

Looking Back

As they leave the Kapālama Campus, Ka Mō'ī senior editors Kyle Galdeira '03 and Tariya Enos '03 recall special memories from their Kamehameha Schools experience

My Kamehameha Years

by Kyle Galdeira

As I wait for college to begin, I've had some time since my high school graduation to reflect on what I've learned and gained from my years at Kamehameha Schools. Since my first day on campus as a seventh grader, I've been provided with the necessary tools for success in life after school.



People have told me, "I hope you are ready for the real world," but what they don't know is that Kamehameha opened the doors to understanding how to succeed in this world quite some time ago.

As I proceed into life after Kamehameha, I will take with me many lessons – the most important being to enjoy life through all means necessary by being a well-rounded and multi-dimensional individual.

While it's fine to put a large amount of time into studying and doing work, I've learned how to diversify my activities so that I'm able to combine work and pleasure in order to learn lifelong lessons which can't be understood through lectures or textbooks. My high school experience gave me a chance to take classes and participate in clubs and groups which introduced me to many different people who had a great deal to teach me.

Kamehameha Schools allowed me to travel across the country, including California and Texas for journalism camps, while also getting the chance to spend the start of the millennium in Europe with the marching band. I was also able to go into the Keauhou forest on the Big Island to plant koa seedlings in a forest reserve set aside to replenish the native *koa* population.

I was introduced to valuable teamwork skills through participation in athletics, allowing me to represent Kamehameha in both Interscholastic League of Honolulu and state tournaments.

It was through Kamehameha that I learned about what it means to give back to the community, as I did by cooking food for the

homeless in the Amnesty Club and by doing community service projects with the National Honor Society.

Because Kamehameha offers so many courses, I was able to take several classes that exposed me to technology and information, which is hard, or even impossible to find at most other high schools and even some colleges. In addition to general requirements, I took courses dealing with photography, graphic arts, video production and journalism, all of which have contributed to my interest in communications and enticed me to pursue a career in journalism.

My growth while at Kamehameha parallels that of a precious stone. Over time, it is cut, shaped and polished until it is complete with many facets that come together to form an impressive final product.

Kamehameha Schools has shown my fellow graduates and me how to polish all the facets of our characters, and has helped me to become who I am today.

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– KYLE GALDEIRA

Mr. Heyd and Me

by Tariya Enos

The swirl of old faces and new ones, folder paper and pens, assignments and due dates, teachers and the usual course summaries – had tired me out.

And it was only the first day of my eighth-grade year.

“Because I know you’re all tired from today, I won’t go over the boring course summary for U.S. history,” said the tall, slightly balding teacher.

“Yes!” I pumped my fist in the air, unaware that he was standing right behind me. He looked at me, winked, and began reading from the course summary.

Eighth-grade year was a year of growth for me, mainly because of my section seven U.S. history teacher, Mr. Richard Heyd.

Sure, I learned gallons of information from Mr. Heyd.

Crispus Attucks was the first person, black or white, to die in the American Revolution. The Civil War began in 1861 and ended four years later. The White House was burned in the War of 1812.

Those facts sure helped me in my advanced placement U.S. history class, and will probably be useful in college, but the very presence of Mr. Heyd lasts a lifetime. Mr. Heyd brought U.S. history, concrete facts, and dead presidents to life and applied it to the lives of teen-aged kids.

One experience that has been imprinted in my heart forever happened that October. I walked into his classroom and noticed all the tables pushed aside and the chairs turned upside down. He looked at all of us like a herd of sheep and ordered us to lie on the ground.

Then, he tied our hands to the chairs and lassoed our feet together before turning on the video. As “Roots” played during that long, 45-minute period, I shifted my body uncomfortably. My mind swirled as I saw a slave daughter “sold” by her mother for a measly ripped quilt.

“Imagine this same feeling,” Mr. Heyd told us after untying us, “except ten times worse. Hundreds of you cramped on each other, the girl to your left, dead, and the boy to your right, vomiting. No food, no sleep, no light. And for six weeks.”

I left class slightly nauseated because of the injustice forced upon the African-Americans. As I traveled further into history, I realized that life was not as clear-cut and beautifully fair as I tried to believe.

And as I have traveled further into the life of a teen-ager, I have wondered at the justice and injustice of life.

It was Mr. Heyd to whom I turned for answers to life’s burning questions, and I’ve maintained a written correspondence with him during high school.

“I told you life gets less and less black and white and more gray as you get older,” Mr. Heyd wrote to me. “That’s when you have to make your own decisions over what you think is right.”

I’ve kept his words close to my heart ever since.

Mr. Heyd is now a high school history teacher, and sometimes I see him at the Midkiff Learning Center. I’ve had many influential teachers at Kamehameha, from classes like the school newspaper *Ka Mō‘ī* to advanced placement English and algebra II to Hawaiian history.

But since eighth grade – a time of transition – until today, Mr. Heyd has been more than a teacher; he’s a friend. On the last day of my eighth grade year, I signed yearbooks and laughed with friends. “See you in high school!” we all told each other.

I could tell most of us were hesitant to say goodbye to him, and when I walked into Mr. Heyd’s classroom, I felt a sense of homesickness and sadness.

“Hi, Mr. Heyd,” I said, then started crying when I had to leave him. This was certainly a new experience: me, crying to stay in school.

But one year with Mr. Heyd as a teacher was not enough.

It’s been five years now, but I know I speak for hundreds of other students when I say – “Thank you, Mr. Heyd. Thank you.”



“The very presence of Mr. Heyd lasts a lifetime.”

– TARIYA ENOS