

Chapter 5

Maui

About this time Steve heard an advertisement on the radio for pineapple pickers and so decided to go back to Hawaii with Youth Development Enterprises, and participate in a work/study program. It appeared to be the best opportunity for him to experience some success.

During the Christmas holidays, Joy G., a member of the ward who had two sons who suffered with attention deficite disorder, brought a copy of a book entitled , How to Deal with the Attention Deficit Child, Young Person and Adult. After reading the book Diane felt retalin might help. She, had Steve tested at Western Institute. Dr. R. prescribed retalin, but Steve did not begin taking the medication until he arrived in Hawaii.

The end of the semester neared Steve was back to a pattern of failing grades, smoking marijuana and skipping classes. The second week in January Steve was kicked out of Skyline for fighting. Diane was teaching in a year-round school and was off track in January. Understanding how much Steve hated being grounded, she told him he could go any where he liked but that she would go with him.

They went to movies and walked around the mall. However, Steve soon became tired of that routine. Within a few days he had run away again. He stayed with Brad T., a neighborhood friend, until the day before he was scheduled to leave for Hawaii with Youth Development Enterprises. Diane did not know where he was or if he would return home in time make the trip. Steve returned just in time to pack and fly off to Hawaii on January 31st, 1993.

First Letter from Steves Y.D.E. Counselor

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Stokoe,

My name is Brian Morrill. I'm Steve's field supervisor. Steve is an excellent worker when he applies himself. He does work hard and I'm glad he is in our group. I've been able to talk with him a couple of times. He says he wants to change how he was before. He told me he hangs around the wrong guys and that he did some wrong things.

I believe that Steve is looking for some direction in his life. However, he is not finding it easy to change. A change of heart takes patience and time. . .

Letter from Steve to his brother David

March 15, 1993

Dave,

Guess things are going OK down here in the prison. The picking is kind of easy except for when it gets really hot. I have been having a couple of problems since I got here.

You probably heard about me and Clay and Greg getting busted for pot. (We were narked off). Also, I got in a lot more trouble up at Hille so they recommended that I come here to Napilihau. They said that if I would of stayed there they had planned to send me home at the end of the week.

The people down here are pretty cool except for the ones in my group. Those f--kers had nothing better to do so they come here. On Thursday I lost my temper and dropped some f--ker in the field. I hit him once in the face and he landed on his back. He laid there crying until my luna (leader) found him bleeding. After that they told me to pack my bags and prepare to go home.

But after a small meeting with me and the staff they allowed me to stay. On Saturday, I got in another fight while playing steal the flag. It was a rumble, 4 guys from my group fought five from another. I got in a lot of punches but I did get hit once in the eye and another in the chest. Fortunately, the staff and no other leaders found out about that. One kid in my group has a bite on his forehead from the fight. But the group that fought (N-4) is pretty f--ked up. . .

I met a kid down here whose dad owns part of Larry H. Miller and he told me that he could get me an 1989 Accord for around \$3,000 with a killer stereo and tinted windows. So maybe I will get a car from them. I've seen some strange things down here that I will tell

you about when I get home. We went to a place called the Blow Hole where there used to be ancient Hawaiian rituals and some weird things happened there that I don't know if I can explain.

From Steve's YDE Journal,

As a reward activity our gang of pineapple pickers went on an over night activity to a place called the "Blow Hole." It is next to the ocean and made of rocks that form a small cave. When the waves come in water shoots up through the Blow Hole. There is grass up on the higher rocks above the Blow Hole and locals have placed prayer rocks all over the area. Prayer rocks are little altars where one rock has been placed upon the other. Ancient Hawaiians and even natives today make prayer rocks for their dead or as prayers for things they want and you are not supposed to knock them over.

We went there on Saturday night and played steal the flag. After we finished the game our Luna said that we could split up into three groups and go exploring. This was 11:00 p.m. My group decided to go and see the second blow hole because there are two. After hiking uphill and downhill over rocks for ten minutes, we got to within 100 yards of the hole. My friend Pat just stopped. I turned around and told him to come but he said he couldn't. I told him again to come and once again he said, "I can't." He told us to leave him.

We went on down to the hole where it was blowing out sea water. Then something seemed wrong. I felt as if we should not be there. After about ten minutes we walked up the ravine and up to the second cliff which was opposite to where Pat was waiting. I yelled for Pat and got no answer. I called his name again and looked across the ravine to see him running down the hill into the ravine. I kept watching him run and was surprised to see something running after him. It was large and it looked kind of white. I watched the large man-like thing fall and slid down the hill on it's back causing many rocks to come down with it. When it reached the bottom it looked up at me. Pat came up the ravine and stood beside me. I stood shaking, not believing what I had just seen. A million different thoughts came into my head all at once as I considered all the possibilities. What could it have been? I wondered if it could have been some intense flash back but that was impossible. I knew what I had seen.

I asked Pat what the hell had just happened. He said he would tell me later. The others had not seen anything out of the ordinary. They were just sitting there laughing and had no idea of what had just happened. Pat said we should leave so the others got up and we started back to camp. Again I asked Pat what had happened and he said he would tell me later. We kept walking for about five

minutes when I heard some trees crackling on our right side. I stopped and looked over my shoulder but saw nothing. Pat had heard it too but he just stood next to me watching the trees and saying nothing. The others heard nothing. They just kept walking. The trees kept breaking and I could see them fall. They were small trees about eight feet high and real skinny. Pat and I began walking faster. We could hear branches breaking to the side of us.

Then we heard a voice but I couldn't figure out what it said. It sounded like it was talking in a different language. We caught up to the group and walked back to the campfire where the rest of the group were. When we got there whatever had followed us stopped and came no further. I couldn't believe what was happening. I have heard about things like this but I never thought it could happen to me. Pat and I sat away from the group and Pat told me what he saw. We had both experienced exactly the same thing. Pat said that he had been seeing this thing for the past year. He calls it Temu.

Pat seemed to think that the reason he is able to see and talk to Temu is because he died in a motorcycle accident when he was fifteen but was brought back to life. He was in a coma for two weeks. I guess he was dead for like five minutes or something. He said that he got a construction job in Idaho about a year after the accident. He said that he had been working on the job for a while when he was assigned to work on a cabin up in the mountains. Only he and his boss, who was about twenty-seven, worked on this particular job. While they worked they would always hear strange noises.

One day they came to the cabin to paint but before they started they roasted a bowl and got pretty baked. They were laughing and telling stories when all of a sudden, Pat got cold and felt very strange. He couldn't say another word. He looked over at the door and saw a large figure standing in the doorway. It was probably about 6'4" in height and muscular. It was in the shape of a man but it looked kind of like a wolf. It looked at him for a minute and then bolted toward him and hit him hard in the chest and knocked him out.

After that he had seen this spirit more and more often and he talked with Temu a lot. He said that what I had seen was Temu. He described what he looked like to me and it fit what I had seen. But I still thought that Pat was f---ing insane. He was either telling the truth or he is really a good liar. I am still pretty confused about that night but I know I did see and hear something.

Entries from Steve's Y.D.E. Journal

April 9, Saturday

Today we went to the beach. I was glad to be there. Rick said I wasn't supposed to go but I couldn't help it. I really wanted to go and plus, I'm almost done with my projects. Just the pool room and the garbage can and I will be done. I also got to see all my friends from Hilleville. It was good to see them. I want to go up to Hille again but I don't think I will ever be able to go up there.

April 11, Monday

I got off of service today and I got to go to the beach. I lifted and I have been lifting weights for two weeks almost every day and I want to try to (lift) every day.

April 12, Tuesday

Today my friend Bart got in a fight with his luna, Rob. Rob started smashing him into the wall and Bart started fighting back. I think Bart will probably go home for it. Because he has been busted for smoking, chewing and AWOL before now. Plus he wants to go home. This place is going to be a lot harder to deal with if he goes home because he is probably my best friend here at Napilihau.

April 14, Thursday

Today my friend Squeek had a serious accident. I guess he was taking a leak and somehow he slipped and fell off of a 20 foot cliff. Rumor has it that he broke his wrist and a couple of fingers. I also heard that he has two broken legs. Three of my friends Rabbit, Bart, and Brandon went AWOL just a couple of minutes ago. Bart is already going home so this really isn't bad for him. I think Brandon will probably be sent home also because he has done some other things.

April 16, Saturday

Today we went on a trip to the other side of the island. I got to eat some real food and I bought a big box of cereal and some soap too. We went to a cave that we had to crawl to get into it. It was all right.

April 17, Sunday

Today I found out that my best friend Clay got sent home on Friday because of something to do with Marijuana. His parents are going to be so pissed. That really sucks even though we are not in the same camp. I still wanted him to complete his stay so we could go back at the same time.

A later entry in Steve's journal:

A lot of things have happened since that night at the Blow Hole. Sometimes it seems as if I am going insane. I was really curious about the stuff Pat had told me. I wanted to know really bad if what Pat told me was true and I wanted to see more. So I went back to the Blow Hole and went to the place where we saw Temu and I made a prayer rock and asked to see the other side. After that I found a couple of bones and brought them back to camp. I set the bones up in my room and then all kinds of things began to happen. Things that I don't know if I can explain but it seems that things are beginning to get out of hand.

Letter from Steve's mother,

May 3, 199

Dear Son,

Yesterday I received your grades--all A's and B's! You did better than David who had one C+ this quarter. I was really proud of you and the good job you are doing on your classes. Also, I see that you have registered for summer school. It is really exciting for dad and I to see you succeeding in school. We know how hard it is for you and we are so pleased that you are working toward graduation. I decided to send you some more goodies with your Levis for being so outstanding. . .

Dear Mom and Dad,

I hope you received the money all right. I talked to Uncle Leo, Auntie Laura and Grandma yesterday. . . The weather is getting a lot hotter lately. I've been lifting and hope I can keep it up. We get to go to Twin Falls next weekend so we can cliff jump and we get to spend the night there. My luna is getting me into running so we can enter some marathons in a month. We have ran twice so far, two miles the first time and three miles the second time. Well anyway, I thought I would just let you know how I am doing.

May 8, 1993

Aloha,

. . . Steve is a good kid and I feel that the only thing that's keeping him from really changing for the better is his

fear of losing the people he considers friends. I don't think he wants to be known as the kid with the soft heart. I have seen a lot of progress in Steve and I feel he has set some "long term" goals that he wants to achieve and no longer considers life a day to day affair. . .

From Steve's Journal

It was June 4th and we were on night shift. We were no longer working for Maui Pine. Our Luna took us up back into one of the pineapple fields that used to be an old Hawaiian burial ground. The natives won't go into that area. My Hawaiian cousin Sean knows the area and says the natives won't go there because they believe the spirits of the dead do not like to be disturbed.

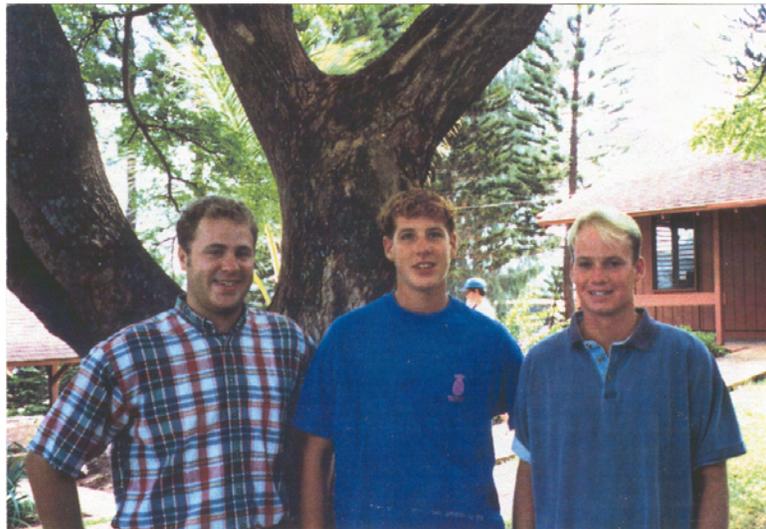
We left for work right after kow kow (dinner.) I had lost my contact and I was mad about everything. We were working when someone said something that just set me off. I got really numb and I was all tingly. My Luna called me out of the field. I remember talking to my Luna. I was so mad. I have never been so pissed off before in my life. I really can't explain this very well but it seemed like everything was dark and Brian's face turned black and I couldn't talk. The more questions he asked me the madder I got. Then it was like I came out of my body. I can barely remember what happened. The next thing I knew I was laying on the ground and when I opened my eyes I saw Brian, Dee and Lance standing above me. They wanted me to say a prayer. I was so tired I could hardly move. Then they took me back to camp and I went to sleep. I was so confused and to make matters worse, people in my group did not talk to me. It was like when I first arrived. I didn't know anyone and they did not know me.

The next night Jared and Dick told me what had happened in the pineapple field the night before. They said that I was talking in a deep voice and yelling and throwing my Luna, Brian, around. I was pushing him. All of the coordinators came out and tried to stop me. I started pushing Dee and swearing and yelling at them. While all this was going on Brian had the entire group kneel down and pray for me. They said it wasn't me talking and they said I did not look like myself. They said I was possessed.

I don't remember any of this. They said that I was wrestling around with Brian for an hour and then with the other coordinators and Brian for another half hour. They gave me a blessing and I fainted. They had four more prayers that night and put a blessing on our dorm. I am so confused. I just remember coming out of the field. I felt like I was stoned and my body was all tingles.

This does not surprise me at all because at times, I want it to happen. I have had similar experiences before but not as bad as this. They told me to pray every night and they told me I was strong but that I couldn't take Brian because he had the power of God which is stronger than the power of the devil. According to Brian my body is still tired and I am still sore but I do know now for sure that there is a God and a Satan. I just don't know which side I want to choose because I still want to drink and smoke bud. At night the spirits call my name. They want me to come to them.

I know this sounds strange but since I have been with Y.D.E. and living on Maui, I have had dreams about what happens in the future. Then it happens to me. This has happened about fifty times already. And I can read peoples thoughts. I had three experiences at the company cabin that I swear brought me closer to death than at any other time in my life.



Steve (center) with his YDE Counselors

Aloha,

I guess I'd better write and let you know what's going on. Recently Steve was messing around with evil spirits and we needed to use the priesthood to calm things down. I don't want to cause any alarm, but I felt it only fair that you know. . . Apparently it is something he has been experimenting with for some time. We've explained thoroughly the seriousness of such an act. He knows that if

there is any more indication that he is messing with it again he will be sent home immediately. . .

On a better note, he is doing better but still lacks the desire to change. We wish we could break through but he won't allow himself to put down his guard. . .

R. Menes

Brother and Sister Stokoe,

Aloha, all is well here in Hawaii. Last week our fun activities were Cliff Diving and Mini Olympics. We went Cliff Diving Friday night before sunset. . . Everyone had a blast. Saturday for the mini-Olympics Steve participated in the Pool and Volleyball tournaments. He should have won the pool game but he hit the eight ball in too early. So that same night he played everyone who was in the tournament again and won them all with ease.

I've been pleased with Steve's progress. He is now an assistant spiritual leader. Last Sunday he taught our Sunday school class and did a fine job. The lesson was on gratitude. At the end of the lesson he expressed gratitude for his parents. I know he loves and respects you. He wants to make you happy but sometimes the influences of the world are very strong to Steve.

I know you are very supportive of Steve. Your letters help him a lot. He tells me that you encourage him to pray and lately he said that he has been trying to pray daily. He says that he feels better when he prays. . . Steve is a good young man growing up in a tough world.

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Brian Morrill

Final evaluation,

This week Brian and I are going to analyze Steve and let you know of his performance in Hawaii. Steve is doing well and has changed. I think he wants to change yet thinks he won't be "cool" if he does. He often disregards rules and becomes upset when he is held accountable. However, he complies and makes recompense in most situations. .

Brian Morris

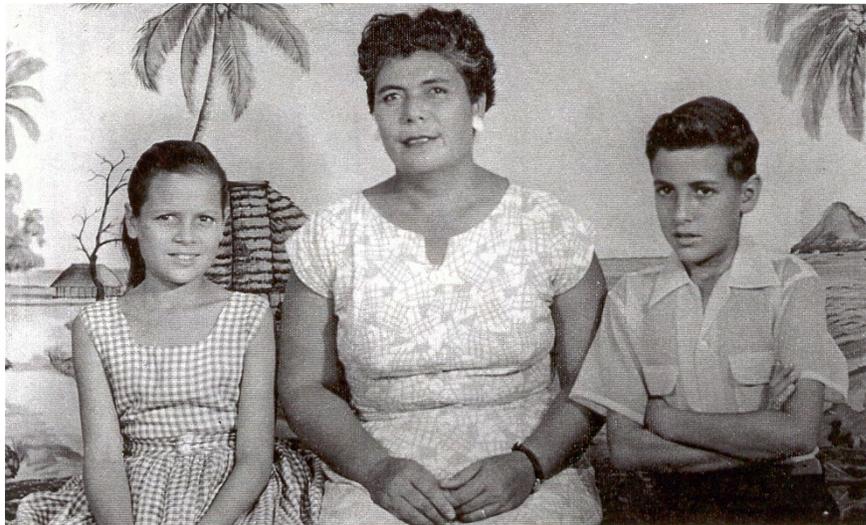
Brother & Sister Stokoe

The young men have started the final count down. . . I know he has grown and learned a lot here. However it will still be a challenge for him not to fall into the same pattern he was in before he came here. I know Steve loves and respect you. I know that Steve likes positive encouragement, but he also likes to make his own decisions. Please encourage him and show your love for him. . .

Brian Morrill

Steve's parents learned about his experiences with evil spirits when they returned from a five week trip in late July and opened the mail from Y.D.E. His mother was very worried that Steve would be very confused by his experience. She felt it would be reassuring for him to talk to his Uncle Leo on the way back to the mainland. Leo had an experience with evil spirits when he was a young boy of twelve.

The Stokoe family was then living in a remote area of Western Samoa. Leo went into the bush late at night to hunt flying foxes. He had been wondering about the power in the world and at one point called into the darkness, "Spirits, come to me, I want to feel your power. Teach me." Leo returned home the next morning glassy eyed. He saw evil spirits everywhere. Leo was possessed. He was ill for several days until his mother fearing for his life, sent word to her Mormon bishop asking him to come to the plantation immediately and give Leo a priesthood blessing. The bishop immediately contacted his counselor, Brother Aiono, who agreed to accompany him.



Steve's Aunt Lilian, Grandmother Bella and Uncle Leo Picture taken in Western Samoa about the time of Leo's Possession Experience

The bishop had not been able to get his truck started

for several days. As the two leaders climbed into it they were amazed when it started up immediately. They arrived at the plantation to find Leo very ill and disoriented. He saw evil spirits everywhere and had been in this condition for several days. The evil spirits were rebuked and the blessing concluded. Leo, who was exhausted and had been unable to sleep for days, fell into a deep sleep. He did not awaken until the evening of the second day. When he awoke he discovered that he was free of evil spirits. He asked for food.

. This incident occurred over three decades earlier but it seemed important that Steve hear about his uncle's possession experience. Leo met the flight from Maui. Steve had a five hour layover before flight to the mainland. They went directly to cousin Rudy no's home where Steve met another cousin and Leo told his story. Cousin Rudy's brother was the counselor who had accompanied the bishop to the Stokoe plantation.

Leo explained to Steven that even to this day he can sense when certain events are about to take place. Often, he feels the spirits of departed souls. He can always tell as his skin begins to tingle and the hair on the back of his neck feels electrified. Steve confided that he had these same feelings. Leo believed the only reason his life was preserved at that time was because he promised the Lord if he survived the demonic forces, he would dedicate his live to the service of others.