



Dolores Lolita Rabe

NOV 30, 1944 - MAR 13, 2013



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Table of Contents

Obituary	Page 3
Tribute Wall	Page 4



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D OLORES LOLITA RABE

Age 68, of Waipahu, Hawaii, passed away March 13, 2013 in Waipahu, Hawaii. Born November 30, 1944 in Honolulu, Hawaii. A Homemaker. She is survived by daughter, Deb Rabe; sisters, Isabel (William) Jose and Rosita (Lloyd) Rabe; brothers, John (Melanie) and Daniel (Doreen) Deniz.

Visitation: 11:00a.m.-12:00p.m., Friday April 5, 2013 at Hawaiian Memorial Park Mortuary; service 12:30p.m.; burial; 2:00p.m., at Hawaii State Veterans Cemetery; family and close friends only please.



Tribute Wall

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Jamie Krauss posted:

My Cousin, Lita They say that friends can be family, but I believe that if you have ever shared your childhood with a cousin, you know that family can be friends. When it comes to cousins, I was fortunate to grow up with the best. Dolores Loita Rabe was one of them. She was my Mother's namesake, but I always knew her as Lita. My Father was in the Coast Guard and we traveled a lot. I don't know how he did it, but every other transfer brought us back to Hawaii. There were no emails, facebook pages, or iPhones. A long distance call was a luxury, so letter writing was my link to Hawaii. Those letters have always been dear to my heart. Although old and faded, I have saved many of them for prosperity. When I heard Lita was gone, I got some of those old letters out to read. I could only find three from her, although I know there were many more. Those three letters brought a flood of tears with a flood of wonderful memories. I would like to share some of our good times in tribute to you, Lita. Many years ago, I wrote a story called "Making Her Way Home". It was about my childhood days in Hawaii. This is an excerpt from that story: During the summer, sometimes my family would drive out to Nanakuli on the weekends. ...My cousins and I would walk down to the beach during the day and sometimes spend our evenings at the old outdoor theater. The most fun was sitting outside to "talk story". Sundays always came too soon when it was time to go back to the city. I spent most of my time with Lita as we were only two years apart. We'd talk about school, our friends, favorite song of the moment and sometimes we'd try to sing. Her letters, when I was on the mainland meant the world to me. We were truly friends, however we grew up, moved apart, started families and somehow lost touch. I would give anything to go back in time and proclaim "Hug A Cousin Day". Today, Lita, I hug you with my heart. We typed most of our letters and we must have had a touch of "Women's Liberation" in us, as you wrote: I like typing so far and the reason for that is that I hope to do a lot with typing after I graduate from high school. Believe me, typing will come in very handy. One day, when you were listening to the "Marathon of Hits" on the radio, you wrote: No song will beat "This Is My Love" by The Passions (my song, man). In my belief of everlasting life, I'm asking you to save some days for me. It may not be tomorrow, it may not be next month, and it may not be next year, but Lita, one day, you and I will take a long walk, along a beach, to "talk story" and sing "This Is My Love".

April 3 at 2:48 PM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Dolores by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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