

To my Ohana—

The concept of “ohana,” the Hawaiian word for family in the broadest sense, emphasizes that families are bound together and that family members must cooperate and remember one another. With the passing of my mom as well as Aunty Lisa Lua earlier this year, I’ve been reflecting on the importance and endurance of family with love, gratitude and a smile.

Some remembrances:

- **Sunday afternoon Lua family picnic gatherings at Lola Beach Park during the 1950s.** I confess that my memories are mostly from photos and Uncle Josh’s home movies, but they are treasured nonetheless. Life was simpler and much more joyous in those days!
- **Lua family gatherings for every major holiday and many significant family events at Uncle Rob and Aunty Lisa’s Road house,** a wonderful tradition that grew out of the Sunday afternoon picnics and continues to this day. I hope this tradition will continue and evolve for many more years, albeit with new locations, hosts and participants. Even though we may live far apart and don’t see each other every day, family is the glue that always connects us.
- **Lua Cousins annual April “reunion” in Las Vegas.** This is another family tradition I hope will continue forever. What began informally 20+ years ago with several first cousins has blossomed into a gathering that has included 90-plus-year-old aunts and now includes a growing number of second cousins. We gamble (sometimes together as a group, pooling \$1-\$5 slot machine bets, sometimes in mini-groups, and sometimes alone), we eat lots of good food (mostly together, increasingly away from the Las Vegas buffets) and we have so much fun (always together)!

Our Top Ten memories are priceless and include the “highly stressful” group effort at Bingo (ask Tony for more details), driving to Hoover Dam packed like sardines in a too-small car (too many people?), my cousin Tom always amazing luck (skill?) and my sister Suzie’s multiple, large slot machine wins this year (engineered by my mom from the beyond she believes).

My mom’s sister, Aunty Dorothy. During my freshman year at Occidental College and beyond, Aunty Dorothy was the antidote for homesickness and overwhelming newness. She periodically took me away from the Occidental college craziness, sometimes to sightsee/explore and sometimes just to hang out at her home in Santa Ana. I was initially mind-boggled by the college experience and am still very grateful she was there to provide me with comforting familiarity, stability and much appreciated home cooking. Aunty Dorothy didn’t have to watch over me, but she is family and did.

Mom and Dad. My mom and dad were hardworking people who were kind, caring and “good human beings.” They weren’t perfect, but they always tried to do their best. I hope that my

mom and dad are proud of the life I have lived and am living; much of who I am and the values I have were shaped and influenced by them. I know that I am thankful to be their daughter and a member of their family.

I've been thinking about Mom a lot lately as I've been helping to clear out her things. She didn't talk about her life very much, but like Dorothy said during Mom's memorial, she had a "crazy love for Clorox and baking soda, and used them religiously." She also said Mom had a special way of doing dishes and was a hand cream fanatic:

If mom was in the kitchen while you were doing dishes, it was a MUST that you wipe the oily grease, gravy, etc. from the plates, pots and pans with a recycled (not new) paper towel BEFORE you washed them! Mom always told me that the grease will clog the drain! And she will not have that! Then comes the order. Cups first, followed by plates. Utensils, then the pots and pans. She didn't want the grease from the pots and pans to get on the cups and plates!

As I thought about it more and more, it really made sense, and I find myself wiping the grease off with a used paper towel, doing the cups first followed by the plates, then the utensils and then the pots and pans.

Mom also reminded us to be sure to put cream on our elbows. People always remember the face, but do they remember the elbows? Anna and Linda especially, don't forget to put cream on your elbows!

I recently found a picture of Mom that I'd never seen before. It was from her mother's funeral services when she was 18 months old. Finding it was such a gift, giving us a peek into her life. I made sure to give copies of this treasure to my brother and sisters as well as to my Mom's two living sisters.

My family has always been there for me, and I'd like to continue to be there for them even when I'm no longer here.

To paraphrase a well-known Warren Buffett quote: "The perfect amount to leave [your beneficiaries] is enough money so that they would feel they could do anything, but not so much that they could do nothing."

- To my sister Linda – You have always been too generous, so naming you as the primary beneficiary of my estate is to help provide you with a way to live a comfortable life for your remaining years. As we've discussed, the funds are held in trusts to be distributed to you over time so you won't be too generous all at one time. For you, I hope "do anything" means enjoying and taking care of yourself, not others. Also, I'm hopeful that there will be some remaining funds available to provide for planned gifts to Occidental College, and University of Berkeley at your passing.

- To my nieces Melynda, Michele and Maya and nephews John and Sam – Please enjoy the gift you are receiving from my estate and use it to “do anything.” Your grandparents gave me many gifts throughout their lives, and even saved enough for gifts from their estates. This gift is my way of paying it forward to you with lots of love.
- To Nancy Smith – Your hard work, valued counsel and loyalty contributed immensely to my accomplishments at Wells Fargo Bank and Chase Bank. Without question, you are the Most Outstanding Staff Member of my 35-year business career and definitely a member of my Ohana! Please enjoy the gift you are receiving to “do anything” as a token of my gratitude to you.