he meant by saying that he felt violated."

"Like I said, there's not much we can do here for him. I'm going to release both of them into your care. I want you to take them back to Honolulu with you and have them both see a psychologist. I think the boy from New Zealand will be fine, but I worry about the Randall boy.

"Why does Elder Randall remember things and Elder Harper can't?" Sheffield wanted to know.

"For whatever reason, he obviously was given a more concentrated dose of the drug."

"Can Elder Harper come with me now? I want to take him back to Koloa so he can pack their things."

"I don't see why not. That will let Elder Randall have a good meal and when you get back, they're free to return to Honolulu with you."

Sheffield and Elder Harper said goodbye to Elder Randall. He was nervous about being left alone, but Sheffield assured him that he was safe and was in good hands.

Elder Harper didn't have much to say on the ride back to Koloa. Sheffield didn't attempt to force a conversation. However, he did ask, "Do you have a key to your apartment or do we need to have Mister Tashima let us in?"

"There's a key stashed in light beside our door."

"I wish I'd known that sooner. I had to have Walt let me in."

"What happens next?" Elder Harper wanted to know.

"As soon as the doctor releases Elder Randall, I'll take you both back the mission home with me. The doctor wants me to have both of you checked out by a psychologist, and then we'll go from there."

"I don't want to go home." Elder Harper announced.

"I'm sure that you don't. But that won't be up either you or me. It will depend on what the doctors have to

say.”

Elder Harper didn't have much more to say the rest of the way there. When they arrived at their apartment, Elder Harper reached into the light and pulled out the key and unlocked the door. They went on inside and Sheffield said, I'll pack Elder Randall's things while you get your stuff.”

“How much shall I bring?”

“All of it. Even if you get to stay, I'm not sending you back here.”

After they had gathered their things, they started back to Lihue. Again Elder Harper didn't have much to say, except, “I wish I could have had some time to say goodbye to a few people.”

“I'm sure you would. If time wasn't an issue, I'd take you around myself. But we need to get back to Elder Randall.”

When they got back to the hospital, there was a message for Sheffield that the Sheriff wanted to talk to him. He left the two missionaries at the hospital and drove over to the Sheriff's office. He was invited into his office and asked to have a seat.

“We got a full confession from Mahana Kaneakua.” he began. “She said they did it because she wanted to have a child. She was afraid that at thirty one, not having a man in her life, that she would never be able to. So she and her mother concocted a plan to lure a man to their home and to hold hostage in order to get pregnant. They had attempted on at least one other occasion to lure someone in, but were unsuccessful. Then they met your missionaries, who were more than happy to come to their home.

“They drugged them and selected Elder Randall as their victim. After tying him up and gagging him, they took Edler Harper, who they gave the larger dose to, to Lawai and dumped him off knowing that he wouldn't remember anything. Then they drove their car to the reservoir where they abandoned it. They had thought it would throw us off by finding them in opposite directions.”

“That it did.” Sheffield agreed. “It didn't make any sense when I started piecing together where they had been.”

“By the way. Thanks. That alone helped speed things up. If not for what you did, we wouldn't of found him. Your only mistake was to confront them on your own. You should have waited and let us do that.”

“I know. But I was afraid that they were on to us and would make their move.”

“They were going to.” the Sheriff continued. “Anyway when they got back from dumping off the car, Elder Randall had come around. They immediately implemented their plan. They gave him a dose of powdered koaulai berry root.”

“What is that?” Sheffield asked.

“Its a rare plant that only grows in the mountains around Kalihi. The dried root has been used by the natives in the area for centuries as a sexual stimulant. There have been men in their seventies or even eighties who have been known to father children by taking it. Because it so rare, it is a well guarded secret,

otherwise... well you can imagine. Its sold at the market there in Kalihi but you have to ask for it as keka kane mole. Anyway, that is how they got what they wanted out of him against his will.

“Lea, the mother, would hold the shotgun on him while Mahana forced him to take it. Then after about thirty minutes, thats how long it takes to be affective, Lea again held the shot gun on him while Mahana had her way with him. According to Mahana, it was six or seven times.

“Their whole plan was to keep him long enough for her to get pregnant, then they were going to kill him and bump his body in the ocean. With her confession, we have enough to charge them with kidnapping, false imprisonment, rape, and conspiracy to commit murder. Thats enough to put them both away for thirty years to life. But before the judge can sentence them, they have to a have a complete psychiatric evaluation.”

“Thank you for that information, Sheriff. I can't imagine what he went through. The doctor treating the Elders wants them to see a psychologist. Now I understand why. When I get back to the hospital, I'm going to take them back to Honolulu with me. If there is anything more I can do to help, please don't hesitate to call me?”

“Thank you Mister Brason, we will. Oh, one other thing. What do you want us to do with their car?”

“I'll have someone come by and get it.”

“Alright then.” the Sheriff concluded. “I think we're through. If we need anything more, we'll contact you.”

Sheffield went back to the hospital. Both of them had been released and they were free to go. Sheffield called over to the Alapais and thanked them for the use of their Scout and asked if it was alright if he just left the car at the airport. Olina told him that that would be just fine and they'd pick it up later.

At the airport, Sheffield arranged for a flight for the three of them back to Honolulu. While waiting for the flight, he called Ramona to tell her what time they would be arriving so Roy could meet them at the airport. He didn't go into a lot of detail over the phone, promising to tell her all about it when he hot home.

Soon they were on their way and when they landed, Roy was there to take them back to Mililani. Once they were settled in the barracks, which they had all to themselves, Sheffield let them rest. He told them if they wanted to talk, he was available. He even told them that they were free to call home. Once they were settled, Sheffield unfolded the whole terrifying tale to Ramona.

She had a question for him that he didn't have and answer to, “What if she did get pregnant?”

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The koaulai berry root is completely fictional